

MONTAUK HIGHWAY

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OVER BLACK

CHRIS MARTIN (O.S.)

What do you want?

GWYNETH PALTROW(O.S.)

Everything.

CHRIS MARTIN (O.S.)

Okay, so that's one with chocolate
sprinkles, one with everything.

ICE CREAM SHOP - NIGHT

CHRIS MARTIN and GWYNETH PALTROW, semi-disguised under
baseball hats, take their cones and go. Three teens,
bursting with jitters, step up to the counter.

TEEN

Was that???

Pretty LISA LESTER, 17, smiles warmly, unfazed.

LISA LESTER

Yeah, they come in all the time.

TEEN

(to her friends)

Did you hear that? They come in
all the time!

The friends gasp, one almost cries.

LATER

Lisa tosses her backpack to her shoulder and salutes.

LISA LESTER

I'm out, Sammy.

SAMMY THE MANAGER (O.S.)

Good night sweetie. Be safe.

SMALL ROAD

Lisa's silver mountain bike cruises by a winding corner
beneath pools of lamplight and thriving summer trees.

A white convertible foreign car cranks around the corner,
swaying wide into the wrong lane and smashes into Lisa.
Her limbs crack against the pavement, rolling to a lump.

THE DRIVER gets out, breathing shallow. Headlights illuminate the body, deathly still.

A rivulet of urine runs down the driver's leg. He bolts to the convertible and speeds away.

TITLE CARD: "ONE DAY EARLIER"

MONTAUK HIGHWAY - DUSK

DAVID BENNETT, 18, lean and handsome, hurries on his bike through two small backyards and out to a busy road.

EAST HAMPTON VILLAGE

David cruises past an 18th century windmill, through the town's main intersection. He passes a Rolls Royce in front of The Polo Country Store.

He glances at his watch then stands to pedal like his life depends on it, hustling by stunningly well-dressed shoppers who saunter along with overstuffed bags.

THE PALM

The Palm Restaurant stretches across the first floor of a three-story mansion built in 1699, guarded by towering oak trees, also pushing 300 years.

David flies through the parking lot, skids his bike to the back door and jogs in.

A long-nosed Italian waiter, ARMANDO, 52, stands in the door jam, glaring at his watch, jaw clenched.

DAVID

I know. I know. I know.

KITCHEN

Zippping through, David high fives the dishwasher, RICO, 55, a short Dominican with rusty colored wrinkles.

DAVID

Que paso, Rico?

RICO

Hey, Caballero!

LATER

David adjusts his apron, takes a deep breath and charges through the swinging door. BANG!

DINING ROOM

...the place roars like a carnival.

RICH GUY FROM TABLE 22
Will you find our waiter for us?

David nods and keeps going.

WEALTHY LADY
More bread, please!

David drops a basket of bread for them.

ARMANDO
Table 19. Ta-ble-nine-teen!

DAVID
Got it. Table 22 wants you.

ARMANDO
To 19! NOW!

David heads over when a hand clamps his arm, yanking him off-balance.

SLICK GUY
Hey champ, you've given them three rounds of bread and our basket has been empty forever.

DAVID
Sorry, sir.

SLICK GUY
Just want what's fair here.

David heads back toward the kitchen. Wealthy Lady and her girlfriend stand up.

WEALTHY LADY
We need a new table. I won't eat with all that kitchen clanking in my ear. CLANK! CLANK!

David looks up to see three tables closer to the kitchen than Wealthy Lady's table.

DAVID
Yes, ma'am. I'll have Roberto--

WEALTHY LADY

No, I'm not waiting for him.
You're finding me a new table now.

David shows her a new table and sees Armando.

DAVID

23 moved here. Said they were too close to the kitchen.

ARMANDO

Why did you let them?

DAVID

Well-- I--

ARMANDO

You got table 19, right?

DAVID

Yes. One second.

Armando rolls his eyes, pissed.

KITCHEN

David grabs a basket of bread.

DINING ROOM

David drops the bread on Slick Guy's table.

SLICK GUY

I ordered this well done.

Slick Guy shoves the half-eaten filet at David.

SLICK GUY

Throw it back on the grill.

DAVID

Yes, sir.

On the way back to the kitchen with the steak, David spots a customer with sunglasses leaning back from a TINY MORSEL of creamed spinach on his plate. David clears it.

CUSTOMER WITH SUNGLASSES

Whoa! I'm NOT finished with that!

David returns the plate. The guy grumbles.

KITCHEN

David slides the steak dish to the cook.

DAVID
More fire, please.

Armando swoops over.

ARMANDO
You clear 19?

DAVID
I'm going right now.

ARMANDO
HOW MANY TIMES MUST I ASK!?!

DINING ROOM

David darts to the table where a HEAVY GUY rubs his belly, one string bean left on his plate.

DAVID
Are you finished, sir?

HEAVY GUY
No, I'm still working on it.

The guy's three friends laugh.

HEAVY GUY
In fact, wrap that up. I'll have it for lunch tomorrow.

The friends laugh as David clamps his mouth shut.

KITCHEN

David dumps the plates, burning up. Rico notices.

RICO
Don't let 'em get to you, amigo.

David summons a weak smile.

DINING ROOM - LATER

The tables stand bare in the calm after the storm.

Armando thumbs through a wad of cash for David.

ARMANDO

You better pick it up kid, or you
ain't gonna last the summer.

KITCHEN

David grabs his backpack and heads out. Spots Rico the
dishwasher with an enormous stack of dishes.

DAVID

What happened to Caesar?

RICO

He no feeling good. Went home.

Rico scrubs the gunk off the bottom of a pot.

David hesitates, then pulls on an apron, grabs the pot
and washes it. Rico smiles appreciatively.

MATT'S HOUSE - LATER

David pedals into the driveway and heads around back.
Light shines from the basement window. David taps it.

MATT'S BASEMENT BEDROOM

David enters through the storm door. Surf posters adorn
the wildly out of date panel walls.

MATT JONES, 18, scruffy, blonde and tan, slumps at the
computer checking tomorrow's surf report.

DAVID

Hey, bro.

MATT

Yo! How was the Palm?

David shakes his head, pulls off his shoes.

DAVID

My dogs are barking.

MATT

And summer just began. Catering
sucked-ass too. Lady made me hold
her dog for a half hour. Didn't
care I had to serve appetizers.
Didn't care I'm ALLERGIC...

(pause)

You okay, D?

David breathes deep. Reaches in his back pocket. Pulls out a letter. Harvard seal on top. Hands it to Matt.

Matt reads it.

MATT

Waitlisted at Harvard too?

DAVID

Harvard. Yale. And Princeton.
Fucking 0 for 3.

MATT

Bummer, man.

DAVID

I felt so good about Harvard! I nailed the interview. I mean, I NAILED it.

MATT

So, what now?

DAVID

Dunno.

MATT

Maybe you shoulda applied to more schools?

DAVID

Yeah, that occurred to me.

MATT

It's probably not too late to apply to a SUNY school.

DAVID

Yeah, I'm really gonna set the world on fire with a degree from SUNY Plattsburgh.

MATT

I'm guessing your dad is no help.

DAVID

You guessed right.

MATT

Well, I hope it happens for you, Davie. I know how bad you want it.

DAVID

Bad? God, I'd do anything to get into Harvard.

MAIN STREET - DAY

David and Matt bike past bumper-to-bumper traffic. They pass a Hampton Jitney bus disgorging passengers. Matt, surf board under his arm, shakes his head.

MATT

Like a zit oozing New Yorkers!

MAIN BEACH

Matt and David roll up on their bikes. Lock them to the rack. They wave to the off-duty lifeguard as they make their way down the beach. A cute redhead passes them.

DAVID

I gotta get a girl this summer.

Pretty Lisa Lester [the girl from the opening scene] also walks by and waves. They wave back.

MATT

What about Lisa?

DAVID

Pretty. But not my type. You should go for it.

MATT

She's practically my cousin!
That's the problem around here:
I'm either related to 'em, or
they've got fangs.

SIDE PARKING LOT

A worn-down pool cleaning van, with three guys inside, idles to the entrance.

CASEY, 18, rugged good looks, rests an elbow on the window while his right hand firmly holds the wheel.

PARKING ATTENDANT leans out from the station.

CASEY

Come on, man! Half an hour.

ATTENDANT

Mr. Murphy is cracking down this summer. No parking sticker, no luck.

CASEY

SUCH bullcrap. We LIVE here!

ATTENDANT

Sorry, Casey.

A convertible BMW honks from behind them.

Casey scowls. So does KEVIN, 19, riding shotgun, with his motley shock of jet black hair. The driver honks again.

KEVIN

He hits that horn again, I'll bust his fucking head.

Casey maneuvers out of the lot. The BMW driver gives them a dirty look.

FRONT PARKING LOT

Casey chugs into the "15 MINUTE PARKING" section facing the water. The round-faced JIMMY, 16, looks 12, pops his head out from the back, wiping sleepies from his eyes.

CASEY

Plan B, Jimmy. You watch the van.

JIMMY

Come ON! Not again guys!

Casey and Kevin hop out with a laugh and a Nerf football.

BEACH

David reads "The Audacity of Hope."

MATT

Is that the Kennedy book?

DAVID

Finished that yesterday. This is Obama's.

Casey and Kevin approach. Casey flips the Nerf to Matt.

KEVIN

Jesus man, do you ever stop reading?

CASEY

Kevin's just jealous 'cause he never learned how.

KEVIN

It's not my fault I'm fucking--
What do you call it?

CASEY

Retarded.

KEVIN

Dyslexic, asshole.

CASEY

Party at Wyborgs tonight.

MATT

Can't. I picked up an extra shift at the Palm.

CASEY

So. Call in.

DAVID

Can't.

CASEY

Oh, right. The big college fund.

David glares at him.

MATT

Fellas, I thought this was over?

DAVID

It is. Casey says college is a waste. I should start my own business. Save money. Buy land. Quack, quack, quack.

CASEY

And?

DAVID

And that's great for you. But some of us want more from life than working out of a pool van.

CASEY

Davie, I love you, but you ain't never gettin' in to no Ivy League school. Being top of East Hampton High don't mean shit to them.

DAVID

Oh, yeah?

CASEY

The only people who go to the Ivy League are rich kids and people who check boxes.

MATT

Boxes?

CASEY

PC boxes. If you were an Albino
Lesbian Dwarf in a wheelchair
you'd be a shoo-in. But you're a
white-trash kid from Springs.

David stands up.

CASEY

What? You gonna come at me?

Matt gets between them and nudges David away.

CASEY

Just looking out for you, D.
Keeping it real. That's all.

Matt guides David toward the water.

MATT

Casey's just being, Casey.

DAVID

Tired of it, man. Just tired of
it.

Matt elbows David in the side.

MATT

Bet you're tired of losing too!

Matt dashes for the water. David charges after him.

DAVID

Sneaky cheating bastard!

OCEAN

Matt and David sprint past the shallow water where a
group of teens skimboard.

They dive in, laughing.

DAVID

Almost beat you anyway.

MATT

Dream on.

Matt heads back up the beach.

David swims to the buoys and floats, soaking in the sun.
He looks over at the entire beach from a distance.

David strokes back in. Steps to the sand.

A GIRL falls off her skimboard, whipping it toward David,
who's wiping water from his eyes. The board cracks his
ankle and he goes down hard.

DAVID

Youch!

The culprit approaches: DIANA CHARDE, 18, long blonde
hair, utterly cosmopolitan.

DIANA

Sorry.

She turns away.

DAVID

That's it? Sorry?

DIANA

(over her shoulder)

I fell. I'm sorry.

DAVID

You nearly broke my ankle.

DIANA

Next time, keep your head up.

She rejoins her friends.

DAVID

These people are UNbelievable.

UP THE BEACH

David returns to the guys.

CASEY

And.... he's still pissed. I owe
you a dollar.

Kevin laughs.

MATT

You okay?

DAVID

Some FCP busted me in the ankle
with her stupid skimboard.

MATT

FCP?

Matt looks to Kevin. Kevin smiles.

