

FADE IN:

EXT. SMITH NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The neighborhood is a lower middle-class area in Santa Barbara. Single family residences are squeezed in among duplexes and 2-story apartments.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - DAY

The Smiths live in a small 2-bedroom cottage. A detached garage with a microscopic studio apartment above exists barely inches from the two-story stucco apartments next door.

INT. ADDISON'S BEDROOM - DAY

ADDISON SMITH is a couple of weeks away from his sixteenth birthday, sandy-haired, tan and sporty-looking in the southern California beach-dwelling tradition.

He's tearing his bedroom apart looking for something, the local rock station blaring on his clock radio.

Addison sifts through a stack of papers on his computer table, shoving aside a bulletin board with family photographs attached that reveal him in graduated stages of development.

The pictures show an ever-present Mom, but no Dad after toddler age.

EXT. GARAGE APARTMENT - DAY

COLLIER SMITH, Addison's paternal grandfather, is incredibly fit for a man of seventy.

His silver hair is carefully coiffed and he wears his golf shirt a size too small, making his sun-tanned arms and chest appear more beefy.

Collier closes the apartment door and heads downstairs to the main house.

EXT. SMITH BACK YARD - DAY

Collier closes a deteriorating wooden gate and moves to the back door that leads to the kitchen.

INT. SMITH KITCHEN - DAY

Collier lets the screen door bang shut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Next to the back door, two benches and a rectangular table affixed to the wall jut into the small kitchen ending six inches from a gas stove.

Collier crosses the room to the refrigerator and whistling, removes a pound of hamburger from the freezer compartment. Setting it in the sink to thaw, he pulls cooking accoutrements from various cupboards.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - DAY

LIBBY SMITH, Addison's forty-two year old mother, pulls her '82 Toyota into the driveway.

Dressed in slacks and a silk blouse, she gathers her purse and some dry-cleaning from the back seat and heads for the front door.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is small and cozy, comfortable furniture arranged around a smallish television and VCR.

Libby drops her load on the back of the couch and removes her low-heeled pumps, leaving them by the front door.

LIBBY
Anybody. I'm home.

INT. ADDISON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Addison holds his mattress up with one hand as he feels between it and the box spring with the other.

Libby gives a couple of quick knocks, then pokes her head inside his bedroom door.

LIBBY
Hey. I'm home.

Addison lets the mattress fall, turning to face his mother with a sheepish expression.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Lose something?

ADDISON
No.

LIBBY
How was school?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDISON

Fine.

LIBBY

Do you have homework?

ADDISON

It's Friday.

Libby nods, pursing her lips at the mono-syllabic answers she receives from her son.

LIBBY

Well, don't go anywhere. Smells like Grampa's got dinner going.

ADDISON

I won't.

Addison turns away, resuming his search.

Libby sighs and closes the bedroom door.

INT. SMITH KITCHEN - DAY

Libby sets the table, maneuvering around Collier in the small space, their movements choreographed in a well-rehearsed dance of routine.

COLLIER

Need the car tonight?

LIBBY

I don't think so.

Collier catches his reflection in the toaster and pats at his coiffed hair.

COLLIER

I'm going to the dance at Val Verde. Give the old birds a thrill.

Libby rolls her eyes at his vanity, then cups her mouth and calls to her son.

LIBBY

Ad-dy! Dinner's ready.

Collier places a casserole and a green salad in the center of the table and takes his place along the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Ad-dy!

Addison appears in the doorway and slouches over to the table, sliding onto the bench facing his grandfather.

ADDISON

You said you would stop calling me that.

Addison serves himself some food and buries his head in his plate, shoveling quickly.

Libby slides in beside her son.

LIBBY

Sorry - Addison.

Libby and Collier serve themselves.

ADDISON

(to Libby)

Tyler and Lars are coming over.
Can you take us to get videos?

LIBBY

Grampa's taking the car.

COLLIER

I still have to get dressed. You boys got some chicks coming over?

ADDISON

Gram-pa.

Libby looks sideways at her annoyed but blushing son.

LIBBY

They won't rent movies girls would watch.

COLLIER

When I was his age -

Addison and Libby's eyes meet, registering dread at having to hear about Collier's exploits.

LIBBY

There'll be girls hanging around soon enough.

Collier shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLLIER

Not if they're not invited.

ADDISON

Lemme know when you guys are done talking about me.

Addison shoves the last forkful of casserole into his mouth, drops his fork on his plate and speaks to his mother without looking at her.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Can I get out?

Libby's mouth sets in a frustrated line.

LIBBY

Just sit here with us for a minute.

Addison sighs, rolling his eyes.

Libby stands up, annoyed.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Forget it. Go.

Addison slides out and heads back to his room.

Libby and Collier glance at each other, the look acknowledging the surliness of teenagers.

They eat in silence for several moments, then Collier wipes his mouth and pushes his plate away though he has not eaten everything. He pats his flat stomach.

COLLIER

Gotta watch my boyish figure.

Libby's gaze slips to her own stomach and spreading thighs.

Collier stands and carries his and Addison's plates to the kitchen sink.

Collier gives the dishes a quick wash, setting them on the wire drying rack. Catching his reflection in the toaster again he pats at his hair, hairspray causing it to move as one unit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

COLLIER (CONT'D)
I'd better go make myself
beautiful.

Libby looks away, revolted by his preening.

Collier pushes open the screen door, then turns back to his daughter-in-law.

COLLIER (CONT'D)
You don't want to come...

Libby shakes her head without turning to look at him.

Collier nods. He didn't think so. He bangs out of the screen door.

Libby sighs as she takes a solitary bite of casserole.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - DUSK

Libby wrestles with the garden hose, dragging it from its circular resting pattern to the center of her expiring lawn.

Two teenaged boys, TYLER, tall and gangly with intelligent eyes and LARS, more beefy and with a decidedly surfer air, come swooshing up the driveway on skateboards.

Libby wipes her hands on her jeans, smiling at the boys.

TYLER
Hi Mrs. S.

Addison appears at the front door.

ADDISON
Can I practice driving?

LIBBY
Where's your permit?

Addison pats his back pocket.

Libby tosses him the keys as they all head for the Toyota.

INT. VIDEO SCHMIDEO - NIGHT

Libby, trying to stay out of the boy's way in her capacity as chauffeur, gazes halfheartedly at video packages.

The three boys are clustered in the horror section.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYLER

What about Wild Things?

Libby turns, the very word on her lips spoken by Addison.

ADDISON

Again?

Tyler shrugs.

LARS

Scream IV?

The other two boys shake their heads.

LIBBY

You know, there are lots of great older movies. You should look in the classic...section.

They look at her like she's from Mars.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

She turns back to reading video packages.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The boys pop in their video, sodas and potato chips covering the coffee table.

Lars checks over his shoulder and pulls out a half-pint bottle of Southern Comfort that had been tucked down the front of his pants, hidden by his baggy t-shirt.

Addison and Tyler register amazed glee.

Lars pours liquor into the little opening in their soda cans as the other two look nervously over their shoulders.

INT. LIBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Libby, wearing an oversized sports jersey as pajamas, turns down her covers, grabs a thick novel from her nightstand and climbs into bed.

For a few moments she holds the book open on her chest listening to the boy's rumbling voices in the living room, then lifts her book with a sigh.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The boys are starting to giggle from the alcohol.

LARS

I need those back. I stole 'em
from my brother.

ADDISON

I don't know. Maybe my mom found
'em. She hasn't tried to have a
talk with me though.

TYLER

Your grampa.

They smirk.

LARS

When he was buying them they didn't
even show bush. He's probably
never seen one before.

TYLER

Yeah. He's working on his biceps,
thinking about the old grammas.

Lars moves his hand in a flexing, masturbatory fashion.

ADDISON

Oh, God. Don't make me sick.

The three pause for a moment, each focused on his own
personal reflection of geriatric sex.

Glancing at each other, their expressions a study in
revulsion, they groan and all take another drink.

EXT. SMITH GARAGE - DAY

Addison, followed by Tyler and Lars, pulls up the flimsy
metal garage door to reveal a 1957 Chevy, turquoise and
white, its hood raised and sitting on blocks.

Addison fishes around for tools and, laying a towel on the
front fender, arranges them for easy access, then reaches
into the engine compartment.

Tyler and Lars attempt to flip their skateboards from a
standing position out on the driveway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Collier and his friend HUGH, slightly younger than Collier though not as fit, enter the garage. Collier sets a stack of magazines on the workbench, then grabs his golf bag.

COLLIER

Sorry I kept these so long. I forgot I had them.

Collier heads out of the garage toward Hugh's Lincoln Mark VIII parked backwards in the driveway, then turns to face the three boys gaping at him.

Hugh smirks, his chest puffing out just a little.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

There were a few articles that looked interesting.

Collier winks, indicating that reading material was not the source of his interest.

Addison nods in Lars' direction.

ADDISON

They're his brother's.

Collier shrugs, not caring had they belonged to Addison.

COLLIER

We're going to get in nine holes. Oh - did I make a joke?

Collier's delighted grin takes the boys by surprise.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

(to Hugh)

I don't know why these young bucks seem so amazed. We have 50 year's experience on them.

ADDISON

Yeah, well I haven't seen you getting any experience lately.

Collier smiles a knowing smile, then motions to Hugh to pop the trunk lid.

COLLIER

The level of desirability is increased ten-fold in men our age. Isn't that right, Hugh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HUGH
That's right.

They boys look at the older men with doubt.

TYLER
Desired for what?

Collier heaves his golf bag into the trunk, then turns a knowing look to the boys.

COLLIER
I think you know.

ADDISON
You don't think we get just as
desired as you?

Collier, looking coiffed and spiffed, runs his eyes over the baggy, motley crew of younger men. He and Hugh glance at one another with amusement.

COLLIER
No.

TYLER
Ooooh, that sounds like a bet.

Collier slams the trunk, then turns to the boys.

COLLIER
It wouldn't be much of a contest
I'm afraid. You don't know how
many women would come running given
the slightest encouragement.

Addison wipes his hands and moves to face his grandfather.

ADDISON
You're going to have to prove it,
Grampa. I'll make you a bet.

COLLIER
Addy -

Addison protests the use of the nickname with a look.

CONTINUED: (3)

COLLIER (CONT'D)

Addison, I don't think it's appropriate for you and I to compete. Especially in the sexual arena.

Addison turns back to the Chevy.

ADDISON
That's what I thought.

Collier's face reflects his strong stubborn streak.

COLLIER
What would be the terms?

Addison stops in his tracks turning back to his grandfather, shrugging at the obvious.

ADDISON
The first one to get laid, wins.

Tyler and Lars snicker.

Hugh beams at Collier, exuding confidence in his friend.

COLLIER
Wins what?

Addison considers, looking around him. He glances toward his friends to see if they have any ideas.

Tyler nods his head in the direction of the Chevy.

ADDISON
If I win, you give me the Chevy.

Collier shakes his head.

COLLIER
You can drive it when you get your license anyway. Provided you get it running.

ADDISON
That's not the same.

Tyler and Lars echo his sentiment simultaneously.

TYLER
Yeah, it's not the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LARS
That's not the same thing.

COLLIER
And if I win?

Addison shrugs again.

ADDISON
What do you want?

Collier gives it several moments' thought.

COLLIER
If I win, you will take a summer
job and contribute financially to
the household.

ADDISON
That's not something for you.

COLLIER
Nevertheless.

Addison purses his lips, then smiles.

ADDISON
Fine. I'll be surfing all summer.

Collier reaches to shake Addison's hand, then retracts his
when he sees its oily condition.

COLLIER
This will be the shortest contest
in history.

Collier motions to Hugh and they move to get in the Lincoln.
He opens the passenger door, then turns back to the boys
before he gets in.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

We should consider rules and
conditions. I don't want this to
be too easy.

The older men drive away.

Lars mocks Collier's cocky attitude, swishing a bit.

LARS
I don't want this to be too easy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Addison and Tyler laugh at the accurate imitation.

INT. HUGH'S LINCOLN - DAY

Collier grips the dashboard, tense with dread caused by his friend's driving.

COLLIER
Stop, stop, stop! Didn't you see
that sign?

Hugh squints through the windshield, head swiveling from left to right.

HUGH
I always forget about that one.

Collier checks his surroundings, then leans back warily.

COLLIER
I like the idea of this contest.
I've sensed the boy has needed a
little nudge getting started with
the girls.

Hugh nods agreement as he cruises through a red light.

Oncoming cars screech to a halt, leaning on horns.

Hugh checks his rearview mirror, vaguely aware that something has gone on behind him.

HUGH
What's all that noise? What is
this, New York?

INT. ADDISON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Addison bends over his computer keyboard, the printer working feverishly beside him.

Tyler and Lars have several sheets of paper face down on the bed, taping them together.

There are two staccato knocks on the door and Libby pokes her head in.

Tyler and Lars instinctively jump to cover their work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIBBY

Sandy and I are going to the movies. I'll be back about 9:30. What are you boys going to do?

ADDISON

I don't know. Hang out.

LIBBY

Okay. I'll see you later.

Libby looks questioningly at their activities but no one volunteers an explanation.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Well... 'bye.

