

Everything I Have Is Yours

by  
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INT. PARIS BISTRO CIRCA 1922 - NIGHT

French 1920s jazz UP. A smoky bistro materializes. Chic young people are drinking and chatting. A droll, sexy French voice calls out above the chatter.

VOICE #1  
Where ees Haylee?

VOICE #2  
Elle est ici! Haylee! Come here!

ACCENT GIRL  
I cannot wait to see what Haylee's wearing tonight!

Suddenly a HANDSOME YOUNG 1920s MAN indicates the doorway.

HANDSOME YOUNG 1920S MAN  
Haylee's here!

Young men scramble to their feet.

FRENCH YOUTH  
Haylee, ma chere! Kees me!

From the back we see a flapper enter, wearing a wild dress.

AMERICAN VOICE  
Haylee, Won't you come to my party?

VOICES  
Haylee....Haylee... Over here...  
Haylee...

AMERICAN GIRL'S VOICE  
Hay-leeeee!

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

Early 1960s. A brick school. A banner flaps: Ponderous cars lumber up to drop kids off; dads are dressed like Mad Men.

HAYLEE BEALE, 13, walks alone, completely absorbed in reading *The Sun Also Rises* by Hemingway

Haylee's best friend, BRYNN SHOCKLEY, conventionally cute and shallow, catches up with her.

BRYNN

Haylee! Are you *deaf*? I've been yelling at you for *hours*. Lemme see your schedule.

The girls compare schedules as kids jostle past.

HAYLEE

We're not in any of the same classes! We probably won't ever get to see each other.

BRYNN

We'll see each other tons. At lunch and after school and weekends. Don't you want to meet new people?

Haylee looks doubtful as they start walking.

BRYNN

Look Haylee, there are kids from four different schools here. That means three schools full of kids who don't know that we've been total losers and dorks all our lives. We can start over. We can be somebody. Even get into a popular crowd.

HAYLEE

(trying)  
I *know*...

Brynn stops and faces her.

BRYNN

No you don't know. You're off in your dream world as usual. But what about me?

Haylee watches her, confused.

BRYNN

I've been waiting for a chance all my life to be popular. Can't you just *try*?

HAYLEE

Sure, I'll try.

They resume walking.

BRYNN

'Cause sometimes I wonder if you even want to be popular. And be in a good crowd. I mean, do you care?

HAYLEE

I do. Really!

BRYNN

Then we can do it! We can make it!

Brynn runs off.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Young female teachers in Jackie Kennedy hairdos, nasty old crones with predatory glares, crew-cut bully-teachers, oblivious old fart teachers, creepy sex teachers. Students are an assortment of jocks, dorks, hoods, and grinds.

Haylee walks tentatively down the teeming hallway, checks her card and peers into her homeroom.

INT. HAYLEE'S HOMEROOM - DAY

Students sprawl and squirm in graffiti-scarred desks. Boys shoot rubber bands at each other, girls primp and chat. Some stare numbly about like refugees. A few check Haylee out.

Nervously entering, Haylee lapses back into her fantasy:

[BEGIN HAYLEE'S FANTASY]

INT. PARIS BISTRO CIRCA 1922 - NIGHT

Flappers dance, artists sketch and drink absinthe, etc. Haylee, in feather-and sequined-headband, strolls through the bistro, laughing with admirers. Ardent young men vie for her attention.

ARDENT YOUNG MAN

I say, Haylee, Scott and Zelda are throwing a party tonight.

FANTASY-HAYLEE

Oh Scott is so tiresome when he drinks...let's go to Maxim's instead...

[END Haylee'S FANTASY]

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A few kids notice that Haylee doesn't seem "all there" as she sinks into a seat. A snarky troublemaker, STEVE OSBY, nudges his sidekick, BILLY LEFEBRE.

STEVE OSBY  
(to Billy)  
Hey, check out the freak.

Haylee jumps but quickly realizes that they are pointing to another girl. Several seats away. "The freak" is KAREN ARP, ungainly and special needs. Karen's coarse hair hangs in uneven rags; front teeth protrude in an overbite. She wears a wrinkled blouse and pleated skirt.

BILLY  
Jeez, it ain't human!

STEVE OSBY  
Planet X.

BILLY  
I didn't know they let freaks go to school here!

Karen overhears. Her eyes meet Haylee's. Haylee glances away, troubled. The teacher, MR. BUCHELMAN, steps to the front of the room. He is an old thirty-five, clueless, with a pot belly, sparse crew-cut, and thick, black-rimmed glasses.

MR. BUCHELMAN  
Kids! Welcome to Millard Fillmore High! This experience and the people you meet will become a part of you for the rest of your lives.

A few kids look dismayed. Billy makes a circle of his thumb and forefinger and flaps his other fingers.

BILLY  
Flying asshole.

The boys snarkily laugh. Haylee glances over; Steve sees her.

STEVE OSBY  
(to Haylee)  
What're you lookin' at, Olive Oyl?

Haylee quickly looks away.

MR. BUCHELMAN  
Now does everyone know where to go when the bell rings?

Karen raises her hand. Mr. Buchelman squints at her.

MR. BUCHELMAN  
What's your name?

KAREN  
Karen. Arp.

Steve and Billy seize on her name and "arp" like two Brylcreemed sea lions. Mr. Buchelman consults a list.

MR. BUCHELMAN  
Karen, you have first period  
English in 104.

The girl beside Haylee winces.

GIRL  
(sotto voce to Haylee)  
Did he have to say 'period' in  
front of all these boys?

STEVE OSBY  
(loud)  
Oh no, I've got a class with the  
freak.

Karen looks at him. The bell rings.

MR. BUCHELMAN  
And we haaaaave.... lift-off! Good  
luck to you!

QUICK SHOT OF A 1960S ROCKET SOARING ALOFT ON A GUSH OF  
FLAME, ONLY TO CRUMPLE TO EARTH LIKE A FIZZLED FIRECRACKER.

EXT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Haylee rises uncertainly from her seat. The students move  
down the hall, chattering.

HALLWAY

Older students slouch against the walls, surveying the kids  
with amused disdain.

OLDER KID #1  
Look at the fresh meat.

OLDER KID #2  
Hey, yer all gonna flunk.

INT. SOCIAL STUDIES CLASSROOM - DAY

The students confront the teacher, MR. DEVLIN, who has the  
mad, obsessed look of the True Believer.

Haylee, in the front row, faces him square on. Mr. Devlin's eyes land on student after student like wasps. He paces, pounding his fist into his palm as he takes off on his favorite topic: Communism.

MR. DEVLIN

...and even as we sit here,  
 communist revolts are blazing out  
 all over Asia. Think about it:  
 Millions of people, brainwashed  
 into robots, living for one thing  
 only: To destroy the United States.  
 To bring us down and turn us all  
 into mindless slaves!

He stabs his forefinger at the pull-down map.

MR. DEVLIN

(to Steve Osby)  
 You! Ever heard of Vietnam?

STEVE OSBY

Uh, Nope.

Mr. Devlin smiles grimly.

MR. DEVLIN

Well, that's where America has to  
 make her stand. Or communism will  
 cross the ocean and devour us all!

As if to punctuate it, Haylee's stomach growls loudly.

MR. DEVLIN

(humorously)  
 It sounds like somebody's ready to  
 devour some lunch!

The class titters. Haylee turns crimson with embarrassment. The lunch bell rings, triggering a stampede, kids smashing against each other.

INT. LUNCHROOM - DAY

Haylee walks into the teeming lunchroom and finds Brynn, who is scanning the tables like a general preparing for battle.

BRYNN

Haylee, this is it. If we don't sit  
 at a decent lunch table, we're  
 dead.

They watch a strikingly pretty girl talking with a jock.

BRYNN

(in awe)

That's Pam Grierson and Mark Cavalier. He's captain of the football team. And she's a cheerleader. They're the most popular couple in the whole school.

Pam and Mark notice the two girls staring, mildly annoyed.

Karen lurches past with her loaded tray looking for a place to sit. Several tables wave her away. Her eyes meet Haylee's, who looks away guiltily.

LATER

Haylee and Brynn pay the cashier and carry their loaded trays down the crowded aisles.

They watch a crowd of nauseatingly popular girls push two tables together to accommodate all their friends. Boys join them, slinging letter jackets across chairs.

Brynn and Haylee gawk like slaves at a royal coronation.

BRYNN

Here's one. It's pretty close to the good tables.

Brynn and Haylee put their trays down at the nearby table. No sooner do they sit down, than SPED UP in rapid succession, the clutziest kids join them: Karen seats herself, a nerd with pocket protectors. Twins with cerebral palsy. Fat kids. Brynn stares in horror.

BRYNN

(sotto voce to Haylee)

I don't believe this. We're ruined!

Karen waves shyly to Haylee, who waves back grudgingly and looks around to see if anybody noticed.

Brynn shoves her tray away in pique.

BRYNN

Just being seen with these kids is enough to destroy us.

One of the twins with cerebral palsy, DON, leans over to introduce himself.

DON

Hi, I'm Don. This is my brother Dave.



Brynn looks from one twin to the other.

BRYNN

Hi.

HAYLEE

Hi Don. Hi Dave.

DON

So...what classes are you taking?

BRYNN

(sotto voce to Haylee)  
Just ignore them, maybe they'll go  
away.

(to Don)

...Uh...I'm not feeling well.

DON

Probably just nerves. You'll get  
over it.

Haylee frowns at Brynn.

HAYLEE

(sotto voce)  
They can't help it.

BRYNN

(sotto voce)  
Well we can't help them.

She plays disconsolately with her food.

BRYNN

What are the boys like in your  
classes?

HAYLEE

They're appalling.

Brynn throws down her fork: this is the last straw.

BRYNN

Haylee, will you speak English? How  
do you expect to be popular if you  
keep using words that nobody even  
knows what they mean?

HAYLEE

Sorry.

They look over at the popular table, where the kids are  
trying out new dance steps.

## INT. BEALE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A nondescript middle class living room of the early 1960s. Dad, ED BEALE, is reading a book entitled "That's a Communist for You!" On TV, a young Walter Cronkheit. Mom, MONA, well meaning and well-padded, cooks in the kitchen.

MONA

Dinner's ready! C'mon everybody.  
Lester, Bradley -- wash up!

Haylee's older brother, LESTER, 17, a jock and budding frat-rat is hanging out with his friend, BRADLEY WILLIS, a quirky intellectual. Haylee glances at Bradley, hopelessly in love.

Ed puts a bookmark neatly in his book.

## INT. BEALE KITCHEN - EVENING

The family eats in a section of the kitchen at a large formica table. Mona takes a scary-looking casserole out of the oven with lots of Cheez-Whiz, and begins spooning food onto plates.

MONA

Bradley, sit next to Haylee.

Bradley shuffles into a chair, all arms and legs.

MONA

(to Ed)  
Ed, you'll never guess who called me this afternoon.

BRADLEY

Who?

HAYLEE

(flirting, provoking)  
She didn't ask you, Bradley.

LESTER

Get off Bradley's ass willya, Haylee?

ED

Can't imagine.

MONA

(to Ed)  
Why Myra Leam! You remember Myra from Red Cross.

Ed looks blank and disinterested. He picks up a newspaper and casually opens it.

MONA

Can you imagine? hearing from Myra after all this time?

ED

Nope.

MONA

You remember her, don't you? A little blonde, kind of shy? We were in Red Cross auxiliary..

Ed shovels food into his mouth indifferently, reading.

ED

Looks like Kennedy's lettin' the Russkies push him around again...

MONA

Wally was a contractor. You insured some of the houses he built.

ED

Ahhh, I can't remember every client off the top of my head.

MONA

They never had kids, Wally and Myra, kind of a shame. They split up, did you know that?

Ed lifts his brows as hearing her from a great distance.

ED

They did, huh?

MONA

Myra's still living here in town, but Wally moved to Hollister. Easier on both of them I guess.

BRADLEY

How come they split up?

HAYLEE

Bradley, what do you care? You don't even know these people.

BRADLEY

I just like staying on top of things.

Lester digs his elbow into Bradley.

LESTER  
He likes staying on top, har har!

Bradley and Lester pummel. Lester indicates Haylee.

LESTER  
She doesn't even know what we're talking about.

HAYLEE  
I do so.

MONA  
(eating)  
Isn't that sad, Ed? About Myra and Wally?

ED  
(shrugs)  
Happens.

MONA  
They never did get along, it was you who told me that....

ED  
He's gonna get us into a shooting war, mark my words.

LESTER  
Aw, President Kennedy knows what he's doin'.

ED  
(to Lester)  
Yeah, like he did in the Bay of Pigs?

LESTER  
Give him time! At least we've got a president who's not a thousand years old.  
(mugs like an old man)  
Hey I'm Ike. I'm having a heart attack! Somebody help me run the country.

MONA  
(to Ed)  
Anyway, Ed, it's been one thing after another for poor Myra.  
(MORE)

MONA (CONT'D)

And now her apartment's been broken  
into and burglarized.

Ed stops turning pages and looks at Mona.

ED

'Zat so?

BRADLEY

They catch the guy who did it?

MONA

No. Poor Myra was at the movies  
seeing West Side Story and when she  
got home, all her jewelry was gone,  
and her silver.

(significantly)

Some other things too.

BRADLEY

What other things?

MONA

Nothing, Bradley. Personal things.

LESTER

(to Bradley)

That means panties.

The boys snark. Haylee rolls her eyes.

MONA

Anyway, Myra's a bundle of nerves.  
She's taking tranquilizers like  
M&Ms and hearing noises. So I've  
invited her to come stay with us  
for a while.

Ed hesitates and lowers his paper.

ED

Aw hell, Mona. What'd you go and do  
that for?

LESTER

Nice swearin', dad.

MONA

She can sleep downstairs, we have  
plenty of room. It was the least I  
could do.

ED

No, Mona, it was the most. And why you? She hasn't picked up the phone in years.

