

One Tree Hill

Pilot

Written by
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Directed by
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REVISED PRODUCTION DRAFT

March 17, 2003

March 19, 2003 - blue pages

March 28, 2003 - pink script

April 1, 2003 - yellow pages

April 13, 2003 - green pages

August 1, 2003 - goldenrod script
(includes re-shoot pages)

One Tree Hill

Pilot

Goldenrod Script

CAST LIST

LUCAS SCOTT
NATHAN SCOTT
PEYTON SAWYER
HALEY REED
KAREN PRYOR
KEITH SCOTT
DAN SCOTT
WHITEY DURHAM

Jake Jagielski
Skills Taylor
Tim Smith
Mouth McFarland
Jimmy Edwards
Junk Moreti
Ferguson "Fergie" Thompson

Principal Turner
Melody
Officer

One Tree Hill

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SET LIST

Interiors

Lucas's House
Lucas's Bedroom
Nathan's House
Nathan's Garage
Peyton's Bedroom Closet
Karen's Café
Tree Hill High School
 Gymnasium
 Library
 Whitey's Locker Room Office
Keith's Body Shop
Scott Ford
Peyton's Car
School Bus

Exteriors

Lucas's House
Nathan's House
Karen's Café
 Rooftop
Keith's Body Shop
Tree Hill High School
Tree Hill Downtown
Tree Hill Waterfront Park
Tree Hill Neighborhood
Scott Ford
Country Road

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. TREE HILL HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT 1

STEADY TRAFFIC filters into the parking lot of a modern high school under a starry, winter sky. We hold on the scene and we HEAR it before we SEE it. The SYNCOPATED RHYTHM of a BASKETBALL striking the pavement. A SOLITARY FIGURE enters frame, dribbling a worn BASKETBALL past a bus load of visiting FANS, eager faces aglow behind charcoal-fogged frosty bus windows.

2 INT. PEYTON'S CAR - NIGHT 2

The guitar onslaught of REMEDY by HOT WATER MUSIC slams in as PEYTON SAWYER pilots her '63 Comet at break-neck speed. Clad in a white, black and blue CHEERLEADER'S UNIFORM, she careens through the night -- one eye on the road, the other on the rear-view mirror as she applies a last-minute touch-up to her femme fatale/homecoming queen features.

3 EXT. TREE HILL HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT 3

Still dribbling, the figure leaves the school behind, working his way up stream like a salmon against the tide.

4 INT. TREE HILL HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT 4

A BASKETBALL rifles through the rim. Moments before tip-off and the GYM is PACKED as NATHAN SCOTT, dark hair and swagger, nonchalantly warms up. Then from the sideline, a VOICE calls.

DAN (O.S.)

Nathan.

We find DAN SCOTT, mid 30's, athletic. Nathan steps to him.

DAN (cont'd)

Remember. Twenty shots. No less.

NATHAN

I got it, Dad.

Just then, COACH WHITEY DURHAM bisects them. 62 in people years. 120 in coach years. He speaks without looking up.

WHITEY

Quit yakking and warm up.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

Whitey continues past. Dan watches him go. Then we SMASH TO IMAGES of the game as Nathan dominates. He scores on a SWEET SLAM and we ANGLE on the back of his jersey, ADORNED with SCOTT.

5

EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - NIGHT

5

The back of the figure's oversized sweatshirt is also emblazoned with SCOTT -- KEITH SCOTT BODY SHOP. But the letters are cracked and faded, in sharp contrast to Nathan's jersey. The figure comes upon a full-court slab of concrete with weathered rims at each end. Finally we ANGLE ON the boy. LUCAS SCOTT. His eyes are kind and a bit wise.

On the court, three HIGH SCHOOL BOYS mill about. They include SKILLS, African-American, engaging, and FERGUSON, a quiet kid. Nearby, two others, MOUTH MCFARLAND and JIMMY EDWARDS, sit atop a court side picnic bench with a TAPE RECORDER. Mouth is slight and bright eyed. Edwards is pudgy and disheveled. Lucas arrives and greets them with hugs, fives, and smiles. Mouth and Edwards engage the recorder.

MOUTH

(into recorder)

And here he is, ladies and gentlemen,
Lucas Scott. 137 and 3 going into
tonight's contest.

JUNK (O.S.)

He sucks.

JUNK MORETI joins Mouth and Edwards on the picnic table. At 5'6", he has the face of a smart ass and a sharp tongue.

MOUTH

And as a special bonus, we're joined in
the booth by Junk Moreti.

JUNK

You don't have a booth.

EDWARDS

Actually, he's 138 and 3. Lucas.

JUNK

Geez, Edwards. You can remember that,
but you can't remember to run a bar of
soap under your pits?

EDWARDS

What?

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

JUNK

You smell bad man. Ripe.

Edwards looks to Mouth who SHRUGS, then SNIFFS himself.

6

INT. TREE HILL HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

6

WHITEY

You guys are stinking up the place!

TIME-OUT. Whitey shouts in the huddle, displeased.

WHITEY (cont'd)

What in the hell's going on out there?

NATHAN

Relax, Whitey. We're up by nine.

Whitey rubs his neck as if he has a pinched nerve.

WHITEY

Tim. Go in for Nathan.

TIM SMITH, chiseled, enters. In the stands, Dan's jaw THROBS with concern. Nathan SKULKS to the end of the bench and hunkers down in front of a wall emblazoned with the words "WHITEY DURHAM FIELD HOUSE -- HOME OF THE TREE HILL RAVENS."

He spies Peyton as she enters, late. The game resumes and Whitey walks the length of the bench and speaks with his back to Nathan.

WHITEY (cont'd)

What'd I tell you about this? I don't care if we're up by five or fifty, I'm still the coach. You understand? This is my team, not yours.

Nathan ignores Whitey, focussing on Peyton's entrance.

NATHAN

Whatever you need to believe.

Without Nathan, the Ravens struggle against a full-court press. At mid-court, they turn the ball over, and the Visitors race past Whitey and score.

Whitey glances at the clock, pacing and grinding a program in his weathered hands. Again a STEAL and a SCORE. Then IMAGES of a RALLY by the VISITORS. Whitey walks the length of the bench, never raising his eyes. In front of Nathan he lingers, facing the action. Finally...

(CONTINUED)

WHITEY

Go on.

Nathan takes his time. This is his team. He knows it, the fans know it, and deep down, Whitey knows it, too. Nathan re-enters the game to CHEERS. He swaggers to the baseline to inbound the ball as Peyton steps forward from the group of CHEERLEADERS and leans into his ear.

PEYTON

Don't bother showering tonight.

Nathan takes the ball from the Referee and inbounds, his mouth screwed up into a fiendish smirk.

EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - NIGHT

In the park, Junk has teamed with Skills. Lucas's teammate is Fergie. Lucas waits for Fergie to set a pick, then calmly drains a 3 as Mouth narrates the action into his RECORDER.

MOUTH

14 - 13, game point for Team Scott. For those of you at home, Lucas wears black shorts tonight with his traditional white high tops.

EDWARDS

He's currently playing without a show contract, Mouth.

Lucas checks the ball and slings it to Ferguson. Then he runs Junk into Skills, springing free 25 feet from the rim.

MOUTH

Luke flashes through the paint. Fergie finds him out top...

Skills and Junk run at Lucas as he releases the shot.

MOUTH (cont'd)

Scott for the game!

INT. TREE HILL HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Nathan drains a SHOT at the BUZZER as the CROWD ERUPTS and...

EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - NIGHT

...silence as Lucas slips into his hooded sweatshirt, post-game. The GUYS mill about, warming down.

(CONTINUED)

JUNK

I had you tonight, Luke.

SKILLS

Junk, he was killing you.

JUNK

So?

Lucas smiles and gives Junk a boost.