The three boys chirp their good-byes, then resume their tasks as soon as the door clicks shut.

INT. COLLIER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Collier's studio apartment is small but nice. In one corner a queen-size bed is separated from the main living space by a book shelf, books arranged carefully in descending height.

The living room area has a nice couch and two matching chairs surrounding a glass coffee table. Behind them is a tiny kitchen unit with a pint-sized refrigerator.

Collier and Hugh are seated in the chairs facing the boys.

Tyler and Lars unfold the taped paper, stretching it between them. Addison stands in front of the graphic pointing like a school teacher.

The picture is of a baseball diamond. Beside the squares that represent the bases are some short horizontal lines.

Three lines are drawn on each side of home plate, Addison and Collier's names appearing under one set of lines each.

Addison points to the lines above the names.

ADDISON

These are the identified targets.

TYLER

Three candidates will be chosen in advance by the opposing team.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addison points to the smaller lines beside the bases.

ADDISON

As you get to 1st base, 2nd base,
whatever, it's signed by a witness.

Collier and Hugh exchange an uncertain look.

COLLIER

You know, the three base concept
may be misapplied in my case. Most
of them have been pretty well
tagged, as you can imagine.

ADDISON

Not by you.

Collier acknowledges the truth of it with a nod.

HUGH

How do you identify the targets?

ADDISON

Simple.

TYLER

Reconnaissance.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Addison, Tyler, Lars, Collier and Hugh sit on a bus stop
bench facing the entrance to the high school.

Hugh has a legal pad resting on his lap.

They direct their attention to a group of young girls leaving
the campus.

The girls wear dyed black hair, dark makeup and black
clothing. Some sport strategically placed tattoos.

ADDISON

Coffee housers.

TYLER

They're potentials. They partake,
but usually with college boys.

COLLIER

Challenging. Put one on the list.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addison studies the group of girls, his expression one of distaste. His gaze settles on STAR, a tall girl with short, jet-black hair.

ADDISON

Okay. Put Star.

Tyler and Lars gape at their friend in horror.

Addison's expression communicates he finds her the lesser of several evils.

Hugh makes a note.

Another group of girls approach the crosswalk. Their giggling, girlish voices carry across the street.

TYLER

These would be "doubtfuls".

COLLIER

Doubtfuls?

ADDISON

It's doubtful they'll be getting any action until they reach another stage in development.

As the girls approach they do seem exceedingly young. Flat chested with braces and braids, they barely notice the boys as they walk by.

Collier's slight head movement indicates to Hugh that these girls will not be considered.

A surly high school boy crosses the street and stands several feet away from the group, obviously waiting for his ride.

Up the street comes a hopped-up Trans Am driven by another black-haired vixen in a tank top. She eyes the boys openly as she pulls up to the waiting lad.

COLLIER

Who's that?

ADDISON

That's Ted's sister. She's twenty-three or something but she's always checking out the high school boys.

LARS

She never talks to us though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLLIER
Put her on the list.

ADDISON
I don't know her name.

LARS
It's Liz.

Addison and Tyler glance at Lars, then at each other with eyebrows raised.

Across the street are two more girls, looking very much like normal high school coeds.

ADDISON
That's Jennifer and Alyssa.
They're not - sexually active.

TYLER
Jennifer's a possibility though.
She's got a thing for Addison.

ADDISON
I don't think so.

TYLER
Common knowledge.

LARS
'Fraid so.

Collier nods to Hugh.

Hugh adds Jennifer to the list.

INT. LIBBY'S OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

Libby sits at a computer, a pencil in her mouth. She marks a point on the screen with her left hand as she enters numbers into a ten-key at lightning speed.

MADELINE, Libby's friend and co-worker, approaches her desk.

Libby freezes in position waiting for Madeline to speak.

MADELINE
Want to make some extra money?

Libby lowers her hands and removes the pencil from her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIBBY

Yes.

It occurs to her she may have answered too quickly.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

What do I have to do?

Madeline rolls an office chair over to Libby's desk and sits next to her, leaning over conspiratorially.

MADELINE

My brother and his friend have taken over a mail order business.

Madeline checks over each shoulder, making sure no one is listening.

LIBBY

What are they selling? Is it illegal?

MADELINE

No, but it should be. It's little, stupid knick-knacky stuff. You know, made out of bread dough and plaster-of-Paris.

Libby makes a face.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

They need someone to write captions for the pictures in the catalogue. I told them you could write.

LIBBY

Memos from accounting doesn't exactly make me a writer.

Madeline stands to go.

MADELINE

They'll pay you five hundred dollars.

LIBBY

I'll do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MADELINE

I already gave Phil your number.
My brother's friend.

Madeline heads back to her own desk, then turns for a last word.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Oh, did I mention he's single?

Madeline ducks around the corner of the cubicle divider, barely avoiding the pencil thrown in her direction.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - DAY

Libby is dusting, her nervous energy doing more harm than good in the room.

Addison enters from his bedroom, heading for the front door.

Libby can't quite keep panic out of her voice.

LIBBY

Where are you going?

ADDISON

Somewhere with Grampa.

LIBBY

You can't.

ADDISON

Why not?

Libby attacks the furniture with spray polish and a rag.

LIBBY

I just - there's someone coming over and I need you to be here.

ADDISON

Who?

Libby sighs, brushing the hair out of her face with her forearm.

LIBBY

A man. An unmarried man, close to my age. He's bringing me some work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addison flops into a chair.

ADDISON

All right, I'll protect you. But
only for ten minutes.

The doorbell rings.

Libby turns in a circle several times, then tucks the dusting
supplies into a drawer on the TV stand.

Addison moves to the front door. With his hand on the knob
he turns to his mother for her instruction.

Libby smooths her hair and her clothes, plants a smile on her
face and nods to her son.

Addison opens the door to reveal - Lars.

LARS

Hey.

Lars lumbers into the room.

Libby smacks Lars lightly on the arm.

LIBBY

You were supposed to be Mr. Middle-
aged Perfect. Don't get my hopes
up like that.

Addison, looking behind him at his mother, nearly closes the
door on Phil.

PHIL is forty-five, attractive in a wire-rimmed glasses,
Dockers and work-shirt sort of way.

Libby covers her mouth, sure he heard her comment.

ADDISON

Oh, God. I'm sorry. You must be
Mom's guy.

Libby, mortified by the term, hurries to the door.

LIBBY

Phil. I'm Libby.

Libby and Phil shake hands. They both try to look at each
other without looking at each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIBBY (CONT'D)

This is my son, Addison, and his friend, Lars. They were just leaving.

Addison looks at his mom in surprise, thinking he was there to protect her, but shifts gears easily enough.

ADDISON

Yeah, well, nice to meet you.

Addison and Lars slam out the door.

Libby and Phil smile nervously at each other.

LIBBY

So...do you want - anything? Water? Beer? Whiskey? Not that I drink whiskey. I mean - I drink but not - all the time, or even at all really, not during the week -

Phil cuts in, rescuing her.

PHIL

I'd love a beer.

Libby sighs, trying to get control of herself.

LIBBY

Okay...okay...I'll just -

Libby turns on her heel and strides out of the room, rolling her eyes at herself in sheer horror.

INT. VAL VERDE LOBBY - NIGHT

On one side of the lobby is the entrance to an auditorium, a sign indicating that this evening's entertainment will be a slide show given by one Lorraine Morgan, showing slides of her trip to Nepal in 1958.

On the other side of the lobby is the entrance to the main dining room.

Collier approaches the hostess and she smiles, then points across the room to a table.

INT. VAL VERDE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Hugh is already seated at their table as the four approach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is apparent that the ratio of women to men in this establishment is roughly ten to one.

As Collier crosses the room, dozens of heavily lidded eyes follow his progress dreamily. Many of the matrons call to him, sing-songing their hellos in girlish voices.

Addison meets Tyler's look. They're doomed.

Arriving at their table, the men take a seat, Tyler pulling out a yellow legal pad as Hugh had done on their turf.

The boys survey the room again.

ADDISON
Jesus Christ.

Collier places his napkin on his lap in a jaunty fashion. He turns to his friend.

COLLIER
Water, Hugh? Or could I interest
you in some wine?

Hugh chuckles at the boy's discomfort as he holds up his water glass.

ADDISON
This isn't fair.

TYLER
Don't freak. It's limited to three
- and we get to pick.

The three boys, now reminded, search the room in a more discerning manner.

Collier lifts his napkin, pointing surreptitiously in the direction of the windows.

COLLIER
Those tables are the card sharks.
Their only interest is in bridge.
I humbly request they be stricken
from consideration. I detest
bridge.

TYLER
So noted.

HEDDY, a pleasant, gray-haired woman, approaches the table and rests a hand on the back of Hugh's chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HEDDY

You brought guests.

They all smile up at her.

HUGH

You waitressing tonight?

HEDDY

All week. You want your salads?
I'llkpiu bet these boys are hungry.

Heddy turns toward the kitchen, stopping for pleasantries at another table.

TYLER

Name?

COLLIER

Her name is Heddy, but she's only
been widowed for a couple of
months.

ADDISON

Challenging. Write her down.

Hugh glances at Collier with a hint of misgiving.

Addison notices one woman who seems immune to the presence of his grandfather.

Brown as leather with cropped gray hair and sporting lots of turquoise, coral and silver jewelry, this woman seems to glance in disapproval at those preening for Collier and Hugh.

Addison points her out to the others.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Who's that?

HUGH

That's Lorraine Morgan. She don't
care for your grampa.

COLLIER

Nonsense. She doesn't even know
me.

ADDISON

Write her down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

COLLIER

Wait a minute -

ADDISON

Write her down and then you can
pick one of the easy ones.

Collier looks around the dining room at the number of women he has to choose from, some coyly averting their gaze, some staring in open desire.

He sighs, finding it hard to select just one.

Lars has his eye on one woman who smiles at him like she was his own grandmother. Lars points in her direction.

LARS

I think you should pick her. She's
nice.

Collier shrugs as if one is as good as another.

COLLIER

Very well. Mary.

Collier smiles and nods at Mary who blushes and stares down at her plate.

TYLER

Okay. All targets are identified.
May the best man win.

The other four echo his statement and raise their water glasses in a toasting gesture.

EXT. SB HIGH SCHOOL QUAD AREA - DAY

Addison and Tyler sit at a wooden table, their heads together in conversation.

Across the quad are the coffee housers, Star among them.

TYLER

You have to talk to her sometime.

Addison checks out the girls. They seem tough and unapproachable.

Standing, he takes a deep breath, clears his throat, pulls up his pants like a western gun slinger and crosses the quad in Star's direction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Star stares at Addison as if he were an approaching leper.

ADDISON

Hi.

Star glances behind her, sure he couldn't be addressing her.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

I just - uh...Could I talk to you
for a minute?

Addison jerks his head indicating he wants to talk to her alone.

Star gives a questioning look to her girlfriends, then shrugging, stands and slouches over to Addison.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

I was wondering, do you ever - go
out?

Star knits her pierced brow, trying to understand what Addison is saying to her.

STAR

I am out.

ADDISON

I mean...on dates?

Star is suspicious.

STAR

Why?

Addison glances at Tyler, feeling the need for support.

Tyler urges him on with a look.

ADDISON

I thought - I don't know, maybe we
could catch a movie or something.

Star notices Addison looking at Tyler again.

STAR

What is this, a dare?

Star moves closer to Addison. She's actually a little taller than him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Addison can't keep himself from checking out her cleavage. A tattoo on one breast peeks out of her black tank top.

STAR (CONT'D)

Because I don't think you're ready
for me.

Star flops an arm around Addison's shoulders and licks the side of his face, then turns to her girlfriends for approval.

Addison gulps, trying to be brave, but his voice sounds a little squeaky.

ADDISON

Oh, I'm ready.

Star slips a hand into the waistband of Addison's jeans and jerks him closer to her. Her face is a fraction of an inch from his.

STAR

I don't do movies. But come to the
Cafe Roma at 8:00 and we can
discuss alternatives.

Star pulls on his waistband again, causing actual physical contact between their groin areas.

Addison chokes on his response.

ADDISON

Great. That'd be great.

Star releases him and turns back to her friends, mouth open wide in taunting amusement.

Addison turns back to Tyler looking like he has barely escaped with his life. He wipes the side of his face where Star licked it.

Crossing the quad, Addison slides onto the bench beside his friend, then turns back for a last look at Star.

Star smiles, then sticks out her tongue, wagging it in a suggestive manner. She and her girlfriends laugh.

Addison smiles, gives her a little wave, then turns his back to her, looking worried.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

INT. SMITH KITCHEN - DAY

Libby and Collier sit at the kitchen table, some notebook paper, Polaroid photographs and a two-foot-high, plaster-of-Paris leprechaun on the table between them.

Addison enters the kitchen and slows as he approaches the other two staring wordlessly at the statuette.

Now all three stare at the creepy little form.

LIBBY

Enchanting. Would you call it enchanting?

COLLIER

More like grotesque.

ADDISON

What is it?

LIBBY

It's one of the things in the catalogue. I need to make somebody want to pay sixty dollars for this.

COLLIER

Aren't leprechauns supposed to be lucky?