MONA

But I haven't picked up the phone either. She needs a friend, so she turned to me. What's wrong with that?

ED

What's wrong with turning to somebody else? We don't need some neurotic female skulking around.

LESTER

Yeah, we already got one.

He indicates Haylee, who displays "the finger" on her cheek.

MONA

Fine, I'll tell her not to come, then.

ED

Fine.

MONA

But she's already packing. I'll have a hard time explaining...

ED

Oh for God's sake. Mona. Okay. Okay. Do whatever you want.

Ed throws his napkin across his plate and rises. He leans over and tweaks Mona's chin clumsily.

ED

Mrs. sob sister.  
(to the kids)  
Your mom's gotta take in every stray.

BRADLEY

(to Lester)  
I wonder if that burglar crapped on the floor. I hear they always leave a calling card. The real pros, I mean.

HAYLEE  
 (loftily)  
 Bradley, I don't wish you to feel  
 yourself unwelcome in our home....

LESTER  
 Just don't **feel** yourself in our  
 home. Haw haw haw.

The boys elbow each other.

HAYLEE  
 ...but kindly clean up your  
 language.

Bradley covers his head and ducks.

LESTER  
 Get off Bradley's ass, willya? You  
 in love with him or something?

HAYLEE  
 No, I am not in love with your  
 odious friend. I...happen to be in  
 love with Pedro Romero.

BRADLEY  
 Who?

LESTER  
 Who's Pedro Romero?

HAYLEE  
 (to Lester)  
 If you must know, Mr. Illiterate,  
 Pedro Romero was the bullfighter  
 who falls in love with Lady Brett  
 Ashley in *The Sun Also Rises*.

Lester looks confused.

HAYLEE  
 Ernest Hemingway? Ever heard of  
 him?

LESTER  
 Wait a minute. You mean this  
 'Pedro' is in a book?! You're in  
 love with a piece of paper?

HAYLEE  
 I have what's called imagination.

LESTER

You have what's called psychosis.

MONA

Just what attracts you to Pedro,  
Haylee?

HAYLEE

He's so full of passion. And  
courage...

LESTER

And bull.

The boys laugh. Haylee gets up and charges at Lester, who holds his napkin like a matador and dodges her. Haylee flounces out and runs upstairs.

INT. HAYLEE'S TEENAGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The walls are decorated with 1920s European posters, pictures of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald. Haylee sits at her mirror and pulls back her hair. She takes out lipstick.

LATER

INT. BEALE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mona watches TV; Bradley and Lester study math. Haylee appears at the top of the stairs and descends to the living room dressed as a flapper, wearing a cloche hat. Lester stares as Haylee seats herself and opens a schoolbook.

LESTER

I didn't know it was Halloween yet.

Haylee pointedly ignores him, watching Bradley from the corner of her eye. Lester shakes his head.

LESTER

Is that what they're wearin' to  
bullfights these days?  
(to Bradley)  
Major screw loose.

MONA

That's a very... imaginative  
outfit, don't you think, Ed?

Ed looks up and surveys his daughter.

ED

Why not just be satisfied with who  
you are?



HAYLEE

Are you satisfied with who you are?

ED

Of course I am. What kind of a question is that?

MONA

So Haylee's a bit of a romantic, Ed. What's wrong with that?

ED

I give up. Go live in Paris.

HAYLEE

I will. The first chance I get.

ED

And how are you going to support yourself?

HAYLEE

I'm going to write novels.

Bradley suddenly half-rises.

BRADLEY

I got it! At least I think I do.

LESTER

Got what?

BRADLEY

A possible Fibonacci prime.

LESTER

Huh?

BRADLEY

It's a mathematical problem.

He studies the page, forgetting they are there. The family is puzzled, but awed.

LESTER

So... is that gonna get you a date for Saturday night?

Bradley looks up and grins shyly.

BRADLEY

No, but it may get me a math scholarship.

Mona passes around a plate of cookies.

MONA

Well that deserves a cookie.

Bradley takes one and sticks it in his mouth, scribbling furiously, very embarrassed.

Haylee watches Bradley with fascination.

LATER

INT. BEALE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Haylee is helping her mother put away dishes.

MONA

He's a genius. Lester says they wanted to put him in a special school.

HAYLEE

Really?

MONA

He learned to read at age 2. Nobody ever taught him. His father was a genius too. He worked in some spooky CIA program. Very weird people, his parents, that's why he spends so much time over here. They don't live together, that's all I know.

HAYLEE

(laughs)

Maybe he's an advanced life form from another planet.

MONA

I just wonder sometimes what he sees in Lester...

HAYLEE

The affinity of opposite charges.

MONA

Of what?!

HAYLEE

You know, like the poles of magnets attract, negative to positive...

MONA

You kids are all over my head. I'll stick to the cooking and sewing. Is that so bad?

INT. SEWING CLASSROOM - DAY

The teacher, MRS. GRADY, stands before the class, a living needle of a woman who has shrunk and sharpened with age.

MRS. GRADY

Now everyone find a table with your friends.

Haylee looks around. The other girls are already grouping together, and she is left out. As she lingers near an empty table, Karen approaches.

KAREN

Hi!

HAYLEE

Oh...hi.

KAREN

Wanna sit together?

Haylee hesitates and looks around while Karen waits. But no other girl is asking to sit with her.

HAYLEE

Sure. Who cares?

Karen is ecstatic.

KAREN

Oh goody! We can help each other.

HAYLEE

I'm really bad at sewing, so I won't be much help.

KAREN

That's okay, I'm bad at everything!

Karen laughs. She does not seem to notice when Haylee sits sullenly, watching the more popular kids. Sewing machines are passed out, books etc.

LATER

Mrs. Grady steps to the front of the class holding a white bra in her talons.

MRS. GRADY

Girls, since you are all becoming young ladies, we are going to learn how to get dressed --- from the inside out. That means learning the proper way to put on a brassiere.

The class giggles.

MRS. GRADY

What's so funny? There's a right way and a wrong way to do everything.

In her matronly suit, Mrs. Grady drapes the bra across her skinny arms and leans forward, fixing her audience with a vulturous stare.

MRS. GRADY

Now you lean forward and let your bust faaaaaaalllllll into the cup.

Watching, Haylee FLASHES ON a body falling from a skyscraper.

Mrs. Grady stands before the class with the bra over her clothes. Several of the girls are having a hard time not laughing. A popular girl, Laurie, catches Haylee's eye and giggles. Haylee giggles too, flattered. Mrs. Grady sees Haylee.

MRS. GRADY

(leaning over bra)

Do you think this is funny, Haylee?

HAYLEE

N... no.

MRS. GRADY

Because I can see that you are in need of some fashion skills. You should be paying particular attention.

Haylee blushes. The other girls stare. Karen whispers to her. As Mrs. Grady talks, Haylee subsides, embarrassed and hurt.

KAREN

(whispers)

Don't worry, you don't even need a bra yet!

This completes Haylee's humiliation.

HAYLEE

That's not true. I really need a bra. In fact, I'm.. buying one tonight.

She pretends to read. Karen watches her.

KAREN

You... wanna go together? I wanna get one too.

HAYLEE

I'm... already going with somebody else.

Leaving class, the other girls pointedly ignore Haylee. As Karen runs to catch up with her, she hurries away.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Haylee walks to class, immersed again in her fantasy. The school hallway morphs into a PARIS STREET of the 1920s (stock footage).

[BEGIN Haylee'S FANTASY]

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

Fashionably dressed, Haylee saunters past the tables full of sophisticated Parisians. She calls out greetings to young artists sitting at a sidewalk cafe. One of them calls her over to sketch her. She motions to herself: "Moi?" The artist nods.

[END Haylee'S FANTASY]

Haylee is so wrapped up in her fantasy that other kids notice and circle their ears with their fingers. She walks past Brynn, talking with some other girls.

GIRL #1

Hey, Brynn, there's your best friend.

Brynn looks at Haylee strolling in her own private Paris.

BRYNN

Like I'm *sure* she's my best friend -  
-- NOT. I just know her from grammar school. Andhanging around, you know. I have lots of friends.

GIRL #2  
That's what I like about junior  
high. You're not always stuck  
with the same people.

BRYMM  
Exactly.

As Haylee passes, Brynn turns so Haylee cannot see her.

GIRL #1  
(snide)  
Aren't you going to say hi?

BRYNN  
I don't have to say hi to every  
single person I ever knew every  
time I see them.

Watching Haylee walk away, Brynn looks guilty.

EXT. BEALE HOME - NIGHT

In front of the house, a nondescript but well-maintained car pulls up. At the wheel is Myra LEAM, blonde, vulnerable-looking and nervous. She gnaws a knuckle, looking at the Beale home. She makes an impatient gesture and turns off the car. Her hands on the steering wheel are tense. She gets out and opens the trunk.

INT. BEALE KITCHEN - NIGHT

After dinner. Haylee sits at the table doing homework. The doorbell chimes.

MONA  
(from the bathroom)  
That must be Myra.  
(loudly)  
Ed, will you get the door? I'm  
putting up my hair.

To Haylee's surprise, Ed father walks through the kitchen heading in the opposite direction.

ED  
Haylee, get the door.

Haylee shrugs and rises.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Haylee opens the door. On the other side stands Myra with a suitcase in one hand and a bouquet in the other.

HAYLEE

Uh... hi.

MONA

(from the bathroom)

Coming, dear!

Myra steps inside and looks at Haylee, her features softening. Mona, hair half in pincurls, runs into the room.

MONA

Myra!!

Mona hugs Myra and grabs her suitcase. Myra looks around; her eyes meet Haylee's and flutter away. Haylee takes the suitcase from her mother.

HAYLEE

Here mom, I'll take it.

Myra catches sight of Lester sprawled oafishly in front of the television.

MYRA

(to Mona)

And that's Lester. So grown up.

A tear trickles down her cheek. Mona hugs her again.

MONA

Well... that's what children do.  
They grow up --- and we grow old!

She chuckles.

MONA

Ed! Ed where are you? And where are  
your manners? We have company.

Ed re-enters and nods at Myra. He and Lester are uncomfortable with the tears. Lester catches Ed's eye and pulls a simpering, silly face while Mona fusses and offers Myra a tissue. Haylee studies Myra's fashionable clothes and lithe figure with admiration.

MONA

I promise you, things are going to  
start getting better right now.

Myra smiles weakly.

MONA

Lester, take Myra's suitcase downstairs.

Lester jumps guiltily.

LESTER

D..downstairs?

MONA

Of course downstairs. Myra'll ne staying in the guest bedroom. I got it all ready this afternoon.

Lester takes the suitcase and heads for the stairs with speed, bumping the suitcase against the wall.

MONA

Lester, be careful! What's the hurry?

(to Myra)

Come, sit down. Haylee, make Myra some tea.

HAYLEE

Okay.

Haylee gets up, goes into the KITCHEN. and fumbles with teabags. Myra sinks onto the couch and takes off her coat, revealing a fashionable sweater and skirt.

MONA

Ed! Myra's here! Come say hello.

(to Myra)

Men are such barbarians.

Ed is hovering uncertainly.

MONA

Oh Ed, put some shoes on, for heaven's sake!

MYRA

Mona please, I didn't come here to make anybody uncomfortable.

ED

Uh, how have you been, Myra?

Myra smiles weakly.



MYRA

As you see...not well, Ed. Not well at all.

MONA

Well you're among friends now. We've got a cozy bedroom all set up for you, a home away from home.

Myra looks down as Mona pats her hand. Haylee comes in with a tray of tea things. Mona reaches for it.

HAYLEE

I can pour, Mom.

Mona smiles as Haylee pours the tea.

MYRA

(watching Haylee)

Poised on the brink of womanhood. Do you like to read, Haylee? You look like a reader.

Haylee nods so vigorously she nearly spills the tea.

HAYLEE

Oh I am. I love to read!

MYRA

What's your favorite book?

HAYLEE

The Sun Also Rises... but I like the Catcher in the Rye too. And Forever Amber and...

MYRA

The Sun Also Rises... I remember how I used to worship Lady Brett. I wanted to be just like her.

HAYLEE

Me too!

MYRA

I think it was her power over men that I envied. She was able to behave so outrageously, and yet every man she met fell madly in love with her.

HAYLEE

I Know! That's just how I feel!

Mona looks at Myra gratefully.

MONA

Well you two are going to have to have a long talk... of course Haylee is very impressionable child... a little too much so, we sometimes think.

HAYLEE

Mom, I am not!

MYRA

I understand. I didn't mean to... imply that... I admire Brett's immorality. Certainly not.

HAYLEE

I do!

Mona shakes her head.

MONA

That's enough, Breneda.

Across the room, Ed watches the women as if they came from Mars.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Lester's feet protrude from under the bed. He is frantically hauling out his collection of hokey, tattered pornography. He stuffs magazines under his shirt as Myra, Mona, and Haylee begin descending the stairs, chattering away.

MONA

It's not fancy but it's private and most of all safe. It's even got its own bathroom. Ed put one in a year ago. He naps down here sometimes when the kids get too noisy.

Myra looks around. As Lester rises passes, a porn magazine falls out from under his shirt, unnoticed by the others. He starts with horror but Myra grabs it quickly and folds it neatly in half. She turns away from Mona and passes it smoothly behind her back to Lester.

MONA

(gesturing)

See? Here's a closet.

She opens the closet and pushes aside uniforms.

MONA

These are Ed's old Army Air Corps uniforms, he hangs onto them year after year. Just push them out of the way. And here's an old TV. It's ugly, but it works.

MYRA

Oh thank you, you're so good.

She puts her hand to her head and tears well up again.

MYRA

I feel so... terrible for all this.

MONA

Now don't you blame yourself. I know how things can all pile on and suddenly you don't feel like you can even lift a handkerchief.

MYRA

I.. I've suffered, you don't know how much.

MONA

You can tell me anything. We'll talk.

