

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY

DEAN stands at the edge of the playground in clean, casual clothes. ERIC runs over, face glowing.

ERIC

Dad!

DEAN

Do I know you?

ERIC

Where've you been?

DEAN

Having an adventure. I can't tell you about it right now, but I'll tell you about it soon.

ERIC

Are you and mom getting a divorce?

DEAN

No. We're never getting a divorce. We were having a fight. It happens sometimes.

ERIC

Who won the fight?

DEAN

Men don't win fights with women, son, I'll tell you about that sometime, too. In the meantime, I've got a question for you, and it's incredibly important that you tell me the truth. Under no circumstances will I be angry with you. This is a total Get-Out-Of-Jail-Free card. Ready?

ERIC

Yeah.

DEAN

Did you take anything--anything at all--out of those Christmas bags I brought home last week.

ERIC hangs his head...busted...then shouts to a GROUP OF KIDS on the playground...

ERIC

(shouting)
DYLAAAAN!!

DYLAN comes trotting over, carrying his backpack...

DYLAN

Hey, Mr. D., what's happenin'?

DEAN

Dylan, I was just asking Eric if--

DYLAN

Oh, God, I knew it was stupid, I knew we'd get caught. But the Gameboy was just sitting there. Right on top of the bag. Yes. Yes. We took the GameBoy out of the bag, but with every intention of putting it back.

DEAN

(pause)

You're a tough nut to crack, Dylan.

DYLAN hunts through the backpack as DEAN and ERIC looks on. All kinds of junk flies out--candy, comics, game-cartridges--

DYLAN

It was broken when we found it, I swear. I tried fixing it for you. I even put in new batteries.

(pulling out the GameBoy)

The screen scrambles whenever you boot up. I'd try to get your money back.

DEAN eyes the pieces of the GameBoy, knowing that somewhere in the puzzle of plastic and chips is the key to his problems.