LUCAS

You played well tonight, Junk. I had to work for it.

Junk sneers at Skills, then he and Lucas slap hands.

LUCAS (cont'd)

You too, Fergie.

Fergie NODS. Lucas eyes Skills.

LUCAS (cont'd)

Skills, you were horrible.

The guys crack up. Lucas grins.

LUCAS (cont'd)

All right. I'll see you in the morning.

The guys offer good-byes as Lucas engages his MP3 player and dribbles away. A BEAT, then Skills rolls his eyes at Junk.

SKILLS

You had him.

MUSIC BLARES. Something like 50 CENT as a mobile PARTY within a SCHOOL BUS has reached a FEVERISH PITCH. A KEG has been tapped, COUPLES make out. The GUYS wear LETTER JACKETS.

We find Nathan at the wheel of the bus, TIM riding shotgun.

TIM

(over the party)

Tell me we didn't just steal a school bus! Cause this feels like we just stole a school bus...

10 CONTINUED: 10

NATHAN

C'mon, man. We borrowed it.

11 INT. PEYTON'S CAR - NIGHT 11

Recklessly driving, Peyton turns up the VOLUME on her CAR STEREO then searches the car's messy interior for a CD. She spies it through the REAR VIEW in the fold of the BACK SEAT.

12 EXT. TREE HILL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT 12

Lucas now dribbles home. In the distance, Peyton's car RAPIDLY APPROACHES.

13 EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT 13

Meanwhile, the bus rolls along as we ANGLE a set of railroad tracks, a TRAIN approaching in the distance.

14 INT. PEYTON'S CAR- SAME 14

STRAINING to retrieve the HOMEMADE DISC, Peyton reaches into the Comet's back seat.

15 INT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT 15

The bus approaches the dimly-lit tracks. A PRETTY GIRL, MELODY, pops up over Nathan's shoulder.

MELODY

So, Nathan? Where's Peyton?

NATHAN

Who knows? Why?

Melody leans in and plants a LONG KISS on Nathan as the bus nears the tracks and the FREIGHT TRAIN screams through the crossing, directly in front of them.

16 INT. PEYTON'S CAR - NIGHT 16

Peyton snatches the CD as Lucas appears through the car's front windshield, head down, hooded sweatshirt RESTRICTING his VISION.

17 INT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT 17

TIM

Lookout!

Tim spies the TRAIN just YARDS away as NATHAN swivels back and LOCKS UP THE BRAKES.

18 INT. PEYTON'S CAR - NIGHT 18

Peyton does the same, sending the Comet into an angry slide and deflecting her eyes from certain impact.

19 EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT 19

The BUS slides to a stop, a few feet from the passing train.

20 EXT. TREE HILL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT 20

The Comet also comes to rest -- mere INCHES shy of Lucas.

21 INT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT 21

Kids are sprawled about as we ANGLE ON NATHAN. A BEAT and he actually GRINS.

22 INT. PEYTON'S CAR - NIGHT 22

Peyton opens her eyes and takes in Lucas. A BEAT, then Lucas removes his sweatshirt hood and his MP3 earphones. The TRACK in his EARPHONES, EVERLONG by the FOO FIGHTERS matches perfectly the EXTERNAL BLARE from Peyton's car. SAME SONG, SAME VERSE, perfectly SYNCHRONIZED.

23 EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT 23

Nathan still GRINS as the TRAIN passes, revealing a SQUAD CAR resting on the opposite side of the tracks, an OFFICER standing nearby. Nathan's grin dissipates.

24 EXT. TREE HILL DOWNTOWN - NIGHT 24

Peyton and Lucas take each other in, then Peyton SNEERS and EXTENDS HER MIDDLE FINGER. Lucas BLINKS back and is away, dribbling the ball into the shadows.

"OVERDUE" by the GET UP KIDS and our OPENING CREDITS roll.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

24A INT. TREE HILL HIGH SCHOOL (LIBRARY) - DAY 24A

The LIBRARY is now peopled with PARENTS and VARSITY PLAYERS. *
Before them stands PRINCIPAL RED TURNER, 39, flanked by *
POLICE OFFICER WAYMAN. Whitey lingers near the door. *

PRINCIPAL TURNER *

Some of you parents see this latest *
incident as tomfoolery. A little *
prank. Personally, I see a little *
breaking and entering. (BEAT) Chief *
Wayman sees possession and consumption *
by minors and a smidgen of Grand Theft *
Auto. *

Among the crowd, Dan Scott's JAW begins to tighten. *

PRINCIPAL TURNER (cont'd) *

That said, I think it's time we send a *
message. Call it long overdue. *

The room is silent as Turner eyes a list. *

PRINCIPAL TURNER (cont'd) *

The following players were not involved *
and will not be reprimanded. Jake *
Jagielski... *

We DRIFT through the SOLEMN FACES of the PARENTS and PLAYERS. *

PRINCIPAL TURNER (cont'd) *

Ruben Gutierrez... *

We settle on Tim, who looks a bit worried. Then... *

PRINCIPAL TURNER (cont'd) *

Tim Smith... *

25A EXT. COUNTY ROAD (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT 25A

Now we FLASHBACK as Tim exits the bus near the train tracks, *
stepping into the SPRAY of the OFFICER'S spotlight. *

OFFICER *

Hold it, son. *

Tim slumps as NATHAN also steps into the spotlight's BEAM. *

(CONTINUED)

25A

CONTINUED:

25A

PRINCIPAL TURNER (V.O.)

...and Nathan Scott.

The Officer eyes Nathan, then motions for him to FLEE. Nathan smirks, expecting the preferential treatment, then grabs Tim and saunters into the shadows.

25C

INT. TREE HILL HIGH SCHOOL (LIBRARY) - SAME

25C

PRINCIPAL TURNER

As for the rest of you, all players involved are suspended from extra-curricular activities, specifically basketball... For the rest of the season.

A CHORUS of PROTESTS. Dan slumps as Turner wraps it up.

PRINCIPAL TURNER (cont'd)

That's it. Thanks for coming. Don't forget to tip your waitress on the way out.

We ANGLE ON WHITEY who stands near the door, arms folded, wearing an almost WHIMSICAL expression. A BEAT and he slips from the room.

OMIT 25

OMIT 25B

OMIT 26

26A

EXT. TREE HILL HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

26A

Whitey exits onto a covered sidewalk when a VOICE calls.

DAN

You just walk away.

Whitey stops, and turns to find Dan Scott waiting.

WHITEY

Dan Scott.

DAN

Half the team is suspended, Nathan'll get tripled-teamed the rest of the year, and you say nothing.

WHITEY

Nobody asked me.

(CONTINUED)

DAN

Well I'm asking you now.

Whitey eyes Dan with a SHRUG, then nearly grins.

WHITEY

The inmates will not run the asylum.

Dan narrows his eyes and steps toward Whitey.

DAN

What's this really about, huh? It's not about beer or busses or any of that nonsense. It's about you, me, and Nathan.

WHITEY

C'mon now, Danny. It hasn't been about you since the buzzer sounded on your senior season. How 'bout you let it go and leave the game to Nathan.

With that, Whitey turns and starts away again.

DAN

You're despicable, you know that? Letting the dreams of good kids just vanish. You're so full of crap.

WHITEY

Comes with old age, Danny. Constipation.

Whitey pads away, leaving Dan alone in the dim corridor.

27

EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - DAY

27

On the faded Waterfront Park court, Junk stands under the basket, retrieving Lucas's shots. Mouth and Edwards occupy their picnic table, flanked by Skills and Fergie.

JUNK

You guys remember Tom Dugan from grade school?

LUCAS

He lived next door to you.

Lucas continues draining shot after shot. We ANGLE ON HIM.

(CONTINUED)

JUNK

Yeah. Some guy snapped him with a wet towel and he lost a testicle.

