

"SAY ANYTHING"

Written by

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C1001SD1

"SAY ANYTHING"

FADE IN OVER BLACK:

1 OMITTED 1

2 INT. COREY'S BEDROOM - DAY 2

LLOYD DOBLER, 19, sits slumped in a small chair. He's tall, bulky, his nose looks slightly mashed. Hidden in there somewhere is a good-looking kid. Lloyd thumbs through a newspaper, sips a Super Big Gulp from 7-11.

We're in the bedroom of COREY FLOOD, 17. It's a weigh-station between school and home. Corey's walls feature photos and collages, most of them featuring a darkly-handsome young man named Joe. Corey sits on her bed, playing Led Zeppelin riffs on an amplified electric guitar. By her bed is a four-track cassette recorder -- the sign of a musician. Sitting on the floor, writing in a journal, is girlfriend D.C. She's a loyal supporter of her two friends, an introvert who mediates between two extroverts. Corey looks down at the school annual open on her bed.

COREY

I don't feel anything.

D.C.

Come on. It's graduation.

COREY

It's all so phony. Did you see what Mr. Carroll wrote in my yearbook? He ridiculed me all year long in English, then he wrote -- 'You're a real live wire...Love, Mr. Carroll.'

D.C.

He wants to leave things on a good note.

COREY

When Mr. Carroll says 'love' I start looking for a new word.

D.C.

Lloyd, she's being difficult.

Lloyd looks up from his newspaper.

LLOYD

If life was a movie, what would it be rated?

(CONTINUED)

COREY

That's a 'Lloyd' question.

D.C.

Probably R. Maybe X.

COREY

Since Joe, my life is definitely X.

LLOYD

I'm probably PG-13 -- some material may be too intense for young children.

D.C.

That's too bad.

LLOYD

I'm doing something about it. I'm going to take Diane Court out again.

The girls exchange meaningful looks.

COREY

Unlikely.

LLOYD

The movies is a good second 'date', right?

COREY

You never had a first date.

D.C.

I hate that word 'date.'

LLOYD

I sat across from her at Bell Square. We both ate. That's sharing eating -- an important physical event. Why isn't that going out?

COREY

That's not even a scam.

LLOYD

What's a scam?

COREY

Going out as friends.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

D.C.  
No it's not. Scam is lusting.

LLOYD  
Then what is a date?

The girls take a moment to consider.

D.C.  
A date is...prearrangement with a possibility for love.

LLOYD  
I'm going to call her.

COREY  
Lloyd.

LLOYD  
What?

COREY  
Diane Court doesn't go 'out'. She's a brain...

D.C.  
...trapped in the body of a game show hostess.

COREY  
Diane Court doesn't even know how good-looking she is. All she thinks about it bio-chemistry.

LLOYD  
This all sounds great to me. I'm going to call her.

COREY  
Lloyd. Brains stay with brains. The bomb could go off, and their mutant genes would form the same cliques.

He gets up, bounces lightly off the walls.

D.C.  
I wouldn't get my hopes up, Lloyd.

LLOYD  
Did she ever say anything about me, Corey? Tell me the truth.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

COREY  
(high-strung)  
She doesn't talk about that stuff!

LLOYD  
Take it easy. I was just asking.

COREY  
You're such a nice guy, Lloyd. We  
just don't want to see you get hurt.

Lloyd stands, lumbers around the room.

LLOYD  
I want to get hurt! Will someone  
just let me get hurt?

3 EXT. LLOYD'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - CREDITS

A rain-stained Seattle apartment building. Lloyd practices kickboxing moves on a bag hanging from a tree in the yard. Next to him, his four-year-old nephew JASON attempts to duplicate his moves. Jason falls, and Lloyd picks him up. They both continue working out until a small timer sounds. Lloyd pulls the bag from his hook, throws it over his shoulder and they both charge up the stairs.

4 INT. LLOYD'S APARTMENT

Jason kicks open the door and they enter the cramped two-room apartment. Lloyd's corner of the living room is his bedroom. It's devoted to kickboxing photos, and a newspaper clipping of him in action. Lloyd sets down the bag with a thump.

JASON  
Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

Jason kicks, loses his balance and starts to cry hysterically. Lloyd's 28-year-old sister CONSTANCE enters from the kitchen.

CONSTANCE  
You're headed for Day Care, buster.

LLOYD  
Be tough, J-man.

Jason stops sniffing.

JASON  
'Kay.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

CONSTANCE

Look -- he's a mess.

Constance pulls Jason into the kitchen, as Lloyd takes the phone into the bathroom. CREDITS END as he zoom-dials the number with one hand.

5 INT. COURT LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

5

JAMES COURT, 48, is a friendly and charismatic father. There is an infectious good humor about him, even in the way he takes a light nap while Sam Cooke's "You Send Me" plays on his prized jukebox. Court sings along, harmonizes with the record -- he's not bad. The PHONE RINGS, Court leans across the coffee table to pick it up. The phone is one of those too-new, too-sophisticated models. Court must unfold it to answer it. He has a tough time with it, as he deals with the call.

COURT

Jim Court. No, Diane isn't home.  
Is this the guy with the Mustang?

INTERCUT:

6 INT. LLOYD'S BATHROOM

6

Lloyd tries to pace in a tiny bathroom, around a potty chair.

LLOYD

No sir.

COURT

The guy with the Datsun.

LLOYD

No.

COURT

The truck.

LLOYD

No sir, you don't know me. I am basically a friend of your daughter. I sat with her yesterday at Bell Square, and...you know...I guess I'm pretty bad at this...

Court grabs a copy of Omni Magazine, pulls an expensive-looking black pen from his pocket. He scribbles on the back of the magazine.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

COURT

Let me get a phone number from you.  
That's usually how it works.

LLOYD

Lloyd Dobler. 555-1342.

COURT

I'll get her the message.

LLOYD

She's really great, isn't she?

COURT

Yes she is. Good luck, kid.

Court puts the phone down. A moment later, it RINGS AGAIN.

COURT

(expecting Lloyd)

Jim Court.

We SEE that this is a new and very different caller. As he listens, his face travels the gamut of human emotion.

COURT

Yes, this is her father.  
I...really? No, I didn't get the  
letter...

(goosebumps)

...No...okay, right now. Yes!  
Good-bye! Thank you. Yes!

7 INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

7

Court drives his Volvo through town. He's a rising tide of emotion, tries listening to the radio. Can't. He pulls over, almost cries...does a little...feels pure joy. He continues on.

8 EXT. GOLDEN SEASONS NURSING HOME - AFTERNOON

8

Court pulls into the owner's spot in front of the Golden Seasons Nursing Home. On the porch outside, three elderly residents come to life as they see him arrive. He has a caring smile for them, as the home's Administrator ("RUTH") greets him.

COURT

Diane still here? I've got to talk  
with her...

RUTH

She's upstairs, Mr. Court.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

Court has a moment for Eleanor, 89. A sketch pad and a set of colored pencils rest on her lap. She's been drawing a mountain range.

COURT

Eleanor darling, that's beautiful.

Eleanor beams, Court moves inside the home.

9 INT. NURSING HOME

9

It's a well-scrubbed, smallish (54 beds) home. Court moves quickly, dealing with the residents along the way. He passes ROBERT ("THE WALKER") TAYLOR. He's 90, with bushy eyebrows, hefty hearing aid and a cane. He carries an envelope.

COURT

Mr. Taylor, you're a vision in green. Let me mail that for you.

WALKER

Thank you.

COURT

You can trust a man who writes a letter everyday.

Court keeps moving, Ruth peels away. He passes Sabina, 94. Her jacket is open.

SABINA

Please please please.

COURT

You need a safety pin for your jacket, right? You were cold...

Court reaches into a nearby desk for a pin, expertly pins her jacket.

SABINA

Thank y'. Please please please.

Court passes another resident lifting her skirt up, fanning herself. He routinely pulls it down, hurries around the corner.

10 INT. THERAPY ROOM

10

DIANE COURT, 17, is a rare beauty. She's wearing a nurse's uniform. She does not move as she hands a sumptuous-looking

(CONTINUED)



10 CONTINUED:

10

food tray to an uncommonly young-looking senior ("JUNE") resting comfortably in bed. It all looks good enough to be an ad, and in fact it is. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL an Artist sitting in a chair, sketching a live portrait for a telephone book ad.

Court arrives in the doorway. Diane melts out of her pose.

DIANE

Hi Dad.

COURT

I need to talk to you, honey.

ARTIST

Mr. Court, I'm sketching the perfect girl. I need another minute.

COURT

You've got another minute.

DIANE

What is it?

Diane sees her father's impatience. An elder resident wheels up to Court in the doorway. She is EVA, 86. She has a throaty voice, dry from cigarettes and medication.

EVA

Why didn't you ask me to be in this?

COURT

Because everyone would know you're my favorite, and they'd get jealous.  
(to Artist)

Is that thing done yet?

EVA

You're a good man. You helped me with my finances when my own brother wouldn't. Ssssst.

COURT

Don't worry, Eva. He'll be old soon. He'll see what it's like.  
(knows what makes her laugh)

He'll pay.

Eva's eyes dance at the notion.

DIANE

What is it, Dad?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

ARTIST

All finished.

June rolls out of bed, grabs her bag. She's a professional senior.

JUNE

Good because I have a bank commercial in an hour.

ANGLE ON EVA as the professional senior passes her. She looks on with strange wonder. (They're both wearing the same large earrings.) Diane catches the look.

DIANE

Are you okay, Dad? What are you looking at?

COURT

I'm looking at the last few minutes of Daddy's Little Girl.

Court pulls her out of the room. They try to find a place.

11 INT. COURT'S OFFICE

11

They talk standing up, by several degrees hanging on the wall.

COURT

I've got to tell you this carefully...

DIANE

What?

COURT

I just...

DIANE

Tell me. Is this bad news?

COURT

...just listen to me.

He rearranges a long strand of her hair falling into her eyes. He quickly realizes he's tampered with a fashion statement and restores it.

COURT

Diane, you won the Reed Fellowship.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

DIANE

Are you kidding? You're kidding.  
You're not kidding.

COURT

You won it. You're going to study  
at the finest institute in England.  
The toughest fellowship in the  
country and you won!

She leans against the wall, takes a big breath and slides  
downward until she's sitting on the floor.

DIANE

I won.

COURT

You're going to take a big step,  
a big leap, and before you do, I  
just want one thing from you, Miss.  
Stand up straight and admit you're  
special.

DIANE

(still sitting)

Oh God. I'll have to fly.

COURT

Worry about that later. Tell me  
you're special.

Diane rolls her eyes.

DIANE

Don't do this, Dad. You're too good  
at making me nervous.

COURT

No. Listen to me. You're the best  
in the country. Don't you see?  
It's like a pyramid, it starts with  
everyone...

He demonstrates, holding his hands apart.

COURT

...and it narrows through your life,  
through everything...

His hands follow up the sides of the pyramid, forming the  
peak.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

COURT

...and all the competition and hoopla narrows it down to one brilliant person who is so special that they celebrate you on two continents and it's you.

(pause)

You've always wanted this. Today, you have it. Now tell me something. What's the flaw in that?

Diane tries to respond.

COURT

(joyous)

See, there is no flaw!

Diane smiles. She stands, faces her father with new eyes. Something has changed and she knows it.

12 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAYS LATER

12

A LONG SHOT from the back of the football field. The graduating classes sit on the field, the family and friends in the bleachers. It's packed. We hear the booming p.a.

PRINCIPAL

I just can't introduce this girl without saying...

13 CLOSE ANGLE ON DIANE COURT

13

who sits looking out on this sea of people, seated behind the Principal, who fiddles with a pencil. She's on the pedestal again.

DIANE

Please don't do a big thing...

PRINCIPAL

...that we're all going to remember this one student who said 'Hey world -- check me out'. The Reed Fellowship Conqueress -- our own Diane Court!

She takes center stage, looks into the audience. The Lakeside Rooster dancing in the aisles. This makes her more nervous.

14 ANGLE ON LLOYD DOBLER

who sits with the boys, on the end of his row. Across from him, seated with the girls, are Corey and D.C. He shares a look with them, then notices the nervous father standing nearby in the bleachers. James Court begins filming his daughter with a video camera on a tripod.

15 ANGLE ON COURT

15A CLOSE ON DIANE

DIANE

Thank you.

(pause)

The Real World. We're all about to enter 'The Real World'. That's what everyone says, but most of us have been in the Real World a long time...For example, standing here. If this isn't the real world, I don't know what is!

Little response from the audience.

16 ANGLE ON A ROW OF FOUR GUYS

who make OOGA-OOGA NOISES. Lloyd turns from the row in front of them.

LLOYD

A little respect, guys.

They quiet down.

DIANE

I should say this. I took a few courses at the University this year. I missed being with my own class, but I have something to tell everybody. I have glimpsed our future and all I can say is...it's overrated.

Only a few laughs from a few students.

DIANE

O-kay.

16A ANGLE ON JAMES COURT

with a surprised look on his face.

(CONTINUED)

16A CONTINUED:

16A

DIANE

Well. It's almost over. We've gone to school together for three years, we've been through a lot. But with that training net of high school gone, what is going to happen to us?

16B DIANE'S P.O.V.

16B

and she sees a sea of bored faces, including one kid who is nodding off. His friend elbows him.

DIANE

Late at night, staring at the ceiling, I think we're all haunted by the same question. 'What's going to happen to us?'

17 ANGLE ON A GIRL STUDENT

17

who is only slightly less bored.

DIANE

'Will I live in the suburbs, and drive a BMW or will I be a bum on the beach?'

18 ANGLE ON A BOY STUDENT

18

who recognizes this question.

DIANE

'Will I get married or stay single?'  
'Will I live a long life?'

19 ANGLE ON THE LAKESIDE ROOSTER

19

who leans against a speaker, drinks a soft drink.

DIANE

'Should I dedicate my life to helping the elderly, or the starving...or will I just make money, or is it possible to do both?'

20 ANGLE ON LLOYD

20

mesmerized by Diane.

DIANE

'What's my goal, or do I have one?'

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Diane looks out at the crowd. She has now completely abandoned her speech.

DIANE

We all know what the answers are. We want to be happy, go to college, work hard, maybe raise a family...but what if that doesn't happen? We should be strong enough to deal with it.

(pause)

But what if we aren't? I mean, I have to say I don't know what will happen.

(to audience)

Do you? Because I don't.

21 ANGLE ON THE AUDIENCE

21

and there is silence.

DIANE

I've got to be honest. I have all the hope and ambition in the world. But when I think about the future...the truth is...

22 ANGLE ON SOME STUDENTS

22

and they're really listening.

DIANE

I...am...really...really scared.

It's a moment of honesty that has surprised everyone, even Diane.

23 ANGLE ON LLOYD

23

who stands and applauds. His claps are like cherry bombs exploding. Then twenty more applaud, then a big ovation. Balled-up bits of programs and carnation flowers shower the air.

Diane wants to continue but she holds up her diploma and sits back down in a fit of emotion.

COREY

(across aisle)

Well, she's a legend now. She's definitely out of reach.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

D.C.  
It's like she won the lottery of  
the mind.

LLOYD  
I'm happy for her.

