

"SCHOOL TIES"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. JOHNSTON, PA - DOWNTOWN - SUNDAY MORNING -  
SEPTEMBER, 1955 (CREDITS OVER)

Two pensioners sit on a bench in front of a closed bank. The streets are nearly deserted, the stores all closed.

2 EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

Row houses, sharing walls, line a street full of potholes. The ancient leaded glass in their doors testifies to an earlier gentility. Every few houses, a widow sits on the porch.

The silver, onion shaped spire of the Greek Orthodox Church sparkles in the sunlight. People flow into the church. We hear CHURCH BELLS from several sources. Low, somber.

3 INT. DAVID GREENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The passionate "Let Me Go, Lover!" blasts as we meet David Green (17). He packs a surplus seabag in his bedroom. He wears jeans T-shirt and looks like James Dean, right down to the duck's ass haircut.

On the shelves are trophies, on the bed is a blue Sears suit. David is a high school athlete who is leaving home and elated about it.

He adds hot little Elvis rock licks and twitches to the pop song. It is 1955 -- the time when rock is overtaking pop and sex is in the air.

Credits continue. David speed dresses. He deliberately doesn't pack his jeans. His face darkens as he remembers one last thing.

He reaches into a drawer and removes a velvet purse containing a prayer book and yarmulke. He elects to pack only the yarmulke.

His sister arrives at the door and turns off the record.

SARAH

If you forgot anything...

DAVID

Yeah, you can send it.

Sarah (15) is awkwardly pretty. She is hiding her emotions. He knows it.

DAVID  
 (continuing)  
 I'm gonna miss you, Sarah.  
 Especially your "Hungarian  
 goulash."

She tries to slap him but he ducks easily. He horse-play  
 hugs her.

SARAH  
 Too bad I'm not gonna miss you.

DAVID  
 (dead serious)  
 Now you watch out for Dad and  
 Petey. Where is Petey?

SARAH  
 Hiding somewhere.

DAVID  
 I know where he is.

Sarah notices a football decorated with nail polish. She  
 brightens. She hands it to him. Apparently the most  
 treasured of all his trophies. David frowns momentarily.  
 He steals the ball from his sister and runs out.

4 INT. PETEY'S ROOM - DAY

David finds Petey in a private place. (The attic?) PETEY,  
 12, is clearly upset at David's impending departure. He  
 doesn't look up from his Davy Crockett fort.

DAVID  
 Hey, pal. Aren't you gonna wish  
 me luck?

Petey smiles ruefully. He adores his older brother but he  
 can't look him in the eye. David kneels next to him.  
 Hands him his game-ball.

DAVID  
 (continuing)  
 Look, I want you to do me an  
 important favor while I'm gone.  
 Look after my game-ball.

Petey takes the ball but still stares downward... David  
 gets to the real favor.

DAVID  
 (continuing)  
 And I want you to look after your  
 sister, too.

Petey nods. David changes tack. Stands jocularly.

DAVID  
 (continuing)  
 Hey, guy, I'll be back on  
 Thanksgiving!

He moves to lift Petey up and hug him. But Petey squirms upright.

PETEY  
 No hugs.

He puts out his hand for grown-up shake. David indulges him without condescension.

DAVID  
 Yeah.

PETEY  
 Good luck.

DAVID  
 Thanks. I'm going to need it.

5 EXT. STREET - DAY

David throws his gear into a 50s Ford. He swings in and revs the engine.

DAVID  
 Well, I guess I should be going.  
 I gotta pick up Dad.

SARAH  
 (calls urgently)  
 Petey! David's leaving!

But no Petey.

SARAH  
 (continuing)  
 Since Mom died he's not too hot  
 with good-byes.

DAVID  
 That's okay.

David is disappointed but understands. This is the final moment. They don't need words. Sarah brims tears. David peels off.

6 P.O.V. - DEPARTING CAR

David drives off, fishtailing expertly.

7 ANGLE ON SARAH

Sarah makes a little fist to wish him power.

8 EXT. STREET - DAY

Suddenly, Petey comes tearing around the house on his bike frantically trying to outrace the car. He's grinning.

PETEY

Score one for me!

David is proud. He gives Petey a cool athlete's salute.

9 INT. CAR - DAY - MOVING

David tunes the car radio to a current song. Singing along, now pretending he is black.

10 EXT. CAR - DAY - MOVING

Perhaps continue credits.

Assorted ANGLES on Johnston -- a one-industry town tarnished by the coal soot. We see the sights, we see details. A movie marquee featuring Davey Crocket. A billboard announcing revolutionary new color television. Gas is eighteen cents a gallon.

11 EXT. LUNCHEONETTE - DAY

A neighborhood gathering spot for teenagers, the only place they have to hang out. The place is decrepit. A weathered overhand extends from the building to the broken sidewalk, supported by several rusty poles. There is an old-fashioned Coke machine just outside the door. A sign in the window reads: "POSITIVELY NO LOITERING." But, of course, it's been ignored for generations. Several teenagers loiter in front, smoking cigarettes.

There is a four-foot wide passageway between the luncheonette and the next building, leading to the alley. Cars are parked diagonally in front. David's car pulls into an empty space.

12 INT. LUNCHEONETTE - DAY

A JUKEBOX plays "Mona Lisa." Two pinball machines are PINGING at the hands of two juvenile delinquents. Teenagers sit in booths and at the counters, eating their staff of life -- French fries and Cokes. Among them are kids we will get to know better later: NICK, DON, MARY ELLEN, JOYCE.

ARLENE, the proprietor, a busty woman in her 40s, is giving David a crushing hug while the others comment.

NICK

Hey, Arlene. Leave a little of him for those horsy ladies in Massachusetts.

ARLENE

Don't be so ignorant.  
 (takes a bag of chips  
 from a rack)  
 Here, Davy, for the trip.

DON

Arlene gives something away. Call Walter Winchell. I'm gonna have a heart attack.

NICK

Frame it, Davy.

ARLENE

You're all such riff-raff. You go up there, Davy, and become a gentleman.

ELLEN

She's right, Davy. Don't listen to these guys.

David's best friend BEAR, a big kid, arrives smiling at David's discomfort. They grapple briefly like two teammates on a winning team. Bear, the lineman, is bigger than David, the quarterback.

BEAR

I oughta be kicking your skinny butt for breaking up the only winning thing around here.

David starts to apologize, but Bear stops him.

BEAR

(continuing)

I know. You gotta grab what you want.

DAVID

I don't even know what I want.

BEAR

(steering him aside)

Hey, I'm kidding. If I had your brains I'd be on the first train.

David confesses the truth. He's afraid of not being accepted. Almost babbling.

DAVID  
 Bear, the truth is, I'm going in there... They don't know anything about me.

BEAR  
 Are you crazy? Get outta here!

He roughs David up. Interrupted by the sound of ENGINES.

13 EXT. LUNCHEONETTE - DAY

Four vintage Harleys pull up. Another element of Scranton life. The riders turn off their engines and sit for a moment, the calm before the storm.

14 INT. LUNCHEONETTE - DAY - CLOSE ON BEAR

BEAR  
 Aw, shit, Kocus.

DAVID  
 So what?

BEAR  
 Night before last, his sister gave me a hand-job. It was her idea.

15 EXT. LUNCHEONETTE - DAY

Bear comes out, followed by David, Nick, and Don. Others watch from inside. KOCUS, the biker leader, speaks first.

KOCUS  
 Hey, Bear.

BEAR  
 Hey, Kocus.

KOCUS  
 How're you doin', Bear?

BEAR  
 Doin' just fine.

KOCUS  
 We was thinkin' about goin' in there. You know, eat somethin'?

The other three bikers chuckle.

BEAR  
 I don't think it'd be a good idea.

KOCUS

Why not?

(looks at David)

They let Jews in there.

DAVID

Your sister can come in.

(beat)

Only she'll have to wash her hands.

Now David's gang cracks up a little.

KOCUS

(still to Bear)

You got a Jew friend with some kinda smart mouth.

BEAR

Yes I do.

KOCUS

So it don't bother you they killed Jesus 'n everything?

BEAR

Naw, it don't bother me. Didn't know the man.

KOCUS

Yeah, I guess it was a long time ago.

(beat, then to David)

But it still bothers the shit outta me, you fucking sheenie bastard.

David lunges at Kocus but Arlene (and everyone else) knows the drill.

ARLENE

Take it to the passageway if yer gonna get rough.

16 EXT. NARROW PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Just 48 inches of walk-through, blocking the sun. Bear strides ahead, with Nick, Don, and David following. Then Kocus and his seconds. Kids start pouring into both ends of the passageway. They stop and turn and David and Kocus fly at each other.

In this unique setting for a fight, hemmed in by walls on the sides and spectators at each end, the combatants have nowhere to move. It's a vicious fight -- knees, elbows, the walls. Both of them take heavy punishment. Finally, David gets Kocus down to his knees and unloads on him.

He goes down. David straddles him and whips him a few more times before Bear pulls him off. David's face is marked and Kocus is spitting blood.

BEAR

That's enough.

KOCUS

I ain't beat.

BEAR

The hell you ain't.  
(to his friends)  
Get him on his bike.

KOCUS

(as he's carried  
away)

I ain't beat.

The rest of the kids go back to the luncheonette. David sits in the narrow passageway pulling himself together. His face is scraped and bruised.

DAVID

(smiling)

I thought this was supposed to be  
your fight.

BEAR

That's okay. You can handle my  
small stuff.

DON

Jesus, Davy... You don't look so  
good.

DAVID

God! I gotta clean up. My old  
man...

CUT TO:

17 INT. COAL BREAKER - DAY

David's father, ALAN GREEN (38), is a wirey but sensitive-looking man with a clipboard. He stands on an elevated walkway in the massive coal breaker. He is showing Del, a worker, how to operate something.

The conditions are frightful -- the deafening din, the chick coal dust -- but Alan is patient. Del nods, thanks him sincerely. Del notices something and grins, pointing.



18 EXT. COAL PIT - DAY - THEIR P.O.V.

David's distinctive Ford approaches past a massive coal pit.

19 EXT. COAL BREAKER - DAY

Greene walks down past the immense machinery towards the approaching car. He is saluted by a couple of laborers who know that this is a special day for him.

20 EXT. WEIGH STATION - DAY

David pulls into the Weigh Station just as his father arrives. An ancient worker, WEEZER, assails him from his perch on the scale.

WEEZER  
Give 'em hell, kid!

David waves politely.

21 INT. CAR (AT WEIGH STATION) - DAY

Greene enters the passenger side of the car.

GREENE  
You're late. We'd better hurry.

David pulls out. He has changed his shirt and is keeping the battered side of his face away from his father.

GREENE  
How're you feeling?

DAVID  
Good.

David faces the road, still keeping the battered side of his face away from his father.

22 INT. DAVID'S CAR - AT A TRAIN TRACK

David and his father wait for a freight train carrying coal to pass. Mister Greene studies his unusually taciturn son.

GREENE  
Well, can I tell you again how proud I am?

David just nods.

GREENE  
(continuing)  
All the men have been coming around. It's a first for them, too, you know.

David is still. Greene sees that David's right hand on the wheel has scrapped knuckles.

                  GREENE  
                  (continuing)  
David?  
                  (beat)  
Look at me.

He takes David by the chin and turns his face. Pain and disappointment flood his face.

                  GREENE  
Goddammit, David.

                  DAVID  
I had to.

                  GREENE  
You get an opportunity like this,  
out of the blue, dropped in your  
lap, and you go off and pull this  
shit.

                  DAVID  
I had to.

                  GREENE  
This is a school that two  
presidents went to, a pipeline to  
Harvard University. They're gonna  
see you and think you're some kind  
of hoodlum. They might take one  
look at you and send you back.

                  DAVID  
Fine.

                  GREENE  
Fine? Look around you, kid. You  
want this life?

                  DAVID  
He called me a fucking sheenie  
bastard. What was I supposed to  
do, walk away?

                  GREENE  
That's right, you walk away. It  
ain't your problem. You know how  
many bars I walked out of? You  
can't fight your way through life  
like this.

                  DAVID  
You never got into fights?

22 CONTINUED

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GREENE

Yeah, I got into fights. But nobody ever offered me anything else. Nobody ever showed me a way to get into Harvard.

(encouraging )

But you're different. You'll fit in fine if you want to.

23 EXT. BUS STATION. DAY

The bus is boarding. David and his father stand on the platform waiting until the last minute. Tension from the fight keeps them apart.

GREENE

Call when you get there. Reverse the charges.

DAVID

Okay.

Greene looks across at the view of Johnston from the platform.. His voice shows frustration and disgust. Takes a puff of a cigarette and coughs.

GREENE

You have to try, David. Look at that.

A haze covers the lanscape.

GREENE

(continuing)

If the black lung doesn't get you then you'll live to see this business die.

The bus driver slams the baggage compartment. Time to go. Greene is urgent.

GREENE

(continuing)

Listen, they came to you, you didn't come to them. You don't have to explain nothing to nobody. just do your best.

DAVID

Yeah.

David's trying to go but his father impulsively puts his palm on David's forehead and mutters a one sentence Yiddish prayer.

GREENE

Mein lieber kint, gae gezint raite  
(My beloved child, go in good  
health.)

It's a beautiful old-world gesture. David is moved but glances around ruefully.

DAVID

Come on, Dad. You're like Grampa.

GREENE

Your grandfather revered education. If he had two dimes, one went for bread, one went for a book. I was a big disappointment to him, married too young, started poppin' out kids.

DAVID

Gotta go, Dad.

Greene offers his hand, apologetically.

GREENE

I didn't clean up from the breaker, can't give you a hug.

David ignores the hand and goes for the hug. Proud dirt.

DAVID

I'll miss you, Dad.

He turns to the bus. His father clutches again. Grinning.

GREENE

What'd the other kid look like?

DAVID

Worse.

Greene kisses him hard and pushes him to the steps.

24 ANGLE ON BUS

as it pulls away. Mr. Greene waves. David waves through the window.

25 INT. BUS - DAY

David settles in and looks around.

26 P.O.V. - VIEW OUT WINDOW

The industrial outskirts of Johnston pass by.

**27 POV. THE OTHER PASSENGERS**

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David is the only youngster traveling alone. Two SOLDIERS near him are reading a newspaper.

**28. POV CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER.**

The newspaper has a headline. EINSTEIN URGES EISENHOWER TO BAN BOMB

**29 ANGLE ON SOLDIERS**

The soldiers glance over at David.

You enlisting kid? SOLDIER #

No. DAVID  
(uncomfortably)

So where you going? SOLDIER #2

Uh. To school. DAVID

David attempts to look grown up and composed. He settles down to study the images of Johnston and his old life disappearing behind him.

**30 INTERIOR. BUS.DAY**

David looks out the window. The soldier's transistor plays Eartha Kitt's "C'est Si Bon"

**31. TRAVEL MONTAGE**

Three different types of country side with a medley of three different 1955 songs to show the passage of time and distance.

**32. EXTERIOR. BUS . DAY.. LONG SHOT. BUS**

moving through a distinctly New England view.

**33. EXTERIOR. NEW ENGLAND TRAIN AND BUS DEPOT. DAY.**

David steps down from the bus carrying his seabag. The bus leaves revealing a tiny quaint New England train and bus depot.

Waiting at the train side on the gravel is JAMES (13) He is dressed in a blazer and tie and sitting primly on his trunk pointedly ignoring David.

David approaches. Quietly affable.

DAVID

Bet I know where you're going.

James glances at him, doesn't answer.

DAVID

(continuing)

St. Matthews.

James is more nervous than snobbish. David offers his hand. His smile genuine. James apologizes.

JAMES

I'm not supposed to talk to strangers.

James glances nervously at David's seabag and bruised face.

DAVID

That's okay, I'm David Greene.  
Gonna be a senior... fifth form,  
they call it.

JAMES

Really?

They realize they are both vulnerable. They warm to each other.

DAVID

Transfer student.

JAMES

James Carver Junior. My parents  
applied the day I was born.

(warming)

Wow. What happened to you?

DAVID

I talked to a stranger.

COACH MCDEVITT (49) arrives in a station wagon honking his horn. He is balding, paunchy yet spry.

COACH

Greene! Sorry I'm late.

DAVID

Hi, Coach.

They shake hands. The Coach reacts to his battered face.

DAVID

(continuing)

I had an accident.

COACH

You alright?

DAVID

Sure. This is James Alison Carver, Junior. Can he ride with us?

COACH

Sure. You gonna put on some beef, James, and play football for me?

JAMES

(intimidated)

No, sir.

COACH

Here, lemme get that for you.

He grabs David's seabag. James looks at David, wondering about the preferential treatment. David shrugs and picks the larger of James' matched trunks.

34 INT. COACH'S CAR - DAY (MOVING)

James sits in the back, squeezed in between the luggage. The Coach takes a turn and shifts into second to go up a rise. The approach to the campus comes INTO VIEW.

COACH

Here we are.

35 P.O.V. - MAIN ENTRANCE TO CAMPUS

A monumental brick and wrought iron arch through which all traffic enters and exits.

36 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY - VARIOUS P.O.V. SHOTS

We see the campus as the Coach's car slowly moves across it. Massive old stone buildings covered with ivy, a storybook chapel, the statue of the founder, immaculately kept ground, a narrow brook bubbles across the campus into a pond, a wooden bridge crosses the brook... It's truly idyllic.

37 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY - VARIOUS P.O.V. SHOTS - ARRIVALS

Bells CHIME from the bell tower and the sound delicately rolls over the late summer air. MONTAGE of the activity as wealthy and handsome parents and siblings gather around Cadillacs, woody wagons (with ivy league decals) and even the odd chauffeur driven limousine. Everyone looks beautiful and well-dressed and poised. Even a pair of five year old twins dressed in the uniform of blazer, stripped shirt and khaki pants.

This is a kind of wonderland, where boys of exceptional intelligence, talent, and character are sent by parents of means in order to prepare for life.

DAVID (V.O.)

Jesus! This is a high school.

COACH (V.O.)

Yeah, it's your high school.

38 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY - VARIOUS SHOTS - UNPACKING

We HEAR "Tweedly Dee" by Georgia Gibbs in the b.g. Coach gives the tour.

COACH

The chapel was designed by Charles Wren, the same guy who built St. Paul's Cathedral. That's our founder, old Henry Melchoir. That reminds me, Teddy Roosevelt was expelled for putting a martini in his hand. Simmington Carter-Lodge, our Secretary of Defense, lived in that dorm. He played halfback.

We see upper classmen carrying in furniture to their dorms. A reading lamp and an old Oriental rug. A reading chair hoisted aloft with a younger sister squealing in it. A stylish mother lies on the lawn with her head on an English saddle. A tall, smug student carries covered rackets and a massive dictionary. A grinning boy in sandals and a camel hair greatcoat juggles a pair of skis and a fishing rod. A rugged boy shoulders his younger brother who carries his kimono. A boy with a knowing look wheels a cello case behind him.

Everyone seems to be an old friend. Everyone seems to be smiling at some in-joke. The blond hair, the wall-to-wall teeth and the effortless, constant laughter! It is truly the land of the self-assured.

39 EXT. FIRST FORM DORM - DAY

They drop James off and he is greeted by a Master. The Coach continues in V.O.

COACH (V.O.)

\*\*\* (More St. Matthews lore to come.)

Even the younger boys seem exceptional in some way. A boy with a lipstick mark on his forehead shakes hands with his father. A fey boy with a scarf thrown over his shoulders carries a typewriter. A boy with a birthmark carries lacrosse rackets hung with ice skates.