The guys CHUCKLE and dismiss Junk with rolled eyes.

JUNK (cont'd)

I'm serious. He lost one of his eggs.

SKILLS

Junk...

JUNK

Tom Dugan lost a testicle from a wet towel-snapping. (BEAT) I'm just saying what I heard.

Skills steps in and catches Lucas's next swish.

SKILLS

So Luke, whatcha reading these days?

LUCAS

Steinbeck. The Winter Of Our Discontent.

SKILLS

Let's hear a little.

LUCAS

Nah.

SKILLS

C'mon man. You know I read vicariously through you.

Lucas continues to shoot. A BEAT.

LUCAS

What a frightening thing is the human, a mass of gauges and dials and registers, and we can read only a few, and those perhaps not accurately...

Just then a CAR SQUEALS around a nearby corner. Lucas finally misses. Peyton's CAR races past.

EDWARDS

Peyton Sawyer.

(CONTINUED)

JUNK

You guys seen her web cam? (BEAT) In her bedroom. I heard she's naked on it like, all the time.

The guys simply shake their heads.

JUNK (cont'd)

What? I hear things.

Lucas steps to the line, dismissing Junk's gossip.

LUCAS

I saw her the other night. She almost ran me over.

SKILLS

She's pretty fine, huh Luke?

LUCAS

She's all right.

The guys SNICKER at Lucas's casual observation, forcing him to grin. He tries to duck it.

LUCAS (cont'd)

Just shoot for teams...

Whitey now slumps in his cramped office. A weathered RADIO plays a BALLAD, a large TABBY TOMCAT lounges nearby. The SONG and the loneliness of his surroundings wash over him, finally interrupted by a KNOCK on the door. KEITH SCOTT, late 30's, looks in. Whitey BRIGHTENS.

WHITEY

Keith Scott. Whaddaya know?

Keith enters with a wry grin.

KEITH

Hey Coach. Got a second?

WHITEY

Got a lot of seconds. Or haven't you heard?

KEITH

Yeah, I heard.

Keith unveils a flask of whiskey and locates Whitey's cup.

WHITEY

No, no... A little more.

Keith stops his pour, but then Whitey beckons for a bit more. Keith tops him off. Whitey takes a slug. His eyes go wet.

WHITEY (cont'd)

I saw your little brother today. Danny. Called me despicable. Said I crush the dreams of young men.

KEITH

And was he talking about Nathan or himself, do you figure?

WHITEY

Oh...both I suppose.

Whitey takes a hearty swallow. Keith eyes a TEAM PHOTO on the wall. Whitey follows his gaze.

WHITEY (cont'd)

(off photo)

What'd you average for me that season?

KEITH

'Bout five fouls and six beers a night.

WHITEY

Well... At least you were consistent.

Keith is forced to grin. Then...

KEITH

You know Lucas plays.

WHITEY

Dan's other son.

KEITH

Karen's son. Dan's on the birth certificate, but they never married.

WHITEY

Plays where?

KEITH

Park near the river.

WHITEY

C'mon now Keith, you're not drinking with a street ball fan and you know it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

WHITEY (cont'd)

Those kids had any love for the game they'd be in the gym with the real players.

KEITH

You mean like Nathan? (BEAT) Take a drive with me, Coach.

29

EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - NIGHT

29

We RETURN to the park where Lucas and the guys now play. MOUTH and EDWARDS call it from their courtside picnic bench.

MOUTH

(into recorder)

Lucas Scott with the ball at the top of the key. Currently milking a 32 game winning streak.

EDWARDS

Speaking of milking, you ever milked a goat? (BEAT) Have you? (I saw a guy milk a goat once.)

MOUTH

(ignores him)

Luke goes right. He looks sharp...

JUNK

He sucks.

Lucas pulls up and DRAINS a jumper over Junk.

JUNK (cont'd)

Ass.

We DRIFT to KEITH'S CAR sitting in the shadows of the court.

WHITEY

(BEAT) What's his head like?

KEITH

He's smart as hell out there.

WHITEY

How 'bout when he's not out there?

KEITH

He's always out there. Wrestling with a past he had nothing to do with.

Lucas draws a double team and finds Fergie for an easy layup. Whitey rubs his neck, massaging an imagined pinched nerve.

(CONTINUED)

WHITEY

Lets say I'm interested. And I'm not saying I am. Why put him through it?

KEITH

He should know he's good. Not playground good, but good period. He could use that in his life.

WHITEY

We all could use that in life.

KEITH

Yeah, but we had our shot.

We ANGLE ON LUCAS dribbling circles around Junk.

WHITEY

So you and Karen...

KEITH

Friends. I'm the kid's Uncle. I'm in their lives. (BEAT) It is what it is.

Keith goes for his flask.

WHITEY

You should go easy on the sauce.

Keith begins to put the flask away, buy Whitey snatches it.

WHITEY (cont'd)

I said you should.

Whitey takes a plug from the bottle. Then...

WHITEY (cont'd)

I remember when Danny came to me and told me Karen was pregnant. Summer after their senior year.

He pauses, navigating a faded past.

WHITEY (cont'd)

I told him to honor his scholarship and go to college...but I knew Karen was pregnant. And I liked her. (BEAT) I don't know. Maybe I was being too much coach and not enough human being.

(CONTINUED)

KEITH

Well... Dan's version of the story is that he felt trapped by Karen. That falling in love with his wife Deb that first semester in college changed everything.

Keith SHRUGS as we ANGLE ON LUCAS.

KEITH (cont'd)

This much I do know. You did Karen a favor. And Lucas, too.

They watch Lucas as he BOLSTERS Junk's spirits. Whitey considers Keith's words, chasing ghosts. Then...

KEITH (cont'd)

Now you could do me one.

30

INT. KAREN'S CAFE - NIGHT

30

We ANGLE ON KAREN, mid 30's. She's a tired version of pretty -- a smile and a good rest shy of stealing your heart. She patrols the counter of a quaint cafe. The walls of the cafe are LINED with BOOKS and MAGAZINES amidst comfy chairs and reading lamps. A LARGE CHALK BOARD bears the DAY'S SPECIALS in COLORED CHALK. Lucas enters and calls to her.

LUCAS

Hey Mom.

KAREN

Hey, honey.

Lucas flips a CLOSED SIGN in the window, then LOCKS the door. He steps behind the counter and gives his mother a peck.

LUCAS

You change your hair?

KAREN

If by "change" you mean dragging a brush through it, then sure.

LUCAS

Well it looks nice.

Just then we HEAR a GIRL'S VOICE.

HALEY (O.S.)

Ew...

(CONTINUED)

Karen grins, scoops up two BOWLS OF CHILI and exits frame as
HALEY REED appears. She's pretty -- in a loud sort of way. *

HALEY (cont'd) *

The magazine pages are sticky again. *

Little pervs... *

She spies Lucas, then proffers the magazine. *

HALEY (cont'd) *

Oh. Hey Luke. You been reading this? *

LUCAS *

I don't know, Haley. Is that the "why
do I hang out with these people?"
issue, cause you're on the cover of
that, right? *

HALEY *

Actually it's the "my best friend is an
idiot" issue and-- *

Haley pretends to spy Lucas's picture inside. *

HALEY (cont'd) *

--oh, there you are. *

From a table near the cafe windows, Karen calls. *

KAREN *

Haley, you want to join us? *

HALEY *

Hell yes. You know my mom can't cook. *

Haley goes for some Chili as Lucas joins Karen at the table. *

KAREN *

(to Lucas) *

So honey, how was your day? *

But Haley drops down at the table. *

HALEY *

GOOD! *

Lucas and Karen exchanged looks of bemusement. *

HALEY (cont'd) *

I mean good is relative, right, I mean
considering a third of the world is
starving, which still doesn't change
(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

HALEY (cont'd)

the fact that I've got this horrible
bite on the inside of my arm that's
oozing this sort of nasty, crusty--

*
*
*

KAREN

--Haley.