KEVIN

Fucking City Person.

They all chuckle.

David spots Diana strolling up the beach, skimboard tucked under her arm. Hot.

She looks over. Eyes connect. She keeps going.

DAVID'S HOUSE

David parks his bike in front of a dumpy home on a worn-down block of shoddy houses. On David's front lawn: a rusting corpse of a car.

LIVING ROOM

David chugs in and flips through mail in the counter basket: nothing.

His dad's mangy mutt, SCOOTER, growls. The place is a mess. Mangy furniture. Dirty dishes. Ashtrays full of butts. David heads to his...

BEDROOM

He drops off his bag. In stark contrast to the rest of the house, his room is neat and orderly. Books fill the shelves. A vintage poster of JFK hangs near a '20s style Harvard pennant.

The churn of a pick-up truck arrives.

LIVING ROOM

Scooter bursts to life. David's portly father, BERT, 45, in his janitor's uniform, ambles in. Scooter joyfully licks Bert's hand. David leans out his bedroom door.

DAVID

Dad, did you get the mail?

Bert stomps right past him, with a bottle of Crown Royal Whiskey and a six-pack of RC Cola. Scooter follows.

DAVID
Dad?

BERT
What!?!?

DAVID
The mail?

BERT
It's in the truck.

BERT'S PICKUP TRUCK

David leafs through the envelopes quickly, the last one:
from Yale.

PALM RESTAURANT, BAR

David holds the bar phone, furious.

DAVID
Well, Yale's out.

MATT (O.S.)
Seriously?

DAVID
Got the letter today.

MATT (O.S.)
Damn. Well, you still have
Princeton and Harvard.

DAVID
Yup. There's no way I'm waitlisted
at all three and not getting in.
See you, man.

David hangs up. A pudgy busboy, JAVIER, eavesdrops.

JAVIER
Waitlisted, huh? Sounds like a
"no" but they're being nice. Like
when a fat girl asks you to dance.
"Maybe later."

David pulls Armando aside.

DAVID
I need a favor. I'm not gonna make
enough working Sunday to Thursday.
I need the weekend shift.

ARMANDO

Roberto don't let new guys work weekends.

DAVID

Can you just ask? Please?

DINING ROOM - NIGHT

David watches across the room as Armando talks to the sharp suited manager, ROBERTO, who waits, arms folded.

Armando saunters over to David.

ARMANDO

You're on Friday night. Don't screw up!

David smiles.

GEORGICA BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The boys chug up in their van. They see the lot packed with cars. They pile out. Music pumps in the distance.

DAVID

Where's little Jimmy?

KEVIN

Parking cars at Nick & Toni's.

DAVID

How do they even let him near those pricey cars with just a learner's permit!?!

KEVIN

'Cause he's the only guy they have who speaks English.

A car cruises by, almost hitting them.

KEVIN

What the fuck, man!?!

The car, a white convertible Porsche, parks at the front.

Out steps AIDAN, 19, a tall, well-built guy in a Polo shirt. The passenger door opens too and TOMMY CHARDE, 19, rolls out of it, a case of wine under his arm.

BEACH

The guys approach a bonfire circled by a few dozen sun-kissed surfers and tough blue collar kids. Pickup trucks surround them jamming classic rock.

A second beach party rages 40 yards down, Porsche SUVs and Hummers fence in a small crowd of Manhattan's next generation. Their hip hop thumps.

Kevin glares. David does too.

DOWN THE BEACH

KAITLYN, 18, sharp and pretty, follows Diana to the edge of the party. She looks over her shoulder at Aidan, who clocks them both.

KAITLYN

He's looking again. So was he a little rough? I like it rough.

DIANA

No, it was just-

KAITLYN

Size?

DIANA

Stop.

KAITLYN

He dines at the Y, right?

Diana laughs.

DIANA

You are SO crass!

KAITLYN

That was it, wasn't it?

DIANA

No. Well, yeah, he wouldn't but--

KAITLYN

I knew it!

DIANA

-but he was selfish about everything. Not just that. He's a spoiled child. His dad gives him a Porsche for his birthday and he complains about the stereo. He

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)
bombs his SAT and his father buys
his way into Brown.

KAITLYN
So that oral thing really bothered
you, huh?

DIANA
Shut up, you slut!

UP THE BEACH

A STONER GUY approaches and holds out a few pills.

STONER GUY
Hey fellers, how about some rocket
fuel?

David and Casey both gesture "no." Kevin grabs one.

CASEY
What are you doing?

KEVIN
You gonna lecture me about killing
brain cells again?

CASEY
Too late now.

Kevin pops the pill and tries to chase it with his beer.
But no matter how hard he twists the cap, it won't budge.

KEVIN
Awww, man!

Kevin gags on the dry pill and the guys laugh.

CASEY
You need a bottle opener, bro!

DAVID
Just checked. Nobody brought one.

CASEY
Ask your friends over there.

DAVID
The FCPs?

KEVIN
(raspy from pills)
I bet he'll do it too.

DOWN THE BEACH

David gingerly approaches a girl digging in a big cooler on the tailgate of a Hummer SUV.

DAVID

Excuse me, could I borrow a-

She turns around. It's Diana.

DAVID

Oh, hey, it's the girl who almost cut off my ankle at the beach.

DIANA

Oh, hey, it's the guy who didn't realize it was an accident.

David stares at her.

DAVID

Let me guess, you're from Manhattan?

DIANA

Let me guess, you're not?

David smiles.

DAVID

Good guess.

DIANA

You too.

DAVID

I just came to borrow a bottle opener, neighbor.

DIANA

What makes you think I'd lend you anything?

David leans in.

DAVID

If you don't, I'll sue you for aggravated assault with a skimboard.

She lets a little smile slip.

Kevin and Casey watch David's conversation.

CASEY

Check out D making time with one
of the aristocrats.

Diana eyes David closely. She grabs a bottle opener and
tosses it to him.

DIANA

Now run along back to your own
little party.

David stays right there.

DAVID

I'm growing on you, right?

She smiles.

DIANA

Not at all.

DAVID

Tell me your name. Or else I have
to call you skimboard girl.

Aidan edges in.

AIDAN

Hey, let's go for a walk.

DIANA

I don't want to.

AIDAN

Why are you being like this?

She turns away and he grabs her arm.

DIANA

Hey!

DAVID

Cool out, man.

AIDAN

What? Who the fuck are you?

Aidan lets go of Diana. Faces up on David.

David drills his eyes right through Aidan.

DAVID

What's up, tough guy?

Aidan shoves David hard. Tommy and his guys jump between
them. Kevin and Casey fly over in a flash.

KEVIN

You fuckos want something?

Kevin bumps Aidan, who swings wild. Kevin fires back but David and the others break them up.

The locals head to their party. Both sides trash talking.

But David and Diana lock eyes for another long moment.

LATER

Only a few teens linger around the bonfire, as it settles to a glow. The boys trudge back up the beach to the van. David pulls Casey aside.

DAVID

Hey, I need a favor. Can I pick up a few pool shifts with you?

CASEY

NOW you wanna work out of a van?

DAVID

Dude. I need the money.

CASEY

Woulda hired you at the start of the season, but we're slammed now. Got no time to train you.

DAVID

I got experience. Up the Island that one summer. With my cousin.

Casey eyes David skeptically.

CASEY

Okay. Saturday morning. 7 a.m.

DAVID

Thanks, man.

KEVIN (O.S.)

CASEY!

They turn to see Kevin point at the van's flat back tire.

KEVIN

Muthafuckers slashed it.

POOL VAN - LATER

KEVIN

I ever see that Abercrombie bitch
again, I'm whipping out my
Louisville Slugger.

CASEY

Hey, shut up. Cops.

KEVIN

Which cops? You know 'em, right?

CASEY

Shut up.

DAVID

How did much you drink?

CASEY

SHUT-THE-HELL-UP!

MONTAUK HIGHWAY

Emergency lights flash over a mangled silver mountain
bike. OFFICER leans over. Casey nods to him as he rolls
down the window.

CASEY

What's going on, Greg?

OFFICER GREG

Hey, guys. An accident. You gotta
detour back the way you came.

Casey turns the van. The guys watch a cop adjust a white
sheet covering a body, laying deathly still.

DAVID

Whoa. Is that...

MAIN BEACH - DAY

CASEY

Lisa Lester. Hit and run. She was
dead when they got there.

David crouches next to Matt, Casey, Kevin and Jimmy.

DAVID

Oh my gosh.

CASEY

My Uncle Bob is the detective on the case.

DAVID

Any leads?

CASEY

Just a partial eyewitness. Old Man Miller saw the car for a second. Some kinda white convertible sports car.

DAVID

Sports car?

CASEY

You know what that means.

KEVIN

FCP.

David stares off in the distance.

MAIN STREET

Bumper-to-bumper traffic snakes its way into town. The Hampton Jitney releases a load of passengers, many stroll right into the jam-packed...

PALM RESTAURANT

Javier hustles into the...

KITCHEN

JAVIER

Friday fever, fellas!

Javier pours a coffee. Taps a dazed David with his foot.

JAVIER

You okay, homes?

David looks up and nods. Grabs a basket of bread and charges out through the swinging door to the...

DINING ROOM

Chatter hits like a thundercrack. David drops off the bread and wipes sweat from his brow.

THOMAS CHARDE, 50s, strolls into the restaurant. He's handsome, charming and owns the dining room.

A few people wave to him. He shakes their hands. He flows past a handful of people waiting for a table and blasts a thousand-watt smile at the manager.

ROBERTO

Mister Charde! Table for four?

THOMAS

Roberto, you are looking SLICK!
You hit up that barber in the
city? I told you! Never let
somebody near your hair unless
they have a real set of balls.

Thomas coolly slips Roberto \$20 as he shakes his hand.

David notices Thomas and the rest of his family, including daughter, Diana, being led to a table. Javier heads to them with a bread basket. David grabs his arm.

DAVID

I got this. You take 22.

JAVIER

No way. Roberto hates switches.

DAVID

Come on, dude. He won't notice.

JAVIER

Forget it.

DAVID

Give you ten bucks.

Javier shakes his head.

DAVID

Twenty.

Javier shrugs, moves to the table. David cuts him off.

DAVID

What do you want?

JAVIER

Half your tips tonight.

David hesitates. Stares at Diana; she's so hot.

DAVID

Done.

David grabs the basket. Javier grins and ducks out.

DAVID

Hello, everyone. I'll be taking
care of you. Along with your
waiter, Armando.

Diana smiles but drops her eyes pretending not to
recognize him.

Diana's mom, ALISON, 46, sits next to her, impeccably
dressed to be seen. Tommy slouches on the other side of
the booth, zoned out in shades and a rumpled blazer.

Thomas reaches over and plucks Tommy's head, jolting him
to sit up straight.

Armando grabs David's arm and pulls him away.

ARMANDO

Table 18!

A group of guys, dressed to the nines, find seats. David
serves them bread and recognizes one as former NFL star
MICHAEL STRAHAN, but David keeps watching Diana.

David refills water for everyone. He fills Diana's until
it overflows a bit. They share a smile.

THOMAS

THAT'S what the book is about. We
don't have those kinds of leaders
anymore. We need people with the
mojo to make the right choice,
even when it's risky.

DIANA

For example?

THOMAS

When he heard Dr. King had been
killed, he was in St. Louis to
make a speech in a poor area. His
aides tried to talk him out of it.
Too risky. He told his advisors to
kiss his ass, gave a powerhouse
speech and it was one of the only
cities in the U.S. that didn't
riot that night.

David clears their appetizer plates.

DAVID

Actually, it was Indianapolis.

The Chardes go silent. Thomas turns to David. Swirls the ice in his gin and tonic, eyes lock on David

DAVID

Robert Kennedy, right? '68? The speech where he quoted Aeschylus? It was in Indianapolis.

David nods his head and hurries off.

THOMAS

If a kid's gonna bumrush me, least he coulda been right.

Diana's thumbs blur as she works her iPhone to pull up a Wikipedia page on RFK.

DIANA

He was right.