COREY  
(bitter)  
I can't believe they're going to  
let Joe sing. This place is going  
to torture me to the last possible  
second.

The Principal takes the stage.

PRINCIPAL  
Okay, people, this is it. We don't  
want to see any hat-throwing this  
year. I declare you people the  
graduating class of Lakeside High  
School.

The bleachers flash with cameras, as parents and friends  
crowd onto the field. Inevitably, a number of hats go in  
the air. The school band plays "The Greatest Love of All".  
Joe begins performing in cap and gown, with eyes shut.

JOE  
(sings)  
'The Great-est Love...of All'.

Lloyd and Corey exchange a rueful look.

LLOYD  
Joe. He's darkly handsome. He's  
intense. Joe is many things, but  
he is not a singer.

Corey smiles.

24 OMITTED

24

24A ANGLE ON JOE

24A

who takes off his hat and chucks it into the audience as  
he sings.

25 EXT. PAY PHONE - MINUTES LATER

25

Lloyd is on a pay phone near the football field. A MANIC  
KID in cap and gown runs by, slaps the side of the pay  
phone.

(CONTINUED)



25 CONTINUED:

25

KID

See you at Vahlere's! Four kegs!

LLOYD

(into phone)

Hello MOM? Hello DAD? It's Lloyd!  
Yes sir! I'm wearing my cap and  
gown right now...here, here's the  
sound of my graduation. The live  
feed...exclusive to Frankfort,  
Germany.

He holds the phone up for D.C., who blows a bicycle horn  
near the receiver.

LLOYD

See, it's like you're here! Yes!  
Hi MOM! I love you both. I'll talk  
to you soon!

He hangs up, runs back to the ceremony.

26 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - MINUTES LATER

26

Corey and D.C. stand with their parents, not wanting to stay  
too long. Corey snaps a few Sure Shot photos. MRS. FLOOD  
wears a multi-colored dress. She has the same hair as her  
daughter. (The sound of Sure Shots rewinding fills the  
air.)

MRS. FLOOD

I'll see you at home, honey.

(confidentially)

Please do yourself and everyone who  
loves you a favor and don't talk  
to Joe.

26A ANGLE ON A TRAMPLED MORTAR BOARD

26A

under a woman's foot. The initials on the inside of the  
hat read L.D. A hand reaches for the hat.

LLOYD

Excuse me. Excuse me, ma'am.  
Thanks.

Lloyd rescues his trampled hat and walks over to Corey and  
D.C. They're fiddling with Corey's camera. He's focused  
on Diane Court standing nearby with her father and some  
well-wishers. Mrs. Court kisses Diane, steers clear of Mr.  
Court and disappears quickly.

(CONTINUED)

26A CONTINUED:

LLOYD  
The air around her must be  
different.

Lloyd sniffs in Diane's direction.

COREY  
Lloyd, give it up.

LLOYD  
Do me a favor, Corey. Take my  
picture with her.

Corey pauses a moment, agrees. Lloyd tries to work into  
Diane's crowd. He casually tries walking in front of her,  
just as Court is saying:

COURT  
Honey, your graduation present is  
parked right over there.

Diane can't believe it, looks over at a used red VW Rabbit  
parked nearby. She's amazed and thrilled, and it's the same  
split second that Lloyd appears in the f.g. The picture  
is snapped...

27 SHOT OF THE PHOTO

27

as we HOLD for a moment, and it actually appears that Diane  
is overcome with emotion and reaching out for Lloyd. The  
action continues as Diane and her father move to the car.  
She was never even aware of his presence.

LLOYD  
I hope you caught that, Corey,  
because something was really  
starting to happen between us...

COREY  
Lloyd, spare yourself.

LLOYD  
...when she calls back, I've got  
everything planned out.  
(pulls note from  
pocket)  
I'm ready at all times.

27A INSERT NOTE

27A

which is filled with writing, most everything is starred  
or underlined.

(CONTINUED)

27A CONTINUED:

27A

D.C.

Lloyd, this is a very special day.  
You should just enjoy it.

LLOYD

I'm just kidding. It's all over.  
I graduated, I'm past it, I see the  
whole arc of my life ahead of me...

D.C.

Good-bye school.

LLOYD

Let's kick it out of here.

COREY

Good-bye, prison.

Lloyd and D.C. wave good-bye to the school -- Corey doesn't.  
They race for the exit.

28 OMITTED

28

29 INT. COURT LIVING ROOM - DUSK

29

We SEE a small and elegant box, on the table in front of  
her. Court sits nearby.

COURT

This box...

DIANE

Not another present! Dad!

He indicates a bigger box sitting at the foot of his desk  
in his home office.

COURT

It's one of the only things your  
mother gave me that I ever kept.  
Go ahead and open it up.

She's about to, as the PHONE RINGS.

COURT

(picks up phone)  
Court. Yes.  
(annoyed business  
tone)

Not now, Al. My only daughter just  
graduated and you're talking about  
tax receipts...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

He lets the phone dangle. All we hear is a grating insistent voice on the other end of the phone. Diane laughs, as her father reels the phone back in.

COURT

Have a good evening, Al.

(hangs up)

Go ahead and open it.

She does. It's a beautiful sapphire ring.

DIANE

Oh Dad. This whole day is just...crazy. I don't...deserve all this.

Court dismisses this talk with an abrupt wave of his hand.

COURT

And when you come back from England with honors, you may even get the big box over there.

29A ANGLE ON A BIGGER MATCHING CHINESE BOX

29A

in the nearby office. We hadn't noticed it.

DIANE

You're the best dad in the world.

30 WIDE ANGLE.

30

of the empty house. Just the two of them. They're all they've got.

COURT.

They really applauded for you today, honey.

Diane leans forward, sees the message from Lloyd on the back of the magazine on the table.

31 INT. LLOYD'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

31

Lloyd stomp dances across the room, tosses his cap and gown on the sofa and hangs his tassel from a tack on the wall that holds in place a newspaper photo of him kickboxing. He stomps around some of his belongings on the floor (the living room doubles as his bedroom), and moves into the kitchen, opens the fridge...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

ANGLE ON THE FRIDGE which features healthy food on one layer. From the other layer -- Lloyd's layer -- he withdraws a Big Gulp Slurpee and an already opened can of Spam. He proceeds to make a Spam sandwich, as Constance and Jason arrive home. Constance still has her dental technician uniform on.

LLOYD

French is history. Math is history.  
History is history...I believe the  
word is YES.

CONSTANCE

(feels bad)

Lloyd, I'm so sorry we missed it.  
Sam had me help with a new crown,  
and we had three root canals to do  
and Jason has a sore throat...

Jason points to his throat, sticks his tongue out.

LLOYD

(rolls off him)

No problem. I called Mom and Dad  
in Germany -- it's like they were  
there.

CONSTANCE

I hope you understand.

LLOYD

Bad throat, huh J-man?

JASON

Yaaaaaaaaa!

LLOYD

Yeah. He's not at full 'yaaaaa'  
strength.

Lloyd walks back into the living room, Jason and Constance follow.

CONSTANCE

How can you eat that stuff, Lloyd?  
There's no food in your food.

32 CLOSE SHOT ON THE STEREO PANEL

32

as Lloyd turns the knob up past the red-line marked with  
a nail-polish slash.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

CONSTANCE

Not too loud. The red line is there for a reason.

LLOYD

How do you know where to draw the line, anyway?

CONSTANCE

It's plenty loud and the neighbors haven't complained. That's how I know.

LLOYD

Good thing there's not a red line on you, Jason. Yaaaaaa!

JASON

YAAAAA!

LLOYD

He's back.

CONSTANCE

Can't you be his uncle not his playmate?

LLOYD

Jesus.

CONSTANCE

What?

LLOYD

Get in a good mood. How hard is it to just decide to be in a good mood and then be in a good mood?

CONSTANCE

(darkly)

Gee. It's easy.

LLOYD

Look -- I'm really sorry Mom and Dad made you take me in. If it's such a big problem, I'll go. But remember this -- you used to be fun. You used to be crazy, in the best way. I mean that as a compliment, of course.

(a look at Jason)

I mean, I'm sorry that T-I-M left you, but I am not T-I-M.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

Constance looks pissed for a moment. Then a small smile.

CONSTANCE  
I was crazy once, wasn't I?

LLOYD  
Yes!

JASON  
Yaaaa!

LLOYD  
This is the best time of your life.  
Constance! It doesn't get any  
better.

Constance looks around the small apartment.

CONSTANCE  
I could kill you for that.  
(phone RINGS, she  
answers)  
Hello? Yes, he's right here, Corey.  
Oh. Sorry.  
(hands phone to  
Lloyd)  
It's Diane Court.

Lloyd clicks into red alert, he takes the phone and races  
Constance for the bathroom. Constance is already pulling  
up her skirt, and wins. Lloyd is stranded in the living  
room, sans privacy. He covers the phone, addresses Jason.

LLOYD  
No noise. No sound. No movement.

Jason stands silent for the duration of the call.

LLOYD  
Yello? Hi Diane.

INTERCUT:

33 INT. COURT LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

33

Diane is reclining, shoes off and stockings on. She looks  
at a book as she talks on the phone. (She faces opposite  
frame from Lloyd.)

DIANE  
Hi. You called me.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

LLOYD  
 Hey, let me be the millionth person  
 to say way-to-go on your scholarship  
 to England. Your speech was  
 incredible.

DIANE  
 Thank you very much.

LLOYD  
 Whoa. What a day, huh?

DIANE  
 What a day.

LLOYD  
 Yeah.

DIANE  
 Yeah.

Beat.

LLOYD  
 Quick question. Do you know who  
 I am?

DIANE  
 We sat together at Bell Square.

LLOYD  
 You remember.

DIANE  
 No, I read it on the message.

LLOYD  
 Right. Well listen...  
 (gets list, looks  
 at it)

...so...  
 (throws it away)  
 ...let's go out...

DIANE  
 Oh, thanks but I'm busy.

LLOYD  
 Busy.

DIANE  
 Things are pretty hectic right now.  
 But thanks anyway.

(CONTINUED)



33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

LLOYD  
Are you busy on Friday?

DIANE  
(nodding)  
See, that's the problem. I'm busy.  
I've got to help my father.

LLOYD  
How about Saturday?

DIANE  
I've got some things to do around  
the house.

LLOYD  
So you are...monumentally busy.

DIANE  
Well...  
(almost smile)  
...Probably not monumentally.

LLOYD  
Then what about tonight? You going  
to the party at Vahlere's?

DIANE  
Well...

LLOYD  
Diane. I'm sorry, but I can't allow  
you to leave the country without  
attending Ethan 'Par-tay' Vahlere's  
Graduation Event. He's twenty-two,  
he comes out of hiding once a year  
for this occasion. He dresses up  
as the Lakeside Rooster. He created  
his own drink, Purple Passion, if  
you like that sort of thing...

DIANE  
Actually, I think...

LLOYD  
(wailing)  
You're not in England yet. And by  
the way, I lived in England for  
three months. My parents are in  
the Army, and we lived there for  
a summer, then we moved to Germany,  
and I could give you an enormous  
amount of tips. Many tips. English  
tips.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

33

DIANE  
(smiling)  
It's funny, because...

LLOYD  
Then no tips. I will give you no  
tips of any kind.

DIANE  
(laughing)  
Lloyd. I'll go.

LLOYD  
Pardon me?

DIANE  
I'll go.

LLOYD  
Really? This is great! It's a  
date. It's a scam. Whatever.  
We're going out. I have your  
address, hasta luego. I'll see you  
at 8 and good-bye.

She hangs up.

DIANE  
Hasta Luego.

She pulls her legs off the counter, and jumps off to get  
dressed. She passes her dad, who has been watching CNN on  
a mini-tv and chopping onions in the kitchen.

34 INT. LLOYD'S APARTMENT

34

Lloyd hangs up and turns to his silent nephew.

LLOYD  
Thank you!

Lloyd picks Jason up and holds him horizontally. Jason  
remains joyously still -- it's one of their routines -- as  
Lloyd literally plays him like a guitar.

35 INT. DIANE'S ROOM

35

A studious-looking room. Nice desk, big dictionary. Diane  
thinks about the evening ahead, shuts her eyes and places  
her face in the breeze of a small desk fan for a quiet  
moment as we:

CUT TO:

36 INT. LLOYD'S CAR - LATER EVENING

36

Lloyd sits outside the Court home. He is the picture of manic, inspired energy as he psyches in the car. He grunts like an athlete, takes in gulps of air and reaches a crescendo of emotion as we:

CUT TO:

37 EXT. COURT FRONT PORCH

37

A perfect middle-suburban front porch. The door opens and James Court faces Lloyd Dobler. We SEE Lloyd's standard greeting. He wipes his hand off on his pant leg, and leans in for a firm, sportsman-like handshake with Court.

COURT

Hello, Lloyd.

LLOYD

Lloyd Dobler, sir. Pleasure. Heard about the graduation present. That is quite a car. Listen, I know you're busy. You don't have to entertain me. But you can trust me. I rarely drink. I'm an athlete. Have you heard of Kickboxing -- Sport of the Future? I can see by your face -- no -- but you can just relax tonight. Because The Reed Fellowship winner is safe with me on this night in history.

He wipes off his hand, shakes again with a bewildered Court.

COURT

Fine, Lloyd.

LLOYD

So. Is she around?

Lloyd looks past Court to the top of the stairs. But Diane immediately appears on the ground floor, from the right. She's wearing a casual outfit with a bowler hat. It's the small, but inspired touch of a devastating beauty.

LLOYD

(to himself)

Whoa.

38 INT. LLOYD'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

38

Deathly silence. Diane and Lloyd in the car (separate frames). Diane sits holding her English book bag. The closing of his car door ECHOES. The car seats SQUEAK>

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

DIANE

If I want to leave early, will that  
be terrible?

LLOYD

No.

Lloyd silently adjusts his seat belt, helps her with hers. He then turns on the ignition. The stereo comes on, FULL BLAST. He turns it off quickly. They pull away.

38A OMITTED

38A

39 EXT. VAHLERE PORCH - EVENING

39

Music. Lloyd and Diane walk into view. Diane stops slightly, Lloyd moves forward and she catches up. They enter the party, and we MOVE BEHIND them for their entrance into the party.

40 ANGLE ON THE PARTY

40

and it's already cooking. A few faces turn and seem to register the sight. We hear the sounds of peripheral conversation.

GUY #1

Is that Lloyd?

GIRL #1

...Thirty-nine units...

GIRL #2

...we're finally out...

GIRL #2

...check them out...

GUY #3

...I want the kill tan...

GIRL #3

...look who Diane came  
with...

41 THEY PASS ETHAN VAHLERE

41

twenty-two, who stands over his punch bowl, talking to his buddies/security guards (they wear armbands). He's humorless, the Jack Webb of party hosts.

VAHLERE

I don't want any other booze in  
there or it changes colors.

The buddies nod solemnly. Vahlere spots Lloyd.

VAHLERE

Dobler! Buddy! I need you to be  
the Keymaster!

Before Lloyd can protest, Vahlere has handed him a plastic drawstring sack and rejoined the party.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

DIANE

The Keymaster?

LLOYD

I keep everybody's keys. I have to judge who can drive home, and who can't.