*
*

HALEY

Too graphic? Too graphic. I'll be
quiet.

*
*
*

KAREN

So Luke, I got you something--

*
*

HALEY

--Actually I found it. I mean sort of.
I mean not that I was looking
specifically for you which would imply
some hideous Joey loves Dawson scenario
and completely creep me out, just that
we saw it and... Just give him the
book.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Karen slides a book to Lucas. He eyes it.

*

LUCAS

Julius Caesar.

*
*

We spy the book, a FADED copy of Shakespeare's JULIUS CAESAR.

*

KAREN

*"There's a tide in the affairs of
men..."* Something like that.

*
*
*

HALEY

Nice...

*
*

Haley holds out a fist for Karen who punches it.

*

LUCAS

Wow. Thanks, guys.

*
*

Karen smiles, pleased. Haley dismisses the moment.

*

HALEY

Whatever. If that's what you're into.

*
*

We ANGLE ON a TURNTABLE where YOUR BOYFRIEND SUCKS by the
ATARIS blares. WIDER, Peyton sits at a computer in a TINY
black-walled room lined with ALBUMS. She has a DIGITAL
CAMERA attached to her computer as she PHOTOSHOPS an image.

On the LEFT is a GOTHIC IMAGE of a TOMB of SKULLS. On the right, a digital snapshot of a MAN SMILING as he prepares to SHOVEL SNOW. Peyton cuts the MAN from the snow and PASTES him into the tomb. Just another happy skull shoveler.

NATHAN (O.S.)

What are you wasting your time at, now?

Nathan appears over her shoulder. Peyton smiles tightly.

PEYTON

I didn't hear you come in.

NATHAN

Imagine that. Ya know nobody listens to this crap.

Nathan switches off Peyton's old MARANTZ receiver and exits the tiny room. We discover that the room was Peyton's walk-in closet -- converted now into a study.

Peyton leans against the doorway to her closet/study and folds her arms as Nathan checks the window.

PEYTON

So I waited for you tonight.

NATHAN

The guys wanted to tip a few.

PEYTON

Did you even think to let me know?

NATHAN

That's why I came by. You wanna' come?

PEYTON

With the guys.

NATHAN

And me.

PEYTON

And the guys.

NATHAN

Ya' know, Peyton. I'm getting real tired of this. I came by to spend time with you.

PEYTON

Yeah. Me and half the time.

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN

Whatever. You wanna' be a bitch?
Fine. Just sit in your closet and
listen to your loser rock. I'll see
you tomorrow.

PEYTON

How 'bout don't see me tomorrow?

NATHAN

Fine by me. Like I don't have options.

A STANDOFF ensues, then Nathan softens. He speaks SOFTLY.

NATHAN (cont'd)

I'm sorry. Most of the guys are
suspended so it's like, this stupid
bonding thing. (BEAT) I wish it was
just you and me, but I wanted you to
come anyway to make it more bearable.
OK?

A LONG BEAT passes, then Nathan grins and wraps her into an
embrace. She lets him.

32

INT. WHITEY'S LOCKER ROOM OFFICE - NIGHT

32

Meanwhile, Whitey has returned to his office where he studies
GAME TAPE. On the screen, we see the DISAGREEMENT that
Whitey had with Nathan in our OPENING GAME. Whitey pauses
and rewinds the argument. Then repeats it. Again and again.

DISSOLVE TO:

33

EXT. TREE HILL HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

33

Tree Hill High under a crisp, glorious fall day.

34

INT. TREE HILL HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY (STUDY HALL) - DAY

34

Lucas sits at a study hall table transfixed by Peyton who
sits with Nathan, Tim and a couple GIRLS. Sensing Lucas's
gaze, Peyton turns her notebook toward Lucas, revealing an
expertly drawn MIDDLE-FINGER. Then...

WHITEY (O.S.)

Scott!

Whitey peers into the library, drawing the attention of all.

NATHAN

'Sup, coach?

(CONTINUED)

WHITEY

Not you. (to Lucas) You.

Whitey motions to Lucas, then turns and dismisses Nathan.

WHITEY (cont'd)

You read a book or something.

The GYM is POLISHED and empty. Whitey crosses to the stands, leaving Lucas behind at half-court. Whitey pays him no mind. Instead he casts his eyes about the quiet gym, catching momentary glimpses of seasons past.

WHITEY

Nice, isn't it? Most people like their gyms loud, but I like it this way. Quiet. Clean. Like a church. (BEAT) 'Lotta praying done in here, anyway.

Whitey allows the silence to swirl around him for a BEAT as Lucas's eyes drift to a WALL BANNER emblazoned with DAN SCOTT'S ALL-TIME SCORING STATISTICS.

WHITEY (cont'd)

You played in grade school. Why'd you quit?

LUCAS

I didn't.

WHITEY

Well...four kids in the park isn't exactly basketball.

LUCAS

Then what do you think we're doing out there?

WHITEY

Maybe planning a bank job.

Lucas half-smiles at the line, then shifts uncomfortably.

WHITEY (cont'd)

I got an opening in my lineup. Varsity. Chance of a lifetime.

Whitey throws a ball to him on a bounce.

WHITEY (cont'd)

Whaddaya say?

Lucas rotates the ball in his hands, then takes in the gym.

LUCAS

I say those people that pray here?
They're wasting their time. (BEAT) God
doesn't watch sports.

Lucas drops the ball and retreats. The BOUNCING of the ball
echoes through the gym, accelerating into a decrescendo.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

36

EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - DAY

36

SKILLS (O.S.)

So were you gonna tell us?

Lucas sinks a free throw under close scrutiny from the GUYS -- Skills, Junk, Fergie, Mouth and Edwards.

LUCAS

It's nothing.

SKILLS

Whitey asks you to play on the team and it's nothing?

LUCAS

It's nothing because I'm not playing. Not with those guys.

SKILLS

Luke. I've been guarding you almost every night since we were twelve and I've won how many games?

A BEAT, then Edwards can't help himself.

EDWARDS

Seven. I mean, since I've been keeping stats.

Junk eyes Edwards and simply shakes his head.

SKILLS

Seven. Seems like a waste to me.

LUCAS

Well it doesn't to me, OK? You guys ever think that maybe this is where we belong?

SKILLS

No. This is where we belong. You never belonged here.

LUCAS

Thanks a lot, Skills. (BEAT) Just shoot for teams.

Lucas tosses the ball to Skills who lingers.

(CONTINUED)

SKILLS

Ya know Luke, you're one of my best friends, and nothing gonna change that. But let's face it. We're not shooting for teams. We're shooting to be your excuse. And I don't want to be a part of that.

Skills and the guys stand their ground.

In a garage weight room, Nathan pumps out reps on a bench press, HIP HOP blaring. Dan jogs up and SILENCES the music.

DAN

Your mother phoned. She'll be home next week. I didn't want to interrupt your workout. (BEAT) Whaddaya slingin'?

NATHAN

'Bout 160.

Dan NODS, then slides two ten pound weights onto the bar.

DAN

What do you know about Whitey inviting...

NATHAN

...your son to play?

DAN

Don't call him that.

NATHAN

He has our last name, Dad.

Nathan raps out a rep at the new weight.

DAN

Nathan, I know I haven't spoken much about this kid in the past, but the fact that he shares our last name was wishful thinking on his mother's part. We were young. Summer after High School. We made a mistake.

NATHAN

You made a mistake all right. The guy's a zombie.

DAN

OK...

Dan adds twenty pound weights to each side of the bar.

NATHAN

Well it's kinda screwed up, Dad.
People talk about it.

Nathan tries to heft the weight but loses the fight. Dan rescues him from the bar.

DAN

All right. Get out of there.