Diana holds out the iPhone so Thomas can see it.

LATER

David clears their dinner dishes.

THOMAS

How'd you know that?

DAVID

I read about it. Despite what you may hear, us locals are fairly literate.

David smiles. Thomas does too.

THOMAS

You in college?

DAVID

I start this fall.

THOMAS

Where are you going?

DAVID

Well, I'm still waiting to, uh, decide. I'm on the waitlist for my first choice.

THOMAS

And where's that?

DAVID

Harvard.

TOMMY

Oh, god, no.

Diana and her mom chuckle.

THOMAS

Really? I went to Harvard.

TOMMY

You fed the beast.

Thomas jabs a thumb at his son.

THOMAS

My son's expertise is getting
kicked OUT of schools.

Armando grabs David's arm.

ARMANDO

One key lime! Table 18. Now!

DAVID

Excuse me.

KITCHEN

David drops off used plates. Dining room door swings open, David notices Thomas Charde getting the check.

Diana looks up and her eyes collide with David's.

He grabs a Palm matchbook and scribbles his name and number. Javier peeks over his shoulder.

JAVIER

Better hurry, homes!

DINING ROOM

David delivers the key lime pie to the big table and keeps moving, but Michael Strahan grabs his arm.

MICHAEL STRAHAN

Ooooo. That looks REAL good. Can I
get one too, please?

David checks Diana's table, sees them leaving.

DAVID

(playful)
You're killing me.

The guys chuckle at David's charming complaint. As he hustles to the kitchen, Diana's family heads out.

KITCHEN

David tosses another pie slice on a plate.

DINING ROOM

He drops it off. But Diana's family has left.

MICHAEL STRAHAN

Can I get one more to take home?

David looks back at him, pissed.

MICHAEL STRAHAN

Just joking, buddy.

The table bursts in to laughter. David smiles.

DAVID

Yeah, if you only knew what I did to that pie.

The table laughs louder. David bolts to...

DINING ROOM ENTRANCE

David looks around, but Diana's gone.

David sighs and turns away.

Out of the corner of his eye, outside on the front path, David spots Diana talking on her cell phone, alone.

FRONT PATH

DAVID

Excuse me!

Diana turns around.

DAVID

You forgot something.

DIANA

I did? What?

DAVID

You forgot to give me your number.

DIANA

What makes you think I'd give you my number?

DAVID

You're standing out front here, waiting to see if I'd follow you.

DIANA

No.

David stares at her.

DIANA

Not really.

David keeps staring. She turns red.

DIANA

You totally suck.

She laughs. David does too. She steps close to him.

Plucks a pen from his pocket, takes his wrist, slides up his sleeve and writes her number up the belly of his arm.

DIANA

I'm Diana.

DAVID

David.

DIANA

Yeah, I know.

She taps his name stitched to his blazer.

DIANA

Despite what you may hear, us Manhattanites are fairly literate too.

KITCHEN

David slides next to Javier, both cutting bread.

JAVIER

She get your number?

David pulls up his sleeve showing the digits on his arm.

DAVID

I got hers.

Javier grins.

JAVIER

Impressive.
(pause)
But don't forget my money.

PARKING LOT

The Chardes climb into their BMW.

THOMAS

What'd he want?

DIANA

What do all boys want?

Thomas turns to his wife.

THOMAS

You know, maybe we do get her that chastity belt? Might be time.

CEDAR LAWN CEMETERY - DAY

An enormous crowd of mostly teens, gather around a grave site beneath a grove of elder trees. A pastor rambles.

David and the pool cleaning guys stand solemn, shoulder to shoulder.

The ceremony ends and the guys head back to the van.

A Mercedes drives by and Kevin gives it the finger.

KEVIN

Makes me so mad. Guy runs over Lisa and just drives off. Like she was a fucking deer or something. I hope they catch this scumbag. Hope they plug him full of electricity.

JIMMY

Maybe it was an accident. Maybe the guy didn't mean...

KEVIN

What? Didn't mean what?

JIMMY

Forget it.

Jimmy wilts under Kevin's glare.

SPRAWLING ESTATE

Casey and David lug vacuum hoses and a bucket of equipment past a stellar dark stone pool. Kevin and Jimmy work the whirlpool across the yard.

CASEY

Check the PH balance. I'll skim.
And by the way, I'm not saying
don't call her, but--

DAVID

But what?

CASEY

How you gonna take out a high
class girl like that? Ask her to
ride on the back of your Schwinn?

DAVID

Class? This is America, bro.

CASEY

True. You got a right to pursue
happiness, but nobody said nothing
about catching it.

Casey watches David fumble in the bucket for the dropper and test tube. Confused, he yanks out the directions.

CASEY

You have no clue, do you?

DAVID

I'm-- No-- I'm just--

CASEY

Dude! You told me you knew how.
Now I gotta train you. Shoulda
been straight with me.

DAVID

You wouldn't have hired me.

CASEY

So! Never lie to your friends.

VILLA ITALIAN SPECIALITIES STORE

The guys walk out with Italian subs.

CASEY

D, you didn't get anything?

KEVIN
How can you go to the Pork Store
and not get a combo, man?

DAVID
I'm saving money.

David, pulls out a tiny home-made bologna sandwich.

CASEY
Nobody needs money THAT bad.

The guys laugh.

JIMMY
Jeez, looks like two crackers.

The guys laugh louder.

POOL VAN AT BEACH PARKING LOT

Watching waves curl, the guys chow on their sandwiches.

DAVID
Kev, let me use your cell.

KEVIN
Use your own phone.

DAVID
Battery's dead.

CASEY
You calling that girl?

KEVIN
You're murdering my minutes! How
come your battery's always dead?

CASEY
His phone's from like the '80s.

KEVIN
Really? Let me see it.

DAVID
No.

KEVIN
You wanna use my phone, then let
me see yours first.

David sheepishly pulls out his cell. The guys laugh.

JIMMY
That run on gasoline?

KEVIN
My god, this thing takes pictures!
Can you see them on the screen or
do they have to get developed?

DAVID
Ha ha.

DUNE

David climbs away to be out of earshot.

DIANA (O.S.)
Hello?

DAVID
Hi! It's David. You gave me your
number last night. At the Palm.

DIANA (O.S.)
Who?

DAVID
Uh... David. As you were leaving--

INTERCUT TO:

BUCKSKILL TENNIS CLUB

DIANA
David, I'm messing with you.

DAVID
Oh, I see. Well, listen, Cindy-
Wait, is this "Cindy" or one of
the other girls who gave me their
numbers?

She laughs.

DIANA
Nice comeback. I'm glad you
called, but I can't talk now.

DAVID
Okay, so when are we going out?

DIANA
Oh, we're going out?

DAVID

Yup. For the time of your life.

DIANA

Hmmm... There's a party tonight in South if you-

DAVID

I gotta work tonight. And you can't just say, "South." It's "Southampton."

DIANA

Ohhh. Is that right?

David smiles.

DAVID

Yup. And don't say "THE Springs" either. Just "Springs."

Diana smiles.

DIANA

Maybe you can be my interpreter.

DAVID

For a price.

DIANA

Tomorrow I'm sailing with friends. Come with us. The East Hampton Point Marina at noon. How do I say that, interpreter?

DAVID

East Hampton Point Marina. And I'll be there.

DIANA

Have you been sailing before?

DAVID

No, but unless you need me to drive the boat, we'll be okay.

They both laugh.

David hangs up. Diana hangs up too, her eyes beaming. Kaitlyn notices.

KAITLYN

What?

DIANA

Nothing.

KAITLYN
I know what that smile means...

DIANA
Shut uuuuuuup.

MATT'S HOUSE

MATT
Sailing!?!

DAVID
Yeah.

MATT
Really? YOU'RE going sailing?

DAVID
Bro, this girl is a nine alarm fire. She's the hottest girl that's ever said hi to me. I'd go roller-blading if she asked me to.

Matt searches for "Clothing + Sailing".

DAVID
Oh, by the way...

David pulls out an envelope.

MATT
Princeton! For God's sake OPEN IT!
Why did you even wait!?!

DAVID
I'm feeling it! And I wanted you to be with me to celebrate.

David rips it open. His face goes blank. He drops it.

MATT
You still got Harvard, right? And that's the only place you went for an interview, right?

DAVID
Yeah.

MATT
And you NAILED it, right.

David smiles a little.

DAVID
I did.

MATT

So, don't give up hope.

The search field comes up. It catches Matt's eye.

MATT

Oh, here's a site on sailing supplies. Here's one for clothing optional sailing! You think?

They chuckle. David softens a bit.

He flips through J-Crew magazine, shows Matt a picture of a guy on a boat wearing a pink shirt.

Matt gets David a similar shirt from the closet.

DAVID

Casey says I got no shot with her.

MATT

He's a pessimist. And a curmudgeon.

DAVID

You think I got a shot?

MATT

No comment.

They both laugh.

EAST HAMPTON POINT, DOCK - DAY

David locks his bike to a railing. Diana waves. David checks out a stunning 100-foot yacht.

DAVID

Is this the boat?

DIANA

Yup. Loaner from my friend's dad. Hey, I like your shirt.

DAVID

Thanks. Loaner from my friend, Matt.

MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR YACHT

David and Diana board, followed by Kaitlyn and a few friends. David spots Tommy bringing a cooler with Aidan.

DIANA
Tommy invited Aidan. I didn't know
until too late.

DAVID
Uhhh. Okay.

DIANA
Just play it cool, alright?
Diana smiles and pulls him towards the others.

DIANA
Hey guys, this is David!
Everyone waves. Aidan rolls his eyes.

TOP DECK

The yacht cruises away from the harbor. David and Diana
loungue up front, enjoying the fluffy clouds.

DAVID
I could get used to this.

DIANA
Let me ask you something.

DAVID
Shoot.

DIANA
Why'd you ask for my number?

DAVID
I'm using you to get to your dad.
She playfully hits him with a sweatshirt.

DAVID
You gonna be out here all summer?

DIANA
For the most part, might spend a
few weeks in London. My dad's got
a flat in Knightsbridge.

DAVID
And after the summer?

DIANA
Columbia.

DAVID
College life in the city, huh?

DIANA

I love it. And it means I can
intern with my dad's company.

David touches her hand. She smiles, rolls over and slides
both of her hands around his.

DAVID

What's your dad do?

DIANA

Owens an ad agency. That commercial
where the penguins make cell phone
calls? That's them. Anyway, that's
my plan, follow in his footsteps.

DAVID

Daddy's girl, eh?

DIANA

Guilty as charged.

(pause)

Hey, you want a beer?

DAVID

Sure.

DIANA

Cool. Grab me one too.

She breaks out a big grin. David chuckles.

BELOW DECK

Aidan, Tommy and the girls hunch around a table playing
cards. Stacks of cash. Blue frozen drinks. Odd red light.
Somebody's iPod cranks a rap song in French.

Aidan bends over the back of a girl in a bikini. He
sniffs loudly, grunts and wobbles his head. She giggles.

David stumbles and nearly wipes out as he descends the
stairs. Everyone looks up.

AIDAN

Need something, hoss?

DAVID

Beer?

Aidan points to the cooler. Hands a straw to Tommy who
takes a hit too. Another giggle from the girl.

David grabs two beers and hustles out.

BACK DECK

Everyone relaxes around a table filled with wine, fruit, cheese and sushi. David struggles to track it all:

AIDAN

-probably going to Martha's Vineyard next week. Then Amsterdam for Mother's art exhibit.

JUMP CUT TO:

KAITLYN

My dad got us tickets to see The Black Keys. Backstage passes too!

JUMP CUT TO:

TOMMY

Anybody get the new iPhone yet?

AIDAN

Yeah, but I left it in the fuckin' city! Had to send our maid to go back for it.

JUMP CUT TO:

KAITLYN

So, where are you from David?

DAVID

I grew up here.

AIDAN

Where?

DAVID

In East Hampton.

AIDAN

You're FROM East Hampton? Nobody's FROM East Hampton.

KAITLYN

I thought the whole place kinda shuts down in September.