Myra sobs anew. Lester looks at Haylee and rolls his eyes. She looks away.

MONA

Now you just rest a while and get settled. When you feel ready for a little company, come on back upstairs.

MYRA

Maybe I'll just go to sleep. It's been...

MONA

Of course. Whatever you want, dear.

Mona herds the kids out. Haylee turns on her way up the stairs and her eyes meet Myra's. A very slight mutual smile.

LATER

INT. MYRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Myra turns at Haylee's descent. Haylee is holding a blanket.

HAYLEE

Mom said to bring you an extra blanket. It gets chilly down here.

MYRA

Thank you.

Haylee sets the blanket on the bed. She lingers.

MYRA

You're a very bright girl, Haylee. I hope you have a crowd of friends who appreciate you.

HAYLEE

Oh no, Even the friends I used to have... they don't like me anymore.

MYRA

Whyever would you say that?

HAYLEE

I'm not popular.  
(as Myra protests)  
In fact, I'm UNpopular.

As Myra shakes her head in disbelief.

HAYLEE

...And it's kind of catching. like measles or something. If somebody is around you too much they can get unpopular too.

Myra sakes her head with a smile.

MYRA

I think you know that's not true.

HAYLEE

Did you ever... feel like people didn't like you? Like you were unpopular?

Myra throws her head back and laughs.

MYRA

I'm sorry. I'm not laughing at you. I feel unpopular all the time... except when I am in love...and being loved. It's what we women are made for. If we don't have love... we sort of wither and die.

A wave of pain crosses Myra's face, which Haylee, looking away shyly, doesn't notice.

HAYLEE

So maybe I won't always be unpopular?

MYRA

You have a wonderful life ahead. Things will change a great deal.

HAYLEE

Like, by ninth grade, do you think?

MYRA

(smiles)  
I'm sure.

Haylee thinks.

HAYLEE

Have you ever been to Paris?

MYRA

I attended the Sorbonne for a semester; studying French literature.

HAYLEE

That sounds like heaven!

MYRA

I even fell in love ...with a boy. He was Yugoslav, and he spoke no English at all. My French was really quite inadequate... but it was enough... to say all we had to... it's the language of love, you know. Je t'aime... oh...je t'aime m'amour...

Myra's eyes mist over. Haylee watches, fascinated.

MYRA

We had a little fifth floor garrett in the Rive Gauche with a tiny window that looked out on Notre Dame. I would wake up in the mornings and look out and see the church...the whole city, bathed in light. Paris is the City of Light, you know. And Paul too.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

I would think, how could I ever be any happier? To be happy and.. and know it. That's everything.

HAYLEE

Then why did you come home?

Myra's face darkens.

MYRA

The War came...I would have stayed, but Paul went back to Yugoslavia to fight in the resistance. I had no money, and my parents were frantic.

HAYLEE

What happened to him?

MYRA

I don't know. I wrote, but I never heard from him again. He must have been killed.

HAYLEE

Or he would have written back.

MYRA

I know he would have. So... I got married.... to Wally..

Myra seems a million miles away. She signs and turns to Haylee.

MYRA

But what Paris gives you --- you have for the rest of your life. Nobody can take it away.

Haylee nods eagerly.

INT. BEALE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Haylee comes upstairs, thoughtful.

LESTER

What were you guys talking about for so long?

HAYLEE

Paris.

ED

Paris!?

LESTER  
Does she have an imaginary lover  
too? Oooh la la...

HAYLEE  
Shut up, Lester.

MONA  
Kids, enough!

ED  
I'm trying to read here.

MONA  
And Myra needs to rest.

LESTER  
From what?

MONA  
She's been traumatized. Her house  
was broken into by a strange man.  
Her personal belongings were  
defiled.

LESTER  
Bet she'll stay down there all  
night.

MONA  
It's starting to look that way. You  
know, seeing her makes me realize  
how much I have; how very rich I  
am.

Haylee looks at her, plainly disagreeing.

INT. HAYLEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Haylee puts on a record of old French music. She lies back on  
the bed, then rises and begins to dance with herself.

[BEGIN Haylee'S FANTASY]

The bedroom morphs into a Parisian dance hall. Haylee as a  
1920s flapper and Bradley, hair slicked back, takes her hand  
and leads her onto the tiny dance floor. His eyes burn into  
hers with smoky passion. The atmosphere is rich and golden  
from the candles; the audience chats; some sketch. Bradley  
brushes her lips with his...

[END Haylee's FANTASY]

Haylee in her bedroom pretends her two fingers are Bradley's lips.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Scratchy phonograph record UP. The music of a polka begins. After a few seconds, a hand removes the needle. PULL BACK to show the hand belonging to MRS. LOFTUS, the girls' leathery gym teacher. Beside her is the boys' coach, MR. ENDEGAARD, a muscular little knob of a man with a bald head and twinkling eyes. Mr. Loftus relishes embarrassing self-conscious teens. The boys and girls mill around and stand in unwilling clumps.

MRS. LOFTUS

That's the tune I was looking for  
(louder, to the class)  
Class, can I have some attention  
here? We're starting our ballroom  
dancing segment with the polka.  
Later we'll learn the waltz and the  
cha-cha.

There are a few groans from the students.

MRS. LOFTUS

Come on, everybody, let's loosen  
up!

She and Mr. Endegaard shake and loosen their arms and legs. The kids follow suit. Brynn is pained.

BRYNN

I don't believe this. They could at  
least teach us the Bop or something  
useful.

MR. ENDEGAARD

Okay, everybody, form two lines,  
boys here. Girls over there.

The kids move unwillingly into lines.

MR. ENDEGAARD

Now we're going to march forward  
and pair off.

Haylee watches the boys counting down the lines to see which girls they will get. The slick, popular kids all scurry around cutting in to change places and make sure they get a pretty girl. Karen moves forward in confusion and finds herself without a partner as the boys keep pushing each other in front of her.



Several boys compete for Brynn, to Haylee's dismay. She and Karen are without partners. Mr. Endegaard beckons Haylee.

MR. ENDEGAARD  
Haylee here will be my partner.

He laughs at his own joke.

MR. ENDEGAARD  
Some of the girls get a jump on you boys at this age, but they'll catch up in time.

Haylee wilts with embarrassment.

MRS. LOFTUS  
(to Haylee)  
Come on, Haylee.

Haylee walks up to Mr. Endegaard. She is indeed taller than he is. He pretends to peer up at her, and shades his eyes.

MR. ENDEGAARD  
How's the air up there, Haylee?

The kids laugh.

MR. ENDEGAARD  
Now the polka is basically very simple. It's heel, toe --- and away you go. First you give a little hop. Come on, Haylee, give a hop.

Haylee hops dispiritedly.

MR. ENDEGAARD  
Atta girl.  
(to Mrs. Loftus)  
Okay Bea, let 'er rip.

Mrs. Loftus starts the music. A rousing, scratchy version of *Roll Out the Barrel*. After a few tentative missteps amid widespread snickering. Haylee and Mr. Endegaard achieve a mutual rhythm. Mr. Endegaard executes a few modest dips and flourishes, which Haylee follows.

Haylee's POV, the gymnasium whirls into a blur of faces.

They begin to gather speed and - ominously - centrifugal momentum, pushing the edge of the envelope. They lift their legs higher, he skips her once aloft. The blur of faces turns to follow their progress around the floor. Mr. Endegaard's hairy arms grip Haylee's waist tightly.

Suddenly, they lose synchronicity, their legs entwine. Like an egg beater that has hit a walnut chip, they go down, rolling across the floor, first he on top, then she, then he again. The class is hysterical with laughter.

CLOSE ON Karen's face. She is trying not to laugh but finally gives in and laughs too. Steve Osby notices her laughing.

STEVE OSBY

What's so funny? You get a look in the mirror?

The smile fades from Karen's face.

STEVE OSBY

(to Billy)

You know why Karen's not dancing?  
'Cause toads can only hop.

Karen moves away, looking sick.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Haylee lets herself in the front door. She has a bruise on her knee from her roll across the floor with Mr. Endegaard.

The house is empty.

HAYLEE

Mom?

INT. BEALE KITCHEN - DAY

Haylee walks into the kitchen. On the refrigerator is a note:

"At Red Cross. Help yourself to a snack or put in a TV Dinner."

Haylee opens the refrigerator and takes out a truly awful-looking 1960s Swanson's TV dinners She replaces it and finds a plate of cookies. She takes a couple, pours a glass of milk, and returns to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Haylee puts her books on the couch and turns on the TV.

AMERICAN BANDSTAND plays. Haylee watches the kids, then rises and tries a dance they are doing.

Suddenly she hears VOICES --- a man and woman are arguing. Haylee realizes the voices are coming from the grate on the floor above the basement. She approaches slowly her head cocked as a realization dawns: it is her father and Myra.

Haylee stands above the grate for a moment, then slowly gets down on her knees and after a moment's hesitation, presses her ear to it.

From Haylee's POV the nap of the carpet is close and huge It seems almost to tremble with the shouting.

As Haylee listens, her expression evolves from mildly puzzled to dawning realization to disbelief, shock, dismay, horror. Feelings she has never experienced before go off in her like artillery.

ED

All right, Myra. We've been all through this before, haven't we? We don't need to rehash it now. What I want to know is how long you're going to keep this up.

MYRA

That's what I've been asking you for the last year, Ed. A year! And more than that.

ED

Oh no you don't. I want a rational answer to a reasonable question.

(shouts)

Just what in the hell do you mean by moving in on me...camping here on some thin pretext...

MYRA

Oh you're very rational. Very reasonable aren't you?

ED

On some thin pretext...

MYRA

Is that what you thnk this is? Oh you're good with words, Ed. So good at twisting the truth...

ED

You're dodging my question, Myra.

MYRA

No no no no. It's you dodging mine!

BEAT

MYRA

Oh Ed, don't you see? I couldn't help myself. I had to be near you, even like this. I couldn't stand it any more. I've been so alone, so miserable.

ED

And this is your solution to being alone and miserable? To \make me as miserable as you are? To make my family a victim of your...

MYRA

If your family is anybody's victim, it's yours. You're a breaker, Ed. Promises. Hearts. Is there anyone in this world that you have not let down?

ED

How can you distort things that way?

MYRA

Distort? Oh no, it's very straightforward Ed: I trusted you and you broke your promise. You said you would tell her. A hundred times. And every time, I believed you. Now I'm here to show you what it means to keep your word.

ED

You blackmail me like this and you'll end up with nothing.

MYRA

(sobs)  
And what do I have now?

ED

Oh Jesus.

Sounds of pacing around.

ED

How did I get myself into this mess? Myra, this isn't worthy of us.. of our love.

MYRA

I don't care anymore. I lie here at night and think about our clothes in that closet. Our clothes are together, Ed. I put my face in those uniforms, and I can smell you, smell your body, as if you were here with me. Darling, you promised if I left Wally you would leave Mona.

ED

Don't you blame your divorce on me. You said your marriage was an empty shell for years...

MYRA

But that's just what you said about yours. Those are your very words, Ed.

ED

I never said I would leave Mona; I said I would try to...

MYRA

Liar! Liar! You swore you would. You know you did.

ED

Mona is very fragile.

MYRA

Fragile as a tank.

ED

Stop it, Myra.

MYRA

So smug and oblivious. She talks about Haylee not living in the real world. When her own life is a lie!

ED

...She and I were so young...and then she got pregnant....

MYRA

With Lester? But he's only....

ED

No no, there was another baby. I told her I'd marry her and then she miscarried, and I didn't have the heart to back out.

MYRA

So you're stuck living a lie for the rest of your life?

ED

Just till Haylee graduates.

MYRA

That's years away, Ed. I won't wait. I'm warning you.

ED

I can't believe you're doing this.

MYRA

Do you think I wanted to? I was losing my mind. My God, after I called the police I actually thought about just driving my car over a cliff. I thought, if they find out they'll put me in the nuthouse...

ED

Wait a minute. Find out what?

MYRA

That I did it myself. What's the matter? I thought you'd have guessed.

ED

Did what yourself?

MYRA

Everything.

ED

It was you? You burglarized your own house? You stole your own panties and bras?

Myra giggles like a little girl.

MYRA

(little girl giggle)  
Yes...

ED

You wrote those dirty words on the  
There wasn't any man?

MYRA

Oh don't look at me like that. I  
told you I couldn't go on.

ED

This is insane, Myra.  
(scuffle)  
Get up. Stop that. Stop acting like  
a nut.

Myra cries while Ed mutters sibilant curses. Then he begins to murmur words of comfort. The crying becomes muffled.

ED

Take your hair down. Shake it down.

Another scuffle and the sound of tearing cloth. Sounds of kissing and another deep sob, this time from Ed.

ED

Oh God, I love you so much. How you  
enslave me.

MYRA

Oh Ed, Ed, everything I have is  
yours.

Ed and Myra begin making love. Haylee rebounds from the grate as if it has become red-hot. She stumbles backwards and sprawls, knocking a lamp to the floor, but the couple below don't even notice. Haylee stumbles to her feet, replaces the lamp and runs to the front door. She opens it and the setting sun nearly blinds her.

HAYLEE

(to herself)

It's no big deal, it happens all  
the time. People in Paris do it  
every day. Nobody gives it a second  
thought.

Shaking, Haylee lets herself out the door, quietly shuts it.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Still in shock, Haylee is wracked with dry sobs. Heading down the street, she passes Myra's car and pauses to assess it.

HAYLEE  
 (whispers aloud)  
 That's her car

Haylee's eye falls on a rock. She picks it up and looks around. Then she puts it down again. She kicks the car with her tennis shoe, doing no damage.

Haylee returns to her house outside the frontyard. She sits glumly on the curb, her feet in the gutter, thinking.

LATER

Her father exits the house, without noticing her, gets into his car and drives away.