His hands full, his mother puts the stamped postcards in his mouth. Another mother carries a vacuum cleaner into the dorm.

40 EXT. DAVID'S DORM - DAY - ANGLE ON COACH'S CAR

David and the Coach arrive at Iselin Hall and exit the car.

COACH  
This is it! Iselin Hall. Your  
new home.

DAVID  
Thanks for the lift, Coach.

David hoists his bag. The Coach comes around to David's side. Intimately.

COACH  
Uh, I meant to ask you... you got  
any problems?

DAVID  
Diet problems?

COACH  
Any stuff you can't eat?

David thinks for a moment.

DAVID  
I can't eat turnips.

COACH  
Turnips.  
(beat)  
Can't eat 'em myself. Listen, I  
didn't want to run off at the  
mouth, with the kid there but  
these kids, they're gonna be a  
little curious about you.

DAVID  
I'm a little curious about them.

COACH  
I mean, nobody ever comes here for  
just the last year. It's an  
unusual situation.

David looks at him, giving no help to whatever he's trying to say.

COACH

(continuing)

Don't get me wrong, they're a great bunch of kids, but... they're privileged. They take things for granted you and me never would.

(beat)

Just play your cards close to the vest, that's my advice.

DAVID

What do you mean?

COACH

It's an expression. It means you shouldn't tell people any more than they need to know.

(lightens up, claps  
him on the shoulder)

Hey, see you in practice.

The Coach's car pulls away. David looks up at Iselin Hall before him. The building has three stories, built in 1909. The sound of BELLS lofting over his head. It is wonderful, intimidating as it is inviting.

41 INT. ISELIN HALL - DAY

The halls are full of boys bumping into each other and the walls, struggling with trunks and luggage. The building has three stories, built in 1909. There is a master's apartment on the first floor and eight double suites in each entry way. Each of the suites has a living room and a bedroom with bunk beds.

42 MONTAGE

A short sequence of boys unpacking. We see a pile of five cashmere sweaters being stored in the back of a closet. We see a boy pulling a tie holder with 20 ties from a suitcase. We see a framed print of Goya's Maya (nude!) being lovingly hung.

43 INT. ISELIN HALL - STAIRWELL

CHESTY (17), a natural athlete with a powerful physique, tries to negotiate the crowd on the stairway carrying a large suitcase flat on his head. Balanced on the top of the suitcase are a pair of ice skates.

David walks up the stairs. Boys moving up and down the stairs look at him curiously. He refers to a slip of paper in his hand and eventually stops at an open door. He is noticed by FOUR BOYS in the room across the hall.

44 INT. DAVID'S ROOM - DAY

David drops his bag and looks around. The other boys walk over. There is an awkwardness about the first meeting. Of course, they notice his beat-up face but are too sophisticated to mention it. They are all 17, 18.

REECE

Hi, you finally got here.

DAVID

Yeah.

REECE

I'm Chris Reece, your roommate.

DAVID

Oh, hi. I'm David Greene.

REECE

This is Charlie Dillon, Jack Connors. Rip Van Pelt.

They all shake hands.

DILLON

We're the big men on campus.

David laughs.

DILLON

(continuing)

It's true.

CONNORS

Where're you from, Greene?

DAVID

Johnston, P.A.

CONNORS

(it could be the  
moon)

Johnston?

REECE

That's like in America, Connors.

CONNORS

No shit?

DILLON

You know, you're the very first  
ringer St. Matthews has ever  
hired.

REECE

C'mon, Dillon.

DILLON

He is. That's something of an honor. Aren't you honored, Greene?

DAVID

I haven't thought about it.

DILLON

You must be about the best high school quarterback money can buy.

CONNORS

A lot of people think Dillon is a snob and an asshole, but his friends know the truth. Don't pay any attention to Dillon. You want some peanuts?

DAVID

(taking a handful)

No problem. Even in Johnston a prick is a prick.

DILLON

(smiles)

You don't have to be so sensitive. It's not required here.

He extends his hand in truce. David takes a beat, then shakes it.

DILLON

(continuing)

You see, there was some talk about me playing quarterback this year, so you know...

VAN PELT

(finally)

I'm sorry, I gotta ask. Were you in an accident or something?

DAVID

I had a little fight.

VAN PELT

A fight?

DAVID

Yeah, a kind of going away fight.

CONNORS

Like a rumble?

David senses their fantasy and feeds it.

DAVID  
Yeah, a rumble.

CONNORS  
Wow.

VAN PELT  
Over girls and stuff?

DAVID  
There's this place we hang out at,  
and these guys wanted to come in.  
Motorcycle guys. We wouldn't let  
them.

CONNORS  
Wow.

VAN PELT  
You didn't want them on your turf,  
right?

DAVID  
Right.

CONNORS  
That's understandable. Everybody  
knows you can't just go on  
somebody else's turf.

MCGIVERN (O.S.)  
(radio imitation)  
"Who knows what evil lurks in the  
hearts of man? The Shadow knows."

They turn to the sound of the voice and see MCGIVERN poised  
in the doorway, done up as The Shadow: dark hat,  
sunglasses, long dark raincoat.

CONNORS  
McGivern! My roomie!

MCGIVERN  
"The weed of crime bears bitter  
fruit. Crime does not pay. The  
Shadow knows."

Eerie laugh.

REECE  
Yeah, well, first meet my  
roommate, David Greene. The new  
quarterback.

MCGIVERN

How do you do? Football is a game for cretins, bug squashers, and criminals. Don't you agree?

DILLON

Mac wants to play but he's too frail.

VAN PELT

This is true. So we let him be student manager.

McGivern sweeps one side of his flowing coat across his face and disappears.

45 INT/EXT. CAMPUS - DUSK

Time has passed. All is quiet. One of the teachers waxes his MG Roadster on the lawn.

ANGLE on the teacher, CLEARY (22). He is young and full of himself. He wears a Yale sweater and sucks on a pipe in the hopes of looking older.

ANGLE on another teacher, Swanson, who reads a book while exercising his dog by repeatedly throwing a tennis ball across the quad.

46 INT. DAVID AND REECE'S ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Reece and David are alone in the room now, getting dressed for chapel. Reece notices David's inappropriate tie. He reaches into the closet and pulls out one identical to his.

REECE

I guess you didn't get a school tie yet. You can wear this one. I have extras 'cause I'm always dragging them through the spaghetti.

DAVID

Thanks.

David slips the tie around his collar, puts on a gabardine jacket, half of last year's suit. The door opens and Chesty and McGoo stand in the doorway, already dressed. These two have a symbiotic relationship: McGoo is a wise-ass, Chesty is his protector.

MCGOO

This the guy?

REECE

This is the guy. David Greene, meet McGoo...

DAVID

Hi.

MCGOO

My name happens to be Richard Collins.

REECE

... Only we call him the Blind Mr. McGoo.

MCGOO

I've worn these specs since I was six.

REECE

And this is Chesty Smith.

DAVID

Hi.

CHESTY

I got in a fight this summer.

DAVID

Yeah?

CHESTY

He was twenty years old, goes to Cornell. I beat the shit out of him.

McGoo takes David's lapel between two fingers and squints at it through his thick glasses.

MCGOO

Take my advice. Incinerate the jacket.

DAVID

I dress pretty awful, huh?

REECE

(pulling a blazer out of the closet)

Don't worry, we'll put you together.

47 EXT. ISELIN HALL - DUSK

Students come pouring out of the front entrance and across the quad, making their way to the chapel, which is the centerpiece of the campus. There is the usual jostling and yelling and high spirits. We hear ORGAN MUSIC OVER.

## 48 TIGHTEN ON OUR EIGHT BOYS

David is already looking like one of the gang. They walk across the campus, the joy of youth and camaraderie in their step.

The PIPE ORGAN swells and a HYMN begins. The sound is massive and heroic. A wave of teenage male voices, soprano to bass, rolls out of the chapel.

## SINGERS (V.O.)

"Hail the powers of Jesus name!  
Let angels prostrate fall. Bring  
forth the Royal Diadem and crown  
him Lord of All."

## 49 INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

An English-style chapel. The pews run lengthwise, so that half the congregation faces the other half. The boys in the pews are startlingly homogenous, fair-haired, fair-skinned. David holds an open hymnal but he does not sing. Instead, he casts his eyes around this new and secret place.

## 50 DAVID'S P.O.V.

letting us see and feel the moment as he does.

## 51 BACK TO SCENE

This has got to be the best that America has to offer at mid-century, and David has somehow become one of them. He is overwhelmed by the feeling.

He does a visual take looking at the six Prefects, who wear brocade satin vests and sit at the front, just behind the HEADMASTER and the CHAPLAIN. David's interest is in that three of the six Prefects are Reece, Dillon, and Van Pelt. The SOUND of the voices and the organ engulfs us.

## SINGERS

"For still our ancient foe,  
Doth seek to work us woe,  
His craft and power are great  
And armed with cruel hate  
On earth is not his equal.  
Amen."

Four hundred hymnals snap shut and the students sit. The Headmaster walks to the pulpit with strong steps and a straight back. He is 60, a ramrod.



HEADMASTER

Gentlemen of St. Matthew's, welcome to the finest preparatory school in the nation. Welcome especially to our new boys. I am Dr. Bartram, your headmaster. The rest of you may conceivably remember me.

The audience rustles with LAUGHTER.

CONNORS

(whispers to David)

The annual joke. Make the most of it.

HEADMASTER

Tomorrow begins the one hundred and ninety-third fall term.

CONNORS AND HEADMASTER

(in tandem)

No, I was not in office when the first one began...

David smiles at Connors' sotto voce insolence.

HEADMASTER

...nor shall I be, I sincerely trust, when, and if, the last begins. We are part of a continuum, a process which has neither beginning nor end, yet has both origins and purpose. The things you learn here, the values you adopt, will stay with you for the rest of your lives.

David notices that many of the boys are stifling yawns, nodding off, but he is with it, following the Headmaster's every word.

HEADMASTER

Some of you new boys may find that academics and discipline at St. Matthew's are very demanding. I will point out that much of what is policy here, including our cherished honor code that , has been established not by me or by your teachers but by your fellow students- to be enforced by your own tribunal of prefects- as it has been for the last two centuries.

+

HEADMASTER (cont'd)

(turns, gestures to  
the six prefects)

We judge ourselves here, and we judge ourselves by the highest standards. You are, my boys, among the elite of the nation, and we seek here at St. Matthew's to prepare you for the heavy responsibility that comes with favored position. Today more than ever this country needs an elite that cares more for honor than for wealth, more for truth than for advantage, more for service than for personal gain. To that end, let us beseech the help of God, in Whose name we pray...

(Note: Perhaps the Headmaster evokes the memory of an alumnus that has just died in the Korean War.)

Every head bows. Except David's. He looks around, momentarily confused, then jumps slightly as the entire school begins The Lord's Prayer. He takes one more look at the sea of bowed heads. Then he bows his own.

52 EXT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

As the first formers leave the chapel they pull beanies in school colors out of their pockets and put them on. (Note: Whenever we see campus shots, we will see some younger boys in beanies.)

53 INT. CONNORS AND MCGIVERN'S ROOM - NIGHT

All eight boys have gathered and are listening to the avant-garde of pop MUSIC, rock 'n' roll, a distinctly black "Pledging My Love." They sing along, in and out of the lyrics. McGivern does The Stroll with Connors.

VAN PELT

Decent hi-fi, Mac.

MCGIVERN

Bought it this summer from a friend back home.

VAN PELT

How much?

MCGIVERN

He wanted fifty bucks, but I jewed him down to thirty-eight.

David stops singing, as though expecting something. But nothing happens.

VAN PELT

Not a bad set. I'll give you  
thirty-five for it.

DILLON

You're always trying to get  
something for nothing.

MCGOO

And you're not even Jewish.

MR. CLEARY, a 22-year-old first-time teacher, knocks on the door and enters. He wears a Yale sweater and sucks on a pipe in the hopes of looking older and more distinguished, but in truth he bears an unfortunate resemblance to Howdy-Doody, which is not lost on our boys.

CLEARY

'Evening, gentlemen.

They're not quite sure who he is.

BOYS

'Evening.

CLEARY

Whose music is that, and I use the  
term advisedly?

CONNORS

That's the immortal Johnny Ace.

CLEARY

(sneering smugly)

I see. I'm curious about the man  
who would purchase such swill.

MCGIVERN

That would be me.

CLEARY

(correcting him)

"That would be I." Have you a  
name?

MCGIVERN

McGivern? And you?

CLEARY

Mr. Cleary. I happen to be the  
new housemaster.

They sag collectively. What an asshole. Cleary pretends to wince at the sound. He gestures for McGivern to take it off.

CLEARY

(continuing)

The cultural environment in which one lives ought to be as important as the air he breathes and the food he eats.

McGivern refuses to remove the record. It's a stand off. The pompous young master and the grinning McGivern glare at each other. Finally Cleary reaches over and turns OFF the music.

CLEARY

Thank you.

McGivern has won the battle but made an enemy.

MCGIVERN

Surely in your day you had music, sir.

MR. CLEARLY

Yes, and my day has not passed. David Brubeck, Ray Anthony, Les Elgart... we'll have no problem. Gentlemen, we all have to live here. Let's not bring the jungle into the house, shall we?

He turns and strides to the door. David makes a monkey hoot. Cleary whirls around, red with anger but David looks innocent. Cleary turns and David does a hyena screech. Cleary stares. He can't tell who did it. The boys are struggling mightily to keep from bursting. Cleary sniffs and walks out and pulls the door behind him.

The boys look at each other for a beat, then burst out laughing. They fall on the floor and roll into each other doing all kinds of jungle calls.

MCGOO

God, Greene, where'd you get the balls?

CONNORS

(Blind Mr. McGoo imitation)

Johnston, McGoo. That's like in America.

54 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Boys in robes move from rooms to the bathrooms and back.

55 INT. DAVID AND REECE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Reece, his torso bare, takes off his pants, opens the closet, and drops them on the floor. He chuckles to himself, remembering.

REECE  
You are in, David.

David takes off his jacket, tie.

DAVID  
I hope all the teachers aren't like him. This could be worse than public school.

REECE  
Most of them are okay. Who'd you get for English?

DAVID  
Swanson.

REECE  
Just gush over John Keats and you got it made.

Reece throws on his robe, grabs a towel.

REECE  
(continuing)  
You shower in the morning or night?

DAVID  
Night.

REECE  
Better hurry. We'll just make it before lights out.

He breezes out of the room. David undoes his shirt, takes off his Star of David. He tosses it in his open hand for a beat. What is it, after all? Just a piece of jewelry. He opens his desk drawer and takes out a Band-Aid box. He opens the box, but it is not so easy to hide the piece of jewelry inside. Finally, he does, and he shuts it back in the desk drawer.

56 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

The lights start going out in the building across the campus.

57 INT. FIRST FORM DORM - NIGHT

Six spartan cubicles spin off a common area. A housemaster sits in a beat-up overstuffed chair under a single lamp and reads aloud from "Moby Dick."

58 VARIOUS SHOTS - INCLUDING ONE OF JAMES

shows the boys nodding off to sleep.

59 INT. FRENCH CLASS - DAY (RAIN)

Five other seniors are already there as our group walks in.

60 ON BACK OF TEACHER

as he writes his name on the blackboard. We don't see the name until he turns: "MR. CLEARY."

61 ANOTHER ANGLE

as our boys stop in their tracks.

CLEARY

Well, well... my musical upstairs neighbors.

MCGIVERN

(sotto)

I'm dead.

They hurry to their seats.

CLEARY

Monsieur Renard is cutting back on his teaching load, so I will have the pleasure of teaching this section of French 4.

(continues in French;  
rapidly)

Et cela, messieurs, est le dernier anglais que vous allez entendre pendant cette heure-ci. Ayant étudié français pour trois années, vous devriez pouvoir entretenir des conversations. N'est-ce pas, McGivern? Monsieur McGivern?

(English)

Having studied French for three years, you should be able to carry on conversations. Right, McGivern? Mr. McGivern? And that, gentlemen, is the last English you will hear. N'est ce pas, Monsieur McGivern?

McGivern looks at him blankly for a moment, then --

MCGIVERN

Oui, monsieur.

CLEARY

Alons, \*\*\* (another hard-to-follow  
French speech here)

He interrupts himself to address himself to McGivern.

CLEARY

(continuing)

Monsieur McGivern? Vous suivez?

MCGIVERN

(flustered)

Uh, je suis desole, monsieur, mais  
je n'ai pas parle ni entendu le  
français... uh...

Cleary covers his ears with his hand as though in pain.  
McGivern blurts the rest in English.

MCGIVERN

... since last term sir.

CLEARY

Français! Français!

62 INT. CORRIDOR - LATER

The boys stream out of the French classroom, looking grim.

CONNORS

What's French for asshole?

DAVID

It's not funny. I didn't  
understand two words of that.

MCGIVERN

Yeah, French was my only gut this  
year. The guy's gonna kill me.  
He wants my balls.

DILLON

Well, he does need a pair.

VAN PELT

This is true.

McGivern looks as though he'd love to laugh but he's in too  
much fear and loathing.

63 EXT. QUAD - DAY

The BMOs exit the building to find some organized hazing  
going on.

Several preppies are being outfitted with paper bag blinders, spun around and then sent off on a race.

UPPERCLASSMAN

Win, place, and show will enjoy a week free of humiliation and sleepless nights.

MILLER

As for the rest of you, you'll cry like babies for the comfort of your mother's breast.

The BMOG join in the fun. David stands apart, as an observer at an insiders' event.

VAN PELT

(mimicking the headmaster)

Our mandate here is to toughen the breed. This country needs an elite eager to eschew comfort and embrace hardship.

The Preps lurch off, staggering, bumping into each other and falling, veering in all directions.

Little James is terrified and lifts his bag even before being spun. As punishment they spin him extra hard. He staggers right into the group of BMOG. Dillon takes him by the shoulders and turns him toward the brook.

DILLON

Okay, kid, just run a straight line and you're home free.

James takes off running and trips headlong into the brook. His bag comes off as he thrashes in the water.

VAN PELT

God, Dillon, what a shitty thing to do.

DILLON

Wasn't it? That's why I told the kid my name was Van Pelt.

James crawls up on dry land. David gives him a hand, helps him to his feet. James looks on the verge of tears.

DAVID

I give it a nine point two. The form was excellent but the entry was a little rough.

In spite of himself, James smiles.



64 INT. GYM - DAY

The bustle of the first practice. McGivern and another manager pass out gear to the noisy players, who rush away to try the stuff on. McGivern wears his "Shadow" garb.

65 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY - ANGLE ON COACH AND DILLON

apart from the others.

COACH

I've been thinking it over,  
Dillon, and I think you'd make a  
good halfback.

DILLON

I thought I'd make a good  
quarterback.

COACH

Yeah, you got good stuff... as a  
backup. But I want you to work on  
the blocks, the running. Get used  
to the position.

DILLON

Yeah, all right, halfback.

COACH

Atta boy.  
(moves to center of  
the room)  
Listen up.

They fall silent.

COACH

(continuing)

New face in the varsity this year.  
David Greene.

David is self-conscious, attends to his cleats.

COACH

(continuing)

Greene comes to us from  
Pennsylvania. Plays quarterback.  
Led his team to a league  
championship last year, and it was  
a mighty tough league. So this  
year we're gonna work on a passing  
game. McGivern's gonna give you  
some new plays.

McGivern, The Shadow, starts handing out mimeograph sheets,  
mock-furtively.

MCGIVERN

(whispers)

If captured, eat it.

(to another)

If you're still alive, meet here tomorrow.