DAVID

Nope, it's open all year round. Has been for about 350 years.

AIDAN

Thanks for the history lesson. Who wants more Pinot?

KAITLYN

I don't know how to say this
without sounding rude...

DAVID

Just say it. It's cool.

KAITLYN

Do the locals have a thing against
the people who summer here?

DAVID

Some do. Of course it's worse this
summer, with the hit and run.

KAITLYN

I don't understand.

DAVID

Everybody figures it was one of
you guys. Not YOU GUYS personally.
But somebody from the city.

AIDAN

Why?

DAVID

Uh, well. Convertible. Sports car.
The person who did it took off...
There's no way a local did it.

AIDAN

Locals are above it all?

DAVID

Let's just say we don't drive a
lot of convertible sports cars.

Tommy re-fills his wine glass and takes a pull.

TOMMY

So what does your family do?

DAVID

My dad works at Springs School.

DIANA

Notice he said "Springs" and not
"THE Springs." We've been saying
it wrong.

David nods to Diana who nods back.

DAVID
That's right. I'll hook you guys
up with the insider way to say
things around here.

Aidan smirks.

AIDAN
Great.

David looks over at Aidan, who looks away.

KAITLYN
What subject does your dad teach?

DAVID
Umm. He's a custodian.

Aidan fights to keep from laughing. David glares at him.

DIANA
Cut it out, Aidan.

KAITLYN
So you two met at The Palm?

AIDAN
Your dad took you to The Palm?

DIANA
You're such an asshole.

AIDAN
What? I can't ask questions?

DAVID
I bus tables there, five nights a
week. I also clean pools. Anything
else you wanna know about me?

AIDAN
You bus tables AND clean pools?
Check this guy's green card!

David rises to his feet.

DAVID
Do you wanna step outside?

AIDAN
On a fucking boat? Yeah, let's
step outside. You go first.

People barely suppress giggles.

DOCK - EARLY EVENING

David and Kaitlyn help a wasted Tommy get off the boat.

KAITLYN

Don't take it personally. Aidan is just threatened by you.

DAVID

Why?

KAITLYN

He's Diana's ex. Plus you work for things you want. He blew off his SATs then cried to Daddy who bought his way into Brown by donating a nuclear lab. And you're the type of guy Diana's ALWAYS wanted to meet.

DAVID

Poor?

KAITLYN

Genuine.

Aidan pulls up in a Hummer.

KAITLYN

Whose car is that?

AIDAN

Dad's. Mine's in the garage.

Diana reappears holding up her cell.

DIANA

Found it. Let's get Tommy into the car before my dad sees us.

Just after Aidan pulls away, Thomas strolls down the dock, gin & tonic in hand.

THOMAS

Perfect timing for dinner. Where's Tommy?

DIANA

Went home. Got a little seasick.

THOMAS

Seasick?

Thomas looks away in disgust.

DIANA

Remember David from The Palm? Can he take Tommy's spot for dinner?

Thomas focuses on David.

THOMAS

Indianapolis. Sure. As long as he pays his own way.

EAST HAMPTON POINT RESTAURANT

The chic waterfront hosts a milling crowd of beautiful people, some dancing to the reggae band.

BACK DINING ROOM

Thomas, Diana and David cut through the bar and head to the reserved section, packed with the Hamptons elite. David takes the chair next to Diana.

A menu appears in front of him, almost out of nowhere. David's eyes bulge at the prices.

DIANA

Dad was kidding about you paying.

Thomas gestures to a guest, EVAN, a 50-ish writer in a stately brown sport coat.

THOMAS

So Evan, our man David here is a real Kennedy expert.

The conversation dies down a little. Guests listen in.

EVAN

Oh yeah?

DAVID

I don't think I'd go that far. But I've read some stuff about them.

THOMAS

Oh no, he's an accomplished young scholar. Read EVERYTHING.

David glances at Thomas, confused.

EVAN

Anything that you liked?

DAVID
I liked "Brothers." "An Unfinished
Life" was excellent. Oh and "RFK:
His Life" was solid.

THOMAS
"RFK," huh? How come it wasn't any
better than "solid"?

Thomas smiles, watching David closely.

DAVID
Well, it was very well researched,
but he bends over backwards to
defend Kennedy's mistakes. It's
like, "We get it! You like him.
You don't have to be an apologist
for EVERY mistake the guy made!"

Guests giggle. Awkward looks are exchanged.

DAVID
What?

THOMAS
The book you're ripping? Evan
wrote it.

DAVID
Wait, no, I...

They all laugh.

THOMAS
We're doing PR for his new book.

EVAN
I'll try not to be such an
apologist this time.

They laugh again. Evan laughs louder than anybody.

DIANA
In the meantime, David and I will
be on the dance floor where nobody
springs traps on him.

OUTSIDE DECK DANCE FLOOR

They sway to the steel drum band music.

DIANA
I'm sorry about that.

DAVID

Don't be. I loved it. Makes me sharper. These are the sort of people and functions that I'm headed for in my life. I'm jumping on Montauk Highway and never looking back.

DIANA

I like your fire, hot shot.

DAVID

I'm just getting started.

The sexual tension crackles as they slow dance in front of a reddish sun dipping beyond the horizon.

POXABOGUE 9-HOLE GOLF COURSE - SUNRISE

The sun creeps up to shine on the Pool Van on a dirt road adjacent to this scruffy little course.

David, Casey and Kevin climb out of the bushes and sneak on to the green.

David drives a powerful shot. Gorgeous form.

CASEY

Matt told us about Yale and Princeton.

Casey tosses a ball up and whacks it with a baseball bat.

KEVIN

Why you say shit to him and not us?

Kevin takes the bat and cracks one. They march on.

DAVID

So you could gloat?

(pause)

Doesn't matter. I'm getting into Harvard.

LATER

Casey bowls his ball in the hole from seven feet out.

CASEY

I just don't want to see you get hurt. That's all. You set your goals SO high--

KEVIN

Seriously.

CASEY

Like that FCP chick.

DAVID

Diana.

KEVIN

Dude, you're one of us. WE don't get girls like that.

DAVID

Is that right?

David lines up an 18-foot putt.

CASEY

I'll tell you what, the gods have spoken to me: you make this putt, and ONLY if you make this putt, you'll get that girl.

David's attention snaps into focus. He lines up and calmly putts the ball, dropping it in the hole.

CASEY

The gods have spoken again: they were messing with you. You still have no shot.

The guys laugh. Even David smirks.

MODERN HOUSE

David skims the pool. Casey works the other end.

David's cell rings. Casey looks over. David holds up a finger and steps away.

DAVID

Hello?

DIANA (O.S.)

Hey, you free this afternoon?

DAVID

Uhhh.

DIANA (O.S.)

It involves taking off my clothes.

DAVID

I'll see what I can do.

David heads back to Casey.

CASEY
No, D. You're working today.

DAVID
Let me off two hours early, man.

Casey sighs.

CASEY
One hour. And don't ask again.

CLOTHING STORE

David stands outside a changing booth in an upscale women's clothing store.

DAVID
This has to go down as the worst
bait and switch of all time.

Diana laughs from inside the booth. She steps out in a short skirt and dangerous black boots.

DIANA
How do I look?

DAVID
You look good. For an evil woman.

Diana laughs again.

David checks out a Polo shirt with the over-sized logo.

DIANA
That's a hot shirt. Get it.

David spots the price tag: \$200.

DAVID
Uh, nah, I don't think so.

DIANA
Why not?

DAVID
Nah. I just...

Diana sees the price tag.

David puts the shirt back on the rack.

Awkward silence.

ANOTHER CLOTHING STORE

David slouches on the waiting bench. Yawns.

DAVID

This is getting preposterous.

DIANA

Is that so?

She reaches her arm out and pulls him inside the booth.

She sports a silky silver bikini. David swallows. She adjusts it, surveying the fit like a gemologist.

DIANA

How's it look?

Their eyes lock. Sexual tension ratchets to 11. David leans an arm on the wall behind her and lightly slides a hand to her hip. Her fingers cover his. Lips open slowly-

The fist of a hefty STORE MANAGER pokes through the curtain, clutching a suit.

STORE MANAGER

Yeah, you can try this on too.

She hears them clunking around and rips open the curtain.

SIDEWALK

David and Diana bolt out of the store laughing hard.

MAIN STREET

David and Diana stand across the street from The Palm. David checks his watch.

DIANA

You really gotta go?

DAVID

If I'm late again they'll kill me.

He steps away. She grabs his hand, takes him in with her big eyes. He steps up and kisses her.

DIANA

Call in sick.

DAVID

I can't.

DIANA

Dad said you can come for dinner tonight. Roberto LOVES my dad! He'll just ask for a favor.

DAVID

It doesn't work that way.

She spins around. Slides David's hand into her back pocket, making him grab her cell phone. Slowly.

DIANA

Oh, you picked my pocket!

She plucks the phone from him and dials.

DIANA

Dad, David says he's on for dinner if you get him the night off at The Palm. Can you call Roberto?

DAVID

But--

DIANA

I know. That's what I told him.

She hangs up. A huge smile spreads over her face. And she kisses him.

DIANA

Dinner's at seven. Don't be late.

CHARDE HOME - DUSK

David bikes down the long driveway lined by immaculate hedges. As he turns a corner he passes four luxury cars in front of a towering mansion.

David approaches the front porch and realizes he has pit stains from the ride. He ducks behind a hedge, pulls off his shirt and shakes it to dry out.

FRONT PORCH

Diana opens the door for David, they both smile.

ENTRY ROOM

David steps in, eyes wide, and bumps a side table, teetering a vase on its edge! David grabs it.

DAVID

Whoa. Sorry.

DIANA

Nice catch!

Thomas flows down the stairs.

THOMAS

Hey, David! Allesandro whipped up a special meal for us tonight. You bring an appetite?

DAVID

Yeah. Actually I'm...

Without waiting for the answer, Thomas turns to head out.

DAVID

(to himself)
...very hungry. Thanks for asking.

DINING ROOM

David, Thomas, Diana and her mom Alison have settled around the table. ALLESANDRO serves grilled asparagus.

THOMAS

Spectacular, Allesandro!

Tommy plops down to the table, wearing sunglasses and holding a large glass of a clear liquid.

THOMAS

Enough with the shades, rock star.

Tommy stirs in his seat but doesn't take them off.

THOMAS

What are you drinking?

TOMMY

Water.

THOMAS

What kind, Ketel One?

Tommy squirms. Tension rises. David jumps to the rescue.

DAVID

You guys see Michael Strahan when you came to The Palm last week?

ALISON CHARDE

He's not as big as I thought he'd be. Except for his neck!

DAVID

It's a tree trunk! He's a regular. Great tipper. Bit of a jokester.

THOMAS

I guess you get to meet all sorts of interesting folks, huh?

DAVID

Well, I'm not really meeting them, I'm getting them pie.

Thomas chuckles. Spilling into a laugh, enjoying it.

ALISON CHARDE

David, I read about the accident the other night, the girl who was hit. Did you know her?

DAVID

Yeah.

ALISON CHARDE

So sad!

THOMAS

What a nightmare for her parents. To lose a child like that.

ALISON CHARDE

One thing I don't understand... Why ride a bike on a dark road that late at night?

DAVID

She was coming home from work.

THOMAS

Yeah, but that's not the smartest idea to put herself in danger.

DAVID

With all due respect, not everybody has four cars.

The table falls awkwardly quiet.

LATER

Tommy slips away. Allesandro steps in to clear dishes.

ALISON CHARDE
Allesandro, we've got it, dear.

Diana and Alison grab dishes. Thomas looks at David.

THOMAS
Come on, I'll show you my office.

Diana and her mom smile at Thomas's invitation.

THOMAS CHARDE'S DEN

David stands amazed at the hand-carved mahogany walls, delicate lighting and photos of major political figures. One frames a young Bill Clinton shaking hands with JFK.

David looks closer, noticing Clinton's signature.

THOMAS
We did a fundraiser for him once.

DAVID
How was he in person?

THOMAS
Man could charm the pants off anyone. That was his problem.