Nathan rises. Dan takes his place and pumps a couple reps.

DAN (cont'd)

I want you to talk to this kid.
Encourage him not to play.

NATHAN

I'm not afraid of him.

DAN

Well you should be. We've worked too hard to have anyone coming in now. Disrupting the offense. Taking away shots. (BEAT) And anyway, this has more to do with Whitey and me than you.

NATHAN

Why do you say that?

DAN

It's a long story.

Dan pumps another couple reps, then rises.

DAN (cont'd)

One I'll tell you some day. For now you go to this kid and you talk to him. And trust me when I tell you there's a bigger picture here, Nathan. Your picture.

Dan wipes his brow with a towel, then throws it to Nathan.

DAN (cont'd)

And this kid's not in it.

38 EXT. LUCAS'S HOUSE (BEDROOM ENTRANCE) - DAY 38

Lucas finds a PACKAGE propped against his door.

39 INT. LUCAS'S HOUSE (ADJACENT HALLWAY) - SAME 39

Karen exits her room and passes Lucas's open bedroom door. There, she SPIES SOMETHING and catches her breath.

We REVERSE to Lucas, standing in front of his bedroom mirror, wearing a RAVENS basketball jersey with the name SCOTT emblazoned on the back. He spies his mother's reflection.

LUCAS
Somebody left it at my door.

KAREN
(BEAT) Take it off.

40 EXT. LUCAS'S HOUSE - DAY 40

Lucas finds Karen under a golden sky.

LUCAS
Mom. You OK?

KAREN
Yeah. Do you know who left it?

LUCAS
Coach Durham, probably. (BEAT) He asked me to play.

KAREN
Maybe you should.

LUCAS
Now you sound like Skills. You know those guys refused to play today. They said they didn't want to be my excuse.

KAREN
And how'd you feel about that?

LUCAS
Honestly? I was pissed. Those guys are supposed to be my friends.

KAREN
They are your friends. (BEAT)
Remember this?

(CONTINUED)

Karen slides a photo to Lucas. He's forced to GRIN.

LUCAS

My first leather basketball. That was the year Skills's father told us there was no Santa Claus.

Lucas grins, remembering. We PUSH IN on Karen.

KAREN

Yep. I tried to talk you out of it. But then you said something I'll never forget. You said you felt bad for the kids who never figured it out, because when they grew up and had kids of their own, there wouldn't be gifts on Christmas morning.

Karen also smiles at the memory, then slides an arm around Lucas.

KAREN (cont'd)

You're a good kid, Luke. But sometimes I feel like you're sitting out your life on account of me, and I don't want that for you. (BEAT) My past isn't your future. OK?

Karen smiles at Lucas. He NODS and returns it.

41 EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - NIGHT

41

Lucas now shoots at the court alone. Therapy.

42 INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

42

Meanwhile, Tim trails Nathan through Nathan's house.

TIM

So your Pops finally mentioned the bastard spawn. (Nathan NODS) They say he's got game. Maybe we could use him.

NATHAN

Please. I can get us to state with three blind guys and a cripple. Practically what I got now with you and what's left.

TIM

Nice. So what are you gonna do?

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN

Let's go to the park.

43 EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - NIGHT

43

Lucas continues to shoot as Nathan and Tim pull up. Nathan strides to the court and retrieves a SWISH.

NATHAN

Nice shot. Think you can hit it against a double team, down by two, a packed house telling you ya suck?

Lucas doesn't answer. Nathan glances at Tim.

NATHAN (cont'd)

How 'bout with just two people telling you ya suck?

LUCAS

Whaddaya want?

NATHAN

What do I want? What do you want?

Nathan begins dribbling, circling Lucas.

NATHAN (cont'd)

I mean other than my girlfriend and my spot in the lineup?

Nathan enjoys the moment, sizing up his prey. Waiting...

NATHAN (cont'd)

Look, none of us want you on the team. I don't want you, the guys don't want you, and my girlfriend sure as hell doesn't want you.

Nathan crosses over his dribble once, then again, then fakes a chest pass at Lucas who doesn't flinch. A BEAT.

NATHAN (cont'd)

But here's the deal: You and me. One on one. You name the time and place. (BEAT) If you win, I'll quit the team. But if I win...you crawl back into your hole and remember your place in all this.

Nathan palms the ball and extends it to Lucas.

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN (cont'd)

Time and place, baby. Time and place.

Nathan chucks the ball deep into the darkness beyond the court and walks away with a smirk.

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

44

EXT. KAREN'S CAFE (ROOFTOP) - DAY

44

Lucas works on an UNSEEN PROJECT. Haley hovers nearby.

HALEY

So Nathan challenged you. You gonna play him?

LUCAS

I don't know. It's not like I have anything to prove.

HALEY

Yeah I guess.

Lucas rises. WIDER we see that he's just completed a LOOP DE LOOP out of an old TIRE for a HOMEMADE ROOFTOP MINI GOLF COURSE.

HALEY (cont'd)

Nice. I'll get the clubs.

Haley starts away, then turns back.

HALEY (cont'd)

Hey Luke. Don't you want to show 'em sometimes? Ya know, just--

She reaches around a CORNER and a LARGE NUMBER OF PIGEONS SWOOP BY, nearly beheading her.

HALEY (cont'd)

--damn, what is this? Last week I got attacked by a flock of crows.

Lucas grins at Haley's struggle as she returns with the clubs and balls.

HALEY (cont'd)

I'm serious.

She sets the ball down and prepares to putt.

LUCAS

By the way, it's a murder.

Haley is confused.

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS (cont'd)

More than one crow is a murder.

She concentrates on her shot.

HALEY

I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

LUCAS

A parliament of owls. An exultation of larks. A murder of crows.

HALEY

This is why people think you're weird.

She putts and the LOOP works perfectly. Lucas steps up to line up his shot. A BEAT passes. Then...

LUCAS

Sometimes I'd like to show him what a mistake he made, ya know?

HALEY

Dan?

LUCAS

(NODS) Mostly for Mom. And sometimes for me.

Haley NODS through the silence. Lucas putts and drains it.

HALEY

So Luke, what are Ravens? You know, more than one.

WIDER now, we see that the entire course has been built on a ROOFTOP with a spectacular view of Tree Hill.

LUCAS

(BEAT) An unkindness.

44A EXT. KEITH'S BODY SHOP - DAY

44A

Lucas arrives at Keith's body shop. The SONG continues as...

OMIT 45

45B EXT. TREE HILL COUNTY ROAD - DAY

45B

...Peyton's COMET rests on the shoulder of a DESOLATE COUNTY ROAD. She tries the engine, but it won't turn over.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON

Oh, come on...

She tries again, to no avail.

OMIT 45A, 46

46A INT. KEITH'S BODY SHOP - DAY

46A

Keith works beneath a raised CAR. Lucas works nearby.

KEITH

Why wouldn't you play?

LUCAS

I do play. Every night.

KEITH

It's not the same, Luke.

LUCAS

Why? What makes it less of a game if people don't see it?

KEITH

I'll tell you why. (BEAT) When I was a kid my Father took me to Raleigh to see David Thompson play. I'm 9 years old, and I couldn't have cared less about basketball. So Thompson takes the court and Luke...he's young and he's quick and he's so graceful.

Keith pauses and marvels at the ghost of Thompson.

KEITH (cont'd)

Anyway, I was mesmerized. I couldn't take my eyes off him until late in the game. And that's when I notice that my Father is crying. 14,000 strangers and my Father has tears in eyes. Because it was so beautiful. This kid who played the game with such poetry, and made us feel like we were a part of it.

Keith smiles at the memory. Then...

KEITH (cont'd)

You have a gift, Luke. And it's a crime to rob people of the chance to feel that. To hide that inspiration in
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46A

CONTINUED:

46A

KEITH (cont'd)
the park. It's a damn shame. (BEAT)
That's why.