DIANE

So it's an honor.

Lloyd gives her a look.

LLOYD

Not quite.

A shirtless Jock in checkered shorts and backwards hat walks by, sees Lloyd. He's already blitzed.

JOCK

We fuckin' GRADUATED big dude GUY!  
Here are my KEYS!

He calls for a high-five, and slams Lloyd's hand with a vengeance.

LLOYD

(flexing hand)

I wish you'd done that without keys  
in your hand.

JOCK

I LOVE YOU MAN!

Glamorous-looking Sheila, eighteen, arrives and grabs Diane.

SHEILA

I'm so glad you came to this, I've  
always wanted you to come to one  
of these, come with me, there's SO  
MANY CUTE GUYS here...

Diane looks over her shoulder and smiles helplessly as Sheila pulls her away. Lloyd watches her disappear into the crowd. He's still gazing at her wake as he's joined by Mike Cameron, seventeen. Mike wears a bomber jacket, no shirt, and a medallion. He has a disasterous new haircut. He holds a cigarette and a glass of Purple Passion with one hand.

MIKE

Homeboy! Mike Cameron. I don't  
really know you, but how did you  
get Diane Court to go out with you?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

LLOYD  
I called her up.

MIKE  
But how come it worked? What are  
you?

LLOYD  
I'm Lloyd Dobler.

Mike takes a puff.

MIKE  
This gives me hope.

42 OMITTED

42

43 EXT. VAHLERE BACKYARD

43

More partiers fill the backyard. One girl dances alone,  
looks up into the sky. She talks to no one in particular.

DANCING GIRL  
I will never forget this.

We FIND two EMOTIONAL GIRLS by a window.

GIRL #1  
I wish I was you.

GIRL #2  
I wish I was you.

GIRL #1  
You better write.

GIRL #2  
You better write.

44 INT. BACK ROOM

44

Inside the back bedroom, Corey and D.C. and their friend  
Rebecca watch these girls. Corey tunes her guitar.

COREY  
Slug me if I ever get like that.

D.C.  
I will.

REBECCA  
Why don't you play something?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

Corey falls on her back, puts her feet on the brass footboard. She starts strumming.

COREY

I wrote sixty-three songs this year. They're all about Joe. Tonight I'm going to play every single one.

REBECCA

I just saw Joe. He's here.

COREY

Well, you don't have to be so dramatic about it.

D.C.

Well, you did try to kill yourself because of the guy.

REBECCA

How did you do it, Corey, I've always wanted to know.

Corey looks pained.

D.C.

She explained it all on Wake Up Seattle. Where were you?

COREY

Stop. I'm fine now. All everybody does is ask me about it and I'm fine. I'm all right. Did Joe come with Mimi?

Rebecca nods slowly. Corey's upset.

COREY

They're both plastic. Plastic plastic plastic plastic...

45 EXT. VAHLERE FRONT PORCH

45

Lloyd sits glumly. One hand holds his head and a can of 7-Up, the other holds the Keymaster sack. Partiers stream by, drop their keys in the sack.

PARTIER #1

All right! Keymaster!

PARTIER #2

Key Man!

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Lloyd nods glumly. He's joined by the incongruous presence of MRS. EVANS, Lakeside counselor.

MRS. EVANS

Lloyd Dobler, I found you! You missed your career-counseling session again.

LLOYD

I guess I did.

MRS. EVANS

Your sister told me where you'd be. Call me obsessive-compulsive, but let's do it right now.

In the b.g., an emotional couple come charging out of the house.

CONFUSED BOYFRIEND

What did I do?

CRYING GIRL

Get away from me! Don't fucking follow me! Leave me alone!

But the Crying Girl looks back over her shoulder, hoping that her Confused Boyfriend is following. She gets in her Corolla -- with LHS 88 frosted on a side-rear window -- and cries against the steering wheel. Her Confused Boyfriend follows her, but he walks in zig-zags in the street, torn between her and friends yelling for him back at the party. Finally he just sits down in the middle of the street. His girlfriend drives off, leaves him.

LLOYD

But I know I'm capable of anything, and just feeling that is 90% of it, right?

MRS. EVANS

I haven't heard that figure, no.

(GIRL) PARTIER #3

You the Keymaster?

LLOYD

(glumly)

Yes.

She drops a set of keys in the sack, moves on.

(CONTINUED)



45 CONTINUED: (2)

LLOYD

Everybody in our school is so career, career, career. These people are more intense than my parents. And they were intense. All year long, I waited for something to jump out at me. Nothing jumped.

MRS. EVANS

I'd like to put something on your record.

LLOYD

What about kickboxing, Sport of the Future? I say this, not as a jock.

MRS. EVANS

What do your parents say?

LLOYD

My father is an Army Captain in Germany, you know, so he wants to pull some strings. You know...

(sings)

... 'Be. All that you can be...'

MRS. EVANS

I'm going to make an appointment for you at Seattle Junior College.

Mrs. Evans rummages for a pamphlet.

LLOYD

I've got to be honest, Mrs. Evans. I'm looking for something bigger right now. I'm looking for a dare-to-be-great situation.

MRS. EVANS

Junior college can be a dare-to-be-great situation.

More partiers pass, drop their keys. She hands him the pamphlet.

LLOYD

I'd better get back inside. I've got to find my date, Diane Court.

MRS. EVANS

Diane Court is your date?

Lloyd nods.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

45

MRS. EVANS

(impressed)

Well, get back inside. Here. Take  
the pamphlet and go.

Lloyd says good-bye to Mrs. Evans. She walks off. He puts  
the pamphlet under the windshield wiper of a parked car.  
He spots the Confused Boyfriend still sitting in the middle  
of the street.

LLOYD

Need a hand, bro?

BOYFRIEND

Fuck you!

LLOYD

(shrugs)

Have a nice life.

Lloyd walks back to the party. He finds a private spot by  
the side of the house. He leans against the wall, and takes  
a deep breath. Then he glances in a window and sees Diane.

46 INT. UTILITY ROOM

46

Diane talks with twenty-seven year-old English teacher MR.  
DEEGAN. She's at ease with adults.

MR. DEEGAN

I'm serious, call the principal and  
tell him. I'm too good for  
senior-lounge duty. He'll listen  
to you.

DIANE

Great. Give me the dirty work.

MR. DEEGAN

(laughing)

I was so glad when I saw you here  
tonight. The first time I've seen  
you outside...those four walls.

DIANE

That's true, isn't it.

MR. DEEGAN

(gathers courage)

I'll tell you a secret I couldn't  
tell you until you had that diploma  
in your hand...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

He takes a half-step closer. Lloyd appears in the window, sees her and steps out of view. Diane doesn't see him.

MR. DEEGAN  
I'd like to see you sometime.

Diane is surprised.

DIANE  
Really?

MR. DEEGAN  
Come on. I was always smiling at you.

DIANE  
(instinctive honesty)  
I just thought you were a nice, happy guy.

He steps closer, appears close to a kiss attempt. She deftly steps away.

DIANE  
I know what you're saying, Mr. Deegan. You're saying you enjoyed our friendship, and I did too, but you're not going to feel comfortable if you kiss me, so for your sake...thanks, and I understand.

He considers pushing it, but gives her a friendly cuff instead.

MR. DEEGAN  
You're amazing. Have a great life.

DIANE  
You too, Mr. Deegan.

He starts to exit, then turns back again.

MR. DEEGAN  
I wish you were older.

She guides him out the door, turns to look out the window.

47 EXT. HOUSE

47

Lloyd just barely ducks out of her view. He squats on the ground.

LLOYD  
Amazing.

48 INT. BACK ROOM

48

Corey sings her song "He Cries" to a small audience.

COREY

He cries. Why he cries Only now  
I realize Joe lies When he cries...

49 INT. LIVING ROOM

49

Diane has a serious talk with Sheila, who makes quote marks around many of her words. Around them, annuals are being passed.

SHEILA

I know we were...  
(does two-fingers)  
...'ultra-competitive' this year  
but I just want to say that if it  
wasn't for...  
(does two-fingers)  
...'Diane Court-whoa' I probably  
wouldn't have gotten into Cornell  
because you made me study twice as  
hard...So thanks.

DIANE

Really?

SHEILA

God. Yes. I might as well tell  
you before you go off to your big...  
(does two-fingers)  
...'life.'

DIANE

You did the same for me.

SHEILA

I did? Really?

Diane nods. Sheila smiles. A moment while they consider this unexpected connection.

DIANE

I don't have an 'address' yet, but  
if you ever come to England, you  
better stay with me...

SHEILA

I'll give you my address.

They both dig in their purses.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

SHEILA

Did you really come here with Lloyd  
Dobler? How did that...  
(does two-fingers)  
... 'happen'?

DIANE

(thinks about it)  
He made me laugh.

50 DIANE'S P.O.V.

50

as she sees Lloyd's head above the crowd. Lloyd  
acknowledges her, points a finger her way, and then he's  
gone.

51 EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

51

The punch is greenish-black. The music is louder.

51A INT. BACK ROOM

51A

Lloyd watches as Corey sings a new song.

COREY

He likes girls With names like  
Ashleigh And Tammerlane...

In walk Joe and Mimi. Corey plays harder, changes tempo.

COREY

That will never be me That will  
never be me That will never be me...

Lloyd edges over to Joe.

LLOYD

She's pretty talented, isn't she  
Joe?

JOE

Why do you think I keep her tapes?  
They're going to be valuable  
someday.

Corey strums a little too hard and -- thwap -- breaks a  
string.

51B INT. BATHROOM (FORMERLY SC. 55)

51B

Mike Cameron drains a glass of Passion, stares at himself  
in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

51B CONTINUED:

51B

MIKE  
I look like fuckin' Eraserhead with  
this hair.

52 INT. KITCHEN DOORWAY

52

Corey stands with Diane, her arms on Diane's shoulders.

COREY

(pained)  
Joe was my first sex, my first love,  
and he was going out with Mimi the  
whole time! That bastard will never  
break up with her!

(breath)  
But if I see him, it's 'Hi Joe.'  
'How are you?' And that's it. I'll  
be okay.

DIANE

Don't worry. He's at the other end  
of the house.

COREY

Too bad more guys can't be like  
Lloyd.

DIANE

(smiles)  
He checks up on me. Look.

53 ANGLE ON THE LIVING ROOM

53

and it's a mass of bodies and clothes and couples. Lloyd's  
head pops into view, and then disappears again.

COREY

I'd better get back to my fans.

54  
thru  
54A  
55  
OMITTED  
INT. BATHROOM - LATER

54  
thru  
54A  
55

Mike Cameron talks to a stylish girl with hair like his.

MIKE

Yeah. Hey. It's exactly what I  
wanted. I love it.

55A NEW SCENE 51A

55A

56 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

56

An annual passes among students, returns to Diane.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

Lloyd watches from across the party. He blends in with what is obviously the school's metal group, Magalady ("Laura," "Sue," "Ron"). They stand in the glow of a soundless television.

LAURA

Look at these guys. We kill these guys.

SUE

No doubt. We blow these geeks off the stage.

RON

Don't even compare us to this bullshit.

LAURA

We play better. We have better vocals. We have better equipment. We are so completely better.

57 ANGLE ON THE TELEVISION

57

and it's The Beatles.

58 EXT. BACKYARD

58

Diane stands surveying the backyard full of roaring partiers. Lloyd appears at her side.

LLOYD

So. We can finally talk.

Vahlere comes coolly walking out in the backyard, dressed as the Lakeside Rooster. A large 88 is on his back and front. His costume has seen a few Grad Nights.

ROOSTER

Lakeside Lakeside Have no fear!  
How about another year!

STUDENTS

Never more! Never more!

They surge past Lloyd and Diane to raucously attack Vahlere, in an explosion of feathers. Diane looks on with wide-eyes, laughing.

DIANE

He does this every year?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

LLOYD  
Worst job since Keymaster.

59 INT. GARAGE - SAME TIME

59

Corey gets a soft drink from the garage refrigerator.

COREY  
(to herself)  
Diet 7-Up. Diet Ice Tea. Diet  
Coke. Doesn't anyone drink real  
sugar anymore?

She hears the door shut, turns to see Joe. A long stare. They're like two animals caught in the headlights. Corey's hands ball into fists. She draws to within a foot of Joe's face.

COREY  
I love you.

JOE  
I love you too.

COREY  
You invade my soul.

JOE  
I want to get back together. Mimi's  
going to go to college. I'm going  
to be alone.

(pause)  
But I'm going to break up with her  
before she leaves.

Corey hugs him tightly. Joe looks emotional.

JOE  
Have sex with me.

COREY  
No. You probably have the full  
disease.

He pulls out a twisted-looking palm-sized sculpture.

JOE  
This is for you. I made this on  
'shrooms, even though I don't take  
them anymore. I call it 'The  
Incubus.'

COREY  
You made this for me?

(CONTINUED)



59 CONTINUED:

59

Joe nods.

JOE  
Have sex with me. Let's get back together.

She hugs him.

COREY  
Hold me. Hold me while I make up my mind.

Corey doesn't answer. She pulls away.

COREY  
(a revelation)  
Good-bye, Joe.

Joe stares blankly. No reaction.

60 EXT. PUNCH TUB - LATER

60

The Purple Passion now looks like black lava. Vahlere and buddies wearily lift the tub, haul it past Lloyd and Diane. Lloyd looks at her. She smiles back. Lloyd passes out keys. Outside, cars are revving. Vahlere plays a tape of "Hawaii Five-O," which means the party's almost over. The Jock intercepts Lloyd. He's barely coherent.

JOCK  
GIVE me my fuckin' KEYS.

LLOYD  
(sign language)  
You must CHILL. I am your FRIEND.

JOCK  
I LOVE YOU MAN.

The Jock hugs Lloyd. Lloyd barely pries himself loose to say good-bye to Corey and D.C. Corey hugs Lloyd.

COREY  
I feel so free. I hate it.  
D.C. takes Lloyd aside and whispers in his ear.

D.C.  
You're a great person, Lloyd Dobler.  
I'm just a good person, but you're a great person.

Diane joins him.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

Vahlere's still picking feathers off himself.

LLOYD

I hereby surrender my duties as  
Keymaster. Give me a beer.

VAHLERE

(gives it to him)  
Thanks, Lloyd. You're the best.  
Diane -- everybody loved that you  
came.

DIANE

You're a great rooster.

VAHLERE

Take care, you guys.

LLOYD

(takes a sip)  
I'm happy to say this sack is  
officially...

He empties the sack on the floor. A key falls out.

LLOYD

...empty.

Vahlere pulls a feather out of his hair. He responds, Jack  
Webb-like.

VAHLERE

The back bathroom. Let's go.

61 OMITTED

61

62 EXT. BACK BATHROOM

62

Lloyd and Vahlere force open the door. Mike Cameron is  
hugging the commode, his face pressed up against the cool  
porcelain. Diane stares at him, like he's a car wreck.

LLOYD

Yep. He's been barking at the ants.

VAHLERE

Driving the Big White Bus.

MIKE

Igagethome...Igagethome.

VAHLERE

Looks like he dipped his hair in  
the bowl or something.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

LLOYD  
Naw, that's his regular hair.

