

HOLLYWOOD: NEXT 8 EXITS

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EXT. BACKROAD -- NORTHERN CALIFORNIA -- NIGHT

A light rain falls. Fog drifts across this rural stretch as a scratchy A.M. radio broadcasts the World Series.

A Stationwagon with a roof rack full of luggage, rounds the bend, its headlights illuminating a primer gray Van sitting, as if abandoned, at the curve.

VIN SCULLY (V.O.)

So at the end of the Fourth Inning,
still no score. Game One of the World
Series will return after these
messages from our sponsors.

INT. STATION WAGON -- NIGHT

Wiper blades squeak back and forth. Road maps line the dash. STEW, 13, blonde, milk fed, annoyingly slurps what was soda from a fast food cup. His FATHER, 40, drives.

FATHER

Stew....

Stew continues slurping.

FATHER

Stew....

Losing patience, he knocks the cup to the floor. Stops the car. Exhales.

FATHER

The next couple months are gonna be
hard, Stewie. But we're gonna find
work. You and me - we'll be okay.
I gotta talk to a man about a horse.

He exits, disappears into the woods. Stew crawls over and pushes down the lock. As the game comes back on, he unwraps a gumball, pops it in his mouth.

A few moments pass. His Father exits the woods, not running, but walking quickly. Something's wrong. The Man is panicked. He reaches for the door. It's locked.

FATHER

Stew, open the door.

Stew cranks the volume, slurps from the cup. His Father bangs on the glass.

EXT. STATION WAGON -- NIGHT

His Father turns around. We TRACK IN as he frantically pulls on the door. His eyes go wide as he raises his arms.

INT. STATION WAGON -- NIGHT

Stew's Father twists around, his bloody face slamming against the window. He slides down it, revealing THE KIDNAPPER, 40's, muscular, tank top, Eagle Tattoo on his left shoulder.

The Kidnapper locks eyes with Stew before smiling, swinging his arm back and shattering the glass with an elbow. As Vin Scully announces the game, The Kidnapper reaches toward us. His Eagle Tattoo fills the frame.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES -- DAY

We're soaring over the city. Fast. In a chopper. The clean audio broadcast of a morning news show plays.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

...last night, putting them ahead one game to none. Tonight, both teams go at it again in game two. Now, let's take a look at morning traffic from the News Five Chopper.

Coming in diagonally, we move closer to the Freeway, start to make out cars.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)

This traffic update is brought to you by Nabisco. We're heading North on the Hollywood Freeway. Not too bad this morning, pretty much your normal commute. Things slow down a bit at the 110 Interchange so you might want to give yourself a few extra minutes...

We move in even closer, pick up a Police Cruiser as it rolls along the freeway.

HORST (O.S.)

Rookie, I'm just the man to show you the ropes. Been working Hollywood Division for twenty years. I've seen it all.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- DAY

Two Cops. Driving is HORST, 40's, overweight, pencil moustache, sloppy. Shotgun is JUSTIN, late 20's, clean shaven, fit, focused.

JUSTIN

You feel you've made a difference,
huh?

HORST

You wanna make a difference, move to Portland. This is Hollywood and here we keep the haves and have nots from trading places too quickly. See, there's pretty much eight kinds of people in Hollywood and you got an exit for each of 'em.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY -- DAY

A quick cutaway of the HOLLYWOOD: NEXT 8 EXITS sign.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- DAY

HORST

(counts on fingers)
Drifters, Thieves, Tourists, Lonely
Hearts, Runaways, Predators,
Fugitives, Junkies.

Up ahead, a beat up truck pulls onto the freeway from the shoulder as CURTIS, 30's, floppy brown hat, backpack, walks up the off ramp.

HORST

What in the wide world of sports is
this bozo up to?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY - (1ST EXIT) -- DAY

"THE DRIFTER"

Curtis walks beneath the Vermont off ramp sign.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS -- DAY

IGGY, 15, long black hair, motorcycle jacket, peers over the cement wall at the street. Holding Curtis' wallet, Horst stands at the cruiser's open door radioing the station while Curtis sits cuffed at the curb. Next to him, Justin removes belongings from his backpack.

JUSTIN
Just blow into town?

CURTIS
Used to live here.

JUSTIN
So you know its illegal for
pedestrians to walk up an offramp.

Curtis remains silent. Iggy ducks and moves down the dirt path leading beneath the overpass. He signals numerous other Street Kids. They move away from us.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS -- OTHERSIDE -- DAY

The Street Kids run from the overpass. We RISE UP.

Justin places Curtis' belongings in a line on the sidewalk. A worrystone, pocket watch, compass, Zippo, dreamcatcher necklace, clothes.

JUSTIN
What brought you back?

CURTIS
Came to visit an old friend before
heading to the Grand Canyon.

Justin removes a picture locket, opens it up. On one side's a picture of Curtis with JOHN MOORE, 30's.

JUSTIN
This the old friend?

CURTIS
Yep.

Justin looks at the other picture. Curtis' wife.

JUSTIN
Beautiful girl.

CURTIS
Yes, she was.

Justin sets down the locket, removes a prescription bottle. He reads the label and his eyes dart up to Curtis. Curtis turns away.

JUSTIN
You doing okay?

CURTIS

Ah, for now.

Horst approaches with Curtis' wallet.

HORST

No warrants.

(opening ticket book)

However, since it is illegal-

JUSTIN

We're gonna let you go with a warning.

(places the bottle
into the knapsack)

Take care of yourself, Curtis.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- DAY

Horst and Justin pull away from Curtis.

HORST

Let's get something straight, rookie.
I'm ranking officer, you're the new
recruit.

JUSTIN

Guy's sick, Horst. Have some
compassion.

HORST

You want compassion, move to France.

Horst guns the engine.

EXT. JOE'S USED CAR LOT -- DAY

JOE DeANGELO, 50's, well built, bald and PRUITT, 20's, thin,
lithe, annoying, watch the Cruiser pass. They walk down a
line of cars.

JOE

My Lexus stock is kinda thin right
now. Sure I couldn't interest you in
a Lincoln?

PRUITT

I'm partial to the Lexus. And I'll
pay cash.

JOE

Mind telling me where you're getting
the money?

PRUITT

Mind telling me where you're getting
the Lexus?

Joe smiles. They shake hands.

INT. EXPEDITION -- DAY

TREVOR DAVID, 30, long hair, ripped jeans, thigh length leather jacket. The confidence of a street fighter, the intuitiveness of a runaway and the life experience to wish he'd been neither.

He slides a cassette into the tape deck. Wires hang from the ignition, twisted together, hot-wired. The music comes on. Trevor taps his hands to it, flips on the turn signal, slides over a couple lanes.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY - (2ND EXIT) -- DAY

"THE THIEF"

The Expedition passes beneath the Melrose off ramp sign.

INT. CHOP SHOP -- DAY

The Expedition parks in a large warehouse with numerous cars on either side. A flurry of activity. Sparks, soldering, drills, etc. Trevor's barely out of the car when TWO MECHANICS begin dismembering it.

Down the center aisle, Joe walks with a THIRD MECHANIC. Trevor falls into step with them. Joe slaps an envelope into his chest.

JOE

(shouting over noise)
Lexus. Late model. Asap.

Joe and the Mechanic veer off, check out another vehicle. Trevor pockets the envelope, continues straight ahead.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY -- DAY

We're staring at the "L" logo on a Lexus' grill, come up over the hood and through the front window.

INT. LEXUS -- DAY

An Asian family of four. The ASIAN FATHER, 40's, heavy set, stoic. The MOTHER, 40's, thin, hair in bun. In the back, ASTIN, 8, the son, missing his two front teeth, and DEE DEE, 10, the daughter. Astin plays with a GameBoy.

< THEIR DIALOGUE IS SUBTITLED >

INT. LEXUS -- BACKSEAT -- DAY

Dee Dee turns to Astin.

DEE DEE

< Psst. >

Astin glances up. Dee Dee whispers.

DEE DEE

< Gramps' death has really fucked up
Daddy. >

Astin blows a bubble.

DEE DEE

< Let's hope its not hereditary. >

The bubble pops all over his face. They giggle. The Asian Father glances in the rear view mirror. They quiet down.

ASIAN MOTHER

< Dee Dee, ask your father how much
further. >

DEE DEE

< Dad, how much further? >

ASIAN FATHER

< Astin, tell your mother the exit's
up ahead. >

ASTIN

< Mom, we're almost there. >

The Asian Mother snorts, mumbles to herself.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY - (3RD EXIT)-- DAY

"THE TOURISTS"

The Lexus passes beneath the Santa Monica off ramp sign.

EXT. CHEAP HOTEL -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY

A neon sign blinks on and off, but few letters illuminate.
The Lexus pulls in.

ASIAN MOTHER

< Dee Dee, ask your father if we'll be carrying our own luggage and if his children will visit Disneyland anytime soon. >

DEE DEE

< Dad - >

ASIAN FATHER

< Astin, tell your mother that's not why we came to Hollywood. >

ASTIN

< Mom, yes on the luggage, no on the fun. >

INT. CHEAP HOTEL -- LOBBY -- DAY

The Asian Father registers with the DESK CLERK, 50's, scraggly. The Asian Mother stands with Dee Dee and Astin at the back, luggage at their feet.

ASIAN MOTHER

< I can't believe he's treating his family like peons. >

DEE DEE

< Yeah, mom, what's up with that? Back of the plane, no limo.
(waves around lobby)
NOW THIS... >

ASTIN

< Are we broke? >

ASIAN MOTHER

< We're far from broke. With your Grandfather's inheritance, we're richer than ever. We could buy this dump on credit. >

The Asian Father turns around, motions them to follow.

EXT. CHEAP HOTEL -- COURTYARD -- DAY

Standard lower end hotel. Two stories in a U-shape around the pool. Vending and ice machines by the elevators, a SECURITY GUARD slumps in a chair, snoring. The pool filter chugs. A bright blue bug light ZZZZT's an unsuspecting mosquito.

The Asian Family walk along the line of rooms on the second floor. They reach their room and the Asian Father unlocks the door. His wife reluctantly enters, followed by Dee Dee and Astin.

ASTIN
(stops, glances up)
< Disneyland? >

His Father gently ushers him inside, follows and closes the door behind.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY - (4TH EXIT)-- DAY

"THE LONELY HEART"

A VW bug passes beneath the Sunset off ramp sign. The engine dies and it slows to a stop.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD -- DAY

BARRY GREEN, 40's, plain, unremarkable, pushes his VW down the road, hops inside and pops the clutch. It sputters back to life.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- LOBBY -- DAY

Barry approaches a SECURITY GUARD sitting at a console in the middle of the lobby. Barry displays his OSHA identification.

BARRY
Barry Green with OSHA. I need roof
access.

The Security Guard picks up a telephone.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING -- ROOF -- DAY

Barry walks about, speaking into a microcassette recorder.

BARRY
Despite the traffic below, southside's
best. There's ample distance for run
up. Wind could be an issue given the
building's height.

Approaching the ledge, he removes a G.I. Joe parachute action figure, throws it over. The breeze slams the little guy into a window. Barry winces.

BARRY

Note to self: running start
imperative. Running start imperative.

He steps out of frame. The Hollywood sign looms in the background.

EXT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Curtis steps up to the sidewalk. DIM and DIMMER, 13 and 15, Street Kids, walk by.

DIMMER

Mister, spare some change so me and
my brother can get something to eat?

Dim smacks Dimmer on the arm.

DIM

He don't got no money. Look at him.

Dimmer shrugs. They continue on down the sidewalk. Curtis moves toward Jumbo's and enters.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

A small, hole in the wall strip joint. Short bar, couple stalls for lapdances, tables, games. The female BARTENDER pours drinks and drafts as the BOUNCER sits by the door. A couple LOCALS watch Game Two of the World Series.

Curtis enters and glances around. A STRIPPER works the pole. SPARKY and HOOCH, 20's, place dollar bills in her g-string.

At the bar sits John Moore, 30's, the buddy from Curtis' locket. Next to him is COURTNEY, early 20's, blonde, a Jumbo's dancer. Curtis steps up, catches John off guard.

JOHN

What's up fuck-face?

CURTIS

Not much.

They stare at eachother a moment.

JOHN

C'mere...
(bearhugging Curtis)
How'd you find me?

CURTIS
(softly, away from
Courtney)
If you ain't with Cindy where else
you gonna be?

JOHN
How you know I'm not?

CURTIS
I saw her a couple weeks ago. You
should call her, John.

JOHN
Fuck that. She should call me.
(stepping back to bar)
How's the Mrs.?

Curtis shakes his head.

JOHN
Didn't work out?

CURTIS
You could say that.
(turns to Courtney;
extends hand)
Hi, I'm Curtis.

COURTNEY
(dismissive)
Hi.
(to John)
Are you gonna lend me your truck or
not?

JOHN
No.
(to Curtis)
You back for good?

Courtney bolts from the chair. WE FOLLOW her past a crowd of
ADMIRERS as we catch the end of John and Curtis' dialogue.
Sparky and Hooch step up.

CURTIS
No, I figured I'd help you out before
heading to the Grand Canyon.

JOHN
You're a fucker, you know that.

Courtney reaches a small table occupied by Trevor and SASHA, early 30's, another dancer. Courtney stands between them.

COURTNEY
(snotty; to Sasha)
May I interrupt you?

Sasha motions to Trevor. Courtney crouches next to him.

COURTNEY
Trevor, you repo cars, right?

TREVOR
Sort of.

COURTNEY
I have to move.

SASHA
From Studio City?

COURTNEY
Yes.

SASHA
Into Hollywood?

COURTNEY
It's temporary.
(to Trevor)
I need a van. Can you help me out?

Trevor glances at Sasha. She raises her eyebrows.

TREVOR
Uh, sure.

COURTNEY
(perking up)
Really?!?

TREVOR
Yeah, I'll check on it tomorrow.

Courtney rises, pecks him on the cheek, turns to Sasha.

COURTNEY
(motions to Sasha's
chest)
Gonna pop your top tonight, Sasha?

SASHA
(repulsed)
Goodbye, Courtney.

Courtney exits into the crowd. Sasha smiles at Trevor.

TREVOR
What?

SASHA
Nothing.

Sasha puts out her cigarette, rises to walk away.

TREVOR
Hey...
(taking her hand)
...any Lexus owners in the audience?

SASHA
I haven't seen any. Are you coming
over tonight?

TREVOR
I gotta find a Lexus, darlin'.

She kisses his head, moves toward the stage.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- BAR -- NIGHT

Curtis and John stand at the bar as Sparky and Hooch step up. John finishes his drink.

CURTIS
You should call her. Open a bottle
of Cabernet.

John nearly chokes.

JOHN
You know, I *was* thinking of offering
you a job.

CURTIS
Sounds great. I accept.

Reluctantly, John smiles.

CURTIS
So tell me about the show.

JOHN

Low budget. We've got a week left.
Little movie.

CURTIS

You got a generator?

JOHN

Yeah, we got a generator.

Sparky and Hooch laugh. John swings an arm into Hooch's shoulder. Hooch mouths "ow", turns to Sparky.

JOHN

Most of the time we have a generator.

EXT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Exiting, Curtis, John, Sparky and Hooch head for John's truck.

JOHN

You need a place to crash?

CURTIS

Nah, I'm all set up.

JOHN

I'm glad you're back. We'll see you tomorrow?

CURTIS

You bet.

Curtis watches them leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAX MUSEUM -- NIGHT

SNAKE, 50's, tall, bald, imposing, pushes a shopping cart half-filled with large stones. A cane hangs from the handle, next to a radio. Snake sees something ahead, cringes.

SNAKE

You okay?!?

Shirtless and in jeans, Curtis crouches over the curb. He's just been sick. Snake rolls up to him.

CURTIS

Yeah. I'm fine.

Snake helps Curtis to the vestibule. He's rolled out a sleeping bag. His backpack doubles for a pillow. Curtis lays down as Snake picks up his hat.

SNAKE
You're in my crib.

CURTIS
(sits up)
Sorry. I didn't see a sign.

SNAKE
You don't gotsta leave. But just
so's you know, you're in my crib.

CURTIS
Gotcha.

Snake hands him his hat.

CURTIS
Thank you.

SNAKE
Nice hat.
(genuine, extends
hand)
Name's Snake.

CURTIS
Curtis.

SNAKE
You got a light, Curtis?

Curtis roots around his backpack, tosses Snake the Zippo. Snake checks it out, notices an I.A.T.S.E. insignia.

SNAKE
IATSE? What's that?

CURTIS
My Union. Took me forever to get in.
Now its yours.

SNAKE
You're just gonna give me this?

CURTIS
Don't smoke anymore. Plus, I gotta
make my rent, right?

Curtis winks at him, sets his hat over his eyes.

SNAKE
 (smiling)
 You go on back to sleep, Curtis.

Snake rolls the cart away.

EXT. CAR CARRIER -- NIGHT

STREET, 15, jean jacket, weathered, in need of a shower, a bowl of soup and a hug, shivers on the second tier of a full car carrier as the rig whizzes down the freeway.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY - (4TH EXIT)-- NIGHT

"THE RUNAWAY"

The car carrier passes beneath the Gower off ramp sign.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD OFF RAMP -- NIGHT

The car carrier stops at a light. Street climbs down and hops onto the sidewalk. The light turns green and the car carrier drives off.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS -- NIGHT

A giant, white illuminated crucifix glows in the dark. Comfort for those with no bed to crawl into.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

3:00 AM. Deserted, save the forlorn and discarded. A STREET CLEANER in orange overalls hoses down the sidewalk, following a creeping City Water Truck.

