

BOBBY JEKYLL AND BILLY HYDE

FADE IN:

EXT-BEDFORD HIGH SCHOOL TRACK-DAY

It's track practice at quaint Bedford High School. Several runners are loosening up at the starting line. Among them, our hero, strong popular, your All-American boy with a few flaws to make him interesting - BOBBY JEKYLL

BOBBY JEKYLL

Toe touchers...

The easy way... Bobby Jekyll lifts his foot to his hand and touches his toes without even bending.

Next to him, moving through an elaborate stretching ritual is the preppy, snobby, never a wrinkle in the perfect warm-up suit, takes himself too seriously, the kid you love to hate - HOWARD PORTER.

The hard edged COACH MULLEN blows his whistle and calls out.

COACH MULLEN

Okay, track stars, line 'em up for the 400... Hey, Putkin... what's your problem?

JEFF PUTKIN, a thin bespectacled youth who looks like he belongs in a library rather than on a field of athletics, is watching the cheerleaders, practicing on the adjacent field. He turns his attention back to the coach.

PUTKIN

Coach, my concentration was broken by the sight of the nubile school spirit mongers practicing their rituals on the adjacent field.

COACH MULLEN

Yeah, yeah Putkin. Then go home and smack your whacker, but when you're on my practice field, I want to see a little more effort. You understand me, Putkin?

The track team fights back the laughter. The coach shakes his head in an obvious gesture of surrender.

COACH MULLEN

All right, fleet-foots, let's get it together...

The runners get ready at the line. Bobby Jekyll sidles up next to Porter.

BOBBY JEKYLL

Hey, Howard... I'm gonna take you this time.

HOWARD PORTER

Jekyll, why do you even bother to run? You've never beaten me.

Porter starts into his stance...

BOBBY JEKYLL

Well, good luck, Howard...

Bobby pats Porter's rear.

CLOSE ON BOBBY'S HAND. Using a barely visible one sided razor, he nonchalantly slits the elastic waistband holding up Porter's shorts.

COACH MULLEN

On your mark...

The runners tense up...

COACH MULLEN

... get set...

BANG! The coach fires the gun.

The runners take off. Porter races into the lead, and then it happens... His shorts begin to slip, further and further, finally revealing his jock strap. Howard continues the race, alternately running and comically pulling up his shorts, as...

Bobby races past him, around the track and lunges across the finish line, just ahead of the other runners.

CLICK! COACH MULLEN squeezes the stopwatch and shakes his head.

COACH MULLEN

Hey, Jekyll...

Coughing doubled over from exhaustion, Bobby picks his head up when he realizes the coach is standing above him.

COACH MULLEN

57.6 seconds... Not bad...  
for my Aunt Tillie.

As the coach continues, in the background we see Porter, holding up his shorts, trotting toward the locker room

COACH MULLEN

(to Bobby)  
You're wasting my time. If  
you don't shape up soon,  
Jekyll, you're off the team.

Bobby is shocked. The coach starts to walk away. Bobby follows after him.

BOBBY JEKYL

Hey, coach... next to Porter,  
I'm your best 400 man.

COACH MULLEN

That's the point, Jekyll...  
You should be my best 400  
man. You got the good genes,  
son. You're a thoroughbred.  
Your old man and your  
grandfather, both Olympians.

And you... you're nothin' but  
a screw up. You're just not  
motivated...

(blows his whistle)

Okay track stars, shower up.

Bobby starts to walk away, but the coach calls after  
him.

COACH MULLEN

One more thing, Jekyll...

(Bobby stops)

You got any idea why Porter's  
shorts fell down?

Bobby thinks for a beat.

BOBBY JEKYLL

Excessive weight loss?

Coach Mullen shakes his head in exasperation. As Bobby  
heads toward the locker, he is intercepted by LAURIE,  
his beautiful girlfriend, still in her cheerleading  
practice outfit.

LAURIE

Hi, Bobby...

BOBBY JEKYLL

Hi, Laur...

LAURIE

Your car still over at  
Buddy's?

BOBBY JEKYLL

Yeah, he's letting me use his  
tools to fix it up. I've got  
to get over there one of  
these days.

LAURIE

I guess that means you're  
riding' with me, partner.

EXT-SUBURBAN STREET-DAY

Now in street clothes, Laurie drives Bobby home in her late model compact.