Keith eyes Lucas. A BEAT and the PHONE RINGS. Keith wipes his hands and answers.

KEITH (cont'd)
Body shop and towing.

OMIT 47, 47A, 48, 49

47B

EXT. TREE HILL COUNTY ROAD - DAY

47B

Lucas locks Peyton's car to the tow truck while she hovers nearby, her SKETCH BOOK in hand. A BEAT, then...

LUCAS
(without looking up)
That's me inside your head.

PEYTON
What?

Lucas looks up, then motions to Peyton's SKETCH BOOK where she has a NOFX band logo among many COLORFUL others.

LUCAS
NOFX. *That's me inside your head.*
It's a lyric from--

PEYTON
--I know the song.

Peyton goes for her cell phone as Lucas takes a CLIPBOARD and begins filling out a TOWING ORDER. A BEAT and Nathan answers.

PEYTON (cont'd)
Nathan. My car broke down so you'll
have to pick me up. (BEAT) So
practice is over, get off your ass...

She distances herself from Lucas as he climbs into the truck.

PEYTON (cont'd)
(into phone)
Look, it'll take you ten minutes. I'm
on River Road near the curve. (BEAT)
Yeah, well, sucks to be you.

Peyton hangs up the phone. Lucas proffers the clipboard. She takes it and scrutinizes the form.

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS

You sure you got a ride? I mean, I can wait if you want.

PEYTON

Yeah. That's what I want. (she signs the form) Just have your Dad call me with an estimate.

LUCAS

My Uncle.

PEYTON

If that's your story.

She returns the clipboard and steps away. Lucas crosses to the cab of the truck, then calls to her.

LUCAS

Hey. Can I ask you a question?

PEYTON

It's a free country.

LUCAS

Why'd you become a cheerleader? I mean...no offense, but you're about the least cheery person I know.

With that, Lucas climbs into the truck.

50

EXT. KEITH'S BODY SHOP - DAY

50

ANGLE ON DEALER PLATES as a CAR pulls to Keith's Body Shop.

51

INT. KEITH'S BODY SHOP - DAY

51

Keith works in the office. He hears SOMEONE enter.

KEITH

How'd it go? (BEAT) Luke?

Keith steps from the office to find Dan waiting.

DAN

How you been big brother?

Keith NODS to himself, as if expecting Dan's visit.

KEITH

Not bad. You?

(CONTINUED)

DAN

Good. Dealership's good. I sent you some business not long ago.

KEITH

Yeah. I meant to call you and thank you for that.

DAN

Well, we're all busy, right?

KEITH

Right...

The conversation trails away to an UNCOMFORTABLE awkwardness.

OMIT 52, 53

53A

EXT. TREE HILL COUNTY ROAD - DAY

53A

Still parked on the shoulder of the county road, Lucas sits in the cab of the truck, reading from his copy of JULIUS CAESAR. He looks up and peers at Peyton who paces a SHORT DISTANCE away. She checks her watch. Lucas steps from the truck.

LUCAS

C'mon, you want a ride?

Peyton looks away, trying to ignore him.

LUCAS (cont'd)

I'll let you insult me.

Another BEAT, then Peyton SNEERS and begrudgingly approaches.

PEYTON

First of all, you don't know me.
Second of all, you don't know me.

Lucas nearly grins as Peyton's rant continues.

PEYTON (cont'd)

Why are guys such jerks anyway?

LUCAS

Guys or Nathan?

PEYTON

Him. You.

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS

I don't know. We share the same father...

Lucas says this plainly but clearly gets Peyton's attention.

PEYTON

Yeah. I'd heard that. (BEAT) He's kind of an ass. (Lucas nearly GRINS) So that must suck. Seeing him around.

LUCAS

For my mom. I never knew him.

PEYTON

But she told you he was your dad.

LUCAS

Eventually. (BEAT) We used to play in the junior leagues together. Me and Nathan.

PEYTON

Basketball.

LUCAS

Yeah. I loved it. And I was good at it. You ever had something you knew you were better at than almost anyone else?

PEYTON

Sex. (BEAT) Joke.

LUCAS

(BEAT) Anyway, the guys started teasing me about it. That Nathan's Dad was mine too, so I asked my Mom and she said he wasn't. But when we got home I heard her crying in her room and I knew it was true.

Lucas takes a long BEAT as he marvels at the past. Then...

LUCAS (cont'd)

So I never went back. I told my Mom it was because I didn't want to have to see his face. But it was mostly because I didn't want her to have to.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON

Why'd you tell me that? We don't even know each other.

LUCAS

Maybe that's the point.

Peyton is forced to NOD. Understands the safety in distance.

OMIT 54, OMIT 54A

55 INT. KEITH'S BODY SHOP - DAY

55

We return to Dan and Keith now.

KEITH

So what exactly can I do for you, Dan?

Dan holds for a BEAT, then...

DAN

I wanted to talk to you about Karen's son.

KEITH

Karen's son. (BEAT) Well you should talk to Karen.

DAN

Nathan's got a real shot here, Keith. A real future.

KEITH

Yeah? And how 'bout Lucas's future, Dan? You ever think about that?

Dan lets the moment dissipate a bit. Then...

DAN

I can't change the fact that this boy exists, Keith. If I could I would. The truth is, I told Karen I'd take care of it, but she--

Dan stops short and eyes SOMETHING. Keith follows Dan's gaze to... LUCAS.

A BEAT, then Lucas tosses the tow truck keys to Keith, picks up his basketball and exits without a word. BEGIN MONTAGE.

56 EXT. TREE HILL - DAY/NIGHT 56

Something like RADIOHEAD'S CREEP plays as Lucas dribbles, HEADPHONES ON, eyes fixed. We SHUFFLE through VARIOUS IMAGES as the DAY concedes and Lucas works his way into NIGHT.

57 OMIT 57

58 OMIT 58

59 OMIT 59

60 OMIT 60

OMIT 61

61A INT. PEYTON'S BEDROOM CLOSET - NIGHT 61A

Finally, in Peyton's closet, Peyton reaches for her Marantz receiver and flicks it OFF, SILENCING OUR SCORE MUSIC.

62 INT. TREE HILL HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT 62

In the SILENCE we find Lucas as he steps into the empty gymnasium and faces off with Nathan, who shoots alone.

LUCAS

Tomorrow night. Midnight. At the riverfront.

Nathan returns an almost imperceptible NOD. Then...

LUCAS (cont'd)

But if I win, I'm gonna want something else.

Nathan narrows his eyes and prepares for Lucas's terms.

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

63 EXT. SCOTT FORD - DAY 63

A sprawling auto dealership borders the interstate.

64 INT. SCOTT FORD - DAY 64

Dan enters his office to find Karen waiting. He slows, then closes the door to his office and crosses to his desk. He sits and we find a FAMILY PORTRAIT of Dan, Deb and Nathan staring back at Karen. Dan glances at it, then...

DAN

I'm guessing you're not car shopping.

KAREN

He's a boy who wants to play basketball. Reluctantly. I find it horrifying and amusing that after all these years, something as simple as that brings you around.

DAN

I'm just thinking of the kid.

KAREN

Well you have no right to think him. Not today or any other day of his life. How dare you?

DAN

(BEAT) Are you finished?

KAREN

I haven't even started. Since day one we've asked nothing of you and you've delivered in fine fashion. I'll expect that to continue. If Lucas decides to play, you'll do nothing. Anything else might make me angry and detract from the pleasant, cordial side you see now.

With that, Karen rises and starts for the door.

DAN

You know, I understand your son doesn't exactly fit in. (BEAT) Nathan's all-state. I'm just not sure why you'd want to humiliate him like that.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

You're right, Dan. I'd rather not
humiliate him. You've done that
enough.