Street crosses the Boulevard heading for Tomy's Hamburgers at the corner of Hollywood and Wilcox. Dim and Dimmer are smoking out front. Dim has a spare cigarette behind an ear.

Snake's rock filled cart is parked by the door.

EXT. TOMY'S HAMBURGERS -- NIGHT

DIMMER
 Is that.....?

Dim nods. Street approaches.

DIM
 Hey, man.

DIMMER
 Where you been, Street?

STREET

Fuck you both.

Street enters the door.

DIMMER

We had nothin' to do with it, Street.

INT. TOMY'S HAMBURGERS -- FRONT ROOM -- NIGHT

Street walks in. Rundown, greasy grill, soiled walls, plastic chairs, off-balanced tables. Snake picks from a plate of French fries.

STREET

How ya' doin', Snake?

SNAKE

(pointing French Fry)
Behave yourself, Street.

STREET

Gonna be tough.

SNAKE

I mean it.

INT. TOMY'S HAMBURGERS -- DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

The group of kids we saw beneath the underpass occupy an area by the window: CODY, 15, larger than most 15 year olds, sits next to CAT EYES, 13, pre-pubescent but with astonishing deep blue eyes.

At the table behind them sit Iggy, DAY-GLO, 15, punker with bright green mohawk and HOSS, 14, bald, the fat boy of the group. Hoss holds a bottle of wine under his coat.

Street enters the back room, steps up to Cody's table.

CODY

(draping an arm around
Cat Eyes)
Hey, man. Where you been?

STREET

Went home to get another tattoo.

Street pulls up his t-shirt, reveals a cigarette burn. He turns from Cody to Cat Eyes. She won't look him in the face.

STREET

Had a family reunion courtesy of the
LAPD. Don't suppose anybody knows
about that, huh?

Street makes eye contact with everyone. Only Cody doesn't
look away.

STREET

Somebody fucked me. I'm thinking it
was you, Cody.

CODY

Only one's got a problem with you,
Street, is you Street.

STREET

You fuckin' my woman?

Cody removes his arm, starts to rise.

CAT EYES

Cody-

Too late. Cody lunges and they begin fighting. The other
Street Kids rush around the table cheering them on.

INT. TOMY'S HAMBURGERS -- FRONT ROOM -- NIGHT

The COOK leans over the counter.

COOK

Stop it!
(to Snake)
Stop it or I call the cops!

INT. TOMY'S HAMBURGERS -- DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Cody and Street continue fighting. Snake's cane slams onto
the table. Reluctantly, the other Street Kids separate them.
They're bruised, bloody and still very pissed off.

SNAKE

This is the only haven we got. You
motherfuckers need to respect it.

CODY

Fine, I'll kick his ass outside.

STREET

Let's go, bitch.

They struggle to free themselves.

SNAKE

Street, get outta here.

He's pushed by the others toward the front entrance. He looks back at Cat Eyes. She takes Cody's hand.

EXT. TOMY'S HAMBURGERS -- NIGHT

Street busts through the doors. Dim and Dimmer come around the corner as he leaves.

DIMMER

Why'd he have to come back?

Dim shakes his head. Fading up, we hear the same music Trevor played in the Expedition.

EXT. LEXUS -- NIGHT

We're staring at the "L" Lexus logo, come up over the car into the front. Trevor's driving.

INT. LEXUS -- NIGHT

Wires hang beneath the console. Trevor's tape in the deck. Street runs across the road, Trevor sees him, lays on the horn, nearly hits him.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

Street reaches the otherside, turns around and with tears in his eyes, looks back at Tomy's. The Street Kids watch from the windows. Street heads up the Boulevard.

FADE OUT:

INT. GRAY VAN -- DAY

WE PULL BACK from the Eagle tattoo as The Kidnapper drives along the Freeway. Behind his seat, a locked sliding door prohibits a view into the back.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY - (5TH EXIT)-- DAY

"THE PREDATOR"

The van passes beneath a sign for the Hollywood off ramp.

EXT. FILM LOCATION -- MORNING

The van wipes through frame, revealing Curtis standing by a telephone pole. Stapled onto the pole, a white cardboard placard with red lettering reads:

NO PARKING
Vehicles Engaged In Film And
Television Production Exempted

Curtis crosses the street toward a catering truck surrounded by numerous FILM CREW MEMBERS.

EXT. CATERING TRUCK -- MORNING

A watch face with a broken crystal reads 7:45 AM. It belongs to ADAM HERTZ, 19, headset, shorts, baseball hat, a Production Assistant. Curtis walks toward the catering truck where the crew gathers, ordering and consuming breakfast plates, steps up behind Hooch and EDDIE, early 20's.

CURTIS

Morning.

HOOCH

Curtis this is Eddie.

CURTIS

Hey. So. Where's the generator?

Hooch smirks, looks away.

EDDIE

Generator?

CURTIS

Yeah. You know, plug lights in, shoot movies.

EDDIE

We don't have a generator.

Adam walks by.

ADAM

We've never had a generator.

CURTIS

What?

HOOCH

We tie in, Curtis.

EDDIE

Actually, we're gettin' pretty close to the draw.

CURTIS

The draw?

EXT. ELECTRIC TRUCK -- MORNING

The lift gate lowers revealing John. Curtis stands below.

JOHN

You look like shit, fuck face.

Where'd you sleep?

CURTIS

Snake's.

JOHN

(stepping off lift)

Who the fuck is Snake?

CURTIS

My landlord.

John heads towards the tie in area where the others are assembled, waiting. Curtis follows close behind.

CURTIS

What happened to the generator?

JOHN

The what?

CURTIS

The generator. You said you had one.

JOHN

Oh, yeah, yeah, that. Well, we were supposed to have one but I don't know, Production fucked up. We gotta tie in now.

(louder, clapping hands)

Okay, let's get a move on!

EXT. TIE IN AREA -- MORNING

A fist holds five straws. A hand reaches in and chooses one. Curtis, Eddie, Hooch and Sparky stand before John. Behind him, MONSTER, 6'2", bald, muscular, plaid shirt with torn sleeves, black pants. Monster holds a long 2x4 and taps it in his palm.

Carrying a jacket and toolbelt, DANTE, 30's, another juicer, rushes toward the group. John extends the straws to Curtis, continues down the line. Dante reaches them, out of breath.

JOHN
Dante, thanks for showing up.

DANTE
Some motherfucker stole my Expedition.

JOHN
Bummer. Grab a straw.

Dante pulls one. The other three follow.

JOHN
Okay, who's got it?

Hooch holds the short straw.

JOHN
Good man, Hooch. Let's light up.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. TIE IN AREA -- MORNING

Two cables. One extends from the filming location, the other from a vandalized public utility box. They're not connected but meet at a small rubber mat. Monster steps up near the mat, takes a few practice swings with the 2x4, nods to John.

JOHN
Okay, Hooch, you know the deal. Stand on the mat, connect the wires, we're up and running.

Curtis can't believe it. He's even more taken aback by what he sees at the catering truck.

EXT. CATERING TRUCK -- MORNING

The CREW's assembled, watching in morbid fascination. Numerous members hand money to MARKY-MARK, 30's, a small, stocky guy in shorts and baggy shirt. Next to him is a light stand with a lamp attached.

CREW MEMBER #1
Marky-Mark? Float me twenty, I lost big on Game Two.

MARKY-MARK
No can do, amigo.

CREW MEMBER #1
I'll get it back, Marky. The Series is gonna go seven.

MARKY-MARK

We'll see.

(to others)

Okay, guys, window's closing. Anyone else in? Anyone else?

EXT. TIE IN AREA -- MORNING

John steps back, stands next to Curtis.

CURTIS

(motioning to Marky-Mark)

What's he doing?

John glances at the crew.

JOHN

Who, Marky-Mark? Ha! Bettin' on whether or not we arc.

CURTIS

What?

JOHN

No one's gonna arc. And even if they did, we got Monster here.

Monster smiles, grips the 2x4.

JOHN

Yeah, swing that toothpick.

Curtis is dumbstruck by it all.

CURTIS

You're signing off on this?

JOHN

Hey, if he arcs, Monster's there to make sure he lets go of the cables. I mean, c'mon, you tellin' me if that guy swung you'd still be hanging on to the juice? I don't think so. Electrocutation's not an option.

Curtis glances at Adam. He holds a cellphone.

JOHN

Adam, you all dialed up?

Near Monster, Adam holds up a cellphone dialed to 911.

CURTIS

What's he for?

JOHN

In case we need an ambulance.

Hooch is kinda nervous. Glances at Monster who's rocking back and forth like a batter waiting for a pitch. Hooch takes a deep breath, exhales. Takes another and throws the cables together. A few sparks then its over.

EXT. CATERING TRUCK -- MORNING

The Crew's anticipation turns to disappointment as the light above Marky-Mark flickers on. He pays off bets.

EXT. TIE IN AREA -- MORNING

JOHN

(walking off)

Alright, lets go to work, guys.

Monster taps Hooch on the back. Hooch smiles. Monster taps him again and points down. He wants the mat. Hooch steps off, walks past Curtis.

HOOCH

Wow! What a rush!

Dante hands Hooch his toolbelt, they head toward the truck. Curtis stands in shock.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT -- MORNING

We track along the parked cars and come to an empty space. Tilting up, we see the Asian Family, standing in beach wear, carrying chairs, towels, radios and GameBoy.

ASIAN MOTHER

< Dee Dee, please suggest to your father the necessity for travel by limousine. >

ASIAN FATHER

< Astin, please tell your mother we will travel by public transportation.>

DEE DEE

< Thanks, mom. >

The Asian Mother yanks Dee Dee away. The Asian Father glances down at his son. Astin's toothless smile lightens him up.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL -- REGISTRATION DESK -- MORNING

The Asian Father steps up to the Desk Clerk.

ASIAN FATHER
(broken English)
How far to beach?

HOTEL CLERK
Twelve miles.

ASIAN FATHER
But...
(points toward door)
...Santa Monica.

HOTEL CLERK
Yeah....Boulevard. Santa Monica Beach
is twelve miles away.

The Asian Father's shocked.

EXT. PAY PHONE -- DAY

The gray primer van pulls to the side of the road. The Kidnapper gets out and crosses the street. He digs into his pocket, drops some coins into the pay phone and dials. Anxious, he hops around, occasionally checking on his van. Someone answers on the other end.

THE KIDNAPPER
Hey, I'm here...In Hollywood...Yeah...

Trevor appears from around the corner. Sees the van. He passes behind it as The Kidnapper turns around, reappears after The Kidnapper's turned his back. Both are unaware of each other. Trevor checks the tires, goes behind the Van.

THE KIDNAPPER
...Of course I have 'em, I spent
some of the advance so I better have
'em right?...

The Kidnapper chuckles. Trevor appears inside the van, climbs across the passenger's seat to the driver's side.

THE KIDNAPPER
..yeah....yeah, I know I'm
early....but I came across this Pop
Warner tournament in Santa Cruz...got
ya' a Baker's Dozen...

Trevor ducks down to hot wire as The Kidnapper glances over a shoulder then faces back around.

THE KIDNAPPER

Yeah, tell me when....uh-huh.....

Trevor starts the van, rolls down the window, extends an arm to hold traffic and pulls out. The Kidnapper still has his back to the van.

THE KIDNAPPER

...Okay...sure, sure it'll keep...I'll see you then.

He hangs up, turns around. His van's gone.

INT. GRAY VAN -- DAY

Trevor drives along the road. There's a subtle clink-clink-clink noise. He removes his cassette from a jacket pocket, slides it in the tape deck.

Trevor turns down the volume. Listens. Clink-clink-clink-clink-clink. He yanks on the door behind him, it's locked.

EXT. EMPTY LOT -- DAY

The Gray Van pulls into an empty lot. Trevor gets out, walks around the back and tries to open the doors. They're locked. He picks up a metal rod and pries them. They fly open.

INT. BACK OF VAN -- DAY

Trevor cautiously climbs in, steps forward and looks around. Wide Venetian blinds hang on each side.

Clink-clink-clink-clink.

He unhooks the Venetian blinds on his left. It recoils, revealing six cages. Three stacked on three. Each with a cowering child. Eyes full of terror, mouths gagged, wrists and ankles tied.

The second Venetian blind rolls up. Again, six cages. Three on three, but seven children. All scared, gagged, cowering. In particular, Stew, caged with another CHILD who's banging on the grate with his feet. Clink-clink-clink.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Business as usual. Trevor enters, makes eye contact with Sasha as she speaks with a CUSTOMER. She excuses herself from the conversation.

SASHA
Courtney thinks I pussy whipped you
into blowing her off.

Trevor pulls her to the side, speaks into in her ear. She becomes horrified, pushes him away.

EXT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Trevor flies out the door followed by Sasha.

SASHA
What happened to the kids? Trevor,
what happened to the kids!?!

EXT. EMPTY LOT -- FLASHBACK -- BLACK & WHITE -- DAY

Trevor kneels on the ground, surrounded by the abducted kids.

EXT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

TREVOR
I led all but one to the police. I
couldn't go in without being arrested.

SASHA
All but one?

EXT. BACK OF VAN -- FLASHBACK -- BLACK & WHITE -- DAY

We PUSH IN on Stew inside the cage.

EXT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Trevor and Sasha sit at a bus stop bench.

SASHA
You want to keep him, don't you?
Trevor. Look at me.

He turns to her.

SASHA
What happens if you get caught bumping
cars? What happens to him then?

TREVOR
I'm gonna get a regular job.

SASHA
Joe's not gonna let you quit.

TREVOR
I'll figure something out.

She places a hand on his cheek.

SASHA
Sweetie. You know I love you, right?
But I can only help you so much.

Trevor's silent.

SASHA
Look, I gotta get back inside.

TREVOR
Yeah, me too.

They stand.

TREVOR
I'll see you.

He kisses her and walks away.

SASHA
Trevor?

He turns.

SASHA
Where do you think that guy is?

TREVOR
This is Hollywood, Sasha. He could
be anywhere.

EXT. CHEAP HOTEL -- NIGHT

A taxi drives by. The Hotel sign flickers on and off.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL -- THE KIDNAPPER'S ROOM -- NIGHT

WE HEAR The Kidnapper on the phone as we track along the top of the bed. Money's arranged neatly in denominations. Fifties, Twenties.... The otherside of the conversation's intense, loud.

THE KIDNAPPER
Yeah, you could do that to me, and I
could hang up and disappear with the
fucking money. You want to work this
out or not?

We continue tracking: Tens, Fives...

THE KIDNAPPER

Well, I could return most of the
deposit with a few pieces of
merchandise.

More yelling. Continue tracking: Singles, Quarters, Dimes,
Nickels, Pennies.

THE KIDNAPPER

Four days? Yeah, its possible...but
the quality's gonna suffer. If you
see your way to a two week extension
I could slip into Phoenix. There's a
Cub Scout jamboree going on-
(the other side hangs
up - dial tone)
Hello?

We track off the pile of pennies as The Kidnapper sets his
head on the bed, exhales. Outside, footsteps approach.

DEE DEE

< I hate this dump! >

ASTIN

< Are you nuts? This is great!! We
can't do shit at those other hotels.
Bell Boys watching us, policing us.
Check this out. >

The Kidnapper bolts up. Outside his open door, Astin and Dee
Dee lean over the railing. Astin clears his throat, spits
into the pool.

ASTIN

< See? I'll do it again. >

DEE DEE

< You're disgusting. >

She walks away. Astin turns around. The Kidnapper smiles.
Astin smiles back.

THE KIDNAPPER

(waving him in)
C'mere.

Astin laughs and runs off.

THE KIDNAPPER

I'm so fucked.

EXT. C.C. CAMPERLAND RV PARK -- NIGHT

Row upon row of campers and trailers. The taxi backs out as Trevor approaches and enters his silver bullet trailer.

INT. TREVOR'S SILVER BULLET TRAILER -- NIGHT

A small trailer. Sofa across from the t.v. and door, kitchen area to the left, bedroom to the right with accordion doors.

Half asleep, Stew lays on the couch in a Jumbo's Clown Room t-shirt. Trevor shuts the door. Next to the television's a trunk with a large crystal rock and framed headshot of Sasha.

TREVOR

Anything good on?

No answer. Trevor crosses, sits down on the edge of the couch. Stew's dirty clothes are piled on the floor.

TREVOR

Tomorrow we'll get some new things.

Stew stares blankly.

TREVOR

No one's gonna hurt you I promise.

Stew drifts back to sleep.

INT. TREVOR'S SILVER BULLET TRAILER -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Trevor leaves the accordion door open a crack, glances back at Stew. He's proud of what he's done.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING -- ROOF -- NIGHT

The HOLLYWOOD sign glows in the distance. Barry steps into frame wearing goggles, streamlined jacket and pants. He's holding a fistful of fabric and breathing erratically.

BARRY

No way. No way I can do this.

EXT. MANN'S CHINESE THEATER -- NIGHT

Curtis lays on his sleeping bag. The clinking sound of a shopping cart on the sidewalk rings out. Curtis peeks around the corner. Snake's rolling toward him, calls out.

SNAKE

You're in my crib.

CURTIS
Snake, you must own half of Hollywood.

SNAKE
(passing)
You're alright, Curtis.

As Curtis goes back to sleep, Snake pauses to light a small cigar. We hear a clanking, tinkling. Snake's cart is shaking. Its a tremor.

EXT. FREEWAY UNDERPASS -- NIGHT

Some of the Street Kids are partying, others sleeping. Cat Eyes lays next to Cody. The shaking begins. Cat Eyes wakes up, looks at Cody. He doesn't open his eyes but slowly grins, strokes her hair.

WE CRANE UP TO:

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS -- NIGHT

Street sits atop the overpass smoking a cigarette, riding out the tremor. He blows on the ember until it glows red, then lifts up his shirt.

EXT. CHEAP HOTEL -- COURTYARD -- NIGHT

The lights flicker. A door bursts open and the Asian Father ushers everyone out. In their jammies, they descend the stairs, head for the courtyard. None of the other hotel guests so much as stir.

EXT. C.C. CAMPERLAND RV PARK -- NIGHT

"Harbie", the large ceramic seal mascot standing by the entrance, starts shaking. But he doesn't lose his smile.

INT. TREVOR'S SILVER BULLET TRAILER -- NIGHT

The crystal shakes its way to the edge of the trunk, falls into Trevor's hands. He turns to the couch but Stew's sound asleep.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING -- ROOF -- NIGHT

Barry feels the shaking, crouches a bit, becomes scared.

BARRY
Oh, no....oh, no....we're going
down...we're-AHHHHHHHHH...

He sprints toward the edge of the building, leaping off and throwing the fabric into the air. As he falls out of frame, it opens into a small parachute.

EXT. ORIGINAL MCDONALD'S -- NIGHT

We crane down fast like we're falling from the sky ourselves, passing the vintage sign of the very first McDonald's and settling on four guys sitting at an outdoor table. The EMPLOYEES wear classic white 50's uniforms.

DEREK, 30's, slick hair, waist length leather jacket. MIKE, 20's, mop hair, scruffy. JACKIE, early 20's, boyish, peach fuzz. And Pruitt, from Joe's Used Car lot. Glasses rattle, tables shake and the line Derek's drawing on a napkin scribbles about.

DEREK

Fuck!!

Derek balls up the napkin, tosses it over a shoulder.

DEREK

Pruitt, gimme your napkin.

PRUITT

I'm not through eating.

DEREK

Gimme your fucking napkin.

PRUITT

No.

JACKIE

(holding up his)
Take mine.

Spots of ketchup and mustard. Derek turns back to Pruitt.

DEREK

Pruitt, I'd like to draw the layout of the bank. May I have your napkin?

PRUITT

Why am I always penalized for having etiquette? You guys slobber over your napkins, but because I'm able to move my food from plate to mouth I get penalized.

Derek, Mike and Jackie stare at him in awe. Derek holds out his hand to Jackie.

DEREK

Jackie?

Jackie surrenders his napkin. Derek starts drawing

DEREK

Okay, the ketchup spot's the bank.
The mustard is Hollywood Boulevard.

EXT. CHEAP HOTEL -- COURTYARD -- NIGHT

The shaking's long since passed. The Tourists stand on solid ground. In the lobby, the NIGHT CLERK leans over the desk and gazes at them in bewilderment. Astin waves. Puzzled, the Night Clerk waves back.

FADE OUT:

INT. SECOND OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

A SECURITY GUARD returns Barry's OSHA credentials.

SECURITY GUARD

(picking up phone; to
Barry)

You need roof access?

BARRY

(shakes head, motions
with his thumb)

Higher.

SECURITY GUARD

Higher than the roof?

BARRY

(nodding)

Oh, yeah.

EXT. CHEVY VAN -- DAY

"FOR SALE - \$700 O.B.O." is written in white letters across the windshield of an old Chevy Van. Water sprays it off.

EXT. VACANT LOT -- DAY

We're TRACKING ALONG the side of the Chevy Van. We hear a saw, reach the back of the van. A piece of 4x4 flies out, landing against two coils of chicken wire. Hammering ensues.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- DAY

Trevor and Stew exit a store. Though he's now sporting new shoes and jeans, Stew wears the Jumbo's T-Shirt.

TREVOR

You're gonna wear that thing out.
The next couple months are gonna be
hard, Stewie. But I give you me word,
we'll find some work....

Stew's walk slows. He tears up.

TREVOR

Hey, buddy...

Trevor kneels down.

TREVOR

...did I say something wrong? I'm
sorry, pal.

He wipes Stew's face with a bandanna.

TREVOR

It'll be alright, I promise. Listen,
I'm gonna go around the corner and
pick up a truck. I'll be right back.
Wait here for me, okay?

Stew watches Trevor turn the corner. Hoss pushes off a building, grabs the bag out of Stew's hand. Stew watches him walk away with his new things. A moment later, Barry's G.I. Joe dolls floats down, lands at Stew's feet.

EXT. CREW PARKING -- DAY

Trevor nods to a SECURITY GUARD, enters the lot. A few moments later, he pulls out in John's truck, waves to the Guard, drives onto the street.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- DAY

Various POV shots of the Boulevard. In his new van, The Kidnapper's back on the prowl. Across the street he sees Stew. He slows to the side, angles his rear view mirror as Trevor pulls up. Stew climbs in John's truck.

INT. JOHN'S TRUCK -- DAY

Trevor's driving, Stew's shotgun. He holds the G.I. Joe.

TREVOR

Don't sweat it, Stew. We'll get you some more things. Just, next time someone tries to bully you, look 'em right in the eye and tell 'em to fuck off. Trust me. No one'll mess with a kid like that.

Trevor turns a corner.

TREVOR

Now, listen to me, pal. This is important. Should a cop pull us over, you gotta run like hell. Cops mean run. Got it? Cops mean run. A cop gets ahold of you, we'll never see eachother again. Say it for me.

STEW

Cops mean run. Run like hell.

TREVOR

Good man. In about a mile, I'm gonna let you out on the corner. I need you to wait for me. I gotta make a stop. Should take about 20 minutes. Then you and me'll go out, have some steaks. Deal?

STEW

Cops mean run.

TREVOR & STEW

Run like hell.

FADE OUT:

INT. TAXI CAB -- DAY

We're staring at a dash-mounted compass. Pointed east.

The Asian Family's inside, Father in the passenger seat, the remaining three in back. The CABBIE, 40's, confident, glances at the meter and smiles. \$95.00.

Dee Dee pulls on her mother's sleeve, whispers in her ear.

ASIAN MOTHER

(clearing throat)

< Dee Dee, please ask your Father if the beach is on the west side of the United States? >

DEE DEE

< Dad, we're going the wrong way. >

The Father steals a look at the compass. The Cabbie's eyes dart from the road to the Asian Father.

INT. TAXI CAB -- DAY

The meter reads \$195.00. The Asian Father hands over two hundred dollars.

CABBIE

(mocking Asian accent)

Have a nice trip.

The cab peels out.

EXT. HOTEL--DAY

The family files into the hotel lobby.

ASIAN MOTHER

< Dee Dee- >

ASIAN FATHER

< Not a word from anyone. >

INT. CHOP SHOP -- DAY

A MECHANIC dismantles John's truck. Yelling disrupts him and he glances up at an office window. Someone falls against the blinds, ruffling them.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Joe stands opposite Two Mechanics.

JOE

(to Mechanics)

Lift him up.

They step forward, raise Trevor into frame.

JOE

I own you. And I'm gonna take this one and I'm gonna take another one and if you're lucky you'll get paid for the third one. You fuckin' loser.

Joe raises his fist and throws it at camera.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- DAY

Stew holds Trevor's bruised and bloody head in his lap. Behind Stew, a police cruiser turns a corner. Stew glances back, sees it approaching.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- DAY

Horst and Justin roll up as Stew darts off down an alley.

JUSTIN
(passing Trevor)
Jesus...Is he okay?

Horst doesn't slow down.

JUSTIN
Horst. Horst you're going-

HORST
(passing Trevor)
Let him sleep it off.

EXT. BACK ALLEY -- DAY

Stew hides around the building as the Cruiser passes the alley. Stew stares straight ahead. His panting slows, until he looks straight ahead. Suddenly, he hyperventilates.

Across the back street, The Kidnapper closes the sliding van door, runs around to the driver's side and peels out. He never sees Stew.

EXT. FILM LOCATION -- EVENING

Its the end of the day. Lights are turned off, equipment whisked away, garbage swept up. ELECTRICIANS wrap cable and lug lights as GRIPS roll stands and taco carts.

Eddie struggles with a cable while Dante wraps his with efficiency. Curtis watches Eddie sweat. He smiles, kneels down beside him.

CURTIS
Lemme show you how to do it.

Eddie watches Curtis whirl the cable around in tight circles. He's a pro.

CURTIS
(standing)
You see?

Eddie's slower than Curtis but works the technique.

CURTIS
Yeah, you're gettin' it. Alright.

John approaches.

JOHN
C'mon, fuck face, let's blow. The
game's on.

CURTIS
You forget how to wrap cable?

JOHN
You saying I don't pull my weight?

Curtis smirks.

JOHN
I pull my weight. Right, guys? RIGHT
GUYS?!?

John glances up at the truck but there's no response. He turns to Curtis who's already back to work.

JOHN
You're all fired!

John walks away, leaving Eddie, Curtis and Dante.

EDDIE
He always been like that?

DANTE
Remember the kids you grew up with
who were assholes? Odds are they're
still assholes.

Dante grunts the cable onto a shoulder, walks away.

CURTIS
John's a decent guy. His priorities
are just a little outta whack.

Eddie tries to lift a bundle of cable. Curtis helps him balance the weight. As Eddie walks away, Curtis bends over to pick up his coil. Drops of blood fall onto it.

Curtis removes a handkerchief from his pocket, wipes the blood from his face, the cable, his hands. He looks around, makes sure no one's noticed.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD -- EVENING

Horst and Justin walk the beat during a movie premiere. Justin drops some coins in a HOMELESS MAN's cup.

HORST

You're gonna go broke doing that.

Justin ignores him.

HORST

Look, everyone comes here with the same dream. And there's not enough to go around. Now, I ain't saying its a good thing...

(motions back to man)

...but he certainly sends the message, "exiting that freeway takes more than flippin' on a blinker".

JUSTIN

That's mighty white of you, Horst.

As they enter the crowd, we slide off into an alley, turn into a dumpster lined dead end, pass cats living off garbage, steam coming from manholes, water running into drains, nudge between a couple bins. Hidden against the wall, Stew cries uncontrollably, clutching his G.I. Joe.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT/EXT. TREVOR'S SILVER BULLET TRAILER -- NIGHT

Staring blankly, Trevor sits on his couch. He's cleaned up, bandaged, bruised, alone. We PULL BACK out of the trailer door, settle on the entire Silver Bullet.

FADE OUT

INT. BANK -- JENNY'S FLASHBACK -- DAY

Patrons lay face down. A TELLER watches FOUR ARMED BANK ROBBERS in black ski masks and gloves rush from her station.

EXT. BANK -- JENNY'S FLASHBACK -- DAY

Iggy, Dim and Dimmer walk down the sidewalk as The Robbers rush out the door. Robbers #1-3 turn right, duck around the

corner. But #4 slams into Dimmer. His glasses fly off and shatter on the ground while #4 careens to the left.

#4 rises, and panics, tearing ass in the opposite direction of the others. Dim and Iggy help Dimmer stand.

EXT. BANK -- OTHERSIDE -- JENNY'S FLASHBACK -- DAY

Robbers #1 and #2 jump into the back of the getaway car driven by Mike. #3 stands at the open car door, waiting. They remove their masks: Jackie and Pruitt in the back, Derek standing outside.

PRUITT
We can't wait!!
(turns to Mike)
C'mon...

Mike and Pruitt lock eyes. Mike glances out to Derek.

MIKE
What do we do?!

Reluctantly, Derek boards the car and it peels out.

EXT. SIDESTREET -- JENNY'S FLASHBACK -- DAY

Staring straight at us, Robber #4 slowly rises up, placing hands behind head. An arm reaches in, removes the black ski mask. It's JENNY SHARP, 20's, long blonde hair, trust me brown eyes, surrounded by police. Her wrist is cuffed, the other brought down, cuffed as well.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEN'S JEEP WRANGLER -- DAY

Jenny stares blankly ahead. She's in the passenger seat. BEN McCLAIN, 50's, burly, stout, lower class, drives. There's an indefinite silence as Jenny watches the Hollywood Freeway scenery pass, sees a Denny's sign.

JENNY
Are you hungry?

Ben adjusts himself in his seat.

JENNY
You feel like getting something?

Ben ignores her.

JENNY

I'm hungry.

Jenny sighs. Tries once more.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Can we please get some food!?! Please.

Ben glances scornfully.

JENNY

Please!?!

Reluctantly, Ben hits the turn signal.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY - (7TH EXIT)-- DAY

"THE FUGITIVES"

The Jeep passes beneath the Cahuenga off ramp sign.

EXT. DINER -- DAY

Stew sits next to the front double doors, knees tucked into chest, dirty, grimy. A pair of sneakers step into frame. Stew looks up. Street stands above him.

STREET

You're a cherry, huh?

Stew doesn't answer, looks away.

STREET

I could punch you in the face, empty your pockets and you wouldn't do shit, would you?

Stew remains quiet. Street kneels down. Pushes Stew.

STREET

Would you?

Stew looks Street right in the eye.

STEW

Fuck off.

Street smiles. Reflected in the diner window, Street sees Curtis approach.

STREET

This guy should be good for a buck. Listen and learn, Cherry.

Curtis reaches the entrance.

STREET

Sir, could you spare some change so
me and my brother can get something
to eat?

CURTIS

(opening door)
On the way out.

Curtis enters. Street turns to Stew, extends his hand.

STREET

Street.

STEW

Stew.

STREET

You gotta work on that name.
(helping him up)
Cherry.

INT. DINER--DAY

Curtis steps up to the register. The HOSTESS, 60's, stands
behind the counter.

CURTIS

I'm here to pick up the six chocolate
shakes.

HOSTESS

Curtis?

CURTIS

Yes, ma'am.

Behind her, The COOK sets a plate on the heatlamp counter,
rings a small bell. The Hostess turns.

HOSTESS

(picking up plate)
It's just gonna be a minute. We're
waiting on lids.

We Follow the Hostess to the back dining room. Among the
patrons are the Four Bank Robbers, the Tourists and Barry.

She sets the plates at the Asian Tourists' table. Four
Cheeseburgers with French Fries. The Hostess moves off.

Astin and the Asian Father dig in. Demurely, The Asian Mother slides her plate away and sits back. She glances at Dee Dee who's enjoying the meal. The Asian Mother clears her throat. Reluctantly, Dee Dee stops eating, sits back.

His mouth full, Astin turns to his father, yanks on his sleeve, gives him the "pee" face. He waves Austin off. Astin's under the table in a heartbeat.

DEE DEE

< You know, when he goes alone he pees in the sink. >

ASTIN

(standing up in aisle)
< I do not pee in the sink. >

DEE DEE

< You do, too. >

ASTIN

< Do not! >

ASIAN FATHER

(pointing with fork)
< Go! >

Astin rushes off. Aghast, The Asian Mother sits up, stares straight at The Asian Father.

ASIAN MOTHER

< Don't you think in a place like this...
(motions to food)
..you should escort your son? >

ASIAN FATHER

(waving fork in air)
< Whup! Whup! Whup! We're not to be speaking. >

The Asian Father takes a fork to her fries. The Asian Mother forces Dee Dee out of the booth. As Dee Dee reaches for one last fry, The Asian Mother slaps her hand, drags her from the table. The Asian Father slides his wife's plate to his, picks up her burger.

INT. DINER - BARRY'S TABLE -- DAY

Barry watches as the Waitress appears from the back with a liner of lids. He wipes his face, sits up.

INT. DINER - FRONT -- DAY

Curtis observes Barry watching The Waitress. He smiles.

INT. DINER - BARRY'S TABLE -- DAY

Barry slowly sits up, raises a finger, opens his mouth. The Waitress doesn't notice him, blows right by.

INT. DINER - FRONT -- DAY

Curtis feels his pain, faces around as Barry self-consciously glances to see if anyone saw.

INT. DINER--BATHROOM--DAY

Astin stands at the urinal, unzippers, but the porcelain's too high. He steps over to the stall, drops on all fours, looks under the door, sees a pair of shoes. He rises. The sink's one step away. He eyes it. A second later, he scales, stands and straddles it.

INT. DINER -- DAY

The Hostess hands Curtis a cardboard carrier for the shakes.

WAITRESS

Best shakes in Hollywood.

CURTIS

Don't I know it.

EXT. DINER--DAY

Curtis backs out the door, turns around. A couple dollar bills are wedged between the shakes.

CURTIS

You can get to 'em, they're yours.

Stew carefully removes the bills as Ben's Jeep pulls in.

STREET

Thanks, Mister.

CURTIS

Take care of yourselves.

He and Stew hunch over, count like the kids they should be.

STREET

How much we got?

Curtis exits through the parking lot as Ben exits the Jeep.

INT. BEN'S JEEP--DAY

Ben stretches over the seat.

BEN

This is against my better judgment.

Jenny raises her wrist. She's handcuffed to the door handle.

EXT. DINER--DAY

Street and Stew watch Ben's coat ride up, revealing a gun.

STREET

Check it out. Guy's packing a .45.

Ben steps back.

BEN

Let's go.

He slams the door.

EXT. DINER--DAY

Ben and Jenny approach the entrance.

STEW

Sir, can you spare some change for me and my brother?

Ben flashes a badge.

BEN

Shouldn't you be in school?

STEW

Shouldn't your daughter?

A stern look from Ben as he opens the door. Jenny smiles at the boys, gives a wink as she enters. Street drapes an arm around Stew, raises his chin defiantly as the door closes.

STREET

Alright, Cherry. Alright.

INT. DINER--DAY

Ben and Jenny sit in a booth by the front window. Her back's to the restaurant, his to the Jeep. Ben cuffs Jenny to the table's supporting pole.

JENNY
Jesus Christ, Ben.

The Hostess sets down a couple menus, we continue with her as she sets a bill down at the Four Bank Robbers' table. Chewing on a toothpick, Derek holds up the check, gives an approving nod, hands it to Jackie.

Busy lapping up gravy with a muffin, Jackie hands it across the table to Mike. Mike looks at the bill. His eyes go wide. Turning away, he tries to pawn it off to Pruitt.

PRUITT
(refusing to take it)
Wrong.

DEREK
Alright what's the skinny, here?
Someone's gotta have some cash.
(snapping fingers)
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

Nothing.

MIKE
We'll pay you back after the job.

PRUITT
Bullshit.

DEREK
What?

PRUITT
This is bullshit. I'm not paying.

JACKIE
(to Derek)
It's nearly three o'clock.

DEREK
Already?

Jackie nods.

DEREK
Jackie's gonna miss Pinky And The
Brain. Throw down, Pru.

PRUITT
I'm tired of getting penalized 'cause
you guys can't budget.

DEREK

Pruitt, just pay the bill. We gotta get Jackie here in front of a tv.

INT. DINER - FRONT -- DAY

Jenny recognizes the voices, sits straight up.

INT. DINER - DINING ROOM -- DAY

PRUITT

(re: Jackie)

Fuck him.

DEREK

Hey, watch your mouth.

PRUITT

Each job's split four ways. Its bullshit I have to carry you guys.

DEREK

Anything else bugging you?

PRUITT

(raising voice)

Yeah, as a matter of fact there is. I'm tired of being the guy who has to hop the counter while the teller fills the bags. I'm not as young as I used to be and my back's starting to hurt. I slip a disk I go to jail. Next job we do, I'm driving the fucking car, seeing as its gonna be my fucking car we end up taking.

INT. DINER - FRONT -- DAY

Sipping a glass of water, Jenny laughs, nearly spilling it.

INT. DINER - DINING ROOM -- DAY

DEREK

Lower your voice.

JACKIE

(to Mike)

What happened to your car?

MIKE

Someone stole it.

JACKIE

Bummer.

MIKE

No shit. Fucking asshole turned me
into a pedestrian.

Derek and Pruitt stare at each other. Pruitt holds up his
hands. Derek exhales.

DEREK

Jackie. Let's go.

PRUITT

I'm not paying.

DEREK

Don't.

Jackie and Derek exit out the back. Mike taps Pruitt on the
shoulder. Pruitt turns. Mike points to the aisle.
Reluctantly, Pruitt rises from the booth.

MIKE

I'm good for it.

Mike gets out, slinks off, nearly running into Hoss entering.

MIKE

Watch where you're going.

HOSS

Fuck you.

Hoss turns into the bathroom as Astin returns to his table,
passing Pruitt. Pruitt pays the bill, exits out the back.

EXT. DINER--DAY

Stew and Street gaze through the window. Stew sees the Asian
Father place a hand on his son's shoulder.

STREET

Let's get outta here.

The two pull from the window, walk away.

INT. MEN'S ROOM--DAY

The Kidnapper flushes, exits the stall. Hoss's at the urinal.

THE KIDNAPPER

Hey...

Hoss turns around.

THE KIDNAPPER

You wanna buy some "X"?

Hoss smiles.

INT. DINER--DAY

Ben and Jenny hand their menus to the Waitress. In the parking lot behind Ben, Trevor approaches the Jeep. He's going through his browsing mode. Jenny sees him.

JENNY

You know the only reason I slept with you was so you'd help me escape.

BEN

I've realized that.

JENNY

You'll never see your family again. You know that too, don't you? And once they track your middle aged ass down, you're going away for ten years easy. Easy. Say that with me Ben, "ten years". 3,650 days. Ouch! You're not a real convict, and you're no longer a guard, so who's gonna protect Benny, huh?

Ben stares at her.

JENNY

Did you really fall in love with me, Ben? Did you really think we'd run away and live happily everafter? You did didn't you?

Ben burns.

JENNY

And right now, you don't trust me at all. Even if I were to tell you some dude's about to steal your jeep, you'd just stare at me with those "I'm such a lug" eyes. Well, Ben, some dude's about to steal your fucking jeep.

Jenny sits back and smiles. A moment later, the engine turns over. Ben whips around as Trevor drives off.

EXT. DINER--DAY

Ben flies out of the door and into the road, but Trevor's going too fast. Ben pulls out his .45.

INT. DINER--DAY

Jenny bangs the table from beneath. The water glasses spill.

INT. BEN'S JEEP--DAY

Trevor slips in his tape and starts humming along when shots ring out from behind.

TREVOR

Holy shit!

INT. DINER--DAY

Jenny continues banging the table, the silverware dances along the top, falls to the floor.

INT. BEN'S JEEP--DAY

Trevor downshifts and takes a turn to get outta the way.

INT. DINER--DAY

The table flips up. Jenny dashes past the Waitress and out the door.

EXT. DINER--STREET--DAY

Ben turns, sees Jenny run the opposite direction. He holds up the gun, takes aim, but can't pull the trigger. He lowers his gun, watches her run away.

Once she's gone, The Kidnapper's new van pulls out and travels past him, leaving Ben alone in the middle of the road.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER -- DAY

Walking through the parking lot, Street and Stew are dwarfed by the giant screen.

STREET

You got a lot to learn if you plan
on surviving out here. Most cherries
end up duffing.

STEW

What's duffing?

STREET

Runnin' home to Mommy and Daddy.
You gonna do that you get your punk
ass away from me.

Stew's morosely quiet.

STREET

Cherry, snap out of it. Parents
suck. Half of 'em take their shit
out on you, the other half lets 'em.
Someday, I'll tell you the stories
I've heard. Gruesome. And out here,
most grown ups you think are cool
end up being cherry pickers. Tell
you they feel sorry for ya', wanna
be your pal. Everything's got a
catch. The trick is to not get
caught.

They exit frame.

INT. THE KIDNAPPER'S "NEW" VAN--DAY

Customized but not to the extent of his other one. Wood and
chicken wire have taken the place of bars and fencing. The
cage closes on Hoss. Next to him are various others plus
Day-Glo, Dim and Dimmer.

INT. CHOP SHOP -- DAY

The Chop Shop mechanics have already begun work on the Jeep.
Joe takes a step from it, throws his dialogue to the side as
he walks away.

JOE

Bring me a compact and we'll call it
even.

Trevor eyes him with hatred. Joe smiles.

JOE

This ain't a conversation.

Joe walks away. Trevor stares forward.

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE--DAY

Adam stands by the Stage Door. A swirling red light spins.

ADAM

(yelling out)
We're rolling, very quiet please.

Leaning on a wooden rail, Curtis and John stand a few feet away from Adam. Each holds a diner milkshake.

CURTIS

Just pick up the phone, John.

He glares at Curtis.

JOHN

You gotta stop busting my balls.
Okay? She knows I'm sorry, I said I
was sorry.

CURTIS

But you didn't show her you were
sorry. Go. See her. Hop in a car,
man, drive all night. Be there when
she wakes up.

John fidgets uncomfortably.

JOHN

I can't do that.

CURTIS

You mean you won't do that.

JOHN

Okay, I won't do that. Doesn't
matter, really, 'cause either way it
ain't gonna happen.

CURTIS

John, life's too short for pride.

JOHN

Then we'll both die lonely old men.

CURTIS

One of us will.

Curtis pushes off the fence, heads to the soundstage.

JOHN

What's that supposed to mean?

The red light goes off.

ADAM

That's a cut.

Curtis approaches the door.

ADAM

You guys gotta be quiet when we roll.

CURTIS

Shut up.

Curtis enters the soundstage.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

We slowly track in on Trevor sitting on a stool, staring at the stage. He's not really watching though, just drifting off in thought, seemingly brooding.

From across the room, Courtney observes him. She walks over to the bar, orders a drink, very close to him. He doesn't notice. By the time she's paid for it, he's pushed off the stool, exited the door. Courtney watches him leave.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY--NIGHT

A barely street legal 250cc motorcycle revs its way down the freeway. COOPER, 30's, scraggly beard, bucket helmet, goggles, rides through the night.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY - (8TH EXIT) -- NIGHT

"THE JUNKIE"

The 250cc passes beneath a sign for the Highland off ramp.

EXT. TOMY'S HAMBURGERS -- NIGHT

Barry's VW idles at the Wilcox intersection. Cooper flies through the intersection as the light turns green.

INT. BARRY'S VW BUG -- NIGHT

Barry throws the car into gear. It stalls. Barry pushes it through the intersection.

EXT. HOTEL--COURTYARD--NIGHT

Astin steps outside his hotel room carrying a dollar bill. He closes the door. We follow his little feet as he runs down the corridor, the stairs, through the courtyard, around the pool and finally to a soda machine.

He reaches to slip the dollar in the slot but even on his tip toes, can't quite get there. He stretches, grimaces, and suddenly, very quickly, rises a couple feet in the air.

The dollar slides in. Astin lowers to the ground. He hits the soda button and the can falls to the slot. A large hand grips it. Astin follows the arm up to an Eagle Tattoo and The Kidnapper's face.

THE KIDNAPPER

Good boys don't make noise.

The Kidnapper smiles. Shattering glass grabs their attention. The Asian Mother stands six feet away, her hand on a fire alarm switch located within a small wall box.

ASIAN MOTHER

< Get your father. >

ASTIN

< But, Maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaam- >

ASIAN MOTHER

< NOW! >

Astin takes off running, screaming for his father. The Asian Father exits the hotel room and follows his son downstairs.

The Kidnapper's smirking. The Mother's still intense.

ASIAN FATHER

(to Wife)

< What is it? >

ASTIN

< He has my soda. >

ASIAN FATHER AND MOTHER

< Astin, go upstairs. >

The Kidnapper extends the soda. Astin moves forward, his Father places a hand on his shoulder. The Kidnapper smiles, tosses it to Astin, raises his hands and walks past.

ASIAN FATHER

(to wife; walking
away)

< I hope there's not a fire. >

The Asian Mother looks at the fire alarm. She inadvertently pushed the switch down. It failed to go off. She pushes it up and pulls it down.

EXT. BARRY'S VW -- NIGHT

Wearing his BASE Jumper outfit, Barry exits his car with a paper grocery bag and hikes around the corner.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD--NIGHT

Barry walks past us. We do a 180 and watch him head towards a building with a large antennae atop it.

EXT. ALLEY--FIREESCAPE--NIGHT

As Barry climbs the fireescape , three shadows appear on the sidewalk. He freezes when he hears the voices.

PRUITT

I'm telling you, he's a pussy.

MIKE

Derek's not a pussy.

JACKIE

He'll kick your ass.

They're passing the alley when Pruitt turns into it.

PRUITT

Ever since she went to prison, he's been pining for her like a fuckin' puppy.

Mike and Jackie stand at the entrance as Pruitt turns into the alley and pees against the wall. Mike and Jackie speak in hushed tones.

MIKE

(motioning towards
Pruitt)

The guy's obviously never been in love.

JACKIE

Would you love Pruitt?

Mike shudders, gags.

PRUITT

(loud)

I can hear you guys!

JACKIE

He can hear us, Mike.

MIKE

He can't hear us. He's all the way over there!

PRUITT

You're in an alley you stupid fuck.

Waiting patiently on the ladder, Barry shakes his head.

JACKIE

Did he just call you a stupid fuck?

PRUITT

YES!

MIKE

Hey, fuck you Pruitt!

JACKIE

Yeah, we heard that you stupid fuck!

Jackie and Mike exit the alley, walk away.

MIKE

Where'd you park?

JACKIE

Where'd I park?

Pruitt zippers up, exits the alley and heads the opposite direction of Mike and Jackie. Barry resumes climbing.

MIKE

Oh, shit -

We hear footsteps, see them run past.

MIKE

Hey, Pruitt!!

JACKIE

Pruitt, wait up!!

EXT. DEREK'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Derek ascends the steps.

INT. DEREK'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Derek closes the door. Directly behind him is a staircase. There's a light on upstairs. A creak sounds.

Derek turns. A moment later, a shadow crosses. Derek slowly removes his gun, heads up the stairs.

INT. DEREK'S HOUSE - STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Derek crests the stairs, gun pointed straight at us.

INT. DEREK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

In the hall, Derek lowers the gun. Facing him, Jenny stands by the window, raises her cuffed hands.

EXT. RANDY'S DONUTS -- NIGHT

Like a giant tire, the huge Randy's Donuts sign glows in the dark. Parked outside is Horst and Justin's Cruiser.

INT. RANDY'S DONUTS -- NIGHT

Staring at us through the donut case, a bent over Horst peruses the baked selection. On the otherside of the counter, a CASHIER follows him with a sheet of wax paper.

INT. HORST AND JUSTIN'S CRUISER -- NIGHT

Justin's on the radio.

JUSTIN
Copy that, Sir. Over.

He throws down the handset.

EXT. HORST AND JUSTIN'S CRUISER -- NIGHT

The car door opens and Justin's feet hit the ground. He heads for the Randy's entrance.

INT. RANDY'S DONUTS -- NIGHT

Still bent over, Horst makes his selection.

HORST
(pointing through
display window)
Right....there.

The Cashier reaches for a donut.

HORST
No, no, no. The Bear Claw.
The BEAR CLAW!

Justin flies into the donut shop.

JUSTIN
Horst!

Horst stands. Its now we see they're both in SWAT gear. Justin holds his helmet/visor.

HORST
(to Justin)
You want a bear claw?

JUSTIN
No, I don't want a bear claw.

HORST
C'mon, live the cliché.
(to Cashier)
Make it three.

JUSTIN
We're late, Horst!

Horst waves him off, digs into a wallet.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING -- NIGHT

The embers from Cat Eyes and Cody's cigarettes glow as they kiss in the moonlit building. Street's distant yelling interrupts the moment.

STREET
Cat Eyes!!! Cat Eyes!!

Cat Eyes pulls away.

CAT EYES
(whisper)
You hear that?

CODY
Half of Hollywood heard that. I
should'a kicked his fuckin-

CAT EYES
No!! Shhh.

Cat Eyes listens. A subtle noise sounds.

CAT EYES
Someone's comin', someone's comin!

Cody tosses the smokes out the window, sneaks into the room. Footsteps approach. Cody makes out a shadow, a form.

Cat Eyes backs against a wall. Cody steps forward, softly, quietly. The shadow enters the doorway. Cody tackles it.

They land on the ground. Cody sits up, arm cocked back.

IGGY
Dude-dude-dude...

CODY
You scared Cat Eyes.

Cat Eyes rushes over.

IGGY
I didn't mean to.
(sing song)
I got X.

Cody gets off the guy.

CAT EYES
You do not.

He nods, sits up and slides into the light.

IGGY
This dude just sold me some.

He pulls out a small baggie, passes it out.

IGGY
I was hopin' somebody'd be up 'cause
I hate takin' X alone.

He winks at Cat Eyes.

CAT EYES
Ha. Ha.

CODY
You sure this is the shit?

IGGY
Only one way to find out.

They down them.

STREET
Cat Eyes!!! Cat Eyes!!!

Iggy starts laughing, falls over backwards.

IGGY
What a fucking idiot.

Cody laughs as well. Cat Eyes slaps his arm.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD PACIFIC ANTENNAE -- NIGHT

Barry's scaling the antennae. We PULL BACK, eventually showcasing the glowing HOLLYWOOD sign. Barry's but a speck on the metal structure, with a long way to reach the top.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL -- NIGHT

Laying on the bed, a HOLLOW EYED GIRL, 19, watches television. At the end of the mattress, her Underdog lunch box is opened by SHAGGY, 30's, a Bohemian in need of sleep and dental care.

SHAGGY

I miss the 80's so bad, man.
 (motions to girl)
 She's got no fucking idea how much
 fun it was. Before the shit, man.
 Before I got into the shit.

Cooper watches as the contents are dumped out, among them, numerous audio cassette cases.

SHAGGY

(hands Cooper cassette)
 Check it out.

Cooper smiles at the Duran-Duran artwork. Inside, he removes a balloon. We PULL BACK like we're going through the door....

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL -- NIGHT

....continuing the move from the closed door, then slide sideways into....

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN -- NIGHT

...and across the back of the van as TWO AUDIO COPS listen to the transaction.....

SHAGGY (O.S.)

Remember them? "The Wild Boys are calling, on their way back from the fire". Ever see that video on shit?

COOPER (O.S.)

I was more into AC/DC.

SHAGGY (O.S.)

They're cool, too. Its just tough to rig 8-Tracks. The balloons get stuck on those little wheels.

...we continue out of the van to:

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL -- NIGHT

The otherside of the van where numerous POLICE OFFICERS in Swat clothing are gathered. Horst and Justin slowly approach the group, take up the rear.

EXT. ANTENNAE -- NIGHT

Barry reaches a plateau and pulls himself up. He's out of breath, but stands to take in the view.

EXT. FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD - ROOF -- NIGHT

Street stands on the ledge screaming his lungs out. Below him on the roof, Stew sits trying to stomach sips from a Forty Ounce Malt Liquor.

STREET

CAT EYES!!!

(stares off into
distance)

This was her favorite place. Fuckin'
bitch.

Street turns, steps off the ledge, walks toward Stew.

STREET

We make some money, Cherry, I'll
turn you onto some serious shit.
That'll cheer you up.

He takes the bottle and chugs.

STEW

I don't care what happens to me.

Street lowers the bottle, and whacks Stew in the chest.

STREET

Don't ever fuckin' say that! Ever!
You start thinking that shit, you'll
end up in a dumpster! You gotta,
you gotta....
(grabs Stew 'round
the neck)
...turn that anger against the punk
ass world that fucked you. Next time
you start thinking that shit again...?
(handing Stew bottle)
....do what I do.

Street blows on his cigarette's ember. It glows orange. He raises his t-shirt, revealing two small oval scars. Grinning,

Street lowers the cigarette and burns himself. He grimaces, flicks the cigarette aside and grabs the bottle from Stew.

STEW

You scare me sometimes.

Stew finishes chugging, exhales a viscious breath.

STREET

Good. It'll keep you in line.

Street hands him the bottle, jumps back on the ledge.

STREET

Lemme show you what I think about
Hollywood.

He starts peeing.

EXT. ANTENNAE -- NIGHT

Barry closes his eyes, calms himself, leaps off.

EXT. FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD--ROOF--NIGHT

Street finishes peeing as Barry free falls.

STREET

Holy Shit!!

Stew stands, stares in amazement as Barry's chute opens up.

EXT. ASIAN TOURISTS HOTEL -- NIGHT

The Hotel sign glows in the darkness. In the background, Barry floats through the air.

EXT. DINER -- NIGHT

Eddie exits the diner carrying a bunch of shakes as Barry floats in the distant sky.

EXT. DOORWAY/VESTIBULE -- NIGHT

Laying on his bedroll, Curtis sees Barry as well.

EXT. BARRY'S VW -- NIGHT

The car starts. Trevor appears from beneath the dash and drives off. His music starts playing.

INT. DEREK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dimly lit, we hear heavy breathing as we gaze out the window. Stars twinkle in the night. Barry drifts down. Jenny rises into frame, riding Derek for all she's worth.

INT. SPORTS BAR -- ALLEY -- NIGHT

Sitting at the bar, Ben sips on a glass of Bourbon. Through the backdoor we can see the BARTENDER banging a garbage can into a dumpster. He stops and glances up at Barry as the VW whizzes by a side street.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - SIDE OF SURVEILLANCE VAN -- NIGHT

The HEAD SWAT OFFICER has his hand in the air. The rest of the team's lined up in formation, weapons out, ready to move.

Gazing at the sky, Horst pats Justin on the shoulder and points. Justin glances upward. Reflected on his SWAT Helmet's visor, we see Barry float downward.

The Head Swat Officer gives the signal. They move out.

INT. PARKED CAR -- NIGHT

The roof indents as Barry lands, runs off the hood and up the street.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL -- NIGHT

The Swat team busts in. The Hollow Eyed Girl vaults from the bed toward the bathroom and is restrained. Shaggy's thrown to the floor, spread eagle. Cooper's placed in a headlock and moved out the door.

The bathroom door's kicked in. Playing with some stuffed animals is a THREE YEAR OLD mulatto boy with a BORN IN THE USA T-shirt. He immediately starts crying.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD--NIGHT

Barry pulls in his chute and runs across Hollywood Boulevard.

EXT. SIDE STREET--NIGHT

Barry comes around the corner to the parking spot which used to hold his VW.

BARRY

What the-?

EXT. FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD - ROOF -- NIGHT

Street screams his lungs out.

STREET
CAT EYES!!!

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING -- NIGHT

Street's screaming echoes through the room.

This is Cody's blurry, twisted POV. We're looking straight up. We're being dragged. Cody raises his head. The Kidnapper has Cat Eyes over an Eagle Tattooed shoulder, drags Iggy by the arm.

The dragging stops. Cody's body won't function. He can only watch as Cat Eyes and Iggy are whisked from the building. His vision becomes even more blurry and he passes out.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL -- NIGHT

The aftermath of the bust.

Inside the room, a FEMALE OFFICER tries to comfort the Mulatto Boy as a OTHER OFFICERS lead Shaggy and the Hollow Eyed Girl out. Yellow police tape's immediately run past the door. Shaggy sees Cooper standing in cuffs by a POLICE OFFICER.

SHAGGY
Take those fucking things off him!
I know he's a cop.
(to Cooper)
You're going down, bitch. I'm telling
these fucks EVERYTHING!

Cooper stands silently as Shaggy's placed in a cruiser.

COOPER
(to Police Officer)
Help me out here, will ya' buddy?

The Police Officer unlocks the cuffs as the Team Leader approaches.

TEAM LEADER
This joker's supposed to have more
than 5 balloons and some bootlegs.

COOPER
He'll lead us to the top. Trust me.

TEAM LEADER

Son, don't ever think you're above addiction. 'Cause no matter what you've heard, kevlar can't stop a hypodermic needle and a Gold Badge don't make you bullet proof.

COOPER

Sure. No problem.
(motioning to bike)
I gotta get my kid's bike back.

The Team Leader nods and Cooper heads to his motorcycle across the parking lot.

POLICE OFFICER

He's still wearing his wire.

The Team Leader turns to him.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIDE STREET -- NIGHT

Cooper rolls up to some DRUG DEALERS, cuts the engine. A nod and one comes to the curb. Cooper pulls out five twenty dollar bills from his jacket.

COOPER

Gimme two fifties.

DRUG DEALER

You a cop?

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN -- NIGHT

The Team Leader sits in the van listening to the exchange. The Police Officer stands next to the Audio Cops.

COOPER

I wish. C'mon, man, gimme two fifties before Five-0 rolls up.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIDE STREET -- NIGHT

Cooper shoves his two balloons into a jacket pocket, kick starts his bike.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - SIDE OF SURVEILLANCE VAN -- NIGHT

The Team Leader hears the bike take off.

TEAM LEADER

Send Horst and the Rookie.

POLICE OFFICER

Horst? Are you sure?

TEAM LEADER

You wanna arrest a fellow officer?

The Police Officer walks away.

INT. HORST AND JUSTIN'S CRUISER -- NIGHT

Horst drives, Justin's very pissed off. Horst turns to him.

JUSTIN

Don't say a fucking word.

Horst reaches for the Donut bag. Justin grabs it, tosses it out the window.

HORST

You gotta relax, boy.

JUSTIN

Don't tell me to relax. I'm getting sick and tired of you pulling this 'experience' bullshit on me. I haven't learned a damn thing. And I'm wondering just what you've done for Hollywood Division these last twenty years. I mean, c'mon, Horst, tell me. Impress me. You ever shoot a man, Horst? You ever been in a situation where you reacted so fast, all you saw were fragments?

Silence.

JUSTIN

Huh? You ever have a soldier rising toward you, then falling backwards, his face bouncing off the sand, blood running down his face, a red saliva bubble pulsing as he struggles to inhale and exhale. Finally bursting with his last breath. And as your buddies take away your weapon, the only words you say are, "I don't remember pulling the trigger".

HORST

Son-

JUSTIN

I was in Desert Storm, Horst, laid my life on the line. And I got into Law Enforcement to do some good, not eat Bear Claws and bust other cops.

Horst stares straight ahead.

JUSTIN

If I wanted that, I'd move to Miami.

Cooper can be seen ahead of them.

JUSTIN

You better hit the lights and sirens.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

Barry comes out of an alley carrying his chute and jumper things. He hears the sirens and panics, ducking into a vestibule. Cooper's 250 revs past, followed by Horst and Justin's Cruiser.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY - (8TH EXIT)-- NIGHT

Cooper speeds back onto the freeway. Moments later, Horst and Justin's Cruiser whizzes after him.

INT. DOORWAY/VESTIBULE--NIGHT

Barry crouches in the dark. He's panting, wired. Curtis sits up. They make eye contact.

CURTIS

You got a death wish?

BARRY

What's it to you?

CURTIS

You're in my crib.

BARRY

No problem.

Barry starts to rise, but the approaching police sirens prompt caution. Curtis motions for Barry to sit back down.

CURTIS

I hope she's worth risking your life.

Barry stares at him.

CURTIS

I've seen the way you look at her.
It's the waitress at the diner, isn't
it?

BARRY

She doesn't know.

CURTIS

(re: antennae)

Keep jumping off things it could
stay that way.

BARRY

See, that's just it. I made a deal
with myself. Ever hear of BASE
jumping? Building, Antennae, Span,
Earth. Leap off each with a fist
full of parachute and provided you
don't have a fucking heart attack or
get peeled off the sidewalk, you're
a BASE jumper.

CURTIS

Buddy, if you think she's gonna love
you 'cause you risk your life-

BARRY

No, no, no, no. I'm not being clear.
I need to do this, see. I need
courage, direction. Forty Five years
I've had no direction, been afraid
of failure and rejection. I survive
jumps from a bridge and cliff, asking
her out'll be a yank.

Barry pauses.

BARRY

I'm tired of being scared to try
things. And I don't want to grow
old alone. You know what I mean?

This hits Curtis hard. He nods, turns away, lays back down.

STREET

CAT EYES!! CAT EYES!!!

BARRY

What was that?

CURTIS

A stray.

Curtis lays back down to sleep.

EXT. VACANT LOT -- NIGHT

In the distance, the freeway traffic flows like lava down a mountain. We PAN AROUND to an abandoned lot. Sprinkled about are Snake's piles of rocks lit by tea candles, casting shadows. In the dark, with flames dancing about, they're much more than stones, they're a collection, an exhibit.

Headlights move across the stack. Snake turns as the driver's side opens. Trevor gets out of Barry's VW, steps forward, blocking the light. Snake steps up.

SNAKE

Bandit?

From the darkness, Trevor appears. He holds a gym bag, smiles. Snake lowers the cane.

TREVOR

Haven't heard that for a while.

Trevor unzips the bag, removes the large crystal rock.

TREVOR (

I been meaning to give this to you.

SNAKE

(taking stone)

It ain't hot is it?

TREVOR

No, it ain't hot! Jesus Christ, Snake!

SNAKE

I named you, Bandit. And I ain't forgot why.

Snake studies the stone, places it on the pile.

SNAKE

Must be something weighing on your mind.

TREVOR

You got a minute?

SNAKE

C'mon.

They exit frame, leaving the crystal twinkling in the night.

EXT. SNAKE'S SQUAT -- NIGHT

Snake and Trevor sit by a campfire. Snake ladles soup into a bowl, hands it to Trevor.

TREVOR

Why've you stayed in Hollywood all these years?

SNAKE

(returning to fire)
My home's here. My art. My kids are here.

TREVOR

You have kids?

SNAKE

(ladling soup)
I'm looking at one right now. All grown up and healthy. Not in prison, or high on drugs. Ready to take responsibility, do things right. What's up?

Snake sits across from Trevor.

TREVOR

I'm thinking of leaving Hollywood. Starting over.

SNAKE

Hmmm.... Well, to start over you gotta change the way you live. Why'd you come to Hollywood?

TREVOR

'Cause my father used to beat the shit out of me.

SNAKE

No, you came looking for your father. Or a father. So, what you gotta do, Bandit, is become what it is you came to find. And the only way to accomplish that's by loving unconditionally.

TREVOR

I don't follow.

SNAKE

That stone. Why'd you bring it for me? You could'a easily dropped it off any time you wanted. But you waited until you needed something from me. That's a condition. Understand? You help for helping's sake.

TREVOR

Yeah.

SNAKE

You want to help that new kid? The one outta the van?

Trevor's quiet.

SNAKE

Change your life.

INT. VW BUG--NIGHT

Trevor sits at a corner watching Street and Stew enter Tomy's. He turns the music off, pulls around the corner.

INT/EXT. VW BUG -- NIGHT

Trevor replaces the wires, snaps the plastic into place and gets out. He locks the car, heads for Tomy's.

INT. TREVOR'S SILVER BULLET TRAILER -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Stew shakes Trevor.

STEW

Trevor? Trevor?

Trevor wakes up.

TREVOR

You okay?

Sasha stands in the doorway.

SASHA

They call me Mommy, I'm outta here.

INT. DEREK'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The afterglow. Jenny's burrowed under Derek's arm.

JENNY

You got anything on the horizon?

DEREK

Our own cabana bar in Mexico. You, me and Jackie.

JENNY

I saw you at the diner with the rest of the Hole in the Head Gang.

She rolls over on top of him, pins him down.

JENNY

You're planning a job. Tell me! I'll give you blue balls. I will!

Jenny starts fondling her breasts.

DEREK

I'm getting out.

She starts grinding him. He tries to push her off, but she resists, pins him down.

DEREK

I'm setting them up!! I'm setting them up!

JENNY

Bullshit.

DEREK

I'm not setting them up, setting them up. Just creating a situation to show there's no future in it.

Jenny studies him, stops.

JENNY

You're not kidding.

She stares at him. He's telling the truth. She flies off the bed, rounds up her clothes.

DEREK

Jenny? What-what-what?

She starts getting dressed.

DEREK

You can't tell me you actually enjoy robbing banks.

JENNY
It's exciting. I enjoy excitement.

DEREK
Its desperate and foolish.

JENNY
You didn't used to think so.

DEREK
I didn't used to get blue balls
either. C'mon...

She throws on her coat.

JENNY
I didn't fuck my way outta jail to
be a barmaid.

She rushes out the room and down the stairs.

EXT/INT. DEREK'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jenny walks down the road alone. We PULL BACK as Derek
watches her through the window.

INT. TREVOR'S SILVER BULLET TRAILER -- NIGHT

Street stares at Stew, dry humping the couch, pointing at
the other room. Stew faces away from him until a pillow
lands on his head. Stew throws it back and they start rough
housing, knocking shit over.

The accordion door flies open and Trevor's standing there.
Both stop and come to attention, point at the other. Trevor
nods, steps back in the room and slides the door two thirds.

EXT. TREVOR'S SILVER BULLET TRAILER -- NIGHT

The lights go out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD -- MORNING

The sun's just beginning to illuminate the city.

INT. DOORWAY/VESTIBULE--NIGHT

Barry wakes up. Curtis is gone, but he's draped his old
compass around Barry's neck. Barry holds it up, smiles.

EXT. SIDE STREET--MORNING

Barry removes a parking ticket from his VW's windshield.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING--MORNING

Cat Eyes stands in front of an open window staring at us.

CAT EYES

I love you.

Her image DISSOLVES, SLOWLY DISAPPEARS, leaving the open window. Cody steps up and stares out over the city.

EXT. UNDER FREEWAY--MORNING

Clothing, garbage, soiled blankets. Iggy and Day-Glo share a joint. Their images DISSOLVE, SLOWLY DISAPPEAR, leaving nothing but the clothing and garbage on the ground.

Cody gazes at the emptiness, turns around, walks away.

INT. TOMY'S HAMBURGERS -- MORNING

Hoss holds a bottle of wine, watching Dim and Dimmer sit at a table in a race to finish their food first. Its flying everywhere and both laugh. They too, DISSOLVE, SLOWLY DISAPPEAR, leaving an empty restaurant.

EXT. TOMY'S--MORNING

Barry drives past Cody as he stares through the window.

EXT. FILM SET--CATERING TRUCK--DAY

Again, Marky-Mark's taking bets next to a light stand.

EXT. TIE IN AREA--DAY

The Juicers draw straws. Eddie steals a glance at his. It's the short one. Curtis sees the fear in his eyes.

JOHN

Okay, who's got it?

John goes down the line. Palms open, all with long straws. We reach Eddie's closed fist.

JOHN

Yo, Eddie. C'mon, we'll bust your cherry.

CURTIS
It's me.

JOHN
What?

Curtis holds his out. He's broken it in half.

CURTIS
Yep, check it out.

Curtis steps up on the mat, grabs the cables.

CURTIS
Hey, Monster...
(Monster leans forward)
I arc, you swing like I'm fucking
your wife.

Monster's eyes narrow. Curtis faces around, winks at Eddie.

CURTIS
(to John)
Any news on that Generator?

Curtis throws the cables together. Sparks really fly.

EXT. FILM SET--CATERING TRUCK--DAY

A CREW MEMBER waves a finger.

CREW MEMBER #1
He's gonna arc!

The Crew cheers.

EXT. FILM SET--TIE IN AREA--DAY

Monster swings. Curtis glances back, hits the deck. Monster loses his grip and the 2x4 sails over a fence.

EXT. FILM SET--CATERING TRUCK--DAY

MARKY-MARK
Naa , that ain't an arc.

The lamp next to him turns on and the cheering turns to disappointment.

EXT. FILM SET--TIE IN AREA--DAY

CURTIS
Thanks, Monster.

Monster grunts appreciation. John helps Curtis up.

JOHN
Let's go to work, guys.

The other juicers walk away. Curtis dusts himself off as Monster climbs the fence to reclaim his 2x4.

JOHN
That was pretty stupid. You could'a got yourself killed.

CURTIS
What?

JOHN
(softly)
You'll never draw the short straw.

He winks, walks away.

CURTIS
Hey, John?

John turns, a slight smile on his face.

CURTIS
Fuck you.

JOHN
What did you say?

He shoves Curtis. They get in eachother's face.

EXT. ELECTRIC TRUCK -- DAY

Dante looks up from the gate. John and Curtis square off. The others turn as John pushes Curtis.

EXT. FILM SET--TIE IN AREA--DAY

Curtis' nose starts to bleed.

CURTIS
You haven't fuckin' changed.

JOHN
Take a look at yourself. You've aged ten years since I saw you last, you're twenty pounds lighter. I haven't taken a swing at you and you're already bleeding.

Curtis wipes his nose. He's bleeding alright.

CURTIS
John, stay away from me.

JOHN
Fuck you. You're fired.

John heads for the truck, passes Eddie and Hooch. Hooch lights Eddie's cigarette.

JOHN
(to Eddie)
Make sure he's okay.

Eddie nods, steps over to Curtis. Curtis uses a bandanna to wipe his nose. A moment later, a 2 x 4 falls at Curtis' feet. Then Monster lands in frame, having jumped down from the fence. Monster stares at him.

CURTIS
What?

Monster points at the ground.

EDDIE
He wants the mat.

CURTIS
(stepping off mat)
Oh, shit, sorry.

Monster grabs it as Curtis and Eddie move toward the truck.

EDDIE
You didn't have to take the short
straw for me.

CURTIS
You have two kids, Eddie.

Curtis glances at Eddie's cigarette.

CURTIS
Do me a favor. Stop smoking. Take
care of yourself.

They pass the back of the truck. Curtis yells into it.

CURTIS
And make sure that asshole doesn't
put in a time card for me and pocket
the cash!

EDDIE
We're paying your salary.

CURTIS
What?

Curtis stops.

EDDIE
Yeah, John made us all kick in for
your salary.

Curtis takes a step towards the truck. Eddie throws down
the cigarette, won't let him pass.

EDDIE
Hey-hey-hey, c'mon. Its okay.

CURTIS
Fucking prick.

EDDIE
Don't worry about it, okay. Relax.

CURTIS
But he's stealing from-

EDDIE
(softly)
He's gonna get me into the Union.
If its costs me a little now, that's
okay. 'Cause in the long run -

CURTIS
You poor kid.

EDDIE
(irritated)
Take care, Curtis.

Eddie walks back to the truck.

INT. TREVOR'S SILVER BULLET TRAILER--BEDROOM--MORNING

Trevor and Sasha are asleep on the bed. A small black and
white television plays the World Series. The sliding
divider's cracked open. Street slowly steps out of the room,
closing the divider behind him.

INT. TREVOR'S SILVER BULLET TRAILER--MORNING

Smiling at Stew, Street slips Trevor's wallet into his pants
then slowly, quietly, removes a wad of bills from Sasha's

purse. He turns to a reluctant Stew, motions for him to follow out the front.

EXT. TREVOR'S SILVER BULLET TRAILER -- MORNING

Street and Stew jog from the trailer.

STEW

Street, I don't know about this.

STREET

Its called survival, Stew. And I'm a survivor.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - BUS STOP -- DAY

The Asian Tourists stand in line as PASSENGERS exit the RTD. HISPANICS, ROCKERS, STUDENTS and FREAKS. A DISHEVELED WOMAN, 50's, steps from the bus and stares at Astin.

DISHEVELED WOMAN

What a beautiful boy!

She reaches for his face but Astin pulls back. Dee Dee and Astin exchange looks as the Asian Father leads Astin closer to the door.

They're just about to board when Astin plants his feet. The Asian Father turns and Astin shakes his head, pleading. He glances at DeeDee and his wife. They're reticent.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - OTHERSIDE -- DAY

The bus pulls away revealing the Asian Tourists standing alone on the sidewalk.

EXT. C.C. CAMPERLAND RV PARK--DAY

Sasha bursts out of the silver bullet with Trevor following.

TREVOR

Sasha, come on, hold up...

SASHA

It's not about the money, Trevor.

TREVOR

I was trying to help them.

Sasha reaches her car.

SASHA
I strip, Trevor. I get paid to take
off my clothes. You know how
degrading that is?

TREVOR
Leave with me, Sasha. Let's just
forget about this place and start
over.

SASHA
(opening car door)
I can't leave. I have things I came
to Hollywood for.

Trevor puts his hand on the door, keeps her from getting in.

TREVOR
Please come with me.

SASHA
I can't.

TREVOR
Sasha, why? Can you tell me why?

SASHA
I'm gonna make it.

TREVOR
Sasha....

SASHA
I'm an actress.

Trevor stares at her. He may have believed this once, but
clearly that time has passed. She starts to tear up.

SASHA
I am!

He nods his head, caresses her cheek and takes a step back.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME -- DAY

TWO LITTLE LEAGUE TEAMS compete as PARENTS watch from the
stands. Sitting on the top corner of the bleachers, The
Kidnapper cracks peanuts and observes the competition.

EXT. VESTIBULE -- DUSK

Curtis taps a couple capsules from his prescription bottle. Stares at them, pours the rest of the pills out, drops the bottle in the gutter. He crosses the street.

INT. SPORTS BAR -- DUSK

Curtis steps inside. Ben's at the bar. Worse for wear. Drinking scotch. The Bartender turns to Curtis.

BARTENDER

Can I get you something?

CURTIS

Alabama Slammer, Budweiser, pack of Marlboro Reds.

Curtis takes a seat, glances at Ben.

CURTIS

Buddy, can I bum a light?

Ben slides his lighter across the bar.

INT. SASHA'S APARTMENT -- DUSK

We're staring at a round trash can with Sasha's headshots in it. A stack of resumes land on top. Dangling a beer, Sasha walks by in fluffy slippers.

We PULL BACK as she heads for the open window and firescape. We BOOM UP a bit, find the desk, an open scrap book with photos of a YOUNG SASHA in ballet class and school theater. Next to the book are a few empty beer bottles, an ashtray full of cigarette stubs.

EXT. SASHA'S APARTMENT -- DUSK

Sasha stares at the Boulevard. She holds a stack of business cards from male admirers. One at a time, she flings them into the air.

INT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

Ben has moved next to Curtis.

CURTIS

Ten years?

Ben nods. Curtis contemplates, downs the last of his beer.

CURTIS

I'd spend ten years in prison to
hear my heartbeat, watch my children
grow up, hold them when they come to
visit. Feel the sun rise. Ten years?
That's nothing.

BEN

You'd see things differently from my
side of the barrel.

Curtis shakes his head, reaches into his pocket.

CURTIS

Ben...

(stands, slides over
his pocket watch.)

...life's not over, until its over.

Curtis walks out the door.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

Curtis slowly walks along the Boulevard. People are out,
shops open, he passes lovers, fighters, police, homeless,
street kids, movie stars, homemakers, tourists. Anything
and everything which makes up Hollywood he sees. Even at
its worst, its alive, its good....

INT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

...while we slowly PULL BACK from Ben as he stares blankly,
flashing back to his wife and kids, simple houses, working
as a Prison Guard, sees Jenny in her cell, sitting at home,
betraying his wife, holding his kids, watching them play
Little League, cry in an ice cream store, run to Daddy...

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

...Curtis flashes back to conversations with Eddie, with
John, with Dante. Hanging out with Snake, watching strippers
at Jumbo's, eating Hot Dogs in the middle of nowhere, holding
his wife's hand in the hospital, setting a rose on her grave.

INT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

As we PULL BACK, Ben rises, walks to the front as he continues
to stare at us.

EXT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

Ben exits the bar, we continue to PULL BACK until a phonebooth
comes into frame. Ben enters and lifts the receiver.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

...Curtis turns up a side street, leaves the night life behind....

EXT. SPORTS BAR -- PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT

....as Ben dials a number. It rings and picks up.

BEN'S WIFE

Hello.

Ben pauses.

BEN'S WIFE

Hello?

BEN

It's me.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIDE STREET -- NIGHT

Curtis approaches an apartment building, stops across the street from it.

EXT. SPORTS BAR -- PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT

Ben hangs up the phone, exits the booth.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIDE STREET -- NIGHT

Curtis stares at one set of windows.

EXT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

Through the window, we see Ben re-enter the bar, pick up Curtis' pocket watch and study it.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

John sits on his couch watching television. A second later, a rock SHATTERS one of his windows. He hits the deck in terror, crawls to a far wall.

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

Curtis rises into frame, juggles a rock up and down.

JOHN

(leaning out window)

What the fuck?!?

John ducks back inside as SMASH!!! Number two crashes in above him. John rushes for the door, exits.

Curtis continues to toss the rocks. John flies out the front, runs up to Curtis as yet another rock enters his apartment.

JOHN
Curtis, what the fuck?!?

CURTIS
Hey, what's doing?

He picks up two more.

CURTIS
What a shame. Snake could probably use these. Oh, well.

JOHN
Curtis, you throw one more--

Curtis lets it sail. Glass shatters.

JOHN
Cut the shit!

CURTIS
I can't believe you fucked with Eddie's money!

JOHN
That's none of your business.

CURTIS
You made it my business. He thinks you're gonna get him in the Union, John. He believes you're gonna do it.

JOHN
I will.
(smirks)
Eventually.

Curtis winds up and heaves the rock.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The rock sails through the window, takes out some frames on a shelf. The t.v.'s already history.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

John pushes Curtis.

CURTIS
That guy has two kids. A family.

JOHN
So?

CURTIS
So fuck you, John. Its not enough
you put these guys in danger you
gotta rip 'em off, too?

JOHN
Hey, I didn't make 'em take the job.

Curtis reaches for another rock.

JOHN
Curtis, you pick that rock up I'm
kicking you in the nuts.

Curtis rises empty handed. Wise move.

CURTIS
I was really hopin' you'd changed.
Really hoped.

There's a stand off.

JOHN
Fuck you.

John turns and Curtis grabs him, struggles to hold him in place.

CURTIS
Nobody dies rich, John. They just
die. And all anyone'll remember is
what a prick you were. Is that how
you wanna go out? Huh?

JOHN
Fuck you.

CURTIS
Life is love, John. Not the love of
money. Even Cindy'll tell you that.

John holds him back with one arm, cocks the other.

JOHN

Fuck. You.

John pushes Curtis to the ground.

CURTIS

(calling after him)

I'm dying, John. I got the bug. I came back to Hollywood to say goodbye.

JOHN

(doesn't stop; spiteful)

Goodbye.

John enters his building leaving Curtis on the ground, dumbstruck. Its all been for naught.

INT. THE KIDNAPPER'S VAN--NIGHT

An inoculation gun presses into a little arm. A subtle SNAP and the child's asleep in a heartbeat.

The Kidnapper stands in the aisle, smoking a cigarette. He replaces a cartridge in the gun, which resembles a hi-tech, futuristic side arm but is used to ward off infections.

The Kidnapper slowly moves down the aisle. As he pushes the gun through the wires, the corresponding child shrinks back like a beaten dog. All tied, all gagged. They include Iggy, Dim, Dimmer, Day-Glo, a Little Leaguer, Hoss, others.

THE KIDNAPPER

Jesus Christ.

He wipes his brow, pulls out a handkerchief to clean the gun, glances at Cat Eyes.

THE KIDNAPPER

This isn't a proper representation of my work.

She closes her eyes, squeezes out a tear.

THE KIDNAPPER

Its not. I mean, a week? C'mon. It usually take a month at least. They're GONNA know. They gotta know quality's suffered. I mean...

(crouches down to her)

..you're alright, but this thing...

(motions toward Hoss)

..c'mon. Come on. Not my best work.

(MORE)

THE KIDNAPPER (CONT'D)

(rising)

By a long shot. Look at me. I gotta relax. Get some R&R. After all I've been through I fucking deserve it. You know, what I'm about to tell you, I doubt if you'll believe me, but its true. As a kid, I was so afraid of being abducted, I mean, terrified. Seriously.

(motions around van)

Doing this the past six or seven years, has been exceptionally therapeutic. It really has.

He snuffs out his cigarette.

THE KIDNAPPER

(soft whisper)

Time for sleepy byes.

Cat Eyes moves as far back into the cage as possible. The gun comes right toward her. SNAP!

EXT. TOURISTS HOTEL--POOL AREA -- NIGHT

The Asian Father sits at a table by the pool. A half bottle of wine, two full glasses. He holds a yellowing, dog eared, black and white photo of a little boy with his father beneath the neon Santa Monica Pier sign.

The Asian Mother silently exits the hotel room and walks toward the stairs. The Security Guard sleeps at a far table.

EXT. TOURISTS HOTEL--POOL AREA--NIGHT

The Asian Mother sits down across from her Husband. He slides her a glass of wine.

ASIAN MOTHER

< Can we please take them to Disneyland? >

The Asian Father takes his time before replying.

ASIAN FATHER

< When I was Astin's age, I saw my father smile with abandon. He was on a business trip but played hooky and took me to Santa Monica Beach. I never saw that smile again.>

He takes a sip of wine.

ASIAN MOTHER

< We were discussing the children. >

ASIAN FATHER

< We're not here for the children.
We're here to pay respect at the one
place I remember my Father happy.
And we're here to see what will become
of you and I. >

She's taken aback.

ASIAN FATHER

< I must be honest. I'm afraid we're
leading the children down a road to
which you've become too accustomed.>

She sits up, clears her throat, attempts to maintain pride.

ASIAN FATHER

< I want them to conquer adversity
with intellect, not money. I want
them to live life at ground level,
not from an ivory tower. I want them
to be realistic instead of
materialistic. >

She drops her gaze.

ASIAN FATHER

< I want us to be closer. I want us
to get along like we used to. Like
a family. >

She looks up at him. She's crying.

ASIAN FATHER

< If we can't, we should reevaluate
just what it is we mean to eachother.>

She rises, leans over and kisses him on the head.

ASIAN MOTHER

< I'm sorry. >

She leaves the table.

EXT. JOE'S USED CAR LOT -- NIGHT

Jenny walks through the lot. The front row's full of every
car Trevor's stolen for Joe. They've been painted and sport
various FOR SALE signs.

She reaches Ben's Jeep. Stops. Checks it out. Joe approaches. Checks her out.

JOE
Looking for anything in particular?

JENNY
Something discreet.

He steps up beside her.

JOE
Discreet, huh?

JENNY
Yeah. With balls.

JOE
(big smile)
I close at ten.

JENNY
You on the rebound or is this my lucky day?

JOE
Honey, its my lucky day.
(motions to Jeep)
Give you a great deal on this baby.

JENNY
(perusing Jeep)
Whaddaya say we take this little bitch for a test drive.

JOE
We think alike.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM - DRESSING ROOM -- NIGHT

We're staring at a movie studio business card. TWO STRIPPERS stand opposite a sweaty Courtney. She's just off the stage, winded, catching her breath.

STRIPPER #2
(hands #3 the card)
And he just slid it in?

Courtney motions to the side of her g-string.

COURTNEY
Right there.

STRIPPER #3
You lucky bitch.

Sasha enters in sweat shirt and pants carrying a gym bag.

STRIPPER #2
(holding up card)
Courtney hooked a big one.

Sasha opens a locker, sits down, takes her shoes off.

SASHA
We've all got enough business cards
to shame a redwood.

STRIPPER #3
But this guy works at-

Courtney takes the card back, steps over the wooden bench to the lockers on the opposite side of the room.

COURTNEY
You're so fucking jealous.

SASHA
Courtney, I don't wanna fight with
you.

Courtney works the combination lock. Sasha continues undressing while Courtney throws open the locker.

COURTNEY
You're such a loser. You haven't
had an audition in years.

SASHA
Yeah? Then why's a starlet like
yourself spinning 'round the pole?

COURTNEY
Its temporary.

SASHA
Just need to make some quick cash,
huh? Always starts out like that.

COURTNEY
Like you're any different.

Sasha stops, turns and steps over the first bench. Courtney's back is still to her.

SASHA

I'm not different, Courtney. And that's what kills me. I don't dislike you and you don't dislike me. We're both just scared.

COURTNEY

I am not.

Sasha straddles Courtney's bench, leans into her space.

SASHA

Look at me. Take a good look, Courtney. 'Cause what I represent is what you're afraid of. You got off the bus, rented a place in Studio City, took some classes, sent out headshots thinking you were gonna be Jennifer Love Hewitt. Then the money ran out, you're too ashamed to call Daddy so you slipped in here. Make some quick cash. Before you knew it, you hadn't been to class in so long, "ahhh, they never did anything for me anyway, I'm a natural". And the headshots, well it only takes a few people asking if that's your younger sister before those hit the bin and suddenly the business cards you never planned on calling but for some reason couldn't throw away, well they just happen to come in handy. You take a good look at me, darlin', cause we got off the same exit.

COURTNEY

I'm gonna get what I came here for.

SASHA

I sure as hell hope so. But it ain't gonna be 'cause of that. Any one of us can get one of those.

Sasha returns to her side of the room.

COURTNEY

Prove it. I'm serious. I think you're full of shit. Prove me wrong.

Courtney stands, turns around.

SASHA
 Alright. You're on. But let's make
 this a little more interesting.

The two step over the benches, speak face to face.

SASHA
 I get one of those, you leave here,
 take a real job and go back to class.

COURTNEY
 And when you don't?

SASHA
 Whatever you want.

COURTNEY
 Whatever I want?

SASHA
 Yeah.

Courtney nods, smiles.

COURTNEY
 Trevor.

The other Strippers scream in delight. Courtney exits
 followed by Stripper #2.

STRIPPER #3
 Good luck, Sasha.

She pecks Sasha on the cheek, runs out the door.

EXT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Pruitt, Jackie, Mike and Derek approach the front door.
 Pruitt holds it open. They enter.

JACKIE
 I would'a thrown her out, man!

MIKE
 She would'a kicked your ass.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Mike, Jackie, Derek and Pruitt enter the front door. Pruitt
 bee lines for the bar.

MIKE
This is gonna be the best thing for
you.

JACKIE
Yeah, fuck that bitch!

A DANCER hears Jackie. She turns around and stares at him before tossing her drink into his face. The Bouncer rises and motions Jackie to the door.

JACKIE
Derek?

DEREK
Gotta take the training wheels off
some time. See ya'.

JACKIE
(exiting)
Aw, man.

MIKE
(pointing at television)
Fuckin' A, the World Series!

DEREK
You do know girls take their clothes
off here?

Pruitt turns around, he's holding one beer.

DEREK
What? Are we gonna split that?

PRUITT
Hey, I'm tired-

DEREK
(stepping past him)
Yeah, yeah.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- BACKSTAGE -- NIGHT

Sasha stands at the curtains nervously shaking her arms.

SASHA
You're playing a stripper. You're
just playing a stripper. You own
them. You OWN them.

A song comes over the speakers. She fills with fear, takes a moment, gets her shit together, looks up.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Pruitt walks down the bar, passes Courtney and the Two Strippers.

COURTNEY

Okay, Sasha. Pop the top.

In front of them stands The Kidnapper.

Onstage, Sasha comes out, starts real slow, in time with the music. Little fanfare, little movement. The audience, including Dante and Hooch, is willing, moves with the music. She's working them, like its her last dance.

The song continues over the ensuing scenes.

EXT. JOE'S USED CAR LOT - ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

A shadow creeps across the lot. It's a lunar eclipse.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

The song starts to pick up and so does Sasha. She sees the MOVIE EXECUTIVE, 30's, tan, well groomed. He's sitting front row center between some less attractive but yet cocky CRONIES.

INT. TOURISTS HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

The Asian Mother stares out the curtains.

EXT. TOURISTS HOTEL--POOL AREA -- NIGHT

The Asian Father sits at the table. The bottle's empty, the glass half full. The black and white photo lays next to the glass. The eclipse passes, shadows the photo.

INT. TOURISTS HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

The Asian Mother closes the curtains and turns around. Astin and Dee Dee sleep quietly in the same bed.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

John cleans up the broken glass as the eclipse passes.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Courtney watches with growing concern. She turns to the other Two Strippers. They're into it. Courtney looks back at the stage.

EXT. L.A. RIVER -- NIGHT

Street and Stew sit high up on the cement overlooking a bridge. Street smokes a cigarette. He hands it to Stew, glances up at the sky. The moon's nearly covered.

Driving along the river bank, headlights appear at the base of the bridge. Its a VW. The engine shuts off as Barry gets out and runs up the incline.

STREET

Check out this Schnook.

Stew turns his head as Barry runs to the middle of the bridge, lets out a scream and leaps off.

STEW

Freak.

Stew takes a drag on the cigarette as Barry lands, runs to his car and speeds away.

INT. TOMY'S--NIGHT

Cody sits alone, head on the table.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Sasha's top comes off. The crowd roars. She drapes it in a Movie Cronie's lap. A short tug of war ensues for it as she crawls past the others.

Stripper #3's mouth drops.

STRIPPER #2

Has she ever - ?

Stripper #3 shakes her head 'no'.

INT. JENNY'S JEEP -- NIGHT

The Jeep approaches the freeway entrance.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Derek exits, passing Trevor as he enters and steps through the crowd. He stands next to The Kidnapper. A moment passes and The Kidnapper glances at him.

THE KIDNAPPER

She's hot, huh?

Trevor nods.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY - (7TH EXIT) -- NIGHT

Jenny's Jeep drives up the on ramp and approaches the freeway. Another car lays on the horn. Jenny locks up the brakes.

EXT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Derek takes out a cigarette, stares at the moon.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Sasha's spinning down the pole, crawls over to the Movie Exec, crouches down in front of him, puts his tie in her mouth and pulls backward.

INT. JENNY'S JEEP -- NIGHT

Jenny catches her breath. Joe's in the passenger seat.

JOE

Get out!

JENNY

I know how to fucking drive!

Joe tries to backhand her. Jenny knocks it away.

EXT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Derek removes his lighter, still stares at the moon.

INT. JENNY'S JEEP -- NIGHT

JOE

Get out of the fucking car!

Joe reaches for the keys. They struggle. Jenny hits the gas, pulls onto the freeway. HOOONNNNK!!!! The lights of a semi-truck fill the screen.

EXT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

The flame pulls away from the cigarette. Derek stands alone.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

The Movie Executive rises off his seat. Sasha lets go of his tie and he falls back hard. His Cronies start waving their ties. But the show's for him.

EXT. MUSSO AND FRANK'S--NIGHT

Curtis sets up his bedroll in the darkness. Snake rolls by on the opposite side. They wave.

CURTIS
Just so's you know...

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Sasha pulls out the stops, sensually moving herself in front of the Movie Executive. No one makes a move. Everyone just watches her go for it. They would all kill to take her home.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

Ben walks up the front entrance.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Sasha finishes the song as money falls through the air. Everything turns to slow motion as the Cronies stand and applaud, tossing cash.

Pruitt pulls out a dollar, changes his mind and puts it back in his jacket. Courtney and The Two Strippers watch the place erupt. The Movie Exec slowly stands and reaches into his jacket. But instead of pulling out a business card, he tosses his wallet on the stage.

Sasha stands up, sees leering men, horny men, Courtney aghast, the Two Strippers amazed. And Trevor. He's gazing at her. He loves her. Sasha steps from the stage onto a table and a chair, walks through the place and full on kisses him. We're back in real time.

SASHA
You got room for an aging engenie?

As Trevor drapes his coat over her, she glances back at Courtney. Courtney gives a knowing nod. Sasha turns around, exits with Trevor.

EXT. TREVOR'S SILVER BULLET TRAILER -- NIGHT

Through the window, we see Trevor holding Sasha on the couch. Still wearing his jacket, she cries uncontrollably.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TOURISTS HOTEL ROOM--DAY

The Asian Father stirs beneath the covers. He awakes, sits up with a startle. The other three members of the family are dressed in hiking gear. Backpacks, trail boots.

ASIAN MOTHER
< We're hoofing it to the beach. >

DEE DEE
< As a family. >

Astin rushes onto the bed with a Rising Sun headband. He straps it to his father's forehead.

EXT. HOTEL LOBBY--DAY

The Asian Father exits the Hotel lobby. Sticks a map in his pocket, adjusts his backpack.

ASIAN FATHER
Banzai!!!

ASTIN
Banzai!!!

EXT. STREET CORNER--DAY

The Tourists pass The Kidnapper's van. It shakes violently. We hear The Kidnapper screaming inside.

INT. THE KIDNAPPER'S VAN--DAY

We Track along the cages. Everyone's awake, scared, alive. Except Cat Eyes. Foam hangs off her gag, her once sparkling eyes now vacant. The Kidnapper sits next to the cages, breathing heavy, thinking. He's one short.

THE KIDNAPPER
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

EXT. DEREK'S HOUSE--DAY

Derek, Mike, Jackie and Pruitt file out, dressed in black. They cross the lawn toward a Lexus.

MIKE
Can I have the keys?

PRUITT
I'm driving.

MIKE
But I always drive.

PRUITT
You always drive your own car.

MIKE
Somebody stole it! Its not my fault.
(a la Pruitt)
You know, I'm tired of constantly
getting penalized-

Derek snaps.

DEREK
That's it. Everyone shut the fuck
up. I'm driving today. Okay? I'm
driving. And one more thing. This
is my last fucking job. I promised
you goofballs I'd keep it going after
Jenny got arrested, but now I'm out.
As a professional courtesy, I'm
telling you right now, that if you
can't rob this bank today, you got
no reason robbing banks ever again.
'Cause you're headed for prison.
And that's one place, I will never,
ever go back to. I'd rather take a
bullet.

They all stand speechless. Pruitt tosses him the keys.

JACKIE
Serious?

DEREK
Get in the fuckin' car, Jackie.

INT. TREVOR'S SILVER BULLET TRAILER -- BEDROOM -- DAY

Sasha wakes Trevor up with breakfast in bed. He kisses her.
There's a knock on the door.

SASHA
I got it.

TREVOR
No, I got it.

He flies out of bed. They race for the door, laughing,
falling over eachother to open it, revealing Horst and Justin.

HORST
Trevor David?

SASHA
Who's asking?

Justin holds up a photo of Stew.

JUSTIN
Can you help us find this boy?

EXT. VACANT LOT--DOWNTOWN--DAY

Wearing Curtis' hat, Snake's working on the statues. We
TRACK IN on him as Trevor steps into frame.

TREVOR
You sent cops to my trailer?!?!

Snake keeps his back to him.

TREVOR
They know I stole the van.

SNAKE
I thought you wanted to help the
boy?

TREVOR
The boy ripped me off!

SNAKE
Trevor, everyone comes to Hollywood
looking for something. Most leave
empty handed. You came looking for
a father and you found one. In you.
That boy, he got to Hollywood by
default. Now, his father's looking
for him.

TREVOR
I thought his father was dead.

SNAKE
So does he.

TREVOR
Well, good, maybe he'll give me my
money back.

Snake turns around, hands over the crystal.

TREVOR

Snake?

SNAKE

You haven't learned a damn thing.
Goodbye, Bandit.

EXT. TOMY'S HAMBURGERS -- WILCOX SIDE -- DAY

Street and Stew walk up Wilcox. Street glances in the window, sees Cody at a table, slumped over. Stew steps up.

STEW

That him?

STREET

Stay here.

Street walks around the front.

Stew watches as Street enters and flips over Cody's chair. Cody pushes him and they exchange words, but do not fight. Cody motions to his left shoulder as if he's describing something.

Street glances up at Stew and stares.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD -- DAY

We come off the Pussycat Theater marquee, find the Asian Tourists trudging their way through West Hollywood, past Circus of Books, Barney's Beanery, Revolver, Rage...

INT. SPORTS BAR--DAY

The World Series is on the television. The BARTENDER watches with a couple PATRONS. Curtis enters and takes a seat.

CURTIS

What's the score?

BARTENDER

No score. What can I do ya' for?

CURTIS

Beer and a shot.

INT. FRAT BOYS HOUSE -- DAY

About a dozen, rowdy, no-neck FRAT BOYS watch the game. The doorbell rings. FRAT BOY #1 answers it. Adam stands there, headset, ball cap. Across the street are trucks, shiny boards, camera, etc.

ADAM

Hey, we're making a movie over here,
and were hoping you guys could keep
it down 'cause we're rolling sound-

The door slams in his face. Frat Boy #1 turns around in
time to catch a beer.

EXT. FRAT BOYS HOUSE--DAY

Adam walks from the door. His radio squawks.

ADAM

(speaking into headset)
Yeah, I asked them. They weren't
very cooperative. I think they may
have worked for this company.

EXT. STREET CORNER--DAY

A flatbed with a giant billboard of Angelyne rolls by,
revealing the Asian Tourists crossing with the light.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING--DAY

Street, Cody and Stew ascend a fire escape.

EXT. TOP OF BUILDING--DAY

The three hit the roof and spread, check each side, look for
vans, search the surrounding areas. They find nothing.

EXT. ALLEY--DAY

Looking up, we see the three jump from building to building.

EXT. TOP OF ANOTHER BUILDING--DAY

Again, they look over the edge, search for the van. Stew
sees something, starts to shake. Cody and Street turn.

STREET

Stew? Stewie whaddaya got?

He points. Down below, in a small parking spot near a brick
wall, is a van. More importantly though, The Kidnapper's
walking toward it.

STEW

That's him.

CODY

That's the guy.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING--DAY

The three Street Kids rush down the fireescape.

EXT. SIDEWALK--DAY

The Kidnapper strolls down the road, turns into the lot.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING--DAY

The three Street Kids slide through an open window and head to the stairwell.

EXT. PARKING LOT--DAY

The Kidnapper puts his signal on, waits to exit the lot.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING--DAY

The Street Kids rush out the door. Street grabs a brick.

EXT. STREET--DAY

The Kidnapper's in the left turn lane between two cars.

EXT. INTERSECTION--DAY

The three Street Kids barrel around the corner.

INT. VAN--DAY

The Kidnapper smokes a cigarette, blinker going, window open, elbow hanging out. He calmly glances to his left. Sees them running around the corner, realizes they're heading for him. He tosses the cigarette, rolls up the window.

Cody rushes the window. Starts striking it with his fist. The Kidnapper tries to get out but he's kinda caught. He throws it in gear and bumps the car in front of him.

EXT. BACK OF VAN--DAY

Street takes a brick to the back window.

INT. BACK OF VAN--DAY

Daylight shoots in. The Caged Kids cower from the sun.

EXT. BACK OF VAN--DAY

Street knocks out the second window. The reverse lights illuminate. Street hops on the rear bumper as it backs up.

MIKE

Oh, fuck.

PRUITT

What's wrong?

JACKIE

(tugging on door)
It's stuck.

MIKE

No. It ain't.

He points to a printed sheet on a side window. It reads:

"CLOSED MONDAY - COLUMBUS DAY"

INT. LEXUS -- DAY

Derek chuckles to himself, lights a cigarette.

INT. ALCOVE--DAY

JACKIE

Is today Columbus Day?

PRUITT

Mother-fucker!

INT. HORST AND JUSTIN'S CRUISER -- DAY

JUSTIN

I didn't want you to hear it from
someone else. I'm requesting a
transfer.

Horst is taken aback.

HORST

I think its a good idea.

JUSTIN

I'm sorry.

They turn a corner, see the idling Lexus.

JUSTIN

What in the wide world of sports is
this bozo up to?

INT. ALCOVE -- DAY

PRUITT
He did this on purpose.

MIKE
What's he think we're stupid?

JACKIE
I ain't fuckin' stupid.

INT. LEXUS--DAY

Derek glances in the rear view mirror as Horst and Justin's cruiser pulls up behind him. He glances at the Alcove, sees a gun, looks up at Jackie's face. He peers into the rear view mirror, knows what he has to do.

DEREK
Jesus...
(dropping it in gear)
...fuck!

He stomps on the gas, peels out.

INT. ALCOVE--DAY

MIKE
I can't believe today's Columbus Day.

Mike pulls on the door.

JACKIE
Is today really Columbus Day?

The Lexus flies away.

EXT. BANK--DAY

The Cruiser hits the lights and sirens. A chase is on.

INT. ALCOVE--DAY

The Cruiser streaks past. Pruitt drops back.

PRUITT
Holy shit!

Mike and Jackie pull out their weapons, wait.

PRUITT
Mike, see how many're out there.

MIKE
Jackie, stick your head out.

JACKIE
Uh.....

PRUITT
Jackie, just take a peek.

MIKE
C'mon, Jackie, he's your fucking
brother!

PRUITT
TAKE A PEEK!!

JACKIE
(succumbing)
ALRIGHT!!!

He takes a breath, waits, stares downward.

MIKE
Jackie....?

JACKIE
I'm going, I'm going.

PRUITT
Stick your fuckin' head out, Jackie!

MIKE
For Christ's sake, Jackie!

PRUITT
Just take a peek!

MIKE
Yeah, c'mon, Jackie, punch in! Get
with the program!

JACKIE
I'm going!!!

MIKE
So go!!!

Jackie glances at Pruitt. Pruitt motions to the street.

EXT. FRONT OF BANK -- DAY

Jackie pokes his head out, looks around, returns.

INT. ALCOVE--DAY

PRUITT
Well?

JACKIE
All clear.

MIKE
What?!?

JACKIE
Its all clear!

PRUITT
What do you mean its all clear?

MIKE
Just tell us how many.

JACKIE
None.

MIKE
How can there be none?

PRUITT
There's gotta be at least a dozen.

MIKE
With weapons.

PRUITT
(to Mike)
Take another look!

MIKE
Fuck you!

PRUITT
(moving toward opening)
Jesus Christ!

EXT. FRONT OF BANK--DAY

Pruitt looks both ways, steps out. Mike and Jackie follow suit. They casually stroll down the sidewalk.

PRUITT
He's got my fucking car.

JACKIE

Relax, Pruitt, you'll get your car back.

(laughs)

Might have a few dings on it, but you'll get it back.

MIKE

Yeah, Derek's a genius man, he ain't gonna get caught. Probably be sitting at the bar watching the World Series by the time we get there.

JACKIE

Yeah, right on!

Mike and Jackie high five.

INT. LEXUS--DAY

Derek's driving fast, the Cruiser on his tail.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD--DAY

Heat rises off the black top. We find the Asian Tourists coming through it like samurais.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS--DAY

The Lexus flies past, followed by the Cruiser. A MOTORCYCLE COP pulls out of a side street, gets in line.

INT. SPORTS BAR--DAY

Curtis, Pruitt, Mike and Jackie drink beer and watch the Game.

VIN SCULLY (V.O.)

At the end of three, still no score.

A news broadcast comes on. A helicopter follows the Chase.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We're live as police are involved in a high speed chase.

The Robbers cheer.

JACKIE

Go Derek!!

MIKE
 Shots all around!
 (to Pruitt)
 Hey, Pruitt. Can I borrow twenty
 bucks?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD--DAY

The Kidnapper's running from both Cody and Street. He approaches an intersection. The Lexus flies past. Never breaking stride, The Kidnapper crosses behind it.

The Cruiser passes next, and not breaking stride, Street and Cody cross behind it. The

Motorcycle Cop just misses them.

INT. SPORT'S BAR--DAY

The high speed chase is on television. Drying glasses, The Bartender glances up at the screen. He becomes transfixed, walks towards it.

BARTENDER
 Holy shit.
 (turns to customers)
 They're gonna drive by in about twenty
 seconds.

MIKE AND JACKIE
 YEAH!!!

They jump off their stools and rush for the door.

INT. LEXUS--DAY

Derek's sweating. As he approaches the Sports Bar, Mike and Jackie exit, holding beers, cheering him on.

EXT. SPORTS BAR -- DAY

JACKIE
 He didn't wave.

MIKE
 What a prick.

JACKIE
 Fuck you, man.

Mike re-enters. Jackie stays a moment, realizes things may not turn out well.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD--DAY

The footchase continues. The Kidnapper continues running. He crosses a street and a bus separates him from Cody and Street. By the time it clears, The Kidnapper's vanished.

Cody and Street cross the intersection, frantically peek inside businesses vainly attempting to find him. He's gone.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD--DAY

Astin's eyes are closed, yet his head bobs up and down. His father's carrying him.

EXT. TOMY'S--DAY

Dim, Dimmer, Cody's other two buddies and Stew stand outside. Cody and Street approach.

CODY
Where's Cat Eyes?

STREET
Dim, where's Cat Eyes?

Dim looks down. Dimmer bobs between Dim and Cody. Stew steps forward.

STREET
Stew?

Stew steps forward, shakes his head.

STEW
I'm sorry.

Street chokes back tears, looks over at Cody, then lunges for him. The rest of the guys pull him back.

STREET
If you hadn't've fucked me she'd be alive.

CODY
What?

STREET
You got me sent back.

DAY GLO
She turned you in, Street.

STREET

What?!?

DAY GLO

Cat Eyes turned you in.

HOSS

Cat Eyes told the cops where to find you.

STREET

Bullshit.

IGGY

It's true, Street.

STREET

Why the fuck would she do that?

HOSS

She was afraid of you, Street.

DAY GLO

She thought if she dumped you, you'd hurt her.

CODY

And she knew we'd fuck you up.

Street checks out everyone. No over reactions, no lies. Stew pulls on Street's arm.

STEW

C'mon, Street. Let's go.

Street yanks it back, turns, walks away.

EXT. SIDE STREET -- DAY

Street and Stew turn a corner.

STREET

I'm gonna fucking kill them all. I'm gonna punk some motherfuckers, get a gun then I'm gonna fucking kill them all.

Stew stops. Street takes a few steps, faces off with him.

STREET

What? That's the way things are, Stew. Get over it.

Stew shakes his head and runs down the street.

STREET
Cherry!!! Cherry!!

Stew doesn't stop.

STREET
You're a fucking pussy!!! I'm gonna
kill you, too, you fucking pussy!!

EXT. INTERSECTION--DAY

Street crosses on the opposite side of the intersection as police investigate the incident. The NON-STREET KID VICTIMS sit on the side of the road guarded by POLICE OFFICERS. One body bag is loaded into an ambulance. Tow trucks remove the damaged vehicles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD--DUSK

The Tourists crest a hill. The beach comes into view.

EXT. BEACH--DUSK

The Tourists cross the bike path and head for the water. In the distance, storm clouds roll in. The Asian Father stares off at the ocean. The others fall in line alongside him. The sound of approaching sirens grows.

ASIAN FATHER
<I miss my father.>

ASIAN MOTHER
<He was a good man.>

Astin reaches up and takes his Father's hand. The Asian Father turns to his exhausted family and grins.

ASIAN FATHER
<Tomorrow, we go to Disneyland.>

They return the smile. As it starts to rain, they walk back out of frame. A second later, the Lexus flies across the bike path ten feet away from them. Sirens wail as a string of Police Cars follow it onto the sand.

The Lexus gets stuck and stalls. Derek hops out of the car and makes a run for it. POLICE OFFICERS pursue him. Derek turns, shoots a pistol. The Police return fire.

INT. SPORTS BAR--DUSK

Pruitt, Mike and Jackie watch as Derek's shot down. Curtis and The Bartender stare at them.

BARTENDER
Friend of yours?

They don't answer. Pruitt rises, steps out the back.

EXT. BEACH--END OF CHASE--DUSK

Using the open car door as a shield, Horst holds the smoking gun. There's a bullet hole from Derek in the windshield. Horst watches as Derek falls from his knees to the beach, his face landing onto sand.

Like Justin's earlier depiction, Derek bleeds from the mouth. A red saliva bubble expands and retracts with each breath until its rupture pronounces Derek dead.

Justin steps up to the catatonic Horst.

HORST
Am I hit?

JUSTIN
No, you're fine. You did good. He drew on us.

HORST
I don't remember pulling the trigger.

JUSTIN
(taking Horst' pistol)
C'mon, I'll buy you a bear claw.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD--DUSK

The Asian Tourists walk beneath the neon Santa Monica Pier sign and out of frame.

EXT. CLIFFS OVERLOOKING PCH -- EVENING

A view from the cliff of the Horst shooting. Police cars line the beach, an ambulance tries to make it through the crowded traffic below, wind whips through the trees, choppers swirl the air. And its raining. Barry stands in his Base Jumper outfit watching it all.

BARRY
Fuck this.

He turns around, walks away, removes his helmet, his goggles. His steps slow as he realizes he's quitting. A resolve crosses his face.

Reluctantly, morosely, he replaces his goggles, straps on his helmet, turns and runs right off the cliff, screaming and launching his parachute. He falls out of frame. He's won the battle over himself.

EXT. SPORTS BAR -- ALLEY -- EVENING

Pruitt exits the back, tosses his mask into the dumpster. He looks up at the sky, squints as rain falls on his face. Pruitt takes out his handgun, ejects the clip, the round in the chamber, tosses the gun in the dumpster, throws the clip off into the distance. He walks down the alley, away from the bar.

INT. FRAT BOY HOUSE--DUSK

The No-Necks are watching the game. Only now, they're a bit drunk. We DOLLY past them to the window. The Crew's in their morbid curiosity assemblage observing the tie-in.

EXT. FILM SET--DUSK

Its sprinkling. John extends the fist of straws. One at a time, the Electricians draw. Eddie gets the short one.

The group steps away, revealing the rubber mat. Eddie's reluctant. He looks from Adam holding the phone to Monster standing with the 2x4.

JOHN

C'mon, Eddie, the company's waiting.

Eddie doesn't move.

JOHN

(walks over to Eddie)

Eddie. You drew the short straw.

Eddie steps onto the mat, glances at Monster tapping the 2x4. Rain runs down his face like sweat. Dante tips his head back. Rain sprinkles on his face. Eddie reaches down, picks up the cables, exhales.

Dante lowers his head, turns to John. John exchanges looks with the others. They disapprove. Eddie begins to throw the cables together.

JOHN

Eddie, stop!!

Eddie freezes.

JOHN
(approaching him)
Get the fuck off the mat.

John takes the cable and Eddie steps away.

INT. FRAT BOY HOUSE--NIGHT

The guys are into the game, huddled around the television.

ANNOUNCER
This is it folks, the moment of truth.
Three games a piece. Ninth Inning.
Two Outs. Two strikes. Three runs
down. Bases loaded.....

EXT. CREW--NIGHT

The Crews watching John. Marky-Mark holds the money.

CREW MEMBER #1
He's gonna arc, I can feel it...

EXT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

Mike smokes a cigarette by the phone booth. He glances through the window. Pruitt's gone, so's Jackie. Mike turns, takes one last drag, flicks the butt, walks away.

INT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

A moment later, Jackie exits the bathroom, steadies himself against the wall. Looks around. He's alone.

EXT. TIE-IN AREA--NIGHT

The phone's dialed to 911. Monster's got the board cocked. The rain's picking up. John takes a deep breath, throws the cables together and BZZZZZZZT!!!!!! Sparks, electricity and LIGHTNING.

The other Electricians fall back, cower. John convulses, thrusts, vibrates with the current. Monster lets loose, gives him a big ole WHACK! Nothing. Amazed, he pulls back, swings again. Nothing.

EXT. CREW--NIGHT

MARKY-MARK
That my friends, is an arc. Okay..
(MORE)

MARKY-MARK (CONT'D)
(turns to face the
others)
...who bet on John frying?

Crew Members step forward, gleefully accept their money.

INT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

The lights flicker.

EXT. TIE-IN AREA--NIGHT

Monster swings like a mad man. The 2x4 snaps in half. He jumps forward, tries to pull John from the mat but he, too, arcs, convulses, thrusts and vibrates with the current.

INT. FRAT BOY HOUSE--NIGHT

Still glued to the t.v., the lights fade in and out.

ANNOUNCER
(V.O.)
And here's the pitch.

EXT. TIE-IN AREA--NIGHT

The power goes out. John and Monster fall to the ground.

EXT. CITY BLOCK--NIGHT

In a wave, the lights go out all over the grid. Quiet. A war cry echoes.

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

The war cry carries through the empty street.

EXT. CREW AREA--NIGHT

The war cry disturbs the crew. Even Marky-Mark stops dealing with the money and glances back.

EXT. FRAT BOY HOUSE--NIGHT

The war cry wails.

EXT. CREW AREA--NIGHT

Every head turns.

EXT. FRAT BOY HOUSE--NIGHT

Suddenly, the front door flies off the house. All the No Necks rush across the yard.

EXT. CREW AREA--NIGHT

The Crew disappears into the darkness of the storm.

EXT. TIE-IN AREA--NIGHT

The only Crew Members left are John and Monster. They're still out. Two No-Necks stand over them.

NO NECK #1
Should we call an ambulance?

No Neck #2 walks away.

NO NECK #2
Fuck that, I'm calling the cable
company.

No Neck #1 takes a moment and follows him. John and Monster are left in the rain. Slowly, Monster starts to move, stands up, shakes it off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD - ROOF -- NIGHT

The rain's stopped. Numerous candles illuminate the roof. The mood somber. The Street Kids sit on the roof, mourning Cat Eyes. Cody's on the ledge, staring off. The distant crucifix beams ominously.

The door to the roof opens. Iggy and Day-Glo step up, prevent someone from exiting. Cody turns.

CODY
Who is it?

Iggy and Day-Glo step back as Street appears. Cody and the other Street Kids rise, approach him.

STREET
I don't want trouble. I just wanted
to say, I just wanted to say, to you
Cody, I know you loved Cat Eyes as
much as me and she loved you more. I
want to apologize for all the shit
I've raised, its just, my dad never
(MORE)

STREET (CONT'D)

hurt me. My mom, she's quiet but okay otherwise. Truth is, my folks aren't all that bad. I just didn't think you'd let me belong unless something had happened to me.

We pan along the Street Kids. Devastated. Envious to have a decent home. Cody steps up.

CODY

Go home, Street. Go home.

Street nods his head, looks up at the outcasts.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD OFF RAMP -- NIGHT

An empty car carrier pulls up to a red light, squeaks to a stop. The DRIVER hears a clinking sound, looks in the rear view mirror, sees nothing.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY ON RAMP - (6TH EXIT) -- NIGHT

The carrier rolls down the on ramp, approaches the freeway.

EXT. CAR CARRIER -- NIGHT

Street's riding on the back, heading home.

FADE OUT:

INT. JOHN'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

John's asleep. Curtis places the picture locket on the nightstand. Its open, revealing the photos. Curtis walks toward the door. John awakes.

JOHN

I called her.

Curtis stops at the door. Smiles.

CURTIS

Good on you. You gonna see her?

JOHN

Yeah, after we get back from the Grand Canyon.

Curtis turns around.

CURTIS
You're not coming to the Grand Canyon.
I mean, look at you.

JOHN
Hey, nothing wrong with me a little
220 can't fix.

John and Curtis stare at eachother.

JOHN
Lemme go with.

CURTIS
You're not talking me out of it.

JOHN
Curtis, I have to try.

CURTIS
No chance.

JOHN
You're a fucker, you know that? You
come all this way to change me-

CURTIS
Its not your choice.

JOHN
I have to try.

Curtis mulls it over.

JOHN
Its my last chance to be your friend.

EXT. DINER -- DAY

Barry's V.W. pulls into the lot.

INT. DINER -- DAY

Barry steps up to the counter. He looks different. More
confident, standing straight, a new man. The Waitress
approaches.

WAITRESS
Can I help you?

BARRY

Yes. I come here a couple times a week. I think you're one of the most wonderful women I've ever laid eyes on and its been killing me not asking you for a date. So here goes. Are you seeing anyone? Would you like to go out with me sometime?

She's taken aback, touched, blushes.

INT. BARRY'S VW BUG -- DAY

Barry turns the key. It starts right up.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY ON RAMP - (5TH EXIT) -- DAY

Barry's VW pulls onto the freeway.

INT. BARRY'S VW -- DAY

Barry drives, a satisfied smile on his face. The Waitress' number's written on the back of his hand.

EXT. TREVOR'S SILVER BULLET TRAILER -- DAY

Everything's packed, tied down, ready to move. Wearing Curtis' Dreamcatcher necklace, Sasha's making final adjustments. She glances up the road, sees Trevor walking with Stew, holding his hand.

INT. TOURISTS HOTEL ROOM--DAY

The Tourists are packing their things. Dee Dee wears a Mouseketeer hat.

ASIAN MOTHER

<Dee Dee, where's your brother?>

Dee Dee shrugs, snaps her gum.

ASIAN MOTHER

<You're leaving those American traits in America. When was the last time you saw him?>

DEE DEE

<I don't remember.>

ASIAN MOTHER

<Dee Dee, help me find your brother.>

DEE DEE
 (sliding off bed)
 < Okay, okay, don't have a cow.>

EXT. TOURISTS HOTEL ROOM--DAY

The Asian Mother exits the hotel room, stands on the overlook. Astin's no where to be found. Dee Dee joins her.

EXT. COURTYARD--DAY

The Asian Mother exits the lobby. Dee Dee rushes up to her.

DEE DEE
 (panic)
 <No one's seen him.>

INT. TOURISTS HOTEL ROOM--DAY

The Asian Father enters the hotel room and puts his hand to his head. He glances at the ground. Sees a foot under the bed. Getting down on all fours, he pulls up the covers and drags out a smiling Astin. His father picks him up and places him on his lap.

ASIAN FATHER
 <You know how lucky you are I love
 you?> Astin nods his head.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY ON RAMP - (4TH EXIT/3RD EXIT) --DAY

A Lexus rolls up the ramp and onto the freeway.

INT. TOURISTS CAR--DAY

The Asian Mother smiles at the Asian Father. In the backseat, Astin plays with his GameBoy.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY--DAY

The Tourists drive along. Dee Dee's in the backseat, making faces at us. She smiles, laughs.

INT. TOURISTS CAR--DAY

From Dee Dee's point of view, WE SEE who she's playing with. The Kidnapper's got another van. He's on the road again.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY--DAY

The two vehicles drive side by side.

INT. STATION WAGON -- DAY

Stew stares out the window. In a daze. Slurping on a Big Gulp. Music plays a little too loud. Outside, his Father's shaking Sasha's hand.

Stew glances down at the pack of cigarettes on the seat. Steals two, sticks them in his socks, sips from the Big Gulp. His Father turns, points to the lock. Stew rushes to unlock the door.

INT. POLICE STATION--OFFICE--DAY

Justin watches the reunion from the window. Behind him, Trevor sits opposite Horst.

HORST
Joe DeAngelo?

Trevor stares back at him.

INT. TREVOR'S TRUCK -- DAY

Trevor and Sasha drive through Hollywood. The Crystal Rock's on the dashboard. Sasha checks out the landmarks for the last time. She starts to cry. Trevor stops the truck.

TREVOR
You okay?

Sasha nods her head.

INT. HORST AND JUSTIN'S CRUISER -- DAY

Justin's driving, Horst in the passenger seat. He rubs Curtis' worrystone between his thumb and index finger.

JUSTIN
You wanna tell me why you let him go?

HORST
You gotta give people a break now and then. Keeps your faith in the big picture.

JUSTIN
Faith? You want faith move to Rome. This is Hollywood, and its jaded by design.

HORST

Yeah, but even in Hollywood, some upstart'll come around and change the way you look at things.

JUSTIN

That so?

HORST

Yeah.

INT. TREVOR'S TRUCK -- DAY

Trevor and Sasha approach the on ramp. The crystal's gone from the dash.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY ON RAMP - (2ND EXIT) -- DAY

Trevor's truck and trailer roll to the freeway.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY ON RAMP - (1ST EXIT) -- DAY

Curtis and John stand by the on ramp trying to hitch a ride. At their feet, backpacks.

JOHN

Cindy said you left a bottle of Cabernet for me.

CURTIS

Yep.

JOHN

That wouldn't be the bottle I gave you for getting me in the Union?

CURTIS

Yep.

JOHN

You're a fucker, you know that?

Curtis gives him a shit eating grin. Horst and Justin's cruiser passes Curtis and John.

EXT. FREEWAY INTERCHANGE -- DAY

Wearing Curtis' hat, Snake works on another rock structure. He steps back, revealing Trevor's crystal perched atop the structure. We slowly PULL BACK, revealing the intertwining freeways.

HORST

See, there's pretty much eight kinds of people in Hollywood and you got an exit for each of 'em.

JUSTIN

Horst, I've heard this-

HORST

Sages, Saints, Martyrs, Daughters, Sinners, Artists, Friends and Fathers. And an exit for each of 'em.

Soon, Snake's dwarfed by the interchange and numerous cars finding their way to their respective exit and story.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

...last night, the most exciting World Series finish in the history of Major League Baseball, I'm telling you, for years to come, the talk around the water cooler's gonna be, "do you remember where you were", just like Kennedy, Lennon or Doctor King. Now, let's take a look at afternoon traffic from the KABC Chopper.

The air to ground transmission competes with the helicopter.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)

We're heading South on the Hollywood Freeway. Not too bad this afternoon, pretty much your normal commute. Things slow down a bit at the 110 Interchange so you might want to give yourself a few extra minutes...

FADE OUT