MIKE  
Igagethome...

Vahlere turns to Lloyd.

LLOYD  
No possible way, man. Nice party.  
This is where the Keymaster says  
Gooood Night. Come on, Diane.

VAHLERE  
I'll take care of it.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

63 INT. LLOYD'S CAR - LATE NIGHT

63

Lloyd and Diane in the front seat. In the back seat, Mike Cameron sits angled so the side-vent blows cool air in his face.

MIKE  
Igagethome.

LLOYD  
Just say when, Mike.

Mike sighs, talks to himself in the window.

MIKE  
I graduated. I got invited to  
Vahlere's party. I hate my hair.  
I asked the guy to make me look like  
Bono, he made me look like Bozo.

Lloyd and Diane share a private smile.

MIKE  
I wanted to tell everybody how much  
I liked this school. Then I got  
blasted on Purple Passion. I  
spilled wax, I grabbed some girl's  
tit, her boyfriend threw me against  
a car. Great. Now I said 'tit'  
in front of a girl. Fantastic.

DIANE  
You can say 'tit.'

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

MIKE

I fucked up my clothes, I broke the stereo...maybe all you people are right. I'm a joke. I'm a doofus. I'm doomed.

LLOYD

Wait a minute. You made an impact. Twenty years from now, people will remember Steve Cameron.

MIKE

Mike Cameron.

LLOYD

Mike Cameron.

MIKE

(sighs)

I think we're lost.

RADIO

And now...in its entirety, Pink Floyd's classic two-CD set, 'The Wall.'

The car glides into BLACK.

64 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

64

It's the last hour of darkness. They're still driving with Mike.

RADIO

Whew. That was Pink Floyd's 'The Wall.' Hope you liked it.

MIKE

Here it is! I see it! Here's my house!

Lloyd screeches over. Mike gets out. He stands on the lawn in front of his sad greenhouse as the fog creeps in. He blows them a woozy kiss.

MIKE

You two are the best! Have a good life...or call me up!

64A LLOYD AND DIANE'S P.O.V.

64A

as they drive off. Mike gets smaller and the fog swallows him up. Then he turns around.

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED:

MIKE  
Wait a minute! This isn't my house!

DISSOLVE TO:

65 EXT. LLOYD'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

65

Dawn. Diane flips through her yearbook, reads a few inscriptions.

DIANE  
'Wish I could have known you more'... 'Glad I finally met you'... 'You always seemed nice'...  
(closes book, blows hair out of face)  
...I guess I was right.

LLOYD  
What?

DIANE  
Nobody knew me before tonight.

LLOYD  
They knew of you. Now they know you.

DIANE  
I felt like I fit in for the first time. I think they just held me at arm's length...and I did the same to them.  
(then)  
I'm so glad we did this.

She touches his arm.

LLOYD  
English tips.  
(pause)  
Avoid hamburgers and just remember -- English people like you more than you think they do. They just like to talk with that one eyebrow kind of...up.

DIANE  
(smiling)  
I'll keep that in mind.

Lloyd smiles as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

66 EXT. SEVEN-ELEVEN - EARLY MORNING

66

They exit the Seven-Eleven. Lloyd holds a Big Gulp, Diane holds a coffee. There's no rush to get home. Early morning traffic in b.g.

DIANE

We can walk to my house from here...

LLOYD

So it's just you and your dad. How did that happen?

DIANE

It's a whole story. You don't want to hear it.

LLOYD

Sure I do.

DIANE

(quickly)  
My parents split up when I was thirteen. My mother went to live with a younger guy. We went to court. I picked my father.

LLOYD

Shit. That's quite a story.

They continue the walk across the field.

LLOYD

(points)  
Watch out for that glass.

DIANE

Thanks.  
(she walks around it)  
You know what -- you're a great date. I have never gone out with someone as...well, as basic as you.

Diane immediately regrets her choice of words.

LLOYD

Ditto.

DIANE

So what's your job this summer?

LLOYD

Being a great date.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

DIANE  
(smiling)  
I'm serious.

LLOYD  
So am I. I want to see you again.  
As much as I can before you leave.

DIANE  
I only have something like sixteen  
weeks.

LLOYD  
Sixteen weeks is a lifetime.

DIANE  
Then call me tomorrow.

LLOYD  
Today is tomorrow.

DIANE  
Then call me later.

Diane gives Lloyd a lengthy hug. No kiss. It's fine with  
Lloyd. She bolts for the door, and Lloyd coolly watches  
her disappear inside.

67 EXT./INT. COURT KITCHEN - MORNING

67

Mr. Court is just getting up as Diane walks in.

COURT  
Morning honey.

DIANE  
Dad...I'm so glad I went.

COURT  
How was Lloyd?

DIANE  
Lloyd was such a gentleman. He was  
funny and nervous and wonderful and  
I met people I would have never met  
and then I blew it and called Lloyd  
basic. Can't believe I did that.

Court casually opens the kitchen drapes and looks outside.

COURT  
Well, I don't think he's reeling  
in embarrassment.

68 DIANE AND MR. COURT'S P.O.V.

68

as we SEE Lloyd outside on the corner. He's kissing his fists and doing a Sugar Ray Leonard salute in all four directions. Then he performs a quick shuffle dance that ends with a victory pump and a sharp slap to the top of a plastic trash bin.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

69 EXT. TOWN HALL PARKING LOT - NEXT AFTERNOON

69

Diane and Mr. Court exit Diane's new car. Court wears slacks and a casual shirt. Diane helps him carry some paperwork.

COURT

I should have worn a suit.

DIANE

No one's going to be looking at what you're wearing.

COURT

So you agree -- I should have worn a suit.

DIANE

You look fine.

They enter the Town Hall.

70 INT. TOWN HALL

70

Only a handful of people in town hall today. Diane is seated near the front, watching her father. He sits at a wooden table, a single microphone is trained on his mouth. He faces the City Council.

CITY COUNCILMAN

Mr. Court, can you tell us a little bit about the state of nursing homes in the Puget Sound...and why you've petitioned to expand your facilities?

Court laughs -- the amused, involuntary reaction of a man who is very comfortable being the center of attention.

COURT

Forgive me. Where should I start? I run a nursing home. Not homes. Home. There's a big difference.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



COURT (Cont'd)

These days you have corporations who own hundreds of nursing homes, and thousands of beds. They buy wheelchairs in bulk, and they care for their residents in bulk too...and that means the poorer patients suffer.

COUNCILMAN

For example.

COURT

As long as you're a private pay resident, you get a good room. But if you run out of money, and switch to a government program -- Medicaid -- you may find yourself taken to the hospital for a 'check-up,' and when you get back...your bed is filled. So you get switched to a smaller room, or maybe a different home, and maybe your buzzer doesn't get answered quite as quickly. It's a nightmare, it's a scam, and you'd be surprised at the government agencies who've checked me out once I started talking about this stuff.

Diane admires her father, who is getting through to this bored group.

COURT

My home is a family business. I feel we can add a new wing and still provide the personal service which I feel makes us the best. This is not a nursing home where the owner wears a suit and lives a thousand miles away...

COUNCILMAN

Speaking for the patients...

COURT

We call them 'residents.'

COUNCILMAN

How personal is the service you provide your residents?

COURT

Sir, I pureed beets this morning.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

He holds up pinkish hands. Laughter from the room. While they laugh, Court holds up a photo of Paul Newman.

COURT

Doesn't this man look good? We all know him. He's sixty-three. He's a senior citizen.

Court shows a second picture of a less glamorous man.

COURT

This man isn't well-known. He's the same age. He came to my home last week. He lived alone. No one to help him...like so many others, he fell. Broke his hip. It took Christopher a day to drag himself to that phone. A day.

(pause)

Who's taking care of our elderly? A hundred years ago, people just died. Today they can live to be a hundred. It's a miracle. It's also a problem. Who's taking care of these people? Who's not just after a buck? These people are our parents. These people are us, the day after tomorrow.

Diane is deeply impressed. As the room applauds:

COUNCILMAN

(too close to mike)

That's a very moving speech, and we'll consider your application. Thank you.

71  
thru  
72

OMITTED

71  
thru  
72

INTERCUT:

72A INT. LLOYD'S APARTMENT/DIANE'S HOUSE

72A

Lloyd and Diane on the phone. Lloyd's working hard for date number two.

LLOYD

So when do you get off work?

DIANE

I usually have a break after the dinner service, if you want to stop by.

(CONTINUED)

72A CONTINUED:

72A

LLOYD

Let's do something later.

DIANE

I know you think my job is strange.  
You don't like old people, do you?

LLOYD

Me? Sure I do.

DIANE

Really?

LLOYD

Except for one thing. I used to  
work at a Smorgasboard. Old people  
used to flock there. And they loved  
to eat. They jammed their mouths  
and they'd eat with their mouths  
open and I'll just be honest with  
you -- it was too much for me.

(doesn't hear a  
response)

But I'm not sure I'm right.

DIANE

I think that's agism. Maybe their  
mouths don't work as well as  
yours...

LLOYD

Well, you sure turned me around.

73 INT. GOLDEN SEASONS DINING ROOM - DAYS LATER

73

The blackboard reads: LLOYD PRESENTS...COCOON.

Lloyd stands at the front of the large television in the  
Golden Seasons dining/entertainment room.

LLOYD

It's called Cocoon. I brought it  
from home, and I think you'll like  
this movie. I think any time a  
movie makes you feel differently  
when you walk...or roll out, that's  
a good movie. Right?

Eight nursing home residents stare at Lloyd with  
expressionless faces. Diane smiles from the back of the  
room.

LLOYD

Okay. Here we go...with Cocoon.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

The Walker gets up and starts walking out.

DIANE

The movie hasn't started yet, Mr. Taylor. We're going to have a good time.

She guides him back to his seat.

EVA

(half-joking)

Where's the popcorn?

SABINA

Please please please. Popcorn. Tha' tasted so good. Why can't I eat popcorn?

The others look at Sabina with sympathy. In a nursing home, sympathy is a luxury. Lloyd starts the VCR.

74 INT. HALLWAYS - AFTERNOON - DAYS LATER

74

Two older women play a piano together.

It's a cacophony of sighing, laughing, screaming and daytime television. Diane confidently strolls the hallways with Lloyd, gives Lloyd a tour. Lloyd looks uncomfortable as he glances inside a room. His nose twitches.

75 ANGLE ON THE ROOM

75

where a Man sits in his wheelchair, chewing furiously.

DIANE

Ever met anybody over a hundred?

LLOYD

(weirded out)

No.

DIANE

This is Bess. She's 103.

Bess is quiet-looking, black, wears wrap-around polarized sunglasses.

LLOYD

Nice to meet you.

BESS

You're too tall.

Lloyd drops down to her level.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

LLOYD  
Can I try on your glasses?

BESS  
Yes!

He lifts them off Bess, tries them on.

76 LLOYD'S P.O.V. - A DARK BLACK BLUR

76.

LLOYD  
I like this world.

Lloyd assumes a Middle-Eastern persona.

LLOYD  
I want to take both of you women  
tomorrow night.

BESS  
I'm busy.

DIANE  
I have to help my dad with a dinner  
party.  
(pause)  
You can come if you want.

Lloyd pulls the shades off.

LLOYD  
I am available.

He puts them back on Bess, who laughs.

77 OMITTED

77

78 ANGLE ON JAMES COURT

78

who watches impassively from the other side of the dining  
room window.

79 INT. COREY'S ROOM - NEXT DAY

79

CLOSE ANGLE ON a freshly defaced Cosmopolitan Magazine held  
in D.C.'s hands. D.C. turns the magazine over, and a cache  
of blow cards fall to the bed. She picks up one, a perfume  
sample and applies it to herself as we're in the middle of  
a heated discussion.

INT. COREY'S ROOM - NEXT DAY

Corey, D.C. and Rebecca sit in Corey's room.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

D.C.

Meaning?

COREY

(holding guitar)

Meaning that she made the second date a family audition, which is the kiss of death for Lloyd.

REBECCA

Why?

COREY

Too much pressure. It's not his crowd.

D.C.

I told him to be himself.

COREY

But he's got that nervous talking thing...

REBECCA

(interrupts)

Hey. I know this is a strange thing to say, but maybe Diane Court really likes Lloyd.

Corey and D.C.'s look: unlikely.

COREY

If you were Diane Court, would you honestly fall for Lloyd?

They consider it. One by one, all three are surprised to nod -- yes.

80 EXT./INT. COURT KITCHEN - EVENING

80

Lloyd enters the kitchen through the back door. He's got a big sack of Chinese food.

DIANE

I was starting to worry about you.

LLOYD

It's cool.

He lowers the sack. They're both wearing the same shirt.

LLOYD

Nice shirt.

DIANE

You too.

80A INT. DIANE'S ROOM

80A

Lloyd looks around her room. He studies all the pictures on the wall.

DIANE'S VOICE

How about this one?

A hand reaches out of the bathroom, holding a shirt.

LLOYD

Looks great.

The hand retreats. Lloyd sees the dictionary by her bed.

LLOYD

Boy, this is a mutha dictionary.

DIANE'S VOICE

I know. I've had it forever. I used to have this thing about marking the words I look up...

Lloyd flips open the dictionary.

INSERT DICTIONARY as we SEE that the pages are black with marks. Lloyd shuts it quickly.

LLOYD

We'd better get out there.

81 INT. COURT LIVING ROOM - LATER

81

Dinner is over and everyone is satisfied. Present at the small party is Ruth the Administrator and her twelve-year-old son Rod, Al Kerwin the Accountant and his elegant wife, along with several others from the nursing home staff. Court pours sparkling water into various glasses -- glug glug -- as he talks. He's feeling good, King of the Castle. In the corner, a vintage jukebox plays "If I Were A Carpenter".

RUTH

You just look beautiful, Diane.

DIANE

Thank you.

Court bends down, puts his face near Diane's.

COURT

Same eyes. Same nose. Same mouth. See what a few millimeters can do?

Laughs.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

KERWIN

So what airline do they send you over to England on?

DIANE

British Airways.

COURT

She's not the world's greatest flyer. When she was eight...

DIANE

Dad...

COURT

Why can't I tell the story?

RUTH

What story?

DIANE

If you're going to tell it, let me tell it.

COURT

Let me start it. I'm flying down to Los Angeles on business, and I decide to take her on her first airplane.

DIANE

I knew how planes flew, but I was still nervous...

COURT

Crash Paranoia.

DIANE

I had a checklist in my mind. I thought that if babies were on the plane, it couldn't crash. But all the babies were crying, so maybe they knew something I didn't...

COURT

And as soon as the doors shut, she started to scream. I'd never heard her scream quite like that.

DIANE

Then you got up and told them to turn the plane around and...

(CONTINUED)



81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

COURT

They did. Let me finish.

DIANE

Okay. I give up. Tell it.

COURT

Two federal marshals met the plane, took our address and asked us never to fly the friendly skies again.

Laughs.

DIANE

There's more!

COURT

One of the people on the plane worked in a recording studio, and we got a phone call saying that he was making a sound effects record and he'd gotten our address and could he come over and record her scream...which he did. And every once in a while, on a commercial, you can hear her scream...

KERWIN

You still have crash paranoia?

DIANE

(understatement)

Yes.

Everyone cracks up, and Lloyd still can't believe the repartee between father and daughter.

LLOYD

You two are amazing, the way you talk. I'm just like that with...forget it. I'm not like that with anybody.

A new record plays. It's James Brown.

LLOYD

This is a stellar jukebox, sir.

COURT

Thanks, Lloyd.

LLOYD

How do you obtain one of those?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3)

81

COURT

What did we get the Wurlitzer for?  
That guy didn't want to part with  
it.

KERWIN

A little matter of  
nine-thousand-nine-hundred  
ninety-nine dollars.

COURT

And ninety-nine cents.

He and Kerwin laugh. Lloyd laughs along, sneaks a look at Diane that says: "I'll laugh at anything". She loves their private exchange.

COURT

(Darin-style)

'If I were a Carpenter...'

ROD

So guy -- you graduated Lakeside  
right?

Lloyd nods.

ROD

What are you going to do now?

This is Lloyd's least-favorite question.

COURT

Yes Lloyd -- what are your plans  
for the future?

LLOYD

(pure honesty)

To spend as much time with your  
daughter as possible before she  
leaves.

COURT

Seriously, Lloyd.

LLOYD

I am totally and completely serious.

More laughs.

ANGLE ON KERWIN AND HIS WIFE who share a look. This kid  
has it bad.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (4)

81

LLOYD

My sister says it's the era of The Two D's -- drugs and disease. She's like this. And I told her -- hey, I'm not going to have a problem with the Two D's.

(pause)

My only problem is going to be getting Diane to marry me. The Third D.

ANGLE ON RUTH AND HER HUSBAND who share a look.

ANGLE ON COURT who looks at Lloyd strangely.

ANGLE ON DIANE who wants to crawl under a rock.

ANGLE ON LLOYD who now sees Diane is embarrassed.

LLOYD

Seriously, my father wants me to join the Army, which I feel is the wrong choice for me personally.

Mrs. Kerwin coolly takes out a cigarette, lights it.

MRS. KERWIN

Mind if I smoke?

Court points outside.

MRS. KERWIN

Seriously?

COURT

Seriously. I like my friends to stay healthy. I see what it does to people.

Mrs. Kerwin exhales sharply. Lloyd is anxious to get out.

LLOYD

I'll go out on the porch with you, ma'am.

Lloyd gets up and follows her. Court looks at Diane. Diane avoids the look.

82

82  
thru

OMITTED

thru

83

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

83

84

84

It's a cold night. Mrs. Kerwin smokes, sits on the porch. Lloyd smokes too. She exhales. He exhales.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD

What do you think, am I talking too much in there?

Smoke hangs in the night air. Mrs. Kerwin doesn't answer.

LLOYD

I know. He pissed you off...

A grey sedan pulls into the driveway. Mrs. Kerwin may or may not be listening to Lloyd.

LLOYD

...but he's a good guy.

MRS. KERWIN

(turning to Lloyd)

How do you know?

LLOYD

I just do.

MRS. KERWIN

You don't know him. You can't tell about people from appearances. For all I know, you could like little boys.

Lloyd turns slowly.

LLOYD

You know, that is a pretty intense thing to say.

Two men in suits exit the car, walk to the door and ring the bell.

LLOYD

Can I help you?

MAN #1 (STEWART)

(good-natured)

No, we're fine..

Diane answers the door. Court is right behind her.

COURT AND DIANE'S P.O.V.

as the two men in blue polyester suits display palm-sized blue cards. Curtis Stewart, 29, fills the doorway and does most of the talking. He speaks with the sneer of a man who is vastly underpaid.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

STEWART  
Mr. James Court?

COURT  
Yes?

Stewart notices Diane. His admiring eyes flick back to her as he talks to Court.

STEWART  
I'm Mr. Stewart and this is Mr. Talbot. We're Special Agents of the Internal Revenue Service and we'd like to inform you...

Court is in shock.

STEWART  
...that you are under criminal investigation for the tax years 1982 through 1986.

COURT  
Oh, Jesus.

Diane is scared and overwhelmed.

Lloyd is stunned, wonders how he can offer his assistance.

Mrs. Kerwin moves away.

Stewart and Talbot crane for a look inside the house. Talbot takes notes. Stewart starts asking casual questions.

STEWART  
Just a few questions, sir. Are there any extra sources of income you might have forgotten to report?

COURT  
Why are you here now?

STEWART  
(friendly)  
IRS works all hours. You looked after the estate of Mrs. Cynthia Weber, now deceased, did you not?

COURT  
I have nothing to say until I've spoken with my lawyer.

Stewart and Talbot continue cataloging with their eyes.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (3)

84

STEWART  
Could we just talk now, just for  
a moment?

He takes a half-step into the house.

DIANE  
Stop it.

She moves directly behind her father, blocking Stewart's  
view.

DIANE  
You're not listening to him, you're  
trying to force your way in...you're  
supposed to represent the government  
and now you've just taken a step  
into our house and that's an  
infraction of personal  
rights...and...and everything like  
that.

Court admires his daughter's outburst, but attempts to take  
over.

COURT  
Gentlemen...

STEWART  
(unfazed)  
Mr. Court, be aware that we'll be  
contacting a number of your business  
associates...

COURT  
(pissed)  
The evening is over.

Lloyd steps forward, gives the IRS men a menacing look.

STEWART  
...and your former wife.

They turn and exit quickly.

LLOYD  
Sir. You smoked 'em.

He wipes his hand, offers it to Court. Preoccupied, Court  
turns away. Diane steps in, squeezes Lloyd's hand for a  
quick moment. She looks panicked.

85  
thru  
86  
86A85  
thru  
86  
86A

OMITTED

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

CLOSE SHOT ON A PIECE OF PIZZA. A fork plays with the toppings, then makes a bite, then makes a bite again...

We SEE that it is MRS. COURT, an attractive 45, who sits across from her daughter. Two empty diet cokes sit in front of her. In even intellectual tones:

MRS. COURT

You really don't have to get so wild over this. He's dealt with the IRS before, it comes with the territory. Believe me, oh. Before I forget, I did talk to that doctor about your fear of flying...

DIANE

Mom, will you just take a bite!

Mrs. Court looks startled by the outburst. She demonstrates taking a bite.

DIANE

I'm sorry. But they came to the door. They announced an investigation...

MRS. COURT

(restaurant whisper)

What am I supposed to say to you? Of course I won't say something bad about him.

A waiter passes with a plate of cocktails. Mrs. Court looks at the plate, perhaps a memory of something in her past, and then sips her Diet drink.

Diane notices.

MRS. COURT

I do have a history with this man that is not the greatest. I see you so little, I'd rather hear about you.

DIANE

(softens)

I thought I was telling you about me.

MRS. COURT

I don't even know if there's a young man in your life.

(CONTINUED)

86A CONTINUED:

86A

DIANE

No. Possibly yes, but no.

MRS. COURT

See, that's interesting to me. That boy from Princeton doesn't still write you letters, does he? What does this one do?

86B  
thru  
87  
87A

OMITTED

SERIES OF SHOTS

86B  
thru  
87  
87A

-- Lloyd demonstrates a kickboxing series for the elderly. (He looks out the window, sees Diane on the courtyard.)

-- Court wearily exits the office with an accountant's box full of tax records. Lloyd strides down the hall of the Golden Seasons with a VCR, smiles confidently at Mr. Court, who finds the camaraderie ill-timed.

-- Lloyd feeds The Chewer, which is no easy feat. Diane happens to see it. She is starting to fall for this guy.

-- Lloyd holds the ladder for Diane while she stacks some linen, she steps down. She remains within inches of his face, they almost kiss and don't. She slips away.

-- Lloyd and Diane walk to Lloyd's car in the parking lot. Same day. He's proud to be with her, it's in his walk. Then breaks loose and runs up and over his sturdy car, hops down next to her side-door and opens it. Laughing, he pulls her into the car. She can't believe this guy, kisses him impulsively. It's a great kiss, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

87B INT. LLOYD'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

87B

Constance paces, talks to Lloyd who sits next to Jason on the sofa.

CONSTANCE

I'd better say this to you right now. You're younger than me, and I know what I'm talking about. Watch out for nice people. It's the nice people who turn into A-S-S-H-O-L-E-S. I worry about nice people.

Lloyd listens happily. Jason contentedly watches television.

(CONTINUED)



87B CONTINUED:

87B

CONSTANCE

This girl is leaving and you are staying. This is your first big heartbreak waiting to happen, and I don't want to stand here and say 'I told you so'.

LLOYD

You have to meet her.

CONSTANCE

I don't need to meet her. I don't want to meet her. I've met her.

(pause)

So think about what I'm saying.

LLOYD

I'll think about it.

88 OMITTED

88

89 INT. SHOT - LLOYD AND DIANE - NIGHT

89

VERY CLOSE ANGLE as they kiss. Their faces are close together, side-by-side. We SEE a part of a blanket. A radio plays at low volume. Lloyd wipes a thin stream of sweat from her cheek. They've just finished making love.

She squeezes him. Lloyd's face is that of someone who knows he's having a peak experience. He is confident, resolute, happy.

DIANE

I never thought I'd sleep with you.

We WATCH Lloyd's face as the confidence peels at the edges.

LLOYD

Really?

DIANE

I just couldn't picture it. I didn't think it would work. Boy was I wrong.

The confidence returns. Then, out of nowhere, he grits his teeth. He begins shaking.

DIANE

Are you shaking?

LLOYD

No.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

DIANE  
You're shaking.

LLOYD  
Are you kidding? I don't shake.

DIANE  
You're cold.

LLOYD  
I don't think so.

DIANE  
Then why are you shaking?

LLOYD  
(chattering)  
I don't know. I think I'm happy.

DIANE  
Here's some more blanket.

Lloyd shivers. He pulls the blanket up.

DIANE  
Listen to this. This is a good  
song.

She exits o.s. for a moment, turns it up. It's Nancy Wilson's "Emotional Love". It's a perfect moment, and we can almost see Lloyd trying to save it forever, as his teeth begin to chatter.

90 EXT. BLUFF - NIGHT

90

ANOTHER ANGLE, and we SEE that Lloyd and Diane have been in Lloyd's car. They're parking on a deserted bluff near the ocean. Beat.

LLOYD'S VOICE  
Do you see those waves? They look  
fl...fluorescent.

DIANE'S VOICE  
Just pull your blanket up.

LLOYD'S VOICE  
I'm telling you. I'm not cold!  
I'm happy!

91 INT. COURT LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

91

The doorknob turns slowly, silently. The door whispers open. Diane steps in. She smooths herself. All she wants is to get to her room. She knows every crack in the floor.

COURT

Morning.

DIANE'S P.O.V. as she sees her father sitting on the floor, still going over paperwork.

DIANE

(dread)  
Dad. I'm sorry.

COURT

You should be!

DIANE

I was irresponsible and I should have called.

COURT

(rising)  
You bet you should have called!  
You still live at home. Don't make me call the police at 3:30 in the morning.. Don't make me call hospitals...

DIANE

Dad. I'm so sorry. I know this is a bad time.

She shuts her eyes.

COURT

You've always called. Always. Now you don't have to tell me what you did -- I just want to know if you're alright.

DIANE

I'm fine.

COURT

You want to make things easier for me? Then tell me where you were. Because this is -- this is bullshit.

DIANE

Oh Dad.

He stands, walks closer.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

COURT  
 (softening)  
 You can say anything to me. I hope  
 you still know that.

DIANE  
 I know that.

She sits on the corner of the sofa. She sorts through her  
 feelings.

DIANE  
 I spent the night with him.

COURT  
 Lloyd?

She nods.

DIANE  
 And I'm scared to death about what  
 you think of me right now.

COURT  
 Don't. You don't have to be. I  
 know...

DIANE  
 No, I am. Because you don't know  
 what I see in Lloyd. You don't.  
 (pause)  
 And neither do I. He's not my type.  
 He never was my type, and he'll  
 never be my type...except I like  
 being with him more than anybody  
 else before. So it starts out  
 confusing.

ANGLE ON COURT who is slightly relieved, as he listens  
 intently.

COURT  
 Sit down. Go ahead.

DIANE  
 Dad -- you know what he did the  
 first night I went out with him?  
 We were walking across the field  
 over there, by the Seven-Eleven.  
 And he pointed out some glass, for  
 me to walk around...  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DIANE (Cont'd)

(pause)

...I always think about that, when people say 'What are you doing with Lloyd Dobler?'

(pause)

I thought -- would Joel Bernstein have ever done that? No. Would Neal Preston have even done that? Kelly Curtis?

COURT

Was he the one who hired the skywriter?

DIANE

Yes.

COURT

Just checking.

DIANE

I never get nervous around him. So we've spent all this time together. As friends. But I could feel him getting anxious...

ANGLE ON COURT getting anxious about this story.

DIANE

I knew there would be a confrontation over getting physical. He started getting that look at the end of the night...you know that look?

Court laughs, a little nervously, anticipating the end of this story.

DIANE

And then you know it's going to be an issue. So I went through all the different feelings, all the different arguments you're supposed to go through. What will it do to...reputation? Health? The friendship?

COURT

Did he ever get rough with you? .

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (3)

91

DIANE

Never. But I didn't want any problems. So I decided that I wasn't going to sleep with him.

(pause)

And then I attacked him anyway. Don't worry, we were safe.

(laughs, relieved)

It always feels good when I tell you the truth. Because if I can't share it with you, it's almost like it didn't happen.

ANGLE ON COURT who smiles ruefully.

92 OMITTED

92

93 INT. COREY'S ROOM - LATER

93

Corey and D.C. stare upward, looking sad. Corey holds a guitar.

COREY

Sorry we missed your fight.

ANGLE ON LLOYD stands in the small room holding a Big Gulp. He's a little puffy.

LLOYD

No problem. I almost won.

D.C.

Are you okay?

LLOYD

I feel fine. I feel intense.

The girls share a look.

LLOYD

I wrote her a letter.

D.C.

Well...

COREY

What does it say?

Lloyd whips out a blue envelope, handles it delicately. He's completely amped.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

LLOYD

I need you guys to tell me the truth. Tell me if I should send this. I don't have to say this is between us.

Corey gives him an annoyed look.

LLOYD

Okay. 'Dear Diane...'

He looks at the girls, then back at the note.

LLOYD

(belligerent)

'I'll always be there for you. All the love in my heart...Lloyd.' That's it. That's all. What do you think?

The two girls are deeply affected by this note.

COREY

I just....

(near tears)

...I've never gotten a letter like that. Have you, D.C.?

D.C.

I dream about it.

LLOYD

This is it! This is the reaction I want!

Corey grabs the letter, places it in the blue envelope and licks it herself.

COREY

Get ready for greatness, Lloyd.

Lloyd does a classic Elvis-style karate pump.

94  
thru  
101  
102

OMITTED

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

94  
thru  
101  
102

Court waters the small backyard garden, as Diane arrives with a few letters. Diane holds Lloyd's unopened electric blue envelope in her hand.

COURT

Thanks hon.

(CONTINUED)

DIANE  
(turning)  
Sure.

COURT  
Do you have to rush off right now?

DIANE  
No. Of course not.

COURT  
I need to talk to you about something. Let's do it tonight.

DIANE  
Okay. I have something too.

COURT  
Listen. I want to do mine right now. What's yours?

DIANE  
All right. Here's mine.  
(breath)  
Dad, I've been thinking that it's a little selfish to leave when you need me here.

COURT  
No. That scholarship is the best thing that happened to us.

DIANE  
I know, but...

COURT  
Let me tell you in a way that might mean something to you.

Court pauses, then bellows at the heavens.

COURT  
YOU ARE GOING TO ENGLAND. I WILL  
NOT LET YOU STAY..

DIANE  
Well. Okay.

COURT  
Forget about the IRS. They want to make our lives miserable for a few months, they'll move on. That's not what's bothering me.

(CONTINUED)



102 CONTINUED: (2)

DIANE  
Is it the other morning?

COURT  
Partially.

DIANE  
Which part?

COURT  
The Lloyd part.

DIANE  
(patronizing)  
Dad. Don't worry.

COURT  
No. I am not a jealous father.  
I think Lloyd is a hell of a kid.  
I like him.

DIANE  
So do I.

COURT  
Do you love him?

DIANE  
I love being with him.

COURT  
Are you taking him to England?

DIANE  
Dad...

COURT  
Well?

DIANE  
No!

COURT  
Then I'm surprised at you.

DIANE  
He knows I'm leaving. We talk about  
it.

COURT  
He tell you he loved you?

DIANE  
No!

(CONTINUED)

COURT

Now stop. You're closing up like a book. Stop it. We're talking and we can talk about anything. And we're talking -- okay?

DIANE

We're talking.

COURT

You can say anything to me. Can't I do the same with you?

DIANE

Of course.

COURT

(quieter)

You don't think I see what's going on? More than you know. I understand. You meet a nice guy who's not at all like those frat boys you can't stand, and boom -- you think 'here's somebody I can cry over on the plane to England...' Stop me if I'm off the mark.

Diane says nothing.

COURT

It's not fair to Lloyd. This kid is like the plains of Kansas, honey, miles of corn moving slowly in the breeze.

DIANE

It doesn't feel wrong.

COURT

Maybe not. But when you're the smartest girl in the country, it's selfish. Because when you're gone, he's going to hold everybody else up to a measuring stick and trust me -- they are not going to match up. You're going to hurt him.

This seems to reach her.

DIANE

(thoughtful)

He's the first guy I've ever gone out with who was my own age.

(CONTINUED)

COURT

So -- you feel you lack some  
necessary superficiality?

Beat.

DIANE

The teachers love me, great. This  
is the first summer I haven't gone  
to school, and you know what -- I'm  
having fun before I have to leave.

COURT

And if you were staying?

DIANE

I don't know what would happen.

COURT

You're not thinking. It's like your  
mind is state-of-the-art, and that  
one compartment that deals with  
Lloyd is...

DIANE

Lonely.

COURT

Lonely is this house after you  
leave, but that doesn't need to  
enter this conversation...

DIANE

Are you okay, Dad? What are they  
doing to you? What is going on?

COURT

Bare bones?

DIANE

Of course.

COURT

I'm scared.

The honesty gets to her.

DIANE

Aw, Dad.

(CONTINUED)

COURT

They don't believe I'm innocent,  
honey.

(pulls away)

But they'll find out the truth,  
they'll shake my hand and I'll call  
you all the way in England and tell  
you.

DIANE

I don't want you to worry about me,  
Dad.

COURT

I know you, young lady...since that  
first day they held you up in the  
hospital. You were an old soul.  
And part of that responsibility of  
being a special person is that you  
don't make the other person feel  
less than special.

DIANE

I would never do that to Lloyd.

COURT

But that's exactly what you're  
doing. You care about him and you  
have a responsibility toward the  
people you care about and that's  
the way I brought you up.

DIANE

I couldn't...

COURT

You can do it nicely. Give him a  
present.

(a thought)

Give him this. He can use it to  
write you.

He pulls an expensive-looking black fountain pen from his  
shirt pocket.

DIANE

This looks too expensive.

COURT

It says you still care about him.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (6)

102

DIANE

You're asking me to break up with him because he might be in love with me?

COURT

(recklessly)

Yes! Absolutely!

Court has an immediate afterthought.

COURT

But damn it, that is not you and me. No. I will not tell you what to do. You make your own decision and stick with it.

DIANE

I'll think about it.

She puts her arm around him for a moment, and then offers him his pen back. His hand motion says -- you keep it -- and she finds herself doing so. She shakes her head, walks back to the house. She looks carefully at the blue envelope in her hand. She sits down on a bench by the back door, reads it.

103 INT. CAR - DRIVING - NEXT DAY

103

Lloyd behind the wheel. His arm is around Diane.

LLOYD

So. Check your mail tomorrow for a blue letter from me.

Diane turns to Lloyd.

DIANE

Your letter came yesterday.

LLOYD

It did?

DIANE

It was wonderful.

LLOYD

You should have told me! Because I was worried. I have never mentioned the Big L to anybody who wasn't in my family. Shit, I wrote it, so I guess I can say it...

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

DIANE  
No! We don't have to say it.

LLOYD  
But I was just going to...

DIANE  
I know but...

LLOYD  
No, I know.

DIANE  
Thank you.

LLOYD  
I love you.

LLOYD  
I said it.

DIANE  
I know.

LLOYD  
And I would say it again.

DIANE  
No! Please. Don't start putting things on that level.

LLOYD  
What do you mean? This is a good level.

DIANE  
Lloyd...

LLOYD  
What?

DIANE  
...how can I look at your face and say this?

LLOYD  
Say what?

DIANE  
I think we should spend some time apart.

LLOYD  
What's wrong? You need to study?

(CONTINUED)

DIANE

Well, yes, but I just think we should spend some time apart too.

LLOYD

But you're leaving in ten weeks and four days. How much time do you need...I'm just asking questions here.

DIANE

We'll see.

LLOYD

Okay. It's good knowing this.

Lloyd pulls up to her house, stops. He stares straight ahead for a moment.

LLOYD

Wait. What did we just decide?

DIANE

We decided...

LLOYD

Because I'm worried -- did you just break up with me?

DIANE

No. We decided we're friends. I mean, I know it's a terrible word...

LLOYD

But if we're friends, why can't we see each other?

DIANE

I think we should stop going out. On dates.

Lloyd feels a tidal wave of disappointment. He takes his arm back.

LLOYD

I feel like a dick. You must think I'm a dick.

DIANE

No I don't.

LLOYD

Yes you do.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (3)

103

DIANE

Lloyd, we shared the most intimate thing any two people can share...

LLOYD

You shared it with a dick!

(pause)

This is because of your father, isn't it?

DIANE

No.

LLOYD

Did you talk to Corey or something?

DIANE

Why -- did you tell Corey about what happened between us?

LLOYD

She figured it out.

(head down)

I'm sorry if that upsets you.

He looks up for a reaction.

DIANE

No, that's fine. She'll tell everybody in the world, but that's fine.

LLOYD

Did you tell anybody?

DIANE

Just my dad.

LLOYD

Unbelievable.

DIANE

You have Corey and D.C. I have my dad.

LLOYD

I knew this was because of your dad.

DIANE

He likes you.

LLOYD

He's purchasing an UZI right now.

(CONTINUED)



103 CONTINUED: (4)

DIANE

He's in trouble. I need to spend more time with him...and you know it.

LLOYD

What if I don't take no for an answer?

DIANE

Lloyd.

LLOYD

What if I'm on your doorstep? What if I'm in your driveway? What if I'm in your dreams?

DIANE

Don't do that, Lloyd.

LLOYD

You don't love me, right? That's what this is about.

Diane can't disagree.

LLOYD

You don't know me well enough to not love me!

DIANE

Lloyd. I...  
(with fingers)  
...'love' you. Okay?

LLOYD

Great. One party at Vahlere's and you're already talking like 'Sheila'!

DIANE

Don't be mean. This is hard for me too.

She rummages in her purse and pulls out the black pen.

DIANE

I want you to use this to write me and I'll always write back the same day...

She hands him the pen. Lloyd stares at it. He doesn't want to touch it.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (5)

103

LLOYD  
I don't believe this.

She puts the pen on his dashboard. Lloyd fights back tears in small gulps.

LLOYD  
(incredulous)  
You just broke up with me.

104 INT. CAR - DRIVING - LATER AFTERNOON

104

Lloyd is red-eyed. He's been crying. He sees something up ahead that doesn't help.

LLOYD  
Great. Stuck in traffic.

105 EXT. LLOYD'S P.O.V. - LATER

105

A MOTORCYCLE COP places a detour in the middle of the road, stops traffic. He halts an impatient motorist.

COP  
I'm sorry. This street is closed for a funeral procession.

The motorist huffs, makes a U-turn. Lloyd is the car at the corner. The traffic cop takes one look at Lloyd. He sees Lloyd's red eyes.

COP  
Come right on through.

He motions Lloyd forward. Lloyd joins the procession.

106 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

106

Lloyd is at a pay phone. It's raining. He leans against the side of the booth with his head.

LLOYD  
Hello Constance? I'm in Portland, Oregon.

CONSTANCE'S VOICE  
What are you doing in Portland?

LLOYD  
She broke up with me.

CONSTANCE'S VOICE  
Oh Lloyd. I'm so sorry.

(CONTINUED)

106

CONTINUED:

106

He sees another person outside, waiting for the phone. He hands them his umbrella as he continues:

LLOYD

I went to a funeral. They had an open casket.

CONSTANCE'S VOICE

You saw the body.

LLOYD

He was happier than me.

CONSTANCE'S VOICE

Lloyd...

LLOYD'S P.O.V. sees his face in the steel reflection of the telephone, as he begins to rail against the world.

LLOYD

I gave her my heart. She gave me a pen.

CONSTANCE'S VOICE

Lloyd, honey. Just come home.

LLOYD

I'll be home soon.

He hangs up, exits the pay phone.

107

INT. GOLDEN SEASONS DINING ROOM - NEXT DAY

107

The CAMERA MOVES DOWN the table as James Court pours coffee for Sabina, then the Walker...and then IRS Agent Stewart, who puts his hand over the cup.

STEWART

(joking)

No more for me. I've got to drive home.

COURT

Whatever you want.

STEWART

The Cynthia Weber Estate was worth how much? Because her family...

COURT

What family? We never heard from them. I sold her house and made her money.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

STEWART  
 In 1982...that was the year you took  
 your daughter on a trip to Europe,  
 right?

He smiles at Diane.

COURT  
 That's right.

STEWART  
 Did you go to Paris?

COURT  
 Yes. Beautiful city.

Diane watches, barely containing her rage. She dishes out  
 applesauce to a few late eaters.

SABINA  
 Thank you.

Court moves away. Stewart gets up, follows him.

BESS  
 (to Court)  
 My dress, it's caught.

STEWART  
 That was a fairly expensive trip,  
 wasn't it?

COURT  
 Hold on. Her dress is caught.

Court untangles her dress from the wheelchair. Stewart  
 absent-mindedly picks up a magazine from the table, thumbs  
 through it, and puts it down on another table. Court  
 finishes the task in short order.

STEWART  
 1983...

COURT  
 Sir, excuse me, but that woman  
 sitting there is one hundred and  
 three. Her name is Bess, and you  
 just treated her like she was  
 invisible. She might have wanted  
 to read that magazine, did that  
 occur to you?

Stewart looks at Bess, than at Court.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

107

STEWART

Were you going to read that?

BESS

(poker-faced)

Yes!

Court is touched, smiles at the old woman. Stewart glares at Court, and Diane catches it.

STEWART

I'll be in touch tomorrow.

DIANE

I'll show you the door.

108 INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

108

Diane in bed, late at night. The window is open. She's on her side, rearranging pillows, unable to sleep. She opens her eyes, shuts them, turns off a documentary news program she's listening to on her clock radio. The breeze outside brings in the faraway strains of a familiar song. It sounds like "Emotional Love". She gets up on an elbow, listens, then lies back down. We MOVE PAST HER, OUT THE WINDOW, THROUGH THE LEAVES, INTO THE NIGHT AND UP THE HILL.

OH

109 ANGLE ON LLOYD

109

who stands on the hillside, backlit by the parking lights of his car. He's holding a beat box above his head. Feet astride, he points the music down to her bedroom. The song ends and he gets back in his car.

110 EXT. LLOYD'S P.O.V. STREETS - LATE NIGHT

110

Lloyd drives. His streets, his world. He's talking into a hand-held tape recorder.

LLOYD

It's me. It's pretty late. I'm just cruising around. I know I haven't called you lately...I guess I don't want to be reminded of the Diane Nightmare. By the way, I've wiped her from my mind. I can hardly remember the time and place when I knew her.

EXT. LLOYD'S P.O.V. BELL SQUARE

The mall in Bellevue.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

LLOYD  
Well. This is it. The site of our  
controversial first 'date'.

111 OMITTED

111

112 EXT. UNIVERSITY DISTRICT

112

Lloyd drives, continues his audio tour.

LLOYD  
Here's the street where she started  
to break up with me. This is the  
path we took.

(pause)

Corey -- I guess that, in a way,  
I've held it against you that you  
let me send that letter. But then  
I thought it was the right thing  
too.

(pause)

Maybe I know too many girls. Maybe  
I should hang out more with the  
guys. I should be one of those guys  
who hangs out at the AM/PM. I don't  
know. Do guys like that really have  
fun?

113 EXT. AM/PM - NIGHT

113

Joe sits with three buddies (Mark, Denny, Howard) outside  
the AM/PM. They're holding beers, listening to the  
bass-heavy stereo blasting from the opening doors of Joe's  
car. Lloyd sits with them, finishes chugging a beer.

JOE  
Lloyd Lloyd Lloyd. Listen.

LLOYD  
I'm listening.

JOE  
No babe is worth it.

HOWARD  
You can't trust 'em bro. They spend  
your money and tell their friends  
everything.

JOE  
Where'd she dump you?

LLOYD  
The car.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

JOE

Your car?

Lloyd nods.

JOE

Oh heinous.

LLOYD

It was.

JOE

Your only mistake was that you  
 didn't dump her first.  
 (swishes beer)  
 We need more brews.

HOWARD

Truth, man.

Lloyd looks restless.

JOE

I could find you a hot, lit babe  
 instantly.

MARK

I know a kegger in Bothell.

JOE

Come with us to kegger. Command  
 your future destiny.

Lloyd tosses his empty can into a bin.

LLOYD

You know, I don't think I'm going  
 to see someone like Diane Court at  
 a kegger.

(pause)

This girl was different. She didn't  
 need for me to spend a lot of money,  
 go 'out' all the time. I think the  
 few times we went out, I only spent  
 a couple bucks.

GUYS

(finally impressed)

All right.

LLOYD

We made the connection, big-time.  
 Then she cut me loose. Who knows  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

LLOYD (Cont'd)  
 the real reason, but all of a sudden  
whooph. I'm in the bottomless  
abyss. I'm gone. I'm toast. I'm  
 history.

(punches air)  
 And I was ready to spend the major  
 part of my life with this girl.  
 I was daring to be great. Diane  
 Diane Diane.

JOE  
 Lloyd. Chill. I don't even feel  
 that way about my car.