They chuckle. David studies a photo of JFK and RFK outside The White House.

THOMAS
I thought about getting into politics when I was younger.

DAVID
And?

THOMAS
Fell into the ad business. Started my own agency. Was having too much fun. Still could run now, but... Pissed off too many people.

He sips his gin & tonic.

THOMAS
Where's your life headed? I bet you're a man with a plan.

DAVID
Well...

THOMAS
Tell me.

DAVID
I'm thinking public service.

THOMAS
Nice. How high you aiming?

David points to the Clinton photo. Thomas' head tilts.

THOMAS
Big dog, eh?

David leans in a little.

DAVID
When I was 10, I told my mom I wanted to be the president. You know what she did? Gave me a book to read every month: history, politics, great leaders. When she got sick, and we, uh, knew she wouldn't be around, she listed 100 more books for me.

THOMAS
You read them?

DAVID
Every one.

THOMAS
And how does Harvard fit in?

DAVID
I'm a janitor's kid from nowhere. Harvard's my reset button. It gets me in the game.

THOMAS
Politics is a rough game. Gotta play dirty to win.

DAVID
I don't know. I think you can be clean and win. Look at Obama.

THOMAS
Oh. Obama didn't sell out to Wall Street to get elected? He raised 500 million from what, old ladies and college kids? Trust me, at that level, nobody's clean.

DAVID
I think you're wrong.

Thomas's knuckles twitch as he glares at David.

THOMAS

Let me tell ya something, the
really dirty shit doesn't make it
into the books you read. So grow
some peach fuzz. See the real
world. THEN tell me I'm wrong.

LIVING ROOM

The guys walk in while the ladies sip tea.

DIANA

Hey! You two best friends now?

DAVID

Sure are. Good night, Mrs. Charde.
Thanks for everything.

ALISON CHARDE

You're welcome, David!

Diana leads David out. Alison turns to Thomas.

ALISON CHARDE

Well?

THOMAS

Headstrong. Stubborn. Cocky.

Alison smiles and slides her arms around him.

ALISON CHARDE

I can't IMAGINE why our daughter
is drawn to someone like that.

His frown turns into a smile. He pulls her towards him.

THOMAS

Is that sass, woman?

FONT PORCH

Diana and David step outside. Their hands come together.

DIANA

Sooo?

DAVID

I think we sorta got into a fight.

She smiles.

DIANA

He just tests people. Kaitlyn is having a party on Monday. You should come! And bring your guys.

DAVID

Sounds good.

Diana hands him a bag she's been holding behind her back.

DAVID

What is it?

DIANA

Celebration gift for when you get into Harvard.

David leans in for a kiss-

THOMAS (O.S.)

DIANA! Your phone is ringing.

They laugh.

DRIVEWAY

David opens the bag: it's the \$200 Polo shirt.

TOMMY (O.S.)

What'd she give you?

David looks up to see a dark shape ahead. A small light flares. He moves closer and sees Tommy, smoking a joint. David holds up the shirt.

TOMMY

She likes you. My dad does too.

DAVID

Really?

TOMMY

If he didn't, you'd know it.

DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

David slides out of the van.

CASEY

I don't wanna hang out with a bunch of city assholes.

KEVIN

Besides, there's a party at Ditch Plains that night.

DAVID

Diana's friends are hot. We'll hook you up. Trust me.

KEVIN

Davie, those chicks won't put out the time of day for guys like us!

DAVID

Let's just go for a while, okay?

LIVING ROOM

David darts to the mail basket. Scoops the envelopes.

One falls to the ground: **from Harvard.**

He drops the other mail, takes a long, hard look at the Harvard seal.

He sucks in a breath and rips it open.

"We regret to inform you that you have not been selected..."

David's face flushes white.

BATHROOM

David sticks his forehead against the shower wall, water draining all around him.

BEDROOM

David, face blank, pulls on his \$200 Polo shirt.

KEVIN'S HOUSE

The van chugs to a stop. Kevin and Jimmy jump out.

They see a cop car parked in the driveway. Two POLICE OFFICERS walk up. One points to Jimmy.

POLICE OFFICER

Are you James O'Donnel?

MATT'S BEDROOM

David enters to see Matt, Casey and Kevin huddled together. Kevin's eyes, swollen red, close tight as he slams a beer.

CASEY

Cops picked up Jimmy. Get my text?

DAVID

No, my battery's dead again. What do you mean they picked him up?

KEVIN

To talk to him about Lisa Lester.

DAVID

Why?

Kevin can't say it.

CASEY

They think he did it.

David's jaw literally drops. Kevin guzzles another beer.

KEVIN

Jimmy was valet parking at Nick & Toni's the night she was hit. They said he took a white convertible for a joyride.

INSERT: Jimmy drives the car, big smile, music blaring.

KEVIN

Owners just noticed damage to the front of the car.

DAVID

Well, it has to be a mistake. Right? HAS to be.

KEVIN

Of course! And I'll kill anyone who says he did it.

Kevin finishes his third beer.

KEVIN

We going to the FCP party or what?

CASEY

You think that's a good idea?

Kevin shrugs. Casey looks to David.

DAVID

Yeah, maybe it is. Get your mind off it. Meet a girl. Who knows?

DRIVEWAY

The guys head for the van. David notices Kevin's shirt for the first time, which reads: "F*ck you, I live here."

DAVID

You're really gonna wear that?

KEVIN

Don't start with me.

DAVID

Seriously, Matt, lend him a shirt.

KEVIN

Like you should be talking in that preppy fag shirt!

CASEY

He's got a point.

The guys climb in the van. David sighs and follows.

KAITLYN'S HOUSE

Casey pulls up in front of a large, modern home. Casey wedges the Pool Van between a BMW and an Alfa Romeo.

Hip hop thumps as the boys pass teens on the front deck chugging a bottle of Stolichnaya Elit vodka. Around the corner, struts Aidan, Tommy and their pals.

David and Tommy exchange a nod as they keep moving. Aidan reads Kevin's shirt: "F*ck you, I live here" and glares Kevin down. Kevin shoots eye daggers back.

DAVID

Let it go man.

David pulls Kevin inside.

KITCHEN

The guys find an ice chest of beers and David plucks bottles for his buddies.

Matt points to Diana out by the pool - talking to Aidan.

POOLSIDE

AIDAN

We'll do the London thing
together. Out 'til 6, crazy music--

David grabs Diana's hand and leads her inside, tracking
Aidan over his shoulder.

LIVING ROOM

David brings her in as a fast song finishes. Casey, Kevin
and Matt prowl by to find a new spot. A slow song plays.

DIANA

Can I have my arm back now?

DAVID

Long as you don't give it to him.

DIANA

Hey! Don't start with the jealousy
thing. I'm mad enough already.

DAVID

Why?

They stare at each other, hearts pound faster.

DIANA

You're late! He's been coming at
me all night about his dumb London
trip. What took you so long?

David looks deep into her eyes.

DAVID

Few things came up. Wanna forget
'em for now. Sorry I'm late.

David pulls her close. She slides her hands over his
shoulders, stares at his lips.

POOLSIDE

Aidan watches them through the window, seething.

AIDAN'S FRIEND

Bro, you gonna let that townie
posterize you like that?

Aidan grabs buckets of ice water. Hands one to his pal.

AIDAN

Come on, I got an idea.

LIVING ROOM

David and Diana dance to a slow song.

DIANA

Shirt looks great on you. But I'm
still mad you're late.

DAVID

Mad/angry or mad/crazy?

He looks at her lips. Her breath hits him.

DIANA

Both.

David's mouth moves even closer. Heartbeats almost thump
out of their chests.

Closer, with fierce tenderness, they connect lips.

The room blurs to a standstill.

They kiss deeper, and deeper. A tear runs down her cheek.

Out of nowhere... People SLAM into them! Water and ice
cubes runs across floor over their shoes!

PARTY GOER

FIGHT!

David gently nudges Diana aside and charges over. Aidan
clutches Kevin's soaking wet shirt, firing punches. Kevin
digs his fingers into Aidan's throat.

Casey moves in but Tommy holds him back.

David hooks Kevin from behind to break it up. Kevin
flails knocking them both to the floor.

DAVID

Yo, it's me, Kev. Calm down!

While Kevin is down, Aidan kicks him in the face. David
and Kevin both tumble back.

David springs up to attack. Tommy grabs him from behind.
Without looking, David spins with his fist, nailing Tommy
in the face.

Kevin, back to his feet, dives over the couch tackling
Aidan into the glass coffee table: BOOM! Shatters!

David, Casey and Matt together pull Kevin away.

KAITLYN

We called the cops. Better get the hell out of here right now!

They drag Kevin out the door.

KEVIN

I'll fucking kill that kid!

POOL VAN

Kevin looks at his face in the mirror: big bruise on his cheekbone and a gash on his nose.

DAVID

Dude, we're there two minutes and you start a fight?

KEVIN

ME? Are you serious?

DAVID

You went looking to scrap.

KEVIN

He poured a bucket of water on me!

DAVID

Whaaaat!?!

KEVIN

Look at me, genius. You think I got this wet running a treadmill?

CASEY

I saw the whole thing, David.

KEVIN

You were neckin' with the rich bitch while we get jumped by her prep school buddies. Then you joined THEIR side!

DAVID

I tried to break it up!

KEVIN

You held me while the guy tattooed my face with an Adidas size 11!

CASEY

Gotta admit, D, it looked suspicious.

KEVIN

And on the night when they try to
pin this shit on Jimmy? You're a
fucking traitor!

DAVID

Pull the van over. PULL OVER!

Casey stops by the side of the road. David hops out.

KEVIN

Go back and finish sucking their
dicks. It'll be good practice for
when you're at Harvard!

DAVID

I got news for you: I didn't get
into Harvard. You happy?

Matt, stares shocked.

Casey floors it, screaming away.

MATT

Guys, we can't leave him.

The van keeps going. David marches down the street.

MAIN STREET

David plops down on a bench in town and dials his cell.

KAITLYN'S KITCHEN

Diana's phone rings. Kaitlyn grabs it, shows it: "David."
Diana reaches for the cell, but Kaitlyn pulls it away.

KAITLYN

Don't. Better to just cut it off.

DIANA

He's gonna keep calling.

KAITLYN

Di, I know he's the sort of guy
you always thought you wanted, but
the reality is, he just-- He
doesn't even have a car. I know
that sounds bad, but can you
REALLY picture him in Aspen or
London with our families? He and
his guys just wrecked my summer
house! Let it go before you get
too attached.

Diana closes her cell and puts it away.

MAIN STREET

David strolls along the empty block.

DAVID

Me again. Sorry things got out of hand. It was a bad night all around. Just call. Please.

DAVID'S BEDROOM - MORNING

David wakes up and checks his phone.

Text from Diana: "Better 2 not c each other anymore. Plz respect my decision"

THE PALM RESTAURANT - NIGHT

ARMANDO

Six coffees there. Six!

Zoned out, David pours coffee, deep gaps under his eyes.

JAVIER

You look like GARBAGE, homes.

DAVID

Thanks.

Javier bolts. David locks his gaze to his coffees.

David places one cup and saucer into his hand, adds another, stacks FOUR more on top of them. It's steady, but VERY high. His hand trembles.

JAVIER

Six is pushing it, bro.

DAVID

I got it.

David arrives at the table. The top two coffees wobble. David over-adjusts and the tower collapses. He tries to catch them but they spill on a customer.

Customer SCREAMS, leaping up. Roberto flies over to help.

ROBERTO

SO sorry, sir. We'll take care of everything. Bill is on the house.

BACK ENTRANCE

David dumps the pile of broken glass in the dumpster.
Roberto pops his head out of the back door.

ROBERTO

Bad enough you use a customer to
get you the night off, then you go
for the circus trick of six
coffees? You're fired, kid.

BEACH - DAY

David and Matt stretch out on towels.

DAVID

So, to sum up, in 24 hours I lost
two jobs, two friends, the hottest
girl I've ever met and I have no
future.

MATT

Well, I guess asking her dad for
help is out of the question.

David stares at him.