LATER

In speeded up sequence, Mona comes home, Ed "arrives" again, Lester and Bradley come home. Bradley is the only one who notices Haylee sitting on the curb. He waves quizzically and Lester sees her.

LESTER  
 What are you doing there? Did you get locked out? Mom and dad are inside. Duh.

HAYLEE  
 I'm not locked out.

LESTER  
 So what are you doing sitting in the gutter? Or is that something people do in Paris? Haw haw.

Haylee doesn't react. Bradley watches her curiously, as if realizing that something is going on. The boys enter the house. Haylee rises and troops glumly in behind them.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Haylee enters, throws her books onto the couch. Bradley is nearby. They both hear sobbing coming through the grate. Bradley gestures with his head and Haylee shrugs.

BRADLEY  
 What's that about?

HAYLEE  
 It's Myra.



They listen together.

BRADLEY

What's her problem now? She's not getting burgled or anything.

Haylee glares at the grate.

BRADLEY

Lester thinks you kind of dig her.

HAYLEE

Lester is wrong a usual.

Bradley starts to say something, thinks better of it. They stand side by side, not knowing quite what to do. Haylee finally walks across to the grate, pounding her feet. The whimpers hush abruptly. She and Bradley sit on the couch.

BRADLEY

That wasn't very nice.

HAYLEE

It's not very nice to huddle down there and make everybody miserable.

Bradley gestures to her book.

BRADLEY

What are you reading?

HAYLEE

*The Sun Also Rises.*

BRADLEY

Aren't you done with it yet?

HAYLEE

Have you ever read it?

BRADLEY

Sure, I read it.

HAYLEE

So... did you like it?

BRADLEY

No.

Haylee looks surprised at his bluntness.

BRADLEY

It's way overrated, anti-semitic,  
pretentious, implausible ...oh, and  
did I mention phony?

Haylee is agog.

HAYLEE

But it's... a masterpiece!  
Everybody knows that.

BRADLEY

Oh, if 'everybody' knows it then it  
must be true.

HAYLEE

Well. lots of people say so anyway.

BRADLEY

Lots of people thought Martians  
were invading once. People have a  
habit of believing what the big  
shots say and not thinking for  
themselves.

HAYLEE

So, what's a good book in your holy  
opinion?

BRADLEY

Try reading The Great Gatsby. Or  
anything by James Joyce, like  
Dubliners. A Portrait of the Artist  
as a Young Man....

Haylee thinks.

BRADLEY

Can I ask you a question about  
Myra?

HAYLEE

(shrugs)  
I don't care.

Bradley jerks his thumb at the grate.

BRADLEY

She's been here two weeks, right?

Haylee nods.

BRADLEY

How do you guys put up with her?  
Don't get mad.

HAYLEE

We put up with you, don't we?

BRADLEY

Seriously. What is she doing here?

Haylee opens her mouth desperate to tell him, but closes it.

HAYLEE

Nothing.

BRADLEY

Exactly. It seems to me...the last place that burglar is likely to hit again is her place. He cleaned her out, supposedly. So it's bogus, her staying here. Why doesn't she just go home? She's going to have to sometime.

Haylee looks at the ground.

BRADLEY

And why does she skulk around down there like some troglodyte instead of...

HAYLEE

Some what?

BRADLEY

Troglodyte. A cave dwelling hermit.

Haylee bursts out laughing.

BRADLEY

I've gotta think about this some more. Got anything to drink?

Haylee gazes at him, hopelessly in love.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Haylee and Brynn walk along the city street, Haylee holding a piano book, is in a world of her own.

BRYNN

What's wrong with you, Haylee?

HAYLEE  
Nothing. Why?

BRYNN  
You're spending even more time on  
Mars than you usually do.  
(significantly)  
People are noticing.

HAYLEE  
Like what people?

BRYNN  
Never mind.

HAYLEE  
'Popular' people?

BRYNN  
I'm just trying to be your friend.

Brynn holds a portable radio to her ear. She stops suddenly.

BRYNN  
Haylee, listen to this. You won't  
believe it.

HAYLEE  
What?

BRYNN  
What she says in the song.  
Listen... here.

Haylee listens to the radio.

BRYNN  
She says, "I love how you finger  
me, without being told to."

Brynn and Haylee collapse laughing.

HAYLEE  
She does not. She says I love how  
you think of me without being told  
to.

BRYNN  
Uh-uh. She mumbles to cover it up.

The girls resume walking.

HAYLEE  
So...have you ever done that?

Brynn looks at her archly. Haylee stares.

HAYLEE  
Tell... or die!

BRYNN  
Well...this guy I met at church  
camp...

HAYLEE  
Yeah?

BRYNN  
We almost did it.

HAYLEE  
How do you almost do it?

BRYNN  
(annoyed)  
Haylee, you're way too nosy.  
Everybody says so.

Haylee droops.

HAYLEE  
How come all these people talk  
about me behind my back but at  
school they don't even know who I  
am?

BRYNN  
Well they probably would if you  
were a little more... cool.

The girls stop in front of a building, The MacPhail MUSIC  
SCHOOL

HAYLEE  
Here's my piano lesson. I didn't  
practice again.

BRYNN  
How come?

HAYLEE  
My new teacher is a man. I'm afraid  
he's going to... get excited.

BRYNN  
Piano lessons are perfect for that.  
How old is he?

HAYLEE

About ninety. That's too old,  
right?

BRYNN

Uh-uh. Men are never too old to be  
creepy. He'll wait till you you're  
concentrating really hard, and  
suddenlyt you'll feel his hand  
going up your skirt.

Haylee is dismayed.

BRYNN

Just watch his pants. If he ever  
gets a boner, run!

HAYLEE

A what?

Brynn rolls her eyes and whispers to Haylee, who lets out a  
little scream.

BRYNN

...and they have to screw the first  
woman they see. Even if they don't  
want to.

HAYLEE

Really?

INT. PIANO ROOM - DAY

Haylee, freaked out, clumsily plays a simple sonata. Her eyes  
keep drifting to her ancient teacher's pants.

PIANO TEACHER

Vat is from the matter vit you? You  
see it says 'Forte'. Zot means  
laut. Boom boom!

Haylee. looks uncomfortable.

PIANO TEACHER

Now try it again!

Haylee plays a little louder. The teacher stands up.

PIANO TEACHER

I don't know what is the matter.  
Iss a simple piece, zo easy, und  
you play like iss burning ze piano  
keys. Go home und practice!

Haylee gathers up her music to leave.

PIANO TEACHER  
Haylee, you used to play gut, vat  
is the matter on you?

HAYLEE  
I... I'm sorry Mr. Goetz.

He turns away, shaking his head.

INT. MACPHAIL LOBBY - DAY

Brynn is waiting as Haylee descends the stairs.

BRYNN  
Well? Did he...

HAYLEE  
No, I survived, just barely. Brynn,  
are you sure? About...?

BRYNN  
Totally! Now you're safe for a  
whole week. Come on. Let's go to  
the Teen Board fashion show. Pam  
Grierson is modeling. The whole  
clique will be there.

HAYLEE  
Do we have to?

BRYNN  
God, Haylee, you act like it's a  
leper colony!

The girls start walking along the street.

HAYLEE  
I'd rather it was.

BRYNN  
You should want to see a fashion  
show. You need lots of help with  
your wardrobe. Besides, Pam and her  
friends notice who shows up to  
cheer them on.

HAYLEE  
I really can't wait to see a bunch  
of popular girls strutting around  
with their heads so swelled up,  
they can't keep them on their  
shoulders.

Haylee pretends to walk holding a huge head up, wobbling off to one side, then the other. Brynn laughs.

BRYNN

I don't care what you say. I want to get in with them. Pam's really nice, once you understand her.

HAYLEE

I'm sure a komodo dragon is nice too, 'once you understand it.'

BRYNN

Oh come on, popular girls are people, same as us.

HAYLEE

They are not. They're monsters with horns and fangs and insatiable appetites for human blood.

BRYNN

Haylee, that's exactly what makes people think you're weird. Do you even care about being popular?

HAYLEE

I never will be, so what does it matter?

BRYNN

Come on, there's always hope. Anybody who's not a total freak can be popular.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE FASHION SHOW - DAY

To a rockbeat, slick, perfectly coiffed teen girls model preppy clothes down the runway. Brynn watches entranced.

BRYNN

Aren't these outfits darling?

Haylee watches as the teen queens parade past their table.

ANNOUNCER

...and Pam is wearing a Bobbie Brooks skirt n' sweater set with a feminine ruffle-front blouse and shoes by Capezio. Nicely done, Pam.

Pam struts to the end of the catwalk, removes the sweater to show off the blouse. Brynn is awestruck.



BRYNN  
I'm going to buy that outfit.

Benda is still hung up...

HAYLEE  
...even if the guy is like just  
waiting in a theater line or  
something?

BRYNN  
What?

HAYLEE  
You know.

BRYNN  
Yes! And one is coming to get you!

She gets in Haylee's face. Haylee flinches.

BRYNN  
You're in love with Bradley, right?  
(as Haylee starts to deny)  
Right?!

HAYLEE  
I guess.

BRYNN  
So... what would you do if Bradley  
got one? And you were alone with  
him?

HAYLEE  
I don't know.

BRYNN  
No fair. You have to say.

HAYLEE  
It hasn't happened, so how can I  
say?

BRYNN  
Say or die.

Haylee thinks, shrugs. Brynn grins triumphantly.

BRYNN  
You would. Say it: I would!

The girls laugh.

HAYLEE

When you're in love, all the rules  
change.

BRYNN

Do you know that from books?

Haylee nods. A popular girl, KRISTI, sashays down the  
catwalk.

BRYNN

Isn't Kristi beautiful? Her hair is  
perfect?

Kristi overhears and smiles at Brynn who smiles back.

BRYNN

Can I stay overnight tonight?

HAYLEE

Sure.

BRYNN

You have a lot to learn.

INT. BEALE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mona answers the bell. At the door stands Brynn with her  
overnight bag. Brynn's mother JOYCE is at her side.

JOYCE

Hi Mona.

MONA

Hi Joyce.

JOYCE

I've got a basement full of cub  
scouts tonight, so thank you so  
much for taking Brynn.

MONA

Oh the more the merrier. Lately  
this house has turned into Grand  
Central Station. It's Bradley's  
second home.... and now I've got  
Myra Leam staying with me after her  
house was burgled. You remember  
Myra?

Joyce looks uncomfortable.

JOYCE

Mona, you don't want to take on...  
too much.

MONA

Actually, I'm enjoying her visit,  
although she mostly huddles  
downstairs by herself. I sometimes  
wonder how she feels... you know,  
she and Wally couldn't have kids..  
and now even he's gone. I feel like  
I've got so much, and poor Myra...

JOYCE

'Poor Myra' oughta go home.

MONA

Now now, Joyce...

JOYCE

Where's Ed?

MONA

Oh, he went out for a beer with the  
guys after work. To be honest...

She leans in confidingly.

MONA

Ever since Myra's been here, Ed's  
been kind of scarce. I think he  
feels a little invaded... but what  
could I do? She needed a friend!

JOYCE

(drily)

Yes, I can see where Ed'd feel  
crowded. Well, I'd better begetting  
back to my scouts.

Joyce hugs her and leaves. Lester and Bradley enter the  
living room and check Brynn out as the girls go upstairs.

Lester wiggles his eyebrows and twirls an invisible mustache.

BRADLEY

Pervert.

Lester punches Bradley on the shoulder.

INT. HAYLEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A corny 1960s sitcom is playing on a portable TV. Brynn lies  
on teh bed in pajamas, watching the show.

Haylee enters with two martini glasses of evil-looking liquid. She hands one to Brynn, who sniffs and wrinkles her nose.

BRYNN  
What is this stuff?

HAYLEE  
It's pretend absinthe. Everybody in Paris drank it in the twenties.

Brynn peers at the glass dubiously.

BRYNN  
What is it really?

HAYLEE  
Listerine and vanilla.

Brynn and Haylee sip the drink, Both gag.

BRYNN  
Get it away! Don't you guys have any real booze?

HAYLEE  
I think we have some wine somewhere.

BRYNN  
Haylee, Would a real flapper drink Listerine and vanilla?

HAYLEE  
I'd get in so mch trouble!

BRYNN  
So? Why are you so scared?

HAYLEE  
I don't know. I'm not.

BRYNN  
You're always talking about how wild you are, and you're really about as wild as a... goldfish.

HAYLEE  
I am too wild.

BRYNN  
In your imagination. You never actually DO anything wild.

HAYLEE

Like what?

BRYNN

Oh God, Haylee. Try turning in your homework late once! The world won't fall apart.

HAYLEE

But why should I turn it in late, if it's done?

Brynn rolls her eyes. Haylee looks at Brynn, thinking.

HAYLEE

Okay, fine! Wait here and I'll get the wine.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is very quiet. Haylee sneaks into the living room to the liquor cabinet. She quietly eases it open. Suddenly she hears murmurs coming from the grate. She moves closer. Her father is downstairs again with Myra

MYRA

...I just don't see why...

ED

And I just don't see why, so that makes two of us. You've gotten us into a situation that neither of us can get out of. Without hurting a lot of innocent people.

MYRA

Well maybe you should have thought of that...

ED

For Christ's sake, Myra, do you think I haven't? Do you think there's anything else in my mind day in and day out? There's no joy in my life, no rest, no... no pleasure.

MYRA

You don't deserve any.

ED

Then finish me off, why don't you. Tell Mona. Rightnow.

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

My life is nothing buy a shell. I'm ready, Myra, just end it.

MYRA

You mean...

ED

But I'll never forgive you, I'll never have anything more to do with you. You want to punish me that badly, punish my family... just leave the earth scorched and take off, go back to your life.

Myra sobs.

MYRA

I could never hurt you like that. Or Mona or the kids. It's not in me.

Ed cries now.

ED

Myra I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I love you. I don't know what to do. I',, a weak, worthless piece of shit and my life is a lie. Everything I do is a lie. Ever since the War... flying those missions and I thought I'd go crazy...

