

FADE IN:

EXT. MAPLE AVENUE - NIGHT

Scattered streetlights dimly illuminate the avenue of the snow-covered town of Harleysville, Pennsylvania.

Since the snow has stopped falling, a perilous, rusty station wagon attempts to inch its way down the icy road.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

The interior of the station wagon is certainly no improvement over its outer appearance, and neither is the driver of this hazard.

The portly fellow behind the steering wheel, HAROLD, operates a fine balancing act between eating a jelly donut and concentrating on the road.

The dirtiest element of the car would probably be BUTTONS, his homely pet chihuahua panting in the passenger seat.

HAROLD
(playfully)
You're my little Buttons, aren't
you? Yes. You're my little Buttons.

Buttons lets out an annoying squeak, as Harold glances out his side window and observes a slice of life that exists outside of his vehicle.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Oh look, Buttons! Look at the
little kids playing in the snow. I
wonder what they're doing. Are
they making snow angels, Buttons?

As Harold gazes cheerfully at the children, the window by his face successfully deflects an oncoming barrage of snowballs.

Harold's head quickly swivels, then returns with a lifeless expression.

EXT. MAPLE AVENUE - NIGHT

Like a retreating foot soldier, the station wagon flees from the scene of the ambush.

Three ten-year-old partners-in-crime, GREG, NICK and MATT, take a moment to relish in their victorious attack.

NICK

Did you see the look on that
guy's face?

GREG

Yeah. And did you see him stuffing
it too?

MATT

He didn't even know what hit him.

NICK

I don't think he cared anyway,
guys. Did you take a good look at
his car?

The mischievous young troops reload their snowball ammunition and poise themselves to fire at will on the next unsuspecting victim.

As the three snipers camouflage themselves along the bushes, another pair of headlights approach the battlefield.

An expensive luxury car appears within range and is immediately barraged by the icy projectiles. As if wounded, the vehicle staggers to a stop on the side of the road.

The attackers look at each other in search for a chain of command.

NICK (CONT'D)

Oh crap!

GREG

What do we do?!

MATT

Let's get out of here!

NICK

To my house! To my house!

As the platoon evacuates their fortress, a dark, towering figure emerges from the disabled vehicle. The infuriated ANGRY MAN initiates a foot chase.

MATT

I'll catch up with you guys later!

Matt suddenly breaks away from his allies.

ANGRY MAN

You stupid kids!

The man continues to pursue Nick and Greg.

EXT. FRONT YARD OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick and Greg trample sluggishly through the snow in the front yard of a nearby house. Laughing all the way, Nick decapitates the head of a freshly-built snowman.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT

As the angry man closes in, Nick and Greg catapult themselves over some bushes, landing safely in the back yard of the house.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Nick spills a trash can into the path of the man as they approach a wooden fence.

Nick throws himself gracefully over the fence, but Greg is suddenly pulled to the ground.

ANGRY MAN

You stupid kids!

Greg's face is immediately swept over with fear as his eyes lock with those of his captor. Almost instantly, Nick leaps back over the fence and rejoins his fellow comrade.

Together again, Nick and Greg take a brief moment to comprehend the frightful mass of human flesh dancing violently in front of them.

However, what they don't see is the frustrated, well-dressed man before them.

ANGRY MAN (CONT'D)

You stupid kids!

Then, without further discussion, the angry man storms off in a frenzy, releasing his two prisoners from their short captivity.

With sighs of relief, Nick and Greg exchange eyes of astonishment.

GREG

You think he might come back?

NICK

Let's not stick around to find out!

They hurry over the fence.

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A "For Sale" sign decorates the front lawn of an old brick house. Nick and Greg race across the yard and up a ramp leading to the front door.

They pause for a moment to catch their breath. Nick slowly opens the door and peers into the house.

NICK
(softly)
Shhhhhh. I'm supposed to be
upstairs packing.

They quietly slip into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is crowded with cardboard boxes and is absent of any furniture except for a television set sitting on the floor.

Nick and Greg sneak to the staircase at the end of the room.

Creaking floorboards can be heard as FRANK SAVAGE rolls into the room on a wheelchair.

FRANK
Nick!

Nick stops in his tracks.

NICK
Yeah Dad?

As if they've done nothing wrong, Nick and Greg gaze innocently at Frank.

FRANK
What are you doing? You think your
room's going to pack itself up? We
have to be out of here by tomorrow!
You know I can't do anything by
myself. Do you expect your sister
to do everything? Show some
responsibility around here!

Frank's long hair and beard can't hide the loss and pain that burns through his eyes.

GREG

I still don't understand why you
guys are moving.

FRANK

Well maybe I'm not a successful
lawyer like your father, Greg. I'm
sorry.