MATT

Okay, bad joke.

David sits up and looks around. He sees Diana's crew down
the beach. Diana catches his gaze and looks away.

DAVID

She's here.

MATT

D, sometimes you just move on.

DAVID

Not until I have my say.

David stands. Diana sees him and walks away.

David jogs toward her. A black-eyed Tommy sits next to
Aidan who jumps to his feet, stepping in front of David.

AIDAN

What do you want?

David ignores Aidan, accelerating right by him.

David catches up to Diana and lightly grabs her arm.

DIANA

David...

DAVID

I just wanna talk.

She looks him right in the eyes.

DIANA

You guys trashed Kaitlyn's house!
You know how mad she is at me?

DAVID

I didn't start that!

DIANA

You hit my brother in the face!

DAVID

That was an accident.

DIANA

David...

DAVID

What?

DIANA

Look, just forget it, okay?

Diana spins and walks away.

DAVID

Tell me that was a normal kiss.

She stops.

DAVID

Tell me you didn't feel what I
felt and I'll take off right now.

She hesitates. Her knees quiver. Kaitlyn swoops over.

KAITLYN

Di, let's go.

Kaitlyn leads her away. Diana looks back, David still
stands there, like a rock. Kaitlyn keeps her moving.

David steps over to Aidan and Tommy.

DAVID

I'm sorry I hit you, Tommy.

Tommy nods, barely. Aidan spits in the sand.

David marches back toward Matt.

ROAD NEAR TOWN POND

David rides his bike. He hears a hissing sound. He looks down at the wheel: deflated. He looks up to the sky.

DAVID

Really? Really?!? What's next,
Locusts?

David walks his bike along the side of the road.

POOL VAN

Casey sees David.

CASEY

Ahhhh, crap.

Casey leans out the window.

CASEY

Careful, dude. I might mow you
down and keep on going!

DAVID

You'd be doing me a favor.

Casey drives, David rides shotgun. Loud silence.

CASEY

I'm sorry about Harvard. I know
what it meant to you.

Casey pulls into...

DAVID'S DRIVEWAY

CASEY

Ya know, we're having the BBQ, for
my dad's birthday on Saturday.

DAVID

Is that a re-invitation?

CASEY

Yeah.

DAVID

I'll be there.

DAVID'S BEDROOM

David lays on his bed listening to a Mets game on the radio, staring at the 1920s Harvard pennant.

He sighs. Looks away to his left...

MATCH CUT TO:

...Diana, looking to her right, sad eyes glazed over.

GEORGICA RESTAURANT

Diana and Kaitlyn lounge at a table with Aidan and his friend. They erupt in laughter. Except Diana, still staring into space.

KAITLYN

What's the matter?

DIANA

Nothing.

DAVID'S BEDROOM

His cell rings. David looks at the clock: 2:03 a.m.

DAVID

Hello?

DIANA (O.S.)

(slurred speech)

David?

DAVID

Hey. Where are you?

INTERCUT TO:

2ND STORY PORCH

A few people mill around behind Diana while she curls up to her cell in the corner.

DIANA

Some party in South. I mean Southamptons. Or Hampton. Or you know what I mean!

DAVID

I get it.

DIANA
I'm sorry I walked away from you.

DAVID
Yeah?

DIANA
It's just-- Everyone says it's impossible between us.

DAVID
And what do you say?

DIANA
I don't care because-- I think I'm falling in love with you.

DAVID'S BACK YARD - MORNING

David muscles the lawnmower through the patchy grass.

Bert pops his head out of the door, so does Scooter.

BERT
Phooooooooone caaaaalll!

DAVID'S BEDROOM

DAVID
Hello?

INTERCUT TO:

DIANA'S BEDROOM

Diana rests comfortably Indian style on a yoga mat on the floor, leaning back on her bed with a bottle of water.

DIANA
So on a scale of one to ten, how bad was my drunk dial?

DAVID
(laughing)
Nine point three.

DIANA
I'm so embarrassed. I woke up this morning thinking, "Please tell me I didn't call him," but the cellphone doesn't lie.

DAVID
It's alright. You lush.

They laugh. Pregnant pause. David waits.

DIANA
What did I say?

DAVID
That you were crazy about me. Or words to that effect.

DIANA
Oh, God. David, I'm sorry for what I said, but we can't do this.

DAVID
Look, you don't have to own up to it now. We'll just wait until the next time you get fired up with liquid courage.

She laughs.

DIANA
Stop making me laugh. I'm trying to end this!

DAVID
I'm not gonna let you!

DIANA
No?

DAVID
No. We can do this. I don't care what anybody tells us, YOU AND I CAN DO THIS.

DIANA
This is probably a mistake, but, my dad's having a big fancy party at the house tonight. Tommy invited Aidan. All my friends will be there. All Dad's people will be there. If I invite you, can you handle it?

DAVID
Absolutely.

ROAD IN FRONT OF CHARDE HOME - NIGHT

David fist bumps Matt and climbs out of his car.

MATT
Good luck, buddy.

Matt watches David stroll down the driveway.

MATT
He's gonna need it.

LIVING ROOM

Dozens mill about. David steps through just missing a charging waiter with a huge tray.

BACK YARD

A live band strums elegant music. David gazes at a hundred people around the pool.

The crowd parts and Diana emerges, dressed in a stunning cocktail dress, beaming.

DIANA
Hey.

DAVID
Hello gorgeous.

He smiles and hooks her arm.

Up ahead Thomas Charde holds court in their gazebo with almost a dozen friends.

DAVID
I'd like to say hi to your dad.

Diana nods. David extends his hand and Thomas shakes it.

THOMAS
Everybody, meet Diana's new friend David. And David, here's Jim Riley and his partner in crime at Chiat-Day - Rick Reed. Their boss-man, Charles Turner. Next to them is Justin Lau and Mitch Tallot who do PR for J.P. Morgan. And this is Mary Snaith and her husband Don. She works with us at the agency. Some day Don will too, right Don?

They laugh.

DAVID
Nice to meet you all. And thanks Mr. Charde for throwing the party.

THOMAS

Well, you're welcome David. It's
the least I can do for you.

Thomas smiles, so does David without breaking stride.

DIANA

Be nice, Dad!

Thomas turns his palms upward, as if falsely accused.
Thomas' friend chuckle and the young couple leaves.

DIANA

You ready for my friends?

David smiles.

She leads him to a group of well-dressed teens, Aidan
waves to him with a smug grin.

AIDAN

Trashing Kaitlyn's wasn't enough?

DIANA

Ignore him.

CHELSEA, 18, a sexy, artsy girl, hugs Diana.

CHELSEA

Di! My dad hooked me up with
tickets to the party at the Ross
School.

DIANA

No way! My folks are going. I'm SO
jealous. David, heard of this?

DAVID

Sure. It's the biggest event of
the summer. Jay-Z's playing it

CHELSEA

I'm Chelsea.

She extends her hand. Thomas walks behind them to grab a
refill on his gin & tonic and overhears the discussion.

DAVID

David.

CHELSEA

Where are you from?

DAVID

Here. East Hampton.

CHELSEA
Nobody's FROM East Hampton.

Aidan swoops back.

AIDAN
Wait, it gets better. He buses
tables, cleans pools, works at a
car wash, and what else was it?

DAVID
I sell oranges on the highway.

A few chuckles ripple out. David smiles at Aidan,
completely cool.

CHELSEA
Di said you just graduated. You
have plans for the future, or are
you sticking with the orange biz?

DAVID
Well, I HAD a plan, but-

AIDAN
Harvard, right? How'd it go?

DAVID
Not too well. And unfortunately,
unlike you, my dad can't afford to
buy my way into college with an
atom-smasher.

The group laughs. Aidan reddens. Even Thomas chuckles.

David allows himself a measured grin, staying poised for
another attack.

But Diana leads David away, glowing.

DIANA
Well played, hot shot.

DAVID
Just getting started.

They grab plates and wait on the buffet line.

Thomas watches Diana tighten her grip on David's arm,
leaning her head delicately on him. David stands tall.
They sigh, almost melted together.

Thomas looks closely at his daughter, and with a
vulnerable nod to himself, he softens.

LATER

The party crowd thins.

DIANA
You wanna ride home?

DAVID
Yeah, just let me say good night
to your dad.

David and Diana head back to the gazebo where most of the
same people from before still gather.

DAVID
Excuse me. I'm David from a few
hours ago. I'm leaving and it was
nice to meet you all!
(shakes their hands)
Mr. Reed and Mr. Riley, all the
best at Chiat-Day and don't let
Mr. Charles Turner here crack the
whip too hard. Mr. & Mrs. Snaith,
a pleasure.

Thomas and Diana share a glance, impressed with David in
action.

DAVID
Mr. Snaith I have no idea what you
do, but if you haven't accepted
Thomas' invitation to join his
gang it must be very special. And
please tell the J.P. Morgan guys,
Mr. Lau and Mr. Mitch Tallot that
I send my best, as well.

The group stands stunned. One guy even claps.

THOMAS
Very nicely done.

David turns to another couple that's new there.

DAVID
Hi, I'm David.

CHARLES TURNER
"David!" Right. I had forgotten!

The group laughs.

CHARLES TURNER
You play golf, David? Thomas needs
a ringer. He's been taking a
(MORE)

CHARLES TURNER (CONT'D)
beating by Ned and William all
summer at Maidstone.

THOMAS
The chumps are lucky.

DAVID
I played on my high school team.

THOMAS
Let me guess, you were captain?

DAVID
Uh, yeah.

People chuckle.

THOMAS
What's your handicap?

DAVID
Like a five.

Charles whistles at his impressive ability.

DAVID
Diana would you mind if I talked
to your dad for a minute? If
that's okay with you, Mr. Charde?

Thomas stops by the bar where they have a gin & tonic
waiting for him.

THOMAS
Give me a beer, too.

Thomas hands the beer to David. They head away from the
crowd toward a garage set way back on the lawn.

DAVID
You know you can get in trouble
for serving a minor?

THOMAS
Yeah, I'm worried. So what's up?

David takes a swig. Thomas smiles.

DAVID
Mr. Charde...

THOMAS
Thomas.

DAVID
I need your help.

Thomas lets a pregnant pause linger.

DAVID

I got rejected from Harvard.

Thomas reads him. Sees the devastation.

THOMAS

Youch. Wish there was something I could do.

DAVID

Well, actually... Diana mentioned you had relationships with the alumni board. I was wondering...

Thomas smiles big.

THOMAS

That's a pretty big favor to ask.

DAVID

I know.

He waits. Thomas sighs.

THOMAS

And if I help you, then some other kid who's on the bubble gets their dream squashed.

DAVID

I'm just trying to get a fair shot.

THOMAS

You had a fair shot. And it didn't work out for you. Now you wanna game the system.

Thomas gives David a hard look. David wisely keeps quiet.

THOMAS

I'll think about it. Problem is that if I ask my guy for a favor like this, I'm gonna owe him. I hate that.

(pause)

Anyway, you ever seen a California GT? Just picked one up. Thing is sweeeeeeet.

They reach the garage. Thomas throws a switch and the garage, filled with classic cars, lights up.

TOMMY (O.S.)
DAD!!!!!!! LAND LINE!!!!

THOMAS
Take a message!

TOMMY (O.S.)
THEY SAID IT'S IMPORTANT!!

Thomas leaves and David stares at the garage.

David walks away and joins Diana.

DIANA
What was THAT about?

DAVID
Remember when I said I was using
you to get to your dad?

They laugh.

KITCHEN

Thomas picks up the phone.

THOMAS
Hello? Hello? Your loss.

He hangs up. Diana grabs her keys.

DIANA
Dad, I'm giving David a ride home.

THOMAS
Are you really a five handicap?

DAVID
Yeah.

THOMAS
These two guys I golf with, pure
pricks, have been chaffing my ass
all summer. You free tomorrow?

DAVID
If you want me to be free.

Thomas chuckles.

THOMAS
You're my fourth. Maidstone. Get
there by 10 a.m.

MAIDSTONE CLUB - DAY

The Pool Van pulls into the Maidstone Club, one of the original blue blood golf clubs in America.