65 INT. LUCAS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

65

Lucas laces his shoes in silence. The clock reads 11:30 PM.

66 INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

66

Nathan exits his bathroom, fresh from a shower, wearing only
basketball shorts. He finds Dan waiting and quickly drapes
his towel over his shoulders.

NATHAN

Hey Dad.

Dan steps to Nathan and removes the towel, revealing a GOLD
HOOP through Nathan's pierced left nipple.

DAN

You know if I wanted a daughter I'd
adopt one.

NATHAN

What, and then abandon her, too?

Dan narrows his eyes. Nathan backs off.

NATHAN (cont'd)

It's just a joke.

DAN

And this bet tonight? Just a joke or
would you really quit the team?
Because let's be honest, you have
everything to lose and nothing to gain.

NATHAN

But sometimes, what you call everything
I call nothing.

DAN

I just think it's best if you don't do
this. We'll find another way.

NATHAN

No. I do a lot of stuff for you, Dad.
Almost everything. (BEAT) But I'm
doing this for me.

Nathan turns and retreats. His father lingers, then heads in the opposite direction. A BEAT and Peyton slips from the bathroom, her hair also wet.

66A INT. KAREN'S CAFE - NIGHT

66A

Karen surveys a stack of OLD BOOKS while nearby, Keith stacks them on a shelf.

KAREN

So I would've preferred a little warning shot on this one. Something to let me know what was coming with Lucas.

KEITH

Fair enough. I should have talked to you first. But you should see him play, Karen. It's poetry.

Keith gestures with a book of POETRY. She exhales heavily.

KEITH (cont'd)

Karen. He's gonna be fine.

KAREN

Yeah. I know, but... You ever wonder about it, Keith? How we got to this?

KEITH

You mean hanging out in the old bookstore, lamenting the past, Haley listening in from the back?

Haley's VOICE slices in from the kitchen.

HALEY (O.S.)

I wasn't listening.

A BEAT and she appears through the serving window.

HALEY (cont'd)

OK I was. I am.

Keith shakes the young girl off and reaches high to place a book.

KEITH

I wonder how we got to it so fast.

KAREN

Oh I don't know. When I see Lucas in high school, it seems like the blink of (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66A

CONTINUED:

66A

KAREN (cont'd)

an eye, but otherwise... It seems like
it's been forever.

KEITH

Forever since what?

KAREN

(BEAT) Since all of it.

66B

EXT. KAREN'S CAFE (ROOFTOP) - NIGHT

66B

Haley steps out onto the roof of the cafe and finds Lucas
standing near the edge of the roof, looking out over the
city. A BEAT and she throws a switch, ILLUMINATING the
rooftop in Christmas LIGHTS, and exposing their homemade
MINIATURE GOLF COURSE.

HALEY

Hey. You all right?

Lucas NODS.

HALEY (cont'd)

Your mom's worried. She's downstairs
with Keith picking through her past.

Haley joins him overlooking Tree Hill.

LUCAS

You think I'm being selfish by playing
Nathan?

HALEY

Why? Do you?

LUCAS

A little bit. I mean, I can deal with
it whether I win or lose. But my mom
shouldn't have to.

Haley takes her putter and steps to a ball on the course.

HALEY

You know yesterday, I slipped off the
curb and completely bit it. Face down,
right in the middle of the street.

Haley takes a shot, then steps to the ball for her second
attempt.

LUCAS

You didn't tell me that.

(CONTINUED)

HALEY

I know. I was embarrassed. Sort of like I'm embarrassed to tell you you're a good guy and I'm glad we're friends, and maybe we're the ones being selfish.

Haley taps the ball into the hole.

LUCAS

Why's that?

HALEY

Because a lot of us are counting on that feeling when you slaughter the jerk. And I know you will.

LUCAS

That makes one of us.

HALEY

Nah. You will. You know why? (BEAT) Because you deserve it, Luke.

Haley eyes Lucas sincerely. She smiles.

HALEY (cont'd)

And because your mom deserves it.

67 EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - NIGHT

67

Lucas arrives at the hushed, deserted park to find...Mouth and Edwards. They sit at Mid-court, wearing shirt, tie and jacket, their hair shellacked. Recorder ready. Lucas eyes them for a moment, then wordlessly begins to shoot. Edwards presses PLAY, and Mouth's VOICE slices the night.

MOUTH

Good evening ladies and gentlemen and welcome to an historic night of basketball. I'm Mouth McFadden along with my gamey partner Jimmy Edwards and Jimmy we're in a for a treat tonight.

EDWARDS

And who doesn't like a treat, Mouth? I know I do. Especially ice cream...

68 EXT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

68

Meanwhile, Peyton trails Nathan from his house.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON

So if you're not doing it for your Dad,
why are you doing it?

NATHAN

You wouldn't get it.

PEYTON

I guess not. I mean, so what if this
guy plays. Are you that threatened?

NATHAN

I'm not threatened by anyone.

PEYTON

Then why do it?

NATHAN

To prove I'm the best.

They arrive at Tim's waiting car. Peyton eyes Nathan from
across the hood.

PEYTON

And what if he wins? What does he get?

Nathan eyes her for a BEAT.

NATHAN

He gets you.

Peyton smirks at Nathan, but he appears serious.

The court is now ENCIRCLED by STUDENTS and a FEW CARS. There
is a FESTIVE atmosphere to it. Lucas ignores the crowd,
missing a SHOT that bounds into Skills' hands. He NODS at
Lucas, nearly grins, then rifles him the ball.

MOUTH

*Just moments before the stroke of
twelve and still no Nathan Scott.*

EDWARDS

*And the natives are getting restless
Mouth, judging by the crowd that
envelopes our booth.*

JUNK (O.S.)

You don't have a booth.

Junk joins them on their picnic table.

MOUTH

Junk Moreti joins us now. Junk, care to make a prediction.

JUNK

Sure. I predict you guys'll be the two biggest morons out here.

Just then a BUZZ goes up from the CROWD.

MOUTH

And it looks like Nathan Scott has arrived, driven by car right onto the court.

Tim pulls his car onto the court.

EDWARDS

Believe that's a Honda Accord, Mouth.

Nathan pops the door to CHEERS. He soaks it up, struts a bit. Then Tim pops out with a grin.

TIM

Oh by the way. I hope you don't mind, but I told a few people.

Peyton also exits the car and sneers at Lucas. Nathan puts on a mini dribbling exhibition, bounces the ball off the backboard and SLAMS it. The CROWD erupts.

Edwards lays into an AIR HORN and Nathan and Lucas approach the key like two HEAVYWEIGHT FIGHTERS. The crowd BUZZES.

NATHAN

You ready for this?

LUCAS

Why not?

NATHAN

It's your life.

Nathan drops the ball at Lucas's feet.

LUCAS

Yeah. It is.

Nathan takes up a defensive stance.

MOUTH

*OK folks here we go. Fifteen by ones.
Make it take it, win by one, and you
can feel the intensity in the air...*

EDWARDS

Sports cliché...

Lucas checks the ball to Nathan, then rotates it, lingering. He eyes the THROG. Skills NODS back encouragingly.

NATHAN

C'mon, that's you. Let's see it.

In a FLASH, Lucas pulls up and releases a 25 footer. SWISH.

MOUTH

*OH! A 25 footer rips the silk like
Jimmy Edwards in a size 3 dress!*

EDWARDS

Size 6 in dresses, 12 in pumps...

Tim and the SUSPENDED PLAYERS shrug. Nathan corrals the ball and tosses it to Lucas, then drops into his defensive stance.

NATHAN

Go ahead. I'll give you that all night.

Lucas blinks at Nathan, then pulls up buries it again.

MOUTH

*Luke drains another one and it's 2 -
zip, Lucas.*

TIM

C'mon, Nathan. Go out on that.

