

SUBURBAN EXPLORATION

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

JAKE, 17, dark hair, pudgy, walks through the halls. Posters that read "GRADUATION PARTY" cover the walls.

TREVOR
Yo! Jake, wait up!

TREVOR, 18, blonde, tall, muscular, reaches Jake's side.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Dude, you going to the graduation
dance tomorrow?

JAKE
No, I don't think so.

TREVOR
What? Why?

JAKE
I've still got to finish that paper
for Mr. Morris.

TREVOR
Dude, this far into the year, you
really need to loosen up some.

The two approach, open, and shuffle books into their lockers.

JAKE
Can't now.

TREVOR
How come?

JAKE
Just found out I'm salutatorian.

TREVOR
No shit?

They close their lockers.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Well, nice job, buddy.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jake and Trevor climb into Jake's early '90s Malibu.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake starts the car and it SPUTTERS horribly. Trevor throws their bags over his shoulder into the back seat. They put on their seat belts and Jake drives.

Something like old-school David Bowie plays.

TREVOR
This again, huh?

JAKE
I only listen to it because your sister likes it so much.

TREVOR
(confused)
My sister doesn't like this.

JAKE
Well, we listened to it when I bagged her last night.

TREVOR
Oh, that's right. See, I thought I heard it playing in her room, but then I swear I heard her say that it was so awful that she was going to become a lesbian. I thought she was talking about the music, but now it makes way more sense.

Jake laughs.

JAKE
You dick.

EXT. SONIC - DAY

The two sit in Jake's car and eat burgers and fries.

Jake looks around the drive-in.

TREVOR
Dude, you totally are. Quit worrying about it so much.

JAKE
I dunno, man. I just don't really feel that way.

TREVOR

So what? It's not even really about how you look anyways. I mean, look at Charlie.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

CHARLIE, 17, fat, pimply, greasy skin and hair, missing teeth. He walks down the hallway with a beautiful GIRL on his arm. She is blonde, tall, fit, revealing clothing. She laughs at something he says.

TREVOR (V.O.)

That guy is a total slob. He can't even reach his entire back when he showers. And I do mean when he showers.

Charlie and the girl sit in the floor and make out.

EXT. SONIC - DAY

Trevor sips his drink.

JAKE

Yeah, but he plays football.

TREVOR

Dude, it's not like it's she's attracted to a sport. No one is attracted to a sport or an athlete unless they're famous.

(girl voice)

Oh my god, football? Love it! I'll just bang the shit out of anyone who plays that game.

Jake laughs.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(normal voice)

If that were the case, chicks would be riding all the geeks who play football on their Playstations.

JAKE

I guess.

TREVOR

See, Charlie doesn't get laid because he's attractive - he's not - or because he plays a sport.

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

It's because he's confident. When Charlie walks down the hall, he isn't looking at the floor, he looks up. When he makes a decision, he follows through on it. I mean, he literally believes that he's a catch, so he is.

Jake thinks on this.

JAKE

Yeah, but I'm sure part of why he's so confident is because he got laid.

TREVOR

No. He's always been that way. Unless he got laid when he was in kindergarten, I dunno, man. He's just always been confident. It's not something that just happens to you. It's a mind-set. A mind-set that you've got to create for yourself.

JAKE

How do you do that?

TREVOR

I dunno.

Jake rolls his eyes.

JAKE

You're real helpful.

TREVOR

It's just a mental thing. You've gotta start by telling yourself how awesome you are. Then you've gotta actually go out and act like it.

JAKE

Act like it how?

Trevor sighs.

TREVOR

Christ, I dunno. Go do something you've always been afraid to do. Remember when we went to jump off of that old bridge? And you wouldn't do it?

JAKE
Still not doing it.

Jake and Trevor eat in silence.

JAKE (CONT'D)
So when was she supposed to get
here?

TREVOR
I dunno. She's never there when she
says she'll be.

A red corvette pulls up a few spots away from the two.

Trevor looks with disdain at the driver of the other car,
JESSICA, blonde, 18, Abercrombie, smart-phone in hand.

JAKE
There she is.

TREVOR
The hell is she waiting for?

JAKE
I dunno. Maybe she's messing around
on Pinterest or something.

TREVOR
(incredulously)
Pinterest?

JAKE
I dunno what girls do. They should
date me so I can find out.

Trevor's phone BEEPS. He checks it.

TREVOR
She's right there, literally just a
few feet away, and she's texting
me.

JAKE
She wants to get a jump on that
homework, huh?

TREVOR
Hell yeah. Reproductive Biology.

JAKE
I'm pretty sure that class isn't
even offered.

TREVOR
Oh, it is, my friend. And I study hard.

JAKE
Yeah? With your study-buddy, Palmela Handerson?

Trevor chuckles.

TREVOR
You bastard. I'll see you tomorrow.

JAKE
See ya.

Trevor exits the car.

EXT. JESSICA'S CAR - DAY

Trevor climbs in and they immediately argue.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake puts the car in gear and creeps off.

JAKE
Guess I was right about Ms. Handerson after all.

INT. ROSS'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jake sits at a table with ROSS, 9, sandy-blonde, freckles, skinny, innocent.

JAKE
So, that's why you always use the FOIL method.

Ross looks up at Jake with a toothy grin. Jake smiles back. Ross erases something on his paper and writes out a new equation.

ROSS
Jake? When we're done, do you wanna play outside with me?

JAKE
Can't today champ. I've still got to go do my homework.

ROSS
(glumly)
Ok. Maybe next time?

JAKE
For sure. I promise.

They smile at one another.

EXT. ROSS'S PORCH - DAY

Jake and ROSS'S MOM exit the home.

ROSS'S MOM
Thanks for helping him with his
math today, Jake. You're the most
favorite tutor he's had.

JAKE
No problem. Happy I can help.

Jake turns to leave.

ROSS'S MOM
Jake.

He stops and faces her.

ROSS'S MOM (CONT'D)
He really likes you. He doesn't
have many friends, so thank you.

JAKE
Sure.

He exits.

INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A box of wine sits on the table in a spot near a junk pile of papers and discarded mail. Photos of Paris cover the refrigerator.

JAKE'S MOM, reads Hemingway's THE SUN ALSO RISES, and gulps wine. She looks relaxed and distant from the world around her.

JAKE'S DAD stares at the typewriter. He lifts his hands, hesitates, and lowers them. Then, a smile. He pecks at a few keys on the typewriter.

The front door CREAKS open, and Jake enters.

Jake's dad stops typing, SLAPS his hands onto the table, RIPS the paper out of the typewriter, CRUMPLES it up, throws it into the trash can and exits.

Jake's mom reads.

JAKE'S MOM

Jake, I was just reading about you.
Well, the person I named you after.

JAKE

Wasn't that guy impotent?

JAKE'S MOM

Jake, darling, wouldn't it be
wonderful to go to Paris?

JAKE

Yeah, I guess... I'll be in my
room.

JAKE'S MOM

Don't you want dinner?

JAKE

What'd you make?

JAKE'S MOM

I didn't. But we have some of those
Hot Pocket things you like so much.

Jake crinkles his nose.

JAKE

You know, there are foods besides
Hot Pockets.

JAKE'S MOM

Don't you like Hot Pockets? I
thought they were your favorite?

JAKE

Um. I'll eat later. Goodnight mom.

INT. JAKE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jake walks towards the door at the end of the hallway and
dodges past oversize plants and an over stuffed bookshelf.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

A twin sized bed with a quilted blanket, video game action figures, PS3.

Jake plops onto the SQUEAKY mattress. As soon as his butt hits, his phone VIBRATES.

He pulls it out and answers it.

JAKE

Hey Trevor. You and Hand Solo finished fighting already? ... Ok. Come on over... Oh. Well then come on in.

A KNOCK off-screen.

Jake's door swings open and Trevor walks in. Jake's mom pokes her head in. She smiles and glances at Trevor's ass. Her eyes linger just a little too long.

JAKE'S MOM

Jake, honey.

JAKE

Yeah, mom?

JAKE'S MOM

I love you. You know that, right?

JAKE

Yeah. I do. Love you too, mom.

JAKE'S MOM

I'm just so glad that you have your friends here for you. You'll need that support.

Jake glances at Trevor.

JAKE

Um. Thanks, mom.

JAKE'S MOM

Love you, baby.

JAKE

Yep. You too, mom.

Jake's mom blows a sloppy, wet, drunk kiss his way. She slinks out and closes the door behind her.

TREVOR

Damn, Jake. I think your mom just blew a kiss at my balls.

JAKE

Well, if you hadn't wasted all of it on Hand-rea already then it might matter.

TREVOR

How many names do you have for that?

JAKE

Enough. What's up?

Trevor sits in the desk chair.

TREVOR

Jessica broke up with me.

JAKE

I'm sorry man.

TREVOR

It's alright, I guess. I dunno. I didn't even really like her, like, as a girlfriend. She's cool and all, but we just didn't really click.

JAKE

So... what's the problem then?

TREVOR

(beat)

I guess I just really liked the idea of having a girlfriend. That's what you're supposed to do in high school right? Go out with each other just because?

JAKE

Hell if I know.

They awkwardly avoid eye contact.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Well, now you can find somebody that won't complain when we hang out.

TREVOR

There's an idea.

Awkward silence.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Call of Duty?

JAKE
Call of Duty.

They grab their controllers and switch on the TV.

MONTAGE

- Jake sitting in class.
- Jake going through the lunch line.
- Jake walking in the hall.
- Jake taking notes.
- Jake getting in his car.
- Jake tutoring Ross.
- Jake returning home.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake approaches his door and glances back at the empty driveway. The sun sets behind him. He turns the knob and walks into the pitch black house.

INT. JAKE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jake flips a light on and enters. He opens the refrigerator, stares, closes it. Opens the freezer, sighs, and pulls out a pack of hot pockets.

He rips them open, sticks them in the microwave and turns the box over to see the heating instructions. He finds a note from his mother taped to the box.

JAKE'S MOM (V.O.)
Dear Jake, I put this note here
because I knew you would find it
since you love Hot Pockets so much.
Anyways, your father and I have
left. We've gone to Paris. We don't
know if we're coming back.

Jake sits down.

JAKE'S MOM (V.O.)

Honey, please don't think that we don't love you, because we do. However, your father and I have put our lives on hold ever since you were born. We still have our own dreams, our own lives to live. We think you're old enough that it shouldn't be a problem for you to make it on your own. We left you \$1,000 on your pillow. We love you Jake. Now go find your own adventure, and live life to the fullest!

Jake sets the Hot Pockets down, totally stunned. He puts his head in his hands.

He leaps out of his chair.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake bursts into his room and sees a wad of cash on his pillow.

INT. JAKE'S PARENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake flings the door open to his parent's old room. A queen size bed, dirty clothes everywhere, empty closet.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake plops onto his bed and whips out his cell phone. He scrolls quickly through his contacts and calls someone. Straight to voicemail.