CASEY

I can't believe this. Next thing I know you'll be wearing a blazer and calling everyone "Sport."

David hops out.

DAVID

Thanks, man. Means a lot.

CASEY

Hey, you're coming to my dad's birthday party, right?

DAVID

The annual barbecue? Of course. Tomorrow night.

DRIVEWAY

David sees Thomas decked out like a PGA pro.

THOMAS

All set? Need to hit the range?

DAVID

No, I'm good.

FIRST TEE

Two serious looking golfers, NED and WILLIAM, both in their 50's, shake David's hand.

THOMAS

Guys, my daughter's boyfriend. David, this is Ned and William.

WILLIAM

What's our winning streak now?

THOMAS

Kiss my black ass.

NED

At least seven. But I lost count.

Ned and William chuckle.

THOMAS

The usual bet? Best ball, thousand bucks a man?

NED

What's his handicap?

THOMAS

Same as us. About 15. Right David?

David, stunned, just nods.

NED

Okay, let's do it.

William tees off. David leans in and whispers to Thomas.

DAVID

You know I'm a five.

THOMAS

Ahhh, its golf. Everyone fudges.

DAVID

And I don't have a thousand bucks.

Ned tees off.

THOMAS

Play your game. It won't matter.

DAVID

Yeah, but...

NED

All you, kid.

They watch David closely as he tees up the ball. He breathes deeply and cracks a sweet shot down the middle.

NED

Boyfriend my ass! He's probably the assistant pro.

FOURTH GREEN

David lines up a putt.

THOMAS

Don't leave it short.

David's putt comes up short. Thomas shakes his head.

NED

We're up by two.

DAVID

Sorry, I...

THOMAS

No apologies. Just make those.

NINTH GREEN

Thomas misses a putt.

David nails his.

WILLIAM

Kid's keeping you in it.

FIFTEENTH FAIRWAY

David's ball lays against the root of a small tree. Ned and William bicker on the far side of the fairway. David considers his options.

Thomas walks over and casually kicks the ball away from the root so he has a MUCH better shot.

David darts him with a look. Thomas saunters away.

EIGHTEENTH TEE

NED

All tied going to the last hole.
Kid, you're up. No pressure.

Ned and William chuckle. David smacks his sweat away and hits a shot that looks good but drifts into a sand bunker. Thomas winces.

EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY

David prepares. Thomas looks on. David floats the ball beautifully onto the green, 15 feet from the pin.

EIGHTEENTH GREEN

Ned putts and misses. William misses too.

Thomas misses his putt and then taps in. A grimace of frustration on his face.

David lines up for a long 15-footer.

NED

Okay, so you got a five. I'm in
for four. Kid's putting for three.
It's all on him.

WILLIAM

Got the stones to double the bet?

Thomas glares at William.

THOMAS

Hell yeah.

NED

Make sure those knees don't get
too wobbly, kiddo!

Thomas leans into David's ear.

THOMAS

You make this and I'll go full
court press on my Harvard guy.

David's attention snaps into focus. He looks over his
shot again. He takes a deep breath and he putts.

Ball rolls on a steady line and flows right into the cup.

Thomas raises a fist in triumph. Ned and William groan.

PARKING LOT

Ned and William fork over cash. Thomas rejoins David. He
stuffs a roll of bills in David's pocket.

DAVID

I can't take that.

THOMAS

Your side of the return.

DAVID

I didn't put up any cash.

THOMAS

You won it for us. Add it to the
college fund.

DAVID'S DRIVEWAY

Thomas pulls in. David slides out.

THOMAS

I'm going to the city for a dinner tonight. My Harvard guy will be there. I'll see what I can do.

DAVID

Thank you.

THOMAS

And since I won't be out here tomorrow night, I won't need these. You and Diana can go.

Thomas pulls out the tickets to The Ross School event. David's eyes grow wide.

Thomas zooms off. David grabs the roll of cash Thomas gave him. Thumbs through \$100 bills.

David busts out his cell, staring at the cash and tickets.

DIANA (O.S.)

How did it go?!?

DAVID

You free tomorrow night?

DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

David buttons his shirt and puts his cell on speaker.

DAVID

Hello?

CASEY (O.S.)

Where are you?

INTERCUT TO:

CASEY'S HOUSE

Twenty people enjoy a low key, BBQ of Pabst Blue Ribbon and hot dogs.

CASEY

You're coming, right?

DAVID

Oh, man! I can't make it. My aunt is sick so my dad needs me to go up island with him to help.

CASEY

Sick, huh? Hope she's alright.

A car horn honks. David grabs his jacket.

DAVID

That's my dad. Sorry, gotta bolt.
Tell your pop I said hi.

DAVID'S DRIVEWAY

Diana smiles behind the wheel of a sweet Jaguar.

DAVID

Damn, girl. You clean up nice.

DIANA

Get ready to fly.

THE ROSS SCHOOL

A VALET opens David's door and does a double-take.

VALET

David?

David grins, giving his local buddy a fist bump.

David and Diana walk past the paparazzi snapping photos
of a couple CELEBS working the red carpet.

As they walk inside they pass CHUCK TODD.

DAVID

Whoa, that was Chuck Todd!

DIANA

Who's that?

DAVID

MSNBC's head political reporter.

DIANA

(sarcastic)

Wow, how'd I miss that one.

CASEY'S HOUSE

Casey works the grill. Kevin chugs a beer.

CASEY'S DAD

Hey Case, where's David?

CASEY
 Couldn't make it. Some family
 thing up the Island.

CASEY'S DAD
 Too bad.

KEVIN
 He's a douche.

CASEY
 Nah, he's alright.

ROSS SCHOOL

David and Diana make their way out to the stunningly
 decorated patio area, where a big stage awaits. Money
 almost drips off the clothes and bling of the guests.

Diana spots JILL ZARIN and snaps a cell phone pic.

DAVID
 Who's that?

DIANA
 From Real Housewives of New York.

DAVID
 Gosh, how'd I miss that one?

She playfully digs a knuckle into his ribs.

CASEY'S HOUSE

Everyone chows down on hamburgers and dogs. A burly guy
 ambles in wearing police investigator duds: DETECTIVE BOB
 MARSON, 55. Kevin stiffens.

DETECTIVE BOB MARSON
 Hey guys. Sorry I'm late. But I
 got good news.

CASEY
 Well?

Jimmy walks around the corner. The party erupts with
 cheers and hugs. Kevin wraps him in a loving headlock.

DETECTIVE BOB MARSON
 Not Jimmy's car. Not even sure it
 was the same night! Citi-ots led
 us on a wild goose chase.

CASEY

So he's not guilty of anything?

DETECTIVE BOB MARSON

Joyriding on a learner's permit.
But as long as he pays for the
damage, they won't press charges.

CASEY

So what now?

DETECTIVE BOB MARSON

We keep looking.

Casey pulls out his cell. Sends a text to David.

ROSS SCHOOL

David checks his cell: "Jimmy is cleared!"

David thumbs back fast: "Awesome! What a relief."

JAY-Z takes the stage. David and Diana watch from the
dance floor and clap as he finishes.

JAY-Z

I'm so glad to be here tonight.
Give it up for education! Everyone
got a right to one. Everyone!

Jay-Z brings it down low for a slow song. David pulls
Diana close. As they dance, David looks around, buzzing
from decorations and stars and the lovely night sky.

DIANA

What are you thinking right now?

DAVID

For the first time in my life, I'm
exactly where I belong.

She lights up and kisses his cheek softly.

The valet who knew David watches him in his element, with
a big smile. He snaps a pic. Uploads it to Facebook.

CASEY'S HOUSE

Kevin waves Casey over to look at his phone.

KEVIN

David said he was up the Island,
right? That's why he's not here?

CASEY

Yeah.

Kevin shows the Facebook picture of David and Diana.

KEVIN

Funny how he's also at the Ross party at the same time.

Casey fumes.

ROSS SCHOOL

David waits by the women's bathroom.

He sees a text. It's from Casey: "Hope you're having fun at the Ross Party. Guess Kevin was right after all."

His face pales. He turns off his phone.

Diana heads over to him.

DIANA

You okay?

DAVID

Fine.

Diana smiles and kisses him.

DIANA

So my parents are in the city and Tommy is probably off huffing paint thinner or something.

DAVID

Yeah?

DIANA

You wanna come over?

CHARDE POOL

David and Diana swim around. Giggling.

Diana's hand raises out of the water and tosses her bikini top, then bottom, out to the deck.

David laughs and pulls off his suit too.

He steps to her.

DAVID

Diana.

He picks her up.

DIANA

Yeah?

Her legs straddle him. She kisses his neck.

DAVID

Are we sure we wanna do this?

She moves in closer.

DIANA

Hell yeah.

She grabs a fistful of his hair and pulls him into a passionate kiss: utter magnitude.

DIANA'S BEDROOM

Candle light dances on their skin. They breathe slowly.

JUMP CUT TO:

They make out, hungry, beneath the sheets. He stops, catches her gaze and then moves lower and lower.

Diana squeezes her eyes shut and smiles big.

JUMP CUT TO:

David passionately makes love to her from the top.

DIANA

I'm almost ready.

DAVID

Okay.

She bites her lip.

DIANA

Now! Oh my god. Now!

They both climax at the same time.

David collapses next to her.

LATER

One lone candle still burns. Diana spoons him.

Her cell phone vibrates. Text message from her dad:
"Remember insurance guy comes in AM to appraise cars.
Told Tommy but... Oh. Whats davids #???"

She sits up in bed and replies to him.

DIANA

My dad just asked for your number.

DAVID

Really?

David's phone buzzes.

DAVID

Hello?

INTERCUT TO:

HIGH CLASS BALLROOM

Thomas, tuxedo-clad and wasted, sips a martini.

THOMAS

Hey Tiger, it's Thomas. What are
you doing?

David sits up in bed and puts a "ssh" finger to his lips.

DAVID

Just reading.

THOMAS

Ahhhh. Was halfway afraid you'd be
taking advantage of my daughter.

DAVID

Ha Ha. That's funny.

THOMAS

Talked to my Harvard guy. I sold
the fucking crap out of you! Told
him you were a one in a million.
AT LEAST a future senator. I let
it rrrrrrip! Made up a few things
too but just ride with it. Bottom
line: he's digging the goods. I
think you're in, kid.

Shock hits David's face.

Allison Charde grabs Thomas's arm and pulls him back into
the heart of the party.

THOMAS

Let's talk tomorrow.

David hangs up, lies back in bed and slaps a hand to his forehead, barely holding back tears.

DIANA

Well?

DAVID

I think you're dad just got me into Harvard.

Diana gives him the best celebration hug of his life as they roll around the bed laughing.

LATER

David's eyes snap open.

Rummaging noises hit him from the next room. They get louder, but not enough to wake Diana. David throws on his jeans, grabs his cell and slowly investigates.

KITCHEN

From the shadows, David sees Tommy, swaying, liquor bottle in hand, digging through drawers.

BACKYARD

David quietly follows Tommy as he stumbles to the garage. Tommy opens the big door and flips on the light, revealing Thomas' collection of classic cars.

Tommy sprays lighter fluid on the walls and on a pile of rags. He sparks a lighter.

DAVID

Tommy?

TOMMY

(totally surprised)
What the hell?!?

Tommy tosses the lighter on the rags. A streak of flame lances across the garage and up the walls.

DAVID

What are you doing?

TOMMY

Get the FUCK outta here!

David charges in to fight the fire, Tommy blocks him.

TOMMY

Let it burn. PLEASE! Just let it burn.

The drunken Tommy holds David as tightly as he can, but David easily shakes loose. David pulls the tarp off one of the cars and tries to smother the flame. Tommy bolts.

Fire shoots up the side of the walls to the ceiling. David stumbles back, overwhelmed by smoke. He grabs a garden hose and eventually manages to stop the blaze.

David stands, soaked, streaked with soot in the middle of the garage. The wheels churn in his mind. He moves from car to car, pulling off the tarps.