ADDISON

Not in the movie I saw.

LIBBY

Bewitching?

Addison turns the statue to face him, frowning at the hideous little face.

ADDISON

Try demonic.

COLLIER

Satanic.

LIBBY

You guys aren't helping. I have a hundred and twenty items to describe.

ADDISON

Are they all this ugly?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Libby pushes the Polaroids in Addison's direction.

Addison thumbs through the top few photos.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

This is not going to be easy money.

Libby and Collier nod their heads in agreement.

INT. SMITH GARAGE - DUSK

Addison walks past the baseball graphic which is taped to the wall beside the Chevy.

He reaches for his skateboard that hangs from a hook next to the graphic. Out of the corner of his eye he sees lines advancing from two of the targets on Collier's side.

Moving closer, Addison can see that Mary and Heddy each have a magic marker trail extending to first base with a notation by Hugh as witness.

ADDISON

Jesus Christ.

Addison turns to see Collier behind him, arms folded across his chest.

COLLIER

Impressive, I know. The next stage may prove a little more challenging. I certainly hope so.

ADDISON

How did you - ?

Collier raises his hand, stopping Addison's question.

COLLIER

I can't be expected to share strategy with the enemy.

ADDISON

I don't need any help.

Collier smiles condescendingly.

COLLIER

You don't want any pointers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addison eyes the graphic, then sets his skateboard down, crosses his arms and leans against the Chevy.

ADDISON
Yeah. Gimme some.

Collier rubs his hands together, eager to pass on his techniques. His eyes glisten as he ticks off points on his fingers.

COLLIER
First of all, eye contact is everything. Deprive them until the moment you want to assert your power.

Addison sounds doubtful.

ADDISON
Eye contact.

COLLIER
Don't underestimate it. And don't wait for the right moment to make your move. Just move.

ADDISON
Move.

COLLIER
Grab 'em and kiss 'em. Women love that. And tease them a little. They love that, too.

ADDISON
Grab 'em and tease 'em.

Collier nods, beaming with self satisfaction.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
That's it?

COLLIER
Believe me. This will get you through at least three bases.

Addison picks up his skateboard.

ADDISON
Well, it's working for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Collier seems disappointed.

COLLIER

I haven't gotten to use my
techniques yet. Those girls at the
retirement home are - bloodthirsty.

EXT. CAFE ROMA - NIGHT

Addison carries his skateboard along State Street, slowing as he approaches the coffee house.

Bohemian types sit at the tables inside the warehouse-like atmosphere, some spilling onto the sidewalk separated from pedestrians by a short wrought iron fence.

Addison peers inside, able to make out Star and her friends sitting with a bunch of radical looking guys in their twenties.

One of the young men, sporting dread locks, has an arm draped around Star. When he opens his mouth a silver bar pierced through his tongue glints in the dim light.

Addison watches the scene for a few moments from the safety of the sidewalk.

Star, looking outside, spots Addison clutching his skateboard. She nuzzles closer to her escort.

Addison breaths a sigh of relief and heads across the street to a comic book shop.

INT. SB HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Addison stands with his tray of food scanning the cafeteria for a friendly table. He spies Tyler across the room.

Tyler holds up a hand to stop Addison from coming to his table and tips his head, directing Addison's gaze.

Addison spots Jennifer and Alyssa at another table. He takes a breath, heading in their direction.

As Addison passes behind Jennifer he lifts the carton of milk from her tray and takes a drink out of it, then sets his tray on the table across from hers.

Addison takes a seat, his eyes scanning the room.

Jennifer checks behind her to see what Addison is looking at, smiling uncertainly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER
That's my milk.

Addison takes another gulp, then puts it back on her tray.

ADDISON
Just checking to see if it was
better than mine.

Addison zooms in for eye contact as he lowers his voice.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

It was.

Jennifer smiles, blushing deeply. She raises her milk carton to her lips, hyper-aware that Addison's mouth was just there.

Addison deprives her of his eyes again. He stares at his plate as he continues to speak.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Hi Alyssa.

ALYSSA
Hi Addison.

Addison eyes a nearby table.

ADDISON
We're doing the beach thing
tomorrow.

Jennifer and Alyssa glance at each other.

Addison looks back to his tray of food, waiting...waiting.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

You should come.

Jennifer is unaware she has been holding her breath, but when Addison looks up their eyes meet and she exhales with a smile. She nods.

Addison picks up his tray of food.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
East Beach. We'll be there by
noon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNIFER

Okay.

Jennifer tries to keep the glee off her face until Addison turns around.

Addison nods to the girls, then heads over to Tyler's table. He raises his eyebrows in amazement.

ADDISON

(to himself)

Eye contact. Hmpf.

INT. SMITH KITCHEN - NIGHT

Libby sits at the table, her head in her hands, bent over the Polaroids and her notebook paper.

A porcelain figurine of a red-headed woodpecker clinging to a branch of porcelain wood sits on the table before her.

LIBBY

Whimsical...Elegant whimsey.

Colorful elegance....

Libby rolls her eyes. Setting down her pen she rubs her eyes with a sigh.

INT. ADDISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Addison sits at his computer table, his school books open in front of him.

He turns at the sound of his door opening to see Collier carrying a wire contraption.

Collier sets the thing on Addison's desk.

Two wire coat hangers have been folded in such a fashion that they create a stand for themselves with two support arms. Stretched between the two arms is the hooking section from a brassiere.

COLLIER

I found it.

Addison looks from the contraption to his grandfather.

ADDISON

What are you going to do with that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLIER

Practice.

Collier carefully places his hand in position and with one deft movement, unclasps the row of three hooks.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

Apparently I don't need any.

ADDISON

There's a problem.

Addison stands, leaving the room. He returns moments later holding one of his mother's sports bras. It is one seamless unit of cotton and lycra.

Addison tosses the undergarment to his grandfather.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Welcome to the twenty-first century.

Collier holds up the sports bra, inspecting it with concern.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - DAY

Libby wrestles with the garden hose, moving the sprinkler-head over to a wilting flower bed.

Addison comes banging out the front door, skateboard in hand.

LIBBY

Where are you going?

ADDISON

Beach.

LIBBY

Any chance I could bribe you into helping with the catalogue?

ADDISON

Sorry. Where's Grampa?

LIBBY

Val Verde. He must have a girlfriend there or something.

Addison keeps his face impassive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDISON

No kidding. Well - see 'ya.

Addison drops his skateboard onto the sidewalk and pushes away.

Libby watches him go, looking dejected.

INT. SMITH KITCHEN - DAY

Libby stares at the papers on the kitchen table. She searches through them, pulling out a small scrap of information.

Pursing her lips she considers something for a moment, then heads out of the room.

From the next room she can be heard lifting the phone receiver and dialing.

LIBBY (O.S.)

Hi...This is Libby...Oh, fine.
It's going fine...I was just
wondering. Do you have a
Thesaurus?

INT. VAL VERDE AUDITORIUM - DAY

Lorraine Morgan is setting up a slide projector in the wide aisle between the seats in the auditorium.

On an elevated stage a large movie screen has been lowered into position.

Collier saunters down the aisle, hands in pockets.

COLLIER

Getting ready to entertain us with
more of your travels?

Lorraine barely glances up, unsmiling.

LORRAINE

Hand me that extension cord, will
you? It's in the plastic bin.

Collier good naturedly stoops to do her bidding.

Lorraine sneaks a look at his physique, but hides her interest as Collier turns, offering her the extension cord.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

India.

Lorraine focuses on her equipment.

COLLIER

You've been around.

LORRAINE

Uh-huh.

Collier shifts restlessly. He attempts to move into her line of vision, but Lorraine moves around the projector, putting her back to him.

COLLIER

You don't live here, do you? At Val Verde?

LORRAINE

No. I have a house on the Mesa.

Collier nods, though she can't see him do it.

Lorraine straightens up, her task completed. She switches on the projector, and fiddles with the focus.

A fuzzy image appears on the screen.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Was there something you wanted?

COLLIER

No, I just - ah - I just saw you in here...I was - ah...

At last Lorraine's eyes zero in on his. They are startlingly blue and intelligent. She smiles.

Collier smiles back, relieved.

LORRAINE

You coming tonight?

COLLIER

Yes, I am.

Lorraine removes her gaze.

Collier deflates just a little.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LORRAINE

I suppose you'll want in free - for helping.

COLLIER

Oh, no - I didn't -

LORRAINE

I'm teasing.

Collier blushes, rendered speechless.

Lorraine fiddles with the focus some more, then shoots a glance at Collier.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

I'll see you later then.

Collier, understanding he has just been dismissed, jumps to leave.

COLLIER

Yes...well...okay. I'll see you later.

Collier smiles uncertainly, disconcerted, then heads up the aisle.

Lorraine watches him go.

EXT. EAST BEACH - DAY

The beach is crowded with families and teenagers. Half a dozen volley ball courts are filled to capacity. Every picnic table is taken and towels are laid out marking real estate as densely packed as a college dorm.

Addison and his friends, soaking wet from body surfing, gallop out of the surf heading for their towels.

Tyler, head tilted, smacking the side of his head to get water out of his ear, stops mid-smack, his attention riveted in the near distance.

TYLER

Oh - my - God.

Addison and Lars follow Tyler's gaze and see a small group of kids including Ted and his absolutely, unbelievably sexy sister, Liz.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Liz is lying in the shade of an umbrella. Her untanned skin sets her apart from the rest of the scantily clad sun worshippers on the beach.

She's wearing a one piece swim suit, but the piece isn't very big. Leaning against a back support, she shades her eyes with her hand, though she wears sunglasses.

Liz scans the beach slowly, and when she gets to the direction of Addison and his friends, she pauses to appreciate the sight.

TYLER (CONT'D)
(to Addison)
You know what you have to do.

Addison stares at Liz, psyching himself up to approach her.

He does a few hopping steps like a boxer getting ready to enter the ring, then drops his towel and heads in her direction.

Liz, hand still shading her eyes, watches Addison approach. She smiles up at him, lifting her sunglasses so she can see him better.

Addison stops at the foot of her towel and continues to take in her form.

Liz's mouth turns up in a little smirk. She takes the perusal without flinching.

ADDISON
Hi, Liz.

LIZ
Ooh, you know my name. I like that.

ADDISON
I'm Addison.

LIZ
How corporate.

Addison smiles.

ADDISON
I just wanted to get a closer look.

Liz lifts her arms and does a mock modeling turn from her seated position. Her eyebrows ask if he likes what he sees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Thank you. I appreciate that.

Liz nods her head in acknowledgement.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Keep up the good work.

Addison turns and struts away in the sand.

Liz takes off her sunglasses, one eyebrow raised, her interest piqued.

Addison flops on his towel between his friends and lets out a semi-hysterical laugh.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Keep up the good work. Jesus Christ.

His friends laugh with him.

TYLER

She watched you all the way back.

LARS

Incoming at 2:00.

Addison and Tyler turn their heads in unison in the direction specified.

Jennifer and Alyssa approach the boys, their gait twisting in the soft sand. They both have long v-necked t-shirts covering their swim suits.

Jennifer raises her hand and waves to Addison.

Addison rises and walks to meet her.

Liz watches from her place under the umbrella.

JENNIFER

How's the water?

ADDISON

Cold, but worth it. Drop your stuff, I'll go in again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jennifer and Alyssa peel off their t-shirts, dropping them on the boy's towels. They both wear one piece suits, far more modest than Liz's, but by no means prudish.

The two girls, Addison and Tyler run into the surf.

Lars stays behind with the stuff. He pulls out a pair of binoculars.

Lars trains the lenses on his friends body surfing, then shifts his position so that Liz is in his line of vision. He stays on her for several moments.

The blurring motion of some bikini clad babes running toward the water catch his attention.

Pointing the binoculars back toward the water, he sits up straighter as a disembodied bikini top gets pummelled in a breaker.

Searching the field of view, he spies a mortified beach bunny attempting unsuccessfully to shield her bare breasts with her hands.

LARS

I love the beach.

He settles back, scanning for more entertainment.

EXT. EAST BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

Tyler, Lars and Alyssa sit on their towels watching the surf.

In the distance Addison and Jennifer walk hand in hand down the beach.

Tyler raises the binoculars and watches as Addison and Jennifer disappear behind some rocks.

Tyler maintains his focus on the point where the two disappeared.

After several moments Addison raises his hand above the rocks, his index finger extended indicating he has officially tagged first base.

Tyler lowers the binoculars and grins to himself.

TYLER

One down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALYSSA

What?

TYLER

The sun, it's about to go down.

Alyssa sits up, checking the beach for Jennifer.

ALYSSA

Yeah, we'd better get going.

EXT. EAST BEACH SHOWER AREA - DUSK

Near the East Beach Pavilion, a block masonry shower sports spray heads at varying levels.

Addison, Tyler and Lars, sun-baked and exhausted, use the foot sprayer to wash the sand from their feet.

Addison leans against the concrete wall, watching his feet as he rinses off the sand.

Liz ducks under his arm and leans against the wall, Addison's hands on each side of her head, their faces inches apart.

LIZ

You never came back.

ADDISON

I got distracted.