JAKE'S MOM (V.O.)

(animated)

Hi! You've reached my voicemail.
You know what to do.

Jake tries again. Same result.

He leans over, closes his eyes, and puts his phone up to his forehead. His eyes open. He dials another number and the phone RINGS.

MARY (V.O.)

Hello?

JAKE
Mary? This is Jake.

MARY (V.O.)
Hi, sweetie.

JAKE
Listen, is my mom over there?

MARY (V.O.)
No baby, she's not.

JAKE
Are you sure?

MARY (V.O.)
I'm sure.

JAKE
Because I know she's gone over to
get strung out before. You don't
have to lie for her if she's there.

MARY (V.O.)
Jake, she isn't --

JAKE
(interrupting)
Don't lie to me! Is. She. There?

MARY (V.O.)
No, Jake. I'm sorry. She's gone.

JAKE
You knew?

MARY (V.O.)
No, Jake, I didn't --

JAKE
(interrupting and angry)
You knew and you didn't say
anything!

MARY (V.O.)
Jake --

Jake hangs up on her. He stands and flings his fists as
though to punch an unseen tormentor.

JAKE
Goddammit!

He looks around. He looks at his phone and dials another number. It RINGS.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Yeah, uh, hi. I'd like uh... I'd like to report a missing person?

INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake sits on the couch and a scrawny, over-worked DETECTIVE stands over him with a note pad in his hand.

DETECTIVE
We called into the airport. No one under your parents' names have been reported as taking any sort of flight that would be heading to Europe.

JAKE
Did you find anything? Anything at all?

DETECTIVE
Well, we don't know everything yet, but it looks like they emptied their bank account. One of their credit cards got used near the airport at a gas station, but that's been it.

Jake stares at his hands.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Do you have any idea where they might have gone besides Paris?

JAKE
No.

DETECTIVE
Was there anyone who they might have made enemies with? Or that they owed alot of money to?

Jake shrugs.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Do you have someone you can stay with? A relative of some kind?

Jake shakes his head no.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Well, you're still a minor. If you don't have someone you can call, we'll have to put you under the state's care. Are you sure there's no one you can call?

JAKE

(unsure)

I think I've got an uncle I could call. He lives nearby.

DETECTIVE

Alright. Give him a ring. Let me know what he says. I'm going to go see what else we've turned up.

The Detective exits and Jake hesitantly pulls out his phone to make yet another phone call.

JAKE

Hey, uncle Trevor? I kind of need a favor.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Detective hands Jake his card and climbs into his car.

DETECTIVE

If you hear anything, give us a call, no hesitations, understand?

JAKE

Yes, sir.

DETECTIVE

And we'll call you with any new developments as they come up.

JAKE

(meekly)

Thanks.

DETECTIVE

Take care kid. You'll be alright.

The Detective closes his car door and backs out of the driveway.

Jake looks down at the card in his hand. A streetlight down the block flickers and a cold breeze blows. Jake shivers.

The taillights vanish around the corner. Headlights appear and draw near. Trevor. He pulls into Jake's driveway.

Trevor hops out of the car and rushes to Jake.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake sits on the edge of his bed, hands near his face. Trevor stares at the floor.

TREVOR
So ... Now what?

JAKE
Not a clue... I need to know why they left.

Awkward beat.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I have to.

TREVOR
How? I mean, we don't even know where they went.

JAKE
I know.

TREVOR
Well, come stay with us until you decide what to do. I've got an air mattress we can put on my floor and

JAKE
(interrupting)
No. Please. Just no. I don't want your parents to know what's going on. I don't want anyone's parents to know what's going on. I don't want to end up in a foster house or some shit.

Beat.

TREVOR
Dude, Jorge's dad is a cop. And Cindy's mom works for the newspaper. Don't they like, get police reports and stuff? How are you going to hide it?

JAKE

I dunno.

TREVOR

Well, at least come stay tonight.
We were planning on going to
Indianapolis tomorrow anyways. Just
come stay for the night.

Jake nods his head in agreement.

INT. TREVOR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen looks nice, clean, and modern; completely the
opposite of Jake's. Granite counter tops, steel refrigerator,
gas stove, etc.

TREVOR'S MOM looks like she just came back from a run. Late
30s, fit, dark hair, very attractive. She drinks some sort of
green smoothie.

TREVOR'S MOM

Well, hey Jake! I wasn't expecting
to see you here.

TREVOR

Jake's gonna stay the night since
we're going to Indianapolis again
in the morning. It'll just save us
some time.

TREVOR'S MOM

Sounds smart.
(to Jake)
How are things?

JAKE

Uh, good I guess.

TREVOR'S MOM

Yeah? How's your mom doing? I keep
meaning to go see her.

Jake opens his mouth to speak, but everything catches in his
throat.

TREVOR'S MOM (CONT'D)

I'm sure she's doing fine. She was
always just such a free spirit.

JAKE

Yeah. Yeah, she's a free spirit
alright.

Painfully awkward beat.

TREVOR

Well, we're gonna go fill up the air mattress and try to get some sleep before we explore in the morning.

TREVOR'S MOM

Alright. You boys sleep tight, and be safe tomorrow.

INT. TREVOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

A room nearly twice the size of Jake's. Twin bed, loads of posters, sports trophies, books.

Trevor goes to the closet and pulls out a neatly folded air-mattress and drops it onto the middle of the floor, turns back to the closet and gathers some sheets as well. Jake sets his things down.

JAKE

Listen. Is it ok if we don't actually hang out tomorrow? I've got some stuff I need to figure out.

TREVOR

Yeah, for sure.

JAKE

Thanks.

TREVOR

What'd you have in mind?

JAKE

I need to go talk with Mary, one of my mom's friends. I think she might have known they were leaving. She might know where they actually went to.

TREVOR

Alright. I'll come with you if you want.

JAKE

No. No, that's ok. Just tell your mom I got sick and decided not to go or something when she asks why we're not gone.

TREVOR

You bet.

JAKE

Thanks. And thanks for, y'know.

TREVOR

Yeah. Not a problem man. Now let's air this thing up so we can get some sleep.

EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Jake walks onto the street and throws his backpack into the back seat of his car. He climbs into the front seat, starts the car, and drives.

EXT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake drives along with a look of determination on his face.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jake pulls into the driveway of Mary's house. A rundown trailer in a rundown trailer park.

Jake climbs out of his car and closes the door slowly. He hesitates and gathers himself. He makes his way to the door with a purpose.

Jake KNOCKS on the door loudly. He KNOCKS again. Someone STIRS inside and UNLOCKS the door.

Mary opens the door a crack. Prematurely aged, grungy, yellow teeth.

MARY

Christ.

JAKE

Mary. Where are they?

MARY

Listen, Jake, you're a sweet kid

JAKE

(sternly)
Where. Are they?

May sighs, rubs her eyes and looks down for a moment.

MARY
Paris.

JAKE
Bullshit.

MARY
(irritated)
Listen, that's what your mom told
me.

JAKE
They never went to the airport.
Quit lying to me.

MARY
Then I don't know Jake. And you
can't talk to me that way!

Mary SLAMS the door.

MARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Brat.

Jake's face turns red. He shakes.

JAKE
(forcing it out)
Bitch!

Jake stomps back to his car and climbs in. He grips the steering wheel tightly until his knuckles turn white, then SMASHES it with a closed fist.

He tightens his lips together and SMASHES it three more times. He turns the key and the engine ROARS to life. He backs out of the driveway.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake paces back and forth. He sits down in his desk chair briefly. He jumps up and paces again.

Jake stops, strips down to his boxers, turns off the light, climbs into bed, and stares at the ceiling.

His crinkled faces gives slack and his eyes widen. Jake leaps out of bed and puts his clothes back on.

INT. JAKE'S PARENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake races into the room begins to rummage through one of the dresser drawers. He finds a PHOTOGRAPH of his parents at a carnival, smiling.

He SLAMS the drawer shut and leaves the room.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jake sits in his car just down the street from Mary's trailer. The lights are all on in her place, and MUSIC with heavy BASS is heard coming from within.

Jake fondles the picture of his parents, and looks longingly at their faces.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SADIE stumbles out of Mary's House. Red hair, worn clothing, holding a 40 oz, attractive.

She pulls a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from the back pocket of her jeans and lights one.

She inhales deeply, blows a long stream of smoke, and puts the rest of the cigarettes back in her pocket. She picks her beer up and walks down the street in Jake's direction.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jake takes a deep breath as she approaches. He opens his door.

EXT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jake clamors out of his car as Sadie passes.

JAKE

Excuse me? Hey, um, excuse me.

She turns to face Jake.

SADIE

Yeah? What?

JAKE

Sorry to bother you but I was just wondering...

Jake pulls out the picture of his parents.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Do you know these people?

She takes a hard look at the picture, takes it from Jake and angles it towards the light, revealing a tattoo of wild horses across her right shoulder blade.

SADIE
Yeah. Yeah, I know 'em.

JAKE
Really? Great. Um, do you know where they might be?

Sadie eyes him suspiciously.

SADIE
What are you, some kind of snitch?
What's it matter?

JAKE
No, no. I'm not a snitch. Those were, well, are my parents.

Sadie takes a long drag on her cigarette and thinks for a beat. She hands him back his picture.

SADIE
Parents, huh?

JAKE
Yeah.

SADIE
I don't know for sure where they are. Not right now, anyways. I can hardly think straight. I need to sleep first.

JAKE
Oh, well, could I come over tomorrow?

SADIE
Better idea. My ride ...

She points back to Mary's trailer.

SADIE (CONT'D)
Is passed out, and I don't have a way back to my house.
(MORE)

SADIE (CONT'D)
You got a couch or something I
could sleep on?

JAKE
Um...

SADIE
No? Well, I guess I don't have
anything to tell you after all.

She moves to walk away.

JAKE
Wait.

She stops, turns, and looks at him. Jake fidgets
uncomfortably.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Yeah. I'll give you a lift back to
my place. But only for tonight.
I'll bring you back here first
thing in the morning.

SADIE
Deal.

She wraps her arm through Jake's as though they were on a
date and leads him back to his car. She stops in front of the
passenger door.

SADIE (CONT'D)
Aren't you going to open my door
for me?

Jake opens the door for her, fast.

SADIE (CONT'D)
See? And they say chivalry is dead.

She climbs in and Jake closes the door behind her. He trots
over to his door, opens it, gets in.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jake starts the engine, stares at Sadie, and drives.

INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake leads Sadie into his home. She walks around to the front
of the couch, plops down, sets what's left of her beer on the
floor, and spreads out.

SADIE
This'll do.

Jake's eyes linger on her figure.

JAKE
I'll ... get you a blanket.

SADIE
Cool.