A California GT. A Ferrari. An Aston Martin. Finally, he gets to the last car: a white Mercedes convertible with the front grill smashed. David winces in agony.

He pulls out his cell phone, considers his options.

DIANA'S BEDROOM

Diana wakes to find David pulling on his shirt.

DIANA

What's up? Why are you wet?

DAVID

Tommy set the garage on fire.

DIANA

What!?!

David pulls on his shoes.

DIANA

Where are you going?

DAVID

To the police.

DIANA

Why?

DAVID

Because I think your brother killed Lisa Lester.

Diana hops up, shocked.

DAVID

The car that everyone is looking for is in your garage. Grill all busted in. And your brother just tried to torch it. Do the math.

It hits her hard. David grabs his stuff.

DIANA

Wait! You don't know for sure. If he did it, he'll answer for it. But let me talk to my dad before you do anything.

DAVID

Diana...

DIANA

You know my dad. He'll take care of this.

DAVID

I can't...

DIANA

You don't know for sure Tommy did it! Just wait until I talk to my dad. PLEASE.

DAVID

Okay. Call him.

JUMP CUT TO:

Diana has her cell to her ear.

DIANA

He's not picking up. Come to bed-

DAVID

No, I'm gonna go.

DIANA

Okay. Let me give you a ride.

DAVID

No, I'll walk.

DAVID'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sun peaks in. David lays in bed, fancy clothes still on, eyes drilling the ceiling.

KITCHEN

David holds an Entenmann's donut, but he gazes blankly into the distance. His father watches him, shrugs and then ambles out.

LATER

David calls Diana. Voicemail:

DAVID
It's me. Call me.

JUMP CUT TO:

DAVID
Me again. You MUST have spoken to your dad by now. Call me! I wanna know what the hell is going on.

BACK YARD

David sits in a scrubby beach chair with his feet in an inflatable kiddie pool. The land line rings.

KITCHEN

David darts in and scoops the phone.

DAVID
I'm totally freaking out.

DIANA (O.S.)
We're just trying to find Tommy.

DAVID
Why didn't you answer your phone?

He hears a muffled sound in the background.

DAVID
Hello?

DIANA (O.S.)
Just sit tight. We'll get you.

DAVID
Who will? When?

He hears the muffled sound again.

DIANA (O.S.)
My dad will be there in an hour.
Maybe two. Sit tight.

DAVID
You being 100% straight with me?

DIANA (O.S.)
Yes. I promise.

BACKYARD - DUSK

David waits and waits as it grows dark. He calls Diana again but it goes directly to voicemail.

David jumps on his bike.

CHARDE HOME

David pulls up to an empty driveway. The house: dark. David knocks on the door and looks in the window.

Slowly, he steps to the garage. Looks through the window and in the moonlight he sees an empty space where the Mercedes was. His face pales.

HAMPTON JITNEY

Diana leans her head against the window on the luxury bus. They pass a sign that says: New York City.

She's crushed with anguish. The tears keep flowing no matter how fast she wipes them away.

DAVID'S BEDROOM

David hears a car pull into the driveway. His dad talks to somebody through the screen door. Footsteps approach.

A knock gently hits his door. Stepping in: Thomas Charde.

THOMAS
Hey. Mind if I sit?

DAVID
Go ahead.

Thomas pulls up a stool.

THOMAS
Sorry we kept you waiting. It took a while to track down Tommy.

DAVID
I went by your house.

THOMAS
Oh.

DAVID
What did you do with the car?

THOMAS
David...

DAVID
You're covering it up, aren't you?

THOMAS
He's my son.

DAVID
And that makes it okay?

THOMAS
No. But it's what I have to do.

DAVID
Why?

THOMAS
Because he'd never survive prison.
And his mother wouldn't survive
that. I'm not letting my family be
destroyed by one stupid mistake.

DAVID
Mistake? A girl is dead!

THOMAS
What happened was a tragedy. And
I'm disgraced by what my son did.
But he didn't mean it. And taking
down Tommy and my family isn't
gonna bring that girl back.

DAVID
You can't expect me to keep quiet
about this.

THOMAS
Yes, I can.

DAVID
Why?

THOMAS
Because I'm punching your ticket
to Harvard. Tonight. I have a
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
plane waiting to fly you to
Cambridge. You can sign the papers
in the morning.

Thomas settles next to David.

THOMAS
David, you're in a terrible spot.
I feel awful about it. You're a
good kid and my daughter has
genuine feelings for you.

DAVID
Jesus.

Thomas moves closer.

THOMAS
David, this isn't exactly a
terrible offer. I'm talking Full-
ride to Harvard. No more busing
tables. No more cleaning pools.
You'll be IN the club.

Thomas stands. Pulls out a piece of paper.

THOMAS
The plane leaves in two hours. Be
there. Everything else takes care
of itself.

BACKYARD

David shuffles slow circles around a tree. Grabs his
cell.

DAVID
Hey, it's me.

MATT (O.S.)
What's up?

DAVID
Need your help. Grab Casey and
meet me at Indian Wells.

MATT
Casey's pissed. Doubt he'll come.

DAVID
Tell him it's an emergency.

INDIAN WELLS BEACH

David paces in front of the lifeguard stand. Waves crash behind him. A car pulls up. Headlights die.

Matt hurries toward David. Casey follows.

MATT

You okay?

David shrugs. Casey scowls.

DAVID

Casey, I'm sorry. I know you're pissed at me, but right now, I need your help.

MATT

What's going on?

DAVID

Diana's father just offered me a free ride to Harvard.

MATT

Whoa.

CASEY

What's the catch?

DAVID

I have to help him cover up a family secret.

MATT

Something bad?

DAVID

Yeah. It's bad. Can't say more than that.

(pause)

I don't know what to do.

MATT

If you take the deal, can you still look yourself in the mirror?

DAVID

I don't know.

David glances at Casey.

DAVID

Case?

CASEY
This thing, whatever it is, can
you make it right?

DAVID
Probably not.

CASEY
Then take the deal. It's what you
want, isn't it?

DAVID'S DRIVEWAY

David hops in a taxi waiting for him.

TAXI DRIVER
Where ya going, bub?

David stares, lost in thought.

TAXI DRIVER
Ya hear me?

DAVID
East Hampton Airport.

MAIN STREET

David looks at the storefronts he's known his whole life
as they pass through town. People spill out from the
movie theater and cross the street.

The driver taps his fingers on the wheel as he waits for
a family to cross.

A young boy holding his mom's hand looks at David for a
moment as he passes by.

EAST HAMPTON AIRPORT

The taxi pulls up to a small airstrip. David consults a
scrap of paper, sees a Gulfstream Jet on the tarmac.

TAXI DRIVER
Need a hand with the baggage?

DAVID
I got it.

David stares at the plane and takes a deep breath. A
flight crew guy takes his bag.

GULFSTREAM JET

David straps in, the only passenger on board.

The jet taxis to the runway. It picks up speed and finally lifts away from the ground.

David looks out the window and sees the whole town spread out beneath them. Looks peaceful.

He exhales, leans back and clamps his eyes shut.

POLICE STATION

Matt, Casey and Detective Marson gather in a small room.

DETECTIVE BOB MARSON

He saw the car and the kid trying
to set the garage on fire?

CASEY

Yes.

DETECTIVE BOB MARSON

If the car's gone, what, beyond
David's word, do we have for
evidence?

Matt pulls out David's cell phone and shows a picture of the charred Mercedes: The license plate, the smashed-in front with blood stains. It's burned black, but visible.

DETECTIVE BOB MARSON

Where's David?

MATT

Out of town. Long story. He'll be
back tomorrow.

DETECTIVE MARSON

I don't like him being gone.

CASEY

Uncle Bob, he's doing the right
thing.

DETECTIVE MARSON

You vouch for him?

CASEY

Yeah, I do.

DETECTIVE BOB MARSON

Where's this Tommy guy?

MATT

Don't know. David thinks he might
be headed to London. The family
has a place there.

CHARDE DRIVEWAY

Police cars pull in, lights flash. The house looms dark
and empty. A SHORT POLICE OFFICER approaches the garage,
flashlight pierces the dark through the window.

They crow-bar the door open. Marson steps over.

SHORT POLICE OFFICER

Kids were right. The car's gone.

DETECTIVE BOB MARSON

Get the crime scene guy in there.

Detective Marson pulls the walkie out of his car.

DETECTIVE BOB MARSON

Hear anything back from NYPD?

JFK INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL

Tommy waits at the gate for a flight to London.

Two NYPD cops approach the gate agent. She checks the
computer and points to Tommy. He slumps in his seat.

NYPD COP

Sir, can we see your ID?

Tommy's hands tremble as he pulls out his license.

Tears stream down Tommy's face as they cuff him.

BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT

David climbs off the plane. A HARVARD REP, trim,
efficient, dressed in a suit, approaches from a town car.

HARVARD REP

David? Fred Graseck. Welcome to
Boston! Right this way.

As they approach the car, Harvard Rep's phone rings. He
holds up a finger and steps away for a moment. He murmurs
into the phone and then returns.

HARVARD REP

It's Thomas. For you.

David's eye's widen as he takes the phone.

INTERCUT TO:

DARK PORCH

THOMAS

Tell me you had nothing to do with this. PLEASE tell me you didn't just do this to me.

DAVID

I had to.

THOMAS

Well you can forget about Harvard. Put Graseck back on!

DAVID

I don't think so.

THOMAS

Why would I go through with my end when you just screwed me?

DAVID

Let's think this through. Tommy's going down. He deserves to and we both know it. There's no way I'd do a deal on something like that.

THOMAS

Oh?

DAVID

But with you, I'll cut a deal. I'm sitting down with the cops when I get back home and the deal is that I forget you covered this up. In return, you leave me alone at Harvard.

THOMAS

You got nothing on me.

DAVID

You don't know what evidence I have. And you don't know the relationships I have with the local cops.

Thomas clears his throat.

THOMAS

You're bluffing. You don't have the stones to take me on.

DAVID

You really want to take that chance?

There's a long pause as Thomas considers.

THOMAS

Okay, you win. But, you're never seeing my daughter again.

DAVID

I know. I know.

HARVARD CAMPUS - MORNING

Fred leads David into a gorgeous ivy clad administrative building. A bookish ADMINISTRATOR greets them.

ADMINISTRATOR

Hello, David! Welcome to Harvard.

MAIN STREET - DAY

Shoppers mill about. A sign in a window proclaims, "End of Summer Sale."

POOL VAN

David rides shotgun, Casey drives, while Matt, Kevin and Jimmy lounge in the back. They stop at a red light.

David spots **DIANA** waiting to cross. The guys watch David.

David takes a deep breath. She walks by and he slowly lets the air go.

The light changes and they take off.

Diana notices the Pool Van pass. Her chest freezes.

She forces herself to breathe and she walks on.

HERRICK PARK BASKETBALL COURT

The guys play a heated game of hoops. David drives to the basket. Kevin swoops in and fouls him hard, knocking him to the ground.

Casey offers David a hand. Pulls him up.

DAVID

Thanks, man.

LATER

David and Matt grab water on the side of the court.

MATT

So you're all set up at Harvard?

DAVID

Yup. How are Boston College dorms?

MATT

Coed. That's all that matters!

They laugh.

MATT

I'm really glad we're gonna be in the same city.

DAVID

You still haven't told me how we're getting up there.

Matt smiles.

MATT

That's a surprise.

DAVID'S HOUSE - MORNING

A stack of David's bags pile up in the driveway. Bert shakes David's hand and heads inside. The mutt follows.

A familiar chugging engine approaches. David spots the Pool Van with Casey driving and Matt riding shotgun.

DAVID

You gotta be kidding me!

CASEY

Hey man, I'm against college. NOT college parties.

POOL VAN ON MONTAUK HIGHWAY

The guys barrel out of town.

DAVID

So where do we spend more time
this weekend, Harvard or BC?

MATT

You need to be, what, 99th
percentile to get into Harvard?

CASEY

BC it is!

MATT

We're on our way, boys!

DAVID

We're on our way.

BLACK

[THE END]