MYRA

I know.

ED

But you don't know. And I knew I didn't love Mona any more but what could I do? I had the balls to fly a plane into battle but not to tell Mona it was over.

Silence.

MYRA

(gently)  
Go back upstairs, Ed. Mona'll miss you.

Haylee scampers to her feet and grabs a bottle of wine from the cabinet as she hears Ed's feet on the stairs. She scurries upstairs.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Haylee runs in with the bottle of wine and shuts the door behind her. She looks at herself in the mirror, flushed and breathing hard, her eyes huge. She thinks and paces back and forth. Then she unscrews the top fo the wine and drinks some, gags. She moistens a washcloth and bathes her face.

INT. HAYLEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Haylee enters with the wine.

HAYLEE

I got it.

BRYNN

Yay! Now we can play we're in Paris or whatever you want to do.

She giggles. Haylee is still rattled. The girls pile furniture against the door and pass the bottle.

HAYLEE

Brynn, can I tell you a secret?

BRYNN

Sure.

HAYLEE

Promise you won't tell anybody or hope to die.

BRYNN

I swear to God.

Haylee looks at Brynn, dying to confide her terrible secret, but lacking the courage.

HAYLEE

Never mind.

BRYNN

Oh skag! How come you said you had a secret? Chicken.

HAYLEE

Forget it. Let's pretend we're living lives of fiendish depravity in Paris. We'll probably die young.

BRYNN  
 (sipping)  
 Well before you die in Paris, show  
 me what you're wearing to the dance  
 Friday.

Haylee opens her closet to show an outfit.

HAYLEE  
 What do you think?!

BRYNN  
 It's cute. Sort of.

HAYLEE  
 It's ugly. You don't have to tell  
 me. I wish I could wear a tight  
 sweater.

She runs her hands down her bony sides.

HAYLEE  
 To show off my curves like the hull  
 of a racing yacht. That's from  
 Hemingway.

Brynn scans her dubiously.

BRYNN  
 What curves?

HAYLEE  
 I'll have some.

BRYNN  
 Not by Friday.

Haylee sighs.

BRYNN  
 (sipping)  
 Anyway, our minister said tight  
 sweaters make girls look  
 provocative. He said God gave boys  
 urges, but it's up to girls to stop  
 them.

HAYLEE  
 Why do we have to?

BRYNN  
 Because boys can't control  
 themselves.

(MORE)



BRYNN (CONT'D)

They'd be chasing girls all the time and they couldn't work or fight in wars. They'd be no good for anything.

Haylee thinks about this.

BRYNN

Look at your LEster. You think he can control his urges?

Haylee shudders.

HAYLEE

Don't even talk about Lester and urges. It's too disgusting.

BRYNN

(sly)

You want to hear what else happened on our church retreat?

HAYLEE

Yes! Tell me!

BRYNN

Ellie Knowles and Scott Johnson snuck out on Holy Cross Beach alone in the dark.

HAYLEE

Oh my God.

BRYNN

And Ellie was giving him hearts. She told me.

HAYLEE

What are hearts?

Brynn looks significantly at Haylee and squeezes the air with her hand. As realization dawns, Haylee covers her mouth.

HAYLEE

(little scream)

I don't believe it!

BRYNN

All the guys want them. You better learn how.

Hesitantly, Haylee squeezes the air.

HAYLEE

Like this?

BRYNN

That's pretty wimpy.

HAYLEE

How about this?

BRYNN

That's better.

They giggle, and practice "hearts," watching TV and sipping wine.

LATER

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Both girls are vomiting into the toilet.

INT. HOMEROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON Karen's frightened face as she tiptoes into the classroom. Mr. Buchelman is preoccupied with his test tubes and ignores the class, which is pandemonious. Karen tries to slink to her seat. But Billy notices her.

BILLY

Hey Karen Arp! You're late! Arp arp  
arp arp arp!

STEVE OSBY

(like a sea lion)  
Arp arp arp arp arp!

The boys descend on Karen, cornering her and not letting her get to her seat. Billy steals her notebook and easily evades her as she chases him. He heaves it across a row of kids to Steve and it falls, spilling papers.

The other students mostly ignore the sadistic bullying. A couple of girls shake their heads with disgust, but nobody helps Karen. Haylee tries to absorb herself in a novel and tune out. Billy takes out Karen's clumsy homework.

BILLY

Hey Karen, you really going to turn  
this in? I can't even read it.

He evades her as she tries to grab it back.

BILLY

(reads)

'The person I admire most is my cat, Kitty.' Her pussy! She admires her pussy!

He roars. The class laughs.

STEVE OSBY

Hey Karen, it's supposed to be a person. This gets an F.

BILLY

Here, Let me grade her paper.

As they struggle, the paper rips. Karen gasps in dismay.

BILLY

Oops. Oh well, half an F is still an F.

He throws the paper down and steps on it while strutting away. Karen stoops to gather it up.

BILLY

(to Haylee)

What are YOU looking at, Olive Oyl?

The class laughs. Haylee glares, but says nothing.

LATER

INT. SEWING CLASS - DAY

Karen is silent, working on her skirt, her eyes reddened. Haylee watches and starts to say something but stops herself. Then she tries again.

HAYLEE

Your skirt's really turning out good, Karen.

Karen brightens a bit for a moment, then subsides again and keeps sewing.

HAYLEE

Really. Everybody says so.

Karen gives Haylee a cynical look. She keeps sewing. A tear trickles and she ignores it.

LATER

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Haylee stops in front of a poster advertising the school dance. She stares at as if confronting grim death.

INT. HAYLEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

[BEGIN FAST FORWARD]

Haylee and Brynn get dressed for the dance together, doing each other's hair, putting on makeup. plucking eyebrows etc. Haylee changes dresses several times.

[END FAST FORWARD]

In a pivotal moment, Brynn surveys herself in the mirror; amazed that she is blossoming into a woman. In the background, Haylee still looks like an immature and awkward little girl. Her dress hangs on her skinny frame.

Brynn, smiling, and Haylee descend the stairs.

INT. BEALE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mona and Myra are drinking coffee.

MONA  
(from downstairs)  
Hurry up, girls, Dad's waiting to  
drive you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lester and Bradley are slouching on chairs as as the girls descend.

BRYNN  
(sweetly to Bradley)  
Don't you think Haylee looks great,  
Bradley?

BRADLEY  
(shrugs)  
Sure.

Giggling, Brynn pulls and pushes Haylee out the door. Myra smiles at them.

MYRA  
You girls look very pretty.

BRYNN

Thank you.

Haylee meets Myra's eyes as they pass her but turns her head away.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Kids stream in. Billy and Steve, in skinny ties with their hair freshly Byrlcreemed, spot Haylee.

BILLY

Hey Haylee, your dress is lame.

HAYLEE

Oh, really? Well what kind of dresses do YOU like to wear, Billy?

Billy does a furious double take at the remark.

BILLY

Hey Haylee's a pirate's dream: a sunken chest!

A few of the boys snicker. Haylee is about to retort.

BRYNN

Haylee... don't.

STEVE OSBY

Hey Haylee, you wanna do the polka? Mr. Endegaard can't stop thinking about you.

A bunch of kids laugh. Brynn sticks out her tongue at them and marches Haylee away. The kids are milling around, drinking punch, very uncomfortable.

HAYLEE

I knew it. I'm ruined.

Music starts.

Kids tentatively start dancing, but most hang around alone on the periphery. Brynn is immediately asked to dance. After an agonizing few moments of standing alone while girls around her are asked, Haylee subsides to a folding chair.

LATER

MUSIC UP a bittersweet slow dance like "Be My Boy."

Before Haylee, couples move through the reverberating twilight in clumsy unison.

Above loom basketball hoops and fluorescent tubes suspended from aluminum girders. Haylee looks around and sees Karen Arp sitting alone on a folding chair. Karen is clumsily dressed up, with a bow in her hair. She spots Haylee and waves from her little island of loneliness. Haylee waves back halfheartedly and turns away.

LATER

Both girls sit isolated in their misery as the dance goes on and on. Kids troop past the wallflowers, chattering away. Brynn stops by, flushed and out of breath. She flops into a chair next to Haylee.

BRYNN  
(oblivious)  
Are you having fun?

HAYLEE  
Loads.

BRYNN  
Who have you danced with?

HAYLEE  
I... dunno. I didn't get their names.

BRYNN  
I danced with Tommy Tollefson four times and Brian McCormick four times and Scott Lang twice. And some other guys I can't even remember. You wanna go get some punch? I'm dying of thirst.

HAYLEE  
No, I'll stay here. I'm okay.

Brynn flounces away. Watching, Haylee goes into a fantasy.

[BEGIN Haylee'S FANTASY]

The room morphs into a 1920s dance.

INT. 1920S DANCE - NIGHT

In a dreamy ambience, flappers do the Charleston. Young men in tuxedos drink from elegant flasks. Girls walk past in 1920s gear laughing. Haylee, in her glittery dress, laughs and dances with handsome young men. They put their faces close to her and murmur, share their flasks with her.

[END Haylee'S FANTASY]

INT. SCHOOL DANCE - NIGHT

Brynn stands next to Haylee, gazing into space.

BRYNN  
Hey Haylee, Planet Earth calling.

Haylee startles and quickly composes herself.

BRYNN  
Your dad's aiting outside. We have  
to go home.

HAYLEE  
Oh. Okay.

Haylee rises stiffly. Looking around. she sees Karen, still sitting in her folding chair. Karen is looking into her hands in her lap, a figure of desolation.

BRYNN  
Did you have fun?

HAYLEE  
Uh... sure.

BRYNN  
Not as much fun as doing the polka  
with Mr. Endegaard. Just kidding!

Brynn laughs, euphoric.

BRYNN  
I think I'm in love. I'll tell you  
when we get in the car.

Haylee smiles weakly.

QUICK SHOT

INT. BEALE'S CAR - NIGHT

Brynn whispers in Haylee's ear, giggling. Ed, driving, is hunched over the wheel. Haylee looks into the rear view mirror and catches Ed's eye. Helooks away.

INT. FAMILY HALLWAY - MORNING

Behind the bathroom door, Lester sings loudly off-key. The door slams open, and Lester emerges, wearing a towel, combing his hair with another towel. He whirls a jockstrap around his head and snaps it at Haylee, who is waiting to enter. Haylee bats at the jockstrap.

HAYLEE

Gross.

Lester wraps the jockstrap around her head.

HAYLEE

Leave me alone, Lester!

Lester yodels the Tarzan call. Haylee enters the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Sullen and depressed, Haylee hangs her bra on the doorknob. As she stares at it, the empty cups morph into the excavation sites for sports stadia.

HAYLEE

(to her breasts)

Grow! Grow!

She looks closely at herself in the mirror. She pulls her eyes back, tries to make her lips fuller.

LATER

INT. BEALE KITCHEN - DAY

Haylee enters. Lester and Ed sit at the table shoveling cereal into their mouths. Lester stops and looks at Haylee.

LESTER

How'd it go last night?

HAYLEE

Fine.

LESTER

Did you dance with anyone? Besides other girls.

HAYLEE

I do not dance with other girls.

LESTER

Did you dance with anyone?

HAYLEE

(shrugs defensively)

Sure.

Lester looks at her sharply/

LESTER

You didn't. You held up the walll.



MONA

Lester! Stop that! What a terrible thing of day.

(to Haylee)

I can't see my language so I can't watch it, canI'?

Haylee explodes.

HAYLEE

Does everybody in the whole world know what a horrible time I had?

LESTER

No, there might be some Eskimos up in the Arctic circle who haven't heard yet.

Haylee glares, hurt.

LESTER

That's what you get when you go around in some dream world. You'd rather be in the 1920s? Fine. But people are just gonna think you're weird.

Haylee uses her spoon to flip a wad of cereal at Lester, who ducks it.

MONA

Lester!

LESTER

I'm only trying to help her.

MONA

(sighs)

Well, for me, reality is all there is, so I have to make the most of it, that's what I say.

Haylee looks at Mona as if she is crazy. The basement door opens and Myra appears, timid and pale. She carries a tray of plates and a teacup or two.

MYRA

I'm so sorry, I didn't bring my dinner things up last night.

Mona takes the tray from Myra.

MONA

That's okay, dear. You're so quiet down there we forget you're even here sometimes!

Haylee starts to say something and stops herself.

MYRA

I try to be as little trouble as possible.

HAYLEE

Oh sure.

Mona gives Myra a look of long-suffering exasperation.

MONA

Haylee, I don't what know what I'm going to do with you.

Lester suddenly looks keenly at Haylee. Ed ruffles his paper.

ED

Hey, Lester... whaddya got this morning?

Ed bunches up his fists, "challenging" Lester, who rises. They make their way out of the kitchen and into the

LIVING ROOM

where they knock over a lamp, feinting and punching the air like prize fighters. Mona comes to the kitchen door.

MONA

(grinning)  
Hey hey! What is this, Madison Square Garden?

Mona watches the men, shaking her head, smiling indulgently with faux exasperation.

MONA

(to Myra)  
Men!

INT. SOCIAL STUDIES CLASSROOM - DAY

As the students file in, Mr. Devlin looks grim. He is talking with another teacher.

MR. DEVLIN

I think this is it, Tom. If the Russians don;t get those missiles out of Cuba, Kennedy's gonna push the button.

TEACHER

Naahhh, they're not that crazy, the Russians. They don't want another war so soon after WW II. They lost 8 million men.

MR. DEVLIN

I'm not saying the Russians are crazy. I'm saying Kennedy's crazy.

TEACHER

Well, maybe crazy is what he has to be. If the Russians don't think Kennedy is crazy enough to push the button and start World War III, then they're going to keep bringing their goddamn missiles to Cuba.

MR. DEVLIN

So either we get missiles in Cuba or we get World War III.

TEACHER

Those are our choices.