LIZ

I noticed.

Liz leans forward and plants a big, wet kiss on Addison, then ducks back under his arm and moves away from him.

She's wearing an unbuttoned shirt over her swim suit.

LIZ (CONT'D)

What's your last name Addison?

Addison grabs his towel from the wall and dries his legs as he answers her.

ADDISON

Smith.

When Addison straightens he looks in Liz's eyes and gives her a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Liz lifts her chin and narrows her eyes, not quite sure she won this round, then turns and wiggles away.

Addison looks over at Tyler and holds up two fingers.

Tyler mouths the words "two down".

Lars is sulky as he watches Liz's departure.

INT. SMITH GARAGE - DAY

Addison watches Tyler sign as witness that first base has been tagged for two targets.

Addison takes the marker from Tyler and draws a line through Star's name with a little shudder at the thought of her.

Collier enters behind them, his expression tragic.

Addison turns to gloat.

ADDISON

Ha. We're even - hey, what's wrong?

Collier glances around the room and moves to a rickety lawn chair, sitting down heavily.

COLLIER

It's Hugh.

ADDISON

What happened? He's not -

COLLIER

It's terrible. His life will never be the same.

Addison and Tyler share a worried glance.

Addison puts his arm around his grandfather's shoulder.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

He failed the vision test. They won't renew his driver's license.

Addison and Tyler let out a simultaneous breath of relief.

ADDISON

God, I thought something really bad happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLIER

Losing your freedom is bad.

TYLER

What's he going to do with the Lincoln?

Collier looks like a light bulb just went off over his head.

ADDISON

That's unfair advantage. That's a nice car.

Collier stands, turning with more of a spring in his step.

COLLIER

If you get your license Wednesday
I'll see if he'll let you drive it,
too - once.

INT. SMITH KITCHEN - NIGHT

Addison, Collier and Libby eat their dinner at the kitchen table.

Sitting on the kitchen counter is a three foot high, plaster bald eagle. The look on the bird's face is murderous.

LIBBY

Do you think the word "imposing"
has bad connotations?

ADDISON

Why does he bring these things
over? You have pictures.

Libby looks a little coy.

LIBBY

He says it might help if I get a
sense of the genuine article.

Addison and Collier exchange an amused glance.

COLLIER

But you suspect...

LIBBY

Is it so hard to believe he might
just want to come over?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDISON
No, not at all.

COLLIER
Who could blame him?

Libby nods, taking a bite of her meal.

LIBBY
Which reminds me...

Libby stands, heading out of the room, talking as she goes.

LIBBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Something very funny is going on
around here.

Libby returns with several scraps of paper. She tosses them on the table one by one as she ticks off the names on the phone messages.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Mary, Jennifer, Heddy, Liz,
Lorraine, Star.

ADDISON
Star?

COLLIER
Lorraine?

The boys reach for the scraps of paper but Libby slams her hand down on top of them.

LIBBY
What's going on?

COLLIER
A run of good luck, I'd say.

Libby looks at them with suspicion, but removes her hand and allows them to fish for their messages.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Addison grabs the remote phone from its cradle and carries it toward his bedroom.

INT. COLLIER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Collier pours himself a glass of wine, rubs his hands together and carries the phone to the couch, setting his drink on the coffee table.

INT. ADDISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Addison sits at his computer table throwing nerf darts at a dart board on the back of his bedroom door as he talks on the phone.

ADDISON

Did you get the sand out of your hair?

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Most of it. Well, I just wanted to ask you...do you like baseball?

ADDISON

I guess.

Addison tosses a nerf dart. It hits wide.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Because my little brother's team is playing kind of a big game Saturday. We're having a barbecue before and everything.

Addison tosses another dart. Wide again.

ADDISON

Sounds like fun.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Do you want to come?

ADDISON

Saturday? Sure.

Addison tosses a bulls eye. He grins.

INT. COLLIER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Collier sips his wine as he talks on the phone.

LORRAINE (V.O.)

They can be pretty tough. The hikes are usually planned by the younger members.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLIER

I think I can keep up. Shall I bring anything?

LORRAINE (V.O.)

Sturdy shoes. Water.

COLLIER

Okay.

LORRAINE (V.O.)

Good.

Click.

Collier holds the phone away from his ear, bemused at the abrupt disconnection. He places the next phone number in front of him and whistles as he dials the number.

INT. ADDISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Addison clutches his darts, his face anxious.

ADDISON

Saturday?

LIZ (V.O.)

Don't bring your other little friends, okay? It's not a high school party.

ADDISON

I - uh -

LIZ (V.O.)

Castillo Street. About 7:00. And don't make me wait. I hate to wait.

ADDISON

Yeah. Okay. G'bye.

Addison drops the darts on the floor as he hangs up the phone. He drums his fingers on his desk.

INT. COLLIER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Collier, holding the last piece of paper, jots a note in his appointment book as he speaks into the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLIER

I'll pick you up. Shall we say
6:00? That way we'll have some
time before we join the others.
Good...Fine. Good night, Mary.

Collier hangs up the phone. Leaning back and looking very smug, he peruses the dates he has just logged in his appointment book.

INT. ADDISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Addison lies on his bed, his expression one of relief as he speaks into the telephone.

ADDISON

Tell Star Addison called her
back...Thanks...'Bye.

Addison depresses the receiver button and dials another number, drumming his fingers as he listens to the ringing on the other end.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Tyler...I've got a problem...

INT. LIBBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Libby posts invoices into her computer, turning the completed ones over from one big stack to another.

Madeline swings around the cubicle divider, grinning from ear to ear.

MADELINE

I have inside information.

LIBBY

On stocks I hope.

Madeline reaches for the rolling chair at the unoccupied desk across from Libby.

MADELINE

Better. Phil thinks you're cute.

Libby stops her computer work.

LIBBY

Cute? I'm forty-two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADELINE

Do you think he's cute?

Libby grins in spite of herself.

LIBBY

Ye-e-e-s.

MADELINE

Well...?

Madeline stands to leave.

LIBBY

He hasn't asked me out.

MADELINE

He will.

Madeline ducks back around the divider.

Libby puts her hand over her racing heart and makes a little squeal, then covers her mouth looking around sheepishly.

Shaking her head to get a grip on herself, she squares her shoulders and resumes her computer work, but now with a goofy grin stuck on her face.

INT. SMITH KITCHEN - DUSK

Addison and Libby sit eating frozen dinners, Collier's place at the table empty.

Addison takes a bite, making a dissatisfied face.

LIBBY

Sorry. Your Grampa seems to have better things to do these days.

ADDISON

You could make something.

LIBBY

So could you. You're out of school at 3:00. I don't get off until 5:00.

Addison shrugs, sulking.

ADDISON

Can we practice my driving? My test is Wednesday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIBBY

Oh, honey, I have to finish the catalogue. I told Phil I'd be done tomorrow.

ADDISON

Well how about tomorrow?

LIBBY

Well...I'm giving Phil the catalogue. How about your grampa?

Addison slumps, leaning his head on one hand he lifts his fork halfheartedly.

ADDISON

Fine.

Libby tries to appease him.

LIBBY

Do you want to do anything for your birthday? We could do something Saturday. Or, I don't care if you have people over Wednesday.

Addison's reaction tells Libby he's much older than she thinks.

ADDISON

What, a birthday party? Get real.

LIBBY

Well, I don't know. What do you want?

ADDISON

Can I take the car on Saturday?

Libby pauses with a forkful of apple crisp half-way to her mouth.

LIBBY

Where?

ADDISON

To a baseball game. This girl - Jennifer - it's her little brother's game. They're having a barbecue and, I don't know, a party afterwards or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Libby takes a bite and considers.

LIBBY
Well, it depends on you getting
your license.

ADDISON
Duh.

LIBBY
And getting over this obnoxious
attitude.

Addison sits up straight and plants a smile of his face.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
And telling me who Jennifer is.

ADDISON
Mom...

LIBBY
Okay. But I'm going to think of
dozens of rules before then and
you'll have to agree to abide by
them all in advance.

Addison gets up and gives his mom a squeeze.

ADDISON
I agree.

Addison bolts from the room.

Libby sits alone at the table. She shouts loud enough for
Addison to hear down the hall.

LIBBY
You have to promise to like me when
you don't want anything any more.

ADDISON (O.S.)
I promise.

Libby sighs and takes another bite.

EXT. INSPIRATION POINT - LATE AFTERNOON

Collier and Lorraine, wearing hiking clothes and back packs
sit on a rock watching the sun head for the ocean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORRAINE

You're the first person my age who has been able to keep up with me on this trail.

Collier takes a swig of water.

COLLIER

Want to arm wrestle?

Lorraine gives a bemused snort.

LORRAINE

I'm sorry. I can be boorish about my physical abilities.

Collier shrugs and pats his hair.

COLLIER

That's okay. I'm conceited, too. Everyone says so.

They stare at the view.

LORRAINE

Do you like to travel?

COLLIER

I don't know. I haven't done much of it.

Lorraine stands, stretching.

LORRAINE

We'd better get back. It'll be dark by the time we get to the bottom.

Collier looks up at her, watching her stretch.

COLLIER

Do you like home cooking?

LORRAINE

Not my own.

Collier stands, brushing off his butt.

COLLIER

I'll race you down.

Lorraine smiles and they head for the trail.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - DAY

Hugh's Lincoln cruises in the fast lane of the freeway at about 45 m.p.h., a line of cars behind it. The car immediately behind lurches around, the car in the next lane honking and swerving.

INT. HUGH'S LINCOLN - DAY

Addison is driving the huge car, Collier beside him, craning his head around to look for an opening.

Addison looks panicked, glancing from his rearview mirror to the highway in front of him.

COLLIER
Give it a little gas.

Addison, now focused in front of him, allows the speedometer to climb to sixty.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - DAY

Traffic eases around the Lincoln, flowing more freely.

INT. HUGH'S LINCOLN - DAY

Collier takes another quick glance behind him.

COLLIER
Okay, now turn on the signal and ease over. Let's take that next offramp.

Addison licks his lips, checks the rearview mirror and turns on the signal as he's told.

After several moments he crosses the lane divider on the passenger side, straddles the line for a bit, then finally crosses fully into the next lane.

The exit goes whizzing by on the right and there's still another lane to cross.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

That's just fine. We'll get off on the next one.

ADDISON
This car is too big. Maybe we should see if Mom will trade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLIER

That little pip squeak? A man
needs a V-8 - and a big back seat.

ADDISON

Gram-pa.

COLLIER

You're doing fine. Just get me
back in time to rest up. I'm
feeling a run for home plate
tonight.

Addison glances quickly at his grandfather as he maneuvers
the next offramp.

ADDISON

No way.

COLLIER

I told you it wouldn't take long.

Addison stops at the sign at the end of the offramp and looks
sideways at Collier.

ADDISON

No way.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Addison lounges on the couch watching Bay Watch, shoveling
cereal into his mouth from a bowl held an inch from his face.

Libby comes in wearing a black dress, black nylons and sling-
back heels. Her hair is swept up and she's wearing make-up.

ADDISON

Wow.

LIBBY

Good?

Addison nods.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Oh, the catalogue.

Libby heads back out of the room just as there is a knock at
the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addison sets his cereal on the coffee table and steps over the back of the couch, pulling open the door.

Addison steps back, throwing the door open wider for Phil to enter.

ADDISON
Come on in.

Addison steps back over the couch as he calls for his mother.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
Mo-o-o-m.

PHIL
Bay Watch.

Addison resumes eating.

ADDISON
Mmmmm.

Libby enters carrying her manuscript.

PHIL
Hi. You look nice.

Libby blushes as she hands Phil the papers.

LIBBY
Thank you.

Libby turns to her son.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Addison, what are you doing? Don't ignore our guest.

PHIL
That's okay. Those red swim suits are hard to compete with.

Libby smacks Addison lightly on the top of the head, then leans down speaking venomously into his ear.

LIBBY
Stand up. Right now.

Addison leaps to his feet and faces Phil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Libby straightens and smiles, all sweetness and light.

PHIL
Well, shall we?

Libby joins Phil at the doorway, then turns back to Addison.

LIBBY
I won't be late.

ADDISON
Whatever.

Libby pauses at the door, feeling weird, then finally waves to Addison and closes the door.

Addison spins, picks up his bowl and turns the television volume up as he flops back onto the couch.

EXT. SB HIGH SCHOOL QUAD AREA - DAY

Addison, Tyler, Jennifer and Alyssa sit at a bench. All are sipping sodas through straws, Tyler eating some Snowballs.

ALYSSA
Mr. Bickler has had one of those hanging on the wall in the science lab for three years and it hasn't spoiled yet.

Tyler takes another huge bite, talking with his mouth full.

TYLER
No wonder they're so good.

The others make a face.

JENNIFER
(to Addison)
Call me and tell how the driver's test goes. I know you'll pass.

Star approaches Addison, the others watching her come up behind him.

Star stands directly behind Addison and, placing her hands on each side of his head, pulls it back until the top of his head rests between her breasts.

Addison stares up her nostrils as she smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR
Sorry I didn't call you back.
Wanta' try for 8:00 again?