HOWARD  
 Shit, man.

LLOYD  
 (negative)  
 This is the last time I will ever  
 think about her. Okay. That's it.  
 She's ancient history.

Two girls exit the AM/PM. Joe guides one of them to Lloyd.  
 She's an attractive red-head.

RED-HEAD  
 Hi.

LLOYD  
 Hi. What's your name?

RED-HEAD  
 Diana.

114 INT. CAR - STREETS - NIGHT

114

Lloyd is driving again. It's raining lightly.

LLOYD  
 That was a mistake..  
 (pause)  
 The rain on my car is like a  
 baptism. I'm the new me. The  
 Iceman. The Power Lloyd. My  
 assault on the world begins now.

LLOYD'S P.O.V. - STREET SIGN

LLOYD  
 That was her street. I don't travel  
 down that street anymore.

(CONTINUED)



114 CONTINUED: 114.

Lloyd turns the wheel to the left.

LLOYD

Yes I do.

Lloyd turns the wheel to the right.

115 EXT. DIANE'S STREET 115

The car travels backwards down the street. The lights cut off.

LLOYD

(whispers)

I'm going to make a backward approach from the west, so I don't face her window.

He backs up to the house and stops.

LLOYD

Yep. That's where she sleeps. The girl who said 'Lloyd Dobler -- thank you but NO.'

Lloyd backs up a little more, until he's parallel with James Court's Volvo. Lloyd is looking at the house. At first he doesn't notice the surprising sight inside Court's Volvo. It's Court himself -- groggy, stuporous and antagonistic. He's all but passed out, but he turns and focuses on Lloyd's car.

They see each other. Court fumbles to open the door. Lloyd panics and speeds up off.

115A ANGLE ON LLOYD'S REARVIEW MIRROR 115A

as we SEE Court in the street light. He stumbles to his feet, motions for Lloyd to come back. Lloyd disappears.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

116 INT. GOLDEN SEASONS TV ROOM/HALLWAY - NEXT DAY 116

A fresh-faced Court speaks to the residents. Diane stands off to the side, admiring her father for making this tough speech.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

COURT

We've had some trouble. People are going to ask questions, and that's fine.

(holds up newspaper)

'If it's in the paper, he must have done something wrong'.

Twenty nursing home residents hear this speech. Their faces tell their affection for this man.

COURT

(discards paper)

All I can say is, come to me. I'll talk to anybody. I'm an honest man in a business that doesn't have many...believe me.

(a laugh)

I'll be fine. You'll be fine. So let's just continue on with our long long lives. Here comes lunch and it's a lot more important.

Diane watches. She's impressed and a little embarrassed for him. She walks over to her father. They walk out into the hallway together.

DIANE

I wish more of the relatives had been here for that.

He shrugs it off, feels the material of her dress.

COURT

You'd better get some warmer clothes than this for England.

DIANE

Clothes? I don't even have my luggage yet. I guess I can't go, huh?

Court eyes her carefully.

DIANE

Just kidding, Dad.

117 INT. LUGGAGE STORE - NEXT DAY

117

James Court is the only customer in a sea of suitcases. He examines a very nice set of woman's leather touring cases. A smart-looking SALESWOMAN, 45, hovers nearby.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

SALESWOMAN

Is it a gift for your wife? We could put a set together.

Court offers a polite shake of his head. Another customer, a 50ish businessman, enters the store.

COURT

I'm not married. It's for my daughter.

SALESWOMAN

Is she going to school?

He nods, battles the desire to brag. He keeps himself to one word.

COURT

Fellowship.

SALESWOMAN

Good for her!

She offers Court a great lingering smile. Court laughs to himself, sneaks a look at her hand.

117A ANGLE ON HER WEDDING HAND

117A

and there's no ring.

COURT

(feeling good)  
I'd like the set too.

She rips the tag on the bigger piece and he follows her to the cash register.

COURT

I've got to tell you. You have the best smile I've seen all week.

SALESWOMAN

Why thanks. I like yours too.

Court hands her his VISA card. Now he's really juiced. The Saleswoman turns, runs the card through the credit machine and waits for a code. Court wonders -- should I take this further?

ANGLE ON THE BUSINESSMAN who gives Court a look -- I would.

COURT

I don't even know your name, but...what are you doing for lunch?

(CONTINUED)

117A CONTINUED:

117A

The Saleswoman turns around.

SALESWOMAN

I'm sorry. But there's a decline  
code on all your accounts.

Court is utterly embarrassed, looks over to the businessman.  
The businessman now avoids looking at Court.

SALESWOMAN

I have another customer, but if  
you'd like to wait...

COURT

No. no thanks. Thank you.

He leaves.

118 EXT. COREY'S BACKYARD - DAY

118

Corey sits holding her electric guitar. She's tipped back  
in a chair. It's a beautiful day, a beautiful backyard,  
and the three friends are glum and silent. A long moment  
passes.

COREY

I've got a new song. It's called  
'The Ballad of Lloyd.'

She begins strumming. It's a plaintive-sounding song.

COREY

(powerfully)  
'He was a Man-Boy...'

Lloyd's hand flashes out and clamps onto the neck of the  
guitar. WHOMP. He renders the guitar soundless. Corey  
strums again -- crunk -- but it's useless.

LLOYD

Don't ever play that song again.  
For anybody.

He withdraws his hand.

COREY

I can't even play 'The Ballad of  
Lloyd' for Lloyd. Great.

D.C.

Look. Why don't you just call Diane  
again?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

LLOYD

I draw the line at seven unreturned phone calls.

COREY

(dramatic)

You have to understand, Lloyd. Her family's being ripped apart, just like you and she were ripped apart, just like Joe and I were ripped apart.

D.C.

Visit her at the home.

LLOYD

I actually started to like that place. And I know her dad could use the help. But I will not go back.

COREY/D.C.

Why?

LLOYD

Because I'm a guy. I've got pride.

COREY

You're not a guy. The world is full of guys -- ech. Be a man, but don't be a guy.

LLOYD

If she wants me, she can come to me.

There is a noise at Corey's gate. Corey sees something and stares.

COREY'S P.O.V. and standing at the back gate is Joe. He unlocks the gate and walks within eight feet. He stops and stares.

Corey stands her ground. She stares silently.

JOE

(hopeful)

Hello.

COREY

(terse)

Hello.

After a long silent beat, D.C. turns to Lloyd.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2)

D.C.  
This could take a while.

LLOYD  
I know.

D.C.  
I better get home.

LLOYD  
I'll walk you out.

D.C./LLOYD  
'Bye Corey. 'Bye Joe.

Corey and Joe remain focused on each other.

JOE  
Good-bye.

COREY  
Good-bye.

118A EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON - MINUTES LATER

118A

Lloyd and D.C. walk to the street corner. As they walk, she puts an arm around his waist.

D.C.  
I've got my arm around you.

LLOYD  
I know.

D.C.  
Is that okay?

LLOYD  
'Course.

D.C.  
Don't you ever forget our deal,  
Lloyd Dobler. You have this whole  
decade to fool around, but the next  
one is mine.

They reach the corner, and they go their separate ways.

119 INT. BATHTUB - DAY

119

James Court sits in an empty bathtub, fully-clothed. He's breaking down, trying not to surrender to the absolute misery of his life. A sharp knock at the door.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

DIANE'S VOICE

You'd better get to work, dad!

COURT

I'm just finishing up in here.

Slowly, he pulls it together, climbs out.

120 INT. BEDROOM - LATER

120

Diane rummages through a mass of clothes in her bedroom. We've mostly seen her dressing against her looks. Now she dresses to them. She finds the belt she's looking for, puts it on.

121 INT. IRS WAITING ROOM - LATER

121

Diane sits on a hard plastic chair. Around her swirls the activity of an IRS audit waiting room -- accountants with shoeboxes full of receipts, noisy kids, and nervous audit subjects. No artwork on the wall, just calendars.

SECRETARY

Regarding James Court?

Diane rises, walks to a locked door. They BUZZ her inside.

122 INT. MR. STEWART'S OFFICE

122

Diane sits across from IRS Agent Stewart in a small orange cubicle. On his desk is a mass of paperwork, and a box of Ding Dongs.

DIANE

Thank you for seeing me.

STEWART

I can't talk to you about the case.

Stewart sips some coffee. We MOVE IN ON her face as she speaks.

DIANE

I've known him longer than anybody.  
I've lived with him my whole life.  
He's an honest man.

Stewart sips coffee, doesn't take notes.

DIANE

You've talked to everybody else.  
Talk to me.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

He wipes his mouth with a napkin, never takes his eyes off her.

DIANE

Where does the system allow for me to defend my father? What am I supposed to do?

(helpless)

I wore these clothes, hoping that if I acted right or looked right, you'd talk to me. I look awful and I feel awful and...

(pause)

...Could you just talk to me?

STEWART

(simply)

We believe that he operates from a large pool of cash that comes from phony billing, phony patients, and from the estates of the residents he looks after.

DIANE

I feel sorry for you people. You're cynical and there's no way you can turn it around. You clearly don't have a family...

STEWART

Don't worry about my family. Check for yourself. See if your father fits the profile.

Pause.

DIANE

What's the profile?

STEWART

Look around the house. Is everything nice, but not too nice? Are there a lot of rugs, pieces of art, stereo equipment, furniture, things he bought with cash?

(pause)

Does he give a lot of gifts?

(pause)

Do the major items in your house hover around the nine-thousand dollar range...

It comes first as an unpleasant little jolt.

(CONTINUED)



122 CONTINUED: (2)

DIANE  
Why nine-thousand dollars?

STEWART  
Because anything you buy over ten-thousand gets reported directly to us. And when you're scared of that, you fit the profile.

DIANE  
You're trying to get me to say something. That's why you're telling me this.

STEWART  
Whatever your father did, don't let it infect your life.

DIANE  
How can you say that?

STEWART  
Because he's guilty.

DIANE  
You...

STEWART  
We have the records, we have the proof. Now the Feds want in on this too. It's not just Cynthia Weber's estate...there are fifteen more Cynthia Webers. A lot of money has disappeared. This is going to get very ugly, and I wouldn't let it affect your life. I'm sorry to be the one to tell you this.  
(with enormous conviction)  
Your father will probably be going to jail.

Diane is beyond shock...deeply sad.

DIANE  
Spare me your fucking understanding act. You're wrong.

... She gets up and exits.

123 REPOSITIONED TO NEW SCENE 128B  
123A REPOSITIONED TO NEW SCENE 128D  
124 OMITTED

123

123A

124

124A INT. COURT LIVING ROOM - LATER

124A

Diane stands in the living room.

DIANE  
Hello? Anybody home?

She sits down on the sofa, tries not to get drawn into a certain line of thinking.

SHOT OF THE JUKEBOX standing in the living room.

SHOT OF THE CAR in the driveway.

SHOT OF THE ARTWORK

SHOT OF THE SAPPHIRE RING on her hand.

124B INT. HOME OFFICE

124B

Diane is furiously opening drawers. She doesn't find what she's looking for.

124C OMITTED

124C

124D INT. LIVING ROOM

124D

Diane rummages through his office. She doesn't find it. She is relieved, almost gleeful.

DIANE  
They made me doubt you.

Then she notices the large box in his office. She goes to it. It's locked, so she tries to open it with a nearby pair of scissors. She yanks and pops the lid. She hesitates, then flips it open.

ANGLE ON THE BOX and it's filled with stacks and stacks of well-thumbed bundles of cash. Diane backs against the wall, too stunned to cry. Her fists ball up. She falls onto the floor, on her side. The SOUND of her breathing.

125  
thru  
128  
128A

OMITTED

125  
thru  
128  
128A

128A INT. CAR - STREETS

Diane drives through the streets, grinding the gears on her car.

128B

EXT./INT. LLOYD'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

128B

Constance answers the door holding a glass of orange juice. Diane stands there, a wreck in tinted glasses.

(CONTINUED)

128B CONTINUED:

128B

DIANE

Am I...am I bothering you? It looks like you're eating and I don't want to bother you...but is Lloyd here? I didn't call and...

CONSTANCE

(senses urgency)

Diane?

DIANE

Yes.

CONSTANCE

I'm Constance.

(wipes hand on apron,  
shakes)

Come on in, hon. Lloyd's practicing right now. I'll write down the address where he is.

Diane steps in. It's Diane's first visit to this apartment, and she looks at the small place with fascination.

CONSTANCE

This is Jason.

Jason sits on the couch, wearing a headband and messy bib. He watches her carefully.

DIANE

Hi.

JASON

Hi.

She notices Lloyd's mirror in the corner. Stuck to the mirror are two pictures.

ANGLE ON THE GRADUATION PICTURE and the strange photo of them together.

ANGLE ON THE YELLOW PAGES AD and it's cartoon rendering of perfect Diane serving the perfect resident.

CONSTANCE

Here you go.

128C

INT. KARATE STUDIO - AFTERNOON

128C

Lloyd works cut with a tough sparring opponent. Lloyd looks leaner, tougher, better.

(CONTINUED)

128C CONTINUED:

128C

VOICE  
Hey Lloyd -- someone here to see  
you!

He turns, sees Diane.

ANGLE ON DIANE standing and watching.

ANGLE ON LLOYD who stands defenseless for that moment, and  
takes a foot kick to the face. He goes down holding his  
nose.

128D INT. BACK ROOM - MINUTES LATER

128D

Lloyd lies prone on the table. He pops back to  
consciousness.

LLOYD  
Where is she?

TRAINER  
Your friend is outside.

LLOYD  
I want to see her.

TRAINER  
(keeps him down)  
You got knocked out. Your nose is  
cracked.

LLOYD  
What does that mean?

TRAINER  
It means you can have plastic  
surgery to correct it, cost you  
about five hundred, or I can do it  
now for free. No insurance claims,  
no nothing. I do a beautiful job.

LLOYD.  
You. Now. Free.

TRAINER  
Okay. Here's your anesthetic.

He sets down a quart of Miller beer. Lloyd chugs most of  
it, lies down.

ANGLE ON DIANE who slips into the room. She takes his hand,  
watches as the Trainer puts a towel over his nose, places  
hands on either side of his face and re-sets it with a deft  
snap. A small spot of blood shows up on the towel.

128E EXT. KARATE STUDIO PARKING LOT - LATER AFTERNOON

128E

They stand by the car in the parking lot, an awkward distance apart. Lloyd holds ice to his nose.

LLOYD

You broke my nose by coming here.

Silence.

LLOYD

How's your dad?

DIANE

He's guilty.

LLOYD

What?

DIANE

Guilty. He did it. I found out.

LLOYD

You can't really know unless...

DIANE

I may never be able to trust anyone again. I just...I need you so much.

She hugs him. He looks at the girl in his arms.

LLOYD

You do?

DIANE

I made a big mistake. I listened to him.

LLOYD

One question.

(proud)

Are you here because you need 'someone' or because you need me? I'm just...forget it. I don't care.

He wraps his arms around her.

DIANE

Lloyd, I...

She whispers in his ear. We SEE his eyes.

LLOYD

Did you just say what I think you said?

(CONTINUED)

128E CONTINUED:

128E

I love you. DIANE

He gingerly kisses her.

LLOYD  
What are you going to do? what did  
he say?

DIANE  
I haven't talked to him.

LLOYD  
What?

DIANE  
I'll never talk to him and I'll  
never see him.

LLOYD  
You've got to talk to him.

DIANE  
No.

LLOYD  
Diane. Listen. My father's in  
Germany. He's a voice on the  
telephone. He's a great guy, but  
he's not around. I'd rather have  
a father who I can't stand than one  
who's not around. You have got to  
talk to him. Give him a chance.

DIANE  
I don't think so.

LLOYD  
Come on. Please.

129 INT. GOLDEN SEASONS OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

129

Diane faces her father under the flourescent light of his  
office.

DIANE  
Did you do it? Did you take that  
woman's money?

Court is strong, unflinching.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

COURT

No.

(pause)

Can this wait until we get home?

DIANE

If you're ever going to tell me the truth, tell it to me now. Did you do it?

COURT

I didn't do it.

DIANE

Swear to God.

COURT

Diane!

DIANE

Swear to God?

COURT

I swear to God.

Diane is experiencing a deep pain she's never felt before.

DIANE

I found the money.

130 ANGLE ON COURT

130

who flinches.

COURT

This is not what you think.

131 OMITTED

131

132 INT. CAR - SAME TIME

132

Lloyd waits in the car outside, holding ice to his nose. He jams all the radio buttons. His leg bounces feverishly. In the back seat are Diane's selected possessions.

132A REPOSITIONED TO NEW SCENE 132C

132A

132B INT. COURT'S OFFICE

132B

DIANE

You lied to me! You stole from your residents.

(CONTINUED)

132B CONTINUED:

COURT

(martyr)

Go ahead. When I'm old, give me  
someone like me. But go ahead.

On the other side of the office glass, residents wheel by.  
They don't notice or see what's going on.

DIANE

You let me sign your checks. You  
let me defend you when you knew you  
were guilty. You let me ruin my  
life five years ago by picking you.  
You deceived me and you're a  
deceitful man. I swear to God...and  
when I swear to God, I mean it.  
You'll never see me again.

A strange look is on her face. She blinks back tears.

COURT

What?

DIANE

(amazed)

I'm surprised I mean it.

COURT

(pacing)

Anything else?

DIANE

I hope not. I don't want to leave  
anything out because I know I can  
say anything to you.

COURT

You don't understand the reasons...

(passionate)

...Look. This is how I get paid.  
This is how it works. Medicare,  
Medicaid...you can't survive on what  
they pay. They take forever...in  
the best of all worlds, I wouldn't  
have to do this. But what if you  
hadn't won that Fellowship? How  
would I have gotten you to England.  
I take care of you. I take care  
of those old people. Their life  
is great because of me. Money.  
What is money?

DIANE

It's not about the money!

(CONTINUED)



132B CONTINUED: (2)

132B

COURT

Look at me. Let's go through this.  
Don't be afraid to cry with me...we  
can talk about this. Isn't that  
what we've always been about?

DIANE

I don't know who you are.

She moves quickly for the door, whirls out of his reach.

DIANE

I told you everything and you  
just...lied to me.

COURT

Please talk to me.

Diane rushes away, down the quiet corridors.

132C INT. LLOYD'S LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

132C

They sleep together, holding each other close, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

133 INT. MRS. COURT'S HOME - NEXT DAY

133

Lloyd and Ray (Diane's youngish step-father) haul a load  
of Diane's belongings down the small, winding staircase.  
They move past Diane's mother, who has an arm on Diane's  
shoulder. She's loading some clothes in the washing  
machine.

134  
thru OMITTED134  
thru135  
136 INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAYS LATER135  
136

James Court's Attorney (thirty-four) meets with the  
Assistant U.S. Attorney, Department of Justice Division.  
Court's attorney sits in a small chair facing the U.S.  
Attorney's oval desk. Between them is a six-inch high stack  
of folders and papers with multi-colored tabs.

U.S. ATTORNEY

This is the nursing home guy, right?

(CONTINUED)

COURT'S ATTORNEY

(nods)  
This man, James Court...  
(he thumps the  
papers, as if  
patting Court  
himself)  
...is largely innocent.

U.S. ATTORNEY

We both know he's guilty, so go  
ahead.

COURT'S ATTORNEY

This man has paid his fines to the  
I.R.S. and now would like to spare  
the state the great expense of a  
trial.

U.S. ATTORNEY

Are you bringing me a deal, or are  
you making me a speech?

COURT'S ATTORNEY

\$75,000 fine and no jail.

U.S. ATTORNEY

I can't give you that!  
(scoffs)  
This guy was ripping off grandma  
and grandpa for seventeen years.  
He was getting it from every end!  
(to stack)  
I mean, I'd love to hear his story.

ANGLE ON THE PAPERS and they don't respond.

COURT'S ATTORNEY

\$100,000 fine and three months.

U.S. ATTORNEY

\$125,000 and nine months.

COURT'S ATTORNEY

I can accept that.

U.S. ATTORNEY

It's a done deal. They'll want to  
turn the home over to the state,  
of course.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (2)

136

COURT'S ATTORNEY

(nods)  
He wants to start serving  
immediately.

U.S. ATTORNEY

I can put that together.

They stand.

COURT'S ATTORNEY

I'll confirm this with my office  
and my client.

U.S. ATTORNEY

I'll push it past my boss.

They shake. The Assistant U.S. Attorney shoves the stack  
into a large leather pouch, and closes it with a loud ZIP.

137 INT. GOLDEN SEASONS/EVA'S ROOM - DAY

137

Eva, Sabina and The Walker sit with IRS Special Agent  
Stewart.

THE WALKER

He took care of us.

EVA

He drove me to the bank.

STEWART

(carefully)  
Yes, but he took your money. We  
were able to recover part of it...

Pause.

EVA

But he drove me to the bank.

138 OMITTED

138

138A INT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS DETENTION CENTER - TWO WEEKS LATER 138A

A smoke-filled room. James Court leans back into a brown  
Naugahyde couch. He lights a Winston as he sits in the  
visitor's room of his low-security detention center.  
Low-grade making out between inmates and visiting  
girlfriends and wives. An inmate takes Polaroid snapshots  
for cigarettes. Lloyd takes a seat across from Court.  
Lloyd's nose is less bruised.

(CONTINUED)

138A CONTINUED:

138A

LLOYD

I think she should visit you before she leaves tomorrow.

COURT

Was that her idea or your idea?

LLOYD

My idea.

COURT

You going to England?

LLOYD

That's what I came here to talk to you about.

COURT

Are you?

LLOYD

'Am I going to England?' I've thought a lot about it. And I decided the right thing to do was carve out my goal for the future, which I have been avoiding in a big way. Diane and I can wait for each other. Come on. What's she going to do? Run off with some English guy? I think not.

COURT

Well, I respect you for not hitching a ride.

(sincere)

My daughter is very different from you. She's very successful, she's very talented...

LLOYD

But then I reconsidered. And I realized my true goal, what I really want to do for a living is...

ANGLE ON COURT'S FACE as he waits for the answer.

LLOYD

...be with your daughter.

Court's face slackens.

(CONTINUED)

0

1

0

138A CONTINUED: (2)

LLOYD

I'm going to hang onto the best thing that ever happened to me. We want to be together.

COURT

Did she say 'yes' to this?

LLOYD

That's the word she used, Sir.

COURT

Lloyd, I'm going to tell you something...and you're going to feel that little pang in your heart that says it's true. Okay? This isn't what's good for her.

(pause)

And what are you going to do when she's working? What are you going to do when she's studying?

LLOYD

Sir, you're talking to the man who is going to bring kickboxing to Europe.

COURT

It's a mistake.

LLOYD

That's what they said to Brad Hefton.

COURT

Who's that?

LLOYD

I realize you're busy, Sir. Brad Hefton brought kickboxing to America.

COURT

You're not a permanent part of her life, Lloyd. You're a distraction.

LLOYD

Well, I'm the distraction that's going with her to England.

Court caves in, head in hand. He registers the pain.

(CONTINUED)

138A CONTINUED: (3)

138A

LLOYD

Are you all right, Mr. Court? I mean, really. Are you okay?

COURT

I'm incarcerated, Lloyd.

Lloyd looks at the guy, truly feels for him. Lloyd pulls something out of his pocket.

LLOYD

I have a note for you from Diane.

ANGLE ON COURT who looks up.

LLOYD

She left it up to me...whether or not you were ready for it.

ANGLE ON COURT who looks at Lloyd. Give it to me.

ANGLE ON LLOYD who slowly hands him the letter. Court grabs it, taps it endwise -- he doesn't want to tear it. He opens it and withdraws a thick, handwritten missive on thin white airmail stationery. Court leafs through the pages -- all ten of them.

139 ANGLE ON THE LETTER

139

and it has the look of a single, cathartic burst. The pages are neatly bordered, filled with a furious-looking tiny script.

Court begins the letter.

LLOYD

I wasn't sure which version she sent.

Lloyd gets up, moves to Court and makes an attempt to look at the letter. Court pulls the letter closer to himself.

COURT

(mumbling)

'...you can't know the horrible disappointment...'

LLOYD

I know this part.

Court looks increasingly pained.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

COURT

She can't still be this angry. It's got to get better.

LLOYD

(proudly)

It does if it's the version she signed 'I can't help loving you...'

Court looks up for a moment, hopeful, then rifles to the last page. A long moment while he reads the end. He looks up slowly.

COURT

(quietly)

Just her name.

Even Lloyd feels the chill. Court continues to stare at the last page.

LLOYD

Well. Sir. Just knowing she wrote it, just knowing a version with 'I can't help loving you' exists...knowing that she felt that even for a minute...that's got to be a good sign. Right? That's got to be good.

Court looks up.

COURT

No, Lloyd.

LLOYD

No.

COURT

No. I don't deserve to lose my daughter over this. No, I don't deserve to have you as my go-between. No, I can't for the life of me understand how she could choose to...champion mediocrity the way that she's learned to around you.

Beat.

LLOYD

You're lucky I'm me, Sir, because anybody else might have just kicked your ass.

(CONTINUED)



COURT  
No. Enough of this. No more of  
this.

He gets up, guides Lloyd to the door. As he does, the door opens. A guard leads Diane in. The two men are surprised out of their clash.

DIANE  
Hello.

COURT  
Hi.

Lloyd says nothing, fades in the b.g. Diane sees the letter in her father's hand.

DIANE  
I don't know what to say to you  
except good-bye.

She looks at Court, who stands silent. He makes a step toward her. She shakes her head -- no.

DIANE  
Take care of yourself.

COURT  
You too.

She leaves. Lloyd lingers a moment. He turns to follow Diane.

COURT  
Lloyd. Wait.

Lloyd turns.

COURT  
Can you get me an address, where  
she'll be?

Lloyd pulls out a piece of paper, and writes out the address from a card in his wallet.

COURT  
I never meant to hurt her.

Lloyd hands Court the address. Court nods thanks.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (3)

139

LLOYD  
 (impulsively)  
 Mr. Court, I want you to have something. She gave this pen to me once. You might like to have it.

He offers the pen to Court, who looks at it with irony.

COURT  
 Thanks, Lloyd.

Court takes it and puts it in his pocket.

140 OMITTED

140

141 INT. APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

141

Diane watches as Lloyd releases Constance from a hug. She stuffs money in his pocket. Lloyd finds Jason, who is hiding behind the door in Samurai uniform. Silently, Lloyd bows. Jason bows back.

Lloyd turns the music past the red line. The neighbors start pounding. Constance lets the music play. Lloyd sits on his suitcase, struggles to close it.

142 INT. AIRPLANE - AFTERNOON

142

A Stewardess moves down the aisle, closing overhead bins, as the plane lurches out onto the runway. We FIND Lloyd and Diane sitting toward the back of the plane. They occupy the middle two seats of a five-passenger row. Both look excited, nervous. Next to Lloyd is an older Gent with a cane. Next to Diane is a middle-aged Woman who is asleep. A loud noise starts, like a huge dentist's drill.

LLOYD  
 (confidently)  
 Wing adjustments.

The plane picks up speed, pushing Lloyd and Diane back into their seats.

ANGLE ON DIANE'S HAND which covers only half of Lloyd's fist.

The plane takes a quick, steep jump into the air.

LLOYD  
 See. It's just like a big roller coaster. Everybody likes roller coasters.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

ANGLE ON DIANE who definitely doesn't like roller coasters.

LLOYD  
Blink twice if you're fine.

DIANE  
I'm fine.

LLOYD  
Good. This is all very normal.

Lloyd turns, smiles at the Woman next to Diane, who returns only the slightest quiver of her lip. He turns to the GENT next to him.

LLOYD  
How are you today?

GENT  
(English accent)  
Very well and you.

LLOYD  
Fine. That's a nice cane, Sir.  
It's a pleasure to be flying with  
you.

GENT  
Indeed.

Lloyd turns back to Diane.

LLOYD  
Now about your dad...

DIANE  
I'm not ready to talk about this  
yet, Lloyd.

LLOYD  
Cool. Then later.  
(on her look).  
Way later.

ANGLE ON THE CEILING COMPARTMENTS which all seem to rattle independently, as if nothing on this airplane is connected.

LLOYD  
That is standard for the 747.

The plane banks sharply, hits an airpocket. Its a turbulent take-off. Somewhere nearby, a very loud baby begins to cry. Lloyd immediately leans in close to Diane, as if he's briefing the President.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (2)

142

LLOYD

Okay. High-level airline safety tips. If anything is going to happen, it almost always happens in the first five minutes of the flight. Got that? So when you hear that smoking sign ding, that means everything is okay.

DIANE

Good...to...know.

Another bump. Another baby cries.

LLOYD

I'll just continue talking until that ding occurs. Which will be soon.

He opens the box on his lap. Lloyd withdraws an elaborate supply of flight-items from a bag, including a felt pen Corey collage/letter written on aluminum foil.

LLOYD

In the meantime, here is our Personal Flight Kit from Corey. Music...headsets...letters...magazines...see anything that interests you?

DIANE

Not right now. Thanks.

LLOYD

How about this?

He kisses her.

143  
thru  
146  
147

OMITTED

ANGLE ON THE WOMAN

next to Diane who watches.

148

ANGLE ON THE GENT

next to Lloyd who watches.

DIANE

That helps.

The plane dips again. She grabs him.

143  
thru  
146  
147

148

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

DIANE

Nobody thought we'd do this.

He happily shakes his head -- no.

DIANE

Nobody really thinks it can work,  
do they?

He shakes his head -- no.

DIANE

We don't know how it's going to  
work.

He shakes his head -- no.

LLOYD

You have just described every great  
success story.

She smiles.

DIANE

I'm not letting you go. Not now,  
and not ever. I love you.

LLOYD

I love you too.

He turns away to prevent anything embarrassing. The plane  
hits another run of choppiness. Diane shuts her eyes.

LLOYD

It's okay.

DIANE

Where's the ding?

LLOYD

Coming right up.

No ding.

LLOYD

Any second now...

(CONTINUED)

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They sit closely. Both nervous, staring at the NO-SMOKING sign. Waiting...

They look at each other, as we:

FADE TO BLACK

We hear the sound of the DING.

THE END