COACH

Study 'em tonight. We'll run through 'em tomorrow. Today let's go out and warm up. Hit it!

Noisily they run out of the locker room.

66 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The players run various drills on different areas of the field. A center snaps to David, who lofts passes to Van Pelt and Reece. Van Pelt pulls in a pass and trots back with Reece.

VAN PELT

This guy is good. He could hit a dime.

67 ANOTHER ANGLE - DILLON AND CONNORS

line up vertically with other halfbacks. In turn, they try to get past defensive linemen, who put the hits on them. Connors gets hit good, then trots past Dillon to the end of the line.

CONNORS

Read it and weep, Dillon. Life as you know it has changed.

Dillon takes his turn, tries to get past the linemen and gets knocked on his ass.

68 ANGLE ON SIDELINES - HEADMASTER AND CHAPLAIN

have come by to watch. They see David take a snap and throw a long pass to Reece, effortlessly and naturally. But they seem to take no pleasure in it.

CHAPLAIN

He does have an arm.

HEADMASTER

I can't help wondering if we've done the right thing.

CHAPLAIN

It bothers me, too.

## HEADMASTER

To break nearly two centuries of tradition, just to beat St. Luke's... No sports rivalry is worth... doing this.

## 69 INT. DINING HALL - EVENING

The large room is filling up with boys, all in jackets and ties, finding tables.

## 70 ANGLE ON DILLON, REECE, VAN PELT, CONNORS, MCGIVERN, CHESTY AND MCGOO

walking toward their table. The younger boys recognize their status and move quickly out of the way.

## YOUNGER BOY

Hi, Dillon! How was practice?

Dillon dips his finger into the boy's water glass and flicks the drops at his face. The boy laughs, happy to go along with it. The BMOC's get to their own table and pull out chairs.

## VAN PELT

Where's Greene?

## REECE

I don't know. He was gone when I got back from the library. I thought he'd be here.

## VAN PELT

Save a place for him.

## 71 WIDE ANGLE

The tables fill up quickly. At each table is a teacher, and in some cases a teacher's wife. SWANSON, the English teacher, sits at the BMOC table. He is a poet, teacher, sufferer. Though only in his 30s, he seems ageless.

## 72 REECE

nudges Dillon and nods in the direction of the kitchen.

## 73 THEIR P.O.V. - DAVID

standing with twenty other waiters in white jackets.

## 74 BACK TO SCENE

An odd half-smile crosses Dillon's face, some sense of justice fulfilled. The others are a bit embarrassed, either because their friend has to work his way through school or because they do not.

**75 ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDE**

**PAGE 36**

Everyone in the vast hall remains standing. At one end of the hall is a raised platform containing the head table. Around it stand the headmaster, the chaplain, various senior masters and two (rotating) students. The chaplain intones the grace. All bow.

CHAPLAIN

Thank you, dear God, for your bountiful gifts...

**76 ANGLE ON DAVID**

David bows his head with the others.

**77 ANOTHER ANGLE**

CHAPLAIN OC

(continueing)

...that we are about to receive. Thank you for the wonders of nature and the joys of friendship. In the name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, amen.

The sound of 400 chairs scrapping as everyone sits down. The waiters pass among the tables carrying great platters of food.

DISSOLVE TO:

**78 EXTERIOR. CAMPUS - DAY**

Another day. A PAN of the campus. We see several locals washing the windows. We see other workers mowing the lawn. The drone of work pervades.

GIERASCH OC

Henry VIII assumes throne.

CONNORS OC

1509

GIERASCH OC

Same Henry concocts Church of England.

VAN PELT OC

1534.

**79 INT. HISTORY CLASS - DAY**

Our eight BMOC'S and seven others are sitting rigid before GIERASCH (60) a tough old relic. It's a rapid fire quiz. The boys sit gripping their desks in an effort not to get lost. Riding the academic whitewater.

GIERASCH

Mr. Carruthers? 1649.

CARRUTHERS

(a question)

Charles I was executed?

GIERASCH

Correct. Which resulted in the establishment of...

Gierasch has his face up to Connor's face but suddenly points to Van Pelt

VAN PELT

(affectionately)

A Commonwealth, Mr Gierasch, sir. +

Gierasch is sharp but his old English Corgi, Gulliver, lies next to his desk, sleeping.

GIERASCH

Very good. Mr. Dillon. When did Mary Queen of Scots lose her head?

DILLON

1687.

GIERASCH

Close. You're only a century off. Mr. Greene?

DAVID

1587.

GIERASCH

Indeed.

David breathes a sigh of relief. Gierasch continues.

And what occurred during the years 1553 to 1558?  
Mr. Collins?

MCGOO

That was the reign of Bloody Mary Tudor.

GIERASCH

So it was, which resulted in what, Mr. Reece?

REECE

Persecution of the protestants. Catholicism was restored.

GIERASCH  
How come, Mr. Connors?

CONNORS  
She married whatshisname --  
Phillip.

GIERASCH  
More or less. August 9, 1593.  
Anybody?

They look at him blankly, panicked.

GIERASCH  
(continuing)  
The birth of Izaak Walton. A  
personal favorite.

Dillon turns to David, bewildered, and mouths, "Who?"  
David shrugs. He doesn't know either.

GIERASCH  
(continuing)  
Mr. Dillon. A literary event.  
1611?

Dillon grimaces. He feels he can almost retrieve it from  
his brain but Gierasch is ruthless.

GIERASCH  
(continuing)  
McGivern?

MCGIVERN  
Publication of the King James  
Bible.

GIERASCH  
Correct. Care to try for three,  
Mr. Dillon? I remind you, Mr.  
Dillon, this course has no shallow  
end. Sink or swim.

(to class, exiting)  
A hundred pages of Morrison's  
thorough and excruciatingly  
straightforward text for tomorrow.  
Yes, indeed, Mr. Dillon: tomorrow  
is that day which directly follows  
today.

VAN PELT  
This is true.

80 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HISTORY CLASS - LATER

Busts of Abe Lincoln and George Washington reside here.  
Dillon supports himself against Lincoln.

DILLON  
 Goddamn dates! 1582, 1611... Who  
 gives a shit about dates?!

VAN PELT  
 (wryly)  
 Gierasch appears to enjoy them.

They notice a group of six boys walking in their direction.  
 They are grouped around a transistor and seem distressed.  
 Among them is James.

DAVID  
 Hey, James. What's happened?

JAMES  
 James Dean is dead.

The others are stunned. Each personally touched.

DILLON  
 How?

JAMES  
 Car crash. He wrecked his Porsche  
 going a hundred miles an hour.

CONNORS  
 Wow. |

The whole corridor is full of saddened boys. James is  
 quietly eloquent.

JAMES  
 September 30, 1955.

David turns to Dillon and raises an eyebrow. Dillon  
 acknowledges ruefully.

DILLON  
 Dates!

Dillon is starting to think David is really cool.

81 INT. ISELIN HALL - NIGHT

David is on the hallway pay phone.

82 INT. GREENE HOME - NIGHT

Alan Green is on the phone talking to David. INTERCUT as  
 necessary.

DAVID  
 Keeping up. Holding my own.

GREENE  
How 'bout French?

DAVID  
I hate the teacher.

GREENE  
Everybody hates at least one of  
'em. Don't let it bother you.

DAVID  
Yeah. I'd better get back to the  
books. I'll call you next week.

GREENE  
Okay, back to work. Don't forget  
about Saturday.

DAVID  
Saturday...

GREENE  
It's Rosh Hashana. You didn't  
forget.

DAVID  
... I've got a game against  
Deerfield, Pop.

GREEN  
(cutting him off)  
It's a very holy day, Davy, and it  
goes back a lot longer than any of  
us. You show respect and get to  
Temple somehow.

DAVID  
Okay, sure. Don't worry, Pop...  
Speak to you next week.

We STAY on David as he hangs up the phone, troubled.

83 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Charter buses bearing banners like "DEMOLISH DEERFIELD"  
drive under the archway and leave the campus. Student lean  
out of windows, cheering.

84 EXT. DEERFIELD FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

The first formers, all in the beanies and blazers, wearing  
signs around their necks that read, "DEMOLISH DEERFIELD,"  
march single file into a section of seats reserved for  
them. As they march, they sing the school fight song --  
mostly sopranos.



The St. Matts marching band fanfares a hearse that crawls onto the field. A Deerfield coffin is pushed out the back and five St. Matts cheerleaders leap out after it.

ALL (FIGHT SONG)

\*\*\*

CHEERLEADERS

(exhorting)

Red meat! Red meat! Red meat!  
Red meat!

ST. MATTS FANS

Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat!

85 INT. LOCKER ROOM

The Coach and the team are huddled, down on one knee, praying --

COACH

... help us today to play to the  
best of our God-given abilities,  
for the glory of our school and...

We see a table with a jug of honey and cups (the 1955 version of Gatoraid).

86 EXT. V.I.P SPECTATOR STANDS

The Headmaster and Chaplain shake hands with their COUNTERPARTS from Deerfield and sit down with them.

87 EXT. SPECTATOR STANDS

The cheerleaders pump up the energy.

88 EXT. THE SIDELINES

The St. Matts mascot is a St. Bernard outfitted with papier mache horns and a St. Matt's blanket. He has no idea how dumb he looks. A roar builds. He looks up.

89 EXTREME CLOSE-UP - THE FOOTBALL

sailing end over end in a high arc and landing in the arms of Reece, who makes a short run before the Deerfield team converges on him and brings him down.

90 BRIEF MONTAGE OF PLAYS

to illustrate the same boys play both offense and defense.

91 LINE OF SCRIMMAGE

Now St. Matthew's has possession and David waits for the snap. He calls his signals, gets the ball and fades back.

Van Pelt does a cross-field pattern and finds daylight. David zooms one at him. He catches it and is brought down, but not before a forty-yard gain. The St. Matthew's fans go wild as David trots down the field, a confident leader.

92 ANGLE ON STANDS - TWO HEADMASTERS, TWO CHAPLAINS

DEERFIELD HEAD

That boy's very good. What's his name?

HEADMASTER

Van Pelt. The boys call him Rip. He's the team captain.

CHAPLAIN

I believe he means the boy who threw the pass, Dr. Bartram.

HEADMASTER

Oh. That's David Greene.

93 ANGLE ON THE LINE

David scans the line before the snap.

DAVID

Down... hut one... hut two...

He takes the snap and fakes a handoff to Dillon who plows into a wall of bodies. David spins and runs toward the sideline. He reverses, finds some room and picks up the first down before three opposing players pile on him. One of them tries to twist his head off, really hurting him out of view of the ref. David rolls and does something we don't see, but when the players get to their feet, this one stays down, his hands cupping his crotch.

94 ANGLE ON HEADMASTERS AND CHAPLAINS

The Deerfield duo look at their counterparts critically, disapproving of what they just saw.

CHAPLAIN

(wryly)

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

95 CLOSE ON CLOCK - 55 SECONDS TO PLAY

Deerfield leads 21-20.

96 LINE OF SCRIMMAGE

David takes the snap. He scrambles but finds no one open. He dashes out of bounds for short yardage and stops the clock.

97 ANGLE ON HEADMASTERS AND CHAPLAINS

Something in the attitude of Bartram indicates a loss would give him some satisfaction.

98 CLOSE ON CLOCK - 23 SECONDS TO PLAY

99 IN THE HUDDLE

DAVID

(taking command)

Down... hut one hut two... hut three.

The ball is snapped, the line explodes forward. David scrambles back, looking for the open receiver. The clock ticks down. He sees Reece claiming a corner just shy of the end zone. David sets himself and launches the ball.

100 ON HEADMASTERS AND CHAPLAINS

They rise to their feet.

101 ON THE BALL

A perfect arc. It falls into the hands of Reece, who takes one step in the opposite direction, faking out his tackle, then dives for the end zone. Touchdown!

102 FULL SHOT - STANDS AND FIELD

Pandemonium. David runs downfield to Reece, who runs back to meet him. They tackle each other and the others pile on.

103 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

The CALL for "Lights out!" resounds around the school and the lights in the various buildings are going out.

104 INT. PREPS DORM - NIGHT

The Housemaster reads the younger boys to sleep from a later section of "Moby Dick."

105 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

David sneaks out of his building in pajamas covered with an overcoat. He furtively makes his way across the campus.

106 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

The Headmaster is returning from a formal dinner party with his wife. He notices one light on in the chapel. He tells his wife to go ahead and changes his course for the chapel.

107 INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

David sits in the front row of the empty pews of the chapel. He wears a skull cap on his head. He murmurs, Shima, a Hebrew prayer.

DAVID  
Shima yisrael hasem elokaynu  
hashem echod. Baruch sham kivod  
malchuto liolom vaed.

In the echoing chamber the sound rises even though David is whispering and struggling with the Hebrew words.

108 DAVID'S P.O.V. - THE GILT CROSS

suspended over the altar, the SOUND of David's chant echoing in the chapel.

109 BACK TO SCENE

The Headmaster walks toward him. David HEARS the clicks of his feet on the stone floor and stops his chant.

HEADMASTER  
Who is it?

DAVID  
David Greene, sir.

David guiltily takes off his yarmulke.

HEADMASTER  
What are you doing here, Greene?

DAVID  
Praying, sir.

HEADMASTER  
You realize the chapel is closed  
at this hour?

DAVID  
Does God have a closing time, sir?

The Headmaster looks like Pierre Trudeau. A brittle intellectual with a predator's smile. He enjoys a little sparring.

HEADMASTER  
I should imagine your God allows  
prayer during daylight hours.

DAVID

I couldn't get away before now,  
sir. It's Rosh Hoshana.

(explaining)

The beginning of the Jewish New  
Year.

HEADMASTER

I know what Rosh Hoshana is.

He mispronounces it. Pointedly.

HEADMASTER

(continuing)

And it ends at sunset if I recall  
the custom.

DAVID

Technically. But I didn't think  
it would go over too well if I  
said I couldn't play because of  
Rosh Hoshana.

David emphasizes the proper pronunciation. Pointedly.

DAVID

(continuing)

My scholarship depends on  
football.

HEADMASTER

Yes, I saw the game.  
(unable to give a  
compliment)

You seemed thoroughly concentrated  
on the task at hand.

DAVID

Thank you, sir.

HEADMASTER

Although obviously a majority of  
the trustees disagree, I feel that  
winning football games isn't worth  
the sacrifice of traditions.

DAVID

Your traditions or mine, sir?

Intrigued by David's challenging attitude, he studies David  
like a specimen.

HEADMASTER

You people are... determined,  
aren't you?

DAVID

Sometimes we have to be, sir.

HEADMASTER

I seem to recall a blessing...  
"Blessed are the meek. For they  
shall inherit the earth."

DAVID

I wonder how meek they'll be when  
they do, sir.

HEADMASTER

Are you finished here, Mr. Greene?

DAVID

Yes, sir.

HEADMASTER

Then I suggest you sneak back to  
your room. I shall overlook this  
evening's infraction.

110 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY - PANNING SHOT

A bit of FRENCH MUSIC OVER.

111 INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING, CORRIDOR - DAY

Our BMOC's come out of French class, grim. The familiar  
CHIMING of the bells in the b.g.

MCGIVERN

I can do French to English. The  
son of a bitch knows that, so he  
gives us English to French.

CONNORS

That prick's not going to last  
here, I'll bet you anything.

MCGIVERN

He's not going to last? Connors,  
I flunked that fucking test.

(notices bells)

You know I'm getting sick and  
tired of these bells!

112 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY - MONTAGE

of continued hazing the next day.

A line of preppies are forced to goose step, belly to back,  
to class.

A hapless preppie is relegated to a garbage can, his mouth  
open for donations.

A nervous preppie is instructed to place a cigarette in the bronze founder's lips.

113 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Some students lob a football at the passing Chaplain.

He is a former athlete and neatly fields it, feints and laterals it to Cleary who, surprised, drops the ball and then boots it trying to pick it up.

Even the Chaplain smirks. Everyone hates this pompous young master.

Glaring, Cleary goes back to waxing his '50 MG Roadster, the tweediest car in America at the time. You needed an affected accent just to drive one. He rubs it tenderly, with the care one reserves for a cherished mistress.

114 INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - MAGIC HOUR

CAMERA MOVES through a deserted corridor and into a room.

115 INT. COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

A small room with a conference table, designated for study groups. Our BMOC's sit around the table, except for Dillon. Books and notes are strewn across the table.

116 BACK TO SCENE

VAN PELT

So then James II was disposed...

MCGOO

Right, and William of Orange and Mary were crowned.

CONNORS

The Glorious Revolution. Why'd they call it that?

REECE

We scheduled this study group for Dillon's benefit, the least he could do would be show up.

MCGIVERN

I checked his room. Maybe he's smoking in the Butt Room.

DAVID

I'll go look for him.

He leaves the room.

117 INT. ISELIN HALL ARCHES - NIGHT

David walks under stately cathedral arches, over glistening tile floors that are half mopped by a black janitor who continues mopping.

118 INT. ISELIN HALL ANNEX - NIGHT

David walks purposefully to the Butt Room but he is interrupted by the faint SOUND of a piano coming from one of the rooms. The music is incongruous to the academic setting, but it is played well. David stops at a door and pushes it open.

119 INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

It is a beautiful music room, in dark oak, with a large stone fireplace and leaded glass on the windows. Dillon sits at a grand piano at one end of the huge room. A dim lamp on the piano is the only light.

David shuts the door behind him and walks over to the piano.

DAVID

I didn't know you could play.

DILLON

My little secret.

DAVID

You're really good.

DILLON

I should work at a piano bar. Fuck college. Every night I could wear a tux and play in some smoky bar. Great looking women would lean toward me with big tits hanging out and stuff dollars in my brandy snifter and ask me to play...

(plays and sings)

"Red sails in the sunset..."

DAVID

Sounds good to me.

DILLON

"Way out on the sea..."

DAVID

What about the study group?



DILLON

Fuck history. "Oh, carry my loved one, home safely to me..." Will your parents be coming up for Thanksgiving?

DAVID

No, my father has to work. I have a kid brother and sister, and my mother died three years ago.

DILLON

Yeah? How?

DAVID

Leukemia.

DILLON

Jesus, that's awful. Sorry, David.

David shrugs.

DILLON

(continuing)

My parents'll be here. My asshole brother'll be here. Everybody'll be here, waiting for Charlie to do something stupid.

DAVID

Like what?

DILLON

I don't know. Sully the good name Dillon on the field of honor. You know about my brother'n everything?

DAVID

I heard he was, like, the best quarterback St. Matt's ever had.

DILLON

Between you and me? You're better. But he was good. I used to watch him play... I used to even be proud of him.

DAVID

'Til when?

DILLON

'Til I started playing myself. Everybody kept expecting another Grayson Dillon the Third.

(MORE)

DILLON (cont'd)  
 Everybody kept getting  
 disappointed -- but hiding it very  
 well, I must admit.

DAVID  
 Must be a bitch, being the younger  
 brother. Maybe that's why Petey  
 keeps trying to kill me.

DILLON  
 Oh, I've had those thoughts.

David sits down on the bench next to him.

DAVID  
 I know one song.

DILLON  
 Let me guess.

He starts playing "Chopsticks." David joins in, struggling  
 to keep up. Dillon cranks up the tempo. They both laugh  
 as they play.

120 INT. CHAPEL - DAY

The entire school sings a beautiful hymn.

121 EXT. VARIOUS FOOTBALL FIELDS - DAY - MONTAGE

of several football games played by David and his team.