The kids file in, including Haylee and Karen, Billy and Steve. The two teachers watch them grimly.

MR. DEVLIN

Jeez, look at them, totally unaware they're probably gonna be little nuclear cinders in a few short hours. And I thought Vietnam was all they had to worry about.

TEACHER

Those poor boys may not even make it to the rice paddies to die. I'm not gonna discuss it in my class.

MR. DEVLIN

Why not? They should know what's facing them?

TEACHER

I think each family should break it to their kids...

MR. DEVLIN

I've got a bunch of kids absent, in the family fallout shelter. How 'bout your family?

TEACHER

I guess we're gonna go up in smoke with the rest of the country.

INT. LUNCHROOM - DAY

Haylee and Brynn sit at a table full of nerds. Haylee is talking animatedly to Brynn, who looks bored.

HAYLEE

...anyway everybody would go to see the running of the bulls at Pamplona every year, and it was just a dangerous, crazy time...

Haylee stops talking. Brynn is staring upward, her mouth hanging open. Standing above them is the chic, haughty, Pam Grierson, with a couple of her hangers-on. The seated girls blink.

PAM

Hi Brynn!

BRYNN

H...hi!

PAM

I heard about your report in Social Studies. Everybody says you looked great.

BRYNN

Oh... thank you. I worked so hard on it.

PAM

I mean your outfit. You were wearing the outfit that I modeled at the Teen Board fashion show.

BRYNN

I bought it with my babysitting money... after I saw how beautiful it looked on you.

PAM

Oh Brynn, it means so much to me, that people care about fashion and about supporting the Teen Board.

She glances pointedly at Haylee.

BRYNN

(to Pam)

And I'm so proud that... people from our school are actually on the Teen Board. I mean you guys are working so hard for us...

(tears fill her eyes)

And you care so much about our school.

Karen's eyes are filling too. Pam looks around at the table of gawking nerds.

PAM

Uh...Brynn... why don't you come and eat at our table. We so want to get to know you better

She sits and speaks sotto voce to Brynn.

PAM

(stage whisper)

You don't belong here. It's just a crime.

BRYNN

(stunned)

Oh I...I'd love to. That is... If it's okay with Haylee.

Brynn looks uncertainly at Haylee. Karen snuffles.

HAYLEE

Sure! I'd love for you to...sit at Pam's table. IT would be... great.

BRYNN

(to Haylee)

Well.. if you think I should. It would be nice, you know, to make some new friends.

PAM

Exactly.

BRYNN

And then they can be your friends too!

HAYLEE

(false cheer)

Sure!

BRYNN

We can all be friends.

PAM

You're so loyal, Brynn. That's another thing I like about you.

Amid grandiose, goose-bump music, Brynn picks up her tray as Pam conducts her over to the popular table. As she walks, in a send-off of "An Officer and a Gentleman," kids turn their heads to gawk. They point her out to friends. The whole room begins to applaud. The table full of popular kids rises to make room for her.

The magic moment ends; things return to normal.

KAREN

(calls out weakly)

Bye, Brynn. Come back and visit!

Don, the twin with cerebral palsy, looks at Karen exasperatedly.

DON

She won't be back, Karen. She's in the clique now.

KAREN

Maybe we can all be in the clique someday.

Don and Dave look at each other and start to laugh.

DON

Sure, when I make football captain!

The other kids laugh.

FAT GIRL

Look at me! I'm homecoming queen!

NERDY GIRL

I'm on the Teen Board! Watch me model.

She rises and sashays down the aisle.

DON

Hey Bruce, you're a math whiz, what are our chances of us getting into the popular clique?

BRUCE DILMAN the genius thinks for a moment. He scribbles something.

BRUCE DILMAN THE GENIUS  
 (reads)  
 Approximately one in three hundred  
 forty-four million.

Karen is puzzled.

DON  
 About the same as going to the  
 moon, right?

BRUCE DILMAN THE GENIUS  
 Oh no, we're definitely going to  
 the moon. Men will be walking on  
 the moon by the end of this decade.

The kids all laugh and hoot.

DON  
 (to Haylee)  
 You better start looking for  
 another best friend.

Karen overhears, and her eyes widen hopefully.

HAYLEE  
 Why? You heard her say we were  
 sitll best friends.

INT. SEWING CLASS - DAY

PULL back to show Haylee sitting at the sewing machine,  
 thinking dark thoughts. She surveys the machine with dread.

HAYLEE  
 Who says I'm feeling bad?

KAREN  
 I could be your best friend, if you  
 like.

Haylee hardly looks at Karen. Mrs. Grady strolls past and  
 snatches up Haylee's skirt from under the machine. She  
 studies it, then holds it accusingly under Haylee's nose.

MRS. GRADY  
 What have you done to this poor  
 fabric?

Haylee shrinks back.

MRS. GRADY  
 Don't you even see? You've put in  
 your zipper upside down!

HAYLEE

I did?

Mrs. Grady holds up the skirt. Everybody laughs.

MRS. GRADY

How do you expect to get into this?

Haylee handles the skirt as the class laughs louder.

VOICE

She can stand on her head.

The class and Mrs. Grady laugh. Mrs. Grady examines Karen's skirt. Karen hovers, frightened.

MRS. GRADY

(gently)

A very good job, Karen. The hemline's a little wavy, but I can see you've put a lot of work into this. Unlike some people

(glares at Haylee)

who think they're too clever to learn to sew.

(to Karen)

It's very pretty. Good work.

Karen's eyes widen, as if just crowned Miss America. When Mrs. Grady moves on, Karen holds the skirt in awe.

KAREN

I... never made anything like this before.

( )

She sits and looks at the skirt in awe, smiling as if her life has just changed.

Karen and Haylee sit side by side, each in her own world.

[BEGIN Haylee's FANTASY]

INT. PARIS BISTRO CIRCA 1922 - NIGHT

Haylee enters in another chic dress. She marches to the bar.

HAYLEE

Une absinthe, Henri.

But as Haylee stands there, her frock suddenly morphs into the skirt she is making.

[END Haylee'S FANTASY]



Karen looks at her briefly, then looks at her skirt, plainly reliving her "moment of triumph."

INT. BEALE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Haylee and her family and Bradley sit glued to the set as President Kennedy announces the Cuban Missile Crisis. Mona comes into the living room with a tray of food. They eat around the television set.

ED

(reaching for a sandwich)  
At least we won't die hungry.

Mona gives Ed a look.

HAYLEE

Can we have wine with dinner? I mean, this is probably going to be our last meal...

MONA

Don't be silly. Bradley, can you give Haylee a hand in the kitchen?

Bradley rises, his eyes on the set.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Bradley and Haylee enter the kitchen and start folding napkins and gathering silverware and plates.

HAYLEE

So? You think they'll push the button?

BRADLEY

Don't you mean we'll push the button. The real trigger happy cowboy is Kennedy. I'm sure Khrushchev is wondering just what kind of a nut case he's dealing with.

Bradley smiles. They stack plates.

HAYLEE

So... how come you're always over here?

BRADLEY

Why, does it bother you?

HAYLEE

No...But...don't your parents care that you're never around?

BRADLEY

It's them that aren't around. My dad works at Los Alamos. Right now he's probably building the bombs we're gonna use to blow up the world.

HAYLEE

What about your mom?

BRADLEY

Oh... she doesn't really notice if I'm there or not. She's too busy drinking herself to death.

Haylee looks at him searchingly.

HAYLEE

Sorry. I didn't mean to...

BRADLEY

Oh it's not a secret. Everybody knows. It's better having bad stuff out in the open anyway.

HAYLEE

Not always.

BRADLEY

If you say so.

Haylee thinks.

HAYLEE

What if... somebody knows something about you, and it's really bad. And they want you to do something. That would hurt a bunch of people. And if you don't, they'll tell.

Bradley looks at her.

BRADLEY

That's why blackmailers get murdered.

HAYLEE

Really?

BRADLEY

Never make somebody have to choose  
between bad and worse.

Bradley closes the cupboard.

BRADLEY

You know, a lot of the time you  
think something is horrible and  
it's really just some stupid little  
thing you did that you won't give a  
second thought to in year or two.

HAYLEE

It's not about me.

Haylee looks pleadingly at Bradley.

BRADLEY

Well, either way, you let somebody  
blackmail you, and pretty soon  
they'll want more and more. You  
gotta stand up to them and let them  
take their best shot. Or better  
yet, get out ahead of it. Tell  
everybody about it yourself. The  
minute you've got no secrets, the  
blackmailer's done. Till then,  
you're their prisoner.

HAYLEE

But.. what if a lot of people get  
hurt when you tell?

BRADLEY

They'll live. It's probably not so  
bad anyway.

HAYLEE

It's bad.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The family sits eating and watching TV. Mona, sitting  
mesmerized at the map on TV has a piece of food hanging off  
her chin. Haylee signals to her mother to wipe her mouth.

MONA

What?!

HAYLEE

You've got something...

Haylee motions again. Mona swipes with a napkin and misses the food.

ED  
You missed it.

Mona swipes again, now a piece of it is still there.

ED  
For Christ's sake, Mona.

Mona looks puzzled.

ED  
Can't you be just a little...  
daintier?

Mona, deflated and hurt, shrinks back. She looks at her sandwich and puts it down.

MONA  
What am I, in a fashion show? Here  
the world could be coming to an end  
and all you care about is a speck  
of food?

Mona begins to cry. Suddenly, the basement door opens and Myra emerges. She stands uncertainly as everybody turns to look. Myra looks quickly at Ed, who looks away.

MYRA  
(to Ed)  
You didn't...

Mona looks puzzled.

MONA  
Oh, he's just being testy. It's  
this awful missile crisis. It's  
getting to all of us.

Haylee closes her eyes for a moment in pain. Bradley looks at her and then at Myra and at Ed, comprehending. Ed is watching Haylee with a look of pain on his face. Lester watches TV, oblivious.

MONA  
Oh, Myra, dear! Come join us. We're  
all a bundle of nerves. You should  
be with friends on a night like  
this.

Myra smiles uncertainly. Haylee stares hard at her. Lester lies on the floor on his elbows, watching TV.

ED

'Indisputable proof!' A few little lumps circled with black crayon. For all we know, we could be looking at an X-ray of the descending colon instead of the end of civilization.

Mona gnaws a fingernail as they stare at the television.

MONA

Why do they have to put us all through this?

BRADLEY

Because some affronts are not to be endured, even if the world has to end.

They look at Bradley.

MONA

Why Bradley, you've really given us something to think about.

MYRA

(murmurs)

...even if the world has to end....

Everybody is silent, each thinking their own thoughts.

MONA

Well let's just hope that somebody comes to their senses.

EXT. SCHOOL FACADE - MORNING

Students arriving. Haylee is alone, alienated.

INT. HOMEROOM - DAY

Mr Buchelman is addresssing the class.

MR. BUCHELMAN

...well, students, it seems that the Russians blinked after all. We're all free now to go on with our lives, and those darn missiles are on their way back to Russia. We were very lucky.

The students are mostly oblivious.

MR. BUCHELMAN

(to himself)

... like the zebra that manages to  
be ignored during lion hunt. Just  
lucky, that's all.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Trudging the halls in a gothic stupor, Haylee sees Brynn surrounded by a whirl of popular girls and boys. Haylee walks into her classroom.

ENGLISH CLASSROOM - LATER

Haylee walks shakily to the front of the classroom. She looks over the class and sees Billy and Steve sneering and aping.

HAYLEE

My poem is called "The Lost  
Afternoon."

(reads)

The sun glints along the cruel horn  
The cruel smile, the sharp *corrida*  
The young matador treads the  
ancient battle stains.  
The noise of the crows fades in his  
ears.  
She waits without fear, a single  
rose in her hand.  
A final thrust, and the sky  
darkens.  
She dies beneath his tender, deadly  
sword.

Silence. The class is mildly puzzled. Haylee stares, frozen. Suddenly, Karen begins to clap. The rest of the class joins in. Finally the teacher claps, not entirely sure what she has heard. As Haylee walks to her seat, she hides a smile.

INT. HAYLEE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The family sits as Bradley and Lester goof on each other.

LESTER

You wanna hear something funny?  
Bradley told our homeroom teacher  
this morning that he had try...  
Try.... What was it?

BRADLEY

Trypanosomiasis.

LESTER

Trypanosomiasis. And he had to go home, and the teacher said 'oh by all means, Bradley, please see your doctor right away, and Bradley got out of school for the whole day!

MONA

Bradley, what on earth is...whatever that is...and is it catching?

BRADLEY

Trypanosomiasis is sleeping sickness.

MONA

Oh my word!

BRADLEY

Spread by the Tse-Tse fly in sub-Saharan Africa. And no, it is not catching.

Haylee watches, eyes bright. Lester turns on her unexpectedly.

LESTER

You're totally goo goo-eyed. Look at her Bradley.

Bradley barely glances at Haylee, who splutters with denial.

HAYLEE

Go to hell, Lester.

Just then the door opens and Myra peeks in.

MONA

Myra, I'm not letting you out of this living room until you join us this one time.

MYRA

Well, I guess I can sit down just for a moment.

Myra perches timidly on the edge of a chair.

ED

Mona, maybe Myra has somewhere she needs to be.

MONA  
Well, all right, this time. But  
next time you're having dinner with  
us and NO excuses

MYRA  
I promise.

LESTER  
(to Haylee)  
You're in love, it's out now.

HAYLEE  
What do you know about love,  
Lester?

LESTER  
I know plenty. Maybe I'm even in  
love right now.

HAYLEE  
Oh yeah? Who with?

MONA  
Ed, will you get your nose out of  
that book for once?

ED  
In love.... with who?

MONA  
Yeah, Lester, who's the lucky girl?

LESTER  
Pam Grierson.

Haylee stares in dismay.

LESTER  
She's so popular she doesn't even  
have anywhere to climb to. And  
you're not on her radar.

MONA  
Lester!

HAYLEE  
Fuck her radar!

MONA  
Haylee!



LESTER

Mom, I hate to tell you, but my sister walks around in love with some literary character.

MONA

Haylee is a dreamer, that's all. And Bradley here is a dreamer too. Bradley, how are you going to get through school when you can't even stick it out through homeroom.

BRADLEY

I can't help it. I'm bored.

MONA

It's a pity, because you're one of the brightest boys in the school. You should be getting straight As.

BRADLEY

I don't care about grades.

MONA

(to Ed)

One of the teachers told me Bradley learned to read at age three.

BRADLEY

Mrs. Beale!

MONA

Don't your parents get upset with you for not studying?

Bradley shrugs, looking at Haylee.

BRADLEY

My parents are pretty busy.

MONA

Bradley, you're going to do something great with your life, I just know it.

(turns to Lester)

And so are you, Lester. You're going to be somebody. Right, Ed?

ED

(from behind his book)

Uh huh.

Haylee looks on, hurt and forgotten.

INT. MONA AND ED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mona and Ed are reading in bed together.

MONA

Honey?

ED

Mmm hmm.

MONA

Do you ever worry a little about Haylee?

ED

More than a little.

MONA

I don't know. She's a very talented girl. It just seems she gets no pleasure out of life.

ED

It's a difficult age.

MONA

You know, this sounds silly, but I sort of wish Myra would take her under her wing. Maybe Myra can get through to her.

ED

I don't think that's a good idea for either of them.

MONA

Why not? It seems like everything I say to Haylee she rejects.

ED

It's just the age. Adolescence. Look, Myra is divorced, she's a recluse. She's extremely neurotic.

MONA

Oh Ed, you don't even know her. We're just seeing her at a very difficult time.

(she snuggles closer)

I hate to seem smug, but when I talk to her, I have no idea what to say sometimes.

(MORE)

MONA (CONT'D)

I feel so sorry that she doesn't have a loving man in her life like I do. She's out in the world so unprotected.

ED

The cold, cruel world.

He puts his arms around her.

MONA

Anyway, maybe I'll try to get the two of them to do a little girl's day out next Saturday, lunch and shopping...

ED

Mona, why don't you mind your own business?

MONA

(hurt)

You just don't like Myra. What did she ever do to you?

ED

The whole thing... I just can't see it.

MONA

Oh come on.

ED

She's got a home to go to. This is my family. Look, Mona, will you do me a favor?

MONA

What?

ED

Stop waiting on Myra hand and foot. Maybe she'll get the idea and go home.

MONA

But Ed, helping people is what I do. I reach out.

ED

Well reach out just a little less, okay?

MONA  
I'll try. Just for you.

She kisses Ed.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

The school is assembled for cheerleader tryouts. The principal steps to the microphone.

PRINCIPAL  
Okay, kids, this is the day we've all been waiting for. The finalists have been selected. Now we all get to choose the lucky seven cheerleaders to represent Millard Filmore High this year.

Cheering breaks out. Some of the students hold up placards with girls' names on them.

PRINCIPAL  
Without more ado, let's have a real pep rally here and support our new cheerleaders.

MONTAGE: The cheerleaders lead the room in an assortment of cheers. Haylee is self-consciously trying to cheer along with the class. She holds a book in her lap.

HAYLEE VOICE OVER  
What would Brett Ashley think of this idiotic little show? Ruddy bunch of fools is what she's think.  
(she bends her head and reads)  
"..Brett was looking into my eyes with that way she had of looking that made you wonder whether she really saw out of her own eyes. They would look on and on after every one else's eyes in the world would have stopped looking...

Haylee looks up dreamily, trying to make her eyes look like Brett's eyes. What she focuses on though is Brynn coming onto the stage to try out for cheerleader.

BRYNN  
Gimme an F

CROWD  
F

BRYNN  
Gimme an I

CROWD  
I

BRYNN  
Gimme an L.

CROWD  
L

As the SCENE FADES OUT, Haylee watches without cheering.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

Brynn is surrounded by kids congratulating her. Haylee elbows up and tries to give Brynn a hug.

HAYLEE  
Brynn, you made it.

BRYNN  
I can't believe it!

HAYLEE  
I always knew you'd be popular.

BRYNN  
I never thought I would. But it's easy. I've just been myself. Being popular...there's nothing to it. Anybody can do it.

HAYLEE  
Am I still invited on your church retreat this year?

Just then Pam and some popular girls swoop down on Brynn.

BRYNN  
Oh Haylee....I'm afraid this year there just isn't room for you.

HAYLEE  
But... you said...

BRYNN  
Well.... I can't, that's all.

HAYLEE  
Who'd you ask then?

PAM

All of us. She's bringing five people this year. Me, Connie, Sharon, Maryann and Cindy.

HAYLEE

I thought you could only bring one friend.

PAM

Well Brynn is breaking the rules. We're going to show her how to break even more rules.

Pam smiles conspiratorially.

CONNIE

The best part about church retreats is breaking rules. Especially since I happen to know some boys from Luther League are going to be out there too that weekend, just a couple of miles away.

BRYNN

I'm sorry Haylee.

The girls pull Brynn away, leaving Haylee alone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Mona watches a quaint TV sitcom. Haylee practices piano.

MONA

Are you and Brynn going downtown tomorrow?

HAYLEE

No.

MONA

Why not? You girls used to go downtown nearly every Saturday.

HAYLEE

Brynn's popular now. She's got better things to do.

MONA

Well I call that a fair weather friend. I'm surprised at Brynn.

HAYLEE

Mom, you can't always tell who your real friends are.

MONA

I guess not.

HAYLEE

Mom, WAKE UP!

MONA

Whatever is the matter, Haylee?

HAYLEE

You are just so dense!

MONA

You kids think you have it all figured out. Well you don't. There are a few things we adults know that you don't.

HAYLEE

And vice v+ersa.

MONA

Haylee, you are getting a bit hard to take, do you know that?

HAYLEE

Mom... there's something I have to tell you.

MONA

What? You can tell me anything. Go ahead.

Haylee hesitates, loses her nerve.

HAYLEE

Never mind.

Mona looks keenly at Haylee.

MONA

Is ther something going on, Haylee? That yuou need to talk to me about?

HAYLEE

Oh! Uh... no.

MONA

Did somebody bother you?

HAYLEE

No. What do you mean?

MONA

A teacher? Honey, you ca tell me anything. Did somebody do something that made you feel uncomfortable?

HAYLEE

No.

Haylee and Mona look at each other.

INT. FAMILY KITCHEN - MORNING

Lester careens into the breakfast room. Haylee is very subdued, Mona serves Ed breakfast.

LESTER

Where the hell's Bradley?

MONA

Well I don't know, Lester.

LESTER

He was supposed to get here early and give me a ride to school because my alternator's going out.

MONA

I'm sure he'll be here soon.

LESTER

Aahhh, he forgot, that kook.

MONA

Don't call him that, Lester. You know how Bradley looks up to you.

HAYLEE

Why I'll never know.

LESTER

What's that supposed to mean?

HAYLEE

I mean you two guys are about the most opposite personalities.

LESTER

Somehow I don't think that's a compliment to me.

(breaks off)

Woooo, look who's here! .



Myra opens the door to the basement and moves her suitcase through the door.

MONA

Myra! And where do you think you're going?

Myra puts her hands to her breast.

MYRA

I'm ready to go home, Mona, dear.  
To pick up the threads of my life.

MONA

Now now, not until you feel  
perfectly safe, my good friend.

Myra and Mona hug. Ed remains absorbed in his newspaper.

MYRA

Oh, I do feel safe. I've done lots  
of thinking since I got here.

MONA

Well there wasn't much else to do  
down there.

Haylee begins to cough and splutter.

MONA

(to Haylee)

Take a sip of water, dear. That's  
what happens when you eat too fast.

(to Myra)

Anyway, I just want you to know  
that I'm here for you.

MYRA

Some things you just have to learn  
to live with.

ED

Very insightful, Myra.

MYRA

Yes, I am a much stronger person  
than I thought I was.

MONA

I don't doubt it.

MYRA

I can make my own way and take what  
life has to dish out.

MONA

It's just a pity life has dished  
you out so many hard knocks lately.

MYRA

We make our own beds sometimes.

MONA

Well we can't choose our  
challenges, we can only choose the  
way we respond to them.

LESTER

Whaddya, talking Buddhism or  
something, Mom?

MONA

(laughs)  
No, Lester. I'm just trying to  
understand what life is all about.

HAYLEE

(sotto voce)  
Sure you are, Mom.

ED

What was that you just said to your  
mother?

HAYLEE

Nothing.

MONA

Let her be, Ed. She's been having a  
tough time lately. For one thing.  
Her best friend Brynn has deserted  
her.

ED

That little Brynn? What happened?  
(to Haylee)  
You have a fight?

HAYLEE

Mom!

MONA

Brynn threw her over. Her own best  
friend. For a more popular girl.

HAYLEE

Who told you that? Lester?

Mona begins clearing dishes.

MONA

Never mind who told me. I hear things too, honey. Sometimes people you trust can pull the most rotten stunts on you.

Haylee stares at her mother wonderingly.

MONA

Anyway, Myra dear, I'm sorry to see you go. I just wish you'd felt comfortable enough to be more a part of the family.

MYRA

I just want to thank all of you for putting up with me.

HAYLEE

I didn't put up with you.

MONA

Haylee!

(to Myra)

She means you were such a quiet presence we hardly knew you were hear.

HAYLEE

That's not what I mean.

MONA

Haylee, enough! You're taking out your own disappointment on innocent people.

HAYLEE

Oh, is that what I'm doing?

LESTER

You know, Haylee, you're heading straight toward that land we call "The Kingdom of the Bitch."

MONA

Haylee! Lester! What is wrong with everybody this morning?

MYRA

I'll be going now.

MONA

Myra, these tragedies pass.

MYRA

Yes they do, with the help of God  
and good friends.

ED

Lester? Haylee? Come on, I'll give  
you a lift to school.

Ed nods at Myra.

ED

Myra.

MYRA

Au Revoir, Ed.

All exit.

INT. ED'S CAR - DAY

Ed looks in the rear view mirror and sees Haylee staring at  
him. He looks ahead.

ED

So what's on the agenda this week,  
Les? You got all your college  
applications in?

LESTER

Hell yeah. My counselor says I'm a  
cinch for UCLA.

ED

Atta boy. You get that 2S draft  
deferment and hang onto it for dear  
life. You hear me?

Ed punches Lester on the shoulder. Haylee looks at them.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Haylee sits alone at the piano, props up her book, and begins  
to play a sad, simple classical melody.

MONTAGE to Haylee's piano music: Haylee walks the halls of  
school, daydreams in class. Steve and Billy throw taunts at  
her which she ignores. In sewing class, she stitches away  
glumly at her skirt. She watches TV with her family and  
suddenly gets up and leaves the room, as her parents look at  
one another and shrug.

HAYLEE (V.O.)

Days passed, then weeks and months, and no divorce ever materialized, no storm ever broke. The lie that was our family continued smooth and self-contained: Newspapers were read, food was consumed, holidays observed, necessities purchased.

I came to exist in a permanent state of disbelief, cringing before a blow that never fell. At the sound of Bradley's voice, I would flee to my bedroom and hole out until he was gone.

INT. HAYLEE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mona comes in and sits on the bed. Haylee stares glumly at the TV, wearing clear plastic mittens full of white goo.

MONA

How's your eczema, Haylee? Any better?

HAYLEE

The eczema is doing great. I'm not any better.

MONA

A little rash is not the end of the world, honey. You'll get over it. What worries me is that the doctor said it was caused by nerves.

Haylee looks away.

MONA

Would you be happier in another school?

HAYLEE

Would you be happier in another marriage?

MONA

What's that supposed to mean, Haylee?

HAYLEE

It's just that nothing's perfect.

MONA

Oh. I see.

HAYLEE

I mean you stay with something and make it work, right?

MONA

Yes, honey. I never thought of it that way.

INT. SEWING CLASS - DAY

Haylee tries with difficulty to control her demonic sewing machine, which zooms and stitches violently. As Mrs. Grady approaches, Haylee ducks her head to avoid the teacher's sharp eye.

MRS. GRADY

Haylee, is there any reason you feel impelled to abuse the machine and place your fingers in danger?

HAYLEE

I'm trying to guide the cloth, Mrs. Grady.

MRS. GRADY

Well you are 'guiding' it right toward your hand. Do you want a seam up your arm? Do you have any idea at all what you're doing?

HAYLEE

Yes.

MRS. GRADY

No you don't.

Karen walks up with her skirt.

KAREN

When I'm sewing, I... I just put my hands on both sides of the cloth, so the needle goes straight.

MRS. GRADY

Excellent, Karen. That's a very good way to guide the fabric. Maybe you could show Haylee.

Karen is so elated she literally trembles with pride.

KAREN

Sure.

Haylee smiles weakly. Mrs. Grady walks away.

KAREN

I... could show you now if you like.

HAYLEE

Uh... Just a minute. I have to try my skirt on.

Haylee slips a book, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, beneath her skirt and goes into the curtained fitting room.

INT. FITTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Haylee takes out *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and begins to read.

HAYLEE (V.O.)

(reads)

And she went with him to the hut. It was quite dark when he had shut the door, so he made a small light in the lantern, as before. 'Have you left your underthings off?' he asked her.

Haylee covers her mouth.

HAYLEE (V.O.)

(reads)

'Lie down then!' he said, when he stood in his shirt. She obeyed in silence, and he lay beside her, and pulled the blanket over them both. 'There!' he said. And he lifted her dress right back, till he came even to her breasts. He kissed them softly, taking the nipples in his lips in tiny caresses."

Haylee looks at herself in the mirror. She looks down at the book again and begins to read greedily, recklessly.

HAYLEE (V.O.)

(reads)

"And she put her arms round him under his shirt, but she was afraid, afraid of his thin, smooth, naked body, that seemed so powerful, afraid of the violent muscles. She shrank, afraid."

Suddenly the curtains are jerked aside. The face of Mrs. Grady appears. Haylee gazes up in horror. Mrs. Grady advances.

MRS. GRADY

What have we here? Karen told me you're trying on your skirt.

HAYLEE

I... I was just going to ....

MRS. GRADY

You were NOT!

She grabs the book away from Haylee, who struggles to retain it but finally lets go. The other girls gather, peeking in at Haylee.

MRS. GRADY

Lady Chatterley's Lover!

The girls gasp. Mrs. Grady reads for a few moments. The girls crowd around, trying to read too, but she fends them off.

MRS. GRADY

So that's your little game, is it? You're in here reading dirty books? In my classroom? Why you little sneak.

HAYLEE

It's not a dirty book. It's about love.

MRS. GRADY

Don't you lie to me. This is a famous piece of pornography.

Mrs. Grady grabs Haylee and pulls her to her feet, yanking her out of the fitting room by the arm.

MRS. GRADY

I'm confiscating your skirt, and sending  
(writes a note)  
This book of filth to the principal's office. Your parents will be hearing from him I am sure.

KAREN

Mrs. Grady.... I think....

MRS. GRADY

Never mind, Karen. I know you've tried to help this girl, but Haylee is persistent in her course. And she will reap the consequences.

(to Haylee)  
(MORE)



MRS. GRADY (CONT'D)

For your lying and deceit, you receive an automatic F on your skirt...

The class gasps.

MRS. GRADY

...and you are barred from the end-of-semester fashion show.

More gasps. Cheeks aflame, Haylee faces the silent, gawking classroom.

HAYLEE (V.O.)

Like Mary Queen of Scots, all that is left me now is to die well.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, MARCHES INTO THE EXECUTION CHAMBER IN ELIZABETHAN GARB, KNEELS DRAMATICALLY, THROWS BACK HER HAIR, AND PLACES HER NECK UPON THE CHOPPING BLOCK.

Haylee wads her skirt into a ball and hurls it into the wastebasket. The class gasps with shock. Mrs. Grady, gazes down into the wastebasket.

MRS. GRADY

Well, since Miss Haylee Beale cares so little about her grade, her entire semester grade will now be an F.

The class gasps again. Haylee stares in defiance.

HAYLEE

(British accent)

Jolly.

The bell rings. The class is too transfixed to move for a moment. Haylee leaves alone as the other girls hang back, staring and whispering.

SOCIAL STUDIES CLASSROOM

A projector is set up for a film. Mr. Devlin strides to the front of the room. Haylee subsides gratefully into the dark.

MR. DEVLIN

This is a film on the greatest threat to civilization the world has ever faced: Godless Communism. The film will no doubt run over into your lunch period. But if you care enough about your country and your future, you may stay.

Haylee sits in the dark, alone.

HAYLEE (V.O.)  
 I'm a criminal. My life is ruined.  
 Oh it's all rot to talk about it.  
 Bradley, my love, take me away.

A stock film about communism runs, beginning with the standard map of its spread across Europe, China, and Asia. A red stain spreads across East Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia... a big blot on Cuba, over to Korea, oozing across Laos..

HAYLEE (V.O.)  
 It looks like the world is having a period.

Lenin harangues crowds of babushkas; Stalin, a sleek walrus, nods at his tanks rolling past.

The lunch bell rings.

There is a stir, which quickly subsides among whispered warnings as the class recalls the sacrifice that has been asked of it. A boy stands and his seatmate yanks him down.

SEATMATE  
 Don't go, stupid. Devlin said 'if we care enough' we're supposed to stay in our seats and miss our lunch to see this goofy film.

BOY WHO STOOD UP  
 Oh phooey.

Karen alone lurches to her feet, notebook spilling papers, and labors eagerly toward the door in the twilight. As she crosses the projector beam, her profile looms on the screen.

Mr. Devlin rises ominously, a provoked lion. Gathering momentum, he strides to the projector and flicks it off.

Steve Osby leaps to turn on the lights.

MR. DEVLIN  
 (to Karen)  
 Of all the people who need this film, YOU need it the most.

He points at her. Karen stops and stares like a startled deer. She points to her chest --- me?

MR. DEVLIN  
 YOUR grades are the lowest in the  
 class AND YET, YOU'RE THE FIRST OUT  
 THE DOOR!

Eyes bulging, he glares at Karen, who stands trembling with  
 terror.

MR. DEVLIN  
 What do you have to say for  
 yourself?

Karen stands speechless.

MR. DEVLIN  
 (sneers)  
 Go ahead. Eat your lunch.

He twists on the projector, and Khrushchev finishes pounding  
 his shoe. Slowly, Karen backs up, then flees toward her desk.  
 Her skirt, which had been folded under her notebook, falls to  
 the floor, and in her panic she treads on it.

Huddled in her seat, Haylee watches. She FLASHES BACK on  
 Cuban missile crisis photos of silos circled with magic  
 marker.

BRADLEY'S VOICE  
 ...Some affronts are not to be  
 endured, even if the world has to  
 end.

As if in a dream, Haylee rises.

HAYLEE  
 Karen didn't understand, Mr.  
 Devlin.

The class looks at Haylee standing. Mr. Devlin looks up.

MR. DEVLIN  
 Haylee? Did you say something?  
 Either speak up or sit down.

HAYLEE  
 (loudly)  
 I said. KAREN DIDN'T UNDERSTAND,  
 Mr. Devlin.

MR. DEVLIN  
 (annoyed)  
 Well she understands now. Sit down,  
 Haylee.

But Haylee remains standing. Mr. Devlin seems to swell with rage.

Unsteadily, but determinedly, Haylee walks to the center of the room. She picks up Karen's skirt, shakes it out and folds it neatly. As she makes her way to Karen's desk, she bumps into the projector cord, jerking the plug from the wall. A whole cadre of Soviet guided missiles vanishes instantly, the voice-over decaying into silence. Haylee offers the skirt to Karen.

HAYLEE

I'm sorry, you dropped your skirt,  
Karen. I'd hate to see it get  
stepped on.

Karen takes the skirt, gazes up in anguish, tries to speak, and bursts into tears.

Haylee turns on Steve and Billy.

HAYLEE

You two are nothing.

They sneer and laugh mockingly.

HAYLEE

You're nothing now, and you're  
going to grow up to be nothing.

BILLY

Oh yeah, you scarecrow. Like we  
care what you think.

HAYLEE

Think? You think about this. As the  
years go by and you watch other  
people growing up and going places  
and building their lives, you just  
remember that you were put on this  
earth for one purpose only: To make  
other people miserable. That is  
what you do. And that is the only  
thing you are ever going to succeed  
at. Making people miserable.

Steve and Billy look at each other.

STEVE AND BILLY

Sheesh.

MR. DEVLIN

Haylee, that's enough. You're to go  
to the office right now.

Haylee exits.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Ed and Mona sit with Haylee before the principal's desk.

PRINCIPAL

Haylee has had a very bad day. She showed extreme disrespect to two of her teachers, then she turned on a couple of boys, classmates of hers, and said terrible things to them.

HAYLEE

Billy and Steve are the worst little monsters that ever infested a classroom. And Mr. Devlin is a paranoid ....

MONA

Haylee!

ED

Haylee! Enough!

HAYLEE

They make Karen suffer every day, and nobody helps her. Nobody cares.

PRINCIPAL

So you feel that defiance and disrespect are going to help Karen? Senseless rebellion is the answer?

HAYLEE

I don't know what the answer is. But I know what it isn't. It isn't to stand by and hope all the crap misses you. To try to make yourself small so the bullies don't notice you. To be glad it's not your turn today. That's not the answer. I don't know what the answer is. But at least I'm going to try to find out.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT - DAY

Kids throw their hats into the air. Haylee and her parents, dressed up, greet Lester and Bradley after graduation.

MONA

So Bradley, what are you planning to do with your life now?

(MORE)

MONA (CONT'D)

Lester will be attending UCLA in the fall. We just heard!

BRADLEY

Oh I don't know. I'll hang around and see what happens.

LESTER

What happens is gonna be you gettin' drafted. Man, you gotta get your shit together.

Haylee looks contemptuously at Lester.

LESTER

And what's wrong with having your shit together?

HAYLEE

It's not having it together that's the problem. It's having it packed so tight...

ED

Enough, Haylee.

MONA

I don't know what's wrong with those two.

LESTER

Just because I want to major in business administration.

MONA

Well Lester, I'm proud that you have such drive.

Mona scowls at Haylee, who rolls her eyes. Pam comes up and links her arm with Lester.

LESTER

Hey, my American Beauty Rose.

HAYLEE

A real pair of drivens.

PAM

(sweetly, with an edge)  
Hello, Haylee.

Everyone looks at Haylee as the scene slowly dissolves, kids talking, hugging, signing yearbooks, etc.

HAYLEE (V.O.)

I could never recall exactly what my punishment was for that day of rebellion. Just I cannot remember my actual grade in sewing class, or even what happened to Lady Chatterley's lover.

High school just seemed to fade away, like the roar of a crowd being left in the distance.

INT. MALL - DAY

As Haylee shops, she spots Karen hanging out, wearing a lot of iridescent blue eye makeup, a short, tight dress stretched over her ungainly body. Her hair has been teased into a conical croquette and bleached to a shade that one could easily associate with nuclear Armageddon. Karen is still sweet and naive, despite her "tough" appearance.

HAYLEE

Karen!

Karen sees Haylee, runs and throws her arms around her.

KAREN

Haylee! How are you?  
(she blows out smoke)

HAYLEE

Fine, I guess. How are you doing?

KAREN

Aw, I dropped out.

HAYLEE

I'm sorry.

KAREN

It's okay. This is my boyfriend,  
Lars.

She introduces a comically misfit guy.

HAYLEE

Hi, Lars.

KAREN

Lars and me are getting married. He works at the carwash.

HAYLEE  
 Congratulations, Karen. I'm happy  
 for you.

KAREN  
 (to Lars)  
 Haylee's hella smart.

LARS  
 Yeah, I can tell.

KAREN  
 She goes to college.

Haylee and Karen look at each other, smiling.

KAREN  
 Well, we gotta go. Lars has gotta  
 get to work. Bye Haylee.

HAYLEE  
 Take care, Karen.

As Haylee walks away, she turns. Karen is smiling after her.

EXT. BERKELEY, 1970 - DAY

Students demonstrating.

INT. STUDENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Haylee and others draw protest signs, pass around wine etc.

MALE STUDENT  
 Hey, Haylee, do you even have a  
 topic for your speech tomorrow?  
 I have to put out a press release.

HAYLEE  
 Are you ready?

MALE STUDENT  
 Yeah, I'm ready.

HAYLEE  
 No. That's the topic.

MALE STUDENT  
 What?

HAYLEE  
 Are you ready?



MALE STUDENT  
Are you ready?

HAYLEE  
That's it.

MALE STUDENT  
Ready for what, though?

HAYLEE  
For change. For challenge. For  
sacrifice? Are you ready to end  
this war?

MALE STUDENT AND OTHERS  
Yeah!  
(cheers)

The phone rings.

HAYLEE  
Hello? Oh hi, Mom. Yeah,  
everything's fine.

HAYLEE  
(to others)  
Am I staying out of trouble?

The room laughs, jeers.

MALE STUDENT  
Haylee IS trouble.

Haylee listens to the phone and suddenly pauses.

HAYLEE  
What?! I can't hear you.

She slowly shakes her head. Her face crumples.

HAYLEE  
I didn't know he went to Vietnam.

The preoccupied students around her pay her little attention  
as she slowly hangs up the phone, rises and leaves apartment.

EXT. TELEGRAPH AVENUE - NIGHT

Haylee walks down crowded Telegraph Avenue the faces a blur;  
she passes stores as if in a dream. As she walks, she begins  
to hear explosions and the cries of men, as if she is walking  
through a battlefield.

INT. HAYLEE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Haylee lies in bed alone, staring at the ceiling, tears roll down her face.

BEGIN FANTASY SEQUENCE

EXT. FRONT YARD OF HAYLEE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

HAYLEE(V.O.)  
 But there is another, better end to  
 the Myra Leam episode, and  
 sometimes I go back in my mind to  
 the day I found out about my  
 father....

In a replay, Haylee stumbles from her house. She sees Bradley and nearly falls into his arms as he reaches out to catch and hold her.

HAYLEE  
 (struggles)  
 Let me go!

BRADLEY  
 It's okay. I'm here. It's okay.

He takes her face in his hands.

BRADLEY  
 I know all about it. I knew from  
 the first.

Haylee cries onto Bradley's shoulder as he holds her.

MUSIC UP

Bradley takes Haylee by the hand and leads her to his car.

INT. BRADLEY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

They drive up the coast watching the ocean and shoreline, saying nothing. Haylee snuggles against him.

INT. BRADLEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Bradley and Haylee are parked, watching the moon rise.

HAYLEE  
 Are you a hallucination? Am I  
 having a nervous breakdown?

BRADLEY  
 Yes. And no.

HAYLEE  
Where did you come from?

BRADLEY  
It doesn't matter.

They embrace.

HAYLEE  
You don't know how many years I've  
wanted to do that.

Tears stand in Bradley's eyes as he searches her face.

HAYLEE  
I don't think my mother ever found  
out. Or else she's one hell of an  
actress.

BRADLEY  
And Myra?

HAYLEE  
Never saw her again.

BRADLEY  
You ever ask your father about her?

HAYLEE  
Not yet.

BRADLEY  
Forget it. You can't relive the  
past.

HAYLEE  
If that's true, then what are we  
doing here?

BRADLEY  
Reliving the past.

Bradley takes Haylee in his arms.

HAYLEE  
(murmurs)  
Oh Bradley, everything I have is  
yours.

Roll credits.