Frank spins his wheelchair around and out of the room. Nick
hangs his head and shuffles over to the stairs as Greg
follows.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

AMY, eighteen years old, tapes up a cardboard box as the door
flies open and Nick and Greg stroll into the room.

NICK

Hey Amy, what are you doing in
here?

AMY

What does it look like I'm doing
you little brat?

NICK

You're packing my room for me?
Thanks. You're the best.

AMY

Don't mention it.

Amy points to a box under the window.

AMY (CONT'D)

By the way, your nudie books are
in that box over there.

Nick's face turns red.

NICK

What nudie books?

AMY

As if you don't know.

NICK

They're Greg's. He left them
here.

Greg's eyes light up.

GREG

What?!

Nick elbows Greg to keep quiet. Amy squints at Greg.

AMY

Greg, you little pervert. Walking in on me when I was in the shower that one time wasn't enough for you, huh?

GREG

Ummmmm...

Amy puts her arm around Greg.

AMY

You don't have to answer that. I know you were embarrassed. But hey, so was I.

GREG

All I saw was your shoulder. Honest.

NICK

Shoulder, breast. Same thing.

Amy glares at Nick.

AMY

Shut the hell up! What do you know anyway?

Amy notices that Greg is unconsciously staring at her breasts.

AMY (CONT'D)

Greg likes them though, don't you Greg?

Greg snaps out of his trance and looks away.

GREG

Yeah, sure Amy.

Amy smiles at Greg, then kisses him on the cheek.

AMY

Hold on. I'll be right back.

Amy skips energetically out of the room. Greg eyes up Nick.

GREG
What did you go and say all that
for?

NICK
I was just kidding. Come on. She
loves it.

Greg agrees with a grin.

GREG
I know.

Amy trots back into the bedroom with an instant camera in her
hand.

AMY
You've been best friends all your
lives. How about one last picture
before we leave?

Nick rests his arm on Greg's shoulder.

AMY (CONT'D)
Wait a minute. Where's Matt?

NICK
He ran home early. He should be
back later.

Amy looks through the camera.

AMY
Remind me to get a picture of
him too. Say "cheese."

As they smile at the camera, Nick uses his hand to make
rabbit ears over Greg's head.

NICK AND GREG
Cheese!

Amy takes a flash snapshot.

GREG
I'm really going to miss you guys.

A picture slides out of the instant camera, savoring a
bittersweet moment in their young lives.

CUT TO:

8 YEARS LATER:

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

It's a beautiful summer day to be sunbathing atop the balcony on the third floor of the large house.

Greg, who is now eighteen, reclines on a lounge chair while he rubs suntan lotion onto his chest. His appearance is very clean and he sports a short, stylish hair cut.

KRISTIN, also eighteen, lies on her stomach in a pink bikini.

Greg looks up at the old brick house across the street. Since we last saw it, there has been an addition built onto the side.

GREG

Eight years, Kristin. Can you believe it? Nick and I haven't seen each other for eight years.

Kristin turns her back towards Greg.

KRISTIN

Can you do my back?

GREG

Yeah sure.

Kristin lies face down again. Greg leans over and squirts a blob of lotion on her already well-tanned body. He slowly rubs it in.

KRISTIN

So who called who?

GREG

Well, Nick called me, of course. It caught me totally off guard. He said that he was taking his girlfriend on a trip around the country. Is that romantic or what?

Kristin reaches behind and unties her bikini string.

KRISTIN

Whose idea was it for him to stay at your house for the weekend?

GREG

He said he would get a hotel room. Yeah right, like I would really let him do that. We were best friends since we could walk.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

I mean, we grew up across the street from each other. I want him to stay here, at my house, for the weekend. Besides, my parents are just as excited to see him as I am.

KRISTIN

They better not be weirdos, Greg. I will not be seen in public with a couple of weirdos.

Kristin slides her bikini bottoms down halfway.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

And I can't have any tan lines either.

Greg continues to rub in the lotion.

GREG

Relax, Kristin, I'm sure Nick is right up your alley. In fact, he's probably just like me.

Greg leans back into his chair, smiling at the thought.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

An old, black-primered beat-up van missing all four hubcaps, barrels down the four-lane highway. With the windows rolled down, loud music blares out of the van.

INT. VAN - DAY

With a cigarette hanging off his lip, NICK, now eighteen, is in total control of the van.

As the heavy metal music grows louder, Nick bangs his head to the beat, with the wind blowing his long hair.

SABRINA, also eighteen, wears a black leather miniskirt and a mid-drift shirt revealing her belly. Her shoulder-length hair is dyed blonde with dark roots.

She throws her bare feet onto the dashboard and applies bright red nail polish to them, matching her lipstick.