The opposing players will wear different colored uniforms  
 to indicate a succession of schools. Fans will wear  
 heavier clothes as the weather turns colder. Clearly the  
 key to St. Matthew's team is David Greene's arm. He eludes  
 defensive linemen to buy time. He seems to have peripheral  
 vision. He can consider options, change in mid-stream, and  
 run instead of pass.

122 THE CHAPEL

INTERCUT between the games and the chapel. We see the  
 entire school with voices upraised and soprano voices  
 riding the crest.

123 THE FOOTBALL FIELDS - DAY

In this MONTAGE we get an impression of the brutality of  
 football as they play it. We see seriously injured players  
 going back into the game. We see cotton being shoved up a  
 nose to allow play to continue. Broken fingers taped  
 together.

James has acquired the job of water boy. He reveres David.

124 EXT. QUAD - STATUE OF HENRY MELCHOIR - MAGIC HOUR

It is truly autumn now and the colors have changed. Gierasch, the history teacher, stands alone in the quad, practicing fly casting, his dog at his feet.

125 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The BMOC's and others get ready for the first dance of the year. There is a good bit of movement between showers, mirrors, sinks and toilets. The talk is fast and breezy. David combs his hair, now conservatively cut. McGivern shaves, rinses his razor in a sink full of water. Dillon peers into the sink, as at a scientific experiment.

DILLON

There's nothing there.

MCGIVERN

Screw you, Dillon.

DILLON

Connors, do you see any trace of whisker in this bowl?

MCGIVERN

Screw you guys, I shave twice a week.

Connors does a close examination. Sticks his finger in the water and holds it up to the light.

CONNORS

Wait a minute, I think I got one.

Looks closer. He wipes his finger on Van Pelt's arm.

VAN PELT

(deadpan)

Har-dee-har-har. What a wonderful sense of humor.

MCGIVERN

If I don't get total tit tonight, I'll be using this razor to cut my throat. As I see it, sex is my only reason for living.

DILLON

Then be careful you don't cut your hand.

DAVID

Life isn't over yet, Mac. You can't tell from one interview.

MCGIVERN

Oh? When the guy from Princeton says they might be willing to accept a "C" in French, and you're flunking French, life is pretty much over. Don't you agree?

DAVID

Princeton isn't the only school in the Ivy League.

MCGIVERN

Would someone explain this to our friend from Johnston?

REECE

He has to go to Princeton. Five generations of McGivern's have gone to Princeton.

MCGIVERN

If I don't get in, it means the blood has gone thin. It means the others all had cocks but I just have a wee-wee.

DILLON

Excuse me if I have a hard time sympathizing. Harvard wants quarterly reports on me.

VAN PELT

How 'bout you, Greene?

DAVID

Touch and go. I'm pulling a "C" in French. C plus, maybe.

CONNORS

Don't sweat it. Dillon's brother graduates this year and the backup Harvard quarterbacks are all thumbs. You're in.

CHESTY

I wouldn't go to Harvard if you paid me. All those Jews and communists...

David's eyes flicker, cautious.

VAN PELT

And that's just the faculty.

DILLON

You're both so full of shit.

MCGOO

Jew lover.

DILLON

What do I care how many Jews are in Harvard? They're not in the clubs, you don't have to room with them. It's just like Princeton. You don't have to be around them if you don't want to.

VAN PELT

Why would you want to?

DILLON

I don't want to!

VAN PELT

Then don't go to Harvard.

DILLON

(frustrated)

Help.

DAVID

How would you ever know?

DILLON

What?

DAVID

If you were with... them.

DILLON

Are you kidding? How would you not know? It's kinda hard to miss a hebe.

(finishing preening  
at mirror)

Girls, eat your hearts out.

126 INT. OVERBROOK GIRLS' SCHOOL, FIELD HOUSE - NIGHT

Hundreds of girls, and only girls, mill about nervously in the decorated field house, waiting for the boys.

The band is in place and tuning up. There is an air of anticipation, half-eager, half-dreaded.

Finally, the doors CLATTER open and the boys of St. Matthew's thunder inside to survey the territory and stake their claims. A bunch of them make a straight shot to the refreshments. The band begins playing.

127 INT. FIELD HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

The band plays "Earth Angel."

## 128 A FEMALE CHAPERONE

genially cautions a couple that they are dancing far too close.

CHAPERONE

Don't forget to make room for the Holy Ghost.

## 129 A LITTLE GUY

dances with a tall, limber girl.

## 130 DILLON

is dancing with SALLY WHEELER, 17, a blonde dream. David and Reece watch them. David is mesmerized by Sally.

REECE

You can roll your tongue back up.

DAVID

God, she's beautiful.

REECE

Sally Wheeler. Dillon thinks she's his girlfriend.

DAVID

Is she?

REECE

I hope not.

## 131 THREE YOUNGER BOYS

at the punch bowl. Three girls on the other side. One of the boys extends his finger to another.

Boy #2 yanks his finger and Boy #1 farts and smiles. The girls quickly move away and the boys crack up.

## 132 ANGLE ON MCGIVERN

leaning up against a wall. He is distracted from the dance by some worry. He chews his nails.

## 133 DAVID

is dancing with a girl.

## 134 ANGLE ON SALLY AND DILLON

They stop to watch David. Sally likes what she sees.

SALLY

Isn't that your new quarterback?

DILLON  
Yeah. David Greene. Guy must be  
half-nigger, he can really dance.

SALLY  
Introduce me.

The song ends. David thanks the girl and turns to Dillon and Sally. The sight of Sally rattles him.

DILLON  
Hey, you move as good on the floor  
as you do on the field.  
(introducing)  
Sally Wheeler, David Greene.

SALLY  
Hello.

DAVID  
Hi.

Awkwardly, he extends his hand. She shakes it.

VAN PELT (O.S.)  
Dillon! C'mere a minute.

Dillon turn and sees --

135 DILLON'S P.O.V. - VAN PELT

is at the punch bowl. He is waving Dillon over. Apparently they have a plan to spike the punch and now is the moment.

136 BACK TO SCENE

DILLON  
Be back in a minute.

SALLY  
No rush.

Dillon moves OUT OF FRAME. Sally smiles. David is self-conscious. The band starts playing "Sincerely."

DAVID  
I saw you dancing...

SALLY  
Yes.

DAVID  
... with Dillon.

SALLY  
I saw you, too.

DAVID  
Dillon's a great guy.

SALLY  
He's fun.

DAVID  
Yeah.

A beat of awkwardness, a creeping panic on David's part.

DAVID  
(continuing)  
You think he'll go to Harvard?

SALLY  
Is that what you do with your  
spare time?

DAVID  
What?

SALLY  
Worry about Dillon.

DAVID  
(smiles)  
I don't have any spare time.

SALLY  
Do you like this song, David?

DAVID  
Uh-huh.

She waits pointedly. Finally, it dawns on him.

DAVID  
(continuing)  
Would you like to dance?

Without answering, she drifts into his arms and they move to the music.

DAVID  
(continuing)  
Are you two going steady?

SALLY  
Our families share some woods in  
Maine. We've known each other  
since we were five. We're thrown  
together so often some people  
think we're going steady. But  
some people think wrong.



DAVID

Yeah, I know how it is. My family shares some woods in Pennsylvania.

(beat)

Only we share them with three hundred thousand other people.

SALLY

You must think I'm a spoiled brat. I am.

DAVID

I think you're so... unbelievably pretty.

SALLY

(flattered, a little rattled)

Thank you.

DAVID

I sound like a real nose-bleed. Don't tell your roommate, okay?

SALLY

You know my roommate?

DAVID

No, I just don't want her to know.

SALLY

I think you're pretty, too.

Dillon returns, taps David on the shoulder. David gives her up.

DILLON

Thanks for taking care of my girl.

David watches her dance away like a beautiful apparition that came into his life and that quickly departed.

137 EXT. CAMPUS - MORNING

A group of First Formers in beanies police the area for tiny bits of litter.

Our boys are walking to class, slowly, contemplatively. McGivern recites as they walk.

MCGIVERN

"Mon esprit n'est pas assez fort -  
- la maratalite Pese lourdement  
sur moi comme un sommeil sans le  
vouloir..."

DAVID  
Now, that's French.

MCGIVERN  
It better be. It's worth ten percent of the final.

CONNORS  
If some French babe was here and she heard that French, she'd take off her shirt.

DILLON  
No, she'd take off everything!

VAN PELT  
(imagining it)  
Except her garters.

CONNORS  
And maybe her high heels.

138 INT. CLEARY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Cleary sits at a student's desk in the back of the room.

McGivern, overwrought, stands in front of the class. He's sweating, his eyes full of anxiety.

MCGIVERN  
"En Voyant les Marbres d'Elgin.  
Mon esprit n'est pas assez fort...  
Mon esprit est trop faiable -- la  
mortalite Pese lourdement sur moi  
comme un Sommeil sans le  
vouloir..."

CLEARY  
Monsieur McGivern, pas "sans le  
vouloir." Cen'ext pas  
grammatiquement correct.  
"Involontaire -- unsommeil  
involotaire."

McGivern is buckling under the pressure and will only get worse as he goes on. His friends look at each other grimly.

MCGIVERN  
"... comme un commeil  
involontaire. Et chaque sommet  
imginaire it raide De lad  
difficulte de dieu..."

CLEARY

Pas "de dieu," monsieur McGivern,  
divine. "Da la difficulte  
divine."

MCGIVERN

"De la difficulte divine me dit  
que je dois mourir Comme un aigle  
malade qui regarde le ciel.  
Cependant c'est une douce luxe..."

CLEARY

Repetez, douce luxe.

MCGIVERN

Douce luxe?

CLEARY

Encore.

MCGIVERN

Douce luxe.

CLEARY

Continuez.

MCGIVERN

"... c'est une douce luxe de  
crier..."

CLEARY

(extremely impatient)  
Monsieur McGivern, crier, c'est ce  
qu'on fait quand on a tres peur!  
Pleurer! Pleure! Pleurer!

McGivern can't go on. He's destroyed. He looks at the  
class in a beat of desperation, then bolts for the door.

CLEARY

(continuing; amused)  
Au revoir, monsieur McGivern.

139 EXT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - DAY

The boys come out of class, angry at what they witnessed.

DILLON

That asshole Cleary!

CONNORS

Sadistic cocksucker.

REECE

God, Mac was doing all right.

DAVID  
What about Mac? Is he gonna be  
okay?

CONNORS  
Yeah, just let him alone for  
awhile.

VAN PELT  
Poor bastard...

140 INT. ISELIN HALL - NIGHT - CLOSE-UP - DANGLING RECEIVER  
The wall pay phone in the corridor at Iselin Hall swings  
unattended.

VOICE (OVER)  
Greene! Phone! It's your sister!

141 ANGLE - DAVID  
as he comes INTO SHOT and picks it up warily.

DAVID  
Hello?

142 INT. SALLY'S DORM, HALLWAY - NIGHT  
Sally Wheeler is on the pay phone. INTERCUT as necessary  
with David at Iselin Hall.

SALLY  
Hi... it's Sally Wheeler.

DAVID  
Hi. Where are you?

SALLY  
I'm at school. In the dorm.

Cleary appears at the end of the hall. He looks at David  
and taps his watch. David nods.

SALLY  
(continuing)  
Are you studying?

DAVID  
Yeah. Chemistry.

SALLY  
I hate chemistry.

DAVID  
Me, too.

SALLY  
Do you know Tim's Diner?

Connors walks by, stops.

CONNORS  
(whispers)  
Have you seen McGivern?

DAVID  
(into phone)  
Hold on a sec.

He covers the phone with his hand and talks to Connors.

DAVID  
(continuing; to  
Connors)  
No, haven't you?

CONNORS  
Not since French class. It's  
almost lights out. Where the hell  
is he?

DAVID  
Check with Dillon and Van Pelt.

CONNORS  
Yeah, okay.

Connors goes away.

DAVID  
(into phone)  
I'm back. Tim's Diner?

SALLY  
It's in town, kind of a hang-out.  
I thought, tomorrow night, if you  
weren't busy, with chemistry, we  
could -- my mother would throw a  
fit.

DAVID  
Your mother? Why?

SALLY  
Here I am, calling up a boy for a  
date. Shameful.

DAVID  
What time?

143 CAMPUS - NIGHT

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Assorted production shots of boys with flashlights search the boathouse, the chapel, the bell tower. Including Chesty and Emile opening doors along a corridor.

144 EXTERIOR. ISELIN HALL . NIGHT

The flashlights converge from several directions to the steps of Iselin Hall. About a dozen Sixth Formers have joined the BMOC in the search. The teams report to Connors and Dillon..

DAVID  
(arriving, frustrated)  
We just re-checked all the dorms.

VAN PELT  
And the commons.

MILLER  
He's not in the gym or the field house.

Chesty arrives, ashen faced.

CHESTY  
Connors! Guys! The french class!

CONNORS  
What? You found him?

Chesty won't answer. He just looks back in the direction he ran from.

145 EXTERIOR. ACADEMIC BUILDING. NIGHT

David and Reece trail behind the striding Connors as he mounts the stairs.

REECE  
Why would he be in French class?

Connors and David don't want to imagine.

146 INTERIOR. ACADEMIC BUILDING. HALL. NIGHT

Connors, David and Reece arrive at the classroom. The light through the opaque door window is off.

REESE  
(hopefully)  
He's not here. The light's off.

They open the door. It is dark. They take a big breath and enter.

David, Reece and Connors enter. their flashlights crisscrossing until all three beams focus on a desk. A blazer is neatly folded on it. Next to it a carefully rolled school tie.

CONNORS

McGive?

The beams search the room. and stop. On the blackboard is written "Monsieur Cleary est une merde."

McGivern is found sitting on the floor behind a desk. He smiles wanly.

DAVID

Hi.

Something is very wrong. McGivern is quietly reciting the botched lesson in French.

MCGIVERN

Mon esprit n'est pas assez fort. Mon esprit est trop faible -- la mortalite presse lourdement sur moi comme un sommeil involontaire.

McGivern has finally got it right. But he is genuinely mad.

MIGIVERN

"...comme un sommeil involontaire. Et chaque sommet imginaire it raide De la difficulte divine me dit que je dois mourir. Comme un aigle malade qui regarde le ciel. Cependant c'est une douce luxe..."

David kneels and starts solemnly reciting the lesson with McGivern. The others bolt for help.

#### 147-A EXTERIOR CAMPUS. NIGHT

An ambulance crosses the lawn. Students stream from dorms.

#### 147-B INTERIOR. FRENCH CLASS. NIGHT.

Two ambulance attendants escort the blanketed McGivern from the class. David follows. As he leaves he pauses at the "Monsieur Cleary est une merd." on the blackboard.

He slowly picks up a chalk and corrects the spelling of "merd" by adding an "e".

#### 148 EXYERIOR . CAMPUS - NIGHT

An ambulance is parked by the chapel, its light revolving. The whole student body seems to be gathered in bathrobes. The Headmaster and the Chaplain try to calm them. Two paramedics bring McGivern to the ambulance, wrapped and sedated on a stretcher.

REECE

See? The light is off.

They open the door. It is dark. They take a big breath and enter.

147 INT. FRENCH CLASSROOM - NIGHT

David, Reece and Connors enter, their flashlights criss-crossing until all three beams focus on a desk. A blazer is neatly folded on it. Next to it, a carefully rolled school tie.

CONNORS

McGive?

The beams search the room and stop. On the blackboard is written "M. Cleary est un merde." McGivern is found sitting on the floor behind a desk. He smiles wanly.

DAVID

Hi.

Something is very wrong. McGivern is quietly reciting the botched lesson in French.

MCGIVERN

Mon esprit n'est pas assez fort.  
Mon esprit est trop faible -- la  
mortalite presse lourdement sur  
moi comme un sommeil involontaire.

McGivern has finally got it right. But he is quietly quite mad.

MCGIVERN

(continuing)

"... comme un sommeil  
involontaire. Et chaque sommet  
imginaire it raide De la  
difficulte divine me dit que je  
dois mourir. Comme un aigle  
malade qui regarde le ciel.  
Cependant c'est une douce luxe..."

David kneels and starts solemnly reciting the lesson with McGivern. The others bolt for help. Then David stares at the blackboard. He slowly picks up a piece of chalk and adds an "e" to the word "un."

148 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

An ambulance is parked by the chapel, its light revolving. The whole student body seems to be gathered in bathrobes. The Headmaster and the Chaplain try to calm them. Two paramedics bring McGivern to the ambulance, wrapped and sedated on a stretcher.



The Chaplain leans over and whispers a few words of comfort. McGivern's friends look on in disbelief. David sees Cleary nearby. He pushes by some students and confronts him.

DAVID

You did this! You rode him till he broke. You wouldn't let up. You picked on him and picked on him... What did he ever do to you?

David is a beat away from jumping him. Dillon pulls him away. He walks him away from Cleary as they close the doors on the ambulance and drive away.

149 EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

David and Dillon sit side by side on the dock by the pond. It is chilly -- they are in robes and p.j.'s. David has his head in his hands, fighting back tears.

DAVID

Goddamn Cleary. Goddamn son of a bitch. He's not that much older than us, how can he be that way? I'd like to break his face.

DILLON

He's an asshole with power. The world is full of 'em.

DAVID

God, did you see Mac? He didn't even look like himself. He looked like some wild animal, nuts.

DILLON

I know, it was horrible. But, David, you can't go after a teacher like that. It's the end if you do.

DAVID

If I told my friends back home about this, they wouldn't believe me. Over a failing grade in French?

DILLON

Good grades. The right school. The right college. The right connections. Those are the keys to the kingdom. Nobody in our crowd ever goes off and lives by his wits.

(MORE)

DILLON (cont'd)

We do the things they tell us to do, and then they give us the good life. I goddamn hope we'll like it when we get it.

DAVID

What'll happen to Mac?

DILLON

He won't be back.

DAVID

Man, I heard about nervous breakdowns, but I always thought they happened to women, you know, who were forty years old. I never realized a kid my age could have one.

DILLON

When I was a sophomore, one of the seniors killed himself. Hung himself in the gym.

DAVID

(struck)

Why?

DILLON

He... uh... he didn't get into Harvard.

DAVID

Shit, I want to go to Harvard -- that's why I came here -- but I'll be goddamned if I croak myself if I don't get it.

DILLON

I envy you.

DAVID

Me? Why?

DILLON

If you get what you want, you'll deserve it. If you don't, you'll manage. You don't have to live up to anybody else's expectations. You are who you are. That's really what draws people to you -- not that you're the cool quarterback.

David looks guilty, having his life drawn into such sharp focus.

DAVID

Come on, you're the most popular  
guy on campus.

DILLON

If my name weren't Dillon, it'd be  
different.

DAVID

Bullshit.

DILLON

Don't forget my last name is  
Dillon. Son of Grayson Junior,  
brother of Grayson the Third. I'm  
a Dillon.

(laughs bitterly)

I'm part of those right  
connections I was telling you  
about.

DAVID

People don't care about that.

DILLON

You'll see.

150 INT. TIM'S DINER - NIGHT

A nondescript town diner. Sally sits in a booth, doing  
homework and smoking a cigarette. She checks her watch and  
frowns.

151 EXT. TIM'S DINER - NIGHT

David waits on the sidewalk near Tim's Diner. In the b.g.  
is a small town movie theater with a marquee that reads  
JAMES DEAN in "REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE."

David is waiting for 10:30 exactly. When the large clock  
strikes, he shoots his cuffs and enters the diner.

152 INT. TIM'S DINER - NIGHT

David joins Sally at her booth. Acting debonair.

DAVID

I'm sorry I'm late.

SALLY

You're not late. I'm early. I  
love this place. It's nasty.