INT. JAKE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jake opens a closet door and removes an old quilt and walks back towards the living room.

INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sadie lets out a beer belch and giggles.

Jake sets the quilt down next to her.

JAKE
(hesitantly)
I'll be back here. Let me know if
you need anything.

Sadie looks up at Jake and smiles. He gives a weak grin in return, turns around, walks toward his room, and takes a glance back over his shoulder.

INT. JAKE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Jake trudges into the kitchen, eyes near-closed with sleepiness, hair all over the place.

He opens the freezer. Sadie walks in behind him and YAWNS.

SADIE
You making me breakfast?

Jake jumps a little at her voice and looks in her direction. He grimaces and pulls a box of frozen waffles out of the freezer.

SADIE (CONT'D)
Seriously? Forget it.

Jake shrugs apologetically and tosses the box of waffles onto the counter. He opens it, unwraps a couple, and CLICKS them down into the toaster.

He reaches into the refrigerator and pulls out a tub of butter. Sadie moves past him and pulls a carton of orange juice out.

Jake sets the butter on the counter and pulls some glasses out of the cabinet and hands one to her, who sits down at the messy table.

JAKE
So, uh, what's your name?

SADIE
(smiles)
I'm Sadie.

JAKE
Nice to meet you, Sadie. I'm Jake.

SADIE
Nice to meet you, too.

The waffles POP up. Jake puts them on a plate and sits at the table next to Sadie. He takes a bite.

JAKE
So, you know where my parents are?

SADIE
Not exactly.

JAKE
You said you knew where they were.

SADIE
No. I definitely said that I don't know where they are.

Jake eyes her with contempt.

SADIE (CONT'D)
But, I do know the places they liked to go. We can go ask around for you if you'd like.

JAKE
Ok...

SADIE
Let me finish my orange juice and then we'll go.

JAKE
Alright!

Jake starts to eat his waffles like he'll die if he doesn't. He practically inhales them.

Sadie slowly sips her orange juice.

Jake finishes his waffles. Sadie still has orange juice in her cup. He fidgets in his chair and glances up at the clock.

SADIE

You're going to have to buy me
breakfast first too.

INT. DENNY'S - DAY

Jake and Sadie sit across from each other in a cramped booth. The sun filters through the musty windows. Dust floats in the air.

A Denny's WAITRESS comes to the table. Dirty blonde, yoga pants, formerly white shirt, popping gum.

The waitress sets a single poached egg in front of Sadie, refills coffee, and walks away.

JAKE

Seriously?

SADIE

Girl's got to watch her figure.

Sadie eats her egg in little pieces.

JAKE

So... where are you from?

Sadie scoffs.

SADIE

Christ, are we gonna really go
through this?

JAKE

What?

SADIE

You don't have to pretend to care.

JAKE

I do.

She shoots him a look.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I mean, if we're going to spend the day together, I just feel like we ought to get to know each other a little bit.

SADIE

Jake, you don't want to get to know me. It isn't worth your time.

JAKE

Why not?

SADIE

Because, people like you and people like me aren't usually seen hanging around together.

JAKE

I'm not sure I get it.

SADIE

I'm like your parents. You aren't.

She goes back to eating her egg. Jake folds his arms across his chest and looks out the window.

EXT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake and Sadie drive through the country-side. The sun reflects off the windshield.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

They drive past country scenery.

EXT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

They pull up outside of a large home with an oversize barn on the property.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake looks through the windshield at the place. Sadie starts to unbuckle.

JAKE

Where are we?

Sadie gets out of the car.

SADIE

Party barn.

JAKE

What?

INT. PARTY BARN - DAY

Sadie throws open a barn door and floods the place with sunlight.

Neatly stacked bundles of hay cover the barn floor act as beds for a various assortment of passed out party-goers.

Garbage, pizza boxes, beer cans, used condoms, and half-eaten food lay everywhere.

Sadie begins to weave her way through the mass of bodies and garbage over toward a ladder that leads to a loft. Jake follows closely behind and attempts to take it all in.

Sadie grabs the ladder and climbs up.

INT. LOFT - DAY

The loft has no hay on it, but instead has various pieces of furniture. There are a few desks, some couches, chairs, and a few cots along the wall.

A corner office sits in the loft with the door closed. Sadie approaches the door and knocks while Jake stands close behind.

SADIE

Ash! Ash, open up. It's Sadie.

Beat.

The door CREAKS open and ASH stands in the doorway. Late forties, long greasy hair, BEATLES shirt, leisure suit.

He puffs on a joint and motions for them to enter.

INT. CORNER OFFICE - DAY

The office stands in contrast to the rest of the barn; immaculate. A large oak desk, glass cabinets, record player, soft chairs.

Sadie sits in a chair in front of the oak desk and Jake sits beside her. Ash sits in a large, over-stuffed, velvet, swivel chair behind the desk.

ASH

Sadie, I didn't see you last night.
What are you doing here?

SADIE

Blake passed out at Mary's, so we
didn't end up making it.

ASH

Blake's downstairs.

SADIE

Seriously?

ASH

(puffing his joint)
Oh yeah. I don't know who brought
him, but he's been draped across
the same hay bale since he got
here.

Ash holds his joint out towards Jake.

ASH (CONT'D)

(to Jake)
Want a hit?

JAKE

A what?

ASH

A hit.

JAKE

I don't really know --

ASH

Jesus tap dancing Christ.
(in a horribly fake formal
voice)
Wouldst thou likest to place my
cigarette of marijuana upon thine
lips and inhale deeply the
freshness of the earth's gift to
man?
(normal voice again)
You do know what marijuana is
right? Weed? Refer? Bud? Mary Jane?

JAKE

Well, yeah. I'd just never actually... Y'know.

ASH

Congratulations, you've just moved up in the world. Wanna try some or not?

JAKE

No. No thanks. Maybe some other time?

Ash laughs out loud. Sadie grins.

ASH

Sure kid. Another day.

Ash holds the joint out to offer it to Sadie. She accepts, takes a deep drag, and exhales slowly.

SADIE

We actually came because we've got a serious question.

ASH

Alright, shoot.

SADIE

Jake's parents went missing. We were wondering if you could help us.

Jake pulls the picture of his parents out of his pocket and slides it across the desk to him. Ash's face drops.

JAKE

You know them?

ASH

Aw, Christ. Yeah, I do.

JAKE

Do you know what happened to them? The police said they never actually went to Paris like their note said.

ASH

You didn't tell the police about this place did you?

JAKE

Uh, no. I didn't even know about it until today.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

I mean, I know my mom likes to take a hit every now and then, but I only ever knew about them going to Mary's.

Ash raises his eyebrow.

ASH

Son, your mom liked to take more than just a hit. But this was more of your dad's place than hers.

Jake looks perplexed.

ASH (CONT'D)

You see, I actually started this place as a writer's retreat. A spot where would-be writers could come work on their stuff. Turns out, writers all think they have to get drunk or stoned to do any work. Old Hemingway myth, I guess.

JAKE

So, do you know where they went then?

ASH

Maybe. Your mom is the one who wanted to go to Paris, but your dad always wanted to go to Idaho. Hemingway crap again. Needed open country and air, is what he said.

JAKE

So, they're in Idaho then?

Ash puffs on his joint.

ASH

Perhaps. I would go check with Marty first though. He knows your parents better than I do.

Ash slides the picture back across the table to Jake.

ASH (CONT'D)

Sadie knows Marty. She can take you to him.

Sadie rubs her fingers on her temples and looks annoyed.

SADIE

Christ almighty.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Sadie folds her arms across her chest and stares out the window. They approach a gas station.

SADIE

Stop here.

Jake pulls into the gas station and parks at a pump.

SADIE (CONT'D)

Do you have any cash?

Jake pulls out his wallet and thumbs through his cash. He pulls out a five dollar bill and holds it up.

Sadie reaches past it and grabs a twenty out of the open wallet and gets out of the car. She turns back around, grabs the five out of Jake's hand, and SLAMS the door behind her.

Jake shrugs his shoulders and steps out of the car.

EXT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake puts the gas nozzle back onto the pump. Sadie walks back to the car, her arms full of junk food and cigarettes.

Jake turns and sees her haul.

JAKE

What happened to watching your figure?

Sadie flips him off and climbs into the car.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake climbs into the car and buckles up. Sadie rips open a bag on Funyuns and CRUNCHES on them.

JAKE

So... how do we get to Marty's from here?

Sadie points out to the road.

SADIE

(mouth full)

Left.

EXT. MARTY'S DUPLEX - DAY

A run down duplex, paint peeling and faded, overgrown brush and bushes everywhere, dog shit on the drive way, and ugly as hell.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake and Sadie are a little ways down the street from Marty's duplex.

Sadie turns to Jake.

SADIE

I'll wait out here for you.

JAKE

What? Why?

SADIE

I don't want to go in there.

JAKE

I don't know the guy, what am I supposed to say?

SADIE

Just knock on his door three times. He'll yell "What?" You say "Master of your domain," and he'll let you in.

JAKE

Master of your domain?

SADIE

Yeah, he's an idiot, and he really likes Seinfeld. Just say it. When you get in, just tell him who you are and why you're there and he'll give you any information he has.

JAKE

And you're not coming because?

SADIE

(sighs)

He's friendly. He'll help you any way he can. But he's a little too friendly sometimes, and decides to help himself to you as well.

Jake looks disgusted.

JAKE
Wait, you mean he --

SADIE
Seriously? Do I need to spell it
out for you? Just go. You'll be
fine. He only likes girls.

EXT. MARTY'S DUPLEX - DAY

Jake exits his car, walks down the sidewalk, up the driveway,
ducks past the overgrown bushes, and arrives at the door.

He takes a deep breath and blows it out. He KNOCKS loudly on
the door.

MARTY (O.S.)
(shouting)
What?

JAKE
Uh. Master of your domain?

The door STICKS and Marty tugs it open. Pock marks, wrinkled
face, dirty clothes, long nails, full blown junkie.

He scratches his face and looks up and down at Jake.

MARTY
(warily)
Uh, come in dude.

JAKE
Thanks.

INT. MARTY'S DUPLEX - DAY

Old carpet covered in burns and dog shit. Towels and blankets
cover the windows. A ratty old couch, glass coffee table,
camp chairs.

Dust and dog hair hang in the air. A flea-ridden yorkie with
short, dirty fur lies near the coffee table, lifeless except
for its breathing.

A MAN sits on the couch. Glasses, dark hair, beard, heavy-
set, oversized coat.

MARTY
Have a seat, we're just finishing
up. I'll help you in just a minute,
a'ight?

JAKE

Cool.

Jake grabs a camp chair, and pulls it off to the side of the coffee table.

MARTY

(to the man)

Like I was saying bro, I got all you ever need here!

MAN

I need some uppers, man. This shift work is killing me. I can't keep my eyes open for more than half the time. You got anything?

MARTY

Yeah, I do! Jesus, do I ever.

Marty points to the couch cushion that the man sits on.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Check under you, dog. Ziploc bag. Looks like rock candy or some shit.

The man pulls out a bag of crystal meth from underneath him. He holds it up to the weak light to inspect it.

MAN

What is this? Meth?

Marty smiles.

MARTY

Yeah. You want to stay awake? That shit'll do it. Take enough and you'll be awake for days. You won't even need sleep.

MAN

How much?

MARTY

Well, depends on how much of it you want. It ain't platinum, but it's still pretty good.

MAN

The whole bag?

MARTY

Aw bro, that's a half pound. For the whole thing it's 12 grand.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)
That will last you until the
fucking apocalypse.

MAN
I'll take it.

EXT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Sadie stands outside of the car smoking a cigarette. She does a double take. She turns to see...

EXT. MARTY'S DUPLEX - DAY

A squad car pulls up in front of Marty's. The back doors of a white van open up across the street from Marty's and four police officers in bullet proof vests file out.

The police officers in the squad car exit as well. They all begin to approach Marty's duplex, quiet.

EXT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Sadie opens the passenger door, and reaches in for her purse. She puts her chips and cigarettes into it.

She closes the door cautiously. It CLICKS shut and Sadie cringes.

Sadie walks away from the car and away from Marty's.

INT. MARTY'S DUPLEX - DAY

MARTY
Really? I mean, alright bro, if you
got the cash, you got a deal.

The man digs into his coat pocket.

MAN
Yeah let me --

The man pulls a badge and a pistol from his pocket.

MAN (CONT'D)
Narcotics bitch! On the floor!

The door BURSTS open and police officers filter into the door and point their guns at Marty and at Jake. Lots of WALLA.

Jake puts his hands into the air. A cop shoves him onto the disgusting carpet, face right next to the mangy dog, arms forced behind his back, handcuffs CLICK around his wrists.

The dog sits up weakly and begins to lick Jake's face.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Jake sits in a holding cell alone. Everything iron and concrete. Cold and dim. The detective investigating his parents disappearance walks into the holding area and stands outside the bars.

He holds up his card that he had given to Jake previously.

DETECTIVE

Narcotics gave me a call. Said you had my number on you.

(beat)

Christ kid. What'd you get into?

Jake looks up at the detective morosely.

JAKE

I didn't do anything.

DETECTIVE

Fine. Why were you in the home of know drug dealer? And do you mind explaining how you knew his pass-phrase if you're not a customer?

JAKE

I was looking for my parents.

DETECTIVE

Kid, your parents weren't in that house.

JAKE

Yeah, I know.

DETECTIVE

Explain then.

JAKE

Someone told me that Marty might know where my parents went.

DETECTIVE

Your parents, were they friends of Marty?

Jake rolls his eyes and sighs.

JAKE
Apparently.

Jake looks at the floor helplessly.

DETECTIVE
(sympathetic)
Listen, I'm sorry it worked out like this. I know you want to find your parents, but you gotta let us do our job. We want to find them just as much as you do.

JAKE
(quietly)
Bullshit.

DETECTIVE
What?

JAKE
Bullshit. That's bullshit. Nobody wants to find them as bad as I do! What is it to you? Another mark on your scoreboard? You got a column for solved and unsolved? You don't care. You never knew them.

DETECTIVE
To be fair kid, it sounds like you didn't know them either. Otherwise, you would have known exactly who Marty was, and why you should never be at his place.

Jake drops his head into his chest and looks at the floor.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Listen. I believe you. I don't think you were there for drugs. You don't seem the type. I'll convince them to let you out if you'll take a drug test.

Jake just nods his affirmation.

The detective calls a guard over who UNLOCKS the door.

INT. TREVOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Trevor sits on his bed, laptop in front of him and a box of tissues beside him. He unzips his pants.

His cell phone VIBRATES.

Trevor looks down at the phone. The DISPLAY shows JAKE.

TREVOR
Goddammit.

Trevor looks at his computer, then back at the phone. Back to the computer. He SIGHS, zips his pants back up, and answers his phone.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Hey man, what's up?...

Trevor's face drops.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Seriously?... Yeah, I'll be right there.

He hangs up the phone, closes his browser, shuts the laptop, and exits.

Trevor returns and grabs the box of tissues and quickly exits.

INT. TREVOR'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Trevor walks by the bathroom and quickly sets the box of tissues on the counter. His mom enters.

TREVOR'S MOM
Hey, honey. Stuffy nose?

TREVOR
Uh, yup.

She places a hand on his forehead.

TREVOR'S MOM
Are you getting sick?

TREVOR
Nope. Feeling much better now.
Gotta go, mom. Thanks!

He exits, quick.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake sits in his chair, feet propped up on his desk. Trevor sits on the edge of the bed.

TREVOR

That cop sounds like a dick.

JAKE

Yeah, he sort of was. Joke's on him though. Asked the narcotics guys if someone had to watch me take the piss test. They volunteered him to do it.

Jake and Trevor laugh.

TREVOR

So, what are gonna do now?

JAKE

I don't know exactly, but I know I need to find Sadie again.

TREVOR

Dude, why? She like ditched you went the cops came.

JAKE

So. You would have too.

TREVOR

Touche.

(beat)

So, you think she can still help you?

JAKE

Yeah, I do.

TREVOR

Was she hot?

JAKE

Hell yeah, she was hot. But don't go home and dream up Sadie diddly-fingers.

TREVOR

Dude, that one wasn't even very good.

JAKE
I know, I haven't had time to think
up any new ones lately.

Jake lets his feet off the desk and SLAPS his hands onto his
lap.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Black Ops?

TREVOR
Black Ops.

Jake swivels around in his chair and turns on his TV.

INT. MR. MORRIS'S ROOM - DAY

The bell RINGS and students stand and exit the room. Mr.
Morris, 30s, loose tie, jeans, calls out to Jake.

MR. MORRIS
Jake.

Jake turns.

MR. MORRIS (CONT'D)
Do you have a minute?

Jake walks back to Mr. Morris's desk.

JAKE
Yeah?

MR. MORRIS
You doing ok?

JAKE
I think so.

Jake shuffles his feet.

MR. MORRIS
You've seemed a little bit down
lately.

JAKE
What do you mean?

MR. MORRIS
You've kind of been zoning out in
my class. And you forgot to turn in
your homework.

(MORE)

MR. MORRIS (CONT'D)
Neither of those things is like
you. What's going on?

Mr. Morris stares Jake down.

MR. MORRIS (CONT'D)
Anything I ought to know about?

Jake sits.

JAKE
My parents left.

MR. MORRIS
What do you mean, "left"?

JAKE
Left, like, I came home one day,
found a note from them telling me
they're gone. They aren't coming
back.

MR. MORRIS
Shit.

JAKE
I know, right?

Both look down.

MR. MORRIS
Do you have a place to sleep?

Jake nods.

MR. MORRIS (CONT'D)
Do you get enough to eat? Do you
have money?

Jake nods again.

JAKE
Yeah, I'm staying with a friend.
Please don't tell anyone, Mr.
Morris. I don't want everybody to
know.

MR. MORRIS
Ok. I won't say anything. Have you
talked to the counselor? Are you
getting any kind of help?

Jake shakes his head.

MR. MORRIS (CONT'D)

Jake. You really ought to talk to someone who can help you out.

JAKE

I can't.

MR. MORRIS

Why not?

JAKE

It's embarrassing. It's embarrassing to be the kid whose parents didn't want him. It's my fault they left.

MR. MORRIS

Jake, it isn't your fault at all.

JAKE

(angry)

Yes it is! They said I've been holding their lives up. I'm just in their way.

Tears come to Jake's eyes.

MR. MORRIS

No. Don't you ever.

Jake looks up.

MR. MORRIS (CONT'D)

Don't you ever feel guilty over someone else's selfishness. It's not your fault that they decided to be assholes. It's theirs. Don't ever take their burden and make it yours. Do you understand?

Jake nods.

MR. MORRIS (CONT'D)

Good. Let me write you a note to get to your next class.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Jake and Trevor sit in a math class. Stereotypical school posters making the walls look like failed tie-dye.

A middle age TEACHER, balding, comb-over, monotone voice, suspenders, khakis, writes equations on the board.

TEACHER

So when you really look at problem
seventeen from this weekend's
homework, you'll see that if you
didn't use the FOIL method, you'll
have had quite a difficult time.

He puckers his lips into a weird smile and wheeze-chuckles.
Everyone in the room ignores him. He turns back to the board.

Jake tosses a wad of paper at Trevor. The teacher drones on.

The wad of paper hits Trevor in the face. He shoots a look at
Jake to say "what the hell?". Jake motions for him to
uncrumple the paper.

Trevor UNWRINKLES the paper.

JAKE (TEXT)

Dream of Sadie PALMER last night?

Trevor looks at Jake.

Jake fist pumps.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(mouthing)

Boom.

Loud FEEDBACK from the intercom system interrupts class.
Students cringe and complain.

INTERCOM (O.S.)

Will Jake Harmon please report to
the office? Your aunt is here to
pick you up.

Jake stands, confused. He looks back at Trevor.

TREVOR

(mouthing)

Aunt?

Jake shrugs, grabs his stuff off of the desk and exits.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Jake walks into the office and sees Sadie standing there. She
smiles slyly at him. He smiles in return.

JAKE

Oh. Hey uh, Aunt --

SADIE
 (overly sweet)
 Jennifer. Your dear, old aunt
 Jennifer.

The office RECEPTIONIST, a tight looking older woman looks up at her suspiciously through her thick, librarian glasses.

SADIE (CONT'D)
 It's time to go visit your cousin
 Jeffrey. He's been in an accident
 and has been asking for you.

Jake hides a grin.

JAKE
 Oh really? Jeffrey? Aw, that's
 horrible.

Sadie smiles back at Jake.

INT. MR. MORRIS'S ROOM - DAY

From his window, Mr. Morris watches Jake and Sadie climb into her car. He walks to his desk and begins typing an email.

MR. MORRIS (TEXT)
*Colleagues, I am writing to you
 regarding a student, Jake Harmon*

INT. SADIE'S CAR - DAY

An '80s Lincoln that has not been well taken care of on either the inside or the outside. Pink, fuzzy dice hang from the mirror.

JAKE
 Well Aunt Jennifer, what's up?

SADIE
 (still overly-sweet)
 Nothing, Jakie-poo.
 (back to her regular
 voice)
 Listen, sorry about bailing on you
 the other day.

JAKE
 No worries. What made you come back
 though?

SADIE

Well, I felt pretty bad about getting you into that mess, so I decided that I still owed you to find your parents.

JAKE

Cool. So where do we look?

SADIE

Hell if I know. I thought maybe you would have some ideas.

JAKE

Not really.

Beat.

SADIE

Well, I swiped twenty bucks from you too. Let me take you bowling to make up for it.

JAKE

Bowling only cost five dollars in the middle of the day.

SADIE

Well, it's the best you'll get from me. Now come on.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Dim and dirty, but empty besides Jake and Sadie. A MAN with ridiculous mustache stands behind the counter polishing balls.

MONTAGE

- Jake and Sadie bowling.
- Sadie jumps in front of Jake as he tries to bowl, not letting him past. He gets around and throws a gutter ball.
- Jake and Sadie laughing.
- They eat pizza together at one of the tables.
- Sadie stands near Jake as he prepares to bowl. She slaps his ass when he brings his arm back to throw the ball. Another gutter.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Jake and Sadie walk towards Sadie's car. Sadie grabs Jake's hand. They smile at one another.

SADIE

(coyly)

I know what we could do now.

She looks up at Jake with flirtatious eyes.

EXT. TRAIN BRIDGE - DAY

Old, rusted, steel, 25 feet above the river below.

Sadie walks out onto the bridge. She turns.

SADIE

Come on!

JAKE

No. Oh, hell no.

Sadie laughs and removes her shirt. She unbuckles her belt.

Jake stares at her black, lace, bra. She drops her pants. Panties match the top. Jake sweats.

Sadie moves to the edge of the bridge, grips the steel, and gazes into the water.

SADIE

Have you really never done this before?

Jake shakes his head.

SADIE (CONT'D)

It's really not that bad. Just close your eyes and let go.

JAKE

There is no way in hell I am jumping off this bridge.

SADIE

Jesus, Jake. You sound like my little brother. He's ten.

Sadie turns her back on Jake. She leans her head back, closes her eyes, and steps off the bridge. A SPLASH from below.

Jake lets out a breath. He removes his shirt and approaches the edge of the bridge.

Sadie treads water below.

SADIE (CONT'D)
You coming?

Jake breathes heavily. He removes his pants.

SADIE (CONT'D)
Just close your eyes and jump. I'll
be right here.

Jake slams his eyes shut, lets out a deep breath, and jumps.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Jake's head explodes above water. He gasps for air and treads water.

Sadie swims over to him and puts a hand on his chest.

SADIE
Look at you. Being a man after all.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - DAY

An empty bed. Jake falls backwards onto the bed. Sadie climbs on top of him. They kiss passionately. Sadie reaches up and flips the lights off.

JAKE (O.S.)
(grunts)
Sorry.

He sighs.

JAKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
First time.

Sadie giggles.

SADIE
Aww. Lots of firsts today.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake and Sadie lay in his bed under the blankets. Sadie seems amused.

Jake lies on his back and stares straight up at the ceiling. Sadie lies sideways with her head propped up on her elbow. She smiles at him.

SADIE
That one was better.

Jake turns and looks at her.

SADIE (CONT'D)
At least we got somewhere on that one.

JAKE
Yeah... I've decided.

SADIE
What's that?

JAKE
I'm going to need more practice.

SADIE
Is that so?

JAKE
Yeah. We'll have to really hammer this thing out until it's perfect.

SADIE
Hmm. Well, that practice might have to wait a little bit. I'm hungry. Besides, hammering doesn't really sound all that appealing.

Sadie gets out of bed and Jake watches her ass as she exits. He looks back at his ceiling, a smile on his lips.

The lights go out. Jake looks up.

SADIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey!

Jake hops out of bed and exits his room.

INT. JAKE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sadie opens and closes the refrigerator door; no light. Jake FLIPS the switch; nothing.

JAKE
What the hell? There's no thunder or anything.

Jake peers out of his kitchen window. All of the other houses on the block have power. The lights are shining out of their windows.

SADIE

Uh. When was the last time you paid your electric bill?

JAKE

Shit.

EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake KNOCKS on the door. Trevor opens the door and lets Jake inside.

INT. TREVOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake and Trevor sit on opposite sides of the room. Jake stares at the ceiling, while Trevor stares at him.

TREVOR

Shit.

JAKE

Yeah, that's what I said.

TREVOR

So, the lights just went out?

JAKE

Yeah.

TREVOR

They didn't like, call you or anything first?

JAKE

Dude, why would they? If they tried to call anybody, they tried to call my parents. They haven't answered their phones since they left.

TREVOR

Shit.

JAKE

I know. Sadie says they probably didn't pay it for a while before they took off. Apparently, they actually wait a few months before they shut it off.

TREVOR
Wait. Sadie? You talked to her
about it already?

JAKE
Well, she was there when it
happened.

TREVOR
What? Did you get lucky?

JAKE
(bashful)
Dude, shut up.

TREVOR
Oh my god, you did.

JAKE
I don't want to talk about it.

TREVOR
Don't kiss and tell, huh?

JAKE
No, I mean I really don't want to
talk about it.

TREVOR
C'mon man. I need this.

JAKE
What?

TREVOR
I need to know what it's like!

JAKE
Wait, I thought that you --

TREVOR
No!

JAKE
Seriously?

TREVOR
Seriously.

JAKE
But you've had lots of girlfriends.

TREVOR

Having a girlfriend doesn't equal sex. Now out with it. What's it like?

JAKE

(hesitantly)

It's good... but I need more practice.

TREVOR

What do you mean?

JAKE

Listen, it's like, everything that you can imagine going wrong, does.

TREVOR

Dude, don't tell me that.

JAKE

You asked! It takes a few tries to get things going even.

TREVOR

Wait, you mean... oh. Oh god.

Trevor laughs hard. Jake blushes.

JAKE

Like I said, I don't really want to talk about it.

TREVOR

So she pulled you out of school to bang you?

JAKE

No. It wasn't like that at all.

TREVOR

Looks like that to me.

(beat)

God, you are so lucky.

JAKE

Whatever. Can we change the subject, like, maybe focus on what I'm going to do without power?

TREVOR

Oh dude, you've got the power.

JAKE
I'm serious.

TREVOR
I know, I know. I'm sorry. Ah,
Christ. I dunno, man. You can stay
here for a while, I guess.

Jake shifts around in his seat.

JAKE
Yeah, but then we'll have to tell
your parents why I'm here all of
the time.

TREVOR
Dude, if your parents didn't pay
the power bill, no telling what
else they didn't pay. You can't
stay there. People are going to
know anyway once they realize none
of the bills are getting paid
anymore.

Jake drops his head and stares at the floor again for a beat.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I'm sorry man. I don't mean --

JAKE
No. You're right. I'll go get my
stuff.

EXT. SADIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Sadie finishes off a cigarette. Her hands shake slightly. She
wipes sweat off of her forehead. Withdrawals. She chucks the
butt out of her window and turns to look at RONNIE'S PLACE.

Brick apartment in a complex that looks like the maintenance
crew took an extended vacation.

A sliver of light from a black light bulb can be seen
between the crack of two towels that have been thrown up as
drapes inside.

Sadie exhales and exits her car.

EXT. RONNIE'S PLACE - NIGHT

RONNIE opens the door. Shirtless, scrawny, creepy mustache,
golden crucifix necklace, hairy.

A glass table sits behind Ronnie with a razor blade and remnants of white on it.

Ronnie smiles, Sadie looks disappointed. Ronnie places his dirty hand on Sadie's ass and guides her inside as he begins to undo his own belt buckle.

INT. TREVOR'S ROOM - DAY

Trevor and Jake sit on the floor in front of a TV playing Xbox. GUNFIRE and EXPLOSIONS echo from the speakers.

Jake's phone starts VIBRATING beside them.

TREVOR

Dude, answer your phone.

JAKE

No way. I'm not letting you get the high score.

TREVOR

Whatever, bitch. I'll get it anyways. I'm a Halo god.

JAKE

Yeah, well I see that you are handling that controller really well. Obviously, Handry Longfellow has been helping you build your finger strength.

Trevor pauses the game and looks at Jake. The phone stops vibrating.

TREVOR

Dude, for real. What is your problem?

JAKE

What?

TREVOR

So, now that you're not a virgin anymore, you think you can just say whatever you want?

JAKE

Dude, this is like, our thing. We always say shit like this.

TREVOR

Whatever, man. It's like you're just rubbing it in my face now.

(mocking)

Hey, look at me. I'm Jake and I have sex. I'm gonna make fun of virgins now.

JAKE

I'm not.

TREVOR

Whatever.

Trevor gets up and exits. Jake sits, stunned. The phone VIBRATES again. Jake picks it up and answers.

JAKE

Hello?... Oh, hey detective... No shit? I mean, really? Cool, I'll be right there.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The detective sits at his desk busy with paperwork. Messy, stacks of forms, sticky notes, outdated computer, cold coffee in a mug.

The phone on the desk RINGS. The detective picks it up and immediately puts it back down.

Jake enters.

JAKE

Um, detective?

DETECTIVE

Just a sec.

He takes a long sip of coffee.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Alright. Jake. I've got a little bit of news for you if you want.

JAKE

Yeah. I'd love to hear it.

DETECTIVE

Alright. Marty, the junkie dealer whose place you got busted at.

JAKE

Yeah...

DETECTIVE

Well, he's sort of pulled out of his withdrawals and has started to make a little bit of sense. Not a lot of sense, mind you. He's done way too much shit to ever make perfect sense. Anyways, I think you ought to try and talk to him.

JAKE

He knows who I am?

DETECTIVE

He doesn't. But, I figured if you thought he was a lead, that I ought to check up on it. He claims he knows some stuff about your parents, but he didn't seem to like me very much. I'm willing to let you try and talk to him about it though. You up for it?

Jake looks at the detective directly in the eye.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

An open room with circular tables. A fence sits along the far wall and a few guards are stationed around the room.

Jake sits at a table. Marty enters and sits down across from him. His face contains a little more color than previously.

He has cleaned up, cut his hair, and looks like he would be somewhat respectable if he wasn't wearing an orange jump suit.

MARTY

Who are you?

JAKE

I'm Jake.

MARTY

So?

Jake swallows and pulls the picture of parents out of his pocket and slides it across the table in front of Mary's fingertips.

JAKE
Somebody told me you might know
where my parents are.

MARTY
Aw, shit, man. Aw, shit.

JAKE
What?

MARTY
Kid. Aw shit.

JAKE
What? Do you know where they are?

MARTY
Jesus. You're their kid?

Jake nods.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Alright. Listen. I do know where
they went. But I didn't know they
had a kid. Jesus.

JAKE
Alright, so spill it.

MARTY
Fine, fine. They're in Paris, bro.

JAKE
What?

MARTY
Paris. Your mom loves that place,
dawg. Romance and shit.

Jake SLAPS the picture out of Marty's hand and onto the
table. He points his finger right in Marty's face.

JAKE
No. That's crap. They never even
went to the airport. Where are they
actually?

MARTY
Dude, I dunno. Did you try Idaho?

JAKE
What do you mean, did I try Idaho?
Do you know how big Idaho is?

MARTY

Bro, sorry. They came by to pick up a stash before they left, but they told me Paris. So, that's where they are as far as I know.

Jake stands up and walks away from the table.

JAKE

Hey thanks, 'bro'. Big help.

EXT. JAIL - DAY

Jake walks out of the doors and sees the Detective standing next to his car. The detective looks at his wrist watch and fidgets around.

JAKE

Hey. What are you doing here?

DETECTIVE

Your phone was off. I got a call. We found your parents car.

JAKE

Where at?

The detective smiles.

DETECTIVE

Idaho Falls.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - EVENING

Jake and Sadie sit on the bed.

They both look grim.

SADIE

That's a long ways away.

JAKE

I know. I don't even know how to get there.

SADIE

They've got this thing online where you can look up directions, y'know. The internet is a wonderful thing. Or do you only use it for porn?

JAKE

Ha. Ha. I mean, I don't have any money. They left a thousand bucks here, but I've already spent part of it. I don't know what it takes to get there and back.

SADIE

Do you even know if they're ok? Like, did they find them, or just the car?

JAKE

Just the car. But they don't think it's been abandoned for long. I might still be able to find them if I can get out there.

Both sit in silence for an awkward beat. Sadie shivers and rubs her arms.

SADIE

It's cold.

Jake kisses her shoulder and wraps an arm around her.

JAKE

Well, if you'd like, we could warm things up a little?

A KNOCK on the window. Jake and Sadie both look up. Trevor peeks through the dirty window with his hands cupped around his eyes.

JAKE (CONT'D)

The hell?

Jake walks over to the window and opens it.

TREVOR

Hey, man.

JAKE

What are you doing?

TREVOR

Saw your car outside. You didn't answer your door. Can I come in?

JAKE

Uh, yeah.

Jake steps away from his window and moves toward the door.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I'll go open...

Trevor hoists himself up through the window.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Never mind.

Trevor spots Sadie. She stands up off of the bed to get out of his way.

TREVOR
Oh. Hey. You must be Sadie.

Sadie shoots him a look to say, "You told him?" Jake shrugs innocently.

SADIE
I think I'm gonna go.

JAKE
You don't have to.

She opens the bedroom door and walks out.

SADIE
No, I really do. But I think I'll use the door. Night Jake. Pleasure to meet your mystery friend.

TREVOR
Trevor.

She just walks out, closing the door behind her. Jake and Trevor are silent until they hear the front door CLOSE behind Sadie.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Guess you're stuck with Amhanda Palmer tonight instead.

JAKE
Hilarious. Cock-block.

Jake sits in his desk chair and leans back.

JAKE (CONT'D)
So... what's up?

TREVOR
Nothing really. I'm sorry, man.

JAKE

About the cock-block or about the other thing?

TREVOR

The other thing. Well, both, I guess. But I mean, I've been waiting to pull out that Amhanda thing for hours.

JAKE

It's cool. No worries.

TREVOR

Sweet... What've you been up to?

JAKE

I'm thinking I might go to Idaho.

TREVOR

What? Why?

JAKE

They found my parent's car there.

TREVOR

What, seriously? Are they alright?

JAKE

I don't know. Honestly. They told me the car was there, and that they don't think it's been abandoned long.

TREVOR

So when are we going?

JAKE

Excuse me?

TREVOR

When. Are. We. Going?

JAKE

I don't know when I am going.

TREVOR

I said we.

JAKE

But I know that it needs to be soon. I was planning on getting ahead on all of my homework and just taking off for the week.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)
I'll just need to stop by Ross's
and let him know.

TREVOR
Cool. I can't wait. It'll be my
first time in Idaho.

EXT. ROSS'S PORCH - DAY

Jake RINGS the bell. Ross's mother answers the door.

ROSS'S MOM
Jake! How are you?
(yells back)
Ross! Jake is here!

JAKE
Oh, uh, hey. Listen, I'm going to
be gone for a little bit.

Ross runs to the door. He has a baseball and a mitt.

ROSS
Jake! Ready to play?

Jake grins and sighs.

JAKE
Sorry buddy. I can't. I have to go
somewhere for a little bit.

ROSS
Oh.

Ross looks at the ground.

JAKE
Sorry guys. Bye.

He walks back to his car.

EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun rises over Trevor's home. Jake and Trevor load their
bags into the trunk of Jake's car, fast.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake and Trevor both climb in at the same time. Jake starts
the car, Trevor blows in his cold hands.

TREVOR
Ready?

JAKE
Yeah.

The car rolls out slowly.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake and Trevor drive through the mostly deserted streets in town.

TREVOR
Highway's behind us.

JAKE
Sadie hasn't answered her phone,
but she checked in on Facebook at
Denny's.

TREVOR
You think she'll come?

JAKE
I'm hoping.

EXT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake rounds the corner Denny's. Sadie stands outside, a cigarette between her lips.

JAKE
Dude, there she is.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Ronnie walks up behind her from the parking lot and puts a firm squeeze on her ass. She turns to him. He kisses her and grabs her hand. He walks into Denny's while she finishes her smoke.

TREVOR
Oh, shit.

JAKE
Son of a bitch.

Jake parks on the curb and unbuckles his seat belt. He gets out of the car.

TREVOR
Jake. Jake, wait.

EXT. DENNY'S - DAY

Jake speed walks toward Sadie.

JAKE
Sadie.

SADIE
Jake, not now.

Jake reaches her, hurt and indignant. She has fresh scabs on her face from her last high.

JAKE
What the fuck Sadie?

SADIE
Oh, shut up.

JAKE
What are you doing? You just have sex with everybody?

SADIE
Jake! I told you that you didn't want to get to know me. I warned you.

JAKE
Warned me about what? That you'd be my first and not care? That I would just be another dick to ride?

Sadie punches Jake in the mouth. His head snaps back. She cringes and grabs her bloody knuckles.

SADIE
For fuck's sake. Go.

JAKE
No.

SADIE
Jake, go. You don't want him to see you around.

JAKE
I don't care if he sees me or not.

SADIE
(ominously)
You should! Now go.

Jake walks back towards his car. He turns back around.

JAKE
I came to see if you wanted to go
to Idaho. We might've found my
parents.

SADIE
Go, goddammit. I don't want to see
you again.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake plops down into the driver's seat. Tears well up in his eyes. Trevor looks at him tentatively.

TREVOR
Dude, are you --

Sadie whips open the driver's door and throws a credit card with the name JOHN BINKLE on it into Jake's lap.

SADIE
I can't expect you to understand.
You're still just a kid.

JAKE
You're like, a year older than I
am.

SADIE
Good luck. I hope you find what
you're looking for.

She slams the door and stomps away. Jake puts the car in gear and drives.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake and Trevor drive through the American plains in silence.

INT. GRAND ISLAND, NEBRASKA MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Poorly lit, two beds, tv, mirror, night-stand, phone, 80s carpet.

Jake and Trevor enter. Jake throws his backpack into a corner and collapses on the bed. Trevor follows suit on the other bed.

Trevor rolls over to the table, grabs a remote, and CLICKS the TV to life to a news program.

TV ANCHOR (O.S.)

And after today's cold front from the East, we can expect nothing but gray skies for the foreseeable future.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

MONTAGE

-Jake and Trevor drive through rolling hills and mountains.

-Wyoming.

-Utah.

-Idaho.

EXT. IDAHO FALLS GAS STATION - NIGHT

Jake pumps gas into his car. Trevor exits the gas station and approaches Jake. He carries two hot dogs and offers one to Jake.

JAKE

Oh my god, I cannot eat another gas station hot dog. I've had more than enough for a lifetime.

TREVOR

You know you sound like a lot lizard, right?

Jake glares at Trevor.

JAKE

There's a Buffalo Wild Wings down the road here. I vote that we go there so you don't have to put another wiener in your mouth. We'll even make sure your wings are boneless for you.

Trevor tosses his hot dog into the garbage can and climbs into the car.

TREVOR
You're buying.

INT. BUFFALO WILD WINGS - NIGHT

Crowded. UFC plays on nearly all of the TVs. People CHEER. Lots of WALLA. The two wait near the doors where a bulletin board hangs on the wall.

A blue flier for a Simon and Garfunkle cover band sits near the corner of the bulletin board. Trevor points to it.

TREVOR
Dude, look. Someone else in the world still enjoys your old, shitty music.

Jake then points out an area singles card tacked to the board.

JAKE
Yeah? Apparently someone doesn't want you hooking up with yourself tonight either.

TREVOR
What? A masturbation joke without a name?

JAKE
Whatever. I'm just not feeling up to it.

TREVOR
Probably because you're too busy thinking about feeling up Handry D. Thoreau.

Jake grins slightly and glances sideways at Trevor.

JAKE
Been saving that one up for a while?

TREVOR
A couple of hours. Tried to find a way to throw it out there earlier, but you never did take the bait.

JAKE
Weird. Because you are quite the master baiter.

TREVOR

Dammit.

A hostess motions them towards the seating area.

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND - DAY

Chain-link fence, barbed-wire, guard shack, electric gate.

Jake and Trevor pull up to the lot and exit their car. They approach the guard shack and knock on the window.

The SECURITY OFFICER holds up a finger, finishes his article in the paper, and slides the glass open.

SECURITY OFFICER

Help you?

Jake unfolds a sheet of paper from his back pocket and hands it to the officer.

JAKE

Came to see a car.

SECURITY OFFICER

You picking it up?

JAKE

No. Just having a look.

The security officer raises his eyebrow.

JAKE (CONT'D)

It's my parents' car. They sort of disappeared, and I'm just trying to figure things out.

The security officer spins in his chair towards his filing cabinet and flips through it. He pulls out a yellow sheet of paper and scans it for a moment.

SECURITY OFFICER

Lucky you. Evidence hasn't gone through it yet. Just don't mess anything up, ok? And definitely don't tell anyone about this.

JAKE

Yes, sir. Thank you.

The security officer BUZZES them through the gate.

EXT. JAKE'S PARENTS' CAR - DAY

Jake and Trevor approach the car. Jake looks determined. They each open a car door and start to search.

MONTAGE

- Digging through garbage on the floor.
- Searching the glove compartment.
- Checking through the trunk.
- Looking underneath the car.
- Throwing garbage from the car to the ground.

Jake sits on the ground and leans against the car.

Trevor sits in the back seat. He grabs a wadded up piece of blue paper and uncrumples it. It's a flier for the Simon and Garfunkle cover band.

TREVOR

At least now I know where you get
your music tastes from.

Jake turns around and Trevor holds up the flier for Jake to see. Recognition lights up on Jake's face.

JAKE

Dude.

TREVOR

What?

EXT. BUFFALO WILD WINGS - DAY

Jake runs inside the restaurant. The sun sets.

Beat.

He runs back out with the flier they had spotted the night before.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake climbs inside. He holds the flier up for both to read.

JAKE

It says they're playing tonight at
Bubbaz'. Wherever the hell that is.

Trevor pulls out his smart phone.

TREVOR

Hold up.

He types.

Beat.

Trevor shows the phone to Jake.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Looks like it's just a couple of miles away.

Jake puts the car into gear and drives.

EXT. BUBBAZ' - NIGHT

Cracked pavement, sagebrush, faux wood exterior. An old, orange VW van sits parked amongst pickup trucks, and a few cars.

Jake and Trevor walk towards the bar.

INT. BUBBAZ' - NIGHT

Smoky, western-theme, wooden everything, short stage, basic bar, tables throughout.

The Simon and Garfunkle tribute band sings on stage. They look like ordinary guys who threw on wigs and retro clothes. They sing out of pitch with one another.

Jake and Trevor pick a table near the stage and sit. A WAITRESS approaches. 40s, orange perm, smoker, too much blue eye-shadow, dangly earrings.

She places drink napkins in front of them, pours a sprinkle of salt on each of them, and hands them menus.

WAITRESS

(raspy voice)

You boys wanna try our house porter?

JAKE

Uh, no, thank you. Just waters, please.

The waitress rolls her eyes, puts her pad away, and exits.

TREVOR

I don't see them anywhere.

Jake scans the room.

JAKE

I don't either.

The waitress returns with two waters and sets them in front of boys.

WAITRESS

Do you know what you want to eat yet?

JAKE

Oh, we're not going to order anything. Thank you, though.

The waitress shuts her note pad and glares at the two.

WAITRESS

So you're just going to take up one of my tables for the night then? Thanks. It's not like I pay my rent off of tips or anything.

Trevor starts to respond, but the waitress snatches the menus up and walks away.

TREVOR

Well, shit. That did not quite go the way I thought it would.

Beat.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I've gotta piss.

He stands and exits.

Jake pulls the picture of his parents out of his pocket and looks at it. He glances up at the bartender, biting his lip. He gets up and approaches the bar.

JAKE

Excuse me.

The BARTENDER looks up while filling a glass. Jake holds the picture of his parents up.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Have you ever seen these people?

The bartender takes only a brief glance at the photo and shakes his head.

JAKE (CONT'D)
'Kay. Thanks.

Jake sits back down at his table where Trevor waits for him.

TREVOR
Any luck?

Jake purses his lips and shakes his head.

The waitress walks by and Jake stops her.

JAKE
Excuse me?

WAITRESS
You gonna order something?

JAKE
No.

WAITRESS
Then I don't have time to waste on you guys. Have a nice night.

JAKE
Wait! Listen, have you ever seen these people?

Jake holds the picture up.

The waitress grabs the photo and looks at it long and hard. She hands the picture back to Jake and walks away.

TREVOR
That's messed up.

JAKE
I guess we ought to go. They aren't here.

The waitress CLINKS and large glass jar marked TIPS in front of Jake and Trevor.

WAITRESS
I've seen them.

Beat.

Jake slowly pulls out his wallet and looks at his dwindling cash. He selects a five dollar bill and places it into the jar. The waitress shakes her head.

Jake withdraws another five dollar bill from his wallet and looks at the waitress. She purses her lips and raises an eyebrow and taps her foot.

Jake looks down at his last bill, a twenty, in his wallet. He sighs, pulls it out, and places it in the jar.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

They were in here about a week ago.

JAKE

Do you know where they went?

WAITRESS

Not for sure, but I have a pretty good guess.

She nods towards a couple of aged hippies who sit a few tables away, very into the music.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

They were here with some people like these guys. From what I understand, they've got some sort of camp near here where they all go and...

She makes air quotations with her fingers.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

"live as one with nature". Hell if I know what that means.

JAKE

Do you know where that is?

WAITRESS

No, but you could ask them.

She points to the table where the aged hippies had been sitting.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

At least you could if they were still here.

Jake looks around and spots them exiting the bar.

JAKE

Shit.

He leaps out of his chair, followed closely by Trevor. They rush outside.

EXT. BUBBAZ' - NIGHT

Jake and Trevor burst through the doors. Jake looks frantically around.

The VW van exits the parking lot. The hippies are inside. Trevor spots them and points them out.

TREVOR

There!

The two run to Jake's car and drive out of the parking lot after the hippies.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jake follows the VW closely through the dark Idaho wilderness.

TREVOR

You're following too close.

JAKE

What?

TREVOR

Too close. They're gonna know somebody's following them.

Jake glances at Trevor.

JAKE

How do you know that?

TREVOR

Saw it on Burn Notice. He was saying how you've gotta keep a balance of how close you let yourself get to them, otherwise, they'll know they're being tailed.

JAKE

Yeah, but don't they chase spies on that show? I really don't think we're after any spies.

TREVOR

You never know.

The VW turns off the main road and onto an uneven, rocky, and riveted dirt road. The tail lights bounce all over the place.

Jake pulls over and shuts his lights off. He and Trevor watch the van drive for a distance.

JAKE

I don't think my car is going to handle this road.

TREVOR

So what do you wanna do?

Jake shuts the engine off and unbuckles his seat belt.

JAKE

We'll just walk.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Jake and Trevor exit the car. Trevor pulls out his smart phone and turns on the built-in flashlight.

TREVOR

I dunno how long my battery's gonna last.

JAKE

That's alright. I'm sure they're not that far back. No way anybody could drive this road for very long.

They walk.

EXT. OUTER COMMUNE - NIGHT

Jake and Trevor crest a hill, PANTING loudly. They are both covered in sweat.

TREVOR

(mocking)

No way anybody could drive this road for very long.

(frustrated)

Two hours later.

JAKE

Shut up Trevor.

The commune is visible in the distance. Tents, campers, the VW van, and a large bonfire.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Look. It's right there.

Jake walks ahead of Trevor.

TREVOR

I sure hope that waitress was right
and that this isn't actually a camp
of serial rapists.

Jake turns and grins at Trevor.

JAKE

Don't act like you wouldn't enjoy
the change of pace. I'm sure Rosie
Johnson gets a little tired of you
every once in a while.

EXT. COMMUNE - NIGHT

Jake and Trevor slowly enter the camp. Hippies of various
ages throughout. Someone plays MOONCHILD by King Crimson.

An elderly hippie with leathery skin stares at the fire and
sways back and forth, out of rhythm with the music. A half-
naked child with very long hair runs past.

Beer cans and cigarette butts litter the ground around the
flames. A man and a woman sit in the doorway of a tent. They
share a bong and place acid blotters on each other's tongues.

Jake and Trevor approach the bonfire and look around them.
They turn and Jake walks right into his Dad.

He has longer hair now and wears John Lennon style glasses
and sports a creeper mustache.

JAKE

'Scuse me.
(disbelieving)
Dad?

An attractive hippie woman in her twenties who wears almost
nothing approaches Trevor.

HIPPIE WOMAN

Hey there, desert flower.

She takes Trevor's arm and leads him away.

TREVOR

Um, I, ok.

Trevor walks away with the hippie woman. Jake and his Dad stare at one another. Jake's face goes slack while his dad's hardens. His dad nods toward a camper. They approach it.

The young hippie woman sets Trevor down on a log next to her at the bonfire. She places two acid blotters on her tongue and starts to french-kiss Trevor.

INT. CAMPER - NIGHT

Jake and his dad enter. Dark, double bunk. The top bunk contains two men and one woman. The bottom bunk contains a single hippie with his arms outstretched above him.

Jake's mom sits at the small table and smokes a cigarette. She doesn't even notice the two enter. A typewriter sits on the table.

Jake's dad sits down next to Jake's mom and whispers something to her. She looks up and sees Jake. Shock.

JAKE'S MOM

Jake?

JAKE

Hey, mom.

JAKE'S MOM

What are you doing here, sweetie?

Jake's lips quiver. His voice catches in his throat.

Jake's Dad makes a GRUNT of disapproval at this near crying.

JAKE'S MOM (CONT'D)

Jake. Why did you come here?

JAKE

I. I wanted to find out what happened to you guys. Why you left.

JAKE'S MOM

Baby, we told you. We needed to get back to our own lives. We've got things we still want to do. We couldn't do it and raise you at the same time.

JAKE

You just left. I came home one day and you weren't there.

JAKE'S MOM

You're old enough to be on your own. You're practically grown up already!

Jake scoffs.

JAKE

Did you know they turned the power off on me? How long had it been since you paid a power bill?

JAKE'S MOM

That's none of your business, how we spend our money. We left you money. You should have taken care of it.

Jake makes a fist and raises it, holds it for a moment, lowers it.

JAKE

So, what? You left me so you could come to the middle of Idaho? There's nothing here! It's just desert. Empty.

JAKE'S MOM

Hemingway was from Idaho. Did I ever tell you you're named after one of his characters?

JAKE

Are you fucking kidding me? He wasn't even from this part!

JAKE'S MOM

Jacob, don't talk like that. Besides, do you know how much your father has written on his new novel since we got here? He's really got something, Jake. He's a true artist. A genius. One day when he's published, you'll be grateful we made this choice. Once you see his true abilities.

She holds up a stack of papers. Jake snatches them from her and reads silently over them. A disgusted look comes over his face. He flips to random pages.

JAKE

Oh really? "A dog flew beneath the fluid suns that dripped the moon into the still, but connected waters."

Jake pauses to see his mother's reaction. She simply looks at him as though what he read was beautiful.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Or how about this? "'Weave faster,' said the spider master. 'We are tired of sewing stars,' chanted the Charleton Heston bugs. But they wove anyways."

Jake flings the papers all over the camper.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(shouting)

This is shit! You're just writing while you're cracked out. You don't even realize how awful you are.

Jake's Dad stands. He stares down Jake, but doesn't move.

JAKE'S MOM

Of course you can't recognize how beautiful his words are! You're not one of us! You're not free! Society still has you trapped. You can never understand.

Silence.

JAKE

I think I understand now.

Jake burst out of the camper door.

EXT. COMMUNE - NIGHT

Jake looks around for Trevor with tears in his eyes. He spots Trevor on the log next to the hippie woman. His eyes are wide and fixated on the fire. Trevor glances up at Jake.

TREVOR

(hazily)

Jake?

Jake stalks off out of the campsite and. At the edge of the campsite Jake stops and turns around. No one follows him. His eyes tear up. He turns away again and stomps off.

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Jake scrambles up a hillside covered in sagebrush. He nears the top of the hill and looks down. Beyond the other side of the hill lies a massive canyon; deep and rocky.

Jake makes his way towards the edge of the canyon. He stands at the precipice and gazes down. He begins to lean forward.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Jake!

Jake snaps out of his trance. He turns around. Trevor crests the hill.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Jake.

He attempts to run down the hill but stumbles. He reaches Jake and grabs him by the shirt.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Jake, dude, we need to go.

JAKE

Yeah. We do.

TREVOR

Yeah.

(beat)

You alright, man?

JAKE

Yeah. I'm fine. Let's go.

Trevor and Jake walk back over the hill.

Trevor jumps at some unseen phantom.

TREVOR

Shit! What the hell was that?

INT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jake and Trevor climb into the car. Jake starts the car and stares ahead for a moment. Trevor strokes the dash. Jake looks sideways at him and starts the drive back to Indiana.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake drives back towards Indiana. The sun shines through the windshield. Trevor is asleep in the passenger seat. Jake stares into the distance ahead.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Jake pumps gas while Trevor sleeps. Jake pulls out his phone and turns it on. Eight new messages. He dials his voicemail, enters his password, and puts the phone to his ear.

SADIE (V.O.)

Jake, it's Sadie. Why do you have to be such a dick?

Jake deletes this message and starts the next.

SADIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Jake seriously, we need to talk.

Jake deletes it.

SADIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Jake, please. I'm sorry. We need

Jake deletes again. The gas pump CLICKS and Jake puts his phone away.

EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Jake and Trevor pull up to the house. They exit the car as Trevor's mom comes to greet them.

TREVOR'S MOM

(to Jake)

Hey sweetie. Did you find them?

JAKE

Yeah.

Jake walks past her and into the house.

EXT. ROSS'S PORCH - DAY

Jake RINGS the bell. Ross answers. He glares at Jake. Jake holds up a baseball mitt and grins.

JAKE

Can we play?

A smile creeps across Ross's face.

EXT. ROSS'S YARD - DAY

Jake and Ross toss the ball back and forth and laugh. Ross's mom watches from the window with a smile.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

Graduation day. Chairs cover the entire gym floor. The bleachers are pulled away from the walls and are packed.

Jake sits on a raised stage. Salutatorian. Trevor sits in the crowd. He flashes Jake a thumbs-up. Trevor seems excited, a sharp contrast to the nervous look Jake wears.

The principal stands and addresses the audience. Jake looks at all of the faces around the gym. He sees families interact with one another and longing crosses his face.

The Valedictorian, a bubbly, overly-happy blonde girl, stands to speak.

VALEDICTORIAN

Thank you. As you all know, we've made it. Today is the first day of the rest of our lives. The first real day of adulthood.

Jake makes eye contact with Trevor who rolls his eyes and pretends to shoot himself in the head.

VALEDICTORIAN (CONT'D)

We've had many trials and tasks so far, but it's only the start. Tomorrow, we can't be children anymore. We'll have to face the real hardships of life. We've had it pretty easy up until now. When we go off to college or our careers we'll see just how simple our lives have been.

Jake scans the audience and spots Sadie. She sits by herself in the top corner of the bleachers and looks right at him. Jake fidgets uncomfortably in his seat.

VALEDICTORIAN (CONT'D)

We've been able to rely on our parents for everything up until now.

(MORE)

VALEDICTORIAN (CONT'D)

They've raised us up so that we can be ready to take on the world by ourselves. So, with looking forward to a bright tomorrow, we set out on our journey today. Thank you.

APPLAUSE. The Valedictorian sits and Jake takes the podium. The lights shine bright in his eyes. He clears his throat.

JAKE

My fellow students... Today. Today is not a special day. Yes, it marks the end of a journey that we all set out on, but it is not a new or special day.

Jake scans the audience. Some looks of confusion and disapproval.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I say this, not to imply that the work has not been difficult, or that we should not celebrate our achievements. Instead, I say this to illustrate a point. Just as every New Year's Day is packed with failed resolutions year after year, I fear that we too may worry that this is our only chance to create a new and better version of ourselves, or worse yet, that we have already failed to achieve anything of worth.

He takes a voice of confidence.

JAKE (CONT'D)

A new year is not our only hope of making resolves, neither is a birthday, a career, or a graduation ceremony. Instead, of waiting for a big moment dressed in hype and tradition, I would argue that each new day is a chance for change. Each new moment a chance for improvement.

Jake hesitates.

JAKE (CONT'D)

This is not the beginning of real life. Real life has always been there for the taking.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

I know that many of us have faced struggles already. Don't let those struggles stop you. Don't let problems keep you from living life or finding who you are or your place in the world. Leave today ready to push forward with your goals. Wake up tomorrow already running. Thank you.

APPLAUSE from the audience. Jake sits back down in his chair. Trevor gives him a big thumbs up and a WHOOP. Jake glances up to where Sadie's seat. Empty.

MONTAGE

-Jake and Trevor getting their diplomas.

-Jake and Trevor hugging various other students.

-People filtering out of the gymnasium.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Jake stands with Trevor and his family. They smile with the excitement of the day. Mr. Morris steps out into the hall some distance behind them.

MR. MORRIS

Jake!

Jake turns and excuses himself from the family. He and Mr. Morris meet a short distance away.

JAKE

Hey, Mr. Morris.

Mr. Morris Shakes Jake's hand.

MR. MORRIS

Congratulations, Jake. It's a big day.

JAKE

Yes, sir, it is.

MR. MORRIS

I know you've worked very hard to be here.

JAKE

Yeah, it's been a ride.

Beat.

MR. MORRIS

Jake, I hope you'll forgive me, but when you came to me earlier in the year, I wasn't exactly certain how I ought to react. I know that I promised you that I wouldn't tell anyone else what was going on with you and your parents. Well, Jake, I had to break that promise.

Mr. Morris pulls a fat envelope out of his pocket and hands it to Jake. Jake looks at it confused.

JAKE

What is this?

MR. MORRIS

I talked with a few other teachers whom I trusted and that knew you as well. We got together and did a bit of fund raising. It isn't terribly much, but it ought to last you at least a little while. Hopefully it's enough to get you going Jake.

Jake looks at the envelope in his hand and back up to Mr. Morris.

JAKE

Mr. Morris...

Mr. Morris waves his hands.

MR. MORRIS

Don't. Good luck at college.

Mr. Morris turns and walks away. Jake collects himself, turns, and nearly runs into Sadie.

JAKE

Whoa. Sorry. Oh.

SADIE

Hi, Jake. I liked your speech.

JAKE

Thanks.

Awkward beat.

SADIE

Listen, Jake. I'm really sorry about what happened.

JAKE

It's alright.

SADIE

No, Jake, it isn't.

She fumbles with her hands.

SADIE (CONT'D)

I'm sure you already knew, or at least had an idea that I'm an addict. I mean, you picked me up from Mary's house while I was wasted. When we looked for your parents, we went to drug holes. You had to have at least suspected it.

JAKE

Well, yeah. I just sort of hoped that it wasn't actually like that. Or that maybe I could help you get over it. I dunno.

SADIE

It's alright. I think a lot of people think they can be the one to save you. Y'know?

JAKE

Yeah. I think I do.

SADIE

Anyway, I guess what I'm trying to say is that you couldn't have saved me no matter how hard you tried. It's not that you aren't an amazing person, because you are. The problem is that you can never change for someone else. It always has to be for yourself. It's why your parents left. They couldn't quit and they were selfish.

JAKE

I guess so.

Jake looks down at his feet and shuffles.

SADIE

I've seen a lot of things, Jake. Scary things. Things that made me swear I would get clean for good. It never lasted long though. Because it was never for me. When you try to change for someone else, you start to resent the people you're changing for. You start to blame them for your problems, even though you know that they're really your fault and no one else's. And Jake, I liked you. I wanted to change for you, but I couldn't. I was angry. I blamed you. But I know it's not your fault. I'm sorry that I hurt you.

JAKE

No. I'm sorry. I never really thought about you. I just thought about me. Never once did I consider what you were going through, or think about what I was doing to you. I'm sorry.

SADIE

You don't need to be sorry.

JAKE

Then neither do you.

They both look each other in the eyes and smile.

SADIE

Well, I start rehab next week. I was supposed to start already, but I wanted to come and see you.

JAKE

Well, thank you. And good for you. I honestly hope it goes well for you and that you can get things worked out.

Sadie throws her arms around Jake and buries her head in his shoulder. She doesn't cry, but looks as though she wants to.

SADIE

Jake?

JAKE

Yeah?

SADIE

Can I still call you when I get out?

JAKE

You sure can.

SADIE

Thank you.

She lets go, steps back, and grabs Jake's hand.

SADIE (CONT'D)

I can't wait to get to know you for real.

JAKE

Same here.

SADIE

Take care, Jake.

JAKE

You too, Sadie.

Sadie turns and walks away. She looks back at Jake over her shoulder as she exits the building.

Jake walks back to Trevor and his family. They smile. Trevor's mom wraps an arm around his shoulder. They exit.

EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Seasons change. Summer fades into Autumn.

Jake exits the home and approaches his car with a large suitcase in his hand. He opens the trunk of the car and tosses his suitcase in despite it being already mostly full.

Trevor and his mother approach the car as well. Trevor holds Jake's pillow out to him. Jake takes it and tosses it into the front seat.

TREVOR'S MOM

We're going to miss having you around, Jake.

JAKE

Thanks. I'm going to miss being here.

TREVOR'S MOM

You know you can always call or
come back any time.

JAKE

Yes, ma'am.

TREVOR'S MOM

And Jake.

JAKE

Yes?

TREVOR'S MOM

When school is out for holidays or
for the summer, you don't even have
to ask. You just come back and stay
with us.

JAKE

I will.

TREVOR'S MOM

I mean it, Jake. You're part of our
family. We love you.

JAKE

I love you guys too. Thank you.
Honestly.

Trevor's mom hugs Jake.

TREVOR'S MOM

I'll let you two have some privacy.
Bye Jake!

She exits.

JAKE

I think your mom loves me more than
she loves you.

TREVOR

Maybe. But she'll never love you as
much as your right hand does.

Jake chuckles. They both look at their feet, the car, the air
around them.

JAKE

Well, I heard Vincennes is a pretty
cool place to go.

TREVOR
Yeah, but not nearly as awesome as
IU.

Awkward beat.

JAKE
Thanks for everything, Trevor.

TREVOR
Not even a problem.

JAKE
Yeah, but you didn't have to do any
of it. I really do appreciate it.

TREVOR
Seriously. Not a problem. You would
have done it for me too. That's
just what friends do.

Trevor and Jake smile at each other.

JAKE
Well, I guess I'll see you during
Fall break.

TREVOR
Hell yeah, you will.

They hug each other.

JAKE
Good luck, buddy.

TREVOR
Same to you.

They let go. Jake climbs into his car and drives away. Trevor
watches him go. He turns and walks back inside.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

The room stands mostly bare. Bunk bed, desks, dressers, white
walls.

Jake opens the door and enters. He looks around and drops his
suitcase and back pack where he stands.

He leans against the door-frame, overcome with emotion.
Triumph, fear, excitement. He's survived. He's made it.

FADE OUT