

NO DETOURS
By
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FADE IN

LINDEN, NEW JERSEY - 1980

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK - NIGHT

Thirteen year old CHRIS HANSEN runs from the park. TWO BOYS run in different directions. POLICE OFFICER MASON runs after one of the boys. OFFICER JONES chases Chris.

Chris glances back to measure how close the cop is behind him. Quickly, he changes direction and dashes into the street.

EXT. STREET/OUTSIDE OF PARK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A GARBAGE TRUCK speeds directly into his path.

As Chris runs into the street, he hears the thunder of the truck. To avoid getting hit, he stops short and loses his balance. He falls to the side, but his leg extends into the path of the vehicle.

The truck swerves and misses Chris, but the wheels roll over his extended leg. Chris releases a HELLISH SCREAM.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY - 1958

INT. PETE'S OLD HOUSE/PARLOR - DAY

PETE GRUBS an older man wears a tee shirt and work pants. He puffs on a cigar as he moves to the window. He shoves the nylon curtain to the side and peeks through the Venetian blinds.

EXT. FRONT OF PETE'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Pete's P.O.V.

FAT FRANK, MICHAEL and BOBBY are gathered in a circle. In the center stands eleven year old BERLIN HANSEN. He cries as the other boys taunt him.

INT. PETE'S HOUSE/PARLOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

PETE

Little creeps.

Pete moves to the coffee table and picks up a bottle of beer. He takes a long swig and then SLAMS it onto the table. The bottle CRASHES to the floor. He looks towards the kitchen.

PETE (CONT'D)

Hey woman! Get out here and clean this mess. I'll be right back.

Puffing on his cigar, he heads out to the front porch.

EXT. PETE'S HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

He rushes down the steps and trips, but grabs the banister and prevents a fall.

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The boys FREEZE when they see Pete. Fat Frank's mouth opens wide.

PETE

Leave him alone ya little bastards!

FAT FRANK

Holy cow! It's old man Grubs—let's Get outta here, he's crazy!

Fat Frank and the other boys quickly gather their schoolbooks and run down the street.

Pete's P.O.V.

PETE

(matter of fact)

Well kid, ain't you a pretty sight.

Berlin is on the ground. He wipes his eyes as he stares at Pete. He notices his bleeding hand and covers it with his other hand.

Pete leans in and roughly GRABS the boy by his arm.

PETE

Come on boy, get up!

Pete helps Berlin to his feet.

PETE (CONT'D)

You ain't gonna stop the bleedin'
that way boy. Follow me.

EXT. PETE'S HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Pete starts up the steps—looks back at Berlin, who has not moved.

PETE

Get up here kid. My Mrs. will fix you
Up. I don't bite kid.

Berlin looks at his wound, winches and slowly mounts the steps.

INT. PETE'S HOUSE/PARLOR - DAY

MARTHA GRUBS is heavysset and looks worn out. She cleans the mess Pete made earlier, but notices Berlin's hand.

MARTHA

Good Lord, what's happened to your
hand child?

Taking him gently by the elbow, she guides him out of the room.

Still puffing on his cigar, Pete settles into his chair.

A few minutes later, Martha returns with Berlin. His hand is bandaged. Pete burps, shoots his wife a dirty look and waves her out of the room.

Pete motions for Berlin to sit on the couch.

PETE

What's your name?

BERLIN SPEAKS WITH A STRONG GERMAN ACCENT.

BERLIN

Berlin.

PETE

What's that accent you got boy?

BERLIN

German.

PETE

You come from Germany?

Berlin nods.

Pete burps again and takes a few puffs on his cigar.

PETE (CONT'D)

You don't talk much, do ya kid?

Berlin shrugs and looks down at his bandaged hand.

PETE

You can't fight worth a shit either.
I thought you German's was tougher
than that.

Berlin looks up and gives Pete an indignant look, but forces himself to remain silent.

PETE (CONT'D)

Oh, did I see some spark in your eyes
kid?

Berlin almost smiles.

PETE

You talk English good.

BERLIN

They teach us English in Deutschland.

PETE

Well wise guy, how come yer such a sissy?

Berlin clenches his fists.

BERLIN

I am not a sissy.

PETE

Then why was those punks kickin' your
ass?

BERLIN

My mother said I should not fight.

PETE

Women say stupid things sometimes. They
Don't understand the way the world works.
You got to fight if you plan on surviving
around here.

BERLIN

But—

PETE

But nothin'. You got to learn to be
mean. You need to learn how to fight
dirty and get them first.

Berlin gives Pete a look of acknowledgement.

PETE (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what boy. When your hand
is better, you come over here to see old
Pete. I'll teach you how to take care of
yourself.

Berlin nods in agreement as Pete walks him to the door.

Martha reappears as Pete returns to his chair.

MARTHA

You shouldn't be telling the that child
not to listen to his mother. It's not
right.

Pete moves to her. Martha is intimidated.

PETE

Shut your fat mouth.

He blows a puff of cigar smoke at her, which makes her cough.