She smiles. Her radiant blonde beauty combined with her  
slightly dark, natural power are overwhelming. David is  
momentarily speechless.

DAVID  
Things are kinda hairy at school.

SALLY  
(softly)  
How's McGivern?

DAVID  
I don't know. They sent him home.

SALLY  
Poor McGive.

153 ANGLE ON JUKEBOX - EXTREME CLOSE-UP - WURLITZER

selecting a .45, and a needle coming down on it. The SONG is "It's A Sin To Tell A Lie" by Smith and the Redheads.

154 INT. TIM'S DINER - NIGHT

An hour later. The diner is now almost deserted. David and Sally sit nursing coffees. The ice is broken and they both laughing as Sally tells a story.

SALLY  
... and thank God it was a Western saddle. I just held on for dear life 'til the pony got tired. What did you do with your Saturdays in Johnston?

DAVID  
Let's see, Saturday was garbage day.

SALLY  
Garbage day?

DAVID  
Yeah, we had to take our own trash to the dump. We took it to this deep pit. One day, my father and I see these two guys, and one of them's got a rope around his waist and he's holding a net bag, and his buddy holds the other end of the rope and lowers him into the pit.

SALLY  
Yuk! What for?

DAVID  
They were scavenging for tin cans.

SALLY  
God, who'd want to do that?

DAVID

That's what I said to my dad. He gave me a long hard look and said, "Davy, it's an honest living." I never forgot that. The old man made me go through our garbage and pick out the cans for them.

She's reflectively appraising him with a tilted head.

DAVID

(continuing)

Hello? Sally?

SALLY

You're different... from the other boys.

DAVID

How's that?

SALLY

They don't have stories like that. If they did, they wouldn't ever tell them. I never knew anyone quite like you.

DAVID

That makes us even.

155 EXT. TIM'S DINER - NIGHT

They dash for a bus that's pulled to a stop. As she boards:

SALLY

'Night, David.

DAVID

I'll call you.

SALLY

Your turn.

The door shuts, then opens again. She jumps off, kisses him quickly, and jumps back on the bus. The bus pulls away.

David is on Cloud Nine. Behind him we see part of a movie poster of James Dean.

156 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Football practice. Our boys are doing their laps, in full gear. They job in a pack because they are having a meeting.

DAVID

Come on, guys, it's perfect.

157 INT. CLEARY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The class assembled, except for McGivern, who is still hospitalized. They have a plan, evidently: the silence is ominous as Cleary enters. McGivern's empty desk has a tri-color flag draped over it.

CLEARY

Bonjour, messieurs.

As if on cue, the class begins -- very quietly at first -- to hum the tune of the Marseillaise.

CLEARY

(continuing)

Nous allons commencer avec le  
prochain poeme de Charles  
Baudelaire...

His eye searches for a plausible person who will break the humming challenge.

CLEARY

(continuing)

Monsieur Reece...

Reece hums as if he had not heard. Cleary tries to stay cool. He turns to David.

CLEARY

(continuing)

Monsieur Greene, comme le seul  
etudiant de vrai valeur dans cette  
glaere, commencez la lecture, je  
vous prie...

David torn, but he resists. He hangs loyal with the class. He intones the Marseillaise with the others. Shades of Casablanca! Cleary begins to panic.

CLEARY

(continuing)

Stop this. Stop this now. You  
understand?

They all shake their heads and go on singing relentlessly. Reece is sketching and we now see Cleary as Louis XVI with his head poking through the hole in the guillotine as he awaits decapitation.

158 EXT. ST. MATTHEW'S FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The homecoming game against arch rival St. Luke's.

Students, families, and alumni are gathering around the football field where a preliminary soccer game is in progress.

People are filling the stands. It's football weather, brisk and clear. The first formers march into the stadium wearing signs around their necks: "LAMBASTE ST. LUKE'S."

159 ANGLE ON PARKING LOT

There are still a number of tailgate parties going on. We COME IN on two woody wagons parked close together. On one side, GRAYSON and ELIZABETH DILLON and son GRAY, 21, Dillon's brother. Gray is the Ivy League man.

On the other side, MR. and MRS. WHEELER and daughter Sally. They sit on deck chairs. Comfortable, even funky in their aristocracy, as they pour champagne and eat sandwiches.

GRAYSON

We'll dispose of this bottle and then we'll watch St. Matt's dispose of St. Luke's.

GRAY

I'll drink to that.

WHEELER

Grayson, don't inspire me to increase my bet.

GRAYSON

I'd be taking advantage. You haven't seen our secret weapon.

WHEELER

No, but I've heard all about him.

MRS. DILLON

Here come the heroes now.

160 THEIR P.O.V. - DILLON AND DAVID

as they approach. Dillon is insouciant. David is polite.

161 BACK TO SCENE

DILLON

Hi! Mom, Dad, Gray, this is David Greene. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, David Greene. You met Sally.

A look passes between David and Sally. She smirks.

DAVID

How do you do?... Hello, Sally.

Dillon falls to stuffing some of the goodies into his mouth.

GRAYSON

So, Greene. Are we going to punish St. Luke's for their arrogance?

DAVID

Severely, sir.

MRS. DILLON

Charlie, stop eating, you'll be playing soon.

GRAYSON

Wheeler here had the misfortune of attending St. Luke's.

WHEELER

Proud of it. You're at the end of your winning streak, son.

David smiles confidently. David and Sally can't keep their eyes from straying to each other.

MRS. DILLON

You'll join us for dinner? No matter who wins.

DAVID

Sure. Thanks. We'd better get back.

Dillon grabs one more snack to go.

DILLON

Yeah. See you later.

DAVID

Nice meeting you.

David smiles good-bye to Sally and she brazenly chances a blown kiss. David has to turn his head and the two boys trot away.

MRS. DILLON

He's cute.

The women start cleaning the tailgates.

WHEELER

Now, really, Grayson, who found the boy?



GRAYSON  
 (shrugs)  
 He applied, just like anybody  
 else.

CUT TO:

162 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY - THE KICKOFF

St. Matthew's kicks off and the game is underway.

163 VARIOUS SHOTS AND ANGLES

The game is played dead even, because of excellent defensive play. Both quarterbacks get sacked hard. David moves them with short passes to the thirty-five yard line. Dillon runs to David as they go back to the huddle.

DILLON  
 They're looking for a pass, David.  
 I'll have the whole right side.

David looks skeptical.

DILLON  
 (continuing)  
 C'mon, David, my dad's here. I  
 can take it all the way.

164 ANGLE ON HUDDLE

They get into the huddle. A player runs in from the bench.

PLAYER  
 Fake over tackle right and pass to  
 the flats left.

Dillon looks at David pleadingly. David hesitates.

DAVID  
 I formation. Dillon takes it  
 around the right end. On three.  
 Break.

Dillon beams. They break and line up.

165 ANGLE ON THE LINE

The ball is snapped. David fakes a pass and hands off to Dillon, who immediately gets creamed by two linemen. He fumbles the ball. St. Luke's scoops it up and runs all the way for a touchdown.

166 ANGLE ON COACH

He's furious.

COACH  
What's going on out there?

167 ANGLE ON THE DILLONS

Grayson and Gray share an embarrassed look.

168 ANGLE ON THE SIDELINES

DAVID  
I thought we'd catch 'em off guard.

COACH  
You thought? I sent in a play!  
You think when I don't send in a play!

169 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Eight seconds left in the first half. David drops back with the snap. He's about to be sacked, but he slips low and reverses direction, running back to about the 50 yard line. He unleashes a long pass, high in the air. Van Pelt goes up for it in the end zone, has it in his hands but can't control it. The ball falls to the ground.

170 ON SCOREBOARD

The first half ends with St. Luke's ahead, 7-0.

171 THE FIELD

The marching band marches onto the field.

172 ANOTHER ANGLE - HALF-TIME

Alumni in bowlers and name tags mill about in the stands and on the track, renewing old acquaintances, as floats made by the various classes, and convertibles carrying honored guests, roll around the track.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
(on P.A.)  
Riding in the new black  
Thunderbird, St. Matthew's oldest  
living alumnus, Franklin Benson,  
class of 1880.

A wizened old man raises a shaky hand and waves to the crowd.

173 IN THE STANDS

People applaud.

174 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY - ST. MATTHEW'S TEAM

trot out to their bench and line up facing the stands, suggesting some tradition.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(on P.A.)

Ladies and gentlemen, each year at Homecoming, three alumni are named to the St. Matthew's Football Hall of Fame. Until the announcement is made, not even the honorees know who will be named. This year's inductees to the Hall of Fame are: from the class of '28, U.S. Senator Calvin Know... Fullback...

As the winners are announced, we see them move from the stands to the field.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(continuing; on P.A.)

From the class of '43, center, Robert Sanderson... and from the class of '47, the youngest member of the Hall of Fame, quarterback Grayson Dillon the Third.

175 ON GRAY

Surprised, overcome. Grayson, thrilled and proud, shakes his hand. His mother kisses him. He runs to the field.

176 ON DILLON AND HIS TEAMMATES

applauding Gray as he joins the other two.

DILLON

(to David)

Just what I needed.

CUT TO:

177 FOOTBALL MONTAGE

- a) Dead even play until St. Matthews sets up for a field goal from the 35. Connors is the kicker, David holds. The kick is good.
- b) ON SCOREBOARD: 7-3. Less than three minutes left to play.
- c) ON FIELD: David keeps hitting short passes to move the ball downfield.

- d) ON THE LINE: The ball is snapped, David fades back. He throws a pass to Reece, who looks like he might break away but is brought down on the ten yard line.
- e) DAVID AND DILLON: They go back to the huddle.

DILLON

Give me another chance. I can get ten yards, I know I can. Let me make up for that fumble.

DAVID

The coach calls the plays.

They go into the huddle. David looks to the bench. No play is sent in. It's up to him. He looks at the clock.

- f) SCOREBOARD: 28 seconds to play. Third down.
- g) FROM THE GROUND UP: At the faces of the boys in the huddle. David looks at Dillon.

DILLON

It's up to you. Call the play.

DAVID

We're gonna win this game, right now.

Dillon looks hopeful.

DAVID

(continuing)

Power ten on one... power ten on one... Dillon, I'm coming right behind you, so make a hole. You hear me?

Dillon looks disappointed, but he bites the bullet. He nods.

DAVID

(continuing)

On one. Break!

- h) ON THE LINE: The ball is snapped. Dillon makes a great block, opening up the line. David springs behind him. He bounces between two moving walls of flesh, picking up yard by excruciating yard. He's apparently stopped at the one yard line, but he twists, explodes in a secondary effort, and reaches his hand with the ball firmly in it over the line, as time runs out. The referee's hand fly up. Touchdown! The crowd goes wild. The team sweeps up David and carries him off on their shoulders, as Dillon picks himself up off the ground. The field quickly fills with people.

SCENE 178 CONTINUED.

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Stone and dark wood, a roaring fire in a huge stone fireplace. A TRIO in tuxedos plays. A few couples dance.

David sits at a large table with the Dillons and the Wheelers. He is relatively at ease, though he has never been in a place like this, with people like this.. A waiter takes away their dinner plates

GRAYSON

We'll look at the dessert cart, since dinner is on Mr. Wheeler here.

WHEELER

I consider it a moral victory. It could have gone either way.

GRAYSON

There is no column in the record book for the moral victories. How do you like our little club, David?

DAVID

It's unbelievable. In Johnston, a club is three guys who chipped in to buy an old Buick.

Grayson cracks up. The others laugh with him.

GRAYSON

Good arm, good sense of humor. Not a bad combination.

Grayson laughs again. We can tell he likes David. At that moment, TOM KEATING, a man Grayson's age, stops at their table on the way to the bar. He is already slightly drunk.

KEATING

Hello, Grayson.

GRAYSON

Tom Keating, how are you?

KEATING

I wouldn't have missed it for the world. That new quarterback is the great white hope, isn't he?

GRAYSON.

Yes, and you can shake his hand.  
(to David)

David Greene, this is Tom Keaton- one of our trustees.

KEATING

Son, on behalf of the old guard, many thanks. It's good to be a winner again.

GRAYSON  
You know the Wheelers...

KEATING  
Yes, hello again.

GRAYSON  
And my boys, Gray and Charlie.

KEATING  
Of course, congratulations, Gray,  
quite an honor.

GRAYSON  
(polite lie)  
Call me in the city, Tom, we'll  
get together.

KEATING  
(knows it's a lie)  
I'll do that, Grayson. Have a  
nice evening. Gray, I'd like to  
introduce you to someone. Do you  
mind?

Gray rises and follows Keating, who walks a little unsteadily. Gray gives the others a parting smile, acknowledging the demands of celebrity.

MRS. GRAYSON  
I believe Tom Keating has had a  
drink or two.

MRS. WHEELER  
He does have that problem.

WHEELER  
Remember that time he brought a  
Jew lawyer here from Boston for a  
round of golf?

Grayson looks at his drink. He doesn't like the drift of the conversation.

WHEELER  
(chuckling)  
Reminds me. Did you hear the one  
about the Jewish lawyer who \*\*\*  
(joke to come)

The joke gets a laugh and David finds himself laughing along with the others because they look at him to share their amusement.

MRS. GRAYSON

(rising)

Excuse me, I see Mrs. Bartrum left unattended. Please, don't get up.

She goes in the direction of the Headmaster's wife. They greet affectionately.

WHEELER

(to his wife)

How 'bout a dance?

MRS. WHEELER

If one of these young men would dance with Sally.

SALLY

Mother.

Dillon moves to stand, but his father holds him back.

GRAYSON

David, do you mind? I'd like to have a word with this guy.

David looks from Dillon to Sally. Deadpan.

DAVID

Would you like to dance?

SALLY

Sure.

DAVID

Okay.

Suppressing smiles, they go off to the dance floor.

GRAYSON

(jocular)

Hope he doesn't mind. Just wanted to talk with you a sec.

DILLON

Oh, he'll survive.

Grayson wants to have a heart to heart with Dillon, but Dillon is already defensive.

GRAYSON

How's everything going, Charlie? Old Gierasch giving you the gears like he gave me?

DILLON

Dad. I can handle Gierasch.

GRAYSON  
It's just that in the first term  
your history marks were...

DILLON  
(interrupting)  
I'm going to get into Harvard.

GRAYSON  
I'm not saying that at all. Of  
course you'll get into Harvard,  
but if you don't I'll be happy as  
long as you did your best.

DILLON  
So you don't think I will.

GRAYSON  
(giving up)  
Let's not argue, today of all  
days. It's a celebration. You  
guys beat St. Luke's. Nobody  
thought you had a chance.

Grayson leads him to the bar. As they walk Dillon glances  
out to the dance floor. David and Sally have danced across  
the floor.

179 ANGLE ON SALLY AND DAVID

They have managed to dance far enough away to talk.

SALLY  
I feel like I'm going crazy trying  
not to look at you.

DAVID  
Me, too. Do you think anyone can  
tell?

SALLY  
If they're not blind. Am I all  
sweaty and red in the face?

David wipes some moisture off her upper lip. She groans  
with desire.

DAVID  
You look like an angel.

SALLY  
Who will scream if she doesn't get  
you alone.

She pretends to suppress a scream by biting into David's  
shoulder. She really does it. David laughs, has to hold  
her away.



SALLY  
 (continuing)  
 What are you looking at?

DAVID  
 Poor Dillon. He looks like he's  
 dying.

SALLY  
 If you mention Charlie Dillon once  
 more, I will sit down in a huff.  
 I will, too. You know I'm a  
 spoiled brat.

DAVID  
 Dillon, Dillon, Dillon.  
 (and for good  
 measure)  
 Charlie, Charlie, Charlie.

She loves it. She pulls him closer. She doesn't care if  
 anyone sees.

SALLY  
 Ohhhhh. You're awfully mean to  
 me.

DAVID  
 Yeah, but I'm nice to everybody  
 else.

SALLY  
 (turning serious)  
 I think about you a lot more than  
 you know.

DAVID  
 That's too bad.  
 (a delicious beat)  
 Because if you think about me as  
 much as I think about you, you're  
 going to flunk out of school.

A beaming tuxedoed alumnus, MORTON, slaps him on the back.

MORTON  
 Nice game, Mr. Greene.

DAVID  
 Uh, thank you.

MORTON  
 Dollard Morton. Class of '35.  
 I'd like you to meet my daughter,  
 Amanda.

As David is politely shaking hands with them, Sally is pinching him. Then they sweep together again, forgetting about Dillon for a moment.

180 ANGLE ON DILLON

Dillon has escaped his father and is looking for David and Sally when he is ambushed by his older brother. Full of patronizing good will.

GRAY

Hey, you played a great game today, Charlie.

DILLON

Not as good as David.

GRAY

Don't sell yourself short. That was a key block. Without it, David couldn't have won the game.

Dillon smolders. Gray addresses the truth.

GRAY

(continuing)

Please don't let my aware take anything away from your day.

DILLON

Of course not. I threw a good block, you got into the Hall of Fame.

GRAY

Come on, people are just born with different abilities.

DILLON

In other words, I should accept my mediocrity.

Gray is at a loss. At that moment they both see David and Sally dancing happily.

GRAY

Well, David sure knows how to enjoy himself.

DILLON

Yeah, with my girl.

Dillon sets out in their direction.

181 ANGLE ON DAVID AND SALLY

David and Sally are at the opposite bar.

SALLY  
It'll be so much fun. Some kids  
are getting rooms at the Plaza...  
there'll be tons and tons of  
parties.

DAVID  
I don't know. My father...

SALLY  
Go see your father and then come  
to the city.

Dillon comes up behind them. He misses her remark. David  
and Sally stare. Dillon takes Sally by the hand and pulls  
her to the floor.

DILLON  
(to David)  
Thanks for taking care of my girl.

Sally pulls away from him.

SALLY  
Stop saying that.

Dillon stares. This is a bombshell.

SALLY  
(continuing)  
You don't own me, you know.

She positions herself between David and Dillon. Dillon  
looks to David.

DILLON  
What the hell is this?

SALLY  
I've been telling you forever that  
it's not like that between you and  
me.

He reaches for her hand again. She jumps closer to David  
who is trapped, helpless.

DILLON  
Come on, Sally, you're  
embarrassing me in front of my  
friend. Let's go take a walk and  
talk.

SALLY  
I'm sorry I have to be so blunt,  
Charlie, but there's really  
nothing to talk about.

She turns her back on Dillon and smiles apologetically to David.

SALLY  
(continuing)  
I'm sorry, David.

DAVID  
Look, Charlie...

DILLON  
Screw you, friend!

Dillon turns and exits. David starts after him, but Sally grabs his arm.

SALLY  
Let him alone, David.

David's instinct is to go after Dillon, but he is confused, and Sally is firm.

SALLY  
(continuing)  
I know him. He just needs time to cool off. I'll speak to him later.

182 ANGLE ON PERFORMERS

Time has passed. The trio is replaced with an all boy a cappella group from St. Matthews in the manner of the Yale Wiffenpoofs. Eight younger boys with an upperclassman holding a pitch pipe.

GROUP  
(singing)  
"He's the one the girls adore.  
Oh what fun when he's ashore.

CAMERA MOVES from singers to the bar where Keating, Gray and REYNOLDS (42), another alumnus are serving themselves from a pyramid of champagne glasses.

Dillon joins them. Keating raises his glass.

KEATING  
To the victors! Where's your friend?

DILLON  
What friend? Do I get a drink?

KEATING  
Absolutely.

DILLON

Scotch 'n soda.

Keating gives the other two a funny look and turns to the bartender.

KEATING

Dewar's and soda. You ever meet Cal Reynolds, Charlie? Class of '21?

DILLON

No, how do you do?

REYNOLDS

(shaking his hand)

Hi, Charlie. Congratulations.

KEATING

St. Luke's class of '21. That's why he looks so down in the mouth.

REYNOLDS

I wish we had found that Greene kid first.

KEATING

Why? St. Luke's wouldn't have taken him.

REYNOLDS

No, probably not.

KEATING

Ah, your drink.  
(hands it to Dillon)  
To St. Matt's!

REYNOLDS

Yeah, all right, if you insist.

They drink.

DILLON

Why wouldn't St. Luke's take him?

REYNOLDS

Greene? They wouldn't have enrolled a Jew, not even for a championship.

GRAY

(shocked)

A Jew?

Reynolds and Keating turn to the bar to order refills.

Dillon is absolutely stunned. He turns toward the dance floor.

183 DILLON'S P.O.V. - DAVID AND SALLY

David and Sally are seen walking out onto a balcony. They are the picture of a young couple falling in love.

184 ANGLE ON BAR

Dillon quaffs another champagne. His head turns toward the dance floor. David and Sally are gone.

185 EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

David and Sally stare wordlessly into each other's eyes. David is about to kiss her when she stops his face in her hands and studies it.

SALLY  
(profoundly)  
I just want to remember this.

They kiss passionately.

186 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Van Pelt is at the mirror brushing his teeth. We hear the WATER RUNNING in the shower behind him.

VAN PELT  
I can't believe I dropped that pass in the end zone.

REECE (O.S.)  
Neither can I.

VAN PELT  
That's it, punish me.

187 INT. COMMUNAL SHOWERS - NIGHT

REECE  
Suffer.

DAVID  
Forget it, Rip. We won.

David, Reece and two other BOYS are showing. Dillon steps into the shower. David tenses a bit, expecting hard feelings.

REECE  
Hey, Dillon, what a block, boy.

VAN PELT (O.S.)  
I taught him all he knows.

DILLON

God save me.

DAVID

(relaxes)

You did play a great game, Dillon.

DILLON

We beat St. Luke's. That was the grand plan.

REECE

Yeah!

DILLON

Mission accomplished. The old boy network got together and bought us a victory. But the joke's on us.

VAN PELT (O.S.)

What joke?

DILLON

You didn't hear the joke?

REECE

(indulgent)

Okay, let's hear the joke.

DILLON

True story. Last weekend there was a religious revival at Madison Square Garden. Bishop Fulton Sheen gave a stirring address and afterwards ten thousand people converted to Catholicism.

Van Pelt appears at the shower opening, waiting for the punchline.

DILLON

(continuing)

But then Billy Graham got up and, after half an hour of inspired preaching, ten thousand people converted to Protestantism. Finally, to end the program, Pat Boone got up and sang, "There's a Gold Mine in the Sky." Twenty thousand Jews joined the Air Force.

They all crack up laughing, all but David, who locks eyes with Dillon.

DILLON  
 (continuing)  
 What's the matter, buddy-fucker?  
 Don't the kikes have a sense of  
 humor?

The boys look from David to Dillon, confused.

DILLON  
 (continuing)  
 Yeah, well, it seems our golden  
 boy here is a lying fucking Jew.

David throws a punch and they grapple on the floor of the  
 steamy shower, under the pelting water.

BOY #1  
 Get the door!

Boy #2 rushes to the door, locks it. David and Dillon  
 continue to wrestle on the wet floor. The others look on,  
 speechless. Finally, David pulls Dillon to his feet and  
 pushes him away.

DAVID  
 I don't want to fight you.

DILLON  
 (screaming)  
 Go ahead, deny it! See! It's  
 true! It's true! He's a hebe!

He springs at David. David hits him with three sharp shots  
 and he goes down. Reece pulls David back. Van Pelt and  
 the others help Dillon. Everybody looks at David in a  
 whole new way, and all we hear is the WATER.

188 EXT. CAMPUS - EVENING

An hour later. David attempts to walk off his upset. His  
 head swarms with unwanted thoughts and feelings.

A group of still celebrating younger students turn a corner  
 chanting.

STUDENTS  
 We're number one. We're number  
 one.  
 (refrain)  
Who are we?  
 (chorus)  
 We're number one!

When they see it is David, they sober instantly. Word  
 travels fast. David walks through them awkwardly, grimly.



189 INT. DAVID AND REECE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Just before lights out. David enters his room and briskly starts to undress for bed. Reece is also getting ready for bed. They avoid each other.

David makes a point of retrieving his Star of David from its hiding place and placing it around his neck. The silence is deafening, as they go through their nighttime motions. Finally, David can't stand it.

DAVID

You gonna keep your face in a book  
for the rest of the year?

Reece looks up, but says nothing.

DAVID

(continuing)

You're not going to say anything?

REECE

What do you expect me to say?

DAVID

That it's no big deal.

REECE

If it's no big deal, why didn't  
you tell me in the first place?  
I'm your roommate.

DAVID

You never told me what religion  
you are.

REECE

I'm Methodist.

DAVID

You're a Methodist? And all the  
time I didn't know it.

REECE

That's different.

DAVID

How is it different?

REECE

It just is. Jews are different.  
It's not like the difference  
between Methodists and Lutherans.  
I mean, Jews... everything about  
them is... different.

DAVID

(angry)

Okay, let's have it out. You think Jews are dirty, don't you?

REECE

Come on, David.

DAVID

No, you come on. If you're gonna be like them, admit it to my face. Let it out! Say it. Jews are greedy, money-grubbing...

REECE

(shouting)

Come off it!

Reece is hurt. David softens slightly, but still angry.

DAVID

The first day I came to this place, I thought I was dreaming. I was only going to be here for a year, but I thought, man, what a year. I'd get into Harvard, which isn't all that easy if you come from Podunk Public High School, all you guys were my friends, we were winning games. I met Sally... I didn't want anything to mess it up. I didn't want to be told I couldn't be a part of it because I was a Jew. It's happened before. Can you understand that?!

REECE

You could of told us. It wouldn't have made any difference.

DAVID

Sure, Reece. I knew that the first night I got here, when I heard how McGivern got his hi-fi. Remember? He jewed him down.

Reece looks ashamed. David is sarcastic.

DAVID

(continuing)

Sure, it wouldn't have made a difference.

190 EXT/INT. MAILBOXES - DAY (RAIN)

Students shake off the rain as they enter and check their boxes. David enters and there is noticeable thinning of the crowd. He opens his box. Inside is a cheap wooden crucifix. He looks around. No one acknowledges it. He drops the cross into the outgoing mail slot.

191 EXT. QUAD - DAY

It is raining, gray, foretelling winter. Students hurry across the quad in rain gear. Certain first formers in beanies run alongside upperclassmen, holding umbrellas for them.

David walks alone.

James delivers an upperclassman to a building, sees David, and runs after him with his umbrella. Something in his attitude reveals that he's heard the news and wants David to know it doesn't matter.

JAMES

Hi.

DAVID

Hi, James.

James walks along with him, protecting him with his umbrella.

DAVID

(continuing)

You don't have to do that.

JAMES

That's all right. You're my friend.

192 INT. FRENCH CLASSROOM - DAY

It is the end of the class. Students are gathering up their materials, preparing to leave.

CLEARY

One moment, please.

He reaches into his briefcase and pulls out a stack of blue books.

CLEARY

(continuing)

I've graded your take-home translations.

A groan in a minor key sweeps the room.

CLEARY  
 (continuing)  
 They weren't all that bad. Mr. Connors, especially, wrote a near flawless translation.

Connors beams.

CLEARY  
 (continuing)  
 I noticed, Mr. Connors, like the rest of the class, you signed the honor code agreement.

CONNORS  
 Yeah?

CLEARY  
 Which indicates a promise not to cheat in any way.

CONNORS  
 (growing hot)  
 Yeah?

CLEARY  
 The use of a published translation would be cheating, would it not?

CONNORS  
 I did not use anything but a dictionary.

CLEARY  
 If you say so. Your translation, however, was a quantum leap over your previous efforts.

CONNORS  
 (sarcastic)  
 Must be because you're such a great teacher, sir.

CLEARY  
 (holding papers aloft)  
 Pick up your graded papers.

He tosses them on the desk and leaves the room ahead of them. The others scurry to grab their papers.

Connors can't leave his desk. He fuming. David puts his hand on Connors' shoulder. Connors shakes it off and leaves the room without picking up his paper. David looks to the others. All but Reece avoid his eyes. They quickly empty the room.

REECE  
(strained)  
How'd you do?

DAVID  
B.

REECE  
Me, too.

DAVID  
Aren't you afraid of being seen  
with me?

REECE  
I've know these guys for four  
years. They're not bad guys,  
David. Just give them a little  
time.

DAVID  
Sure.

193 INT. CHAPEL - DAY

A melancholy hymn. David stands with the others but makes  
no pretense of holding a hymnal or singing. But he listens  
hard, deep in his thoughts.

ALL THE BOYS  
(singing)  
Amen!

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)  
Let us pray.

Everyone kneels, but David just sits and bows his head. He  
is neither defiant nor sullen. He is confused.

194 INT. ISELIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

David is at the pay phone, holding an open line, nervously  
waiting.

DAVID  
(to himself)  
C'mon... c'mon...

Cleary appears at the end of he hall. He taps his wrist-  
watch. David nods okay. Cleary disappears.

FEMALE VOICE  
(filtered)  
Hello?

DAVID  
Hello? Sally?

FEMALE VOICE

(filtered)

I'm sorry, she isn't in right now.

DAVID

I know she's there. Tell her I have to talk to her, please. It's very important.

FEMALE VOICE

(filtered)

Hold on.

(brief pause)

I'm sorry, she won't speak to you. She said please don't call her again. I'm sorry.

She hangs up. David is heartbroken. He hangs up the phone, but seems unable to believe it.

195 EXT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

David is hurrying to work the evening meal. From a window of one of the dorms:

VOICE

Guns for the A-rabs! Sneakers for the Jews!

ANOTHER VOICE

Take a trip down the Gaza Strip!

David ignores it and goes into the dining hall.

196 INT. DINING HALL - DINNER - ANGLE ON BMOC TABLE

Dinner is almost over. David hustles between the table and the kitchen, serving dessert. McGoo takes the opportunity to sneeze: "Ah-Jew!" Others snigger.

REECE

Grow up, for crissake.

MCGOO

Oh, Reece, you're so mature.

DILLON

(to David)

Garcon, plus d'eau, s'il vous plait.

As David fetches a pitcher of water, McGoo hides the salt shaker.

MCGOO

Excuse me, there's no salt on this table. I need salt for my pie. Someone's not doing his menial job.

CHESTY

It's so hard to get decent help these days.

SWANSON

Gentlemen, watch your behavior.

MCGOO

Can't you move any faster?

SWANSON

Collins!

DAVID

You want to step outside, I'll show you how fast I can move.

MCGOO

That's a threat! You all heard it. He threatened me!

REECE

Shut up, McGoo.

Reece pushes David away from the table.

REECE

(continuing; to David)

It's not worth it.

MCGOO

(to Reece)

My name is Richard Collins. What's yours, Greenberg?

David walks to the kitchen, angrily taking off his white jacket. Miller stops him.

MILLER

I'll work that table. You can take mine.

David looks at him.

MILLER

(continuing)

You need this job, same as I do.

David considers. Miller is in his history class. A nice guy.

MILLER  
 (continuing)  
 Come on, Greene. Dinner's almost  
 over.

DAVID  
 Thanks.

David walks to Miller's table. He nods and smiles bravely, but he can see by their expressions that they heard the news. They are not rude, but they all look at him oddly.

A SHOUT goes up in the hall. David turns. A small black coffin is being carried in, and the first formers are gleefully tossing their beanies into it.

MILLER  
 (explaining)  
 It's the end of hazing. The  
 term's over.

Then the freshmen pass a receiving line of the Prefects, in their official vest, who shake hands with them and welcome them to full and equal membership in the student body.

David notices the sign on the coffin.

HAZING IS OVER  
And this too shall pass

David feels like crying, but he doesn't.

197 EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

David steps off a train, looks around. His family is waiting for him. David looks different to them: hair conservative, white bucks, car coat.

GREENE  
 The champ of St. Matthews!

SARAH  
 God, you look just like the great  
 Gatsby.

DAVID  
 (sheepish)  
 Hi, guys.

GREENE  
 Son, you honestly look more  
 mature. More wise already.

David does look more mature. He is carrying a burden.



SARAH  
(teasing him)  
"Tennis anyone?"

GREENE  
Getoutahere, he looks great.  
Let's get him home.

SARAH  
Yeah, before anybody sees him.

They all think he looks great. David joins in the laughter a little. He's truly happy to be home. He looks out at the Scranton skyline, takes a deep breath.

DAVID  
Never thought I'd be happy to  
smell sulphur.

Petey hangs back a little, waiting to see if his big brother has really changed. He can sense the difference.

PETEY  
Are you a hero there yet?

David is taken aback. He fakes it. He hugs Petey.

DAVID  
I'm working on it.

GREENE  
He sleeps with that football you  
gave him.

But David's lie to Petey takes its toll. His face is etched in exhaustion.

DAVID  
I'm beat. Mid terms were brutal.

198 INT. DAVID'S ROOM - MORNING

David awakes in his own bed in his own room, to the old familiar sights and sounds and smells. For a moment, he is blissful. Doors SLAM in the b.g. His father shouts:

GREENE (V.O.)  
Petey! Stop slamming doors! Your  
brother's trying to sleep.

PETEY (V.O.)  
I know.

Another SLAM. David smiles, lies back, stares at the ceiling. As thoughts come so do his worries. His brow clouds.

199 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's 11:00 a.m. In the living room Mr. Greene and Petey fiddle with the antenna of the black and white television set, as they try to adjust the Army-Navy game.

GREENE

A little to the left... good.  
Stay right there.

When Petey lets go of the aerial, the picture gets snowy.

GREENE

(continuing)

You gotta hold it, Petey.

PETEY

I don't wanna hold it. I wanna  
watch it.

David stands by in a button-down shirt, crew neck sweater, cords and bucks. He looks uncomfortable.

GREENE

Sit down. Take a load off. You  
deserve a break, and the Army-Navy  
game is just what the doctor  
ordered.

The game is a family tradition. But both Petey and Mr. Greene can see that something wears on David's mind.

PETEY

(encouraging)

Who do ya think's gonna win,  
David?

DAVID

(dully)

I don't know.

200 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

David walks to the wide opening into the kitchen and takes in Sarah getting the turkey together. She's an expert homemaker, despite her years.

DAVID

Can I help?

SARAH

You most definitely cannot help,  
but you can tell me what the girls  
are like out there.

The subject depresses David. He fiddles with a piece of paper containing a phone number.

DAVID  
Uh, they're not like the girls  
around here.

SARAH  
I know that, I want to know what  
they wear and everything.

David wants to make a phone call, but the only phone is  
right in the area between the living room and the kitchen.  
Not concentrating on Sarah.

DAVID  
Uh... what?

SARAH  
I bet they even kiss different.

DAVID  
Sarah!

SARAH  
I know you've kissed at least one.  
Look at your face.

He is flushed.

GREENE (O.S.)  
A touchdown! On the first play!

Sarah runs into the living room. David grabs the phone and  
pulls it into the kitchen. He dials and then tries to  
compose himself.

Of course, Sarah returns right away.

SARAH  
They called it back.

Seeing David on the phone. Amused.

SARAH  
(continuing; coyly)  
Ooooh. Could that be long  
distance?

He gives her a fierce "shut up it's ringing, get out of  
here" look and turns his back on her. She exits to the  
doorway.

DAVID  
(into phone;  
modulated)  
Hello. This is David calling for  
Sally.

(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)

(pause)

It's David Greene. You met me at the St. Lukes game.

(pause)

Do you know when she'll be back?

(pause)

Could you take a message?

(pause)

She may not be back at all?

(pause)

Yes, I completely understand.

He hangs up. David knows the mother is lying. He turns and Sarah sees his devastated face.

SARAH

(sympathetic)

You know Sally is such a phoney name.

201 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

David drifts back into the room and sits stolidly in the middle of the sofa. The game is on. It's an exciting moment, but Mr. Greene sneaks a worried glance at him. Petey sits on the arm of the sofa leaning in to him.

GREENE

Unbelievable arm on that kid, but guess who's gonna be better!

David is blank. Mr. Greene stops trying.

GREENE

(continuing)

Look. The guys have been calling. Why don't you take the car and drive over to see them?

DAVID

(relieved)

Maybe I will.

(to Petey)

Petey, wanna come?

Petey would like nothing more.

202 EXT. JOHNSTON - DAY

The '50 Ford cruises the neighborhood streets.

203 INT. CAR - DAY - MOVING SHOT

Petey shifts and steers from the passenger side, mimicking his older brother. He makes car noises as he pretends to shift.

204 DAVID'S P.O.V.

A small city street, much like any other. But the key word is "small." It exudes smallness: of hope, of spirit. Nothing looks bright or fresh or cheerful

205 BACK TO SCENE

What David sees affects him in an unexpected way.

PETEY

Whachew looking at?

DAVID

I dunno.

206 DAVID'S P.O.V. - NEIGHBORHOOD LUNCHEONETTE

As always, several teenagers loiter in front, smoking cigarettes. Bear is prominent among them because his lower leg is in a cast. He leans against the Coke machine.

207 BACK TO SCENE

David passes, thinks about it, makes a U-turn.

208 EXT/INT. LUNCHEONETTE - DAY

Joyce and Mary Ellen enter the luncheonette. We FOLLOW them inside. Arlene is busy behind the counter. David is sitting in a booth with Bear, Don, and Nick. Bear has his cast leg up. Everyone but David is chain smoking. Petey can be seen in the b.g., hanging over a pinball machine. They all have Cokes and munch from a heaping plate of French fries. Nothing about them is very animated. It is their favorite pastime -- sitting around doing nothing.

BEAR

... The Harley held up pretty good, but, I don't know, the old leg took a lickin'. Penn State let me know they don't want a gimpy linebacker.

DAVID

I'm sorry, Bear.

BEAR

No big deal. The Navy'll take me... hopefully. I'll see the world.

The girls stop at the booth.

JOYCE

Hi, Davy. In for the weekend?

DAVID

Yeah. Hi, Joyce. Hi, Mary Ellen.

JOYCE

Gee, you look different.

MARY ELLEN

Very collegiate.

They "ooh" and "ahh" (half-seriously) over his clothes. David is embarrassed.

BEAR

Leave him alone.

They approve, but they also don't approve because they don't share it.

DAVID

I'm still the same.

But they look at him differently.

JOYCE

Well, anyway... welcome home.

MARY ELLEN

Yeah.

He watches them go by, taking off their babushkas. They seem without form or glow, nothing like Sally.

DON

You hear about Stauffer?

DAVID

What about him?

BEAR

He knocked up Eileen. Now they're married.

DAVID

Married? They can't be. They're still in high school.

NICK

Not anymore.

BEAR

They're livin' with her mother. He's workin' full time at Purolator, makin' them oil filters at ninety-five cents an hour. She's home with mama gettin' fat.

DAVID  
Wow. Drop dead twice.

BEAR  
Yeah.

They fall silent for a moment.

DAVID  
How's school?

They look at him, as though he were odd to bring it up.

DON  
Whaddaya mean?

DAVID  
How is it? How's it going?

DON  
School? It's closed for the long weekend.

NICK  
School is school.

BEAR  
School is for the birds.

DON  
I woulda quit, but the old lady wouldn't sign.

Joyce pulls Mary Ellen out of their booth and they start dancing -- in the same style we saw David. The boys watch idly, not really interested.

DON  
(continuing)  
She said one more year wouldn't kill me. Hope she's right.

NICK  
My cousin said she might get me in at the A 'n P. Thirty-five skins a week and all you can steal.

BEAR  
The Navy's better, man. Three squares a day and a flop. Medical, dental...

DON  
Yeah, barfin' your guts out over the North Atlantic. Me, I'm headin' for Philly.  
(MORE)

DON (cont'd)  
Standard Pressed Steel. They're  
hirin' again.

NICK  
Philly's great, only if you love  
niggers.

DON  
I got nothin' against niggers.  
They're human beings just like the  
rest of us.

NICK  
You want one marryin' your sister?

DON  
Yeah.

BEAR  
You wanna marry one your ownself?

DON  
I don't wanna marry nobody. I  
want to be wild as the wind. When  
I go to that old graveyard, I want  
it on my tombstone: "He really  
lived life."

The utter irony of this strikes David to the core.

209 INT. GREENE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Greene family Thanksgiving is in progress. David makes  
the best of it.

DAVID  
This is edible, Sarah. Your  
personal best.

SARAH  
(flushed, pleased)  
What's the food like at school?

DAVID  
'Member when old lady Oblensky  
used to cook for us when Mom first  
died? We thought that was the  
worst? Well, I've found worse.

SARAH  
I'll hafta send you cookies then.  
(MORE)



SARAH (cont'd)

(mock fantasizing)

And then one of your cute roommates will steal one and he'll say, "Oh my God, who made this cookie?" And you'll say, "My gorgeous little sister." No, "My gorgeous younger sister." And then he'll say, "David, please! You have to give me her address!"

MOVE IN CLOSE on David as Sarah amuses herself. Every reference to school plunges him deeper into depression.

210 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

David and his father clean up the table together. With Sarah and Petey safely out of earshot, Greene confronts David.

GREENE

Okay. Out with it. Your face was on the floor all during dinner.

DAVID

It's nothing.

His father just waits, watching his face.

DAVID

Dad, when I come home I'm treated like a spaceman and when I'm there, I'm treated like a...  
(can't say it)  
I don't know who I am anymore. I don't fit in anyplace.

Greene just waits. David drops the bomb.

DAVID

I don't think I should be there.

Greene turns away and starts wiping dishes vigorously, trying to keep his emotions in.

GREENE

Oh, yeah? Where should you be?

DAVID

I don't know, that's the problem.

GREENE

I thought you loved the place.

David joins his father at the sink.

DAVID

Dad. I should never have gone.

Very intensely, Greene walks David to the table and sits him down. He sits opposite him and waits.

DAVID

(continuing)

I got a taste of something there that I really liked, really wanted -- something I thought I could have.

GREENE

What are you saying, David? I'm a simple man. Do you want to come back here, to your old school?

DAVID

Yeah.

Greene moves to the same side of the table as David.

GREENE

Fine.

(firmly)

But you gotta tell me why.

David feels sick.

DAVID

(almost crying)

I did something awful.

(very still)

I pretended I wasn't Jewish.

(blurting)

I wasn't planning to... It just happened... I somehow got in with them... I was trying so hard... It was awful... They kept saying things... There was never a good time.

(looks up quietly;

says the worst)

Then I was afraid to say anything because it was too late!

Greene stands and paces. Finally, anguished.

GREENE

I should have told you -- it's not like I don't know -- When you go somewhere, anywhere, and the people there don't know you -- First thing outta your mouth, you gotta say, "I am a Jew."

(MORE)

GREENE (cont'd)

Loud and clear. You say it in your own words, in your own way, but you say it. You let them know that. Then you start belonging or not belonging, on your terms, as a Jew. I should have told you that, but...

DAVID

You never thought I would hide it.

GREENE

(bitterly)

That's right. I never thought you would hide it.

DAVID

I was sick of fighting.

GREENE

Better to fight than to hide.

(beat)

How many of them? It can't be everybody.

DAVID

No, it's not everybody. But it's enough. I don't know how to be there anymore.

GREENE

I can't make you go back. If I could force you, if I could stand over you with a whip... But I live my life my way, and you gotta figure out how to live your life your way.

(stands)

You know how I feel by now. This has to be your decision.

(tenderly)

It's a decision I don't envy you having to make.

He exits the kitchen and leaves David there with his eyes blurred with tears.

211 EXT/INT. DAVID'S BACK PORCH - NIGHT

David sits alone on the back porch, late at night, sorting out his feelings.

212 P.O.V. SHOT

The moving lights of earth movers and the lights of the coal breaker off in the distance.

## 213 ANGLE ON DAVID

David stands. His face hardens with resolve. He turns to find his father in the doorway watching him.

DAVID

(quietly)

They're not going to make me disappear.

## 214 DAVID'S P.O.V. - MILL

A TIME DISSOLVE in which we go from night to day, and from a sire on the mill to a similar spire on the church at St. Matthew's.

## 215 EXT. ST. MATTHEW'S CAMPUS - DUSK (RAIN)

David gets out of a taxi, slings his seabag over his shoulder and walks toward his dorm.

## 216 INT. ISELIN HALL, CORRIDOR - DAY

A hot game of hallway hockey is underway. They use a wadded-up piece of paper and two wastebaskets turned on their sides. A number of boys play, including Dillon, Connors, Van Pelt, Chesty, and McGoo.

David appears, on his way to his room. The noise level drops considerably and the game stops. The boys watch him go into the room.

## 217 INT. DAVID AND REECE'S ROOM - DAY

A sign on the wall above David's bed: a red swastika, dripping blood, and in heavy black print -- "GO HOME JEW." It is an emotional assault. For a moment David looks as if he might collapse in tears. But resolutely he rips a sheet of paper from his tablet and writes in big letters:

CAMERA MOVES IN as he writes: "WHOEVER MADE THE SIGN CAN MEET ME TONIGHT AT 10:30 BEHIND ISELIN HALL."

He signs it, takes it outside.

## 218 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

David opens his door and finds most of the boys still there looking at him. He thumb tacks the sign to the outside of his door and reenters his room.

The boys gather soberly to read the sign.

219 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT (RAIN)

A darkened campus. Clouds and rain. Faint calls of "Lights out!" as all the lights over the campus start to go out.

220 ANGLE ON DAVID'S DOOR

David comes out of his room and quietly walks the length of the corridor. The other doors are all closed.

David wears jeans and T-shirt -- the outfit of a rebel.

221 EXT. REAR OF ISELIN HALL

David walks to an open area enclosed by two dorm buildings. Dozen of windows look down on him. He takes a warrior-like position, arms at his sides, ready for battle.

All around him, individual dorm lights begin to come on. One by one.

Word is spreading that he is out there. More and more alarmed and expectant faces are pressed against the windows. Most of the students (except the BMOC) are expecting a rumble.

But no one approaches or calls out. David stands rooted in the wind and rain, turning slowly to face his unseen enemies.

222 MONTAGE OF BMOC REACTIONS

The BMOC are the only ones who are certain there will be no confrontation. They are afraid to confront him and they are embarrassed by his challenge.

Each is highly aware that David is waiting down there and each, in his own way, attempts to make light of it.

The meanest, McGoo, is openly derisive. He laughs at the sight of David but his roommate, Chesty, is perturbed by the event.

Van Pelt and Reece are deliberately engaged in heavy study, but after a while they cannot continue. They peek out the window and frown.

Dillon smiles and is clearly uncomfortable. He feels he should do something but cannot imagine what. He glances out his window.

## 223 ANGLE ON JAMES

James has left his dorm and hides in raincoat covering pajamas in the darkness of an alcove. He watches steadfastly, ready to help David if needed.

## 224 ANGLE ON VAN PELT

Rip is distressed. He looks at his watch and puts his head in his hand.

## 225 ANGLE ON MILLER

Miller sits on his bed attempting to read. His roommates are giggling at the window. Miller angrily pushes them away from the window and shuts the curtain.

## 226 ANGLE ON THE BELL TOWER CLOCK

The massive clock winds down to 10:30.

David still waits with animal alertness. The rain suddenly squalls as the BELLS begin to chime eleven. Bong, bong, bong, with growing volume and intensity.

A crescendo of wind, rain and chimes. David bellows.

DAVID

Cowards!

(fiercely)

COWARDS!

(magnificently)

COWARDS!"

## 227 ANGLE ON DILLON

Dillon smiles and nods to himself. He makes a fighting gesture. He gives his former friend credit.

## 228 DAVID'S DORM ROOM

David enters his room. Peels off his wet clothes. Reece is pretending to be asleep.

REECE

I honestly didn't think you'd come back.

DAVID

They use me for football. I'll use them for Harvard.

David is grim. His plan is to withdraw into himself and just study. He will leave this place and go to Harvard.

229 EXT. CHAPEL - EARLY MORNING

Students hurry to get to chapel on time. They seem to disappear into the dark shadow created by the spire.

The BMOC arrive late and we see David is not among them. They enter and the massive door bangs shut behind them.

230 EXT. THE POND - EARLY MORNING

David sits at the pond in the slanting sun. He can faintly hear the CHOIR in the distance.

231 INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

MISS JONES, the coach, leans over one end of the pool, shouting instructions to seven girls swimming away from her.

David walks into the pool area and toward the Coach as the girls make their turn and swim in the same direction as David is walking. The girls come to the end of the pool and stop. Sally is one of the swimmers.

MISS JONES

Yes? May I help you?

DAVID

Yes, ma'am, I have to talk to Sally Wheeler.

Sally is embarrassed. The Coach looks put out. She nods to Sally, who pulls herself out of the water and goes to a corner with David.

SALLY

(harsh whisper)

What are you doing here?

DAVID

You wouldn't talk to me on the phone.

MISS JONES

Sally, would you take your discussion outside?

SALLY

Yes, Miss Jones.

Sally grabs a towel and, mopping her face, walks out of the pool area, David behind her.

232 INT. POOL CORRIDOR

In the corridor to the pool, Sally turns sharply on David.

SALLY

Did you have to come here!

DAVID

Yes, I did. I want to hear it from you.

SALLY

You have no idea what I've been through! My mother died! She was terrified I was pregnant. Going on and on. Saying my grandmother would turn over in her grave.

DAVID

(calmly)

You could have told me that on the phone.

SALLY

My friends are having a cow. Pestering me with stuff like, "What's it like to kiss a Jew? Does his nose get in the way?"

DAVID

How do you feel?

She cannot keep up the anger. She turns to disappointment.

SALLY

You lied to me, David.

DAVID

I didn't lie.

SALLY

Yes, you did. You were pretending to be what you weren't.

DAVID

I did it because I thought you wouldn't want to be with me.

(beat)

Would you have?

(strongly)

Tell me the truth.

SALLY

Please... don't look at me that way.

They both know he still loves her.



232 CONTINUED

SALLY

What was I supposed to say to them?

DAVID

How about the truth?

SALLY

(defensive)

It's just that you...

DAVID

(interrupting)

I'm the same guy, Sally.

SALLY

This may come as a big surprise to you, but you are not the first Jewish boy I ever met. You're just the first who ever denied it. It would have been so simple just to...say it.

DAVID

(softly, forcefully)

Well I'm saying it now.

His intense vulnerability melts her. She wavers. He moves to kiss her. She closes her eyes. Her towel drops. She waits. He is about to kiss her. A whistle sounds in the pool.

SALLY

No. It's impossible.

Sally grabs up her towel. David smiles ruefully.

DAVID

Yeah, I guess it's impossible.

Sally studies the floor. The whistle shrieks from the pool.

SALLY

I have to get back to practice.

DAVID

(reproachfully)

Go ahead.

Sally's eyes brim again. They stare tragically, helplessly, with tears in their eyes. But she walks away. We STAY on her back, expecting her to stop, but she doesn't.

- 233 EXT./INT. CAMPUS - MONTAGE OF CAMPUS LIFE - DAY
- A) Life goes on. Students start assembling the outdoor hockey rink.
  - B) They put the skulls away for the winter.
  - C) Thirty tuxedoed members of a glee club sing a Gilbert and Sullivan song accompanied by a piano. This will underscore the montage. Reese, McGoo, and Connors are among the Glee Club members. An audience is present and applauds at the end of the montage.
  - D) The prefects take tea served by Mrs. Bartram in the head's comfortable office.
  - E) Gierasch takes on sixteen fledgling chess players simultaneously.
  - F) Young boys have ice cream in the headmaster's office. James is among them.
  - G) David studies in crowded study hall. All BMOC are present.
  - H) Students take blue book test.
  - I) Students gather to stare at posted test scores.
  - J) Students in chem lab wearing white coats and safety glasses do an experiment.

234 INT. STUDY GROUP - NIGHT

The BMOCs minus David and Reece. The table is strewn with books and papers. Dillon has his elbows on the table, propping up his head. He's not concentrating.

235 INT. ANOTHER ROOM - NIGHT - DAVID AND REECE

They've devised a mnemonic device on the blackboard. (Note: See addendum at end of script.) They look at their work, smile, and shake hands.

236 INT. DILLON AND VAN PELT'S ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON VAN PELT

crawling exhausted into bed, fully clothed.

VAN PELT

I either know it or I'll never know it. Sack time...

237 ANGLE TO INCLUDE DILLON

looking at Van Pelt's open notebook.

DILLON

You sure your notes are right?

VAN PELT

Yeah, now all I have to do is remember them.

Dillon looks at the notes, weighing a hard decision. He looks at Van Pelt, already asleep. He pulls out a small pocket notebook and starts copying from Van Pelt's notes.

238 INT. DORM, COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

It's late. Dillon, in pajamas, stealthily pecks out something on a common typewriter in the study hall.

239 INT. HISTORY CLASS - DAY

Gierasch hands out the last of the blue books.

GIERASCH

Please sign your reaffirmation of the honor code in the space provided. This test will comprise thirty percent of your final grade. You may begin.

They whip open their test booklets and start writing. Gierasch leaves the room.

240 INSERT - DAVID'S PAPER

He matches up the last of a long list of dates with another list of events.

241 BACK TO SCENE

Heads are down. The only SOUND is the scratch of pens on paper. Connors sneezes loudly. It comes out as thinly disguised --

CONNORS  
(sneezing)  
Horseshit!

VAN PELT  
(squeaky voice)  
God bless you.

There is a chorus of "shhh's." The interruption breaks David's concentration. He looks up and wishes he hadn't.

242 DAVID'S P.O.V. - DILLON

has a small piece of paper cupped in his left hand. He glances at the paper, answers a question on the test.

243 BACK TO SCENE

David rivets his attention on his own test.

244 VAN PELT

looks up from his work and catches Dillon cheating. He looks around, believing he is the only one who's noticed. He lowers his eyes and shades them in pain.

245 INT. HISTORY CLASS - DAY (LATER)

Gierasch returns to the room and starts collecting the booklets.

GIERASCH-  
Time's up gentlemen. Wasn't so hard, was it?

The class groans. Gierasch has to pull the test out from underneath Connors' pencil.

GIERASCH  
(continuing)  
My, my, Mr. Connors. You usually don't have this much to communicate.

SCENE 245 CONTINUED.

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CONNORS

You were bound to ask the right questions sometime, sir.

GIERASCH

(chuckling)  
Dismissed, gentlemen.

Van Pelt is the first one out, almost running to get away.

DILLON

What's with Rip? He must have gone down in flames.

David looks at him. Their eyes meet for a moment. Then David leaves in a hurry.

CONNORS

Oh, sure, and I guess you aced it.

DILLON

Naturally.

Connors groans and hip-checks Dillon into the door as they are leaving, knocking his books out of his hands. Dillon quickly gathers them up and runs after him.

Gierasch, alone in the silent room, looks to the door and sees a crib sheet on the floor. He picks it up, examines it with disbelief. We realize that finding it causes him enormous disappointment.

**246 INTERIOR. SOME HALLWAY. DAY**

David is studying the wooden panels that line the walls. Each 12" by 12" panel has the name and date of a boy carved into it as well as some personal design painstakingly prepared in woodworking shop.

David is deep in thought when James comes across him.

JAMES

Have you decided what you're put on yours?

David just smiles. James points out an especially overwrought panel .

JAMES

Gee, look what this poor guy thought was nifty.

DAVID

You know what's sad, James?

(beat)

No matter what I put on my panel,  
some guy'll come along a hundred  
years from now and say it's  
stupid.

James looks up at him trying to divine his meaning.

247 INT. HISTORY CLASS - DAY

The class is assembled when Gierasch walks in. They fall silent, noticing his expression.

GIERASCH

I'm afraid I have some bad news  
for all of us.

Dead silence.

GIERASCH

(continuing)

I regret to say that someone in  
this class cheated on yesterday's  
exam.

Murmurs of disbelief. David studies Dillon, who watches Gierasch with an impenetrable expression.

GIERASCH

(continuing)

Everyone signed the honor code.  
Therefore, we have a rather bleak  
situation confronting us.

Every eye in the room follows Gierasch as he paces.

GIERASCH

(continuing)

Today is Saturday. Your next  
class is on Tuesday. If the  
guilty party does not come  
forward, or is not identified by  
then, I will be forced to fail the  
entire section. Need I remind you  
what that means.

A medley of stifled expressions of shock and injury.

REECE

Isn't that unfair, sir? Fourteen  
of us didn't cheat.

GIERASCH

You have been all dishonored by this person, and I will not tolerate it.

DAVID

How can you be sure someone cheated, sir?

GIERASCH

I prefer to keep the evidence to myself, for the time being.

They are quick to jump on this, as a way out of the problem.

VAN PELT

Can't you throw out the old test and give us another?

SEVERAL

(together)

Yeah. That's fair. Then at least we'll know who didn't cheat.

GIERASCH

And pretend no one cheated? But someone did cheat, Mr. Greene. That is the principle involved. Whoever's done this has robbed you of your honor. If I ignore that, he will have robbed me of mine as well.

(gathers his materials, leaves)

I leave it in your hands, gentlemen. I don't feel like teaching today.

248 VARIOUS FACES

forced to endure a hard lesson.

CHESTY

Some son of a bitch better answer.

CONNORS

Somebody must have seen something. Come on, you guys...

DILLON

Yeah, and do what? Gierasch has dumped it on our laps.

CHESTY

Great! I work my ass off for four years and now one lying prick...

VAN PELT  
Take it easy, Chesty.

REECE  
Whoever did this -- please, admit  
it now. You can't let him fail  
the whole class.

DILLON  
Yeah, you still have time.

No one responds.

MCGOO  
I wish I could get it out of my  
mind, but I've got this appalling  
feeling...

DILLON  
What feeling?

McGoo looks at Dillon, his expression accusatory.

MCGOO  
I have a good idea who did it.

Both David and Van Pelt snap to him, hoping for an out.  
McGoo pauses, milking the moment. He locks eyes with  
Dillon.

DILLON  
Who?

MCGOO  
Maybe Connors can enlighten us.

It's on the table. Everybody looks at Connors.

CONNORS  
You like having teeth, spastic?

MCGOO  
You've been slacking off all term.  
Hell, Cleary all but accused you  
of cheating in French.

CONNORS  
Cleary is a sick fuck and so are  
you, you four-eyed runt! I've  
been in more trouble than the rest  
of you put together, but did I  
ever not admit to something?

MCGOO  
Okay, so admit to this.



Connors jumps over a desk to get at McGoo, but Chesty and others grab him and hold him.

CONNORS

I'll smash your fucking wise  
mouth! Get off me! You fuckers  
are not going to pin this on me!