ADDISON
Uh -

STAR
See you there - if you dare.

Star releases Addison's head, shoots a poisonous look at the girls, then stalks away.

Jennifer and Alyssa gape wide-eyed at Addison.

Addison and Tyler watch Star as she re-joins her girlfriends, all laughing wickedly.

JENNIFER
What was that?

ADDISON
Nothing. She's just trying to scare me.

ALYSSA
Did you go out with her?

ADDISON
Oh, I'm sure.

Jennifer's expression is unsure.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
I swear. She's just - messing with me. You know, like bug torture.

Jennifer and Alyssa exchange doubtful glances, then look back at Addison and Tyler with suspicion.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - DAY

Libby whips into the driveway and parks her car. She climbs out, then reaches back in to retrieve her purse and some papers.

Addison comes leaping out of the house like a puppy, Collier not far behind him.

ADDISON
Mom, I passed. I got it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addison waves his new temporary driver's license in front of her face, then grabs her and gives her a hug.

Libby lets her purse fall to the ground so she can give Addison the big hug he deserves.

LIBBY

Thank God. Good for you.

Collier beams behind them.

Addison pulls away and scoops up his mom's purse, swiping at the keys still in her hand.

ADDISON

Where do you want to go? Burgers for dinner?

Libby looks distressed.

LIBBY

Sweetheart, I thought you didn't want to do anything for your birthday tonight. Phil and I are going out.

Addison is brought up short.

ADDISON

Again?

COLLIER

We'll take him with us.

Addison sounds deflated.

ADDISON

No, that's okay.

Libby and Collier sneak a glance at each other.

LIBBY

You could drive to the store and get me some panty-hose.

ADDISON

I don't think so.

LIBBY

Please. You'll be a life saver.

Addison sighs, long suffering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADDISON

How do I know what to get?

LIBBY

Medium, suntan, sandal toe, control
top. You can remember that.

Libby presses the keys in his hand and pushes him toward the car.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Medium, suntan, sandal toe, control
top.

Addison repeats the words to himself as he heads for the car, then spins back to face his mother.

ADDISON

Money.

Libby digs in her purse, then presses a twenty into his hand.

Addison mumbles to himself as he enters the car and closes the door.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Medium, suntan, sandal toe, control
top.

He starts the car, then rolls down the window.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

If anyone sees me you're getting
root beer.

Libby and Collier watch Addison pull out of the driveway and head slowly down the street.

Libby turns to her father-in-law.

LIBBY

I'm a terrible mother.

Collier puts an arm around her and guides her inside.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Addison walks through the automatic doors of the supermarket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a quick tour of a couple of aisles, then approaches a store clerk stocking a shelf.

Addison leans close to the young man, speaking so no one else will hear.

ADDISON

Where are the panty-hose?

The clerk doesn't even glance up.

STORE CLERK

Aisle 6, toward the front.

Addison rounds aisle 6 and staggers the last few steps to the panty-hose display. The racks seem to tower above him and stretch interminably to each side

ADDISON

Jesus Christ.

Addison looks around desperately, then zeroes his attention in on the packages, picking first one, then another, then another.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Medium, suntan, sandal toe, control
top...Medium, suntan, sandal toe,
control top...Medium...

INT. SMITH KITCHEN - DUSK

Libby and Collier cook and set the table as before.

LIBBY

I did just go out with him last
night. I should have thought of
Addy.

COLLIER

Elizabeth, two dates in fourteen
years does not constitute neglect.

Libby fiddles with the dishes, rearranging them on the small table.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

Sit. You're driving me crazy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Collier takes the plate out of her hand and presses her into the bench seat.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

Addison is sixteen. The best thing for you to do is give him some room.

Libby puts her chin in her hands.

LIBBY

Really?

COLLIER

You've got to give him a chance to get out on his own. Stop mothering him.

LIBBY

How can I do that?

COLLIER

Why don't you let Addy and his friends take the car tonight. Now that's a birthday present.

Libby stands, fussing with the plates again.

LIBBY

No way. It's his first day.

Collier turns away from Libby fetching the milk from the refrigerator.

COLLIER

This is why boys need fathers. So their mothers don't smother the life out of them.

Libby turns to face Collier, hands on hips.

LIBBY

I'm not smothering. I'm showing good judgement.

Collier ignores her, placing the milk on the table.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Well, I am.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SANTA BARBARA - NIGHT

Libby's Toyota creeps along State Street in a line of cars all cruising the main thoroughfare.

INT. LIBBY'S CAR - NIGHT

Addison's attention is riveted on the task of driving while Tyler in the passenger seat and Lars in the back seat keep an eye out for hot chicks.

TYLER

Hey, there's those girls again.
They're going into the bookstore.

LARS

Find a parking space. Let's go in there.

Addison checks his mirrors, turns on his signal and carefully executes a right hand turn.

LIBBY

This year, before they move out of town.

Addison pulls the car into a space with a green curb and sign indicating it's a fifteen minute zone. He cuts the engine.

TYLER

What do you think we're going to accomplish in fifteen minutes?

ADDISON

It was open. I didn't want to parallel park.

Tyler rolls his eyes.

The boys get out of the car and head back around the corner.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mary lives in one of the units at Val Verde. The apartments are tiny but clean. The whole place seems in miniature.

Collier sits at a tiny dining table, just big enough to seat two, with a decorative porcelain tea cup and a few packaged cookies arranged on a saucer in front of him.

Also on the table are several framed photographs of varying sizes, some standing, some lying flat and stacked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mary enters from another room carrying half a dozen more photographs.

MARY

Here they are. I knew I had the graduation pictures.

Collier raises his eyebrows as if pleased and interested as Mary hands him an 8x10 of a young man in a graduation cap.

MARY (CONT'D)

Hard to believe it's the same little boy, isn't it?

COLLIER

It certainly is.

Collier sneaks a peek at his wrist watch and sighs, then smiles up at Mary.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - NIGHT

Addison eases the car into the driveway and inches to a stop then turns off the lights and the engine.

Whistling, he locks the car and springs up to the front porch.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Libby, in her sports jersey night gown, meets Addison at the front door, her book in her hand.

As Addison enters, Libby wraps her arms around his waist in a great big hug.

LIBBY

How was your night on the town?

ADDISON

It was great. Thanks, Mom.

Libby turns away, eyes glistening.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Hey, what's wrong?

Libby draws in a shaky breath, then flops sideways in the chair, her legs dangling over the arm, and gives in to her tears. She looks very young.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addison, concerned, sits on the floor beside her leaning against the couch.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

What?

LIBBY

Oh, honey, I don't know. Just everything. You're driving and you're going away from me.

ADDISON

Mom -

LIBBY

I know, I know. That's a good thing. I want you to be independent.

Addison reaches behind him, sightlessly grabbing a box of tissues from the lamp table and passes them to his mother.

Libby blows her nose noisily.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

I can't see Phil anymore.

ADDISON

Why not?

LIBBY

He's still married. He's separated, but they haven't filed for divorce.

ADDISON

But he's separated.

Libby shakes her head.

LIBBY

They'll go back, trust me. Otherwise they'd file.

Libby blows her nose again.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

I shouldn't have gotten my hopes up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Addison is thoughtful a moment.

ADDISON
Don't you think it's better to get
excited and disappointed than to
never get excited?

Libby smiles at his response.

LIBBY
Who taught you that?

Addison stands and ruffles his mom's hair.

ADDISON
I made it up.

Libby grabs onto Addison's arm, clinging for dear life, fresh
tears running down her cheeks.

LIBBY
What am I going to do without you?

Addison can't help but roll his eyes.

ADDISON
Mom, I'm only sixteen.

Libby squeezes her eyes shut, nodding her head, then finally
lets her son go and blows her nose again.

LIBBY
You go to bed. I'm going to sit
here and mope for a while.

Addison kisses his mom on the top of her head and turns
toward the hallway.

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

The Lincoln is parked at the curb in front of an upper middle-
class Spanish style home, typical of Santa Barbara,

An SUV and a Cadillac are parked in the driveway.

EXT. JENNIFER'S BACK YARD - DAY

Addison, Jennifer, Jennifer's three brothers and her parents
sit and stand around a built-in brick barbecue near a
swimming pool in the large back yard,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jennifer is the eldest child, her brothers ranging in age from seven to twelve. Her parents appear the successful middle-aged professionals that they are.

Two of Jennifer's brothers clamber into an immense tree house above a lawn area.

JENNIFER'S MOM

What do your parents do, Addison?

ADDISON

My dad died when I was two. Of cancer.

JENNIFER'S MOM

Oh, I'm so sorry.

Addison shrugs.

ADDISON

I wish I could remember him, but I really don't. My mom's a bookkeeper.

Jennifer's parents nod. That is apparently acceptable.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

My grampa lives with us. My dad's dad.

JENNIFER'S FATHER

That's good, to have that male influence. Especially with a boy.

ADDISON

I guess.

JENNIFER

Addison just got his driver's license.

Jennifer's parents exchange a concerned glance, then smile.

JENNIFER'S FATHER

Is that your car out front?

ADDISON

It's my grampa's. Sort of.

Addison turns to face Jennifer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADDISON (CONT'D)

In fact, I needed to tell you. I have to get the car back by 7:00, so I'll miss your brother's game.

JENNIFER'S MOM

We can pick you up.

Addison shifts, uncomfortable.

Jennifer jumps to his rescue.

JENNIFER

Mom, he doesn't have to go to some stupid Jr. High game.

Addison looks gratefully at Jennifer.

JENNIFER'S FATHER

Okay, well, grab your plates.

The family and Addison line up for burgers.

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Addison and Jennifer stand by the driver's side of the Lincoln, Addison reaching for the door.

JENNIFER

Amazing car.

Jennifer peers in the window at the back seat.

Addison raises an amused eyebrow.

ADDISON

Your parents are nice.

JENNIFER

I'm glad you came over. Don't worry about the stupid game.

Addison registers a flash of guilt as he turns away from Jennifer.

ADDISON

Where are they playing? In case I can leave again.

JENNIFER

Pershing Park.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They stand awkwardly for a moment, then Addison puts his arm around her, pulls her in and gives her a sweet, gentle kiss good-bye.

Addison climbs in the car and pulls away.

Jennifer waves from the sidewalk, watching until the car rounds the corner out of sight.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SANTA BARBARA - NIGHT

The Lincoln turns onto Castillo Street and inches along.

INT. HUGH'S LINCOLN - NIGHT

Addison squints at street addresses, stereo blasting.

EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Liz lives in an old Victorian cottage converted into a duplex.

Revelers advance to Liz's door like a string of ants. They are twenty-somethings wearing mostly black, though not too scary looking.

INT. HUGH'S LINCOLN - NIGHT

Addison pulls up to the curb blocking a driveway across the street. He puts the car in park but leaves the engine running and turns the stereo down to a whisper.

He watches as Liz greets new arrivals.

EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Liz stands on the front porch wearing skin tight black pants and a teeny, tiny tank shirt. She greets her guests with lots of hugging, groping and kissing.

Liz spots Addison and her eyes go wide, mouthing the words "great car". She holds up her beer in offering.

A couple of guys in jeans and undershirts approach Liz. One of the young men picks her up, and slinging her over his shoulder heads inside, Liz kicking and screaming in delight.

INT. HUGH'S LINCOLN - NIGHT

Addison stares up the street, tapping on the steering wheel as he tries to decide what to do. He looks back at the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The passenger door opens and Liz drops into the passenger seat, startling him. She hands Addison a beer.

LIZ
Coming in?

Addison takes the beer, but does not take a drink. Instead he peels at the paper label, not looking at Liz.

ADDISON
I don't know. I don't know anyone.

LIZ
You know me.

Addison smiles, matching the lilt of her voice as he answers.

ADDISON
Not very well.

Liz studies him.

LIZ
God you're cute. I wish you'd come inside.

Addison looks over at the older boys on the porch, then shakes his head and hands her back the beer.

Liz looks behind her into the back seat.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Is this your car?

ADDISON
It's my grampa's.

Liz leans over, rubbing her breast on Addison's arm and whispering into his ear.

LIZ
Maybe next time I'll invite you to something more...intimate.

Addison leans forward to start the car, brushing Liz's breast with his arm again.

She leans into it.

ADDISON
That would be great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Since he never shut the car off, the ignition lets out a grinding protest, making them both jump.

Addison stifles his embarrassment.

They gaze at one another, Addison waiting for her to go, Liz waiting for him to kiss her.

Finally, Liz takes a swig of the beer and climbs out of the car, slamming the door, waving good-bye with her pinky.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF LIZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Liz wiggles back to her house, but can't resist turning for a last look.

Addison is watching for it. He smiles as he pulls away from the curb.

EXT. PERSHING PARK - NIGHT

A little league baseball game is in progress under the bright lights of the park.

In the bleachers, Jennifer's family cheers on their team with enthusiasm.

Jennifer wears a sun dress with a sweater over the top, only the top button buttoned. She notices Addison striding toward them from the parking lot.

Addison waves to Jennifer.

Jennifer, a huge grin taking over her face, leaps down from the bleachers to join him.

EXT. SHORELINE PARK - NIGHT

Collier and Lorraine sit on a park bench looking at the light from a nearly full moon reflected on the ocean.

LORRAINE

I'm a spinster you know.

COLLIER

An outdated term. And quite unflattering. I don't think you should use it.

Lorraine looks at Collier sideways, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORRAINE

I just thought you should know.

Collier shrugs.

COLLIER

As long as you're single.

Lorraine lays her head on Collier's shoulder, staring out at the moonlight.

LORRAINE

I don't know what it is about you
Mr. Smith, but you make me feel
like such a girl.

Collier shifts, putting an arm around Lorraine. They both sigh in unison, then smile as they watch the water.

EXT. JENNIFER'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

Jennifer's house is dark, everyone apparently asleep.

The mumbling noise of voices and suppressed laughter can be heard from the treehouse.

INT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

Addison and Jennifer have a sleeping bag unrolled on the floor of the treehouse. A mostly eaten bag of Fritos and empty soda cans are evidence of a late night snack.

Recovering from a giggling fest, Addison looks into Jennifer's eyes, the mood suddenly serious. Moving slowly he zeroes in for a kiss.

Passions rising, Addison lifts up on one elbow. Given Jennifer's dress, there seems only one access to second base - from the bottom up.

Addison kisses Jennifer again, then moves his hand to the hem of her dress which has scooped up to the top of her thighs. Moving his hand to her side, he makes his move up to her breasts.

Jennifer moves to provide easier access, rolling onto her back.

Addison kisses her again, his fingers now visible peeking out the neckline of Jennifer's dress as he massages her breast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addison looks down at Jennifer's body. Her dress is hiked up around her waist, her white cotton bikini underwear glowing as if in a black light.

Addison glances at Jennifer's face.

Jennifer's eyes are closed, and she's stroking his arms and shoulders.

Addison purses his lips and inches his hand down toward her panty line.

No sign of resistance.

His fingers disappear under the elastic. Addison can't believe where his hand is. Staring sightlessly in front of him he is lost in the sensation.

After several moments he seems to remember that this extraordinary terrain is attached to someone and he turns his attention to Jennifer's face.

Jennifer's eyes are screwed shut, her mouth in something approaching a grimace.

Addison removes his hand immediately and strokes her hair out of her face, giving her little kisses on her forehead.

ADDISON

Hey, hey. It's okay.

Jennifer opens her eyes, staring into Addison's, a bundle of apprehension.

Neither one speaks for several moments.

Jennifer moves, arranging her dress.

JENNIFER

I should probably go in.

ADDISON

Okay. Hey, come here.

Jennifer leans back toward him and he kisses her again, then puts his arms around her shoulders, rocking her with their foreheads pressed together.

ADDISON

I'll call you in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jennifer nods, causing his head to nod, too. Then she makes her break and heads down the ladder to the yard.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Addison climbs into the Lincoln parked across the street from Jennifer's house.

INT. HUGH'S LINCOLN - NIGHT

Addison starts the car, then looks into the rearview mirror. Catching sight of his own eyes he exhales a big breath, then tries to suppress an excited squeak.

Addison claps his hand over his mouth. His eyes open wider. Placing his fingers under his nose he breathes in their scent. Wow.

Addison looks around sheepishly, then gives his fingers another sniff. Amazing.

He starts the car and pulls slowly into the street.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - NIGHT

Addison locks the car and heads for the front door, his fingers again tucked surreptitiously under his nose.

His hand on the doorknob, it is jerked out of his grasp, Libby standing irate in front of him.

Addison jams his hand into his pocket and steps past his mother into the house.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Addison heads for the hallway, trying to avoid confrontation with his mother.

Libby, in her sleeping jersey, plants herself in his path, hands on hips.

LIBBY

Do you know what time it is?

Addison checks his wrist watch.

ADDISON

Twelve thirty.

LIBBY

You're an hour late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDISON

Sorry.

Addison steps around her again, heading for his bedroom.

INT. ADDISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Addison sinks onto his bed, looking at his mother fuming in the doorway.

LIBBY

Is this what I have to look forward to? You've been driving for four days and you've already blown it - big time.

ADDISON

Mom, I'm sorry. It was just - I had an amazing night, okay?

Libby is immediately suspicious.

LIBBY

Why? What happened? Where did you go?

ADDISON

To that baseball game.

LIBBY

Until twelve thirty?

ADDISON

And then I went over to Jennifer's house. Her parents were home.

Libby continues to glare at her son.

Addison looks up at his mother innocently.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Nothing happened. I promise. Can I go to bed now?

LIBBY

Just don't scare me like that again. You have to promise to call me.

Addison now feels properly chagrined.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDISON

I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't think.

Libby sighs, then crosses over to her son, giving him a kiss on the top of his head.

LIBBY

I guess we have some ground rules to figure out. I trust you.

Libby heads out of the bedroom door, drawing it closed behind her, then tucks her head back in.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Just don't ever scare me like that again.

Libby closes the door.

Addison flops back on his bed with a sigh.

INT. SMITH GARAGE - NIGHT

Collier enters the garage through the side door and pushes past the Chevy to the baseball chart on the wall.

He stares at the chart for several moments, then turns and heads back out of the garage.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - DAY

Addison hops off the steps in jeans and a t-shirt and heads for the garage.

Addison lifts the garage door, leaving it open as he lifts the hood of the Chevy.

INT. SMITH GARAGE - DAY

Addison turns toward the tool bench and stops in front of the baseball graphic hanging on the wall.

No territory has apparently been conquered since both players got to first base with two girls each.

Addison picks up the magic marker lying on the tool bench. He places the marker on Jennifer's line at first base.

Addison stares at third base a long moment, then sets the marker down.

INT. SMITH GARAGE - SOME TIME LATER - DAY

Addison, now greasy from his work, turns to watch as Tyler and Lars dismount from their skateboards, nearly flying into the garage.

TYLER

Beach day.

ADDISON

Yeah, okay.

Addison wipes his hands on a greasy towel.

Tyler moves over to the baseball graphic.

TYLER

You're shittin' me. No second base? Neither one?

Addison shrugs, not looking at his friend.

LARS

Did you go to that party or what?

ADDISON

It was too weird.

Lars looks relieved.

TYLER

What about Jennifer?

Addison throws the towel on the fender.

ADDISON

Her family was there. Gimme a break. I'm gonna go change.

Addison heads for the house.

Tyler and Lars exchange confused glances.

MONTAGE OF SCENES

Day at the beach.

Addison, Tyler and Lars boogie board and body surf, their young, tanned, hard bodies glistening in the sun.

Jennifer and Alyssa appear over the rise of sand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jennifer appears shy with Addison. He engages her in a water fight, getting past the awkwardness.

Liz, from her umbrella up the beach, keeps a scheming eye on Addison.

Lars keeps a scheming eye on Liz.

Tyler and Alyssa disappear behind the rock where Addison and Jennifer first kissed. Addison and Jennifer share a smile over that.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Libby stands at the living room window watching Addison head down the walkway to her car. She waves as he backs down the driveway, but he doesn't see her.

Libby turns away from the window, scanning her empty living room. She picks up the remote, turning on the television, then turns it off almost immediately.

Libby paces the room, disappears for a moment and returns with her book. She flops into the chair and scans the pages for a second, then closes the book.

She moves over to the couch and picks up the telephone fingers drumming as she listens into the receiver.

She starts to speak, then pauses, obviously waiting for an answering machine message to end.

LIBBY

Hi, Sandy, it's me. I was going to see if you wanted to see a movie. Call me if you come home soon.

Libby depresses button with her finger, still holding the receiver up to her ear. She drums her fingers some more, heaves a big sigh, then dials.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Hi.

Libby traces the design of the phone with her finger as she speaks softly into the phone, a smile creeping onto her face.

INT. SMITH GARAGE - DAY

Addison stands with his head under the hood of the Chevy, both arms reaching inside the engine compartment. He leans back to speak to Collier who sits in the driver's seat.

ADDISON

Try it now.

Collier turns the key in the ignition. The engine groans, churning over and over but not catching.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

That's good.

Addison tinkers some more.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Okay, try it again.

Collier obeys, but again the engine won't catch.

Addison stands up, leaning back to stretch his back.

Collier gets out of the car and they both turn to lean against the side panel, now facing the baseball graphic.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

You know, the witness thing doesn't really work after first base.

Collier nods.

COLLIER

I've been having trouble with that one myself. Technically I could have advanced days ago.

ADDISON

Yeah, well, me too.

Collier steps down to the tool bench and picks up the magic marker. He returns and holds it out to his grandson.

ADDISON

You go ahead.

Collier steps up to the print-out and extends the "Mary" line to a point midway between first and second base.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDISON

What does that mean?

Collier answers as he begins on the "Lorraine" line.

COLLIER

Something more than one but not quite the other.

ADDISON

I didn't know we could count that.

Collier extends his "Lorraine" line just a little past second base.

COLLIER

The nuances are everything, I'm sure you'll agree.

Collier hands the marker to Addison.

Addison takes the pen with some reticence, looking over his shoulder at his grandfather as the pen approaches Jennifer's line, now stopped at first base.

Addison's hand hovers over Jennifer's name, then moves over to Liz. He extends the line, stopping a fraction before second base.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

I see you know what I mean.

ADDISON

I get it.

Addison places the pen on the "Jennifer" point and draws a bold line toward second base. His hand slows as he approaches the diamond shaped milestone, then stops right in the middle of the bag.

COLLIER

Good show. I see a couple of targets have fallen out of the race.

Collier heads out of the garage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLLIER (CONT'D)

Such is life. Come get me if you
want me to fiddle with the car some
more.

Addison sets the marker on the tool bench, looking at the
graphic with discomfort.

Hearing the unmistakable sound of approaching skateboards,
Addison wipes his hands and heads out of the garage, pushing
closed the metal door.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The sky is gray, thick with a marine layer, the air chilly
though it is almost mid-day.

The school bell rings and hoards of high school kids rush
from the campus.

Addison, Tyler and Lars head down the sidewalk away from the
campus carrying crammed back packs.

LARS

I didn't even know it was minimum
schedule.

ADDISON

Me neither. What should we do?

TYLER

I don't know. Beach?

ADDISON

Nah. Movie?

LARS

Nah. Mall?

TYLER

Nah.

Jennifer and Alyssa join the group. Jennifer slides in next
to Addison.

Addison slips an arm around her shoulders.

Jennifer glows.

ALYSSA

What's everyone doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYLER
Listing options.

LARS
I'm starving.

The sound of a gunning engine gets their attention.

Liz, her brother in the car next to her, has pulled her Trans Am over to the curb across the street. She cups her hands, calling across the street.

LIZ
Addison.

Addison gazes up at Liz, then points to himself as if he has no clue why she would call to him. He glances at Jennifer who ducks from under his arm.

Jennifer keeps her face a mask for Addison, but shoots a look of concern at Alyssa.

Addison shrugs and jogs over to Liz's Trans Am.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF SB HIGH - DAY

Addison bends to Liz's window, his hands on his knees.

LIZ
Short day today.

ADDISON
We were just deciding what to do.
Hey Ted.

Liz's brother nods, then gazes out his passenger window.

LIZ
I rented a movie. I don't have to
go to work until 6:00.

Addison glances over at his friends, then back to Liz.

ADDISON
Well, I'll probably just do
something with my friends.

Liz looks over his shoulder at the others. Her expression communicates his folly in choosing them over her.

LIZ
Suit yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED

Can we go?

LIZ

In a minute.

Liz leans forward, indicating that Addison should bend closer. She whispers something into his ear.

Addison looks down at his shoes, glances at Jennifer, then stares Liz in the eye.

Liz smiles, raising an eyebrow to prompt a response to her whispered proposition.

Addison continues to look into her eyes, considering. He stares at his shoes again, takes a deep breath and shakes his head. He looks over at his friends.

The entire group is staring at Addison and Liz.

ADDISON

I gotta go. I'll talk to you
later.

Liz presses the switch that causes the automatic window to glide up as she speaks without looking at Addison.

LIZ

Call me by 2:00 or forget it.

Addison stands away from the car and Liz squeals the tires as she pulls away.

Addison crosses the street to rejoin his friends.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF SB HIGH - DAY

The spirit of camaraderie is broken.

Jennifer is stiff, stepping out of arm's reach from Addison.

Lars watches the Trans Am pull away, then glares at Addison.

ALYSSA

What did she want?

Addison fidgets, searching desperately for an answer. He glances at Jennifer.

Jennifer stares at Addison openly, waiting for his reply.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDISON

She was, uh - asking about my
Grampa's Chevy. Someone she knows
wants to buy it.

He can't look at Jennifer.

Jennifer stays on his face another moment, her expression
registering disbelief.

ALYSSA

We're outta' here. Maybe we'll see
you guys later.

Jennifer and Alyssa head down the sidewalk.

Addison talks to Jennifer's back.

ADDISON

I'll call you.

Jennifer pauses, turning to peruse Addison once more.

JENNIFER

Whatever.

Jennifer and Alyssa walk away, heads bent in urgent
conversation.

TYLER

What did she want?

Addison seems uncomfortable.

ADDISON

I don't know. She's kind of giving
me the creeps.

LARS

If you don't like her then why
don't you stop fucking with her?

Addison and Tyler turn to Lars, their expressions surprised
and questioning.

LARS

What? I just think - you're the
one who's after her, you know?

Tyler gives a snorting laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TYLER

Yeah, she's just an innocent victim.

Addison still looks ill at ease.

ADDISON

I'm just gonna go home. Maybe work on the car.

The three boys stand awkwardly together for a few moments, then scatter.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - DAY

Addison, carrying his back pack, stomps up the front steps to his house.

Libby's Toyota is parked in the driveway, an unfamiliar SUV parked at the curb in front of the house.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - DAY

Addison slams the door, setting his back pack on the couch.

ADDISON

Mom? I'm home...Mom? What are you doing here?

From the direction of Libby's bedroom comes her muffled voice, speaking from behind the closed door.

LIBBY (O.S.)

Just a minute.

Addison heads down the hall.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LIBBY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Addison takes the few steps to his mother's bedroom, reaching out to open the door.

ADDISON

We had minimum schedule.

Libby's voice sounds panicked.

LIBBY (O.S.)

Just a minute. I'll be right out.

Addison pauses, his brow furrowed, hand resting on the knob.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Seconds later Libby pulls open her bedroom door, but not all the way. She attempts a light tone.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
You got out early?

There's a rustling noise behind Libby.

Addison stares at his mother, trying to comprehend.

Libby glances over her shoulder, then lets the door swing open the rest of the way to reveal Phil walking around from the opposite side of her bed.

Libby looks up at her son, desperation in her eyes.

Addison is frozen with shock. Nothing registers for several moments.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Addy, I -

Addison spins on his heel and bolts for the door.

Libby turns to face Phil, closing her eyes against the horror.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Oh, God.

Phil moves over to her, reaching out to hold her.

Libby shakes her head and hurries after her son.

EXT. SMITH FRONT PORCH - DAY

Addison sits folded over on the steps, his forehead resting on his forearms.

Libby gently closes the front door and stands behind him wringing her hands.

LIBBY
Addy.

Addison's voice is muffled as he talks to his feet.

ADDISON
Leave me alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIBBY
I need to talk to you.

Addison flies to his feet, turning to face his mother.

ADDISON
Just leave me alone for a minute.

Addison stomps around the side of the house toward the garage.

The front door opens behind Libby.

Libby turns to see Phil standing in the doorway. He shakes his head meaning she should leave Addison alone and holds out his hand to her.

A tear streaks down Libby's cheek.

LIBBY
This is not fair.

INT. SMITH GARAGE - DAY

The garage door is open, the driver's side door of the Chevy ajar.

Addison sits inside the car, sulking.

EXT. SMITH GARAGE - DAY

Phil walks up the driveway, stopping just outside the garage. He can't see Addison behind the hood.

PHIL
Addison?

INT. CHEVY - DAY

Addison sinks lower in the seat, glowering in Phil's direction, hoping he doesn't come inside.

EXT. SMITH GARAGE - DAY

Phil's eyes scan the garage.

PHIL
Addison? I'm leaving now.

No response.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHIL (CONT'D)

I'd very much like to talk to you.
I'd like you to call me...Please...

The Chevy shifts a bit, tipping Phil off that Addison is inside.

Phil pauses, not sure whether to approach.

PHIL

Addison?

Phil waits another few moments then, shaking his head with disappointment, he turns and heads down the driveway.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - DAY

Libby paces the living room floor. Snatching a tissue from the lamp table she blows her nose noisily.

Libby crosses her arms, fingers tapping, then reaches for the phone.

EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Lorraine's house is a tidy, stucco number with well groomed hedges and plenty of flowers. Hugh's Lincoln is parked in the driveway next to a Westfalia camper van.

INT. LORRAINE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Lorraine stands at the wall phone by her kitchen counter holding the receiver out to Collier.

LORRAINE

It's Libby.

Collier wrinkles his brow in concern as he takes the receiver from Lorraine.

COLLIER

Libby? Is everything all right?
How did you get this number?

Collier and Lorraine stare into each other's eyes as he gets the lowdown on what has happened.

INT. SMITH GARAGE - DAY

Addison looks up from the Chevy to see the Lincoln pull into the driveway. He sighs, his head sagging, then he sets aside his tools.

Addison wipes his hands on a rag as he walks to meet this grandfather.

EXT. SMITH GARAGE - DAY

Collier steps out of the Lincoln.

He moves to the front of the car where he and Addison stand face to face.

ADDISON
What's this? Damage control?

COLLIER
Your mother is very upset.

Addison turns his back to Collier, heading back inside the garage.

ADDISON
So?

Collier follows Addison inside.

INT. SMITH GARAGE - DAY

Addison stares into the engine compartment.

COLLIER
I've only got one thing to say
about all this and I suggest you
listen.

Addison's expression is defiant as he turns to face Collier.

COLLIER (CONT'D)
You're not a child anymore. Don't
act like one.

ADDISON
What's that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLIER

You know damn well what it means.
You'd better not give your mother
one second of grief over this.

ADDISON

Or what?

They both turn as they hear Libby coming up the driveway.

LIBBY

I can't just stand in the house
while you're talking about this.

Addison turns away from her, walking further into the garage.

Libby follows after him.

Collier crosses his arms, deciding to watch and wait.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Addy...look at me.

Addison faces his mother.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

What are you thinking? I need to
know how you feel about this.

Addison sighs and leans against the car.

ADDISON

I don't know how I feel. Nobody
will leave me alone long enough to
figure it out.

Libby leans against the car next to him and nods her head.
She looks up, first not focusing, then stands away from the
car as she stares at the baseball graphic.

Addison and Collier exchange a look of panic.

Libby steps closer to scrutinize the poster. She spins on
Collier first.

LIBBY

What the hell is this?

Collier glances at Addison, then at the floor, then back to
Libby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Libby tears at the paper, ripping part of it away. Thumb tacks still hold the corners to the wall. Libby shakes the torn shards in Collier's face.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

What is it Collier? Just some fun you're having with the boys?

ADDISON

Mom, it's not that big of a deal.

LIBBY

Perfect.

Libby flops her arms at her sides. She shakes her head, then faces Collier again.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

If there was one good thing about losing Jack, it was sparing his son the macho bullshit you dumped on him.

COLLIER

Watch it now, Elizabeth.

Addison breaks in, his voice screechy.

ADDISON

What, now you're saying you're glad Dad died?

Libby wads the paper and throws it on the garage floor.

LIBBY

I don't know what I'm saying. You disgust me. Both of you.

ADDISON

Oh, it was fine as long as you were the one getting tagged.

Libby gets to Addison in one big step and slaps his face. Hard.

LIBBY

You have no idea the things I've given up for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Her voice cracks. She starts out of the garage, then turns back to Addison with one last comment.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

You just better make God damn sure
I think you were worth it.

Libby stomps from the garage, bumping roughly into Collier's shoulder as she leaves.

Addison rubs his cheek.

Collier stares at his grandson for a moment, then turns to go.

COLLIER
I'm going hiking.

Addison shouts to Collier's retreating back.

ADDISON
Why is everyone mad at me? I
didn't do anything.

EXT. SMITH GARAGE - DAY

Collier climbs in the Lincoln and starts the engine.

INT. SMITH GARAGE - DAY

Addison glares as he watches his grandfather pull out of the driveway.

ADDISON
I didn't do anything.

Addison sulks for a moment, then jerks his skateboard from its peg and takes off down the driveway.

EXT. SIDEWALK ACROSS FROM JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Addison sits on the curb at the corner across from Jennifer's house. He is partially obscured by a hedge, his feet resting on his skateboard.

Sitting up a little straighter, he watches as Jennifer's mom pulls their SUV into the driveway.

Jennifer, her mother and Alyssa pile out of the car, the girls slurping on sodas from a hamburger stand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addison broods as his eyes follow them into the house. He buries his head in his arms for a moment, then he looks up at the house again.

ADDISON

Shit.

Addison rises, mounts his skateboard and pushes around the corner away from Jennifer.

EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Addison stands in front of Liz's house carrying his skateboard like school books. He glances at his watch.

It's 3:30.

Addison steels himself, then heads for the front door. Stowing his skateboard on the porch, he gives the door a solid knocking.

Addison sees the living room curtain pulled aside and a surprised look on Liz's face. Seconds later the door opens a crack.

Liz peers out at Addison.

LIZ

You're late.

She glances over her shoulder.

Addison shrugs, peevish. He doesn't care if she lets him in or not.

Liz studies him a moment, then swings the door open wide.

LIZ

Come in.

Addison follows her into the house.

Liz is wearing extremely short cut-off jeans and a sleeveless button blouse.

INT. LIZ'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is dark, the drawn curtains not allowing much light, but enough to see the sparse IKEA furniture and hard wood floors. The television throws out a blue glow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A twenty-something male in ripped jeans and a tattered undershirt rises from the folded futon where he had been watching the television. He's got some tattoos and a pierced eyebrow.

LIZ

This is my neighbor, Drake. Beat it, Drake.

Drake is taken aback.

DRAKE

The movie isn't -

Liz turns to face Drake, lowering her voice but intensifying the meaning. Her eyes direct him to the door.

LIZ

I said beat it, Drake.

Addison, still standing by the front door, puts his hands in his pockets, trying to figure out where to look.

Drake rolls his eyes, picks up a half-empty pack of cigarettes from the coffee table and heads for the door, glaring at Addison as he walks past him.

Drake turns to Liz before he closes the door, looking as if he might say something, then just shakes his head and makes his exit.

Addison's eyes lock with Liz's at the sound of the closing door. For a moment neither one makes a move.

Liz's expression is taunting.

Addison closes the distance between them and plants a kiss.

Liz bends into him, going with it for a bit, then pushes him away, searching his eyes.

LIZ

Jesus baby, you're hot for it.

Liz turns away from Addison and heads for a doorway opening off the living room.

Addison is rooted to the floor.

At the doorway Liz turns back to Addison, speaking to him as she unbuttons her blouse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZ

Well, come on. This is it.

Addison falters for just an instant, his eyes glancing off the front door. Then he dives after Liz.

INT. LIZ'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is brighter than the living room had been. A double mattress sits on the floor, a tiny chest of drawers beside it, the two items pretty much filling up the space.

An open doorway on the opposite wall reveals a small bathroom.

Liz pulls down the roller shades, but the room still is not as dim as the living room had been.

Addison stands awkwardly in the doorway, eyeing Liz with trepidation as she turns from her task at the window.

Liz can't suppress a wicked smile. She lies back on the bed, crossing one ankle over her knee. She peers at Addison over her leg.

LIZ

You've never done this before, have you?

Addison stands where he is, eyes scanning her legs, her cleavage where her open shirt reveals her bra, her stomach.

He licks his lips.

Liz stretches like a cat, able to reach her dresser from the bed. Pulling open a drawer she pulls out a package of condoms.

Addison swallows.

Liz stands up from the bed, moves over to Addison and takes him by the hand, leading him back to the bed.

Liz sits on the bed in front of Addison, looking up into his face. She speaks matter-of-factly as she opens the package of condoms.

LIZ

This is gonna go pretty fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Liz sets the package on the bed, lies back and slips out of her cutoffs, stomping them down to the floor with a bicycle-riding motion. She reaches behind and unhooks her own bra.

Addison can't take his eyes from her. He's breathing hard and starting to sweat.

Liz slips off her blouse and her bra, then looks up to Addison again.

LIZ

Let's just say the first one's for
you and the next one will be for
me.

Liz reaches out and unbuttons Addison's fly, then tugs his pants down.

Addison steps out of them, then climbs on top of her, not bothering to take off his shirt.

Liz giggles.

LIZ

Wait, wait. Put this on.

There's a few seconds of squirming, some guttural noises from Addison - and it's all over.

Addison collapses, still lying on top of Liz.

Liz shoves at his shoulders, trying to worm out from under him.

LIZ

Get off, you're squishing me.

Addison rolls off of her, flopping one arm over his eyes.

Liz continues to lie on her back, eyeing Addison sideways.

LIZ

Well?

Addison keeps his eyes covered as he responds.

ADDISON

Well, what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Liz rolls her eyes, shaking her head as if thinking:
"virgins".

Liz props herself up on one elbow, studying Addison.

LIZ
Let me know when you're ready
again.

Addison uncovers his face and swings his legs over the other side of the bed, turning his back to Liz. He brushes his hands through his hair, then leans on his knees.

ADDISON
I don't want to do it again.

Liz gets some attitude.

LIZ
Excuse me?.

Addison stands up, then walks around the bed to retrieve his jeans.

Liz follows him with her eyes, glowering.

Addison pulls on his pants, still averting his glance. Once zipped up he sits on the edge of the bed and finally turns to Liz.

ADDISON
I'm sorry.

Liz rolls her eyes again, then glares at the other side of the room.

LIZ
Whatever.

Addison looks hurt. He puts his head in his hands.

ADDISON
I said I was sorry.

Liz shrugs, then levels a malicious glare at him.

Addison feels sick inside. He rises from the bed and heads for the door. He turns back to look at her.