Nathan retrieves the ball but refuses to budge. Lucas pulls up and hits his THIRD in a row. The CROWD buzzes.

This time Nathan hands the ball to Lucas and gets up on him.

LUCAS

What happened to all night?

Lucas puts the ball on the floor for the first time, driving to the basket only to have Nathan swat his layup into the

(CONTINUED)

crowd. Now Nathan's cheering section ERUPTS. Nathan struts a bit, then returns the ball to Lucas.

NATHAN

That all you got?

Lucas steels himself, then again puts the ball on the floor. He spins into the lane and Nathan STEALS the ball.

NATHAN (cont'd)

Because if that's all ya got, this is over.

Nathan slashes through the lane and scores. He's good.

EDWARDS

Wow. Nice drive. This looks to be a battle, Mouth.

MOUTH

Sports cliché #2 for the evening...

EDWARDS

Damnit.

With that, we RIFLE THROUGH images of the action as NATHAN and LUCAS do battle, matching each other SHOT for SHOT, Nathan with an athletic array of DRIVES and DUNKS, Lucas with a deft shooting touch and a sweet mid-range game.

We ANGLE ON the spectators. Tim and the TEAM. Skills and the guys. Haley. And Peyton. *

Finally, Nathan pounds the ball inside, blanketed by Lucas.

MOUTH

13 to 12 Nathan Scott with the lead as he bangs his way into the paint.

Nathan lowers his shoulder into Lucas's chest once, twice, then spins and catches Lucas with a VICIOUS ELBOW to the nose. Possibly intentional. The CROWD GROANS.

Nathan tosses in a GIMME LAYUP as Lucas bends at the waist. A SINGLE DROP OF BLOOD falls to the court. Lucas's eyes raise, a bit of BLOOD evident. Skills and the guys edge onto the court. Tim and his BOYS do the same. Then...

HALEY

You want me to beat his ass, Luke? *

Lucas almost smiles. He tugs up the bottom of his shirt and wipes the blood from his face, then takes up his defensive stance.

LUCAS

No foul. Basket counts.

Nathan shrugs and takes the ball.

LUCAS (cont'd)

Besides...

Nathan checks the ball to Lucas who holds it.

LUCAS (cont'd)

You won't score again.

Lucas gives it back to Nathan who simply chuckles.

MOUTH

So the basket counts and it's 14 - 12, game point for Nathan. He could win it all right here...

Nathan fakes left and darts right, Lucas right with him. Nathan backs off, works a crossover dribble, setting Lucas up. He fakes left and when Lucas leans, Nathan darts right. He's past Lucas in a FLASH, a straight shot to the basket.

MOUTH (cont'd)

Nathan for the WIN...

He leaps and releases a sweet finger roll that looks true, but before it reaches its apex Lucas PINS IT against the backboard and takes it away. The CROWD GASPS at the play.

MOUTH (cont'd)

Holy crap did you see that? Someday men will write stories about that block. Children will be named after it. Argentinean women will weep for it...

Mouth eyes Edwards who is PLEASED. Lucas pulls up and DRAINS a jumper.

MOUTH (cont'd)

Luke with the jumper and that's as pretty as a blonde on prom night.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARDS

*New dress, hair pinned up, probably
been to the tanning salon...*

Nathan retrieves the ball and walks it to Lucas.

NATHAN

Down by one. Don't choke now.

Lucas responds the best way he can, by pulling up and burying another long jump shot. Mouth flips.

MOUTH

Another dagger and it's all tied up!

EDWARDS

I think I'm gonna puke--

Mouth ignores his partner, making it worse.

MOUTH

*--I say this Jimmy Edwards, Lucas
Scott's stroke is all that was once
pure and true and all that could be
again!*

EDWARDS

Puking here...

The CROWD BUZZES. Nathan retrieves the ball and lingers, hands on hips. His SUPPORTERS calling out encouragement.

TIM

C'mon, Nate. Take him down.

Then, All SOUND fades away. Only Mouth's CALL echoes in the distance. Lucas glances at Peyton.

MOUTH

*This is it folks, no going back now.
Next basket wins...*

Nathan checks the ball. His MOUTH forms WORDS. Then...

NATHAN

Ya know he's never mentioned you.

The SOUND returns. We RACK to Lucas as the words register.

NATHAN (cont'd)

He's never mentioned you. Not once in
all these years.

(CONTINUED)

Nathan grins, in tight to prevent a jumper. Lucas bends low.

LUCAS
This is for my Mom.

Lucas fakes a shot and goes right, then spins left. Nathan blankets him. They pound on each other.

MOUTH
*Lucas works the ball inside, right,
then left, swarmed by Nathan...*

EDWARDS
I can't watch...

Lucas backs Nathan down. They THUMP each other again. And again. Then...

Lucas fakes right and spins left into a FADE AWAY jump shot. Nathan lunges for the block but the shot is away...

MOUTH
LUKE FOR THE WIN...

EDWARDS
AHHHHH....

The shot is a thing of beauty.

MOUTH
It's GOOOOOD!!!

Half of the CROWD leaps for JOY as the other half SLUMPS.

MOUTH (cont'd)
*Lucas Scott takes it 15 - 14 and there
is bedlam and delirium and felicity for
all...*

Skills and the guys rush Lucas and encircle him as Nathan boots the ball, then walks away, passing Peyton who glances at him, but remains. Nathan leaves her and walks off.

Lucas steps from his friends to find Peyton waiting.

PEYTON
So what'd you bet?

LUCAS
I win, Nathan stays on the team.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON

Why?

LUCAS

Because it's the last thing he wants.
(BEAT) And anyway, it's not about him.
It's about me.

In the distance, Nathan watches their exchange.

NATHAN

Peyton.

Peyton eyes Lucas for another BEAT, then starts for Nathan.

LUCAS

I'll be seeing ya.

Peyton slows a bit, glances back, then continues on. We DRIFT from the court and SPY WHITEY in his CAR, covertly watching the game. EZ by PETE YORN trails in.

LUCAS (V.O.) (cont'd)

*There is a tide in the affairs of
men...*

OMIT 71, OMIT 72

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nathan steps into his house to find Dan waiting up.

LUCAS (V.O.)

*...which taken at the flood, leads on
to fortune...*

They scrutinize each other for a MOMENT. Then...

NATHAN

Don't worry, Dad. Your dreams are
still safe.

With that, Nathan turns and skulks toward his room.

LUCAS (V.O.)

*...but omitted, and the voyage of their
life is bound in shallows and in
miseries...*

74 EXT. LUCAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT 74

Lucas returns home to find Karen on the porch steps. She steps to him and PULLS him into an embrace.

75 INT. PEYTON'S BEDROOM CLOSET - NIGHT 75

Peyton enters and sits to her work desk, appearing a bit more vulnerable than we've seen before.

LUCAS (V.O.)

On such a full sea are we now afloat...

76 INT. LUCAS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 76

Lucas now sits in his room, reading his copy of JULIUS CAESAR. Nearby, his COMPUTER SCREEN streams Peyton's WEB CAM. We ANGLE ON IT as Peyton looks up, and for the FIRST TIME, directly into the web cam.

LUCAS (V.O.)

...And we must take the current when it serves...

Lucas turns and watches her, gazes into her eyes, studying her face from the safety of his computer. *He said he'd be seeing her.*

77 INT. TREE HILL HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY 77

The RAVENS warm up under Whitey's watch, the CHEERLEADERS practicing nearby, as Lucas steps into the gym. The SHOOTAROUND STOPS. Lucas scans the GYM, his eyes settling on NATHAN.

LUCAS (V.O.)

...or lose the ventures before us.

They eye each other, Nathan the king in his castle, Lucas at the end of a long journey into a new world. And Peyton between them, physically and otherwise.

Something has to give. In this place called One Tree Hill.

OMIT 78

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW