

SCRIPT Beverly Hills 90210, ROLE: 16-18, MALE, DIXON MILLS

HARRY MILLS took a shine to DIXON COOK long before he adopted him. Harry couldn't believe this foster kid was one of the smartest, most determined fifth-graders he'd ever seen. Sure, he had some behavioral problems. He'd get in fights weekly. He'd rarely speak unless asked a direct question. Then, when DIXON got busted for trying to steal a case of milk cartons to take home to his little foster siblings, there was some talk of sending him to an "alternative school" - a notorious place run more like a prison than school. HARRY held a family meeting and made the decision to adopt DIXON. He's been a member of the family for six years. Though DIXON can still have a chip on his shoulder, his fighting/bad-boyisms seems to be a thing of the past, and the way he's opened up is nothing short of miraculous. Though he's scary-smart, he possesses no nerd trappings. He can both intimidate ANNIE's dates and correct their homework...

INT. 1998 HONDA CIVIC - MOVING - DAY

DIXON is driving. ANNIE is in the passenger seat. They're on their way to their first day of school at West Beverly Hills High. ANNIE holds a CD in her hand as she impatiently waits for Eminem's "Kill You" to come to an end. The moment it does, she ejects the disk in the player.

DIXON

Whoa, whoa, whoa. You will lose a hand that way.

ANNIE

Better I live with a stump than keep subjecting myself to this misogynistic assault.

DIXON

You're not subjecting yourself to a misogynistic assault. I am. Give a brother some credit.

ANNIE

In any case, your three songs are up.

ANNIE slides her disk into the player. DIXON frowns.

DIXON

So that's how we're playing it? We eject a keen social satirist, so we can listen to someone with bangs

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DIXON (cont'd)  
strum an acoustic guitar and sing  
about the pain of isolation?

ANNIE  
If we're lucky, there might even be  
a song or two about the  
environment.

DIXON crosses both sets of fingers in an ironic gesture.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
(Dad voice)  
Hands on the wheel, son. Ten  
o'clock; two o'clock.

DIXON  
You look at the elective list Dad  
left on the table?

ANNIE  
Yeah!

DIXON  
(Mind-blown)  
Japanese? Art History? Film  
Studies?

ANNIE  
And, yet... No future farmers.

DIXON  
You think if I wear a sweater tied  
around my neck, anyone'll notice  
I'm black?

ANNIE  
Don't look at me for sympathy. You  
think it was fun for me back at  
Lincoln trying to land a part in A  
Raisin in the Sun?

DIXON  
(In his own world)  
Maybe I'll be like... forbidden  
fruit.

ANNIE  
You mean... to the ladies? That's  
your real concern, isn't it? "Will  
the girls of Beverly Hills give it  
up to the ebony prince."

DIXON

You think I'm gonna feel bad about that? That's like items one, two and three on my priority list. Everything else'll take care of itself.

ANNIE

(Sarcastic)

Gee, I hope my wide-eyed Midwestern naive gets these California boys hot and bothered.

DIXON

See, now that just sounds slutty.