LAURIE

Have you heard from Duke?

BOBBY JEKYLL

I'm not holding my breath.  
Duke won't even look at you  
unless you make it into the  
State finals.

LAURIE

Big time disappointment for  
your dad?

BOBBY JEKYLL

Yeah, at least I'll be  
remembered for something by  
my descendents. Robert  
Jekyll, first in a long line  
of Jekyll men not to run on  
the Duke track team.

Laurie smiles and...

Suddenly, a HONKING HORN from behind disrupts their conversation. Then a SOUPED UP CONVERTIBLE carrying FOUR GRIMY GUYS, including a Neanderthal called OX and a COUPLE OF HARDENED GIRLS, all wearing leather jackets with the gang logo "SLICKERS" emblazoned across the back, zigzags across the road. The Slicker car pulls up along side Laurie's, practically scraping her door. SCAG, the mean spirited Slicker leader, leans out the window and puckers his lips. Then he wiggles his tongue at Laurie, just inches from her face. The Slickers hoot and make lewd gestures.

LAURIE

(angry)

Do you believe these guys!

BOBBY JEKYLL

Yeah, just ignore 'em,  
they'll get tired and go away.

LAURIE

(yelling to Scag)

Lean over a little more and  
I'll turn you into a hood  
ornament, asshole.

BOBBY JEKYLL

That's not quite what I meant  
by ignoring them.

SCAG

(to Laurie)

Hey, momma, come on over... I  
wanna get a better look at  
the scenery.

Scag leans out the window and wiggles his tongue.

LAURIE

(furious)

You wanna better look?

BOBBY JEKYLL

Hey, I think he can probably  
see just fine from there.

Laurie yanks on the wheel. Her car swerves  
precariously close to Scag's.

Suddenly, the sound of a HONKING HORN draws their  
attention.

BOBBY JEKYLL

Oh, shit...

A car is heading straight at the Slickers but Scag  
refuses to steer out of the oncoming traffic lane. In  
fact, he steps on the gas, and...

SLICKER'S POV:

At the last second, the oncoming car swerves off the  
road, and... CLANG... it smashes into a piano being  
unloaded from a delivery truck...

ANGLE ON SLICKERS

They let out a cheer, speed in front of Laurie and  
take off up the road.

EXT-BOBBY JEKYLL'S HOUSE-DAY

Laurie's car pulls up in front of Bobby's house.

INT-LAURIE'S CAR-DAY

Bobby starts to get out. He leans over to kiss her.

BOBBY JEKYLL

Well, thanks for the ride.

LAURIE

Yeah, at least it wasn't boring.

BOBBY JEKYLL

What're you doing tonight?

LAURIE

I'm babysitting for the Wilson's. Feel like coming over?

BOBBY JEKYLL

I don't know... That Wilson kid gets on my nerves and coach is really on my case. I gotta work out.

LAURIE

Good for you... I'll be thinking about you while I'm trying out the Wilson's new hot tub.

BOBBY JEKYLL

The Wilson's got a hot tub?  
(considers for a  
beat)

All right, I'll tell you what. If by some coincidence, my legs happen to carry me past the Wilson house at 8:30, I'll stop in and check it out.

Laurie smiles and pulls away.

INT-GARAGE-JEKYLL HOUSE-DAY

Bobby enters the garage where his FATHER closes the door of his brand new car and stands back to admire it.

MR. JEKYLL

Love that smell.

Bobby sniffs under his arms, then realizes what his father means.

BOBBY JEKYLL

Oh yeah... nothing like the smell of a new car.

MR. JEKYLL

Son, there's only one rule I want you to remember about the use of this car. Don't even think about it. The answer is and always will be no. Any questions?

BOBBY JEKYLL

Yeah, what if the garage is on fire and the only way to save the car is for me to move it.

MR. JEKYLL

I'll take my chances on the fire.

Mr. Jekyll follows Bobby into the house.

MR. JEKYLL

Oh yeah, I've got some good news for you. I've arranged for a recruiter from Duke to come up for the Regionals.

BOBBY JEKYLL

(half-hearted)

Yeah, hey that's great.

INT-DEN-JEKYLL HOUSE-DAY

Bobby, carrying a slice of pie and glass of milk, sits down in the den and digs into his snack. The walls are filled with trophies and clippings highlighting the Jekyll family's illustrious track exploits. The PHONE RINGS, but before Bobby can get to it, he hears his father's voice answering it.

MR. JEKYL (O.S.)

Hello...

(pause to listen)

Yes it is...

(pause to listen)

Sure, coach... what's the problem?

(pause to listen)...

Uh huh...

Bobby hears the magic word "coach" and he quickly deducts that his father is too old to be playing organized sports. This call must be about him.

MR. JEKYL (O.S.)

Well, coach, I appreciate your concern, but lazy is not a word I would ascribe to my boy...

Bobby gives a way to go dad gesture.

MR. JEKYL (O.S.)

...unmotivated,  
undisciplined, unaware...  
maybe...

(pauses to listen).

Bobby winces.

MR. JEKYL (O.S.)

...Coach, I'm proud that my boy can run the second best 400 on the team. By telling me that he should be running the best, you're also telling me that you as a coach are unable to motivate him. Thanks for your interest, but Bobby's a good kid and unless you have some specific

suggestions, I don't really  
see anything I can do to help  
the situation...

(pause to listen)

Right... you too.

BOBBY JEKYLL

(to himself)

All right, dad...

He walks over to the picture wall and studies the framed clippings and awards highlighting his father's illustrious achievements. Bobby's expression changes. He appears touched by the combination of his dad's words and the images before him.

EXT-WILSON HOUSE-NIGHT

Establishing shot of this upper middle class suburban home. We hear the sounds of the hot tub bubbling from inside.

INT-WILSON HOUSE-HOT TUB ROOM-NIGHT

The Wilson boy is asleep. The lighting is romantic and Laurie, wearing a bathing suit, is already in the hot tub, her head and neck visible above the water line. Bobby slips out of his sweats and wearing only his bathing suit...

BOBBY JEKYLL

CANNONBALL!

Bobby tucks in his knees and jumps into the tub, making a huge splash.

LAURIE

(laughing)

Oh, how mature... now shut up  
or you'll wake up the brat.

Suddenly, they hear a young boy's VOICE.

JASON

Laurie... I can't sleep.

Laurie panics. She shoves Bobby's head under the water and pleads with adorable, pajama-clad Jason Wilson to go back to bed.

LAURIE

Jason, go on back to bed now.

Jason strains his neck to catch a glimpse of Laurie's breasts.

JASON

But I'm not tired. Are you naked?

Just beneath the water's surface, Bobby's eyes bulge up at Laurie. He gestures for her to speed up the negotiations, but she shoves him down further.

LAURIE

No I'm not. Now go to your room, close your eyes and pretend you're eating ice cream or something.

Bobby is now tugging on Laurie to make it fast.

JASON

My mother's got a c-cup. It fits over my head.

Bobby is starting to push toward the surface.

LAURIE

Jason! To your room or I'm going to tell the snakes I put in the hallway closet to come out here and bite your toes. I'll count to five...

JASON

(looking around  
nervously)  
There're no snakes out there.

LAURIE

I warned you Jason. Okay, snakes... on three... One... two...

Jason lets out a scream, turns and runs to his room.

JASON

YAAAAAA... Leave me alone,  
snakes... Don't touch me!

Bobby comes up gasping for air.

LAURIE

So there you are! I've been  
looking all over for you.

Bobby and Laurie start out with a little playful splashing which quickly turns to groping, as we cut to...

EXT-SUBURBAN STREET NEAR THE WILSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby jogs through the streets of this well-to-do neighborhood. He takes a deep breath and picks up the pace.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT-STREET ALONG THE RIVER-NIGHT

Bobby continues his night workout. The landscape begins to change. He's now on the seedy side of town where the Slickers own the streets.

EXT-STREET IN RUNDOWN NEIGHBORHOOD-NIGHT

In his exuberance, Bobby has run too far. Wearing Preppy "BEDFORD" High School track sweats, he stands out like a neon sign. A car moves up behind him. It's the Slicker's souped up convertible. Four Slicker men and two women, including Ox, Scag, and SABRINA, his sexy (in a slutty kind of way) girlfriend, are in the car. Bobby hears Scag's voice from behind.

SCAG

Bust this... check out the  
killer duds on the stud here.  
Track team... whoa... That's  
rad, man...