They let him go and he storms out of the room.

REECE

Fine. Just fine. Very cool,  
McGoo.

MCGOO

Hey, I'm sorry he's offended, but  
this can ruin the lives of  
everybody in this room.

CHESTY

We got three of the Prefects here.  
You guys gotta handle this.

Others voice agreement.

VAN PELT

Let's sleep on it and meet  
tomorrow night after dinner.  
Whoever's guilty, think about what  
you're doing.

249 EXT. QUAD - DAY

Dillon and Van Pelt walk together to their next class.

VAN PELT

What would you do if you knew?

DILLON

Turn him in.

VAN PELT

Really?

DILLON

That's the code. You would, too.

VAN PELT

Suppose nobody confesses?

DILLON

Then nobody confesses. Gierasch  
won't do shit.

VAN PELT

He doesn't mess around. He'll  
fail everybody.

DILLON

I'm telling you, Rip. Believe me. You think the Head's going to sit still for the failure of an entire section of seniors? Not on your life.

They walk on.

250 EXT. QUAD - MORNING

It's Sunday. The familiar statue of Henry Melchoir, this time in a winter frame, with a dusting of snow. David is waiting near the statue, his hands in his pockets. He sees Dillon walking toward the academic building.

DAVID

Dillon.

Dillon hears him but chooses to ignore it. David trots after him.

DAVID

(continuing)

We have to talk.

DILLON

(doesn't look at him)

We've got nothing to talk about.

DAVID

I know it was you.

Dillon stops.

DAVID

(continuing)

You have to turn yourself in.

DILLON

Oh, yeah? I have a better idea. Go turn yourself in.

He starts to walk away.

DAVID

I can describe the crimp sheet.

Dillon stops again.

DAVID

(continuing)

That's Gierasch's evidence. Have you seen it since you used it?

DILLON

If I did cheat, and if you did see me and didn't report it, you'd be in violation, too.

DAVID

I know, but I can't let the whole class fail.

Dillon feels the vise tightening.

DILLON

He's bluffing. He won't fail anybody.

DAVID

I can't take that chance.

DILLON

David, you've met my family. They already think I'm a joke. Even my mother.

DAVID

No they don't.

DILLON

They're not like other families. They expect miracles.  
(almost tearful)  
They expect me to measure up to some ideal that doesn't exist.

David listens sympathetically. Dillon takes it as wavering.

DILLON

(continuing)

I'm begging you! All right, I was a prick, I'm sorry. I was a prejudiced prick.

DAVID

This doesn't have anything to do with that.

DILLON

All right, goddamnit. Nothing for nothing, right? How much do you want to keep quiet? Everything has its price. How much will it take?

DAVID

(as he walks away)

You tell them or I'll tell them.

DILLON  
 You son of a bitch! Why didn't  
 you stay where you belonged?

251 INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

The entire section is here. The preliminaries are over.  
 Connors is on his feet.

CONNORS  
 ... and I guess all I want to know  
 is, how many of you guys think I  
 could have done it?

RICK  
 You did screw up a couple of  
 assignments.

CONNORS  
 Yeah? So?

RICK  
 So what're you pulling? C?  
 C-plus?

JACK  
 What about this French test we  
 keep hearing about?

MCGOO  
 Cleary said he cheated.

During this exchange, Dillon watches David out of the  
 corner of his eye. He sees he is getting to his feet.  
 Before David can say anything, Dillon stands up. David  
 sees him, sits down again, relieved.

DILLON  
 Wait a minute, guys. I know who  
 did it. It was Greene.

David's head jerks back. He can't believe it. The rest of  
 the class is equally stunned.

VAN PELT  
 What?!

CONNORS  
 Greene?

DILLON  
 Yeah, Greene. I saw him do it.

DAVID

You're a liar!

(stands up)

I saw him cheat! I told him this morning that I was going to turn him in.

DILLON

God, what a squirmer. C'mon, Greene, just admit it.

DAVID

I gave him the choice of confessing or... It's not going to work, Dillon.

DILLON

I saw him cheat. Word of honor.

REECE

Let's go to Gierasch and tell him the situation.

DILLON

What situation? I turned in the cheater and he denies it.

DAVID

Tell Gierasch.

JACK

Gierasch'll just throw it back at us. We have to make the decision.

CHESTY

(to Dillon and David)

Would you both trust us to do what's right, to be fair?

Reece laughs at the irony.

DILLON

Of course, I trust the class.

JACK

Greene? Do you trust us?

REECE

Why should he trust us?

DILLON

Why shouldn't he trust us? Unless he's got something to hide.

JACK

Greene?

SCENE 251 CONTINUED

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David has a moment of doubt and indecision.

REECE

Don't do it, David.

VAN PELT

You have to trust us 'cause that's how it works. †

CONNORS

What choice does he have? This is the way it's done, period. †

CHESTY

He can always go crying to the head.

CONNORS

(to David)

Look, do you want to be heard by us or not? †

DAVID

I want to be heard.

MCGOO

Jesus, what are you asking him for? †

JACK

Well, David?

David takes his time considering. He is angry but resigned.

DAVID

All right.

(challenging)

You guys decide. †

Reece shakes his head regretfully. Van Pelt is dying inside.

252. INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

David and Dillon sit silently on opposite sides of the corridor waiting for their peers to call them in.

They glance at each other. A duet of missed looks. Dillon paces, nervously rubs Honest Abe's bronze nose. The irony is not lost on David.

Finally they lock eyes. Each tries to stare the other down. But the glares are colored with pain and disgrace. Finally.

DAVID

How can you go through with this? I told you the truth. I know it and you know it.

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DILLON

Yeah, but you know who doesn't know it?  
(indicating the classroom)  
them.

Van Pelt appears at the door.

VAN PELT

You ready, David?

**253. INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM. - DAY**

David stands in front of the class. He points to his chair.

DAVID

... so I was behind his left shoulder. The crib sheet was in his left hand... like this. He'd look at it, then close his hand.

MCGOO

Why didn't you say something earlier?

DAVID

In my high school it was called ratting. You don't rat.

MCGOO

We call it being responsible for the standards of the school.

DAVID

I guess I thought I owed him something. Everybody knows there was bad blood between us.

(beat)

I was wrong. I should have turned him in.

VAN PELT

Anything else?

DAVID

No. It's pretty simple. I saw him cheat, and I didn't do what I should have.

254 INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY (LATER)

Now Dillon stands at the front. Van Pelt stares at the floor, unable to look at him.

DILLON

I never would have seen him if I hadn't leaned down to scratch my ankle. I just happened to look back when he was opening his hand to check his crib sheet.

CONNORS

How come you didn't tell Gierasch or us?

DILLON

I kept expecting him to turn himself in. When I saw he wasn't... and I guess, based on his previous behavior...



REECE

What "previous behavior"?

DILLON

Hey, Reece, everybody knows he's your asshole buddy. That's your problem, but this guy is not one of us, never was. He can pretend all he wants but... Look, I didn't turn him in because, frankly, I didn't want to be called prejudiced.

REECE

That's bullshit. Everybody knows you were doing shit work in history. I wonder how well you did on this test.

DILLON

Pretty good, I hope. I studied a lot harder. You guys saw me at the study group. Ask Rip. I was up studying after he hit the sack. Greene needed to pull up his grade as bad as I did. He has to balance out his "B" in French. And remember, he's not the only athlete applying to Harvard.

(pleads)

Look, you guys have known me for four years. I'm a Prefect, for chrissake.

255 INT. FOUNDERS' HALL - NIGHT

The entire class (sans Dillon and David) have retired to Founders' Hall. It is a large, comfortable room used to receive families. It has leather sofas, fireplaces, ancient portraits, stained glass window.

From the coffee cups and postures of frustration, we sense a long, fruitless discussion.

CHESTY

Let's face it. There's no way to settle this unless one of them confesses.

EMILE is an awkward, bookish lad. Nervous in this situation.

EMILE

Maybe we should tell the Head we can't...

JACK  
 (interrupting)  
 This isn't West Point, for  
 chrissake! Only one person  
 cheated, not 95. We can handle  
 this ourselves.

MCGOO  
 Let's just do it!

Reece turns to DONALD, a bespectacled beanpole of a WASP.

REECE  
 Have we heard from everybody,  
 Donald?

DONALD  
 (stuttering)  
 I, I submit Dillon didn't cheat  
 because he didn't have to cheat.  
 He's going to be the fifth  
 generation of his family at  
 Harvard. There's no way he's not  
 getting in.

JACK  
 No one can say that for Greene.

CHESTY  
 What about you, Van Pelt? You  
 haven't said a word so far.

Van Pelt has been conspicuously silent and moody.

VAN PELT  
 I'm listening.

MCGOO  
 Wake up, Rip. How can you think a  
 guy'd cheat to get into Harvard  
 when he's already in?

Rip just studies McGoo sorrowfully.

REECE  
 Emile? What do you think?

EMILE  
 The only thing I can't figure out  
 is why Dillon waited so long to  
 say something. I've known him  
 since day school and he's lived  
 with the honor code for years.

CHESTY  
 That's why he'd be less likely to  
 break it!

General agreement.

JACK

Right!

EMILE

But if he saw someone break it, he should speak up right away.

CHESTY

Not necessarily. Not if it meant someone could accuse him of doing it because he didn't like Jews.

REECE

Why would that bother him? He doesn't like Jews!

MCGOO

And what are you all of a sudden, a Jew lover?

REECE

I knew it would come down to this.

He flops down disgustedly on a sofa. They HEAR "Lights out!" being called all around the campus... Nobody moves.

256 EXT. FOUNDER'S HALL - NIGHT

Van Pelt walks towards the hall. He is anguished.

257 INT. FOUNDERS' HALL - NIGHT

The boys (sans Van Pelt) continue the discussion, but defeat has set in. We see angry, exasperated postures. CABOT, a prim, pasty-faced scion of fortunes, speaks.

CABOT

Let's go over it again. As I see it there's an objective fact. One of them has lied in the past and one hasn't.

REECE

David never lied about anything.

CABOT

Yes he did. He lied about being a Jew. It's not that he is a Jew -- I don't mind Jews, one of my mother's best friends is a Jew -- it's that he lied about being one.

REECE

No one ever asked him.

MCGOO

(sarcastic)

No one asked him because no one had any idea because he lied.

Van Pelt enters the room grimly.

VAN PELT

Gierasch says the crib sheet was typed. No way to tell who wrote it.

(sits heavily)

He asked us to consider the reputation and well-being of the school.

DONALD

Fuck the school!! It's us that's getting screwed by this guy!

REECE

Yeah, the school has its honor and we get our lives ruined.

General agreement.

JACK

My life is fucking over if I don't get into Yale. I didn't even apply anywhere else!

EMILE

I need my grades. I'm practically promised a scholarship.

JACK

Same here. No way I can call my father and tell him I failed history.

DONALD

We busted our butts for four solid years, and now one person is killing us. It's gotta be Greene.

Van Pelt sighs disgustedly. They all stare because they respect him.

JACK

(quietly)

Rip? What do you honestly think?

VAN PELT

I don't know. But I gotta say it's strange that suddenly this guy is inhuman. I mean, what's so different about him anyway?

MCGOO

Everything! Just like my dad says about Jews -- from the first minute he was madly trying to ingratiate himself into our crowd.

(MORE)

MCGOO (cont'd)

He wanted to get to the top without hazing or any of the work.

MILLER

(exasperated)

Jesus, can we please keep all that Jewish stuff out of the conversation?

MCGOO

We have to talk about David being Jewish because he is Jewish, stupid.

Reece has had enough of McGoo.

REECE

Shut up, McGoo. You're a bigot.

MCGOO

I fucking resent that.

REECE

Resent it all you want, asshole. You were the first to start needling him.

McGoo and Reece start a pushing fight. General outcry. Connors loudly slaps his palm down on the table. The fight ends.

CONNORS

Okay. I confess.

Everyone is startled. Dead silence.

CONNORS

(continuing)

I admit I'm an anti-Semite. I crack Jew jokes. I think they're greedy and pushy, but you wanna know something else?

(beat)

Greene is the first one I ever really knew up close.

MCGOO

What's your point, Connors?

CONNORS

That maybe we should think of him before we knew. He was a good guy. A guy who wouldn't cheat.

VAN PELT

This is true.

MCGOO

Which means you think Dillon did?

CONNORS

What other choice have I got?

MCGOO

I can't believe this.

258 EXT. QUAD - NIGHT

The Headmaster is crossing the yard deliberately, not looking at the blazing windows of Founders' Hall. Swanson approaches anxiously.

SWANSON

Good evening, sir.

HEADMASTER

Good evening, Mr. Swanson.

SWANSON

Uh, shall I go and remind them of the hour?

HEADMASTER

Let them be. I have faith in their judgment.

259 INT. FOUNDERS' HALL - NIGHT

More coffee cups and postures of exhaustion. Nerves are extremely frayed. A silent standoff. Reece paces and a glaring McGoo whistles a church theme.

MCGOO

It's now one a.m. and ticking. Are we going to decide this or not?

REECE

Not if we can't be fair and impartial.

CHESTY

What's the matter with you, Reece? You know he cheated. We all know what Jews are like.

REECE

(angrily)

No I don't. You tell me! What are Jews like?

MCGOO

You obviously never met one!

MILLER

How many do you know McGoo? When was the last time a Jew was in your house?

McGoo hesitates.

MILLER

(continuing)

Tell us or shut your foul mouth!

EMILE

The only Jews I know are all those commies on the Blacklist.

CHESTY

Are you kidding? They're all over the place. My dad won't even speak to them.

MCGOO

(venomously)

I only have to know one. The guy that waltzed in here uninvited and pushed himself into Dillon's place on the team.

Building to a feeding frenzy... overlapping dialogue.

CHESTY

No apology. No nothing.

JACK

Then he sneaks off with Dillon's girl.

CHESTY

Just like a kike.

EMILE

Stabbed him in the back!

DONALD

And he's not even paying his own way!

MCGOO

Typical cheap fucking Jew.

SEVERAL

Yeah!

Reece kicks a chair across the room. Silence.

REECE

You guys want to cream Greene because he knew the way you really feel.

(whispers in dead  
silence)

Let's not hide the dirty little secret, guys. Hatred exists. And it exists on this campus and it exists in this room.

MCGOO

(sneering)

Is anyone else tired of this? Let's just vote and get it over with. Hands or secret ballots?

SEVERAL

Secret ballots!

REECE

I'm against the whole thing. But if we're going to do it, let's at least do it in the open.

ALL

(but Reece and  
Van Pelt)

Ballots!

260 INT. FOUNDERS' HALL - NIGHT (LATER)

David and Dillon stand before the class. Van Pelt rises from his seat in the first row. He is wrecked, his voice shaking.

VAN PELT

As Head Prefect, I've been asked to...

Reece stands up and, in protest, walks out. David's face reveals what he's guessed. Van Pelt can hardly go on.

VAN PELT

(continuing)

It is the finding of the class, the majority of the class, that the guilt lies with David Greene.

Dillon smiles and stabs the air in victory.



VAN PELT  
(continuing)  
Mr. Greene, you are requested to  
turn yourself in to the Headmaster  
as soon as possible.

261 CLOSE ON DAVID'S FACE

Long beat. He turns and leaves.

262 INT. CORRIDOR - ANGLE ON OPEN DOOR TO FOUNDER'S HALL

The last of the boys wearily leaves. We see Van Pelt, alone in the room, sitting at a desk. He lowers his head.

263 INT. DAVID AND REECE'S ROOM - NIGHT

David is in bed with his eyes open. CAMERA BEGINS PAN across the room to find Reece lying in bed, also awake. The PAN continues to take in souvenirs of the school and the recent term.

The PAN comes back around to David's bed and finds it stripped of linens. He is leaving behind his school jacket and tie. David is packing his surplus seabag.

264 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

On a rise that affords a beautiful, misty view of the campus.

David stands alone, trying to find a way to say good-bye to the place that once represented all his dreams.

265 INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

The Headmaster stands behind his desk. The Chaplain sits silently. Gierasch is also there, looking out a window. They are grimly waiting.

They all turn when the door opens and David walks in. They are expecting him.

HEADMASTER  
Good morning, Mr. Greene. You're  
here to confess to cheating, are  
you not?

DAVID  
Yes, that's right.

HEADMASTER  
We were beginning to wonder if you  
had changed your mind.

DAVID

No, I was just saying good-bye to the school.

The three men share a look.

HEADMASTER

We know the truth. Mr. Van Pelt came to see me at four-thirty this morning. I thought it only fair to wake up Mr. Gierasch.

GIERASCH

(explaining)

Van Pelt saw Dillon cheat. He couldn't live with himself.

An enormous sense of relief sweeps over David. He totters.

DAVID

Can I sit down?

HEADMASTER

Please.

He sits down, puts his head in his hands.

HEADMASTER

(continuing;  
tightlipped)

Although you did, in fact, transgress -- the Honor Code is a living thing that cannot exist in a vacuum. We absolve you on that account.

GIERASCH

As we already did with Mr. Van Pelt.

David is beyond reaction.

CHAPLAIN

David, you represent the best of what we hope for at St. Matthews. Please don't think of leaving.

(shakes David's hand  
sincerely)

In fact, I think you're the best thing that's happened to this school in a long time.

The Headmaster hurries to wrap up the scene.

HEADMASTER

Good. Then it's settled. I'd like to forget this ever happened.

DAVID

No, sir. You'll never forget that it happened. Because I'm going to stay here and every day you see me, you'll remember it happened.

(to Chaplain)

Yes, I will stay here and do the best I can.

266 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

CHOIR MUSIC UP. David walks with a different step. On one hand he is reborn. On the other hand he is wiser, older.

267 INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

The Headmaster, the Chaplain and Mr. Gierasch are looking down at David crossing the campus.

HEADMASTER

I knew we'd have trouble. They're a problem wherever they go.

CHAPLAIN

I can't believe you're suggesting that because we admitted a Jew, Dillon cheated on his exams.

The Chaplain is openly disgusted by the Headmaster.

CHAPLAIN

(continuing)

You'll have to excuse me.

He exits, followed by an equally contemptuous Gierasch.

268 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

David walks.

A Cadillac limo glides slowly, ominously toward him. Black windows. It stops next to David. The rear window comes down.

Dillon sits in the back seat. The two former friends look at each other silently. Dillon seems to be memorizing David's face. He beckons him a little closer.

DILLON

You know something?

(beat)

I'm still going to get into Harvard.

He is not gloating. He seems oddly serene and bemused.

DILLON

(continuing)

And you'll go to Harvard and we'll  
nod to each other and ten years  
from now I'll be very successful  
and you'll be very successful...

(beat)

And you'll still be a Jew.

He says it without anger which makes it all the more  
striking. Dillon rolls up the window and the car pulls  
away. We watch for a moment.

We hear a CHOIR of voices float over the winter air from  
the chapel --

SINGERS (V.O.)

"Hark, the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the newborn king..."

268 AERIAL SHOT

The car drives in one direction. David walks in the  
opposite direction.

SINGERS (V.O.)

"Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled..."

FADE OUT.

THE END

ADDENDUM

David and Reece have written on the blackboard, both horizontally and vertically, a method for remembering events in sequence:

W A K E · P A M · R A S A F · W A R S

William the Conqueror wins Battle of Hastings

Assassination of Beckett

King John signs Magna Carta

Edward III claims French throne

Peasant's revolt

Act of Supremacy

Mary Queen of Scots beheaded

Roses

Austrian Succession

Seven years

American Independence

France

W

A

R

S

DICK MORRIS

SM

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1900



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