

FADE IN:

EXT. PITTSBURGH STREET -NIGHT

Light rain flies past a street lamp onto the ragged and torn awning of the Steel Tavern, a dive college bar on an unassuming corner of Pittsburgh.

KAELIN DERUSSO (18) approaches the bar from across an avenue from a college campus. He is youthful but mature looking with Mediterranean features; tall and fit, a good looking young man if only he knew it himself.

Kaelin leans into the squeaky door of the Steel Tavern.

CUT TO:

INT. STEEL TAVERN -CONTINUOUS

Kaelin enters the bar with no notice from the burly bouncer. The place is bustling with students. A pair of cheaply dressed girls play darts with a muscular young man whose drunken eyes seem perpetually locked on their breasts.

Around the bar brothers of the Beta Pi Alpha fraternity drink quickly and try to sing along with the music. Towards the end of the narrow bar the booth tables seem to be overflowing with people. Some girls sitting on the laps of other girls sitting on the laps of loud drunken boys.

In the last booth on the bar wall JENNIFER TESORIE (18) sits with a few friends. Kaelin waves to her casually and she makes a space for him.

Jennifer interacts with Kaelin the way a sister would. She has a wild head of light brown hair that curls gently at the ends. Her look is stylish but not pretty. She smokes like a chimney and thinks the worst of people.

Jennifer rises from the booth and opens up for a hug as Kaelin approaches. They share a big, goofy hug and Kaelin lands a kiss on Jennifer's cheek.

KAELIN

Where's Sean?

Jennifer points straight up. Kaelin nods knowingly. As the hug breaks Kaelin moves past Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Want a drink?

KAELIN

Peppar on the rocks.

JENNIFER

I'll make it two.

Kaelin walks towards the back of the bar where we find a tall set of wooden stairs. He starts up them.

INT. UPSTAIRS STEEL TAVERN -CONTINUOUS

At the top of the stairs there is a small landing with two blank doors and one with dozens of scrawled messages on it. Things like phone numbers and hearts with ridiculous exclamations.

Kaelin pushes the door open.

INT. BATHROOM -CONTINUOUS

Inside the cramped filthy bathroom we find a man leaning over a toilet tank. Kaelin sighs in disappointment. The man turns up with a snort. Half a line of cocaine is cleared off the top of the tank. This is SEAN FABIAN (21), Kaelin's best friend.

Sean rises from his hunched position. He is a slight contrast to Kaelin but they share a style. He is a scruffy looking young man with heavy stubble and bright green eyes. He would be handsome enough to be a model if he weren't so strung out.

KAELIN

You want to come down and join the

living.

Kaelin's lack of criticism puts Sean in a festive step. He almost smiles and nods.

SEAN

Just havin' an appetizer.

Sean wipes the coke off the tank into the bowl and the powder disperses.

Kaelin rolls his eyes as Sean steps past him towards the stairwell. He lets the door slam behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. STEEL TAVERN -MOMENTS LATER

We join Kaelin, Sean and Jennifer and their friends packed tightly together near the bar at the end of a joke. The group laughs.

The chatter of the group lulls for a second as Jennifer lights up another cigarette and hands one to Kaelin and one to Sean. Lighting up, Sean starts a new conversation. The crowd pays strict attention.

SEAN

Get lucky on your date tonight?

Kaelin makes a stupid face, making no real answer. Then some of the boys chuckle, making their own assumptions, but Jennifer seems turned off by the conversation. Kaelin's face tells a similar story.

JENNIFER

(holding in a smile)

You're pigs.

Sean laughs.

SEAN

But lovable pigs, Jennifer, lovable

pigs.

KAELIN

(sarcastic)

Yeah, that's my sly angle.
Misogynist with a heart of gold.

JENNIFER

And judging from your nil success
over the last two months you better
have a palm of gold too.

Jennifer makes a foolish jerking off motion and the group erupts in laughter. Kaelin tries to rebut but is drowned out by "Oohs and Oh shit's."

KAELIN

It's not like that...it's not...ah
forget it.

Kaelin takes a swig of his drink. Sean holds Jennifer's fist in the air and announces her as though she were a championship boxer.

SEAN

Jennifer Tesorie, my friends.
Jennifer Tesorie.

A boy in the booth has a face of curious confusion.

GUY #1

(almost joking.)

Any relation to Tony Tesorie?

The guy's joking tone is too obvious. A few of the group laugh, but the rest quiet down realizing his folly.

JENNIFER

Yeah, he's my father.

The laughter stops instantly.

GUY #1

(genuine surprise)
No shit!

GUY #2
Who's Tony Tesorie?

KAELIN
You really do live in a hole, don't
you.

Jennifer appears a bit embarrassed.

JENNIFER
Yeah, he's just a mobster who makes
the news when he gets sent to jail.

Jennifer's blase tone lightens the conversation.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
No big deal. I don't get book deals
or anything.

Jennifer exhales a plume of smoke. As Sean and Kaelin try to
revitalize the party.

Sean smacks the guy in the back of the head.

SEAN
Slick, tool.

GUY #1
Sorry.

JENNIFER
Don't worry about it. Kaelin comes
from much more humble roots.

SEAN
Yeah. Nothing quite like a dead
mother and an emotionally vacant
father. He's a regular beaver
cleaver.

The conversation stops, dead. The other kids at the table seem shocked by Sean's statement and do not even grin at it but when Kaelin chuckles a bit, nodding, they are eased. They laugh but quickly move on.

Jennifer and Kaelin share a smile as they whip back into the bar scenery.

Some of the people in the group notice other friends at the bar and dissipate among the crowd. Kaelin, Sean, and Jennifer move as well but they stick together, packed in the crowd.

JENNIFER

(to Kaelin)

Check it out.

Kaelin looks over.

JENNIFER

It's your chippy with the slick
Bimmer.

Sean looks over toward the girl as well.

SEAN

(jokingly)

What's this? Bagged one already?

KAELIN

Nah, she's got a sweet lookin'
330Ci.

Sean nods, understanding.

KAELIN'S/SEAN'S POV

The girl walking in with group is a petite blonde with a pouty face. She is a pretty girl, very over dressed for the dive setting of the bar. Her walk tells her personality, she thinks she's a "10" blonde-bombshell but she's really a "7."
This is STACEY CARTER(17).

SEAN (O.S.)

The blonde?

KAELIN (O.S.)

Yeah.

ON KAELIN, SEAN AND JENNIFER

SEAN

(to Kaelin)

We goin' in?

KAELIN

Not my type.

SEAN

Not your type! What's that mean?

KAELIN

I don't know. What does it mean in your language?

SEAN

Suit yourself.

STACEY'S POV

Kaelin stands out slightly from the crowd. He is different from the other just "cute" boys. He's darker but still handsome.

CLOSE ON STACEY

Stacey gazes at the sight of Kaelin strangely, like she is marking him for conquest. She doesn't seem swept emotionally just intrigued.

ON KAELIN, SEAN AND JENNIFER

The group laughs, Kaelin especially. They all drink.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE STEEL TAVERN -NIGHT

Kaelin and Sean stand alone, smoking just outside the bar.

Jennifer, just down the street, exchanges pleasantries with a young man, turns and approaches Kaelin and Sean.

SEAN

You get a date?

Jennifer, lighting up a cigarette, replies through her exhaled smoke.

JENNIFER

Eh, a number. He seems normal,
potentially.

Kaelin wears a grimace and Sean notices.

SEAN

(to Kaelin)

That bother you?

Kaelin shakes his head. He's lying.

KAELIN

I need the look.

SEAN

What look?

KAELIN

The look to get chicks.

JENNIFER

What about that Stacey girl?

KAELIN

No way.

SEAN

Why not?

KAELIN

Because she probably spent her formative years getting porked by high school jocks. I hate jocks...

Kaelin's speech trails off as he sees Stacey with a group of people exiting the bar. Among them is MARCUS (21) a tall slick looking pretty boy with dirty blonde hair and a strong build. He has the look of a designer underwear model but without the glamorous shine. He stands 6 feet 2 inches tall and always has a posse of adoring fans instead of friends.

SEAN

What?

Sean turns to see what Kaelin is looking at.

SEAN'S POV

We watch as Stacey and Marcus lead their party out of the bar.

Marcus seems to be the only boy among them and Stacey hangs on him like a child hanging onto its mother in a department store. She places her hand on his chest in a cheap seductive manner deliberately drawing attention to it.

FULL ON KAELIN, SEAN AND JENNIFER

Sean turns back to Kaelin.

SEAN

That guy is so dirty.

Kaelin switches his gaze from Marcus to Sean.

Jennifer is missing a piece of this little puzzle.

JENNIFER

What guy?

SEAN

Marcus.

Jennifer shakes her head.

SEAN

You know that grease-ball who preys
on the freshman,
(motioning to Kaelin)
like our fair Derusso here.

Kaelin ignore's Sean's criticism.

KAELIN

He drives this superb '79 Camaro,
Z28.

JENNIFER

God, that's such a Jimmy car.

Both Kaelin and Sean are confused by Jennifer's statement.

KAELIN

Jimmy car?

JENNIFER

Yeah. Jimmy, the football star from
your typical suburban high school
who's life ended after he graduated
3 years ago. And now he's dating a
sophomore and all he does is cruise
the mall and school parking lot
blasting REO Speedwagon and the
Eagles.

Sean laughs hysterically. Kaelin does not.

SEAN

Then it works out that they're
together.

KAELIN

(dismissive to Jennifer)
Whatever.

Sean suddenly calls out.

SEAN

Marcus!

Marcus acknowledges Sean. Sean waves him over. Marcus and his party begin to move toward Sean.

KAELIN

What are you doing?

SEAN

Saving you the bother of wondering all night and saving me the pain of having to listen to it.

Marcus and Stacey arrive, standing next to Kaelin and two of the other girls stand next to Sean. The rest crowd around.

MARCUS

Sup Fabian.

SEAN

Marcus, this is Kaelin Derusso.

MARCUS

Hey.

Marcus turns and jets his hand out across Stacey to shake with Kaelin.

KAELIN

Hey.

SEAN

(to Kaelin)

You know Stacey, right?

KAELIN

(smugly)

Yeah we met.

STACEY

Hey.

Stacey's grin is forced and the effort is badly covered up as she shakes with Kaelin.

SEAN

K likes your ride.

MARCUS

(flattered surprise)

No shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY PARKING LOT -NIGHT

Kaelin, Marcus and Stacey approach a pristine, black Camaro. The car is impressive.

MARCUS

Hop in.

Kaelin hesitates but only for a second. The three get into the car. Stacey sits in the back.

INT. MARCUS'S CAMARO -CONTINUOUS

Marcus starts the GRUMBLING engine as Kaelin settles into his seat. The interior of the car is as clean and sharp as the outside. The cabin rumbles with the engine idle and Kaelin smiles.

Marcus throws the stick into first gear and pumps the gas as he pulls out of the parking lot. The engine makes a loud but controlled ROAR as Marcus drives.

MARCUS

Stacey said you used to bartend.

Kaelin nods.

MARCUS

Where?

KAELIN

At this Italian restaurant I worked
at since I was 14.

Marcus looks sympathetically at Kaelin, his charm oozing
through his magazine looks. Stacey seems like an invisible
spectator to the two boys' conversation.

MARCUS

You must have gotten tons of
chicks.

Kaelin nearly blushes.

KAELIN

I had a girlfriend.

MARCUS

No way. I bet you were a stud.
You've got such a great look.

KAELIN

Oh yeah, what's that? Tall, dark
and might be handsome when I'm
forty.

Kaelin tries to laugh at his own joke but Marcus shoves him
gently. Stacey, sitting quietly, watches them with a critical
eye.

MARCUS

Nah. Olive skin and curly hair.
Very Mediterranean.

Kaelin abruptly changes the conversation.

KAELIN

She's great. 79?

MARCUS

Yeah.

Marcus looks directly at Kaelin. Kaelin looks back, still

thinking about the car.

MARCUS

Great eyes.

Marcus isn't talking about the car anymore. Kaelin misses his tone.

EXT. COLLEGE DORM -CONTINUOUS

The Camaro comes to a stiff stop outside a college dorm. Kaelin gets out of the car to allow Stacey to exit from behind him.

Marcus gets out as well. They walk slowly up to a dorm tower entrance. Marcus holds a door open for Stacey and as she enters they lean in for a kiss.

Stacey turns to Kaelin and leans to him they kiss awkwardly on the lips and she smiles falsely. Stacey enters the building as Kaelin and Marcus turn back to the car.

INT. MARCUS'S CAMARO -CONTINUOUS

Back in the car Marcus drives much more smoothly than he has previously. Kaelin does not notice.

In only a few moments the car is stopped again in front of the Hamilton dorm where Kaelin lives.

Marcus turns to Kaelin as they remove their seat belts.

MARCUS

You should come to the pool party with me and Stacey on Tuesday.

KAELIN

Uhh.

Kaelin has a flustered response. His eyes move around nervously, closing occasionally. Marcus leans over the center console of the vehicle.

Marcus's lips just almost touch Kaelin's before Kaelin leans back, looking slightly shocked.

As Marcus leans in further Kaelin desperately breaks the awkward silence.

KAELIN

Then I'll talk to you before you go then. Okay?

Marcus shifts back a bit, recovering from his failed come on.

MARCUS

We'll do that.

Kaelin turns and gets out of the car.

EXT. HAMILTON DORM -CONTINUOUS

Before he hits the curb Marcus speaks from inside the car.

MARCUS

Take it easy, K.

Before Kaelin can turn to respond completely the Camaro has rifled off down the road with a roar.

Kaelin half raises his hand in a wave but it is too late. He sighs in subtle relief.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS -DAY

It is a bright afternoon. The campus is busy with students, all settled into their routines already. The lawns are covered with groups of kids studying, playing frisbee, and hanging out. The fine weather seems to dictate the tone of the campus.

In a crowd walk Kaelin and Jennifer. They are toting book bags and exchanging goodbye pleasantries with other students as they come out of the building.

Jennifer pulls a cigarette and strikes a match on a stone bench she passes.

JENNIFER

Why didn't you stay at Sean's last night?

Kaelin is nervous but hides it well whenever Jennifer looks at his face.

KAELIN

I dunno. Just felt like sleeping in my room.

JENNIFER

He had another nosebleed.

Kaelin looks apologetic on the verge of guilty.

KAELIN

Sorry.

JENNIFER

It's alright. I don't mind taking care of him. I just thought you'd want to know.

KAELIN

Yeah. I should have been there.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE -THE NEXT DAY

A '79 Buick Riviera and a black, mint condition '88 Mercedes Benz 560 SEC coupe are parked in the driveway of a cheap home on Forth Avenue across from the campus.

The cheap vinyl siding of the house is faded and water stained below the roof line. The front door's paint is badly chipping. A cardboard box filled to the brim with empty beer bottles sits against what appears to be a garage door of its

hinges ready to topple at any moment.

Kaelin approaches the house from the campus. He cuts in between the cars and enters the house.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -CONTINUOUS

Sean's empty living room is sparsely decorated with a few posters and strange trinkets. There isn't much to the living room but a large television on a stand and a DVD player on the floor next to it.

The home is decorated more with empty beer bottles than anything else. There is a mirror sitting on the table frosted with cocaine and ornamented with a razor and a thin straw.

Sean is asleep out on the floor along side a large, ugly couch.

Kaelin pauses when he notices the drugs. He picks up the mirror and tosses it in a nearby trash can.

Sean stirs.

KAELIN
(intentionally loud)
Morning!

Kaelin drops a brown paper bag on the table.

SEAN
What time is it?

Kaelin kneels down and helps Sean up onto the couch. Sean groans a bit and looks extremely groggy.

There is no sign of the nervousness Kaelin had with Jennifer. He is very simple with Sean.

KAELIN
Day time.

Sean grunts apathetically in response.

KAELIN

Jennifer told me you had another
bleed last night.

Kaelin is seriously concerned while Sean isn't.

SEAN

Shit happens.

Kaelin gives up easily.

KAELIN

Yeah, I guess it does.

Kaelin goes to the kitchen to pour some glasses of cranberry
juice. Sean's refrigerator is barely stocked with mustard,
moldy cheese, and Bailey's Irish Cream.

As Kaelin returns to the living room Sean is already eating.
He puts the glasses down hard on the table.

KAELIN

(half sarcastically)

That was my muffin, asshole.

SEAN

(mouthful)

Hey, who pissed in your morning
latte?

Kaelin retreats again. The two eat a few bites and sip their
juice.

KAELIN

I'm going to a pool party with
Marcus tomorrow.

Sean swallows his muffin fast and hard.

SEAN

Why the hell would you do that?

KAELIN

Stacey's going with us.

SEAN

You don't even like her.

Kaelin stands and begins to leave. He turns, almost at the door.

KAELIN (CONT'D)

Why can't you at least be cool
about me having some prospects?

Sean stands, dropping the muffin on the ground, and shouts at Kaelin.

SEAN

What prospects? You want to party
with that cheese, fine.

Kaelin stands, looking angry.

SEAN (CONT'D)

He's a turd and he fumbles at any
piece of meat he sees.

Kaelin is nearly furious.

KAELIN

Meat! Is that what I am. It
couldn't be that I'm appealing to
someone?

SEAN

That's not what I said.

KAELIN

Forget it!

Kaelin turns to the door and leaves the house in an angered hurry.

Sean sighs deeply and picks up his muffin.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL PARTY -DAY

We find Kaelin, Marcus, Stacey and several other young men and women partying in a pool behind an extravagant home on Mt. Washington overlooking downtown Pittsburgh.

The home is a posh, ranch style that vaguely resembles something found in the Hollywood hills. It's totally out of place, just like the party going on in it.

The sun is not at high noon and yet everyone at the party is drinking. Most of the women are of Stacey's ilk; prissy princesses with gaudy Tiffany jewelry. The few boys there look similar.

Kaelin, with his dark hair, olive skin and chest hair sticks out like a sore thumb. He sits in a lawn chair next to Marcus whose body looks even more dashing in the sun. He's shimmering, wet from a dip in the pool.

Kaelin looks a bit sullen. Marcus turns to him.

MARCUS

Wanna go inside and grab a smoke?

Kaelin stands and walks toward the house. Marcus follows smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. POOL PARTY HOUSE -MOMENTS LATER

Marcus and Kaelin enter a bedroom in the house. It is lavishly decorated in tacky modern art. Their wet feet leave marks in the wall to wall carpeting. The bed is covered in bags of clothing and towels. Kaelin bends over to search his pants for a pack of cigarettes.

Standing behind Kaelin, Marcus runs his hand along Kaelin's long back straight up the spine to his neck. Kaelin reacts by standing up quickly and turning. When he turns Marcus steps closer to him. They are but a few inches from each other.

MARCUS

(lightly)

Sorry, did I startle you? Was my hand cold?

KAELIN

Yeah, uh. No! I mean, no, your hand wasn't...

Marcus raises his hand slowly to touch Kaelin's stomach. Kaelin's breath cuts through his speech.

KAELIN

...cold.

Kaelin pauses as Marcus' hand slips along his side to his back.

CLOSE ON THEIR FACES

KAELIN

(whispering)

I wasn't startled.

MARCUS

(whispering)

I know.

KAELIN

(whispering)

I...uh.

Marcus nods and leans slowly in to kiss Kaelin. The kiss is light and brief. Kaelin barely reacts. The second kiss is initiated by Kaelin's movement and is longer with movement within it. The kiss is broken by Stacey's voice.

STACEY (O.S.)

Starting without me, boys?

Stacey approaches Kaelin and Marcus. Kaelin takes a step back from Marcus but Marcus keeps his arm around his side.

Stacey leans into Marcus and shares a deep kiss with him. She smiles with a guilty looking bite of the lip when they come apart. Marcus looks at Kaelin and then back at Stacey. He pulls Kaelin closer to him and Stacey slides her arm upon Marcus' bare chest.

MARCUS

We should have dinner at my place
on Friday night, the three of us.
I'll make filet mignon.

STACEY

Sounds delicious.

Kaelin is silent. Marcus looks straight at him.

MARCUS

What d'you think?

Kaelin pauses, thinking. He hesitates breathing.

KAELIN

(uneasy)
Yeah.

Once he speaks he becomes more relaxed as though forcing the first word out was the hardest.

KAELIN

Sound's good.

Kaelin grasps the pack of cigarettes and leaves the room with an awkwardness in his step.

Marcus and Stacey smile at one another.

STACEY

You like him?

MARCUS

Yeah, I think he'll do just fine.

They stare at each other.

MARCUS

You anxious?

STACEY

Little bit.

Marcus looks at her with a slightly menacing grin.

MARCUS

Don't worry. This will be fun.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -EVENING

A light cloud of smoke wisps with the ceiling fan above Sean and Jennifer who opposed, Sean on the couch and Jennifer on a large chair.

Jennifer is deeply engrossed in a book and Sean casually reads a pop-culture magazine, Maxim perhaps. A cigarette is hanging on his lip for dear life. Jennifer raises her cigarette to her lips every so often, casually.

SEAN

(with cigarette dangling)

Hey, get this:

Jennifer slowly looks up from her reading.

JENNIFER

Hmm?

SEAN

(quoting from magazine)

In a recent study conducted at the Georgia Institute for Intergender

Health, researchers found no conclusive evidence that dressing women appropriately could stop them from being unreasonably cold all the time. Some theorize that a girl just needs a big strong man to keep her warm.

(turning from magazine)

I guess that's why Feminazis wear so much flannel!

Jennifer looks back down at her book with a look of disgust on her face. She responds only with a raised middle finger. Sean chuckles. As the silence returns there is a knock at the door.

SEAN
COME IN!

Kaelin enters his hair a mess from the pool party. He is smiling like a child guilty of stealing cookies. He comes into the living room and plops down on the couch next to Sean.

KAELIN
Hey.

Jennifer looks up from her reading, again slowly and only mildly interested.

KAELIN
(almost giddy)
He kissed me.

Jennifer drops her book as the ash from her butt falls on her shirt. She focuses her total attention on Kaelin, she smokes faster now. Sean lowers his magazine creepily and looks up through the tops of his eyelids in sceptical interest.

SEAN
How's that?

KAELIN

Marcus kissed me.

JENNIFER

And your school boy attitude can be attributed to...?

KAELIN

I liked it.

Sean puts on a disgusted face.

SEAN

Way to pick a winner. I can't believe you're going for this guy.

Sean rises and leaves the room.

Kaelin, frustrated with Sean's reaction, turns to leave. Just as he reaches the door Jennifer calls to him.

JENNIFER

Kaelin!

Jennifer rises, the cigarette still dangling dangerously from her lips. As she reaches the door only a step behind Kaelin he turns and speaks before she can get a word out.

KAELIN

Can you two not handle that I'm testing some things out?

Jennifer tosses her cigarette out the door and sighs.

JENNIFER

It's not like that. Sean's just worried that Marcus is going to do a number on you.

Kaelin turns quickly.

KAELIN

I can handle it.

Kaelin darts out of the house and leaves into the night.

Jennifer appears defeated.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT -NIGHT

In a small, dimly lit apartment we find Kaelin and Stacey sitting at a table set for three. The apartment is cleverly decorated, very yuppie with framed posters of Monet along side Jack Nicholson's face made up as the Joker from his role in the film Batman.

The design of the place expresses a slightly heavy wallet missing distinct amounts of true class and style.

The table is set with cheap flatware and plates. In between Stacey and Kaelin there is a magnum bottle of wine half empty. Their glasses are half full. Stacey sighs and rolls her eyes as she takes a sip of her wine.

Kaelin speaks awkwardly.

KAELIN

Do you live here with him?

Stacey gulps and wipes a drop of wine from her lip.

STACEY

No.

Kaelin nods and the silence reclaims the room.

KAELIN

Have you two been going out long?

Stacey shakes her head.

STACEY

We're not so much going out, you know.

KAELIN

Not really.

Stacey rolls her eyes again and checks her watch.

STACEY

See it's like this...

In her pause Kaelin leans in awaiting her answer.

STACEY

(false pride)

We both just really like...sex.

Kaelin sits back in slight confusion. The scene is frozen.

The phone RINGS, jolting Kaelin.

Stacey stands quickly to answer it.

STACEY

Hello...Yeah, he's here

...Okay...sure. Yeah, it's cold.

Okay. Later.

Stacey hangs up the phone and sighs as she flattens her dress over her chest. Kaelin rises with his head cocked.

STACEY

He's not coming. He's busy.

Kaelin looks like a sad puppy.

KAELIN

Doing what?

STACEY

How should I know. He said to just put the leftovers in the fridge.

Stacey's tone gains a sardonic reaction out of Kaelin.

KAELIN

Why bother.

Kaelin picks up the dinner casserole and walks it over to the kitchen and tosses it into the waste bin.

STACEY

Yeah, fuck it.

Kaelin looks vaguely perplexed as she suddenly leans into him and kisses him hard on the mouth. But as soon as Stacey moans he starts to move like a programmed machine. This in not the same Kaelin we have seen.

He puts his hands down her back until he grabs her buttocks. Almost lifting her as he walks forward Kaelin leads Stacey into the bedroom.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM -CONTINUOUS

The couple, still very much one body, fall stupidly on the bed. The lights are off and the room is nearly black. Cutting in and out of the shadows of the living room lights they strip each other awkwardly.

Their moans and heavy breathing are more awkward then their movements. Their sex is brief and abrupt. Stacey's high pitched moaning is coupled with near complete silence from Kaelin. When they stop moving, sweaty and dishevelled, Kaelin rolls off Stacey and gets off the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER -MOMENTS LATER

Standing in heavy stream of the shower Kaelin lets the water run over his back and head. His curly brown hair falls heavy on his forehead. His breathing is deep and irregular.

Kaelin takes a bar of soap and washes his legs and groin. As he brings the bar up along his chest he drops it. Standing absolutely still with his right hand on his chest he takes two breaths.

Suddenly Kaelin draws his right hand back and clenches it in a tight fist. His knuckles are white and the skin around them is cherry red. The fist swings speedily around landing heavily on Kaelin's left shoulder.

The THUMP of bone on skin is echoed on the shower door. He repeats and repeats, beating his fist into the shoulder grunting painfully all the while.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT -MOMENTS LATER

Stacey sits quietly on the living room couch in a silk robe. Flicking on the television in front of her she pulls her messed hair back in a ponytail.

Kaelin comes out of the bedroom area just finishing dressing himself. His hair is wet and he moves his left arm very little. He crosses the room behind Stacey.

STACEY

You wanna watch Letterman?

KAELIN

(just above a whisper and
defeated)

No thanks. I'm gonna go.

STACEY

Mmkay. I'll see ya.

Kaelin doesn't answer. He exits with his shoulders slumped, closing the door very gently.

CUT TO:

INT. KAELIN'S ROOM -AFTERNOON

Kaelin is in bed. The afternoon sun is dropping below the angle of his window. He sleeps in a messed bed and his shoulder is now totally black and blue. A dust in the air floats in the beams of crossing light. The phone RINGS.

As the RINGS persist Kaelin stirs. He wakes and gets out of bed, still naked from the previous night. He reaches into the pile of clothes and picks up the phone.

KAELIN

Yeah?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS -AFTERNOON

Jennifer stands, bag slung over her back, at a university center phone booth.

JENNIFER

Missed you in class today. How'd your date go?

INT. KAELIN'S ROOM

KAELIN

Don't want to talk about it.

EXT. CAMPUS

JENNIFER

Okay. Want to meet Sean at the tavern for Wednesday-wings?

INT. KAELIN'S ROOM

KAELIN

Nah, I think I'm gonna stay in tonight.

EXT. CAMPUS

Jennifer looks bewildered but she shakes off her surprise.

JENNIFER

Okay.
(defeated)

Why don't you give me a call if you
want to hang out tomorrow.

INT. KAELIN'S ROOM

KAELIN

Sure.

EXT. CAMPUS

JENNIFER

Later!

INT. KAELIN'S ROOM

KAELIN

Yeah, later.

Kaelin hangs up the phone solemnly. He looks at the full
length mirror on the back of his door. He frowns and brushes
his bruise gently with his right hand. His eyes roll closed.

FADE TO:

EXT. CAMPUS -AFTERNOON

As the sun begins to set over the campus trees begin to shed
their leaves.

Students are fewer and far between.

By the time the sun is gone and night alive the college's
street lamps show us dead grass and bare trees.

A mist drapes over the lawns of campus as we-

FADE TO:

INT. CAMPUS CONVENIENCE STORE -NIGHT

In the boring campus convenience Kaelin stands quietly in
line with a pack of cigarettes in his hand. He is only steps
away from the pimply CHECKOUT BOY who he is ready to pay.

Behind Kaelin a small group of SORORITY GIRLS enter. They are as bouncy as their hairdos, chatting away. They grab a few snack items as Kaelin moves forward in line to the counter.

Kaelin drops the pack on the counter and the checkout boy picks it up.

GIRL #1

-I know, it's completely scandalous.

Kaelin ignores the chatter as the checkout boy scans his cigarettes.

GIRL #2

Did Stacey say who...the father...was?

Kaelin quickly perks up to attention.

GIRL #2 (CONT'D)

(giggling)

God! That sounds so weird to say.

CHECKOUT BOY

Three seventy-two.

Kaelin stares straight ahead, past the checkout boy, not listening to him.

GIRL #1

No. She's being all secretive. He's some freshman, I think.

Kaelin's face goes completely blank.

GIRL #3

Theta drama in full effect already I guess.

The three girls giggle viciously.

CHECKOUT BOY

Dude!

Kaelin checks back into attention.

KAELIN

Huh?

CHECKOUT BOY

Three seventy-two.

Kaelin still reacts on a huge delay. His eyes dart left and right and he nervously keeps his head straight forward.

KAELIN

Yeah.

Kaelin drops a ten on the counter, snatches the cigarettes and flies out the door. The checkout boy is confused and the girls are oblivious.

CUT TO:

INT. STEEL TAVERN -NIGHT

It is a busy Saturday night at the Steel Tavern. The bar is packed to the gills with college kids. We find Sean and Jennifer alone at a table in the back surveying the youthful crowd. Between their drinks and smoking they have no room for speech.

Sean throws back the last of his drink and takes a long final drag from his cigarette. As he stubs out the butt he speaks curtly.

SEAN

I've barely seen him in two weeks.
What's he been doing?

Jennifer shrugs and drinks her drink fast as well.

JENNIFER

For all I know he hasn't left his

room.

Sean starts to light another cigarette.

SEAN

Sounds like fun.

Sean checks his watch and picks up his glass, examining its emptiness, playing with the ice cubes.

JENNIFER

I heard a rumor.

Jennifer takes another drink as Sean perks up his ears.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Kaelin's one-night-girl been
telling people she's knocked up.

Sean's eyes widen with concern.

SEAN

Stacey?

Jennifer nods, drinking again as though she is doing it to ease her nerves.

SEAN

Does he know?

Jennifer shrugs.

JENNIFER

If he does he hasn't mentioned it
to me.

Sean sits back in his chair looking of concern and planning.

Jennifer finishes her drink looking relieved.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE DORM -LATER

Sean and Jennifer stand, poised for intervention, outside Kaelin's dorm room door. Sean KNOCKS repeatedly and loudly.

SEAN

K!

He KNOCKS again.

SEAN

Kaelin, open up.

Sean KNOCKS again harder. The noise echoes throughout the hall.

A door from a neighboring room opens. A small, nerdy, NEIGHBOR pops his head out.

NEIGHBOR

Hey!

Sean and Jennifer turn.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

He's not there.

JENNIFER

How do you know?

NEIGHBOR

He left about an hour ago.

SEAN

(concerned)

Alone?

NEIGHBOR

(dismissive)

With some girl.

SEAN

Blonde?

NEIGHBOR

Yeah. Will you stop banging on the door now?

JENNIFER

Sure.

Jennifer shares a concerned looked with Sean.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS -NIGHT

On a lonely bench along a campus lawn Kaelin and Stacey sit in stunned silence.

Kaelin is smoking. As he exhales a trail of smoke blows across Stacey. She turns her head slightly. Kaelin notices.

KAELIN

Sorry.

He solemnly drops the cigarette to the ground and steps on it.

STACEY

(bitter)

How did you hear?

KAELIN

I'm learning that things travel pretty quick around here.

Stacey nods. Silence returns. Kaelin stares intently at a few leaves blowing on the concrete near his feet. He nervously takes a soft pack of cigarettes out of his pocket and begins to light one. Stacey makes a curious and critical face.

After one drag Kaelin realizes what he's doing and throws the cigarette away. He shakes his head as though he were slapping himself into shape. He rubs his eyes.

KAELIN

Are you gonna keep it?

Stacey sits back, surprised by the question. Kaelin turns to look at her. Suddenly he looks serious and concerned.

STACEY

Yeah. I have to.

Kaelin looks blankly.

STACEY (CONT'D)

(rambling to herself)

I so afraid of killing it. I'm
afraid of what it does to you.

Kaelin looks intently as Stacey's personality changes from egoed-princess to scared-girl.

STACEY

I just don't think I could handle
it.

(flustered)

I dunno...uh...I just-

Stacey suddenly snaps into gear.

STACEY (CONT'D)

What do you care?

KAELIN

Why shouldn't I? It's my kid. Isn't
it?

Stacey does not answer. Kaelin speaks with more concern.

KAELIN

Isn't it?

Stacey nods after a long silence but speaks words that don't match the question.

STACEY

(whisper)

He likes you more, you know?

KAELIN

Who?

Kaelin is utterly confused.

STACEY

Marcus.

Stacey turns, looking slightly bitter, to Kaelin.

STACEY

That was going to be our first time together.

(pause)

That time.

(pause)

With you.

Kaelin's face looks of near amazement and confusion.

KAELIN

So you're keeping it?

Stacey suddenly becomes collected.

STACEY

I don't like you that much, Kaelin.

Kaelin looks confused again but more attentive to Stacey's words.

STACEY (CONT'D)

I don't want to play house with you.

Stacey stands frustrated.

STACEY (CONT'D)

I'm not interested in raising this baby instead of going to school. Okay? I don't want it. I'll have it

but I don't want it.
So don't sit there and try and
convince me to be a mother.

Stacey gets loud and angry. As she goes on a thought dawns on
Kaelin.

STACEY

I'm not getting up at two in the
morning to breast-feed. I'm not
changing diapers. You can forget i-

Kaelin stands, interrupting feverishly.

KAELIN

Okay!
(suddenly calm)
That's fine. I'm not asking you to
be a mother.

Stacey reacts with a sudden, calm silence.

KAELIN (CONT'D)

You're right. You don't have to do
anything like that.

Kaelin pauses, realizing the meaning of his words as he says
them, figures out what he wants.

KAELIN

I want to have this child.

Stacey looks shocked.

STACEY

What?

Kaelin repeats himself. The words come out with emphasis in
his speech. He's affirming it to himself.

KAELIN

I want to have this child.

Stacey slowly sits down. She stares away for a few moments while Kaelin watches her face.

STACEY

(softly)

Fine.

Kaelin sits quickly, surprised.

KAELIN

Really?

STACEY

If you want to take care of it, you can have it. I don't care.

Stacey stands, turns, and begins to leave.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Call me in nine months and you can have it.

Kaelin quickly steps to follow her, grabbing her shoulder.

KAELIN

Stacey!

Stacey turns and stops.

KAELIN (CONT'D)

What does that mean?

Stacey sighs, looking very frustrated.

STACEY

It means just that. I don't want your help right now. Don't expect anything from me.

Stacey's words land heavily on Kaelin. He is grateful. He doesn't even notice her walking away. His blank stare resembles blindness.

Stacey disappears down the walkway.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNIFER'S DORM -NIGHT

Kaelin and Jennifer sit on the floor in Jennifer's quaint dorm room. The walls are bare and the room is very clean and organized except for the sheets of the bed which are in complete disarray.

Jennifer smokes while Kaelin's cigarette rests, burning in an ashtray on the floor between them.

Jennifer stare at Kaelin intently but he sits with a blank look on his face.

JENNIFER

That's it?

Kaelin, with a blank face, shrugs, guessing that it is.

JENNIFER

Did she go to Marcus' place.

Kaelin's face blinks back to life.

KAELIN

Marcus is gone.

JENNIFER

(dismissive)

Yeah he didn't seem like a keeper.

Kaelin picks up his cigarette and takes a drag.

KAELIN

No! Gone! He left town. He wasn't even registered for classes this semester.

Kaelin leans back against a dresser.

KAELIN (CONT'D)
(regretful)
Nobody knows where he is.

They take in the moment.

JENNIFER
(compassionate)
You gonna be okay?

KAELIN
Yeah, I guess.

Kaelin takes a deep breath. As he starts to speak his tone changes from sullen to matter of fact. It almost seems a bit too contrite for the situation.

KAELIN
I just gotta look for a job.

Kaelin stands and walks to a mini-fridge. As he passes Jennifer, she looks concerned.

Kaelin opens the fridge and leans over.

KAELIN
You got anything to eat in here?

There is an uncomfortable silence in the room.

CUT TO:

INT. GASLIGHT BAR -NIGHT

Thumping techno and smoke machines absorb the light and life of our screen. The Gaslight is packed with gorgeous men and stylish post-modern design.

The ceiling, tables, and bar are illuminated by cleverly redesigned Bunsen burners. Everything in The Gaslight flickers with the lighting.

We find Kaelin working behind the bar. He looks right pouring

drinks, tapping pints, and shaking mixed cocktails but each time he leans over the bar to serve a customer he seems to tighten up like a nervous child.

Kaelin's tip jar is quickly filling but he rarely smiles at the men who drop ones and fives on the brushed metal bar for him.

Sean approaches the bar, outside of Kaelin's view.

SEAN

(shouting in a British
accent)

Hey bartender! You know how to make
a red eye?

Kaelin laughs and turns to find Sean leaning at the edge of the bar. He rushes over to greet him.

KAELIN

Hey!

The share a rough handshake over the bar. Kaelin looks, suddenly, perfectly at home behind this bar.

SEAN

How you doin'?

Kaelin shrugs solemnly. Sean looks awkward for a second then quickly changes the subject.

SEAN

I figured I should find out what
you've been doing with your nights.

Kaelin raises his arms.

KAELIN

Welcome to the Gaslight.

Sean looks around. When he returns his eyes to Kaelin he shoots him a condescending look.

SEAN

Very lively.

KAELIN

Yeah. But it pays.

Kaelin turns and reaches under the bar pulling out a beer. He uncaps it and hands it Sean.

KAELIN

On the house.

Sean nods a thank you, raises the beer to toast, and takes a swig.

KAELIN

Jennifer coming?

Sean shakes his head.

SEAN

Lot's of work. A paper or something.

Sean takes another drink.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Speaking of which, don't you have some finals coming up?

Kaelin shrugs.

KAELIN

Probably. Gotta work.

Kaelin and Sean laugh off the somewhat ominous exchange.

Kaelin turns back to work and Sean re-examines his surroundings. The Gaslight is a blatant contrast to Steel Tavern, where Sean looks right at home, though we see him making an effort to appear engaged.

Kaelin turns from his work for a second to look over at Sean.

Kaelin appreciates the effort.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAN'S DRIVEWAY -DAY, DAYS LATER

It is a breezy but clear day. Light snow scatters in the air.

We find Kaelin and Sean working under the hood of the Riviera. Kaelin's arm extends deep into the engine compartment.

Sean, leaning with his elbows on the fender, sighs.

SEAN

Well?

Kaelin rises.

KAELIN

You're right, must be the ignition switch.

SEAN

Wanna replace it.

Kaelin rubs his fingers and thumb together. He doesn't have the money. Sean nods knowingly.

SEAN

You got any put away?

Kaelin frowns.

KAELIN

Little bit.

Sean walks around the car and sits in the driver's seat. Kaelin walks to the other side as Sean tries the ignition and the car reluctantly turns over, giving out a wail. The high pitched turbo trying hard to keep up with Sean's foot on the pedal.

KAELIN

(closing the hood)

It'd be nice if I was dumping all
my cash into this thing.

Sean revs the engine a few more times and notices something
behind Kaelin. He nods at Kaelin.

Kaelin looks back towards the campus and sees Jennifer
approaching. He smiles widely.

KAELIN

Hey!

Jennifer walks up the driveway and waves. When she reaches
the car she speaks softly to Kaelin.

JENNIFER

Got a minute?

Kaelin looks immediately over to Sean for confirmation. Sean
nods his head toward the house.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -MOMENTS LATER

Kaelin and Jennifer stand in the kitchen awkwardly. Jennifer
floats around the center of the floor while Kaelin leans
against the counter.

JENNIFER

His appeal came through on Thursday
so he'll be out tomorrow.

Kaelin, still staring at the floor, nods knowingly.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

He wants to take me and my brother
to Milan....Just for a couple of
months...maybe 'til August.

Kaelin shrugs with nothing to say.

JENNIFER

K I really wanted to be here for
you-

Jennifer appears as though she might cry.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

But he's my father.

KAELIN

I know.

JENNIFER

I just haven't seen him in so lon-

KAELIN

I know.

Kaelin looks up with a forgiving smile.

KAELIN

I understand.

Jennifer smiles and exhales in relief.

The two hug. Jennifer holds Kaelin tight but we see his face
change as it crawls over her shoulder. His smiles weakens and
his eyes shudder uncomfortably.

CUT TO:

INT. KAELIN'S ROOM -AFTERNOON WEEKS LATER

We find Kaelin and Sean resigning in typical college
positions, Sean tinkering idly on Kaelin's computer while
Kaelin lies lazily on his bed.

The room is eerily quiet as Sean bangs a couple of keys on
the computer, sighing in boredom.

SEAN

So we goin' out tonight.

Kaelin props himself up on his elbows.

KAELIN
Can't. Workin.

Sean turns from the computer visibly disappointed.

SEAN
Wha...Man, we haven't had a night
out in like a month.

KAELIN
11 days.

SEAN
Whatever.

Sean rubs his face in frustration.

SEAN
What days is it?

KAELIN
Tuesday. I think.

SEAN
Did you have class today?

Kaelin shrugs casually.

KAELIN
Maybe.
(pauses)
I don't know.

Sean turns the chair he sits in and surveys the room. There are books still wrapped in their store bought plastic. Clothes in the closet sit wrinkled in a pile and next to the desk there sits a pile of unopened mail.

Sean takes notice of the pile and reaches over to pick it up. He leafs through a few envelopes and magazines.

SEAN

You checked this shit?

Kaelin shakes his head and lies down again, sighing.

SEAN

(leafing through
envelopes)

Junk. Junk, Motor Trend, junk
bills, ah Playbo-

KAELIN

Bills?

Kaelin has sprung up from his laying position, sitting
straight up on the bed.

SEAN

Yeah, bills.

Sean picks a letter out of the stack and holds it up with his
index and middle finger as though it were a playing card.

SEAN

Enrollment services. Usually just
account statements.

Kaelin leans forward, reaching for the letter.

KAELIN

All my enrollment mail goes home.

Kaelin rips the letter open from the top end, reads it and
slumps his back.

SEAN

What is it.

Kaelin tosses the one page letter to Sean haphazardly and it
lands on the floor in from of the desk.

KAELIN

My loans and grants were all
rescinded.

Sean grabs the letter quickly and replies in disbelief.

SEAN

They can do that?

Kaelin shrugs as if to say, they just did. He gestures at the
letter as Sean looks up.

KAELIN

(defeated)

I can't going back to Long Island
man. I can't.

SEAN

(quickly)

Don't.

Kaelin looks at Sean in confusion.

KAELIN

What am I going to do?

SEAN

Live in my place, keep working.

KAELIN

(facetious)

Yeah, bartend nights and raise this
kid in your opium den. I can't even
afford to pay you rent.

SEAN

Hey, fuck you man!

(pauses)

You don't pay me rent and you
figure out a way to get on your
feet before the kid shows up. You
got a better idea?

Kaelin shrugs, still defeated but somewhat relieved. He looks

at Sean sympathetically as if to say "Thanks."

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE -DAY

The snow falls softly but lands in large clumps on Kaelin's shoulders as he struggles with two bags and a large trunk up Sean's driveway.

He arrives at the door and knees it open. It takes him several attempts to pass through the door with his hulking baggage.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE -MOMENTS LATER

Kaelin, again, starts at the base of the driveway with several bags and a suitcase.

As Kaelin passes between the two cars he hears a high pitched SCRAPING. He turns suddenly, noticing the line he has carved into Sean's Mercedes.

Kaelin angrily throws his belongings down.

KAELIN

Dammit!

Kaelin kicks the suitcase.

After venting his aggression on his luggage Kaelin sighs calmly.

MARTHA (O.S.)

Having trouble.

Kaelin turns to the voice.

Standing on the sidewalk watching Kaelin is MARTHA (19), a sweet, slightly round girl with a genuine smile. She's an 'everyone's friendly acquaintance' girl.

Martha smiles out of the corner of her mouth at Kaelin, making a little wave with her hand.

KAELIN

Hey Martha.

Kaelin relaxes. He gestures at the bags.

KAELIN (CONT'D)

I just, the- It's a little-

Kaelin is catching his breath.

KAELIN (CONT'D)

Frustrating.

Martha nods knowingly and Kaelin gives a casual wave of greeting back.

MARTHA

So, you living here now?

Martha takes a step towards Kaelin.

KAELIN

Yeah, Sean and I are taking the term off.

Martha nods again.

MARTHA

(sarcastic)

Doing a six year undergrad?

KAELIN

He is.

Martha smirks.

MARTHA

Trust fund kids.

Kaelin smiles.

MARTHA
You saving up?

Kaelin nods but looks inquisitively at Martha.

MARTHA
For the baby?

Kaelin opens his mouth, about to ask Martha how she knows.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Stacey's staying at my place, so...

As Martha is pointing down the block to her house Kaelin steps back, understanding.

He begins to pick up his bags, no longer interested in talking.

KAELIN
Okay, so I'll see you around.

Martha follows up the driveway.

MARTHA
Yeah. You staying here over break?

Kaelin whips around to Martha.

KAELIN
Yeah, Martha. I'm staying over
break.
(rude)
I'm staying. So, I'll see ya.

Kaelin turns again and walks quickly to the house.

Martha shrugs in defeat and walks away down the block. Not looking too upset.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -EVENING

Kaelin is cleaning a bedroom which seems to be buried in junk. The open door, with "storage" written on it in crayon, hangs, broken, from its last hinge.

Kaelin treads through the junk, making space.

EXT. JOHN F. KENNEDY AIRPORT -EVENING

Jets and turboprop planes are busily covering the tarmac as the sun sets over Queens.

INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY AIRPORT -EVENING

In the busy New York airport we find Jennifer in a boarding line of Gate 32 B. In front of her stands her father, TONY TESORIE (53), and her brother, ROBERT (17).

Jennifer, Tony, and Robert approach the check-in stewardess. All four board.

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT -DAY

In a messy college apartment living room we find Stacey, plump with pregnancy, waddling around picking up clothes, cans, and dirty plate. On a table in the center of the room we see an ashtray full of butts.

Stacey's face looks pale and tired.

INT. KAELIN'S NEW ROOM -NIGHT

Kaelin, with the room now cleaner, begins to set up his room.

INT. GASLIGHT BAR -NIGHT

Kaelin works like a rabid dog at his bar. The bar is insanely busy and he slides from one end to the other mixing drinks and pouring beers.

Kaelin sweats through his white buttoned-down shirt.

INT. KAELIN'S NEW ROOM -DAY

The grey winter sun creeps through the snowy window of Kaelin's new room. The carpet is shaggy and dusty and the wall paper is peeling.

Kaelin sleeps heavily on his bed which is a simple mattress on the floor.

Most of Kaelin's belonging's are still packed in bags.

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE -AFTERNOON

Kaelin and Sean working on the Riviera. Their shirts are stained and tattered.

EXT. MILAN CITY STREET -AFTERNOON

We find Jennifer and Robert sitting at a beautiful small cafe on a somewhat vacant street in Milan. They chat and smile while they share a bottle of beer in two glasses.

As they talk they Jennifer points up and down the street at buildings and homes.

INT. GASLIGHT BAR -NIGHT

Kaelin at work again. As though it were possible this night is twice as busy as the last we saw.

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT -NIGHT

Stacey, now fatter, rises from a lying position on the couch. She waddles across the apartment to a tiny bathroom.

As she kneels down on the stained tiles she suddenly wretches and vomits into the toilet. It sounds painful.

INT. KAELIN'S NEW ROOM -DAY

We find Kaelin locked in sleep again as the rain slaps his window sill. His room even more messy than before.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -EVENING

Sean and a messy looking PARTY GIRL do lines of cocaine off the mirror on the living room table.

Kaelin enters from upstairs, dressed for work. He passes through the living room. Kaelin and Sean ignore each other. The girl pays no notice.

Kaelin, in the kitchen, finds a doughnut with a candle stuck in it on the counter. On a post-it next to the doughnut "Happy B-Day" is written in childish scrawl.

Kaelin smiles as he takes a swig from a bottle of vodka in the kitchen before he exits the house.

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE -CONTINUOUS

Kaelin gets into his Riviera and drives away.

FADE TO:

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE -NIGHT

The Riviera pulls into the driveway. The engine sounding sick. The car stalls out as it parks.

Kaelin gets out of Riviera looking beaten from a long night at work. His clothes are filthy with sweat, dust, and drink stains.

He goes to the back of the car and pops the trunk. He removes a jacket and slams the trunk.

As Kaelin turns from the car he notices Stacey on the sidewalk. He looks almost frightened.

Stacey, in her third trimester, is ballooned up as she should be. Her face looks pale in the street light.

STACEY

Hey.

The pair stare at each other in silence for a moment. They speak at the same time.

KAELIN

So, how you fee-

STACEY

How are yo-

Kaelin stops himself. They both grin slightly.

KAELIN

Go ahead.

Stacey shakes her head.

KAELIN

You doin' okay?

Stacey nods.

STACEY

I just wanted to see if you were still around.

KAELIN

I'm still around.

Stacey smiles, turns, and walks away.

Kaelin opens his mouth to speak but does not.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -MOMENTS LATER

Kaelin enters sluggishly. The kitchen is peppered with beer bottles. The party girl is asleep and snoring, propped awkwardly on a weak looking kitchen chair and the kitchen table.

Kaelin shrugs and walks into the living room.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -CONTINUOUS

Kaelin finds Sean passed out on the floor of the living room, bleeding from his nose and foaming at the mouth.

Kaelin's face explodes in shock.

KAELIN
SEAN!

Kaelin, dropping his coat, rushes the few feet to the floor where Sean is.

Kneeling on the floor Kaelin puts his arm under Sean and picks him up to his lap.

The foam at Sean's mouth is clumpy and oozes as Kaelin moves him.

Kaelin is tearing in disgust and fear. Though he looks panicked his moves are decisive and quick.

Kaelin lifts Sean up.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S BATHROOM -MOMENTS LATER

Kaelin kicks open the door of the tiny bathroom in Sean's house.

With Sean hanging over his shoulder, Kaelin stumbles onto the bathroom floor and props Sean up over open toilet bowl frantically.

KAELIN
Sean!

Kaelin SLAPS Sean hard on the face. Sean stirs.

KAELIN
SEAN!
(desperately)
Wake up Sean.

With his free arm Kaelin turns on the sink faucet. He splashes water on Sean. With a few splashes both of them are dripping wet.

KAELIN
(frightened)
Come on brother, don't do this to me.

Kaelin grits his teeth and closes his eyes as he pushes his index and middle finger deep into Sean's throat.

Suddenly Sean convulses, movement and life bursting out of his body.

Sean begins to wretch. He vomits blood and bile.

Kaelin looks away, almost sick.

Sean's coughs are violent and desperate but he moans in between them.

Kaelin falls back into the shower door as Sean is suddenly able to hold himself over the toilet.

Kaelin shakes in fearful relief.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -DAY

Sean sits silently on the couch staring at the blood stain on the living room carpet.

Sean, bundled in a blanket, is pale with dark circles around his eyes and his nose beet red.

Kaelin enters from the kitchen with a glass of water. He

hands it to Sean.

Kaelin looks exhausted as he sits. He sighs and stretches.

Kaelin stares at Sean. Sean looks back at him solemnly.

Sean looks at the floor and then back at Kaelin.

Kaelin rises and heads up the stairs.

SEAN

K.

Kaelin, half way up the step, looks down to Sean.

Sean looks straight at Kaelin, ready to speak but doesn't.

Kaelin nods lightly and continues up.

CUT TO:

INT. KAELIN'S NEW ROOM -EVENING

Kaelin sits on his mattress with no lights on in the room. He cups his hands over his face and begins to cry. He pushes on his face trying to muffle the sounds of his weeping.

He crumbles into his sheets.

CUT TO:

INT. GASLIGHT BAR -NEXT NIGHT

The Gaslight is busting at the seams as usual and we find Kaelin working as hard as ever behind the bar.

He flies from one end of the bar to the other with much of the clintal watching in awe.

At the end of the bar PAUL (46) appears holding a cordless phone. Paul is a tall thin middle aged man wearing teenager's clothing.

Though he's smiling, it's clear that Paul's the boss.

PAUL
(yelling)
Derusso!

Kaelin doesn't notice.

PAUL
(louder)
KAELIN!

Kaelin stops in his tracks and turns.

Paul waves the phone and tosses it to Kaelin. Kaelin catches it and puts it to his ear.

He squints and puts his finger in his empty ear.

KAELIN
(into phone)
Yeah?

Kaelin looks down trying everything he can think of to hear the receiver.

KAELIN
(into phone)
Hello? Yes, this is he. Could you
speak up please?

Kaelin kneels down below the bar where it is slightly less noisy.

KAELIN
(into phone)
What? Say that again.

Kaelin's eyes open widely as his expression of surprise jumps off his face. He springs up and drops the phone on the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. GASLIGHT PARKING LOT -NIGHT

Kaelin tries desperately to start the Riviera but its painful
WALE refuses to start the engine.

Kaelin tries again. And he tries a third time.

Finally, Kaelin punches the steering wheel and bounds out of
the car. He begins running down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM -NIGHT

The emergency room of this Pittsburgh hospital is poorly
decorated and almost empty. There are only a few patients
sitting in the waiting area. A man with a broken arm and a
woman sitting quietly with a feverish looking child.

Kaelin comes flying through the electric sliding doors
breathing heavily and coming to a nearly crashing halt at the
TRIAGE NURSE's station. He looks a mess.

Kaelin leans his face into the small hole in the glass.

KAELIN

Where can I find Stacey Carter?

The triage nurse is thin fair woman. Her calm is almost
insulting to Kaelin's panic.

TRIAGE NURSE

Who is she?

Kaelin is flustered. He mumbles his words until he spits out
descriptive ones.

KAELIN

...a young woman with a baby
coming. The guy on the phone said
they brought her here.

TRIAGE NURSE

They took her upstairs to surgery.

Kaelin turns towards a hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM -NIGHT

The waiting room of the surgical ward is completely empty. Dozens of plush purple chairs stand empty, except for one.

Kaelin sits, nearly crumbling, in a waiting room chair. He sits with his elbows on his knees and his head resting sideways in his hands.

Kaelin's eyes watch the white hospital doors stand motionless.

KAELIN'S POV

The doors seem enormous when observed sideways. Their tiny glass windows reveal a more delicate fluorescent lighting than the waiting room's.

Kaelin closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM -LATER

DR. REYNOLDS (38) is a tall sturdy looking man. His lab coat is pristine white but the surgical scrubs underneath them are stained with specs of blood. He carries a medical file in his hand.

Dr. Reynolds approaches Kaelin who is peacefully asleep in his chair. Kaelin's head is propped obtusely on the arm of the chair.

The doctor's voice is deep, firm, and delicate.

DR. REYNOLDS

Excuse me.

Kaelin wakes quickly. He rubs his eyes and notices the doctor.

Kaelin jumps to his feet, pressing his wrinkled shirt down with his hands.

DR. REYNOLDS
Are you Kaelin?

Kaelin nods.

DR. REYNOLDS
I'm Dr. Reynolds.

Dr. Reynolds extends his hand. They shake.

DR. REYNOLDS
Please sit.

The doctor gestures to the chairs.

Kaelin sits and Dr. Reynolds sits in the chair next to him. The doctor turns to Kaelin, resting the chart on the chair arm between them.

Kaelin stares at the doctor, looking like a lost puppy.

DR. REYNOLDS
Kaelin, do you know what a breach is?

Kaelin speaks slowly, unsure.

KAELIN
Yeah, it's when the baby turns upside-

DR. REYNOLDS
That's right.

The doctor pause, closing the chart.

DR. REYNOLDS

Usually we can handle a breach without too much trouble but, as I understand it, Stacey didn't have much prenatal care. Is that right?

Kaelin shrugs. He doesn't know.

DR. REYNOLDS

Well, when there's not proper care the risks during delivery increase and the stress ca-

KAELIN

But she's not due yet.

DR. REYNOLDS

Yes. That's right. Stacey went into premature labor, and this also creates a lot of dange-

KAELIN

Is the baby okay?

Kaelin suddenly stops looking so dumbfounded. His concern is overpowering.

DR. REYNOLDS

He's fine.

KAELIN

He?

The doctor nods.

KAELIN

It's a boy?

The doctor nods again and Kaelin begins to smile.

Dr. Reynolds takes a deep breath as he interrupts Kaelin's ecstasy.

DR. REYNOLDS

Kaelin. Stacey didn't survive the delivery.

Kaelin's smile disappears. He stares straight at the doctor.

DR. REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

She went into cardiac arrest and we weren't able to revive her.

Kaelin's now pale face is frozen. We can no longer hear anything the doctor is saying.

In silence the doctor speaks a few more words, gently putting his hand on Kaelin's shoulder as he rises.

Dr. Reynolds walks back through the big white door. Kaelin remains motionless.

CUT TO:

INT. NURSERY -LATER

A half-dozen newborn babies populate the nursery of the hospital. Most of them sleep quietly. A few cry. And one BABY, his name-tag reading only Boy Carter, sits silently and motionless, staring straight up.

From behind a thick pane of glass Kaelin watches his child.

For a few moments Kaelin simply stares at his baby.

Kaelin slowly raises his hand to the glass and presses on it. The baby moves a bit and Kaelin smiles.

Kaelin holds his hand still, palm pressed firmly on the glass, for a few moments.

A NURSE (28), a soft looking girl, approaches and stands next to Kaelin. He pays no notice to her.

NURSE

Excuse me.

Kaelin turns, pulling his hand away from the glass.

NURSE

Mr. Carter?

KAELIN

No.

The nurse begins to turn away.

KAELIN

I'm the father.

The nurse turns back. Kaelin smiles at her.

NURSE

Oh! And your name is?

The nurse lifts a chart and brings a pen down to it.

KAELIN

Kaelin...

The nurse writes.

KAELIN

DeRusso...D.E.R-

NURSE

Got it. Thanks.

Kaelin smiles again as the nurse continues to write.

Kaelin turns back to the glass and watches the baby. The nurse speaks again and breaks his gaze.

NURSE

And have you chosen a name?

Kaelin turns to her looking pensive.

He looks to the baby.

KAELIN

(whisper)

Gavin.

NURSE

I'm sorry?

Kaelin turns to the nurse.

KAELIN

Gavin.

The nurse smiles at Kaelin genuinely.

Kaelin looks back at his son.

KAELIN

It means, little hawk.

The nurse nods as she writes.

Kaelin turns back to the nurse as she looks up.

KAELIN

My grandfather's name.

NURSE

I like that.

Kaelin smiles widely and looks back towards the baby.

The nurse turns away and walks into a door.

INT. NURSERY -CONTINUOUS

The nurse walks over to GAVIN's crib and pulls the name tag up. She writes on it, Gavin DeRusso.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM -NIGHT

A digital clock over the attending nurse's station reads 4:13 AM.

The station is staffed only by one tired looking ATTENDING NURSE (45). She clicks away at her computer while sipping from a coffee cup.

PATRICIA CARTER (48) and JOSEPH CARTER (54) enter the waiting room through a pair of electric sliding doors and walk quickly to the nurse's station.

Patricia Carter is an elegant woman but obviously unkempt from being woken in the night. She's wearing a loose pair of black tights and an ill-fitting jacket. She bites her nails as Joseph leans over the desk.

Joseph Carter is a powerful looking man but sloppy because of the hour. His hair is messed and his blazer doesn't match his torn sweatpants. His hands are thick and pressed firmly on the nurses station as he speaks.

ATTENDING NURSE

How may I help y-

JOSEPH CARTER

My daughter.

ATTENDING NURSE

Excuse m-

JOSEPH CARTER

Stacey Carter. A doctor called-

ATTENDING NURSE

Right this way Mr. Carter.

The nurse stands. Patricia Carter looks ready to weep.

The nurse leads the Carters down a hall way.

CUT TO:

INT. NURSERY -MOMENTS LATER

Kaelin, stills standing at the glass watching his son, bows his head to rub his blood shot eyes.

As Kaelin's head rises he turns, noticing Dr. Reynolds talking to the Carters on the other side of a glass door. Kaelin's eyes widen with understanding.

Dr. Reynolds puts his hand over Patricia Carter's shoulder as she begins to cry. She falls into Joseph's arms.

Kaelin swallows. He turns and walks away from the nursery looking frightened.

As Kaelin is exiting we see Dr. Reynolds point towards him. Joseph Carter looks scathingly down the hall.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL -NIGHT

The street outside the hospital is completely deserted. Periodically a car passes breaking the dead silence.

Kaelin stands in a phone booth dialing.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -NIGHT

The phone on the kitchen wall RINGS.

The kitchen and living room are empty.

The phone continues to RING.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL -NIGHT

Kaelin taps nervously on the phone booth glass.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -NIGHT

The phone continues to RING.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL -NIGHT

Kaelin hangs up the phone firmly and exits the phone booth.

Kaelin stares up at the hospital. It appears as a dark imposing giant.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM -NIGHT

Patricia Carter sits alone in the same chairs we saw Kaelin in earlier. She is pale and her face is vacant. Her tears are dry and her cheeks are red.

An elevator down the hall opens.

Kaelin walks out of the elevator with uncertain steps. He watches the floor as he comes towards Patricia Carter.

When he arrives in front of Patricia, Kaelin kneels down so their faces are level.

Patricia looks at him, confused and frightened.

Kaelin stares at her for a moment, searching for his words.

KAELIN
Mrs. Carter?

Patricia nods, her eyes watering up.

KAELIN
Mrs. Carter I'm...I was...

Kaelin looks away, gritting his teeth.

Patricia begins to cry. Kaelin looks at her again.

KAELIN

Mrs. Carter.

Patricia weeps heavily. Kaelin puts his hand on her shoulder.

Patricia SLAPS Kaelin hard across the face. He falls back, stunned with surprise.

PATRICIA CARTER

Joseph!

Down the hallway Joseph Carter stands speaking on his cellular phone. He turns when he hears his wife's cry.

Patricia stands and walks quickly over to her husband as he approaches. They meet.

Joseph Carter holds his wife tightly.

Kaelin approaches the Carters. Joseph stares at him as he nears.

KAELIN

Mr. Carter, I'm-

JOSEPH CARTER

We know who you are.

Kaelin stops dead in his tracks.

JOSEPH CARTER

Stay away from us, please.

Joseph turns, with his wife held tightly in his arms, and starts down the hallway away past Kaelin.

Kaelin stands frozen in shock as they walk by him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM -MORNING

The early morning sun creeps up in the sky laying lines across the waiting room.

Kaelin is asleep again in a chair with no one around.

The elevator door opens. This time a tall thick man in a sharply cut pin-stripe suit walks out. His hard heeled shoes sound his arrival. This is JACK WINSTON (48).

Jack Winston looks as grim and imposing as his platinum cuff links. He is a cold looking man.

Jack approaches Kaelin.

JACK WINSTON

Wake up kid.

Jack whacks Kaelin firmly on the shoulder. Kaelin wakes suddenly, surprised and lost.

As Kaelin gets his bearings Jack shoots a hand out to him. Kaelin extends his slowly. They shake, Jack's hand controlling Kaelin's.

JACK WINSTON

Jack Winston. Kaelin, right?

Kaelin stands slowly, nodding.

JACK WINSTON

Let's talk.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE -DAY

Jack Winston has taken over a doctor's office in the hospital. He sits like a king in a large leather chair behind a wide walnut desk.

Kaelin sits in front of the desk, his chair much smaller.

Kaelin slouches, tired, as Jack puts some papers out on the desk in front of him.

Kaelin is still rubbing his eyes when Jack speaks. He speaks with a smooth shark like confidence.

JACK WINSTON

You've created an unfortunate situation and I'm going to resolve it the best way possible.

KAELIN

(defensive)

I've created-

JACK WINSTON

Yeah!

Jack rises from his chair, silencing Kaelin.

JACK WINSTON (CONT'D)

You have.

Jack steps forward leaning his hand on the desk.

JACK WINSTON

I'll just lay it out for you...so there is no confusion. You sign this,

Jack points to one of the papers on the desk.

JACK WINSTON (CONT'D)

...giving full custody to the Carters. And you walk out of this hospital...Now.

Kaelin rises looking frustrated.

KAELIN

NO.

Jack steps back behind the desk and sits down.

JACK WINSTON

Kaelin, the Carters have grounds to sue you for negligence and liability for the death of their daughter.

Kaelin's face shows defeat.

JACK WINSTON (CONT'D)

She was 17 at the time this baby was conceived. That opens up possible charges for statutory rape.

KAELIN

Rape?

JACK WINSTON

Do the math , I did.

Kaelin is crushed.

JACK WINSTON (CONT'D)

And I'm guessing the bills from today are going to clean you out.

Kaelin's head falls. Jack speaks with bravado, sensing his victory.

JACK WINSTON (CONT'D)

Aren't they.

Kaelin steps forward in a desperate last effort.

KAELIN

You can't-

JACK WINSTON

I've contacted hospital security. They'll be waiting outside that door when you walk out of here.

Kaelin looks to the door.

Kaelin looks back to Jack and sits, accepting his defeat.

Jack pulls a gold pen from his suit pocket and dangles it in front of Kaelin's face. The pen hangs for a few seconds as Kaelin sits in silence.

JACK WINSTON

Don't make this any harder than it needs to be.

Kaelin's hand rises slowly to grasp the pen.

He leans over the desk hunching like a wounded soldier. He signs as his eyes scan over the page.

KAELIN

Who's Michael Carter.

As Kaelin's hand finishes his signature Jack grabs the paper out from underneath.

Scooping his things up, Jack puts everything in his briefcase and speaks fleetingly.

He walks quickly to the door.

JACK WINSTON

Joseph and Patricia have named the baby Michael.

Kaelin stands up from the chair, shocked and hurt.

Jack exits the office. Kaelin follows.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -CONTINUOUS

As Jack comes out of the office he passes in between two husky security guards.

Kaelin comes out a second after, stepping quickly and showing his frustration.

As Kaelin comes out of the office he sees a nurse carrying Gavin over to the Carters.

Kaelin lunges but is quickly restrained by the guards.

KAELIN

Hey!

Kaelin pushes against the guards but they shove him back.

KAELIN

NO!

Kaelin lunges again. The guards hold him as he pushes forward in vain.

KAELIN

You can't-

Kaelin begins to cry.

KAELIN

(yelling)

That's my son.

The scuffle draws a small crowd.

KAELIN

(yelling)

THAT'S MY SON!

The Carters, almost frightened, look back towards Kaelin as they leave.

Once the Carters, Jack, and Gavin are behind a closed elevator door Kaelin's body goes limp in the restraining arms of the guards.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL -DAY

Outside the hospital is more busy than the last night. People come in and out.

An ambulance passes as Jack and the Carters exit the large doors of the hospital.

Jack and the Carters, with Gavin, sit into a large black sedan parked across the street.

The car pulls away from the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -DAY

In the kitchen we find Kaelin sitting on the floor, leaning against the cabinets under the sink.

His eyes bat open and closed as he struggles to stay awake. A burned out cigarette butt hangs from his lips and the ash has fallen on his shirt.

In Kaelin's hand is a bottle of vodka, almost empty.

Kaelin's head shakes side to side a bit and he groans.

The front door opens and Sean enters. He is clean shaven and looks healthier than when we last saw him.

As Sean closes the door behind him he notices Kaelin. He reacts slowly. Looking a bit surprised but not very.

Sean walks calmly over to Kaelin and kneels down in front of him.

Kaelin lets the vodka bottle drop. It rolls away from him, spilling on the floor.

Sean puts his palm on Kaelin's cheek.

SEAN

Long night at work?

Kaelin lifts his arm slowly, batting Sean's away. His motions are sloppy. He is stone drunk.

KAELIN
(mumbling)
They took Gavin.

Sean doesn't understand. He grins.

SEAN
Who's Gavin?

Kaelin speaks again, the cigarette drops from his lip.

KAELIN
They took...Gavin.

SEAN
K, who's Gavin?

Kaelin slowly grabs the scruff of Sean's shirt. For each word he speaks he shakes Sean a bit.

KAELIN
You, were, not....home.

Sean's face does not react. He gently removes Kaelin's hand and tries to help him up.

Kaelin pushes Sean away firmly as he stands.

SEAN
Woh?

Kaelin walks past Sean. His steps are wobbly and uneven. As he reaches the stairs Sean turns looking utterly lost. Sean pats his sides uncertain of what to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE -DAY

Sean has sweat through the back of his shirt leaning into the

engine compartment of the Riviera.

For a few moments we watch him rise out of and lean into the guts of the car. His hands are filthy with dirt and grease as well as his face and shirt.

He finally closes the hood and walks to the driver's seat. He sits down in the car and starts it. After a few seconds of struggle the engine turns over letting out a whiny ROAR.

The exhaust sputters but with a tap on the gas peddle the car is rumbling on its own.

Sean steps out of the car and looks up at Kaelin's bedroom window.

CUT TO:

INT. KAELIN'S NEW ROOM -DAY

Inside Kaelin's room we can barely hear the IDLING of the Riviera.

The room is dusty and smoky.

Kaelin is asleep face down on the mattress. Next to him, on the floor is an ashtray overflowing with butts and ash.

The phone begins to RING.

Kaelin slowly and begrudgingly rises after several RINGS.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILAN CITY STREET -DAY

In a phone booth on a beautiful street in Milan Jennifer leans a phone on her shoulder. Her hair is cut and restyled more conservative than before but not boring.

As she listens to the phone RING in the receiver she examines a beautifully designed corkscrew she holds in her palm.

Jennifer's happy expression dwindles a bit as the RINGS continue, unanswered.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -DAY

Kaelin enters the kitchen. His steps are clunky. His face is groggy. His eyes are barely open.

The phone continues to RING.

With a swift motion Kaelin smacks the entire phone off the wall. It lands on the floor, cracking the plastic housing.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILAN CITY STREET -DAY

Jennifer hear's a CLICK on the line as it disconnects.

She hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -DAY

The kitchen is now empty, the phone rests dead on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Kaelin and Sean sit on the couch in the living room quietly watching the movie 'Heat' on the television.

As the credits roll on the film Sean clicks the remote control expelling the DVD from the player. He stands and goes over to it.

Kaelin stands. He walks over to the wall and flicks on the lights. He continues to the kitchen.

As Sean is putting the DVD away Kaelin is preparing himself a drink of Peppar Vodka on the rocks.

SEAN

I'm going to Wexford to see my mother tomorrow.

Kaelin turns.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You want to come?

KAELIN

No. Thanks.

Sean comes into the kitchen and sits down at the table. He pulls out a cigarette and lights up.

SEAN

Something happen at work the other night?

KAELIN

No.

Kaelin takes a large gulp of his drink and tops off the glass.

SEAN

Who's Gavin?

Kaelin puts the bottle down hard. He turns to Sean.

KAELIN

Huh?

SEAN

Who is Gavin?

Kaelin sits down across from Sean. He drinks and takes a deep breath.

KAELIN

Nobody. Now he's Michael.

Sean takes a long drag and stares at Kaelin, waiting for further explanation.

KAELIN

Stacey had the baby.

Sean leans in with concern.

KAELIN

She died so her parents took him and named him Michael.

SEAN

What?

Kaelin takes another drink.

KAELIN

There's nothing I could do-

Kaelin stands and finishes his drink.

KAELIN

And they took my boy.

Sean is dumbfounded. He rises and walks over Kaelin.

KAELIN

(genuine)

I'm sorry.

Kaelin nods and turns away from Sean. He walks out of the kitchen and towards the stairs.

SEAN

K?

Kaelin disappears up the stairs.

Sean stubs his cigarette out and exhales his last drag. He sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -DAY

Through the kitchen window we see the driveway without the black Mercedes in it.

The kitchen is as we left it. Kaelin's glass sits on the counter and a dirty ashtray sits on the table.

There are a set of hard KNOCKS on the door.

No one comes.

There are another set of KNOCKS.

The door opens slowly. Marcus enters with an inquisitive but uncertain face.

MARCUS

Hello?

Marcus KNOCKS on the door again.

MARCUS

Kaelin?

Marcus comes into the house. He walks into the kitchen, looking around.

Kaelin comes down the stairs and stops dead when he sees Marcus stand with his back to him in the kitchen.

KAELIN

What the hell are you doing here?

Marcus turns on his heels and walks towards Kaelin.

MARCUS

(sympathetic)

Hey.

KAELIN

(firmer)

What the hell are you doing here?

Marcus reacts softly trying to calm Kaelin's rising temper.

MARCUS

Martha called me and-

Kaelin lunges at Marcus with a punch. Kaelin moves sloppily.

Marcus dodges the punch and throws his arms around Kaelin grabbing him tightly and controlling him.

Kaelin throws a few more weak punches at Marcus who makes a face like he's containing a child.

KAELIN

Where the hell did you go?

(yelling)

Why did you leave me?

As Kaelin slows Marcus changes his hold into a hug.

KAELIN

(quieter)

Why did you leave?

(whisper)

Why?

Marcus hugs Kaelin tightly, pressing the side of his head against Kaelin's.

MARCUS

It's okay. I didn't leave you.

Marcus begins to stroke Kaelin's back.

MARCUS

I didn't leave. I'm here now.

Kaelin slumps in Marcus' arms.

CUT TO:

INT. KAELIN'S NEW ROOM -EVENING

Marcus leans on the wall next to Kaelin's dirty window and smokes. He looks cool and collected but sympathetic.

Kaelin sits on his bed with his arm propped up on his knees. In his right hand is a drink.

MARCUS

You should have called me.

Kaelin looks up at Marcus.

KAELIN

How?

MARCUS

Stacey had my number in Nevada.

KAELIN

Did she call you?

MARCUS

No.

Kaelin looks back down and takes a sip of his drink. Marcus takes a long drag of his cigarette.

Kaelin looks up at Marcus.

KAELIN

Can I go back with you?

Marcus looks straight at Kaelin.

MARCUS

Is that what you want?

KAELIN

I've got nothing here.

Marcus smiles and nods.

MARCUS

Okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE -DAY

Sean pulls up to his house in his black Mercedes. The Riviera is gone.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -DAY

The sun shines brightly in through the kitchen window. All glasses and dishes are cleaned and the ashtray is fresh. There is a piece of folded paper next to it with 'Sean' written on it.

Sean enters through the front door.

SEAN

(yelling)

K?

Sean walks into the kitchen, looking around. He sees the note.

Sean picks up and unfolds the note. His face turns sad as he reads it.

KAELIN (V.O.)

Sean, I went to Las Vegas with Marcus. I'll be back in a while. Be good. -K.

Sean places the note down on the table gently. His eyes shut and his clenches his lips.

SEAN

FUCK!

Sean grabs the ashtray and violently pitches it. It shatters

into the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. USED CAR LOT -DAY

Kaelin walks with a portly SALESMAN across a lot of mediocre cars. They come to the Riviera.

The sunshine glares off the Riviera's windshield. It looks better now than it ever has.

Kaelin leans into the car through the open window and pulls the pink slip out of the glove box.

He hands them to the salesman. The salesman examines the papers.

SALESMAN

Okay. 2100 cash?

KAELIN

(sullen)

That's fine.

The salesman turns back towards the dealership building and Kaelin follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT -DAY

A small jet-liner touches down on a tarmac in the middle of the vacant Nevada desert.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VEGAS STRIP -DAY

A green taxicab cuts a beeline down the strip of Las Vegas. Even in the daytime the landscape is bustling with glitz and glamour.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXICAB -DAY

Kaelin sits in the back of a taxi with one bag on the seat next to him.

He stares out the window watching casinos, billboards, marquis, and hookers as they pass.

The TAXI DRIVER (52) is a plump mousy-brown-haired woman. She watches Kaelin admire this city through his window.

TAXI DRIVER

First time in Vegas kid?

Kaelin looks into the rearview mirror, his eyes meeting with the driver's.

KAELIN

Yeah.

TAXI DRIVER

Try not to get lost.

Kaelin nods and looks back out the window in awe.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLDMINE CASINO -DAY

Kaelin steps out of his cab. It speeds off just as he closes the door. Holding his one bag over his shoulder he looks up at the Goldmine Casino.

The Goldmine is a dreary looking place. The colors of its signs and marquis are faded. There are no blinking lights and the front door has a large crack in the glass.

Kaelin looks to his side staring at the beautiful strip which seems like its a mile away. He turns back to the Goldmine and squints, looking uneasy.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDMINE CASINO -MOMENTS LATER

Kaelin walks through the somewhat lavish entrance of the Goldmine. The clientele seems to match the seedy style of the place.

Kaelin notices a set of three very sleazy looking women hanging on a blackjack table that has a rather handsome dealer. The bar is well populated for the middle of the day.

It wouldn't take too much polish and elbow grease to make this place decent.

Just as Kaelin reaches the slot machines Marcus arrives from the bar side. He's wearing a bartender's uniform of black pants and a white shirt, and a name tag.

MARCUS

K! Come on I want you to meet the boss.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDMINE CASINO -MOMENTS LATER

Kaelin and Marcus are sitting at the bar facing out. In front of them is NORM (42) a ball-busting manager. He's tough looking but smooth. His suit is well cut and fits his small frame.

NORM

If Marcus says you can handle the volume, you can have the job.

Kaelin smiles a bit, half-happy.

KAELIN

Thanks.

NORM

Don't thank me, kid. It looks like

a graveyard, I know. Night's a different story.

Kaelin stands to shake Norm's hand. They shake.

NORM

And you'll be staying in Marcus's room?

KAELIN

Yeah.

Norm smiles.

NEIGHBOR

Kid, you're making me money already.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S ROOM -LATER

Kaelin follows Marcus into his room. It is a small efficiency, laid out much like a hotel room. The bed is the biggest thing and then the TV. The bathroom, just to the side of the door, is small and moderately lit.

Marcus opens a closet door as he leads Kaelin in.

Kaelin tosses his bag in the closet and sits on the bed, letting out a heavy breath.

Marcus sits on the bed behind Kaelin. He places his hands on Kaelin's shoulders and starts to massage them. Kaelin sighs in relief.

Kaelin closes his eyes.

MARCUS

You okay?

KAELIN

Tired.

MARCUS

Take a nap.

Marcus pushes Kaelin down towards the bed. Kaelin lies down.
Marcus lies next to him.

They stay motionless for a moment.

Marcus moves his hand to Kaelin's stomach. He rests it there
for a moment then moves it underneath Kaelin's shirt.

Kaelin looks uneasy. He shifts his shoulders as Marcus runs
his hand over his chest.

Marcus leans over to kiss Kaelin. They kiss but Kaelin's eyes
show discomfort.

Marcus reaches down and begins to pull off Kaelin's shirt.

Kaelin stops him.

MARCUS

What's wrong?

KAELIN

I'm kind of tired. I want to get a
drink.

Marcus rolls to his side of the bed, sighing in
disappointment.

MARCUS

I'm on in an a half hour.

KAELIN

After work then.

Kaelin rises from the bed, fixing his shirt. He walks to the
door and leaves.

Marcus, sitting on the bed, sighs again and lights up a
cigarette.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VEGAS STRIP -DAY

Kaelin walks down the strip passed all the same places he saw on the drive up. He stares, in awe, up and down the massive spectacle of Las Vegas.

He passes a few seedy bars and strip joints. Kaelin smiles at the magnificent charade.

As Kaelin approaches a nice, large hotel, he turns in.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL -CONTINUOUS

Inside the bright and clean hotel Kaelin walks straight to the bar which lies in the center of the hotel's indoor courtyard.

The ambiance is refreshing and tropical. The courtyard is lit by a huge ceiling skylight and has a large pond in the center.

Kaelin looks like a happier young man by the time he reaches the bar. He is almost smiling when he sits.

The BARTENDER approaches Kaelin with a nod of greeting.

KAELIN

Peppar rocks, please.

The bartender nods again. In a moment a full glass sits in front of Kaelin.

KAELIN

Thanks.

BARTENDER

6

Kaelin pulls seven dollars from his wallet and drops it on the bar. He stands as the bartender nods to him. He nods back turning away.

Kaelin takes a sip of his drink and surveys the vast area of the hotel courtyard. On his second review Kaelin locks eyes with a woman watching him.

ABBEY DUNCAN(42) is a long-legged, red-headed beauty. Even sitting she is statuesque and graceful. She raises her martini glass slightly and nods to Kaelin.

Kaelin smiles back at her, raising his glass.

Kaelin quickly scans the area left and right again. He takes a quick sip of his drink and begins walking toward Abbey.

Kaelin stops in front of Abbey. She looks him up and down. She gives a close-lipped grin that looks devilish.

Kaelin gestures to a chair at her table.

KAELIN

Do you mind?

ABBEY

Please.

As Kaelin sits Abbey's smile becomes more friendly.

ABBEY

I don't mean to pry and I certainly don't mind but, I think if that bartender had requested your ID you'd be joining me with a Coke in your hand.

Kaelin chuckles and takes another sip of his vodka.

KAELIN

Perhaps. Let's call it a professional courtesy.

ABBEY

You tend bar?

Kaelin nods.

As Abbey sips her martini she rolls her eyes.

Kaelin puts out his hand.

KAELIN

Kaelin DeRusso.

Abbey gracefully extends her hand for a shake.

ABBEY

Abbey Duncan... That's an interesting name. DeRusso, that must be Greek or Italian, but Kaelin changes it all. You don't look like an Irishman.

KAELIN

Turkish but my mother was Irish.

ABBEY

I see. A mutt.

Abbey takes another drink.

ABBEY (CONT'D)

And by the look of awe you were wearing when you walked in here, I'm guess you're not local.

Kaelin smiles and leans in close to Abbey. He whispers to her.

KAELIN

Why is it you get to ask all the questions?

Abbey replies without batting an eyelash.

ABBEY

Because you answer them.

Kaelin and Abbey share a dirty smile.

CUT TO:

INT. ABBEY'S HOTEL ROOM -NIGHT

In an expensive looking hotel room we find Kaelin getting dressed. The lights of Vegas put a dancing reflection on the window he stands in front of. He watches the landscape below him.

Abbey sits in the disheveled bed in her underwear, leaning on the large headboard, smoking. On the night stand next to her stands a fresh martini.

Abbey breathes slowly and speaks softly.

ABBEY

You're not a pro are you, Kaelin?

Kaelin laughs and turns around to her.

ABBEY (CONT'D)

Because I don't suppose you go around seducing retired showgirls for a living.

Kaelin walks over to the bed and stands next to Abbey.

KAELIN

Abbey. I don't know what I'm doing.

Abbey smiles and raise her hand to Kaelin's face. She gently runs her fingers across his lips.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -NIGHT

Kaelin walks down a hallway with a fresh bounce in his step.

He reaches the door to Marcus's room.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S ROOM -NIGHT

The room is completely dark but we hear giggles and ruffling sheets as Kaelin opens the door.

The light from the hallway reveal only a sliver of carpet as Kaelin enters.

KAELIN

Marcus?

Kaelin flips the light.

The room is suddenly illuminated. We see a fit, young NAKED MAN kneeling on the far side of the bed. He's giddy and strangely unashamed.

NAKED MAN

Hey!

The sheets on the bed pull back. The head of a YOUNG WOMAN peeks out from under them along side a pair of feet.

YOUNG WOMAN

(giggly)

What?

She notices Kaelin.

YOUNG WOMAN

OH!

The young woman pulls the sheets back over her head. At the top of the bed Kaelin sees Marcus. He's starts to laugh ridiculously. He's drunk.

The young woman under the sheets begins to laugh as well.

Kaelin stares at the trio in confusion.

MARCUS
(laughing)
Hey Kaelin.

Kaelin says nothing. He steps to his side and enters the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -MOMENTS LATER

Kaelin sits alone, silently on the toilet bowl. He runs his thumb along the palm of his other hand repeatedly staring at the motion.

Marcus enters, almost stumbling drunk.

MARCUS
Hey!

Kaelin looks up.

MARCUS
What are you doing in here?

KAELIN
Nothing.

Marcus drops to his knees in front of Kaelin. He stares at him with wandering, drunken eyes.

MARCUS
You want to come out?

Kaelin simply looks down at the floor.

MARCUS
Okay. You just wanna chill. S'okay.
Just hang out in here. We'll be
done soon.

Marcus stupidly pats Kaelin on the leg. He rises and exits

the bathroom.

Kaelin leans forward and shuts the door. We hear LAUGHING and GIGGLING through the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE -DAY

A yellow taxi pulls to the driveway of Sean's house.

The black Mercedes stands in the driveway. The autumn leaves collecting on it.

The taxi door opens. Jennifer steps out, her duffle bag on her shoulder and a suitcase in her hand.

She shuts the taxi door and it pulls away.

Jennifer takes a long, wandering look at the house and starts up the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDMINE CASINO BAR -NIGHT

Much the way we saw Kaelin work at the Gaslight, we see him working at the Goldmine.

The casino is bustling. Music plays loudly over the PA system and the sound of slot machines drowns it out.

People crowd around the bar like bees to honey leaning over one another; reaching, pushing, and shouting drink orders.

Kaelin is a machine again, pouring, shaking, and mixing. His face is without expression. He pays no notice to the patrons until Abbey appears at the bar.

Kaelin leans over the bar to her.

ABBEY

You look cute when you work.

KAELIN

Thanks.

Kaelin bounces back to the crowd, working again.

CUT TO:

INT. ABBEY'S HOTEL ROOM -NIGHT

On Abbey's messy bed we find Kaelin half under the sheets with Abbey laying at his lap. She rubs her hands over his stomach slowly tickling him.

Kaelin shakes a little, grinning.

ABBEY

You don't do that much.

Kaelin cranes his neck, looking down at her.

KAELIN

What?

ABBEY

Grin. Giggle. You're a kid. You should have more things to smile about.

KAELIN

Yeah.

Abbey pinches Kaelin. He flinches.

ABBEY

What'd you mean, yeah?

Abbey sits up and moves up next to Kaelin in the bed. Even naked she moves gracefully. Kaelin watches her.

Abbey puts her arm across Kaelin's chest. He holds her arm with his hand.

KAELIN

I don't know what I mean.

Kaelin pauses.

KAELIN

What does it matter? I feel right,
here with you, who cares what else
I do.

Abbey quickly pulls her arm away and sits away from Kaelin on the bed. He looks at her like a confused child.

ABBEY

No way.

KAELIN

What?

ABBEY

No way. Kaelin, you're a great kid.
And I like you but...

Abbey slows down. She picks up Kaelin's hand.

ABBEY

I'm not what you need.

Kaelin's look of disappointment settles in his face.

Abbey gets up and puts on a bathrobe. She walks around the bed and sits on the edge next to Kaelin. He looks at her longingly.

KAELIN

You know, when I was 10 years old I
won a 20 dollar bet on a Giants
game.

Abbey looks at Kaelin sweetly as though he were a little child.

KAELIN (CONT'D)

Doubled my money.

(pause)

I thought I was the luckiest person
alive.

Abbey's smile widens. Kaelin still looks quiet and confused.
Abbey puts her hand on his face.

ABBEY

Why don't you go home? Isn't there
someone waiting up for you?

Kaelin looks up at Abbey. His eyes are wide and innocent.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDMINE CASINO BAR -NIGHT

The bar is very busy but we find Kaelin not moving as fast as
he usually does.

The customers a loud and curt. Kaelin's face looks frustrated
but the people do not do anything wrong.

Pulling a beer out of the fridge Kaelin slips. The bottle
falls and bursts on the floor. He curses to himself under his
breath and takes out another one.

Kaelin closes his eyes for a second and shakes his head. For
each person he serves there is another replacing him.

FADE TO:

INT. GOLDMINE CASINO BAR -LATER

Late in the evening the bar area has calmed down
significantly.

The bar is dirty and Kaelin is sweaty and moving very slowly.
His face is clean but his brow is wet. He clears a few
glasses and washes his cocktail shaker and strainer in the
sink.

BRAD (34) a plain looking man in a plain suit sits himself at the bar. Brad is basically handsome but looks boring.

Kaelin nods to Brad.

KAELIN

Be with you in a second.

Brad waves back.

Kaelin comes over and places a napkin in front of Brad.

KAELIN

What can I get you?

Brad speaks nervously.

BRAD

You're Kaelin, right?

Kaelin looks at him, confused.

KAELIN

Yeah.

BRAD

Marcus told me I could see you.

KAELIN

See me?

Kaelin's suspicion rises in his voice.

BRAD

Yeah, uh. Are you, like busy tonight?

Kaelin is angry.

KAELIN

What?

BRAD

That's okay if you are, I just would, like, 'cause I think you look pretty worth it.

Kaelin looks down as Brad continues to ramble.

KAELIN
(to himself)
Sonnuva-

Kaelin bursts up and swings a punch at Brad, knocking him off his bar stool onto the floor.

Kaelin, infuriated, jumps over the bar and grabs Brad by the shirt lifting him up.

KAELIN
What did you think you were gonna get with your drink? Huh?

Kaelin punches Brad again.

Brad falls to the floor, his lips bleeding.

Norm suddenly tackles Kaelin off of Brad. He shoves him to the floor.

NORM
What the hell is going on here?

Norm grabs Kaelin picking him up and pushing him toward the exit.

NORM
Get your shit, and get out, you little punk.

Kaelin stumbles to his feet. He takes a step back toward Norm and Brad but a few cocktail waitresses and another bartender gently push him away. Kaelin stops himself.

The other staffers tells him to go.

Kaelin clenches his teeth and curses to himself as he leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S ROOM -NIGHT

We find Marcus in bed with another man and woman. They are fooling around, giggling like little children, when we hear firm KNOCKING on the door.

The man and woman scramble to cover themselves as Marcus stands.

MARCUS

Yeah?

Kaelin opens the door wildly and charges in at Marcus.

KAELIN

What are you? My pimp?

Marcus acts foolishly surprised but it is clear he's faking.

Kaelin takes a swing at Marcus.

As the punch flies, Marcus's stupid grin is replaced with a hateful stare. He easily deflects Kaelin's attack at knocks him to the floor.

Marcus take a few hard strikes at Kaelin's faces, subduing him.

Marcus stands above Kaelin like a drill sergeant.

MARCUS

Yeah. I am.

Marcus slaps Kaelin in the head.

MARCUS

You said you wanted to come out here with me. Well, here it is.

Marcus turns away and picks up Kaelin's bag and a few loose items he sees around the room. The man and woman sit frozen and silent on the bed.

Marcus tosses the bag at Kaelin. It lands at his feet.

MARCUS

If you don't have the balls to make
cash my way, then go do it on your
own.

Marcus turns back to the man and woman. Kaelin sits on the ground, bleeding.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VEGAS STRIP -NIGHT

At the lonely end of the glamorous strip of Las Vegas Kaelin sits on a sidewalk corner nursing his bleeding eye with a few pieces of toilet paper.

The bright flashing lights of the casinos and hotels are distant.

Kaelin sits in the shadow of a liquor store. He sniffles a bit, putting his finger to his broken lip.

Kaelin checks his watch. The minute hand stands exactly at 2.

Kaelin looks up into a street lamp and closes his eyes, the light washing down on his bruised face.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS STATION -MORNING

The Las Vegas bus station looks like a regular bus station but the people in it seem more gritty than they would be anywhere else.

The lounge lizards and the old hookers line the walls, while old homeless alcoholic sleep on the benches.

Kaelin enters the bus station with his bag in hand. His face is puffy and swollen.

Kaelin approaches the ticket window slowly, looking desperate and defeated.

The TELLER looks at him sympathetically.

TELLER

Where to?

Kaelin look up at him. It appears painful for him look straight ahead.

KAELIN

How close to Pittsburgh can I get with 59 dollar and 87 cents?

The teller checks his computer.

TELLER

If you can handle a change over in Memphis, we can get you there in four days. The A19 leaves in an hour.

Kaelin smiles a bit. It hurts too.

KAELIN

That'll do.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

EXT. HIGHWAY -DAY

The A19 bus drives quickly down a deserted Nevada highway.

INT. BUS -DAY

Kaelin sits patiently on the long bus ride across the

country.

INT. BUS -NIGHT

Day and night he sits quietly. He doesn't read, he doesn't talk to anyone.

INT. TENNESSEE BUS STATION GARAGE-NIGHT

The A19 bus parks in a slot at the Tennessee bus station.

Kaelin gets off with his bag in hand and is joined by only a few other passengers.

INT. TENNESSEE BUS STATION -NIGHT

Kaelin sleeps on a bench in the bus station.

INT. BUS -DAY

Kaelin on a new bus, joined by new passengers, is no different than before.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE -DAY

Kaelin walks slowly down Forth Avenue. He looks completely drained from the trip. His feet drag in the light fallen snow.

As he turns up Sean's driveway he looks at the black Mercedes with a sigh of relief.

Kaelin spots the scratch on the side of the car that he put there. He smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -DAY

Kaelin slowly opens the front door to the house. He enters with tentative footsteps.

Closing the door behind him, Kaelin surveys the kitchen and living room.

The kitchen is spotlessly clean. There are not liquor bottles or beer cans. The table has been replaced as well.

The living room is redecorated. The couch is replaced with a nicer, cleaner one and the rug is clean. There is a vas with flowers on the living room table.

Kaelin looks confused.

KAELIN

Sean?

Kaelin walks into the living room and drops his bag on the floor.

KAELIN

(louder)

Sean, you home?

We hear foot steps upstairs.

Kaelin looks up. Jennifer descends the staircase slowly. When she notices it is Kaelin she runs down.

JENNIFER

K!

Kaelin and Jennifer embrace tightly.

After a few moments they come apart. Jennifer brushes some of Kaelin's shaggy hair with her hand, staring at his bruises.

JENNIFER

What happened.

Kaelin shrugs.

KAELIN

Nothing too bad.

Jennifer's look turns to relief.

JENNIFER

I've been waiting on you.

They hug again, but more briefly.

KAELIN

How was Milan?

JENNIFER

Amazing.

Jennifer looks down, her expression suddenly somber.

KAELIN

What? What is it?

Jennifer looks up at Kaelin, her eyes watering.

KAELIN

What?

Jennifer begins to speak, but slowly and deliberately.

JENNIFER

Kaelin, Sean's dead.

Kaelin's face crumbles in devastation. He steps back from Jennifer. Kaelin gasps.

Kaelin steps back and sits, almost crashing, on the couch. He looks up at Jennifer who is crying. He forces words out but they come slowly.

KAELIN

How?

Jennifer walks over to Kaelin and stands just in front of him.

JENNIFER

Overdose.

Jennifer pauses, collecting herself.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I found him when I came back...

Jennifer's voice trails off as she cries. Kaelin reaches around her and pulls her to him. Burying his face in her stomach, he breathes heavily.

Kaelin and Jennifer hold each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME -DAY

Wexford is a clean upscale Pittsburgh suburb. The lawns not covered in snow still appear almost green.

Sean's Mercedes cruises smoothly down the road and pulls into the driveway of a large stylishly conservative home.

CUT TO:

INT. FABIAN HOME -DAY

The walls of the home are pristine white and only offset by elegant art work. Everything inside is polished and sparkling. The marble floors of the foyer sound the footsteps of its owner.

LORRAINE FABIAN (62) approaches the front door of her home slowly, walking with a powerful stature. She's an elegant beauty of a previous era, like Anne Bancroft or Joan Collins.

Lorraine opens the door. We find Kaelin standing with Jennifer to his side just behind him. Kaelin appears nervous and regretful.

KAELIN

Ms. Fabain-

LORRAINE

Call me Lorraine. Come in.

Lorraine speaks very simply with a soft frill-free voice. She wears her grief well. She's strong and sturdy.

CUT TO:

INT. FABIAN KITCHEN -DAY

Kaelin sits at a counter in a lavish kitchen. Jennifer sits, away from him, at a small table. Lorraine stands in front of the counter opening a Sub-Zero refrigerator.

LORRAINE

Would you like a soda, Kaelin?

KAELIN

(timid)

No, thank you.

Lorraine closes the door and turns to him.

LORRAINE

A cocktail?

Kaelin shakes his head. Lorraine turns to Jennifer.

LORRAINE

Jennifer?

JENNIFER

No, thanks. I'm fine.

Suddenly Kaelin speaks, his words blurring out nervously.

KAELIN

Ms. Fabian, I-

LORRAINE

Lorraine.

Kaelin exhales slowly, collecting himself.

KAELIN

Lorraine.

(pause)

I'm truly sorry. I know how awful
it mu-

LORRAINE

Kaelin.

Kaelin looks straight at Lorraine.

LORRAINE

Sean spoke very well of you. Why do
you feel it necessary to grovel?

KAELIN

Excuse me?

LORRAINE

Your tone, it's weak.

KAELIN

My tone?

LORRAINE

Kaelin, I made no illusions with my
son.

Lorraine approaches Kaelin and places her hand delicately on
the counter.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

I love him dearly but he lived the
way he wanted to live. And though I
tried to help him, he chose his own
road. You don't need to sit there a
kiss my ass to show your
dedication.

Lorraine lifts her hand to Kaelin's cheek and speaks softly
and genuinely.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

You did that just by coming here.
You'd be surprised how few people
make that effort.

Lorraine strokes her hand away from Kaelin's face and joins
Jennifer at the table. They hold hands for a second as she
sits. Jennifer gives a comforting smile.

Kaelin rises and approaches the table.

KAELIN

I don't understand.

LORRAINE

What's to understand?

KAELIN

What do I do?

Lorraine gestures to a chair and Kaelin sits.

LORRAINE

What do you do?

Lorraine thinks for a second and smiles when he has an idea.

LORRAINE

How about this. I'll make you a
deal, Kaelin.

Kaelin listens.

LORRAINE

Sean said that you worked on cars
with him, is that right.

Kaelin nods.

LORRAINE

You know BMW's?

KAELIN

What I don't know I can learn.

LORRAINE

In my garage there is a 1955 507.
You will work on it in your spare
time and I will pay your tuition so
you can start school again in the
spring.

Kaelin's faces lights up with uncertainty. He stands.

KAELIN

Lorraine, I can't-

LORRAINE

You can't what?

Kaelin doesn't answer quickly.

LORRAINE

Tell me you can't work on that car.
Is that it?

Kaelin shakes his head.

LORRAINE

(firmly)
Sit.

Kaelin sits.

LORRAINE

You were a good friend to my son. I
know that. And I know what you've
been through. I'm not a charity and
I'm not a pushover.

Lorraine stands.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

You're going to make something of
yourself.

Kaelin looks up at Lorraine with a look of fearful understanding.

Lorraine sits.

LORRAINE

That work for you?

Kaelin nods.

CUT TO:

INT. FABIAN GARAGE -DAY

As the garage door starts to open the outside light shines into the dark room.

Kaelin and Jennifer walk in looking at the 507 is a gorgeous piece of machinery, a small convertible, all polished and slick.

Kaelin is truly impressed. Jennifer watches him.

JENNIFER

Think you can handle it?

Kaelin look over to Jennifer, peeling his eyes away from the car.

KAELIN

Yeah. I can.

CUT TO:

INT. FABIAN GARAGE -DAY

Kaelin works on the 507 tirelessly. Whether he is leaning into the engine compartment or sliding underneath the car he is focused on the work.

CUT TO:

INT. KAELIN'S NEW ROOM -DAY

Kaelin and Jennifer unpack Kaelin's dusty belongings from their trunks and bags.

Kaelin sets up his computer at a table near the window.

CUT TO:

INT. FABIAN GARAGE -NIGHT

Kaelin uses hanging lights to illuminate the 507's innards while he works at night.

Jennifer enters from inside the house.

JENNIFER

You gonna be out here all night?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS -DAY

On a bright winter day Kaelin and Jennifer return to campus. They walk across the snow covered lawns with groups of grouchy looking students.

The bottle neck of bodies at the academic building doors is almost folly.

Kaelin looks at Jennifer as they enter with a look showing his discomfort with being back in the educational grind.

CUT TO:

INT. FABIAN GARAGE -MORNING

The few birds of the spring are whistling in the early morning light as Kaelin works inside the engine compartment of the 507.

The back of his shirt is tattered and filthy with engine greasy.

Jennifer enters the garage from the house wearing a robe.

JENNIFER
Breakfast!

Kaelin puts up his index finger.

Jennifer rolls her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. FABIAN KITCHEN -DAY

Kaelin and Jennifer sit at the counter in front of Lorraine as she prepares their plates.

The pair exchange foolish looks for a moment as Lorraine places the plates in front of them. They both thank her.

JENNIFER
You need a new shirt.

Kaelin looks up from his food.

KAELIN
Thanks.

Kaelin and Jennifer share a prolonged grin.

Lorraine washes her hands and steps out from behind the counter.

LORRAINE
I have to run so could you two lock up on your way out later?

JENNIFER
Sure.

Lorraine leaves.

KAELIN
Thanks for breakfast.

LORRAINE (O.S.)

You're very welcome.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER -LATER

Kaelin stands under the steaming water with his eyes closed. He turns to let the spray hit his back then he turns again letting it blast his face.

He sighs and puts his hands on the wall as he bows his head in the stream.

As Kaelin keeps his head down Jennifer steps into the shower behind him.

For a moment she simply stands and watches him. Then she slowly raises her hand to his back.

Kaelin turns his head suddenly, surprised at first then just puzzled.

Kaelin and Jennifer stare at each other's eyes for a moment.

KAELIN

Hey.

Jennifer smiles.

JENNIFER

Hey.

Jennifer steps forward and wraps her arms around Kaelin. He in turn puts his arms around her back.

They kiss gently and briefly.

Kaelin's face is one of relief and comfort. Jennifer smiles widely.

They both rest their heads on each other's shoulders and

embrace.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASS LECTURE -DAY

In a mass of students Kaelin and Jennifer sit quietly and listen to a PROFESSOR'S mundane speech on the effects of global warming.

A great number of the students in the enormous lecture are asleep. Some whisper to one another. A scattered few take notes.

Kaelin looks sleepy. His eyes begin to flutter.

Jennifer notices and kicks his foot.

Kaelin's head bounces up. He smiles sweetly at Jennifer. She sticks her tongue out at him.

CUT TO:

INT. FABIAN GARAGE -NIGHT

Again we find Kaelin working on the 507. The car's exterior is now dusty and spotted with grease and dirt.

Kaelin emerges from the engine compartment and shuts the hood.

He sits in the driver's seat.

Kaelin taps the gas pedal twice and moves the stick shift into first gear. Closing his eyes he reaches to the ignition. He takes a deep breath and turns the key.

With a graveling grunt the car comes to life. The exhaust is brutish and loud.

Kaelin opens his eyes with an expression of ecstasy. He presses the gas a few times, revving the engine.

Kaelin stops the engine just as Lorraine steps into the garage.

LORRAINE

Hey.

Kaelin turns, looking elated.

LORRAINE

Did I just hear-

KAELIN

Oh yeah.

Kaelin grins and starts the car again, revving the engine. Lorraine smiles excitedly and comes around to the driver's side of the car.

Kaelin shifts out of first gear and hops out of the car to hug Lorraine. They come apart and Lorraine puts her hand firmly on Kaelin's arms, gripping them.

LORRAINE

Fantastic work. Really.

Kaelin smiles humbly.

KAELIN

Thanks.

They hug again.

CUT TO:

INT. FABIAN KITCHEN -LATER

Kaelin sits at the kitchen table sipping a ginger ale. Lorraine across the table has a glass of white wine.

The two sit quietly for a moment relishing the victory.

LORRAINE

I don't see why you won't let me

open the champagne.

Kaelin takes a small sip of his soda.

KAELIN

There's a time and a place.

Lorraine smiles and raises her glass. They toast.

LORRAINE

Wise beyond your years.

Kaelin chuckles, rolling his eyes.

Lorraine's face is suddenly serious.

LORRAINE

Kaelin, I want you to meet with a friend of mine tomorrow.

Kaelin looks at Lorraine inquisitively.

CUT TO:

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE -DAY

Kaelin and Lorraine sit in a lawyer's office in front of a great big mahogany desk. The wall behind the desk is covered with framed certificates and plaques.

Kaelin seems uncomfortable while Lorraine simply sits.

A door on the wall to their left opens and HENRY LAGARDE (52) enters. Henry is a tall hulking man with soft round face. He slides into the room giving Lorraine a kiss and shaking Kaelin's hand.

He sits at his desk.

HENRY

Kaelin, Lorraine's told me all about this. And I spoke to that nice Jennifer too. Now, by the

sounds of it I think we have a strong case to contest that custody filing you signed. There are all kinds of moral, ethical, and fiduciary obligations that may have been completely ignored. I'd like to see to it that you are able to-

Kaelin speaks up, respectfully.

KAELIN

Mr. Lagarde. I really appreciate your intention and thank you for taking time to look this all over.

But,

(pause)

I don't really want to make a legal fight out of this. I'd rather handle it on my own.

Kaelin stands up.

KAELIN

I really do appreciate it-

Henry looks to Lorraine in confusion.

LORRAINE

Don't look at me, Henry. He just told me in the car.

Henry smiles and stands up, towering above Kaelin. At first his face looks tough and grimaced. Then suddenly he smiles.

HENRY

Listen son, don't worry about it. I see where you're going with this.

Henry puts his hand out to Kaelin.

HENRY

I can respect that.

They shake.

Lorraine stands and Henry comes out from behind his desk and gives her a hug.

LORRAINE

Thanks for you time, Henry.

HENRY

Always a pleasure, Lorraine.

As Kaelin and Lorraine turn to exit the office Lorraine puts her hand on Kaelin's back, reassuring and comforting him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS -EVENING

As the sun is setting we find Kaelin and Jennifer sitting on the same bench that Kaelin and Stacey sat on.

Kaelin and Jennifer sit close together, their legs slightly touching. Kaelin has his arms held back on the bench-back. Jennifer sits calmly with her hand on Kaelin's leg.

JENNIFER

You think Sean would flip if he knew about us?

Kaelin smiles a bit and thinks for a moment.

He turns to look at Jennifer.

KAELIN

Yup.

Jennifer smiles.

KAELIN

I think he would.

Jennifer lets out a little laugh.

Kaelin puts his hand on Jennifer's.

KAELIN

You going to come with me?

JENNIFER

No. I think you need to do this alone.

Kaelin turns more towards her, looking sympathetic.

JENNIFER

I'll be here when you get back.

Jennifer leans in and kisses Kaelin softly. He smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEVELAND SUBURB -DAY

Much like Lorraine's posh suburban home, the neighborhood the black Mercedes is driving through this time is homogenous and intimidating in its size and stature.

The car drives along slowly.

INT. MERCEDES -CONTINUOUS

Kaelin, driving, scans a piece of paper he holds with an address on it.

EXT. CLEVELAND SUBURB -CONTINUOUS

The car slowly turns into a driveway and stops at the top, along side a large Cadillac.

Kaelin gets out of the car, dressed cleanly. He approaches the front door of the house.

At the door Kaelin takes a deep breath and rings the bell.

CUT TO:

INT. CARTERS'S HOME -DAY

The doorbell ECHOES through the house.

The foyer is a slight contrast to Lorraine's, more simple. The home is impeccably clean and conservatively decorated, just with lower ceilings and wall to wall carpeting.

Joseph approaches the door and opens it. He is surprised to see Kaelin standing on his door step.

Neither speak at first.

KAELIN

Mr. Carter, I'm terribly sorry I didn't call before coming but I though you might not speak to me.

Joseph quickly responds.

JOSEPH CARTER

And what makes you think I will now?

Kaelin takes a breath.

KAELIN

Nothing, sir. I just hoped you might feel differently if I were here.

From inside the house we hear Patricia.

PATRICIA CARTER (O.S.)

Joseph, who is it.

Joseph turns into the house.

JOSEPH CARTER

It's Kaelin, dear.

Joseph turns back to Kaelin.

JOSEPH CARTER

Come in.

Kaelin nods and steps into the house. As Joseph shuts the door Patricia appears from the living room.

PATRICIA CARTER

...who is it darli-

Patricia stops in her tracks suddenly when she sees Kaelin. She puts her hand to her chest.

KAELIN

Mrs. Carter.

Kaelin nods cordially. Patricia stands firmly, shocked.

CUT TO:

INT. CARTERS'S LIVING ROOM -MOMENTS LATER

In the living room of the home Kaelin sits in a leather seat across from the large couch that the Carters share.

Kaelin corrects he posture.

Joseph and Patricia hold hands tightly.

KAELIN

I know I can never say anything to make it right...about Stacey. I know that.

(pauses)

And I understand if you hate me.

Kaelin leans forward in his chair and takes a deep breath.

KAELIN (CONT'D)

I just need there to be a way for me to at least exist...for Michael. In his life, and yours.

Patricia Carter squeezes her husband's hand tightly. Joseph closes his eyes, seemingly holding in the pain of his emotions.

KAELIN

I...don't know what else to say.

There is a long silence as Kaelin sits back in his seat watching the Carters who seems to stare straight ahead, frozen in an uncertain emotion.

PATRICIA CARTER

(softly)

We kept Gavin as his middle name.

Kaelin looks directly at Patricia with hope in his eyes.

Joseph looks at her as well, suddenly calming before us. He turns to Kaelin.

JOSEPH CARTER

Would you like to see him?

Kaelin's gaze snaps to Joseph. He nods with a look of excitement and anxiety.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM -MOMENTS LATER

Kaelin stands above the crib of sleeping Michael, his eyes fixated on the small boy resting peacefully in front of him.

Joseph stands behind Kaelin, watching nervously.

Patricia leans over and gently picks Michael up. He barely stirs as she lifts him.

Kaelin watches in amazement as Patricia holds his son. She looks to him and delicately hands Michael into his arms.

For a few nervous movements Kaelin holds his boy in his arm, cradling him as he sleeps. Kaelin's face lights up brighter

than ever before. His eyes are beaming with pride.

Kaelin turns to Joseph.

With a few tears in his eyes, Joseph smiles a tiny bit and gently nods to Kaelin.

Kaelin's smile relaxes to utter comfort. He looks down at his son again.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY -DAY

The spring has brought blossoms and green grass to this small peaceful cemetery outside of Pittsburgh.

All the grave stones are set into the ground, none above. The cemetery is set in the woods and is peaceful.

Along a narrow gravel driveway the black Mercedes approaches. It stops and Kaelin and Jennifer get out.

As Kaelin walks along a narrow pathway Jennifer leans on the car, calmly watching him.

Kaelin arrives at Sean's grave stone. He kneels down. It reads 'Sean Alexander Fabian Beloved Son and Friend.'

Leaning over the stone Kaelin clenches his jaw and cries a few silent tears.

He rests his hand on the stone.

EXT. CEMETERY -MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer watches as Kaelin speaks a few words to Sean's grave stone.

With a few quiet moments passed Kaelin returns to the car.

Kaelin approaches Jennifer and gives her a firm hug. She holds him.

Kaelin and Jennifer get into the Mercedes and Kaelin starts the engine.

INT. MERCEDES -CONTINUOUS

Kaelin takes a last look out onto the cemetery.

KAELIN

He never had the right words to say, you know.

Kaelin turns to look at Jennifer. She nods.

Kaelin looks straight out the windshield.

They both smile.

Kaelin shifts into drive.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY -DAY

The black Mercedes pulls forward slowly, looping the ring driveway of the cemetery.

It pulls out through the gates and down the road.

FADE TO BLACK.