Liz reclines, propped on both elbows. She glares at Addison, then turns her eyes away from him, cold and mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Addison ducks out of the room.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Addison coasts on his skateboard through a residential district. Turning a corner onto his street he swipes at his eyes with a sleeve, brushing away tears.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Addison stands under a stiff stream of water, scrubbing.

INT. SMITH GARAGE - DAY

Addison lifts the hood of the Chevy.

He takes a step toward the tool bench and kicks the wadded baseball graphic.

He picks it up and straightens it out. Slamming the paper onto the tool bench, he takes the magic marker and scrawls a thick black mark from Liz's name to home plate.

He goes over the line several times, then wads the paper and throws the whole mess, pen and all, into the trash.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - DAY

Addison slams into the house, the telephone already ringing. He steps over the couch to answer it.

ADDISON

H'lo?

LIBBY (V.O.)

Oh, honey. Thank God you're there.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL - DAY

Addison jogs toward the hospital emergency entrance.

INT. ST. FRANCIS EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM - DAY

Libby rises to meet her son as he enters the waiting room.

Phil, who had been sitting beside her, stands as well.

Libby hugs Addison, long and hard.

ADDISON

Is he okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Libby turns Addison loose.

LIBBY

His collar bone is broken and he's got some nasty bruises.

ADDISON

How's the kid on the mountain bike.

LIBBY

He's banged up, but he was wearing protective gear. It could have been worse.

Addison looks over at Phil, his expression showing annoyance at his presence.

PHIL

You can go see him.

Addison glares at Phil a moment, then heads for the door.

ADDISON

I thought I would.

Libby and Phil glance at each other when Addison leaves the room. Libby is disappointed.

INT. COLLIER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Collier, propped up in his hospital bed, looks like he's been beat up. Lorraine sits in a chair by his side. They're holding hands.

Addison rushes the bed, lying his head on Collier's chest and giving him a squeeze.

Collier's face registers pain, but he keeps it to himself, running his hand through Addison's hair.

Addison talks into the blanket, his voice muffled.

ADDISON

God, Grampa. You scared me.

Collier smiles.

Addison stands, now focusing on Lorraine.

COLLIER

This is Lorraine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDISON
Oh, yeah. Hi.

Lorraine stands and, leaning over the hospital bed, gives Addison's hand a firm shake.

LORRAINE
Guess you know me as one of the targets.

Addison's eyes go wide and he turns in amazement to his grandfather.

ADDISON
You told her?

Collier shrugs, then winces in pain.

Collier and Lorraine gaze into one another's eyes.

LORRAINE
That's what happened. I was giving him what for and he didn't see the kid on the bike.

COLLIER
Oh, you were giving it to me. That's not how I remember it.

Lorraine pokes Collier's belly.

LORRAINE
You wouldn't remember a thing.

Addison gets a crooked little smile as he watches the two older people so obviously enjoying each other.

INT. SB HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Addison stands with his food tray surveying the tables. Spotting Tyler and Alyssa he heads in their direction.

Tyler and Alyssa sit huddled, unaware that Addison is even approaching until he stands across from them.

ADDISON
Can I sit here?

Alyssa looks up with an icy stare.

Tyler, very uncomfortable, glances from her to his friend and back again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYLER

I guess.

Alyssa picks up her tray and turns to Tyler.

ALYSSA

I gotta go. I'll see you after Spanish.

Tyler purses his lips, not happy with this development.

TYLER

Okay. 'Bye.

Alyssa swishes off without a backward glance at Addison.

Addison slides slowly into his chair.

ADDISON

What's with her?

TYLER

She knows about Liz.

Lars arrives at the end of the cafeteria, standing where Addison had been, surveying the room.

Addison raises his hand, but Lars acts as if he doesn't see.

Addison turns a questioning gaze back to Tyler.

Tyler shrugs.

TYLER

Everyone knows.

Addison leans his head on his hand.

ADDISON

Why would she tell?

Tyler looks around making sure no one can overhear them.

TYLER

Let's just say she's not putting you in the best light.

Addison moans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TYLER

What happened anyway?

Addison cradles his head in his arms, talking to the tabletop.

ADDISON

Whatever you heard, it was worse.

Tyler shakes his head in sympathy for his friend.

Addison looks up.

ADDISON

What about Jennifer?

TYLER

Better forget about it for awhile.
She's pretty pissed.

Addison stares out the window for a moment, then looks back to Tyler, speaking from the heart.

ADDISON

No matter what anyone says, it's
not worth it. It ruins everything.

The two boys eat in silence, feeling the weight of the world.

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - DAY

Libby sits sideways in the chair reading her book. She looks up as Addison enters from the hallway.

ADDISON

Mom? Can I talk to you?

Libby lays her book over the arm of the chair.

LIBBY

Of course.

Addison perches on the edge of the couch facing her.

ADDISON

I just wanted to tell you, you know
that contest thing?

Libby's voice gets an edge to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIBBY

Yes?

ADDISON

I just wanted you to know, I knew it was wrong. I did it anyway, but I knew I shouldn't.

LIBBY

Well, that's gratifying. Sort of.

ADDISON

I didn't even put - I mean, I didn't put everything -

Libby jumps in.

LIBBY

I'm glad.

Addison stares at his shoes for a moment.

ADDISON

Phil hasn't been over.

Libby picks up her book again.

LIBBY

We decided to cool it for a while.

Addison nods, pursing his lips.

Libby looks at her son, compassion in her eyes.

LIBBY

It's okay, honey. It's probably for the best.

Addison stands, leans over and kisses his mom on the top of her head.

Libby grabs his arm, clinging to it with her eyes closed.

ADDISON

Can I take the car to 7-11?

LIBBY

Bring me an ice cream sandwich?

ADDISON

Sure.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SANTA BARBARA - DAY

Libby's car is parked at the curb across from a downtown office building.

INT. LIBBY'S CAR - DAY

Addison chews a fingernail as he watches the entrance of the office building. He sits up straighter and reaches for the door handle.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SANTA BARBARA - DAY

Phil and another guy his age walk out of the office building and down the steps to the sidewalk.

Addison jumps out of the car and, waiting for traffic, jogs to catch up with Phil.

ADDISON
Phil. Hey, Phil.

Phil turns to see who called his name. His face registers surprise that it is Addison.

Phil says something to his companion. The other guy continues down the sidewalk as Phil walks to meet Addison.

PHIL
This is a surprise.

ADDISON
You got a minute?

PHIL
Sure.

Phil looks around, then motions to a coffee shop on the corner. They head in that direction.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Addison and Phil sit at an outdoor table on the sidewalk, Phil with a coffee, Addison with a soda. They sip and watch pedestrians.

Phil waits, trying to be patient as he watches Addison struggle with something.

ADDISON
I hope you and Mom didn't stop
seeing each other because of me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Phil pauses, being careful.

PHIL

No. I'm pretty sure it's because of me. She laid down the law about my divorce.

Addison nods, staring at the table.

ADDISON

Well, you should get one. You know, my mom's really great. You don't want to make the same mistake I did and end up with the wrong woman.

Phil glances away, forcing himself not to smile. He takes a drink of his coffee.

PHIL

Mistakes are inevitable. At least it seems that way to me.

Addison nods his agreement.

PHIL

But sometimes they're fixable.

Addison ponders that.

ADDISON

Sometimes they're not.

Phil nods. They sit in silence for a moment.

PHIL

Well, then all you can do is move forward, I guess.

ADDISON

I guess.

Another moment of silence.

PHIL

It means a lot to me that you came to me, Addison. I was so afraid I had made you think badly of your mother.

Addison shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PHIL

We weren't being sneaky. She was trying to protect you. We both were.

ADDISON

Sometimes things happen you didn't plan for. I know that.

Addison slurps the last of his soda through the straw and stands up.

ADDISON

Well, I better get back. I have to get her some ice cream

Phil smiles.

Phil's eyes follow Addison as he lopes up the street to the car.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SANTA BARBARA - DAY

Addison waits for traffic so he can cross to Libby's car. Eyeing an approaching car he stares in amazement.

Liz's Trans Am screams up the street and in the passenger seat sit Lars. They take no notice of Addison.

DISSOLVE TO:

Addison sits in the driver's seat of the Chevy idling in the driveway. He's all dressed up.

Libby, also in dress clothes, hurries out of the house and approaches Addison, speaking to him through the open car window.

LIBBY

Since you're going anyway you may as well get some ice.

ADDISON

Okay.

LIBBY

Twenty minutes. No more.

Addison is impatient.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDISON

All right, let me go.

Addison backs the Chevy out of the driveway.

Libby jogs back to the house, high heels sticking in the grass.

EXT. JENNIFER'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

Addison waits at the front door, looking around nervously.

Jennifer opens the door about six inches, leaning against the frame, showing a little attitude.

ADDISON

Hi.

JENNIFER

Hi.

Addison clears his throat.

ADDISON

Can you come out here for a second?

Jennifer purses her lips in thought, glances over her shoulder, then shrugs. She steps out onto the porch and crosses her arms in front of her.

ADDISON

There's something I want to take you to, and I just want you to know...if you say no, I won't take anyone else. You're the only girl I want to go. The only person.

Jennifer uncrosses her arms. She gives him the once over.

JENNIFER

Where is it?

Addison pauses, then shakes his head.

ADDISON

Will you just trust me? It'll be great, I promise.

JENNIFER

Okay...I guess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDISON

Uh, you might want to just - do you have a dress?

Jennifer looks at her jeans and t-shirt.

ADDISON

We only have 5 minutes.

JENNIFER

You want me to get dressed up in 5 minutes?

ADDISON

No, just - how about that one you wore in the treehouse?

Jennifer looks him in the eye, trying to gauge intent.

JENNIFER

All right, but gimme ten.

Jennifer disappears into the house.

Addison heads back to the Chevy and leans against the passenger door, waiting.

EXT. SMITH DRIVEWAY - DAY

Addison gets out of the Chevy, walks around and opens Jennifer's door, then grabs a bag of ice from the back seat.

Jennifer emerges wearing the sundress she wore earlier at the baseball game. She follows Addison to the back gate.

EXT. SMITH BACK YARD - DAY

The back yard is all patio, no grass area, with a fringe of flowers planted around the perimeter.

Toward the back of the concrete area is a wire arch about six feet tall with flowers woven through the wire mesh.

Standing before the arch is a minister holding an open bible. He's speaking softly to Collier and Lorraine, Collier wearing a sling on one arm.

Hugh stands next to Collier, holding hands with Heddy.

Libby sets a bottle of champagne next to a tall ceramic container normally used for holding cooking utensils.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Phil, carrying glasses and napkins, lets the back door screen bang shut and heads for the table.

Libby, spotting Addison and Jennifer, reaches for the ice.

LIBBY
Perfect timing.

ADDISON
Mom, this is Jennifer.

Libby turns a warm smile to Jennifer as she places the champagne in the ceramic "bucket" and covers it with ice.

Phil takes the empty bag from Libby.

Libby speaks over her shoulder, her head motioning in Phil's direction.

LIBBY
This is Phil, my -

Libby pauses, not sure what to call him.

PHIL
Boyfriend.

Phil and Addison share a look over that.

JENNIFER
What is all this?

ADDISON
My grampa's getting married.

Jennifer turns to Addison.

JENNIFER
How sweet.

Addison smiles, pretty sure she means he's sweet for asking her to come.

EXT. SMITH BACK YARD - A SHORT TIME LATER - DAY

Addison, Jennifer, Libby and Phil stand behind Collier and Lorraine who face the minister, Hugh and Heddy attending.

MINISTER
I now pronounce you man and wife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Collier makes a big show of dipping Lorraine with his one good arm and giving her a big smooch.

Lorraine giggles, dabbing at her eyes.

The spectators rush them for kisses and salutations.

EXT. SMITH BACK YARD - DUSK

Phil puts some mellow jazz on the ghetto blaster now sitting on the table by the cake and champagne.

The others sit around the patio furniture eating cake.

COLLIER

(to Jennifer)

The real honeymoon will be in the fall. We're going hiking in the Sierras as soon as I'm healed up.

JENNIFER

You guys are amazing.

Collier and Lorraine stare dreamily into each other's eyes.

EXT. SMITH BACK YARD - NIGHT

Phil bends over the table stacking paper plates and gathering crumpled napkins in the porch light.

Libby bangs out of the kitchen, brushing her hair from her face with her forearm. She surveys the mess before her.

Phil glances at Libby over his shoulder, then pours two plastic glasses of champagne, handing one to Libby as he eases her into a chair.

They rest comfortably together in silence.

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Chevy is parked in Jennifer's driveway again.

Addison walks Jennifer to the front door.

JENNIFER

Thank you for inviting me. That was wonderful.

ADDISON

Yeah. I'll miss him though. They're gonna live at her house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jennifer looks at her feet, feeling suddenly shy.

JENNIFER

Well, I guess I'll see you at
school.

Addison takes her hand and leans over, giving her a kiss on the forehead. Then he hops down the steps and turns back to face her.

ADDISON

Okay, I'll see you tomorrow.

Jennifer watches him walk to the car.

They wave and smile once more before Jennifer enters the house and Addison backs out of the driveway.

FADE OUT: