

The Projector

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Spotlight on Student Screenwriting



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From the Founding Editor:

The screenplays featured in the spring 2009 issue of *The Projector* have been selected for publication in a peer review process that accords with our current editorial policies. Publishing notable screenplays by promising authors and filmmakers has long been part of *The Projector*'s mission; the screenplays in this issue represent another step in that process and thus warrant special consideration. People who are interested in producing any of the material should consult *The Projector*'s homepage.

Cynthia Baron

Editor's Introduction: Spotlight on Screenwriting

The first screenplay, *Life's Too Short*, by Jeff Loehrke, is a small-scale drama. Set in a suburban community, it follows several consequential days in the life of young Benny O'Brien. Loehrke establishes Benny as a hard-working young man, sacrificing the prime of his life to support himself and his young brother. Their father has left the family several years prior and their mother has descended into a prescribed stupor, lashing out at her sons whenever she perceives either has crossed her. Benny's escape is his girlfriend Cierra, who he wants to marry. There is a parallel story with Officer Willow Green, a young policewoman whose actions to save her niece in a hostage situation have resulted in her partner's injury and her own suspension. We follow Willow's story as she attempts to deal with the repercussions of her actions. With help from her parents and boyfriend, Willow begins to regain her sense of purpose just as a series of events in Benny's life send him careening in the opposite direction. Their ultimate coincidental meeting is a cataclysm of violence and emotion that binds the separate strands of the story together.

The second contribution comes from writer Melissa Faybik. Her screenplay, *The Last Time*, is the story of a tender, humorous, fractious relationship between two college students, Eric and Lydia. The screenplay opens with Eric snorting lines of cocaine while Lydia cries quietly on the bed beside him. Faybik then whips the story back a year, depicting the "meet cute" between Eric and Lydia. We see their relationship develop from acquaintance to deep friendship. They become inseparable and by summer their relationship has turned physical. At the same time, Eric's partying with friends begins to wander down a dangerous path and, soon after they become a couple, he begins to use cocaine. They decide to keep their relationship a "summer fling," and drift away when classes come back into session. A few encounters during the fall reveal that Eric's experimentation with cocaine has become a habit; Lydia's efforts to reconnect with Eric and pull him away from drugs lead us back to the opening scene and the story's anguished finale.

Brittany Crisp delivers the final piece in this issue. Her screenplay *Snapped!* is a complex and satisfying high school melodrama. The central characters are the Oakley teenagers, Sophia and her brother Wes. Sophia has a history of explosive anger, which she directs at those closest to her over the course of the story. Wes finds himself trying to navigate his way through the affections of his sister's friend and his own feelings towards

a girl who is already in a long-term relationship. Surrounding the Oakley teens are a bevy of strongly sketched supporting characters, each with their own needs and desires. The screenplay uses the familiar trappings of adolescent melodrama to touch on issues of class, homophobia, and violence. The final sequence revolving around the homecoming dance and its aftermath brings all these disparate characters, stories, and themes together.

Alex Bean



Life's Too Short

By Jeff Loehrke

FADE IN

EXT. MIKE'S QUICK-N-GO PARKING LOT - FRIDAY MORNING

A beat-up 1985 Celebrity Oldsmobile pulls into the parking lot with a nasty ROAR from the muffler, parks. BENNY O'BREIN, a tall clean-cut athletic young man in his early twenties, steps out of the car. He wears the required uniform for a sales clerk: black slacks and a dark-green polo shirt. His name tag dangles from his chest. He walks to the store carrying a white T-shirt...

INT. MIKE'S QUICK-N-GO CONTINUOUS.

He sees co-worker KEVIN SCHAEFFER, a short scruffy athletic young man who is also in his early twenties. He is behind the counter. He wears the same uniform. He leans on the counter with his hands under his chin and elbows. The store is brightly lit, with aisles filled with junk food products and other miscellaneous items. There is candy in front of the counter. Behind the counter, there are tobacco products and cigarettes. The tiled floor is marked with tar footprints and stained with gum.

Benny walks behind the counter.

KEVIN

I hate coming in on Friday's man.

BENNY

You already did a cash count?

KEVIN

(Unenthusiastically)

Yep.

Benny puts his extra shirt behind the counter. He begins to check on cigarettes, lottery tickets, etc.

KEVIN

Why does Mike want two clerks on a Friday morning?

BENNY

To keep the other one company.

Kevin CHUCKLES.

Benny's counting routine comes to where Kevin is standing. Kevin doesn't move.

BENNY

Heads up man.

KEVIN

Dude, I've already did the morning inventory so give it a rest.

BENNY

What, you get a little flustered

when I'm next to you?

Benny rubs his hand on Kevin's hamstring. Kevin SNAPS from his position upright with alertness. He pushes Benny's hand away.

KEVIN
Uncalled for man!

Kevin walks away to the other side of the counter. Benny LAUGHS and continues the inventory check.

He notices the .38 Caliber handgun taped underneath the counter. He stares at it.

KEVIN
Seriously man, didn't you hear me?
Stop it, you're starting to act like
Quincy. I hate Quincy.

Benny checks the door to see if a customer is coming and turns to face Kevin.

BENNY
Have you ever thought on why we
really need this?

Benny points to gun.

KEVIN
To protect us for the 'what if'
happens. Come on you know that.

Kevin walks towards Benny, passes him, reaches over the counter to grab a candy bar.

BENNY
This is a quiet suburb compared to
other neighborhoods in the city. You
honestly think something like that will
happen?

Kevin opens the candy bar, starts to eat, CHEWS with his mouth open.

KEVIN
(Mouth full)
What are you afraid of man?

BENNY

It makes me uncomfortable. I mean,
our average customers are old people,
mothers, and little kids. I just don't
see the need.

Kevin throws the wrapper on the ground.

KEVIN

(Mouth full)

I'm used to it. My dad has guns that we hunt
with. Shooting a 30-06 Caliber single-barrel
rifle is something powerful. That .38 (swallows)
is nothing, but still does the job.

Benny is quiet, turns his attention to the front door,
putting his hands in his pockets.

KEVIN (CONT.)

So how's your mom?

Benny stays quiet, doesn't look at Kevin.

KEVIN (CONT.)

Hey man. Did you hear me?

Kevin stands next to Benny.

KEVIN (CONT.)

Something bad happen again?

BENNY

No. My mind is elsewhere.

KEVIN

I'm here if you wanna talk.

Benny faces him with a grin.

BENNY

I got it.

KEVIN

Got what?

BENNY

(Disappointed)
The thing I've been debating about
the past couple of weeks stupid.

He pulls a small black box out of his pocket.

KEVIN
(Surprised)
Oh, now I remember. My bad man.

Kevin takes the box and opens it to see a diamond
engagement ring.

KEVIN (CONT.)
How much was it?

BENNY
Plenty.

Benny reaches over, grabs the box away from him.

KEVIN
Does she know?

Benny shakes his head. Kevin moves back down to the far
side of the counter to light up a cigarette.

KEVIN (CONT.)
You plan on taking her out to eat or something?

BENNY
I don't know if I still want to ask
her yet. I just bought this to make the
idea seem more real to me.

Benny studies the ring.

KEVIN
(Laughs)
The idea seem more real. (Clears throat)
Why...are you having second thoughts?
I mean I honestly can't see why, she's
really hot. I'm surprised that she's
dating you to be honest.

BENNY

Same here. I guess her guys in the past weren't her type or that she's rebelling to her parents.

KEVIN

She could just like you for you. I mean it's a thought.

Benny closes the box.

BENNY

She means the world to me man. Every time that I'm with her all my worries at home, you know...all the shit with my mom and dad, they're not there anymore.

He shakes his head. He puts the small box back in his pocket.

BENNY (CONT.)

Seems like she's not into the relationship as much as I am. Sort of acting different than we were at the beginning.

Kevin takes a hit from his cigarette. He kicks an empty soda can on the floor. The can hits a stack of packed cigarettes behind the counter.

KEVIN

People change man, especially girls. Fact of life. Better get used to it.

BENNY

(Gives dirty look.)
Just forget what I said.

KEVIN

Hey, hey I didn't mean it like that man.

He puts out the cigarette.

KEVIN (CONT.)

I've got an idea. My cousin, you know the musician who plays the piano?

Benny stands motionless.

KEVIN (CONT.)

He's been on T.V.! Listen to the radio at all?

BENNY

Yeah but not classic piano shit. What are you trying to get at?

KEVIN

First of all, its not classic piano shit. It's pretty good and you should at least listen to it first then to judge my cousin like that.

BENNY

Alright, sorry. Go on.

KEVIN

He's on tour this year and he's coming here this weekend. Maybe you should take Cierra to that, and maybe ask her the big question there. I could hook you up with some tickets. I bet she'll like that.

RING RING. An elderly woman wearing a jogging suit walks through the door. She proceeds to an aisle at the back of the store.

BENNY

I don't know. I have to work at my other job this weekend and I close too. I'll think about it though. Thanks.

KEVIN

No problem, just let me know. Heck I have to work tomorrow night anyway so I'll just give you my free pair.

The elderly woman sets a quart of milk on the counter. Benny checks the item into the cashier.

BENNY

That'll be \$1.09 ma'am.

Benny and the elderly woman exchange money. The lady leaves with her milk as the bell CHIMES her exit.

BENNY

See? Old people. No need for a gun.

KEVIN

Dude, give it a rest.

INT. O'BRIEN HOUSEHOLD - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Benny enters the side door, which leads to the kitchen. The television is HEARD in the living room.

KITCHEN

The tiny kitchen only has a rusty stove and a mini refrigerator. The counters are piled with boxes, newspapers, wrappers, envelopes, etc. The sink is full of dirty dishes. There is a small two-person table with three chairs around it and a pile of unopened mail. Benny throws his dark-green uniform shirt on the back seat of the kitchen chair. He goes into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

The small living room, the biggest room in the whole house, is lit with only one light. There's a small tattered couch, wooden coffee table, and two wooden rocking chairs. The TV remote, left over food, empty glasses, and newspapers cover the coffee table. The twenty-inch television set is the most attractive item in the room. The carpet is stained everywhere. The walls are bare except for three picture frames, one of Benny, one of his younger six-year-old brother, JONAH, and a family photograph.

His mother, CONNIE O'BRIEN, a thin, frail woman in her early forties, is asleep on the couch. She's wearing sweat

pants that are twice her size and a very small T-shirt. Her hair is mangled.

Benny stops and switches the TV off. He turns to look at his mother.

BENNY

Mom?

Connie doesn't move. Benny leaves the room.

BENNY'S BEDROOM

He walks into his room and goes straight to his closet. The tiny room has a twin sized bed, dresser, closet, and art table. Most of the light comes through a window. Benny grabs his red-polo uniform shirt for his other job, a cook at a local pizza store. He changes his white T-shirt for a black one, and heads out of the room.

LIVING ROOM

Benny walks to his mother.

BENNY

Hey mom, I just want to let you know that...

Connie shuffles over to have her back turned to him, and pretends to sleep. Benny shakes his head, heads for the kitchen.

KITCHEN

He walks to the cupboard where the family puts all of their snacks. There's a note taped to the cupboard door.

BENNY

(Reading)

Benny, make sure you get my prescription at the pharmacy.

He opens the cupboard door, grabs a snackbar, and heads for the door. He grabs his cell phone out of his pocket. He punches in his girlfriend's phone number, CIERRA, a college graduate student. He presses the send button.

EXT. O'BRIEN HOUSEHOLD – CONTINUOUS

Benny walks down the steps to his car parked in the street.

BENNY
(On the phone)
Hey hun.

BENNY POV

CIERRA
(On the phone)
Hey hun, what's up?

BENNY
Just off to be a cook again. What
are you doing?

CIERRA
Sitting at home, watching
TV. Taking a break I guess.

BENNY
How's the books treating you?

CIERRA
Not too bad. My finals aren't
until next week, but...yeah not too
bad.

Benny gets to his car.

BENNY
I see. Well I was wondering if you
had time for me to stop over and
maybe help you out with some
stuff. That's if I get off early.

Benny gets in the front seat and starts his car.

CIERRA
Awe, that's really sweet of you
hun, but...I don't know. I mean
you'll be really tired-

BENNY
I could spend the night.

CIERRA

True, but...I guess...

BENNY

You okay? What's the matter?

CIERRA

Nothing. I guess it's just that I probably won't get anything done with you here. If you know what I mean.

Benny laughs, he pulls out of his parking spot and drives off.

BENNY

I catch you're drift. And you're right, we won't get much done at all. Studying that is.

CIERRA

(Laughs)

At least you know it too.

BENNY

Okay. You convinced me. I'll just hook up with you sometime tomorrow perhaps?

CIERRA

Um, yeah I think that should be okay. I shouldn't have anything going on during this weekend.

BENNY

You know what? I got a surprise for you.

CIERRA

Oh you really don't have to do that.

BENNY

Hey, I wanted too. Besides, I think you're going to like it. A lot.

CIERRA
(Unenthusiastically)
Yeah! Can't wait.

BENNY
Cheer up hun, it's not that
bad...Okay I'll let you go. Don't
work too hard tonight.

CIERRA
Same to you hun. Take care.

BENNY
I love you.

CIERRA
I miss you too.

Cierra hangs up. Benny's still on the phone.

BENNY
No hun, I didn't say that, I
said...I...Hello?

Benny pulls back his phone to see that the call had ended.

INT. CIERRA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The large bedroom contains a queen-sized bed, a large dresser, a make up desk with a large mirror, a computer stand with a computer. The room is brightly lit. The walls are covered in photos of friends and family, and posters and college memorabilia. The ceiling fan BUZZES keeping the air cool. The room leads to a private bathroom with a shower.

Cierra, a blond haired, brown eyed girl who has an athletic body, puts her phone on her nightstand. The shower runs continuously throughout. She rubs her temples as she sits on her bed. The blankets and sheets are ruffled and entwined with each other. Cierra's bed pillows are tossed all over the floor.

Only her white blouse and panties on, she gets up and walks

towards her closet, stepping over a man's clothing. Her closet is filled with clothing, all in color-coded combination. She grabs a pair of jeans, puts them on, changes her blouse, revealing her black bra.

She walks to her mirror. She grabs a hair tie, puts her hair in a ponytail. She takes her book bag and heads for the bedroom door. She halts, comes back to her make up desk and pulls out a notepad. She SCRIBBLES down a note, the shower STOPS. She quickly leaves the note on the desk and leaves the room.

The bedroom/bathroom door opens.

ANGLE ON THE NOTE

NOTE

"Make sure you go out the back door when you leave. I'm off to the library. I'll see you tom. night. Cierra".

EXT. CIERRA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cierra walks to her car, a baby blue thunderbird, and gets in. She pulls out of the drive way, her cell phone rings.

Cierra's POV

CIERRA

Hey I'm just now leaving.

FRIEND

You're just now leaving?! You said you'd be here already.

Cierra drives down the road.

CIERRA

I know what I said but I was a little busy this morning.

FRIEND

Really Cierra, again? How long is this charade going to last?

CIERRA

Don't call it that.

FRIEND

What else should I call it? Is he still at your house?

CIERRA

Yea.

FRIEND

Girl, sometimes I wish you would get caught, just once!

CIERRA

I can't help it ok? It just happened one night and, well, I'm just going through a lot alright.

FRIEND

You need to end it. Or at least one of them. Benny's a nice guy I don't-

CIERRA

Yes I know he is, he's great. It's just-

FRIEND

What? Just what?

CIERRA

He seems more into his mom all the time, not like that but you know what I mean. All the time he just wines and complains that she doesn't love him. I find myself that I say I love him at least twice a day just for so he could stop.

FRIEND

Do you?

Cierra halts at a stop light.

CIERRA

Do I what?

FRIEND

Girl don't you dare play blond with me, you know exactly what.

CIERRA

Why are we talking about this anyway?

FRIEND

Because you need to and to stop using these poor boys feelings.

CIERRA

(Beat)

Oh God.

Cierra puts her hand on her forehead.

FRIEND

What'd you do, spot another piece of meat off the sidewalk?

CIERRA

I'm a slut.

Cierra begins to sniffle, small tears surround her eyes.

FRIEND

Hun, you're not a slut, you're-here, just get your skinny butt over here quick and after we work on our project, we'll go out for some food and we'll talk, just us girls. Ok?

The light turns green, Cierra drives ahead, wiping her eyes.

CIERRA

Ok. I'll be over less than five minutes.

Cierra turns off her phone and rests her head on the back of the head cushion.

INT. POLICE STATION. LIEUTENANTS OFFICE - FRIDAY EVENING

WILLOW GREEN, a black haired policewoman with fair skin, sits in an uncomfortable chair, waiting. In front of her is a large wooden desk with a computer, calculator, clock, pens, a small lamp, folders, a wide spread calendar, etc. The bronze nameplate has the name LT. EDWARD CARNAHEE engraved.

Behind the desk are a row of file cabinets that are stacked five high and spread five across. The walls are covered with picture frames of the Lieutenants accomplishments and snapshots with city officials.

The room is brightly lit, which accentuates the gray colors surrounding the office. The door to the office CREAKS open and is quickly shut with a SLAM. A tall, lanky gray haired man, walks to his desk and sits down, not looking at Greene. He's clean shaven, but his wrinkles express his old age.

LT. CARNAHEE

Okay Miss Greene, I have here the report, would you mind explaining yourself?

Carnahee doesn't look up, but instead he busies himself with the police report.

WILLOW

Sir...I had a hunch that the assailant wasn't going to harm the...

LT. CARNAHEE

You had a hunch.

WILLOW

Yes sir. I thought that-

LT. CARNAHEE

Let me tell you what a hunch is. A hunch is where you think by the age of sixty plus, you wouldn't have kids anymore after having sex with your wife, which isn't the same might I add, especially when you're lucky enough to get it once every

two months. But no, you're sitting there in the labor room watching your wife punch out another kid while your standing there holding your prostate with your hand, wondering how the hell you're going to be able to take care of this child.

He looks straight into her eyes.

LT. CARNAHEE (CONT.)
That's a hunch. Wouldn't you agree?

WILLOW
Y-yes.

A Police Officer KNOCKS on the window that separates Carnahee's room and the hallway. He shows Carnahee the folder in his hand. Carnahee shakes his head, the officer leaves.

LT. CARNAHEE
So, from what you're telling me Greene, that your, what was it, hunch...almost caused a death in our police force.

Willow turns to look at the floor.

WILLOW
(Barely audible)
Yes.

Carnahee exhales, stands up and walks towards the window.

WILLOW
Sir, the assailant had the little girl at gun point. I...acted on my instincts because...

She looks up at him.

WILLOW (CONT.)
The little girl is my niece.

LT. CARNAHEE

Niece or not Miss Greene, your partner was seriously wounded because of your actions. He might be paralyzed for the rest of his life. Does that mean anything to you?

WILLOW

Of course it-

LT. CARNAHEE

I'm not so sure it does. Your file here tells me that this is the third time that your behavior has put another fellow officer's life in jeopardy. The third time!

WILLOW

Sir, those other two were not my-

LT. CARNAHEE

I don't care if it was your fault or the blessed Virgin Mary's. You are doing more harm to my force than the ones that should be Greene!

Willow turns to look away. She starts to tear. Carnahee sits back in his chair.

LT. CARNAHEE (CONT.)

Why'd you join the force?

WILLOW

(Wiping tears)

Because...I wanted to-

LT. CARNAHEE

Nevermind. Turn in your badge and your piece.

Willow sits there in shock. She stands up, puts her badge and firearm on the desk in front of the Lt. She turns quickly for the door.

LT. CARNAHEE (CONT.)

You do have heart kid. I'll give

yea that. That's why you're only
suspended. You'll be notified when
it's over.

Willow exits without facing him. The door SLAMS. Carnahee takes Willow's badge, firearm and folder, places them in one of his file cabinets. The male police officer knocks on the window again. Carnahee motions him in.

INT. O'BRIEN HOUSEHOLD. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The side door to the kitchen CREEKS open, Benny walks through the door and closes behind him. The room is dark, Benny throws his work shirt on the kitchen chair.

JONAH

Benny!

Benny is startled; he quickly turns on the kitchen lights. His little brother JONAH is at the table eating a bowl of cereal. Five to six years old, his brown hair is combed over and is half the height of Benny.

Jonah sees Benny at the door. He drops his spoon, it BANGS as it hits the table. He sprints to Benny, wrapping his short arms around his legs. He squeezes tight.

BENNY

Whoa there buddy. Easy now.

JONAH

I miss you.

Jonah lets go of Benny's legs.

BENNY

I missed you too. What are you
doing up? You should be in bed.

JONAH

I wanted cereal.

Jonah walks back to the table. He climbs up on the chair and stand. He leans over the table, picks up his spoon and continues to eat.

BENNY

Jonah, it's hard enough to buy food

as it is and you're eating cereal
at this hour-

JONAH
Don't tell mom!

BENNY
No I won't tell mom but Jonah, you
have to understand, we just can't
afford- (sighs)

Jonah continues to eat, Benny walks towards the table.

BENNY
Where is mom? She sleeping?

JONAH
(Nodding head)
Yea, on the couch.

Benny grabs the cereal box, looks through the doorframe to see their mother on the couch. He turns back to Jonah and kneels beside him.

BENNY
Then we should talk quietly so we
don't get caught.

JONAH
(Whispers)
Yeah.

Benny stands up and joins Jonah at the table. He takes the other seat and eats the cereal out of the box. Jonah grabs his cereal bowl with two hands, begins to drink the leftover milk while standing.

BENNY
Be careful. Don't spill.

Jonah continues. Benny sets the cereal box on the table and goes through his pockets. He pulls out his keys, wallet, and the black box and sets all three on the table.

BANG. Jonah drops the cereal bowl on the table. Jonah's right hand quickly covers his mouth.

BENNY

Jonah!

The two freeze, they look at each other. Jonah turns around and looks to the living room. Connie doesn't move. Jonah turns back to look at his brother.

Benny brakes the moment with a grin. Jonah follows suit and begins to giggle.

JONAH

Close one!

BENNY

Shhhhhhh!

Jonah grabs his spoon and cereal bowl. He begins to take them to the sink.

BENNY

No, no, I'll take care of it.

Benny meets him, takes the dishes and heads to the sink. Jonah turns back to the table and sees the black box. He picks it up. Benny lays the dishes in the sink, comes back to the table and sees his brother with the box.

BENNY

Be careful with that Jonah.

JONAH

What is it?

Benny sits on the kitchen chair. Jonah walks to him with the box in his hands. Benny picks him up, sets him on his lap, and wraps his arms around him to get the box.

BENNY

It's a black box that Benny got.

JONAH

Why?

BENNY

Because he really wanted too and it's very expensive.

JONAH

Why?

BENNY

Because Benny got this so he could give it to someone that he really, really cares about.

JONAH

Why?

BENNY

Good question. I guess it's a symbol, or a physical sign-

JONAH

Open it!

BENNY

What do you say?

JONAH

Please.

Benny opens the box revealing the engagement ring.

JONAH (CONT.)

A ring!

BENNY

Yep. A ring.

JONAH

I get one?

BENNY

(Chuckles)

This ring is not for you. However, there are rings out there that are better than this one right here.

JONAH

Really?

BENNY

Oh yeah. There are plastic rings about this big. Your brother Benny will definitely get you one.

JONAH

Cool!

Jonah places his head on Benny's chest.

BENNY

But you have to promise me something Jonah.

Jonah looks up from Benny's chest.

BENNY (CONT.)

You can't tell mom about this. This is our little secret. You and I are partners on this one. Just like you and your cereal. You understand?

Jonah shakes his head up and down. Benny closes the black box and puts it on the table.

JONAH

Benny?

BENNY

Yeah?

JONAH

Is daddy coming home?

Benny looks away from Jonah. A moment passes. He looks at him.

BENNY

Why you ask?

JONAH

Mommy talks about him all the time.

Benny begins to rub Jonah's hair softly.

BENNY

Yeah. She does, doesn't she? Did mom say something mean again about dad today?

JONAH

Uh-huh.

BENNY
What did she say?

JONAH
He's not coming home. Why did he
leave?

Benny looks to the living room. He sees his mother still
sleeping.

BENNY
I don't know, Jonah. But I'm sure
that everything will work out. And
come on-

Benny pulls Jonah from his chest, sits him up facing him.

BENNY (CONT.)
-you have me here. I promise you
that I will never leave like Dad
did. Ok? I promise.

Jonah slowly nods his head and closes his eyes.

BENNY (CONT.)
Let's get you to bed.

Benny gets up and carries Jonah. He turns off the kitchen
light, walks to the living room.

ANGLE ON THE KITCHEN TABLE

O.S. Benny closes Jonah's door. He walks quietly through
the living room to his bedroom. He closes his door gently,
CLICK.

The black box is left on the kitchen table.

INT. RESTAURANT - FRIDAY NIGHT

The restaurant is dimly lit that contains all the necessary
furnishings of a sit down restaurant. The bar behind the
counter showcases a wide variety of alcohol. Willow walks
into the restaurant where she's greeted by the host, a
young frail boy that is in his teens.

HOST

I'm sorry, we closed five minutes ago and I was just about to lock the door.

DAVID (O.S.)

She's allowed after hours!

The boy turns around to look back at the kitchen doors. He turns to see Willow.

HOST

I'm sorry, I guess you can sit wherever you want then.

DAVID (O.S.)

You be nice to her!

WILLOW

(To Host)

It's ok. You new?

HOST

(Nodding)

Second day.

Willow nods her head and smiles, she walks to the front counter and sits down on a bar stool.

BANG, from the kitchen doors walks out David, a man who is in his early thirties who is tall and fit. His facial hair is clean cut and his brown wavy hair is covered in a hair net. His white apron is stained with all sorts of juices and sauces from the kitchen. He walks in front of Willow.

DAVID

So what'll it be tonight babe?

WILLOW

Shot of Jack.

DAVID

Whoa, starting strong with nothing to eat, eh? That can't be good.

Willow sits and looks up to watch the TV.

DAVID (CONT.)

Ok then, shot of Jack it is.

David turns around and fixes her drink.

DAVID (CONT.)
You're going to love this. Today,
like around six, this mother comes
in with her four children.

David turns around and places the shot in front of Willow.

DAVID (CONT.)
Now all of her kids are like
between five and ten I'd say, but
anyways-

Willow takes the drink, and holds out the glass for another round. David stops for a moment and then turns back to grab the bottle.

DAVID (CONT.)
So anyways, one of the kids orders
the fish dinner with garlic
bread. He eats the whole thing,
every bite.

He pours Willow another shot.

DAVID (CONT.)
Right before they get up to pay the
check, the kid barfs up his whole
dinner everywhere.

Willow takes the shot as David chuckles.

DAVID (CONT.)
Here we find out that the kid was
allergic to garlic. And here's the
kicker, the mother refused to clean
up the puke because we put garlic
bread with the fish, even when it
says it comes with it on the
menu! Total bull shit huh?

Willow smiles and again, juts out her shot glass. David pours her another one.

DAVID (CONT.)
Guess who had the privilege to
clean all that shit up?

WILLOW
Could you just leave the bottle?

She takes the shot in one swift gulp.

DAVID
You alright?

WILLOW
Yeah, I just feel like taking it
easy tonight.

DAVID
Well it looks like your doing the
exact opposite of that.

WILLOW
Just leave the bottle ok? Please?

David studies Willow, and then leaves the bottle on the
counter. He takes his apron and wipes his hands, Willow
pours another shot.

DAVID
You hungry? The kitchen is still
open if you want anything to eat,
which I recommend so you'll be fit
to drive.

WILLOW
No, thank you.

Willow turns her attention to the TV.

DAVID
Well I've been making nachos for
myself and I think they're about
done, so you're going to have some
whether you like it or not. For I
am the master chef and you will do
what the master chef commands. For
example, hey sasquatch!

The Host pops up from the counter with a rag and a cleaning bottle.

DAVID (CONT.)

Stop what you're doing and go home now before I change my mind.

HOST

Shazam!

The Host puts the rag and bottle on the counter and runs to the back of the building. David points to Willow and gives her a look, she smiles.

David goes back through the kitchen doors. Willow takes a few gulps of Jack straight from the bottle. David walks back out with a platter full of chips, melted cheese and a plethora of food toppings.

DAVID

Smell that? Smells good huh?

He sets the food in front of Willow. She obliges and takes a chip.

DAVID (CONT.)

Do you need any salsa?

WILLOW

I don't care.

David reaches behind the counter and picks up a can of salsa, pours some into a little dish and sets it on the counter. He turns around and opens a mini-fridge containing bottles of beer. He grabs one and walks around to sit next to Willow.

He opens the bottle of beer.

DAVID

So did something happen today that's got you all depressed?

WILLOW

(Barely audible)
Something like that.

DAVID
You wanna talk about it?

WILLOW
(Shakes her head)
You'll find out tomorrow if you
watch the news.

The two continue to eat the nachos throughout.

DAVID
The news huh? I have to hear it
from them and not from my girl?

WILLOW
I'm not your girl. You tend to
forget that we're just seeing each
other.

DAVID
(Laughs)
Seeing each other. That's so
Junior High.

Willow looks at him sternly, David stops laughing.

DAVID (CONT.)
(Clears throat)
Sorry. So what do you wanna do
after this? It's not too late, we
could probably go downtown for a
few rounds. I'll buy this time.

WILLOW
Why, we have alcohol here.

DAVID
Well no shit, however, we're closed
hence no social atmosphere. We
also don't have a pool table so
there.

Willow smirks as she shakes her head.

WILLOW
I'd rather just sit here and not do
anything. I've had a long day.

DAVID

You sure?

WILLOW

Yeah.

She takes another shot.

DAVID

Ok. Just be careful with Mr. Daniels. Last time you and him had a fun time with the toilet afterwards.

WILLOW

(Sarcastically)

That sure was, thanks for bringing it up.

DAVID

Not a problem ma'am.

The two finish eating the nachos, David drains the rest of his beer.

DAVID

Willow, I've been thinking lately, I mean seriously, what else do I do when I'm in the kitchen? That's not the point, anyways, I was thinking about what you said to me when we first met.

Willow pours another shot.

DAVID (CONT.)

You said that you want to take it really slow, which I totally respect, and that your past male companions were rough on the edges.

WILLOW

You had nothing else better to think about?

DAVID

I got tired of thinking about my fantasies of you being, well those

are for only me to know.

WILLOW

God, you're sick.

DAVID

What I'm trying to say is, that we've been seeing each other for almost four months now, and I just want to say that whatever it is that you're not telling me about yourself that you think I'm going to leave you if I find out or whatever crazy idea like that, I won't. No matter how bad you think it is.

Willow looks at David.

DAVID (CONT.)

For I'm a real man.

He puts his fists onto his hips jutting out his chest, striking a pose. Willow smiles.

WILLOW

That's really sweet David, it's just-I'm not ready yet. When I will be, you will know. If you can't wait-

DAVID

Nonsense! I can wait forever! Just don't tell me when I'm on my deathbed for that would just suck.

Willow smiles. They both lean in and kiss.

WILLOW

You're cute.

DAVID

Please, all compliments to my mother, she did all this.

David waves his hand in front of his face. They smile.

INT. O'BRIEN HOUSEHOLD. KITCHEN - SATURDAY MORNING

Connie is at the kitchen counter pouring a glass of orange juice. She's dressed in pajamas with a night robe, her long black hair greasy. She picks up the last chocolate donut from the box, slowly walks to the kitchen table and sits down.

Benny comes in dressed for work at the convenient store. He goes to the counter and sees the empty donut box.

BENNY

You ate the last one?

Connie continues eating. Benny walks to the cupboard and pulls out a box of cereal. He grabs a bowl and pours the cereal. It doesn't fill half of the bowl.

BENNY (CONT.)

We're out of cereal.

Connie looks at him.

CONNIE

Did you get my medicine like I asked you too?

Benny throws the empty donut and cereal boxes in the trash.

BENNY

I, I couldn't. They weren't open when I got off work.

CONNIE

Don't you lie to me, boy.

BENNY

I'm not lying.

CONNIE

I asked you to get me my medicine so I could have it for today!

BENNY

I'm sorry ok!

CONNIE

No, sorry doesn't matter! If you

were sorry, you wouldn't have done it in the first place!

BENNY

It's not like I'm lying around the house and do nothing all day!

CONNIE

One thing! You can't do one thing for your mother! You're just like you dad!

BENNY

Why do you always have to bring dad in? I'm not like him at all.

CONNIE

Oh yes you are, you are a pathetic excuse of a man just like he was.

BENNY

Pathetic? How can you say that when I'm working two jobs and providing you with my hard earned money!

Connie stands up abruptly. She pulls out of her robe pocket the black box and SLAMS it on the table.

CONNIE

Really? You're providing money for me? How do you explain this then Ben?

Benny's eyes widen.

CONNIE (CONT.)

Who the hell do you think you are?! Thinking about marrying that slut for a girlfriend?

BENNY

She's not a slut!

CONNIE

Oh yes she is. She's out there spreading her disease and filth to

everyone-

JONAH (O.S.)

Mommy!

CONNIE

Shut up, Jonah!

BENNY

Hey, don't you talk to him like that!

Benny walks towards the kitchen door. Connie grabs the black box.

CONNIE

Wasting your-my money on a worthless, stupid idea of you getting married. And leaving us-

Connie walks towards the sink.

BENNY

What the hell are you doing?

CONNIE

Teaching you a lesson, what the fuck does it look like.

She opens the box over the sink drain.

BENNY

No!

Benny sprints to her. He catches her hand, the two struggle.

CONNIE

Let go!

BENNY

It's my ring! I paid for it!

CONNIE

I said let go of me!

The black box slips out of both of their grips, lands in the sink. The ring trickles out, CLINK, CLINK. Benny quickly grabs it, just before it falls down the drain. Connie starts to hit Benny on the back and arms.

CONNIE (CONT.)

You stupid asshole. Wasting your money on a ring, and you can't even remember to buy me my medication.

BENNY

You done yet?

Connie stops hitting, her breathing shortens. Benny, clutching the ring tightly, relaxes from his hunched position over the sink. Benny sees Jonah peeking into the kitchen. Connie walks back to the table.

CONNIE

So that's it then, huh? You plan on leaving me and Jonah?

She points to Jonah.

BENNY

When did I ever say that! I never said that!

CONNIE

Go ahead. Go. The door's right there, just leave us like your dad did. Start you're life with that cunt. Go ahead.

BENNY

What the hell do you want from me, Mom?

Connie sits down at the table.

CONNIE

I want a son. A true son who could listen to his mother when he's told what to do.

BENNY

I do what you ask all the fucking time! But no, its never good

enough for you is it? Is it!

CONNIE

Oh look at you swearing and cussing at me just like your dad did. You do that with your cunt of a girlfriend too? I better warn her of what you're doing to me so you won't do it to her.

BENNY

Shut up!

CONNIE

What a man you are. You're nothing! A real man would treat his mother with care and listen to her, but no you're just like your-

BENNY

Fuck you, Connie!

Benny stomps out of the kitchen, opens and SLAMS the back door behind him. Jonah stays there standing looking at his mother.

CONNIE

He will leave us you know.

She takes out her pack of cigarettes.

CONNIE (CONT.)

I was right with your dad, and I'll be right with your brother.

She lights up a cigarette and puts the pack back in her robe pocket.

CONNIE (CONT.)

Come here Jonah, mommy wants you.

Jonah stares at her then leaves the room.

CONNIE (CONT.)

Jonah, come here! Jonah! Get your ass back here now!

Jonah doesn't come. Connie sits alone smoking her cigarette. She starts to tear up.

EXT. O'BRIEN HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Benny walks to his car. He pockets his ring. He opens the front car door, gets in, SLAMS it shut. He screams. After a few moments he calms down, takes his keys and plugs them in the ignition.

The engine makes a loud SCREECHING noise, it doesn't start.

BENNY

Oh come on.

He tries it again, again, and again. The engine doesn't start.

BENNY

You have got to be kidding me.

INT. WILLOW'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - SATURDAY MORNING

Willow lays on her couch asleep, holding a half-empty bottle of whiskey. The apartment has a lot of empty space, with only the necessary furniture and appliances. The ceilings are high, the wood flooring polished. There's a coffee table in front of the couch, two reclining chairs and two end tables with lamps. Two paintings, one on each wall, are by the artist Thomas Kincade.

BANG, BANG, BANG. Willow startles as the knocking continues on her apartment door.

WILLOW

(Shouts)

Who is it?!

CRAIG (O.S.)

It's me hunnie, open up.

Willow stumbles as she stands up. She's wearing black short shorts which show off her beautiful long, athletic, tan legs and an over sized blue police sweatshirt with her name printed with white lettering on the back. Her socks make her slip a little bit as she walks on the polish floor.

WILLOW

Dad, it's too early.

She walks to the door, opens it. CRAIG GREENE, fit, tan with a full head of white hair stands at the door. His thick glasses accent his eyes, his wrinkles hardly seen in his face. He wears loose khakis and a long white sleeved shirt. His dark blue sporting jacket is zipped half way up. He carries the day's local newspaper.

CRAIG

Good morning, honey.

Craig opens his arms wide, Willow the same but half-wide. They embrace.

WILLOW

Good morning. Come on in.

Craig walks in. Willow shuts the door. They walk into the living room area.

WILLOW

I told you last night that you didn't have to come and see me.

CRAIG

I know you did, I know.

Craig stands by a reclining chair. Willow sits down on the couch, she puts her knees to her chest. She curls up. She turns the TV on, she flips through the channels. She looks over to see Craig still standing, hands in his pockets.

WILLOW

You can sit down you know.

CRAIG

I know.

Willow turns back to the TV, flips through the stations. The local news station comes on.

ANCHOR

It has been announced this morning that twenty-six year old Oliver Camden is dead. The white male succumbed to his bullet wound when

he was shot trying to rob a
Department store yesterday.

Willow quickly shuts off the TV, throws the remote to her
side and runs her hands through her hair.

WILLOW
Does Mom know yet?

CRAIG
Yes. She read the newspaper this
morning.

Willow sarcastically laughs. She lays down on the couch.

WILLOW
Well there ya go, that's one way to
find out.

CRAIG
I have it right here if you want to
read it.

He holds up the newspaper. Willow shakes her head.

WILLOW
How is she?

CRAIG
Your mother is fine.

WILLOW
No. Kayla.

Craig unzips his jacket.

CRAIG
She's doing ok. She's a little
shaken up no doubt, but she'll pull
through.

WILLOW
I bet she'll always be afraid of me
now.

CRAIG
That's not true. You were trying
to protect her. Which you

did. She's alive.

Willow sits up on the couch.

WILLOW

Tell that to Jamie then, 'cause she doesn't believe that I was.

CRAIG

Don't worry about Jamie, she'll come around, she usually does. She was just angry and scared that it happened to Kayla.

WILLOW

And you think I'm not?

CRAIG

No, I didn't say you weren't. It's just to Jamie, you're her kid sister-

WILLOW

That has nothing to do with this conversation! Me being the youngest, big deal! You're just backing her up because-

CRAIG

(Sternly)

Willow.

Craig stares into Willow's eyes. Willow calms down immediately, she looks away. Craig walks to the couch and sits next to her.

CRAIG

Do you know of Mr. Hoover's condition?

Willow shakes her head. Craig opens up the newspaper and reads from it.

CRAIG (CONT.)

'Hoover suffered a bullet to the hip and is expected to recover fully, however the doctors are unsure of his ability to walk-'

Craig halts, folds up the newspaper and sets it on the coffee table in front of them.

CRAIG (CONT.)

You know it would be best if you paid him a visit at the hospital.

Willow gives him a look in disbelief.

CRAIG (CONT.)

You will feel a lot better if you do. Besides, I think Mr. Hoover would appreciate it.

Willow turns and looks away from Craig.

CRAIG (CONT.)

I know that you are going through a lot right now. And maybe your actions during this situation weren't the best ones to choose, even though Kayla is alive because of it.

WILLOW

Dad you weren't there.

She begins to tear up.

CRAIG

I know, and it's alright.

WILLOW

No. You don't understand.

She looks into her father's eyes.

WILLOW (CONT.)

Seeing Kayla's eyes like that. She was so terrified. She was looking at me the whole time, reaching out for me while that bastard stuck his gun right in her face. He pressed so hard that it left a bruise on the right side of her cheek. I couldn't let him get away with that. I just couldn't.

Craig puts his arm around Willow, she weeps.

CRAIG

It's okay. I know I wasn't there and I'm not a police officer either so I really can't relate. However, Willow, you did put a lot of lives at risk by refusing to put down your weapon when this Camden guy asked you too. Hoover did which made him unarmed. Personally I would have done what you did if I was in your shoes. But considering that your partner was trusting his life in your hands as well as Kayla's, now that's a very tough choice to choose from.

Willow nods her head, brushing her eyes.

CRAIG (CONT.)

We live in a world that we have to make decisions and to live by them. Just remember hun, no good decision is ever easy.

Willow looks at him and smiles.

CRAIG (CONT.)

Suspended cop or not, I still love you.

Craig pulls Willow to his chest, kisses the top of her head. Willow pulls away from him, wiping her eyes.

WILLOW

Thanks, Dad.

CRAIG

Here, I have something for you.

Craig reaches in his pants pocket and pulls out a small ring.

WILLOW

What is it?

CRAIG

Take a look.

Craig hands her a ring.

WILLOW

Dad. This is a promise ring. Is this some kind of joke to cheer me up, because that's not funny.

CRAIG

No, it's not a joke. It's-

WILLOW

Then what?

CRAIG

I want you to promise yourself something that you won't do anymore, or won't until a certain time arrives that you will decide. Wearing this will remind you of that promise that you have made for yourself.

WILLOW

So you want me to make a promise. To myself.

CRAIG

That's correct.

WILLOW

You're being serious aren't you. Was this mom's idea?

CRAIG

Yes and no, she's not clever as I am.

The two laugh.

CRAIG (CONT.)

Hun, you are a very strong person, I am proud of you no matter what has happened. But even the strong need a little guidance. That's what this is. Or at least I hope.

Craig hands the ring to Willow, she takes it.

WILLOW

Thank you.

CRAIG

Of course you don't have to tell me what you-

WILLOW

Dad, I know.

Craig smiles. He stands up, zips up his jacket.

CRAIG

I told your mother I wouldn't be too long.

Willow nods her head, she puts the ring on.

CRAIG (CONT.)

Everything going ok with the, uh, the uh-

WILLOW

HPV?

CRAIG

Sorry, I just don't like saying it.

WILLOW

I'm healthy.

Willow stands up, the two walk to the apartment door.

CRAIG

There's a good answer. When is your next check up?

WILLOW

Next week actually.

CRAIG

Would you want me to come along with you? Give you some company?

WILLOW

Yeah. I'd like that.

The two hug each other. They depart, Craig opens the door and walks out into the hall.

CRAIG

Hang in there kid, I love you.

WILLOW

I love you, too.

Craig walks out of frame; Willow closes the door behind her. She turns around and walks back to the couch. She sits down, looks at the ring that she just put on. She takes it off and places it on the coffee table, putting the half-empty whiskey bottle next to it.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Benny rides his dirt bike along the road. The neighborhood is quiet. The sides of the street are jam packed with parked vehicles on each side. The bright sunny day cast shadows over the abundant trees.

EXT. O'BRIEN HOUSEHOLD. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Benny arrives at his driveway. He jumps off his dirt bike, letting the bike roll, SLAM into the side of the house. He walks onto the front lawn and sees a newspaper bundled in an orange bag. He picks it up, holds it like a football, drops back to pass, and throws it across the street into the neighbors' yard. He walks into the house.

INT. O'BRIEN HOUSEHOLD. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Benny sees Jonah sitting behind the coffee table. Jonah has papers, pencils and crayons spread out all over the table. He looks up to see Benny.

JONAH

Benny!

BENNY

Hey man, what are you doing?

JONAH

Come and see, come and see!

Benny walks to the coffee table, sits down on the couch. Jonah hands him a picture.

BENNY
What's this?

JONAH
A dinosaur!

Benny holds a stick figure drawing that has a big lizard head and large hands. The word ROAR is printed by the figure's mouth. Beneath the large stick drawing are two smaller stick figures. The phrase HOLY SHIT is written by their heads.

BENNY
Jonah. Did you draw this?

He points to the phrase.

JONAH
Yep!

BENNY
Where did you hear it from?

JONAH
The TV.

BENNY
You're not allowed to watch TV after eight.

JONAH
Mommy says it too.

BENNY
Jonah, look at me.

He turns to look at Benny. Benny leans forward.

BENNY
I don't want you to write or say this again. Do you understand me?

JONAH
Why?

BENNY

There are certain words out there that little boys like you should not be saying.

JONAH

I'm not a little boy, I'm a big boy.

BENNY

Yes, you are, but not big enough to say those kinds of words.

JONAH

Not even fuck?

BENNY

(Laughs)

Jonah O'Brien, especially not that word.

JONAH

But you and mom say it. You did this morning.

Beat.

BENNY

I know. I shouldn't have and neither should Mom.

JONAH

Why did you say it then?

Benny puts the picture down on the coffee table.

BENNY

Because I was really angry. Mom knows what to do to get me fired up, I guess. But it's not good to say a word like that because it'll go in one ear and out the other with her. I should've known better. It's not nice to say that word Jonah. Don't ever say it, even if mom or I do. Don't be like us.

JONAH
I want to be like you.

BENNY
You do huh?

Jonah nods his head. Benny smiles.

BENNY (CONT.)
Here, I'll tell you what. If you want to be like me then I'll make it fair and strike a deal with you. I didn't start saying those bad words until I was about thirteen. So I will right down all of the bad words and put them in your room so you know what they are and not to repeat or write them. When you are old enough, then you can. Deal?

JONAH
I have to wait until I'm thirteen?

BENNY
For now yes. But if I don't hear or see you write one of them on the list until, we can cut it down to maybe ten. Then yeah, you can start saying them.

JONAH
Okay.

BENNY
Do we have a deal?

JONAH
Deal.

The two shake hands. Benny gets up, begins to walk to his room.

BENNY
Keep up the drawing though, it looks pretty good. You have talent.

Benny leaves the living room.

Jonah's POV.

JONAH
What are you doing?

BENNY (O.S.)
Changing.

JONAH
Why?

BENNY (O.S.)
I got the night off.

Benny walks back into the room wearing gym shorts and a T-shirt. He's carrying athletic shoes and socks. He sits on the couch next to Jonah. He starts to put on his socks and shoes.

BENNY (CONT.)
So I'm going over to Cierra's house. If mom asks where I'm at, tell her that I'm at work. That's if she asks ok?

JONAH
Ok.

BENNY
Keep on drawing those pictures. I won't be too long.

Benny gets up and leaves. Jonah goes back to the coffee table, picking up a black crayon and a piece of paper from underneath the couch.

The paper has two stick figures, one tall and one short, holding hands. Jonah writes "Benny" above the tall one.

EXT. O'BRIEN HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Benny runs to his bike, mounts it, and rides off down the street.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The day is beautiful, bright sunny sky with a few clouds. The colors on the leaves are bright. Some people in the neighborhood are out doing yard work, kids play outdoors.

Benny reaches into his pocket, pulls out his cell phone, and speed dials Cierra's phone number. The phone goes straight to her voice mail. Benny smiles.

BENNY

Good.

Benny begins to pick up speed. He reaches into his other pocket. He smiles and pulls out the engagement ring box. He stares at it for a second, not seeing the pot hole in front of him.

His bike suddenly halts, Benny flies forward head first. He attempts a somersault to break his fall. He hits the ground hard, SMACK. His shoulder lands first. The box goes flying out of his hand. The bike falls to its side, CLANK.

BENNY

Son of a-Ow, that hurt!

Benny rolls to his side, clutching his shoulder, wincing in pain. He looks up and sees two kids staring at him in their front yard.

BENNY (CONT.)

I'm ok! Just give me a second!

The kids look at each other. They run into their house.

BENNY (CONT.)

Or run away.

He sits up. He sees the scrapes and scratches on his legs. He feels a bruise on his back. He attempts to raise his left arm up, but yelps.

BENNY (CONT.)

Oh Jesus!

He looks around to see if anyone is watching. No one is. He stands up slowly. He reaches for his bike but freezes. He quickly turns around, wincing, to see where the

black box has gone.

BENNY (CONT.)

Oh shit, oh shit.

He looks around the road. Not there. A car drives past as Benny moves out of the way. He looks underneath a few parked cars. Under the first two cars, not there. He attempts another, this time getting on his hands and knees. He sees it. He reaches underneath the car, grabs the box. He stands up, letting another car pass. He opens it and sees that the ring is still there. Benny lets out a big sigh of relief.

BENNY

Oh thank you, thank you, thank you.

Benny walks back to his bike, putting the box in his pocket. He reaches for his bike, picks it up and inspects the damage. The front wheel is slightly bent. Benny straddles the front wheel and uses his right arm to try and bend the wheel back into place. With a few tries, he succeeds.

He mounts the bike again, and begins to peddle off. He steers onto the first driveway he sees, and continues on the sidewalk.

EXT. CIERRA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FRONTYARD

Benny rides up onto the driveway. The house is located in a wealthy suburban neighborhood. The two story house is clean cut that's built with brick and contains large windows on the first floor. The lights on the first floor are turned off.

Benny sets off his bike and kicks the kickstand into place. He slowly limps to the front large, alabaster door, holding his left shoulder.

He looks up to see Cierra's curtains are opened. He stops right before the front steps. He begins to jog to the backyard, shrugging off the pain. He passes the front and side yard full of plants, shrubberies and small trees.

BACKYARD

Benny reaches a white picket fence that proceeds to the backyard. He reaches over the gate, unlocks it and goes through. He continues toward the back door, passing the pool. He looks into the glass sliding door. No one there. He gently pulls it open and walks in.

KITCHEN AND LIVING ROOM AREA

The kitchen and living room are adjoined. The kitchen table has food left to be thrown away. The TV is on. The ceilings are high, showing the stairs to the second floor. Benny quietly walks to the stairs, passing the elaborate furniture. He arrives on the second floor, hearing faint music. He pulls out the black box and holds it.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Benny walks quietly down the hallway to Cierra's bedroom. He hears Cierra's voice. The music becomes louder. The music is a piano playing. Benny reaches Cierra's bedroom door. He hears her panting. He halts and hears a male voice, also panting. He slowly opens the door to peek through.

CIERRA'S BEDROOM

Benny stands in the doorway, looking through the crack of the door to see Cierra naked on all fours, with Kevin pumping away.

Benny freezes and continues to watch. Cierra and Kevin moan. Benny's breath shortens.

Benny squeezes his hands so tight that the black box slips out of his hand, hitting the door, THUD.

CIERRA

What was that?

Cierra springs off the bed.

KEVIN

What was what?

Benny reacts quickly, grabs the black box and quietly runs down the hall and down the steps. He sprints for the front door, unlocks it, opens it and leaves.

FRONTYARD

Benny jumps on his bike and speeds off.

INT. WILLOW'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Willow stands at the kitchen sink. She rinses off her plate. She puts it in the dishwasher.

Willow wears comfortable jeans and a nice white blouse untucked. Her hair is loose and wavy. She opens the refrigerator and sees that there's not much to eat. She closes the refrigerator and goes to a cupboard. Again, mostly empty. Willow sighs and looks at her watch.

WILLOW

Eh, it's not too late.

She walks out of the kitchen.

LIVING ROOM

She goes to the couch and grabs her black fleece. She picks up her keys, knocking the promise ring, SMACK, onto the floor.

Willow pauses, then walks over and picks up the ring. She holds it in her hand, then puts it on her finger. She heads for the door and grabs her purse on the way out.

INT. O'BRIEN HOUSEHOLD. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Benny walks in, sits down at the kitchen table.

CONNIE (O.S.)

Why aren't you at work?

Benny lowers his head and closes his eyes. Connie walks into the kitchen holding a bowl with a spoon inside it. She takes a puff of her cigarette.

CONNIE

I asked you a question.

She puts the bowl in the sink. She's wearing a loose white T-shirt and baggy sweatpants. Her greasy hair is tied up in a pony-tail.

BENNY

And I heard you.

Benny still has his head lowered. Connie turns around to see him sulking in the chair. She notices his legs.

CONNIE

What in the hell happened to you? Look at your legs.

She walks over and kneels down. She sets the cigarette on the ash tray on the kitchen table. Benny looks up.

BENNY

It's nothing. I just fell off my bike.

CONNIE

On your way to work?

Connie stands back up, grabbing her cigarette.

BENNY

No, I was on-

CONNIE

You skipped out on your job? Why's-

BENNY

No, I didn't say that.

CONNIE

How's that going to look to your boss?

BENNY

It's not going to look like anything because-

CONNIE

Being a low life son of a bitch just like your Dad again. Skipping on work.

BENNY

I was let off early dammit.

CONNIE

Uh-huh, sure. Go ahead keep on swearing. You're gonna do it to your wife someday, you just watch. That girlfriend of yours.

Benny looks away from his mother.

BENNY

(Barely audible)
She's not my girlfriend anymore.

Connie leans into him.

CONNIE

What was that? She's not your girlfriend anymore?

Benny shakes his head.

CONNIE (CONT.)

So you came back from her house I take it?

BENNY

I'm sorry, mom.

Benny looks at her.

CONNIE

For what?

BENNY

You were right. I should've listened to you in the first place.

Benny turns away.

BENNY (CONT.)

I saw her-having sex. With another guy.

Benny begins to whimper, but tries to hold it in. Connie steps back, takes a puff of her cigarette.

CONNIE

Well then. It serves you right.

BENNY

What?!

CONNIE

Yeah, it serves you right. This is what you get for not listening to me in the first place. Sucks doesn't it.

BENNY

What the hell mom! You can't even show any sympathy for me?!

CONNIE

Why on earth would I show sympathy for you when you should have listened to me. I told you that cunt was going to do this, but no. You had to waste money on a ring that should have been on my medication!

BENNY

It's not my fault, stop blaming me for that!

CONNIE

It is too your fault. You're just like your Dad! Can't take any responsibility for himself!

BENNY

Mom, I said I was sorry!

CONNIE

Sorry doesn't mean a thing. If you're sorry-

BENNY

Oh Jesus Christ!

Benny SPRINGS up from his seat.

BENNY (CONT.)

You know what, I am sorry. I'm sorry that I thought you could be there for me. Man was I wrong.

But I know Dad would if he
was still here.

Connie pulls back her right hand and smacks Benny across
the face, SMACK. Benny takes the hit, looks right in his
mother's eyes.

BENNY (CONT.)
Go ahead! Do it again, bitch!

Connie takes her cigarette with her left hand, thrusts it
to Benny's neck before he can react. The end of the butt
BURNS into his flesh. Benny lets out a scream of pain and
reacts.

He attempts to cover his neck with his right arm, but hits
his mother square in the face instead. Connie falls
backward and lands on the kitchen floor. Shocked, Benny
comes to her aide, covering his neck with his left hand.

BENNY (CONT.)
Oh God, I'm sorry mom.

Connie struggles to get up. Blood trickles from her face to
the floor. She rubs her arm against her nose as she slowly
stands.

CONNIE
Get away from me.

BENNY
But mom-

CONNIE
You're not my son anymore. You are
your father's son from now on! Go
to him!

BENNY
Mom, it was an accident.

CONNIE
I don't want to see your face
anymore. I want you out of my
house!

BENNY
I'm not leaving. Whose-

CONNIE

If you're not out of here, I'll
call the cops on your ass just like
I did with your father!

BENNY

But you did this to me-

CONNIE

Tomorrow morning and that's final.

Connie slowly walks out of the kitchen, she holds her head
up. Benny stands there, his hand still on his neck. He
turns around and walks outside.

EXT. O'BRIEN HOUSEHOLD. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Benny advances to his bike, picks it up and sits on it.

JONAH

Benny!

Benny turns to see Jonah running towards him. Dirt is all
over his face, his clothes filled with grass stains.

JONAH (CONT.)

Benny, don't go! Don't go!

Jonah tries to wrap his arms around Benny, but he only gets
half way.

BENNY

Did you hear everything?

Jonah nods his head up and down.

JONAH

Don't go, I don't want you to leave!

BENNY

Listen to me Jonah. I'm not
leaving you, but right now I do
need to leave to get something
done.

JONAH

What is it?

Beat.

BENNY
I can't tell you.

JONAH
Why not?

BENNY
Because. Trust me. How about
this, I'll tell you when I get
back? And in the meantime, you can
draw me another picture, yeah?

Jonah shakes his head and lets go.

BENNY (CONT.)
I love you, Jonah.

Benny gives one last look at Jonah, he rides off. Jonah
watches him leave.

Connie walks out of the house. Jonah looks at her; he sees
the blood on her face. Connie sits down on the step,
reaches for her pack of cigarettes and her lighter. She
puts one in her mouth and tries to strike the lighter. It
doesn't light.

She tries repeatedly but the lighter doesn't light a
match. She throws the lighter in frustration and sobs. She
covers her face with her hands.

Jonah stares at her and then at the lighter. He picks up
the lighter and stands in front of Connie. She looks up at
him, they stare at each other. Jonah hugs her, they
embrace.

EXT. WILLOW'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Willow is driving down Main Street, talking on a cell
phone.

WILLOW
So I did take your advice and paid
him a visit. Yes Dad, I got back
from the hospital a couple of hours
ago.

She stops at a stop light.

WILLOW (CONT.)

It was rough talking to him. No, it went very well. He still has his humor even while he's in his condition.

The light turns green, Willow drives forward.

WILLOW (CONT.)

He forgave me. He said he would have done the same if he was in my shoes. I don't know. (Beat) Yes, he paralyzed.

Willow pulls into a parking lot.

WILLOW (CONT.)

Ok Dad, I need to go. Yes I'll talk to you about this later. I just need to pick up a few things before I head home. Ok. Love you.

She hangs up. She parks her car and gets out.

EXT. MIKE'S QUICK-N-GO STORE - CONTINUOUS

Willow enters the store, carrying her purse. Kevin is behind the counter. He looks up from his magazine and sees Willow. His eyes brighten.

KEVIN

Hello there.

Kevin quickly puts his magazine underneath the counter and throws his shoulders back. He runs his hands through his hair.

WILLOW

Busy night?

Willow walks to the back of the store. Kevin eyes follows her body as she walks.

KEVIN

Oh you know the usual. Not very

busy. Just me and my lonesome
helping out the average amount of
people that stop through here.

WILLOW

Oh yeah? How many is that?

She walks down the next aisle over.

KEVIN

On average I'd say about
fifty? Maybe?

Willow nods her head, she continues to look around. Kevin
walks out from the counter.

KEVIN (CONT.)

You know, ah, if you need anything-

He walks to the front end of the aisle where Willow is.

KEVIN (CONT.)

-or need any help? Just ask.

WILLOW

I'm a big girl, I know what
want. But thanks.

Kevin nods his head. He re-arranges the bag of chips which
is in the same aisle as Willow.

Willow walks down the aisle to the cooler, away from
Kevin. She walks over to the alcohol section, and starts to
browse.

KEVIN

Drinking tonight, eh?

Willow kneels down to read the prices on the bottom
shelves.

WILLOW

Something like that.

Kevin walks over to see Willow kneeling down.

KEVIN

What's your favorite?

WILLOW
Anything with alcohol.

KEVIN
(Chuckles)
Yeah, I know what you mean. Me
too. I'm not much of a Light fan
but-

Willow stands up, opens the cooler and grabs a six pack of
Bud Light.

KEVIN (CONT.)
-I, I drink it every now and then.

Willow turns to look at him.

WILLOW
I'm ready to check out.

KEVIN
Yeah, of course.

Kevin awkwardly walks away and heads to the counter. Willow
follows his lead, picking up a bag of chips. Kevin walks
behind the cash register. He begins to punch in the items.

KEVIN (CONT.)
Well I hope you have a fun night
then.

Willow doesn't look up, she opens her purse.

RING RING. The door to the store opens. Kevin doesn't
look, he looks at Willow instead.

WILLOW
How much did you say it was?

KEVIN
Oh right. Ha ha. Ah it's-

He looks up to see Benny.

KEVIN (CONT.)
Oh hey Benny, what are you doing

here?

Willow turns her head around. Benny grabs her left arm, he holds it tight.

WILLOW
Hey what the-

Benny thrusts a black pistol to her side.

BENNY
I don't know who you are and I
don't want to hurt you.

KEVIN
(Chuckles)
Dude, what are you doing, she's a
paying customer.

Benny points the gun at Kevin's face.

BENNY
Shut up!

Kevin freezes.

BENNY (CONT.)
Don't you even think about the gun
behind the counter you piece of
shit.

Kevin slowly puts his hands in the air.

KEVIN
Whoa, man. Just take it easy.

WILLOW
Please, I was just on my way out-

BENNY
(to Kevin)
Get out from there and walk over
here.

Benny points his gun to the floor outside of the counter. Kevin begins to walk.

BENNY (CONT.)

Slowly!

Kevin slows down his pace.

BENNY (CONT.)
(to Willow)
What's your name?

WILLOW
Willow, Willow Greene.

BENNY
Willow. Get on your knees.

KEVIN
I knew you looked famili-

BENNY
Shut up, fuck stick!

Willow drops to the ground as Benny holds her. Benny points his gun at Kevin. Kevin walks in front of the counter. He interlocks his hands behind his head.

BENNY
Get on your knees, too!

KEVIN
Dude man, what the hell?

BENNY
Now!

Kevin drops to his knees hitting them hard.

KEVIN
Ow! Shit! Benny, what gives man? What did I do to you?

BENNY
What did you do? Did you hear that, Willow? He wants to know what he did. Well I think that he deserves an answer, don't you think?

Benny looks down at Willow, she looks at Kevin.

BENNY (CONT.)

But first, I would like to ask Willow a question. Willow have you ever been in love?

Willow looks to the ground, then up to Benny.

BENNY (CONT.)

I asked if you have ever been in love?

WILLOW

I-I, no, no I haven't.

Benny shakes his head, then looks at Kevin.

BENNY

Well then let's say you were. And let's say that you decided to surprise your girlfriend one day. But the day you intend to propose, you find your trusted friend fucking her.

KEVIN

That was you?!

BENNY

(to Willow)

How would you handle a situation like that?

KEVIN

Dude man it's not my fault man! She came to onto me, I didn't want it to happen-

BANG. Benny fires his gun into the ceiling. He lowers his arm and points it back to Kevin.

BENNY

I wasn't talking to you. You do that again, I will shoot you.

Kevin mouths "Oh my God".

WILLOW

Benny is it?

Benny slowly turns his head to face her.

WILLOW (CONT.)
I've had my fair share of
relationships in the past, some of
which I'm not proud of. But even
though he deserves to get punished-

BENNY
Willow, from here on out, I really
don't want to hear your
voice. Understand?

Willow glares at him.

BENNY (CONT.)
Lay on the ground. Spread your
legs and arms. You stay right
there and don't move.

Benny slowly lets go of Willow's arm. She lays on her
belly, hands and feet spread out.

BENNY (CONT.)
Hands where I can see them at all
times.

Benny looks at Kevin. Kevin's face is wet from sweating.

BENNY (CONT.)
Now it's your turn, asshole.

KEVIN
I swear man, I didn't mean to.

BENNY
How long?

KEVIN
It was all her man-

BENNY
How long!

Benny begins to advance towards Kevin.

KEVIN

A month.

BENNY

A month? Jesus, you went behind my back all that time?

Benny stands in front of Kevin.

KEVIN

She called me! She said that she needed to talk and you weren't there!

BENNY

This whole time! You even had the nerve to give me the idea to propose to her!

Benny whips his gun across Kevin's jaw, CRACK. Kevin rolls to his side, clutching his jaw in agony. Benny shakes his head at him. Kevin rolls onto his stomach.

BENNY

You were my friend. What were you thinking?

Kevin moans on the ground.

KEVIN

God that hurt.

Benny kneels next to him, grabs the back of his shirt and sticks the barrel of the gun to the back of his neck.

KEVIN (CONT.)

I'm sorry man, I'm really sorry. Please, please don't shoot me. I know I deserve it but please! Here, we'll talk things over and you still have a chance to propose to her.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

Benny arrives at a local Pawn shop.

He meets the clerk at the counter.

He places his engagement ring in front of the clerk.

The clerk inspects the ring through an eye glass.

Benny points to the pistol in front of him in the counter.

The clerk and Benny look at each other for a moment.

The clerk hands Benny the gun.

CUT TO:

BENNY

Too late. You're feeling the engagement ring at the back of your neck right now. Any other smart ass ideas?

KEVIN

Don't shoot me, please don't shoot me!

Kevin begins to urinate. Benny looks down and sees the urine expanding on the ground from the rip in Kevin's pants.

BENNY

Unbelievable. That cunt left me for you, huh. A fuck stick who pisses under pressure. Well then, that's just it.

Benny grabs Kevin's hair, pulls him up to his hands and knees, and shoves his face to the small pool of his own urine.

BENNY (CONT.)

Lick it all off the ground.

Benny juts his gun to the back of Kevin's head.

KEVIN

Oh come on man.

BENNY

All of it asshole! After what you did I should make you drink mine!

KEVIN

Dude, I said I was sorry. I'll say
it again, I'm sorry man. I'm
begging you-

BANG. Benny shoots Kevin in his left calf. The bullet just
nicks his skin, leaving a gash. Kevin screams in
pain. Benny holds his grip on Kevin's hair tight. He looks
over at Willow. She's still laying on the floor.

KEVIN (CONT.)

(In agony)

Oh my God!

BENNY

Lick it off the floor dammit or do
you want a bullet in your leg?! Do
it!

Benny thrusts Kevin's face to the floor, Kevin opens his
mouth, his tongue comes out. He winces at the first
taste. He continues to lick, sobbing. Willow looks up and
sees that Benny is engrossed with Kevin. She begins to move
slowly to her feet.

BENNY (CONT.)

That's it. All of it you son of a
bitch.

Kevin gags. Urine drips from his nose and chin. Willow
crouches and slowly stands up.

BENNY (CONT.)

There's still more.

Kevin slowly goes back to the ground. His tongue touches
the ground. He suddenly throws up. He gags and coughs up
more.

Willow creeps to the counter and reaches over. She feels
underneath the counter, finding the .38 Caliber handgun.

BENNY (CONT.)

Jesus Christ! Couldn't handle it
could ya?

Benny stands up, walks in front of Kevin, sidestepping the

vomit. Willow yanks the gun from its position. RIP. Benny hears the noise and quickly turns around. Both respond, pointing each other's gun at each other.

BENNY (CONT.)

Holy shit.

Willow puts her other hand out in the air.

WILLOW

Benny. I want you to listen to me carefully. I am a police officer. I'm telling you to put down the weapon, and to raise your hands. I will not ask you again.

BENNY

A police officer huh? Where's your badge at? Even off duty you'd still have your badge.

KEVIN

(Laughs)

She's the cop that was suspended.

Kevin rolls onto his back. Benny glances over to Kevin and sees him smiling. He looks back at Willow.

WILLOW

I'm not going to ask you again.

BENNY

You don't understand.

WILLOW

I do understand. You're threatening to take this young man's life and I'm not going to let that happen.

BENNY

I wasn't going to kill him.

WILLOW

No, you were just going to shoot him, that's all.

BENNY

Fuck you! You have no idea what I've been through the past two days!

WILLOW

You can tell me after you put your weapon on the ground.

BENNY

Were you telling the truth? About not being in love?

WILLOW

If you refuse to put down-

BENNY

Were you!

The two hold their positions.

WILLOW

No. I really haven't.

BENNY

Bull shit. You're lying, and you wanna know why? Cause your parents loved you and were there for you when you needed them. Twenty bucks says they still do today!

Kevin slowly sits up on the ground, strands of vomit dangling from his chin.

Willow looks at her hand that's holding the gun. She sees the promise ring.

BENNY (CONT.)

Am I wrong?

WILLOW

That has nothing to do with this situation.

BENNY

It has everything to do with this situation! With me!

Benny starts to tear up.

BENNY (CONT.)

My father left when I was little. I grew up being the father to my kid brother. I work two jobs to cover the bills and my mother's medication. I can't come home without a lecture from my mother telling me how worthless I am, that I am just like my father.

Willow slowly lowers her weapon.

BENNY (CONT.)

The only person who ever said I love you was Cierra. Kind of sad when your own mother can't say those three words and mean it. But she did. So why wouldn't I want to be with her?

Willow lets the gun rest at her side.

BENNY (CONT.)

Then this asshole ruined it for me! It just-it just isn't-

Benny sobs but keeps his gun pointed at Willow. Willow slowly takes a step forward, crouches down and places the gun on the floor. She stand up, walks towards Benny.

BENNY (CONT.)

You know what. The hell with this. Tell my brother that I love him.

Benny breaks his position, points the barrel of the pistol to his temple.

WILLOW

No!

Benny closes his eyes.

RING RING. Benny's eyes snap open. Willow turns around. Benny runs to the front door, pushing Willow to the side knocking her over and points his gun at the elderly woman in the jogging suit as she comes through the door.

OLD WOMAN

I'm sorry, I would like to buy some milk if that's ok.

Benny relaxes, he lowers his weapon to his side.

BENNY

Oh.

The elderly woman and Benny stand still.

BENNY (CONT.)

Yea, I'll show you where it's at.

OLD WOMAN

Oh you don't have to do that, hun. I know where it's at, just meet me at the register. I'll be quick.

The elderly woman goes to the milk section. Willow slowly stands up. Kevin sits, breathing heavily, holding his wound on his calf.

Benny looks at them both, walks behind the cash register. He moves the six pack of Bud Light and the bag of chips behind the counter. He puts his gun underneath the counter.

BENNY

That'll be \$1.09, ma'am.

The lady gives him the exact change. She picks up her milk and heads for the door.

OLD WOMAN

You kids be safe.

The door chimes her exit. Benny looks at Willow, their eyes meet.

FADE TO BLACK



The Last Time

By Melissa Faybik

INT. BEDROOM, RUN DOWN HOUSE, COLLEGE TOWN- NIGHT, FALL

The room is cluttered with sheet music, books, music magazines, guitar, tennis shoes and other guy's clothes.

LYDIA, a young woman with brown hair, stylish jeans, and nice black top rests on the bed. There are tears in her eyes.

A young man, ERIC, sits at his desk. Dressed in tight jeans and tight hooded sweatshirt, he has dark, messy hair and a lip ring.

Completely absorbed in what he's doing, Eric methodically snorts three lines of cocaine. As he slips his kit back into his desk drawer, Lydia brushes away her tears.

Eric walks to the bed, stands over Lydia, and puts out his hand.

ERIC

Let's go to the party, babe.

Lydia takes his hand, smiles at him and follows him out of the room.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM-DAY, THE FALL BEFORE

Eric, looking more clean cut, sits at his desk, concentrating on filling in notes on a sheet of composition music paper.

Lydia, with shorter hair and a fresh, open expression on her face enters the classroom, sees an empty desk next to Eric and takes it. She watches him for a moment.

LYDIA

What are you working on?

Eric looks up, noticing her for the first time.

Eric

Just a piece for my composition class.

LYDIA

What do you play?

ERIC

This is for piano, but I play guitar as well.

Eric does not look at Lydia during his responses, but continues to work on his piece.

LYDIA

Wow, I wish I could compose like that, I mean I've done some things of course, but I bet that class is really hard.

Eric nods.

LYDIA (continuous)

I'm a music education major, so we don't have to take that class, are you a performance major? One of my friend's is and I know she had to take that class.

Eric nods again.

LYDIA-CONTINUOUS

I'm Lydia by the way, and yes, I will keep talking to you until class starts.

Eric keeps his head down.

ERIC

I'm Eric, and I'm going to keep working until class starts.

LYDIA

OK, but see the thing is, I've always found you intriguing- or at least what you say in class intriguing-and when I saw the seat open next to you I figured today was as good a day as any to talk to you. You know, find out if you're really as interesting as you seem.

Eric stops working and just looks at Lydia. He seems torn between annoyance and amusement, but settles for amusement.

ERIC

It's only the second week of class, I couldn't have said anything that interesting.

LYDIA

You have and we also had class together last semester-"The History of Jazz." There were like 25 of us in the class, 8:30 in the morning-

ERIC

You sat next to that Sara girl...you guys always got in trouble for talking during class.

LYDIA

I know, that seems so middle school, but that was us.

ERIC

And you've been what? Stalking me since then?

LYDIA

Well now, "stalking" is a strong word-like I said I was intrigued by you, but don't get too excited, you have to keep my interest now that I'm actually getting to know you.

ERIC

Mh, that's a lot of pressure.

LYDIA

Yea, I just want to see what's going on behind that hair and lip ring.

ERIC

Wow, are you always this way with people?

LYDIA

Yes.

ERIC

It's refreshing I guess...at first I was going to go with creepy, but I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. But if I find some doll made of my hair or something, we're through.

Lydia laughs.

LYDIA

I'll be sure to keep that well hidden. Deal?

She holds out her hand.

Eric shakes it.

ERIC

Deal.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS-DUSK, WINTER

A light snow is falling. Lydia and Eric are bundled up in winter coats and scarves.

They walk arm in arm.

LYDIA

I just think you're being pretentious for not liking it just because a lot of people do.

ERIC

No! That's not at all why I dislike it. I mean if the guy's going to basically use a mixed CD as the soundtrack to his movie, he could at least pick good songs. I also have an issue with how contemporary all of the songs are.

LYDIA

Yea, yea...not everything can be The Beatles.

ERIC

Hey. All the songs I put on your CD are contemporary, but believe me you'll love this so much more than Garden State.

It begins to snow harder.

LYDIA

Mh, I love this weather, I feel like we're in a snow globe. Very picturesque.

ERIC

Well I will provide the soundtrack for this snow globe.

Lydia rolls her eyes and pulls on Eric's arm.

LYDIA

Oh give it a rest already.

ERIC

But seriously, here I want you to listen to this song.

He stops walking and pulls out his I-POD.

ERIC

You know that Chopin piece you love to play-listen to how it's incorporated into this song.

LYDIA

You bash Garden State and then steal a scene from it. Will this song "change my life?"

ERIC

Just listen.

He watches as Lydia listens. She listens intently looking back at him then begins to smile and nod.

LYDIA

Wow, that is beautiful.

ERIC

I told you. I knew you would love that song.

They resume walking but only a few more yards. They stop in front of a residence hall.

LYDIA

Alright, I'll see you tomorrow.

She leans in and kisses Eric on the cheek. He allows it then pulls back and laughs.

ERIC

That's never going to catch on here, plus whenever you do it to Tyler I think he enjoys it a little too much.

LYDIA

OK, gross. And whatever- I'm making it catch on, it's so European and classy.

ERIC

You're right I feel more sophisticated already.

LYDIA

Shut up. I'll see you tomorrow.

She begins to walk away.

ERIC

Bye. Listen to that CD!

LYDIA

I will!

INT. COLLEGE TOWN COFFE SHOP-DAY, SPRING

Eric and Lydia are sitting close, next to one another on a couch. Eric's arm is casually around Lydia on the back of the couch.

Other friends are in chairs near them.

ERIC

So Kathryn and I are done for good this time.

Lydia, about to take a drink, stops, holding the cup up to her lips and looking at Eric.

LYDIA

When? I mean, why? Are you OK?

ERIC

No, but I knew it needed to happen. She's just, well, a bitch, and this long distance thing was hell.

MALE FRIEND

I'm sorry man, but you're right that girl was no good.

ERIC

Yea, there's 2 years of my life wasted.

LYDIA

No, it's not a waste, no relationship is—you learned things from it, you grew...and I'm sure you had good times as well.

ERIC

Always the optimist. Of course we had good times, but I probably could have had even better times with someone less psychotic.

LYDIA

Well now you can move forward...and you'll know how to avoid the crazy.

ERIC

I'll know how to avoid a relationship. It will be good to be single, it's been awhile...you know, sow my wild oats. Ha, does anyone say that anymore?

Lydia has shifted perceptively, she turns to face Eric more directly.

LYDIA

So you don't think you'll date again for awhile?

ERIC

Who knows, I say that now, but if the right girl catches my eye...I'm just glad to be rid of that whole relationship, it feels like it was weighing me down. And I can't help but feel any relationship at this point would weigh me down.

LYDIA

You never know. Relationships can be a good thing, I promise.

ERIC

Yea, but enough of this, I'm getting more coffee, I was up half the night composing and I'm still not done with my piece for Griffin's class.

Eric gets up to get more coffee.

Lydia settles back into the couch and looks to the girl next to her, who has been looking at Lydia intently.

LYDIA

What??

GIRL

You know exactly what.

LYDIA

No, I don't...

Lydia smiles and glances at the others who are looking at her as well. She laughs.

LYDIA

Oh leave me alone.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM-DAY, SPRING

Lydia is laying on Eric's bed, wearing sweat pants and a tank top. She is holding a notebook in one hand, a pen in the other as she stares up at the ceiling.

Eric is sitting on the floor, wearing rumpled jeans and a t-shirt, holding his guitar. There are sheets of music spread out around him.

Eric plays guitar for a moment.

LYDIA

I really think it sounds good, and you've been working on it forever.

ERIC

I just can't get the bridge right. It's too upbeat.

LYDIA

Oh, you're such the tortured musician, it has to be melancholy and perfect as well.

ERIC

I just want to get it right, you know you're the same way on the violin.

LYDIA

I don't compose.

ERIC

You should, and you know you obsess over pieces until you play them perfectly.

Lydia flips on her side to face Eric on the floor.

LYDIA

Well we don't have time for perfection right now.
This World Music final is going to kick my ass.

ERIC

I've just stopped caring...I mean who really needs
to know what the King of England liked to listen
to in 1636?

LYDIA

We need to know if we want to pass. Come onnn we
slacked off on the reading all semester, we have
to play catch up.

ERIC

Let's just pretend we already learned it and that
it's already summertime.

LYDIA

Ha, OK... I am excited for this summer though, I'm
so glad you're staying here too, it would be
really boring without someone else around.

ERIC

Indeed. This will be a summer of very minimal
responsibility, I'm only working 3 days a week.
And it will be nice not having a lot of people
around either.

LYDIA

You'll have me around and quite frequently. We
better hang out. I love doing summery things-we
can go swimming at the lake, late night ice cream
runs, oh! picnics and reading in the park.

ERIC

Oh yea!! We'll skip down the lane and have grand
adventures.

Lydia throws a pillow from the bed at Eric.

LYDIA

Now you're just mocking me! But I'm serious! It will be fun!

Eric stands up suddenly holding the pillow Lydia threw at him.

ERIC

I would never mock you. You're a doll, and of course it will be fun.

He leaps over the papers on the floor, hitting Lydia and the bed with his body and pillow.

LYDIA

(laughing) You're crushing me! You're crushing me!

Eric continues to hit Lydia with the pillow as Lydia screams and laughs.

Lydia finally manages to push Eric off the bed. He lands on the floor, panting for breath. As Lydia grabs all the pillows on the bed and holds them.

LYDIA

I win!

ERIC

Don't worry I have all summer to get you back.

EXT. SMALL WOODED AREA-NIGHT, SUMMER

Lydia and Eric walk quickly through small trees and brush. Both laugh and tear at branches in the way.

LYDIA

We're going to get in trouble!

ERIC

Settle down, I know these people, we're fine.

They reach a hammock. The outline of a house in the background.

ERIC

Yes! This is the best part about summer and the people who live here.

He sits on the hammock, then awkwardly lays down, adjusting his tall frame.

Lydia is watching, laughing. She lays next to him. The hammock threatens to flip, but they keep it balanced.

They are both silent, we can hear FAINT MUSIC AND PEOPLE TALKING somewhere in the distance.

LYDIA

This is better than the party.

ERIC

This is better than anything! Hammocks are the best part of summer.

LYDIA

It's too cold to be summer.

ERIC

I'm not cold.

LYDIA

I think that fourth beer is keeping you warm.

Eric laughs and re-adjusts to put his arm around Lydia. She looks at him looking at the stars. She smiles and looks up at them as well.

They are silent.

Suddenly, the hammock breaks from underneath them. Both hit the ground hard. Eric rolls over clutching his back.

While it is painful, neither can stop laughing hysterically.

ERIC

(laughing/wheezing for air) I think I broke my back!

Lydia is still collapsed and laughing uncontrollably. She sits up suddenly.

LYDIA

We have to get out of here, this is not our hammock.

She stumbles to her feet and holds out her hand to Eric.

LYDIA

Let's go back to the party.

Eric takes her hand and follows her back through the woods.

EXT. BACK PORCH OF A SMALL HOUSE-NIGHT, STILL SUMMER

Eric, in his usual tight jeans and t-shirt, is leaning against the back of the house, smoking a cigarette and drinking a beer. He is watching Lydia and another boy talking across the porch.

Lydia, dressed in a halter top and jeans, laughs and puts her hand on the boy's arm.

Eric puts out his cigarette and walks over to them.

ERIC

I think Rob and Tommy are heading to a party off of Main Street, I don't think I want to go though.

LYDIA

Yea, I know I don't want to. I'm not tired but I don't feel like going out.

BOY

Come on Lydia, I'm going, you should come.

Lydia hesitates.

ERIC

Let's just walk over to my place, we can watch a movie or something.

LYDIA

OK, yea, I think I'll just do that. Sorry Drew, I'll go out next time for sure.

DREW

Alright see you.

Drew and Lydia hug and Drew walks inside.

Lydia waits as Eric quickly opens the back door and yells goodbye to their friends inside.

Lydia and Eric walk through the backyard and across the street.

ERIC

You and Drew were friendly tonight.

LYDIA

Yea, we've been friendly other nights as well.

ERIC

Really? I would not have pictured you liking him.

LYDIA

Oh, I wouldn't say I like him, he's really nice. And has a great smile.

ERIC

Riiigghhhtt, a "great smile."

LYDIA

Whatever, he does!

They reach Eric's house and enter.

INT. ERIC'S LIVING ROOM-SAME NIGHT

Eric and Lydia stumble through the darkened living room and up the stairs to Eric's room.

They enter and turn on the light.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM-SAME NIGHT

Lydia sits on Eric's floor near his TV going through his DVDs.

Eric sits on his bed watching Lydia.

LYDIA

I'm so surprised you didn't go with them to the party. You always want to stay out.

ERIC

Eh, just not tonight.

LYDIA

OK, wellllll let's just watch 28 Days Later, it's my favorite scary movie and I haven't seen it in forever.

ERIC

Fine with me.

Eric gets up and takes the DVD and puts it in the player.

Lydia takes off her shoes and sprawls on Eric's bed.

ERIC

You taking up all the room?

LYDIA

There's a crack between the wall and the bed,
that's for you.

Eric jumps awkwardly over Lydia and lands half on her and half on the bed.

Lydia groans in mock pain and tries to re-adjust away from him. She turns on her side to face the TV. The movie starts.

Eric is moving around, clearly trying to be closer to Lydia, while Lydia is strictly paying attention to the movie.

Finally Eric removes his cell phone from his pocket and places it on the night stand, reaching across Lydia's body.

He leaves his arm over Lydia's body, curling himself closer behind her.

Lydia looks puzzled but remains facing the TV.

Slowly Eric moves his hand across Lydia's waist. He moves up her stomach then her arm and brushes the hair away from her neck.

We see Lydia staring determinately at the screen, then finally turn back toward Eric.

When she turns, he kisses her.

LYDIA

This is probably not a good idea.

ERIC

It was bound to happen, might as well get it over with.

They continue to kiss.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Lydia is asleep on her bed, covers off, fan blowing directly on her. She is wearing shorts and a tank top.

Her cell phone on the nightstand rings.

Lydia struggles to wake, reaches for her phone.

LYDIA

Hello?

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET-CONTINUOUS

Eric walks alone, intoxicated.

ERIC

Lydia! What are you doing?

LYDIA

I'm sleeping. You knew I wasn't going out tonight.
(silence) What do you want?

ERIC

I just want to talk. I'm walking back from the bars-on my way over to Kyle's.

LYDIA

By yourself?

ERIC

I had to walk Molly home. She wanted me to walk her all the way to her bedroom if you know what I mean.

LYDIA

Of course she did, she's a huge skank.

She looks at her alarm clock.

LYDIA

Why are you going to Kyle's? It's 3 am.

ERIC

I have to tell you a secret, you can't be mad at me.

LYDIA

What is it?

ERIC

Kyle and I tried cocaine.

Lydia sits up in bed.

LYDIA

"Tried" it?! What does that mean? Of course you did it with Kyle...where did you get it? And now you're wandering the streets high? Eric this is not OK. Do you need me to come get you?

ERIC

I'm fineeeee. Amy had some so we just tried it, like 2 lines. It's not a big deal. I'm definitely alright. It's a good feeling. Much better than being sloppy drunk, although I may be a little drunk as well. Wait, I'm getting a call on the other line-it's Kyle!

LYDIA

Don't you get on the other line! Eric! Wait!

ERIC

It's OK! I need to talk to him, I'll call you tomorrow, bye!

LYDIA

Eric! No! Wait! Damn it.

She stares at the phone still open in her hand.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM_NIGHT

Lydia lies in Eric's bed on her side, with the sheet wrapped around her body.

Eric is curled up behind her, wearing just boxers, his arm around her.

LYDIA

You know I'm just concerned about you, right? I'm not trying to be judgmental or tell you what to do...

ERIC

I know, and really I appreciate the concern, but you have to know that it was just something we tried. Believe me, I know my limits.

LYDIA

Eric, will you promise me you won't try it again? Please.

ERIC

OK, I promise-it's too expensive anyway.

LYDIA

That's horrible rational. I will not have my best friend becoming a coke head.

Eric

(laughing)Yea, that's me, definitely the coke head. Honestly it was just put in front of us, so we tried it. It's funny though because Amy asked

me if I had tried it before, and I was like "oh yea."

LYDIA

Why??

ERIC

I didn't want to look dumb, and I don't think she would have let me try it if I hadn't-like she didn't want to be responsible for that.

LYDIA

Oh, wow what a good friend. You know I never thought I'd actually be able to say I know a crack whore, but by knowing her, I can check that off my list.

ERIC

There it is. I don't know though, she's got this sex appeal. She was looking really good at the party.

LYDIA

That's because you were high.

ERIC

Ha, I don't know...she was kind of coming on to me, I should see where that can go.

Lydia turns on her back, then faces Eric.

LYDIA

Really?

ERIC

Tommy says she's good in bed.

LYDIA

Gross.

Lydia turns back on her side. Eric pulls her in closer.

ERIC

Aw, I love how overprotective you get.

LYDIA

Hey, sleep with whoever you want.

ERIC

I will, and apparently right now that's you.

LYDIA

Mh gee thanks...but this can't go on forever, and I refuse to be like one of your many. I know you're easily tempted.

ERIC

No I'm not...well. I figured this was a summer fling anyways. I don't want complications to our friendship, I mean clearly this is one, but we've been on the same page so far, right?

LYDIA

Oh yea, I think it will be too complicated when everyone comes back and our lives are kind of separated to try and keep this up. Sure.

ERIC

I can't believe summer is ending. This summer has seriously been my best one.

LYDIA

It's because I was here.

ERIC

Well, of course, ha. But honestly having like you and Kyle become my best friends, it's nice to have people who finally seem to understand me.

LYDIA

Aw, poor little emo boy, no one ever gets you...

Eric takes a pillow and hits Lydia playfully with it.

ERIC

I'm trying to be serious here...Maybe I will start sleeping with Amy, I bet she'd get me and my problems.

LYDIA

You did not just say that.

They mock wrestle for a minute.

LYDIA

I will tickle you, I will. Don't make me.

ERIC

OK, OK, truce, truce, don't do it.

LYDIA

You're like a 5 year old.

ERIC

I never should have told you how ticklish I am, rookie mistake.

LYDIA

Mmhh-hmmm.

They resume their position from earlier and slowly start to fall asleep.

Suddenly Lydia turns her head to face Eric.

LYDIA

Kiss.

Eric quickly obeys.

ERIC

Go to sleep silly.

Lydia turns back, eyes open as Eric falls asleep behind her.

INT. OFFICE SUPPLY STORE-DAY, FALL

Eric is pushing a cart as Lydia walks beside it.

Eric is dressed in a plain wrinkled t-shirt and jeans. His hair has grown longer and is messy.

Lydia wears a snug button up shirt and jeans, her hair straightened neatly past her shoulders.

ERIC

I'm very particular about what planner I get, you know this.

LYDIA

I know, I know. I'm telling you the one I got is perfect, you'll like it.

ERIC

OK, I'm trusting you.

LYDIA

Good.

Eric grabs a pack of pens and throws it in the cart.

LYDIA

It feels like I've hardly seen you since school's started. I mean, I've been so busy. It's been crazy having everyone back don't you think?

ERIC

Yea, apparently I have more friends this year than ever before. It seems like I'm constantly being asked to go out, or go see someone.

LYDIA

Look at you, Mr. Popular.

ERIC

Please, you've always been like that, it's a novelty to me. I think it's being friends with Kyle. He knows so many people.

LYDIA

Right, Kyle... So you went out this weekend?

ERIC

Yea, Amy threw a party. It was fine. Late night, lots of people, etc.

Lydia picks up the pace of her walking and attempts to be distracted by the notebooks on the shelf.

LYDIA

That's cool. I feel like I need to attend one of those parties, you know see people from the summer again and everything.

ERIC

(laughing) Can you fit us into your busy schedule with all your other friends.

LYDIA

Hey, be nice. This is just a busy time of the semester. But you and I should plan like lunch or

getting coffee. It's weird not having class with you anymore.

ERIC

Yea, we can figure something out.

LYDIA

OK, good...So I heard you hooked up with Amy.

ERIC

What? Who did you? Never mind, I never should have told Kate.

LYDIA

So you did?

ERIC

Yea, we were both really high and it seemed like a good idea at the time.

LYDIA

But it wasn't a good idea...

ERIC

Don't get me wrong it was good, I'm just not that into her, so we'll see what happens.

LYDIA

Oh, OK.

Lydia puts her hand on the cart and guides it toward the day planners.

INT. A DINGY APARTMENT LIVING ROOM-NIGHT, STILL FALL

Eric and Lydia sit next to one another on a couch with other friends in a circle around a worn coffee table.

Everyone is drinking alcohol, the group is playing a drinking game with cards.

Eric pulls out his vibrating cell phone and reads a text message.

Lydia looks to see who it is first, then watches as Eric responds.

LYDIA

What's Kyle doing tonight?

ERIC

He's at Andrew's party.

LYDIA

Are you going over there?

ERIC

I was thinking about going over later.

It is Lydia's turn in the game, then Eric's. Once the game continues Lydia turns back to Eric, who is trying to be absorbed in the game.

LYDIA

You're not driving after drinking. I won't let you.

ERIC

I'm fine, and we'll see- I'll figure it out.

LYDIA

Why don't you just stay at my place? It's walking distance. That would be easier.

ERIC

I don't know. I told Andrew I'd stop by.

LYDIA

It's already late. He has parties all the time,
I'm sure it's not that big of a deal.

ERIC

We'll see OK?

Eric gets up to go to the bathroom, pulling out his cell
phone as he goes.

Lydia is visibly upset, but pretends to be interested in
the game.

Cut to:

INT. SAME APARTMENT LIVING ROOM -LATER THAT NIGHT

Lydia and Eric are standing against a wall talking, others
are beginning to leave. Both are slightly intoxicated.

LYDIA

I don't understand why you just don't come over?
Are you going over to Andrew's?

ERIC

No, they said the party's died down anyway. I'm
just tired, Lydia, I want to go home.

LYDIA

Well you're in no state to be driving, just come
over. We'll just go to sleep.

ERIC

No, I just want to sleep in my own bed. Kyle said
he can pick me up on his way home.

LYDIA

I doubt Kyle is in any state to be driving either.
You two are ridiculous together. Come on, it's not
a big deal, just come over.

ERIC

Exactly, it's not a big deal, so don't make it one, just let me go home.

A friend comes over to say good bye, then leaves.

LYDIA

Eric, you haven't been over in forever, it's just one night. Stop being like this.

ERIC

I'm not being like anything, I want to go home and sleep in my own bed. We hung out all night.

LYDIA

You know it's not the same. You're being an asshole.

ERIC

I'm being an asshole for wanting to go to sleep? That doesn't make sense Lydia.

Eric pulls his cell phone out, which is vibrating again.

ERIC

Kyle's here. I'm sorry you think I'm being an asshole, but I'm going to go. OK? Bye.

Lydia doesn't respond, just glares at Eric, who shakes his head and leaves.

INT. BLUE FORD ESCAPE-NIGHT, FALL

Lydia drives as Eric sits next to her, fidgeting in the passenger seat.

ERIC

Seriously, is this like a for real haunted house?

LYDIA

No-it's a haunted barn!

ERIC

What??

LYDIA

OK, the story is that the farmer went crazy one day and gathered his three children and his wife into his barn and shot them all before hanging himself...oh and he killed all the animals in the barn too.

Eric stares at her, mouth open.

ERIC

And you want to go here why?!

LYDIA

It's an adventure! We just have to go and sit with our headlights off for like five minutes and they say we'll see a light in the barn, hear screaming and see the silhouette of the farmer hanging himself.

ERIC

I can't believe I'm going with you to this...and I also can't believe your morbid fascination with this. Can't we just, you know, stay home and quietly read to ourselves, maybe talk and sit in our safe un-haunted houses, with our un-dead friends.

Lydia laughs. Eric just stares at her.

LYDIA

It'll be fun! And I'll take care of you, I promise.

They pull into a side road and Eric locks the doors of the car.

There are few streetlights and Lydia slows the car down as they approach a barn silhouetted in the night sky.

ERIC

Lydia, this is so not OK.

LYDIA

Shh it's fine, I'm going to turn off the headlights.

Lydia parks the car and turns off the headlights. Eric grabs Lydia's hand.

The barn is illuminated only by the moon and there are no sounds besides the car running.

LYDIA

Are you doing OK there buddy?

Eric just looks at Lydia and grips her hand tighter.

Suddenly they hear a howl in the distance. They both jump.

ERIC

We're leaving -we're leaving now!

Lydia puts the car in reverse and quickly leaves the barn behind. They drive in silence until they reach the main road. Then Lydia starts laughing.

LYDIA

That was pathetic, we didn't even make it like 2 full minutes!

Eric starts laughing.

ERIC

Whatever, I totally wasn't scared.

Lydia rolls her eyes.

LYDIA

Right, you were so brave the whole time you were squeezing the life out of my hand.

ERIC

I just wanted to make sure you were all right.

Eric laughs and Lydia continues to drive back toward campus.

INT. LYDIA'S ROOM-MORNING, FALL

Lydia is lying in bed, asleep, next to Eric. She is wearing a tank top and underwear.

Eric is asleep with one arm over Lydia, wearing boxers.

Lydia's cell phone rings like an alarm. She groans and picks it up to turn it off.

Eric shifts and lays on his back.

LYDIA

Come on we have to get up.

Eric opens his eyes and looks at her.

Lydia moves over and lays on his chest.

LYDIA

You know we weren't very good at making this a summer thing.

ERIC

That's because we were very good at this in general.

LYDIA

You're horrible.

She sits up.

LYDIA

Let's go.

Eric stretches then gets up as well.

They stand on opposite sides of the bed, pulling up the sheets and comforter.

Lydia walks to her desk and sits down in front of her computer. Eric goes to the bathroom. We hear WATER RUNNING.

Lydia's roommate, fully dressed, holding a cup of coffee comes to stand in Lydia's doorway.

LYDIA

Don't. I don't want to talk about it.

Roommate

Right, "this is the last time." I'm going to class, tell him not to drink all the orange juice again.

LYDIA

OK. Bye.

Lydia turns back to her computer and just rests her head in her hands.

INT. LYDIA'S ROOM-NIGHT

Lydia is sitting on her bed, phone in hand. She is dressed as if about to go out in a skirt and a nice top.

She dials the phone and waits.

INT. CROWDED LIVING ROOM-NIGHT-CONTINUOUS

Eric is standing with friends, a beer in hand. He pulls his cell phone out of his pocket, we see Lydia is calling. He pauses then puts the phone back in his pocket.

INT. LYDIA'S ROOM-NIGHT-CONTINUOUS

Lydia hangs up the phone and sighs. She gets up and walks out of the room.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF A UNIVERSITY BUILDING-NIGHT

Lydia and Eric stand next to Lydia's car.

Lydia is wearing a jacket, but shivers from the cold.

Eric is wearing just a hoodie and jeans, his appearance is overall more disheveled than previous.

LYDIA

Well, that meeting was an hour of my life I'll never get back.

ERIC

Seriously, I'm really glad you're trying to get me involved with the music department. They have such riveting meetings.

LYDIA

Oh chill out, they get better I promise and we do a lot of other things.

ERIC

We'll see.

LYDIA

Besides, what else did you have to do tonight?

ERIC

For your information I am actually going over to Kyle's to work on homework. We are helping each other out.

LYDIA

Aw, how cute. I'm sure Kyle's a great influence on you.

ERIC

Hey! On Sunday we got together and...never mind.

LYDIA

Wait-what? What did you guys do??

ERIC

No, forget it I was trying to show you how we were responsible together and did homework...

LYDIA

OK, well that's a good thing.

ERIC

Yea, but we took aderol to help us focus-I got a lot done though!

LYDIA

Awesome. You guys really are a great influence. At least you have a buddy while you slowly kill yourself.

ERIC

Here we go with the dramatics. I was trying to show you that we do good things as well. Just because it's not the way you think it should be done.

LYDIA

It's not the way logical people think it should be done! I don't understand how you can think any part of what you're doing is logical or rational-or, or helping you in anyway.

ERIC

We clearly just do not agree on this and I wish you would trust me to know that I know what I'm doing-I know my limits, I know it's not a big deal.

LYDIA

Obviously you don't know your limits, Eric. You just keep pushing them. When is it going to be enough? What happens when you get used to the cocaine like you did the pot or drinking. I'm sorry but I can't be best friends with someone who won't listen to reason-or who keeps doing this to themselves.

Eric runs his hands through his hair, turns his back on Lydia and turns back.

ERIC

God, Lydia-you always turn this into some bigger issue. It's not going to get out of hand, OK? I know myself and what I'm doing, I'm sorry if I'm not the friend you think I should be.

LYDIA

Yea, well, it's something I'm getting used to.

ERIC

Good. That's great.

LYDIA

Don't you understand that I'm just concerned, that what your doing is not OK, that it's not only effecting you, but the people around you?

ERIC

You mean it's affecting you. It's not what you want.

LYDIA

That's not fair.

ERIC

Well it's not fair for you to ask me to change my lifestyle, or to change the way I am.

LYDIA

What?? I'm not! I'm asking you to be who you have been-I don't understand why you think you need this. Why you've become different.

ERIC

I really don't think I've changed that much, and if I have it's for the better-my life is so much easier, I'm not as stressed about things or worried. Change is not always a bad thing.

LYDIA

It is when you hurt people or your relationships with them, while changing.

Eric paces back and forth again.

Lydia has remained standing still, except for setting her bag on the trunk of her car. She suddenly grabs at Eric's arm to hold him still to look at her.

LYDIA-CONTINUOUS

You don't return my calls unless it's convenient for you. You don't let me into your life, unless you need something. You'd rather be getting high than ever hanging out with me...and it's...it's fucking hurtful Eric.

ERIC

Damn it Lydia, I don't know why you think I'm trying to hurt you, I'm not, this is not about you.

LYDIA

Right. Like I said, I'm hardly a part of your life anymore, except when you're looking to get laid.

ERIC

Wow. OK. Well. There that is. I think we both need to talk when we weren't already in a bad mood from the meeting-obviously we're not getting anywhere.

LYDIA

It doesn't make a difference when we talk about this, it's going to be the same thing.

ERIC

Fine then, I don't want to deal with it now, how about that.

Eric walks away toward his car.

Lydia stands there a second, then grabs her bag and gets in her car. She starts it, but just sits there and starts to cry.

INT. LYDIA'S BEDROOM-DAY

Lydia is sitting on her bed, on the phone.

LYDIA

Hey Eric. Listen, I'm really sorry about last night. I hate always fighting with you...yea, me too...tonight? OK, yea, I can come over...OK, bye.

She hangs up the phone and lays on her bed.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM-NIGHT

Eric and Lydia lay on their backs, fully clothed on Eric's bed.

LYDIA

Please understand where I'm coming from though.
Like, don't you see why it's a concern?

Eric

No, I do, I do. You just have to understand that it's something I'm doing right now. Honestly I know it won't be for that long. I do realize cocaine is not a good lifestyle choice. But the thing is, for now, it's made me social, it's made me talk to people I wouldn't normally, go places I'd be too awkward to go to before. It's like the social push I needed.

LYDIA

OK, well regardless of the fact that I think you could have gotten that "push" elsewhere, now that you're on "the social scene" don't you think you can stop. You do realize it's addicting right?

ERIC

Obviously, but it's really not as addicting as you think and I know how my body is, I was never addicted to pot, as much as I smoked it, I can quit things when I need to. Right now it's not effecting my school work, if anything it's helping-lots of great musicians have used drugs.

LYDIA

Lot's of great musicians have died from those drugs.

ERIC

I'm going to need you to trust me here. And accept that OK, maybe things have changed, and maybe that's OK as well...also, if you don't want to sleep together anymore, obviously I under-

LYDIA

No, it's not about that, I'd be lying if I said it didn't complicate things... but it's fine,

whatever, that's not that big of a deal, sorry I made it one last night.

ERIC

Yea, I mean I thought we were at the same place with that.

LYDIA

We are, it's alright.

ERIC

You're a good friend to me Lydia, you know that.

LYDIA

Am I, Eric?

Eric turns to look at her.

LYDIA-CONTINUOUS

I'm not trying to be over dramatic, it's just, well you don't talk to me as much, we don't hang out like we used to...I'm not trying to be clingy, and I think it's great that you are meeting new people and everything, but...I don't know, I just miss my friend.

ERIC

I do care about you- so much. I'm sorry I'm bad at showing it, I mean I've never really been good at it...which isn't an excuse, just how I am. It's just like this weird transitional phase for me right now. But I definitely need you a part of it, and I am sorry I'm not a better friend to you.

Lydia has turned away from Eric and stares at the wall. She takes a deep breath and looks back at him.

LYDIA

It's OK. It'll be OK.

She places her hand on Eric's cheek and smiles at him.

He gets up from the bed. He turns on music.

ERIC

Listen to this new song I downloaded, tell me if you like it.

Eric returns to the bed and pulls Lydia to him. She lays with her head on his chest, his arms around her.

EXT. ERIC'S FRONT YARD-NIGHT

Eric is leading Lydia by the hand through his yard, across the street to the party. They are wearing the same clothes from the opening scene.

INT. CROWDED HOUSE-NIGHT

They walk into the party together and Eric let's go of Lydia's hand to greet friends.

Lydia is forcing a smile and talking to the people around her. A friend hands her a beer and they move toward the other side of the room to talk.

LOUD MUSIC is heard throughout.

The room is darkened, but Lydia is obviously watching Eric who is across the room from where she is standing with her friend.

Eric keeps looking over at Lydia. He is talking with two young men. They all move toward the stairs and start up them.

Lydia motions to her friend that she is going to the bathroom.

Lydia makes her way through the party, but is stopped multiple times by other people wanting to say hi or dance.

She makes it to the stairs.

INT. BATHRTOOM OF THE HOUSE-NIGHT

Eric and his friends have set up cocaine and are taking turns doing lines of it.

INT. TOP OF THE STAIRS-NIGHT

Lydia is standing in front of the bathroom door. She tries the handle, it is locked.

She places one hand on the door and just stares at it. She turns and walks back down the stairs.

Eric opens the door as Lydia is walking down the stairs. He watches her retreating back.



SNAPPED

By Brittany Crisp

INT. UPSCALE, SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

The Oakley family is in their kitchen preparing for the day.

RENEE, a middle aged woman with mousy hair and a sweater vest, stands at the kitchen counter making coffee and tidying.

A teenage boy, WES, with shaggy brown hair, a t-shirt, and thick rimmed glasses, eats toast while he crams books into his backpack.

SCOTT, middle aged with salt and pepper hair and a business suit enters holding a brief case. He kisses Renee on the cheek.

SCOTT
Mornin'

RENEE
You gonna eat something before
you take off?

SCOTT
I'm running late.

Renee pours some coffee into a mug and hands it to Scott.

RENEE
They're working you to the bone,
honey. It's not enough that they
work you late almost every
night, but now you have to go in
early?

SCOTT
It's the new account... hopefully
everything will settle down
soon.

Scott takes a sip of coffee and checks his watch.

SCOTT
Gotta go. I'll try and make it
home for dinner tonight.

RENEE
I'll believe that when I see it.
Love you.

SCOTT
Love you too.

Scott kisses her cheek again and walks out the kitchen door. Renee watches him sadly from the kitchen window.

Renee's POV. On the way to the car, Scott passes a teenage girl with long blonde hair, a short skirt and tank top, and high heels, who walks up their driveway.

Scott nods at HANNAH as they pass. She smiles back at him.

Hannah walks in through the kitchen door without knocking.

HANNAH
Hey Mrs. Oakley.

RENEE
Morning, Hannah.

HANNAH
Where's Sophie?

RENEE
She should be down.
(yelling)
SOPHIA, YOUR RIDE'S HERE. Want
some toast, Hannah?

Renee points to a plate of toast sitting on the counter.

HANNAH
Of course.

Hannah grabs the toast and sits opposite Wes at the kitchen table.

HANNAH
Hey Wes.

WES
How's it goin'?

HANNAH
Not bad.

Hannah fixes her hair in the reflection of the shiny toaster on the counter.

HANNAH
You need a ride to school?

WES

No, I'm catching a ride with
Vince. (under his breath) Like
every other day.

Hannah picks the crust off her toast, eating only the
middle part.

HANNAH

Well, if you don't want to
ride in style.

(yelling upward)

SOPHIE! Sometime today!

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SOPHIA, a cute girl of 16 with long wavy brown hair, tight
dark wash jeans, and a low cut tank top, frantically rips
through the closet in her bedroom.

Shoes are thrown chaotically behind her. A lone pink high
heel sits in front of her.

HANNAH (O.S)

SOPHIE!

SOPHIA

Coming!

Sophia continues to dig. She finds the matching pink shoe
in the back of her closet and sighs with relief.

She stands up and throws the shoes on her bed. She rushes
over to her dresser and opens a bottle of pills.

She unscrews the lid to a water bottle beside the pills,
throws the pills into her mouth and takes a swig of water,
swallowing the pills.

She grabs the shoes from her bed and stumbles as she
quickly throws them on and hops toward the door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Hannah picks at the toast a little more, leaving a pile of
crust and crumbs on the plate. She pushes the plate to the
middle of the table.

Sophia walks into the kitchen, disgruntled.

SOPHIA

Ah, sorry. I couldn't find my
pink Jimmies anywhere.

WES

Sprinkles?

Hannah laughs. Sophia lays her purse on the kitchen table
and stands beside it.

SOPHIA

No, retard. Jimmy Choos.

Wes stares at her, tilting his head curiously.

SOPHIA

My shoes, dumbass.

RENEE

Sophia.

SOPHIA

What? Wes is such a moron.

WES

Forgive me. Fashion isn't my
domain.

SOPHIA

Clearly.

SOUND OF HORN HONKING.

Wes glances out the window. His POV. Two teenage boys,
VINCE and CODY stand outside a beat-up car parked across
the street. Vince leans through the driver's side window,
beeping the horn.

WES

Cya.

Wes gets up, shoves the last piece of toast in his mouth,
takes a swig of orange juice, and throws his backpack over
his shoulder. He walks to the door.

RENEE

Have a good day at school,
Sweetie.

WES

Yep.

HANNAH

See you at school.

Wes walks out the kitchen door.

Sophia picks her purse off the table.

SOPHIA

Ready?

HANNAH

Yep.

RENEE

You're not gonna eat?

SOPHIA

I'm not hungry.

RENEE

Well, come home right after
school today Soph. You have
another appointment with Dr.
Grant at 4.

SOPHIA

No.

RENEE

What do you mean No?

SOPHIA

Ugh mom. I'm going out with
Justin tonight.

RENEE

Who is Justin?

HANNAH

He's sexy.

SOPHIA

I know, right.

The girls laugh.

SOPHIA

Anyways, I'm really not going to Dr. Grant today, though. I'll go next week.

RENEE

No, you really are going. Today. And if you aren't home by 3:30 you can kiss your social life- and credit card- goodbye. I mean that.

Sophia clenches her knuckles. She grabs Hannah's crumb-filled plate of toast and quickly walks it to the sink, slamming it down hard.

Sophia glares at Renee, furious.

SOPHIA

I... hate you. Let's go Han.

Sophia storms out of the kitchen, followed by Hannah, who shrugs at Renee before turning to leave.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Rows of table-like desks line the classroom. Each table seats two students.

Wes sits next to OLIVIA, 17, whose medium length brown hair is pulled back in a pony tail. She has side swept bangs and a thick white head band. She wears a plaid button up shirt.

A middle-aged teacher, MR. DOTSON, lectures in the front of the room, but Wes and Olivia are playing tic-tac-toe on a sheet of paper.

Olivia puts a final 'O' on the tic-tac-toe board and draws a line through the row of three O's. She writes in large letters on the paper "O WINS!" and circles it.

OLIVIA
(whispering)
I win again.

SOUND OF KNOCK ON DOOR

A young woman teacher, MISS FLETCHER, opens the classroom door and peaks inside.

MISS FLETCHER
Mr. Dotson, can I have a quick word?

MR. DOTSON
Of course.
(to students)
Start reading chapter 17, I'll be back in a moment.

A scrawny, nerdy looking boy, TOBY, sits at a table near Wes and Olivia.

TOBY
I heard Miss Fletcher and Mr. Dotson are hooking up.

OLIVIA
Oh, obviously.

TOBY
I really heard they were.

OLIVIA
Well, if you heard it..

WES
Mr. Dotson is married, and like 20 years older than her.

TOBY
So?

OLIVIA

Do you believe everything you hear, Toby?

TOBY

No. Just the feasible things.

Olivia and Wes grin at each other, roll their eyes, and go back to playing tic-tac-toe.

WES

So, do you have any big, exciting plans this weekend, Olivia?

OLIVIA

I'm going to Connecticut with Sean.

WES

Oh, right... Sean. What is he whisking you away to Connecticut for?

OLIVIA

To visit his grandparents.

WES

That sounds... what are you going to do? Croquette and bingo?

OLIVIA

No, I think we're going go out on their boat and stuff. Their house is incredible. Right on the ocean.

TOBY

How is Sean's family so loaded?

WES

His grandfather invented time.

TOBY

What do you mean he invented
time?

Mr. Dotson re-enters the room and walks to the front of the
class.

Toby, Wes, and Olivia's voices drop to whispers.

TOBY
(continuing)
You can't invent time.

OLIVIA
Yeah, he invented the concept of
time. It's a pretty big deal.

Mr. Dotson picks up a piece of chalk and runs it through
his fingers as he slowly paces at the front of the
classroom. He speaks loudly over the hushed voices of Toby,
Wes, and Olivia.

MR. DOTSON
So, how far did everyone get in
chapter 17 of the text?

Toby, Wes, and Olivia continue their whispered conversation
while Mr. Dotson attempts to lecture.

TOBY
He invented clocks?

WES
Among other things. Why do you
think they call it a
"Grandfather clock"?

TOBY
Because he was a grandfather?

WES
Yeah, exactly.

Wes glances up at the front of the room at Mr. Dotson. Mr.
Dotson is writing notes on the board.

MR. DOTSON

Everyone should be writing this
down. That is a hint that it
will be on the exam.

Olivia turns the page in her notebook they were playing
tic-tac-toe on. She quickly scribbles the notes on the
board as she whispers.

OLIVIA

His proudest invention was the
pocket watch.

WES

I personally like the second
hand. I love watching it tick...
tick... tick by. I can watch it
for seconds at a time. Be sure
to thank him for me when you see
him this weekend.

OLIVIA

I will! He will be thrilled to
hear that time is so
appreciated.

TOBY

Wow. He must get a fortune in
royalties.

WES

Paid by the second.

Wes and Olivia glance at each other and smirk again. Olivia
tears out a sheet of paper and slides it to Wes, who was
clearly unprepared for note taking.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM CLASS- DAY

About fifty kids are in the gymnasium, all wearing
matching gym clothes- Orange shorts with a navy blue
shirt reading "LINCOLN KNIGHTS".

Students are in groups around the gym, each one is
testing different abilities.

VINCE and CODY are at a station set up for long
jump. There are four other guys in their group.

A tall, feminine boy, MATT, calculates their scores as the students in his group take their turn.

Cody takes his first jump, but doesn't do too well.

MATT
Nice job, Cody.

Vince puts his hand on his hip and mocks Matt's encouragement in a lispy voice.

VINCE
Nice job, Cody.

CODY
I get a second go, right?

MATT
Yeah.

Cody takes his second jump, and does slightly better than before.

MATT
Good job. Vincent, you're next.

Vince steps up to the line and rubs his hands together, preparing to jump.

VINCE
I'm about to blow all you
bitches out of the water.

Vince jumps, and beats Cody's longest jump by about a foot.

CODY
Jesus.

Matt writes down Vince's score.

VINCE
What, you're not going to tell
me what a
(mocking, lispy voice)
Super job!
(normal voice)

I did?

Matt rolls his eyes and ignores him.

VINCE

Aw, Cody, I think the queer has a crush on you. Better watch your ass in the locker room.

CODY

Stop.

Vince laughs to himself, but none of the other students laugh.

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

Sophia and Hannah are at a different station in gym, standing around, looking over at Vince and Cody's station, giggling.

HANNAH

Yeah, he's hot. But girl, you have a date with Justin Vanderbelt tonight. Everyone wants a date with Justin Vanderbelt.

SOPHIA

Justin is really hot, but I don't know. Cody is so adorable. He's like, actual boyfriend material. Justin is just like, an accessory.

HANNAH

A totally hot accessory. Justin is like, this season's it bag, but Cody is like that really comfortable bag that you should probably just throw away because it's old and tattered and out of style, but for some reason you can't part with it.

Sophia bites her lip and smiles, laughing gently.

SOPHIA

No, he is more like, that really weird bag you see on the shelf, that to most people isn't very appealing, you know, like that hideous cheetah print monstrosity we saw at LV? Like that weird bag that you really want for some odd reason. You save your pennies in a jar for it. He's that bag.

HANNAH

So he's the bag you buy but won't carry in public?

Sophia laughs and lightly backslaps Hannah on the shoulder.

Vince notices Sophia and Hannah looking in his direction.

Vince nudges Cody and shifts his eyes to them, smiling.

Sophia smiles and gives a little wave to Cody. He smiles back. Vince smiles even bigger, waves to her, and winks.

SOPHIA

Ew, did you see that?

HANNAH

He thinks you waved at him!

SOPHIA

Gross.

HANNAH

What a loser.

Sophia and Hannah laugh.

INT. GYM CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Class is over. Cody and Vince walk towards the locker rooms.

VINCE

Sophia is so hot.

CODY
Yeah, she's cute.

VINCE
She's slammin'. Do you think Wes
would be pissed if I dated her?

CODY
Do you think she would even date
you?

VINCE
Did you see the way she was
looking at me today? She wants
some of big Vinny, and she wants
it bad.

CODY
Big Vinny?

VINCE
She wants it so bad.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT- DAY

Wes, Vince, and Cody are at Vince's beat up car. The hood is popped and Vince fidgets under the hood. Cody is in the driver's seat with the door open. Wes stands outside the car, smoking a cigarette.

Olivia and SEAN, a tall, thin teenage boy with acne, walk into the parking lot holding hands.

Sean leads Olivia toward a very expensive car parked a couple spaces away from Vince's.

Sean smirks when he sees them having car trouble.

OLIVIA
Do you guys need a jump?

SEAN
They don't need a jump, baby.

They need to dispose of that piece of tin and invest in something a little more...

Sean pats the hood of his shiny car.

SEAN
(continuing)
Durable.

WES
You know, I think we're good.

SEAN
Do you want to borrow some money for the bus?

Sean pulls out his wallet and starts to sift through it.

SEAN
A dollar should probably about cover it for the three of you, right?

OLIVIA
Sean, stop.

Cody and Wes both glare at Sean with a look of hatred.

SOUND OF ENGINE STARTING comes from Vince's car.

WES
Looks like we got it. Thanks for your hospitality, though, Steve. It's always appreciated.

SEAN
Sean.

Cody gets out of the driver's seat and opens the back car door.

CODY
Yeah, thanks Steve.

Vince walks over to Sean and Olivia who stand by Sean's car. Vince extends his grease-covered hand to shake Sean's.

Sean looks at Vince's hand in disgust.

Vince pats Sean on the back, getting grease all over the back of his shirt.

VINCE

Thanks again, Steve. Wow, this
is a nice piece of machinery.
Wow. Very nice, man.

Vince runs his greasy hand along the hood, smearing black along its glossy exterior.

VINCE

Oh, shit. Sorry about that
buddy. Let's see...

Vince rubs in the grease more, pretending as if he is trying to wipe away the grease, only making it worse.

VINCE

Oh, that didn't help much.
Sorry about that man. You
(more)

VINCE (con't)

can put that dollar toward a
car wash, though. Take care,
chief.

Sean stands with a sour look on his face, and glares over at Wes and Cody, who stand outside the open doors of Vince's car laughing.

SEAN

Let's go.

Sean quickly gets into the driver seat and slams the door.

Olivia hovers for a second, sending apologetic glances at Wes.

Wes looks back and forth from Sean to Olivia.

SEAN

I said let's go.

Olivia gets in the car.

WES'S POV. Olivia and Sean argue in Sean's car. Sean revs his engine before pulling away.

WES
I really hate that pompous asshole.

Wes takes a final drag from his cigarette and throws it on the ground.

Wes, Cody, and Vince jump into Vince's car.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Wes, Sophia, and Renee sit at the dinner table set for four. There is an empty seat opposite Renee.

Renee scoops some mashed potatoes onto her plate and passes the bowl to Sophia. Sophia scoops a very small portion onto her plate. Wes takes the bowl and scoops a huge glob of potatoes onto his plate.

RENEE
Save some for your dad, Wes.

SOPHIA
Yeah, fatass. Save some for dad.

Sophia plays with her food with her spoon. She puts a minuscule bit on her spoon and puts the spoon into her mouth.

Wes shoves a huge spoonful into his mouth.

RENEE
Mind your language.

SOPHIA
What? Okay, whatever, Wes. Eat it all. It's not like dad is going to come home to eat it any time soon.

WES
Probably not.

RENEE

He can reheat it.

SOPHIA

I wouldn't even save any for him. If he wants dinner he should come home for it.

RENEE

He's had a lot to do.

Sophia slams down her spoon onto her barely-touched plate.

SOPHIA

So what? I had things to do too and you always make me come home...

RENEE

I make you come home for your
(more)

RENEE (con't)

appointments. Your dad is at work. Would you rather he not be able to pay the bills?

SOPHIA

Work? Are you kidding me? Mom are you fucking blind? We both know he isn't working right now.

WES

Stop.

Sophia stands up and kicks her chair, which crashes to the floor.

SOPHIA

Don't fucking tell me to stop Wes. Stop telling me what to do all the time.

RENEE

Sophia, sit down.

WES

Calm down.

Sophia picks up her plate, still full of food, and throws it hard against the floor.

SOPHIA

No! Fuck you both. Stop trying to control me! Maybe you should use that energy to try to control dad and he wouldn't be out with some tramp and we would have a family.

WES

Sophia!

Sophia kicks the chair on the floor and storms out of the room.

Renee sits at the table silent, her tear-filled eyes glancing downward, fixed on the kitchen table.

Wes stands and walks over to his mother. His puts his hand on her shoulder.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY- DAY

Sophia and Hannah stand outside Sophia's locker in the crowded hallway.

OC VOICE COMES OVER THE LOUD SPEAKER. The students in the halls quiet.

LOUD SPEAKER

Great news, students! This year's homecoming court nominees have been tallied!

Sophia grabs Hannah's arm, listening intently.

HANNAH

Why are you nervous? You're obviously going to be nominated.

SOPHIA

Maybe not. Besides, it's the competition that's important.

Shh, shh, they are almost on
sophomores.

LOUD SPEAKER

And Judith Fratner! Sophomore
Nominees: Caitlyn Brookes,
Nicole Whitewater, Sophia
Oakley...

Sophia jumps up and down with excitement for a split second
and then intently listens again.

LOUD SPEAKER

..Emma Denton, and Hannah Hughes!

Hannah and Sophia look a little surprised.

SOPHIA

Oh my god! Congrats girl!

HANNAH

Oh my god, what? Me? Why?

Sophia does a little dance around Hannah.

SOPHIA

Because you're fierce as hell!

HANNAH

Strike a pose!

Sophia and Hannah strike a random model-esque pose. They
burst out laughing. Students in the hallway give them
strange looks, which makes them laugh more.

Sophia turns to the students in the hallway.

SOPHIA

Vote for me!

HANNAH

No, vote for ME!

SOPHIA

Do NOT vote for Hannah
Hughes, she has VD.

HANNAH

Haha, shut up skank.

The girls continue to smile and laugh.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE- EVENING

Sophia sits on the couch, looking everywhere in the room except at DR. GRANT. Dr. Grant sits on the opposite side of the room. He is about 60, with white hair and a trimmed white moustache and beard.

DR. GRANT

How have things been, Sophia?

SOPHIA

Great. I'm nominated for homecoming court, so that's cool.

DR GRANT

Congratulations! That could be a lot of fun.

SOPHIA

Yeah, I'm really excited. I have my dress and everything. But I'm nervous, if I don't make it.

DR GRANT

If you don't make it, is that something that would upset you?

Looking at the floor, Sophia shifts her eyes up at Dr. Grant.

SOPHIA

I obviously wouldn't be happy, if that's what you mean.

DR GRANT

Would you be angry?

SOPHIA

It's... I'll probably make it. I think it's basically between either me and Hannah. I am more popular, I think, but I don't know. I didn't even think she would be nominated. But I guess she's been getting pretty popular these days.

DR GRANT

Hannah? Your best friend? How would you feel if she beat you?

SOPHIA

She's my best friend. I'd be happy for her I guess. But she doesn't even want this. She doesn't care about it...

(pause)

I know what you're trying to do. Trying to get me to say I'm so angry, trying to prove there is something wrong with me, that I'm the vicious freak you all think I am.

DR GRANT

I'm not trying to prove anything. You've mentioned some issues with Hannah in the past.

SOPHIA

I don't have issues with Hannah. I feel like you're always trying to break me down. I have issues with you.

DR GRANT

Why do you feel that way?

SOPHIA

Look, I haven't had a real episode in like a year. And it wasn't even that serious! Why do you people treat me like I am some fucking mental case?

DR GRANT

Who treats you like a mental case?

SOPHIA

YOU DO! And my mom, acting like at any moment I could hurt someone again. Everyone.

DR GRANT

Do you ever feel like you want to hurt someone again, Sophia?

SOPHIA

I feel like I want to hurt you right now.

Dr. Grant scribbles down some notes on his paper. Glaring back up at Sophia

DR GRANT

Why do you want to hurt me?

SOPHIA

Oh my god. I don't. I was joking. I'm fine! I hardly ever get that angry anymore. I mean, I get pissed off sometimes, who doesn't. Who. fucking. doesn't?

DR GRANT

Have you been practicing any of the calming exercises we talked about?

SOPHIA

Sometimes. It doesn't work. And neither do those meds. And they're totally making me gain weight. I can not gain weight. I don't want to take them anymore. I'm not going to take them anymore.

Dr. Grant raises an eyebrow inquisitively.

DR GRANT

You want to stop taking the medication?

SOPHIA

Yeah, I'm fine and I don't need them.

DR GRANT

You know you need to continue to take them. IED is serious.

SOPHIA

(getting heated)

Why? I AM FINE. I don't need to take those god damn pills anymore. And I don't need to come talk to you anymore! I don't need any of this! It happened three years ago. Three god damn years ago!

Sophia stands up, screams, and throws a glass of water that sat on a table between them against the wall.

SOUND OF SHATTERING GLASS.

Sophia freezes, scared by what she had just done.

Dr. Grant calmly sits in his chair.

DR. GRANT

Please sit back down, Sophia.

Sophia sits down, silently starring at Dr. Grant, breathing deeply.

DR GRANT

Have you already stopped taking them, Sophia?

Sophia still says nothing, but looks on the verge of tears.

After a moment

SOPHIA

I took them. They just don't work.

SOUND OF BEEPING TIMER. Dr. Grant looks down at his watch.

DR GRANT

Maybe we can talk about a new prescription next time. See you next week?

SOPHIA

No.

Sophia exits the office without another word, slamming the door behind her.

INT. JEWELRY STORE, MALL - DAY

The store is lined with expensive jewelry in glass cases.

Olivia looks into a case of diamond necklaces.

Sean, several feet away, stares into another case.

Olivia walks over to Sean, puts her hand on his waist and peaks over his shoulder.

SEAN

See anything you liked?

OLIVIA

There were some gorgeous necklaces over there.

SEAN

What do you think of these?

Sean gestures to the case of diamond rings.

OLIVIA

They're nice.

SEAN

Which is your favorite? I like this one.

Sean points at a shiny diamond ring with a huge rock.

Olivia looks uncomfortable with the conversation.

OLIVIA

I don't know, they are all nice.
Come look at the necklaces with
me.

SEAN

Okay.

Olivia leads him to the case filled with necklaces. She
points to a necklace.

OLIVIA

That one is so beautiful.

SEAN

How much is it?

OLIVIA

Oh, I don't know.

A SALES CLERK comes from behind the counter.

SALES CLERK

That one is \$1,400.

SEAN

You really want it?

OLIVIA

No, that's too expensive.

Sean reaches into his wallet and pulls out a credit card.

SEAN

If you really want it, it's not
too expensive.

OLIVIA

You really don't have to.

Sean hands the credit card to the sales clerk.

SEAN
We'll take it.

OLIVIA
Sean, no.

SEAN
I like to spoil you.

OLIVIA
Are you sure? That's a lot of
money to spend for no reason.

Sean kisses her forehead.

SEAN
You're so cute. Don't worry
about it, okay? If I didn't want
to buy it for you I wouldn't.

OLIVIA
I know. Thanks babe.

Sean grabs the bag from the sales clerk, and he and Olivia
kiss.

Olivia sighs but instantly smiles when Sean looks at her.

INT. WES'S BASEMENT - EVENING

Wes, Cody, and Vince are in the furnished basement of Wes's
home. It is carpeted, has a sofa, two recliners, and a TV.

Cody and Wes occupy the recliners. Vince sits on the sofa.

They play a boxing game on Nintendo Wii and pass around a
joint.

Wes takes the joint from Vince, takes a puff, and passes
the joint to Cody and takes the controls from him. He
begins to swing his arms in punching motions as he plays
the game.

VINCE
You're kicking his ass.

WES
I'm pretending its Sean
McCallister.

Wes punches the air hard, controller in hand. The character
on the TV screen is knocked out.

CODY
Oh, are we still talking
about this?

VINCE
That dude's a cock.

Vince takes the joint from Cody and inhales deeply.

Cody takes the controller from Wes.

WES
He is such a condescending
ass. Driving around in his
Ferrari or whatever the fuck,
like the trust fund piece of
shit that he is. What does
Olivia even see in him?

VINCE
Olivia is a gold digging
whore.

WES
She is not.

CODY
I don't know, man. He has no
redeeming qualities besides
his money.

Cody flicks his wrist as he plays the video game.

WES
She's not that shallow.

VINCE
Don't be stupid. Why else
would she be dating that ugly

zit faced loser? So he can
take her out in his
(more)

VINCE (con't)
hot ride and buy her fancy
things and like, take her on
his yacht.

CODY
I don't even blame her. I'd
date him too if I meant I got
to help spend his money.

VINCE
Dude you're so fucking gay.

CODY
I didn't mean like, I
wouldn't date *him*. You know
what I mean.

VINCE
Whatever. Look, Olivia is a
gold digger. Kanye wrote a
song about bitches like her.
And let's be honest, I mean,
your house is nice, your
parents make a decent living,
but realistically, you can't
buy her a yacht or diamonds
or pearls or whatever the
fuck that douche bag does.

WES
You really think that's all
she wants?

CODY
I don't know, man.

WES
Nah, there is more to her
than that.

VINCE

You should date Hannah. She
wants you.

Wes extends his hand toward Vince and wiggles his fingers
slightly.

WES
Hannah? Pass that over here.

Vince hands Wes the joint. Wes takes a drag.

CODY
Yeah, Hannah's cute. What's
wrong with Hannah?

WES
She's too much like my
sister. There's something not
right about dating someone
who is just like your sister.

VINCE
But she's hot.

CODY
And doesn't mind that you're
poor.

WES
I'm not poor.

VINCE
Ok, she doesn't mind that you're
ugly.

WES
Hey.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sophia and Hannah are in Sophia's bright, pink, extremely
girly bedroom.

Sophia stands in front of a full length mirror hanging on
her door, fixing her hair.

Hannah searches through the closet.

HANNAH
Is your brother home?

SOPHIA
Uh, I think they are down in the
basement, why?

HANNAH
They?

SOPHIA
Cody and Vince, too. Obviously.

Hannah takes off the shirt she is wearing, and pulls a
shirt off a hanger. She throws the new shirt on.

HANNAH
I'm wearing this, k?

SOPHIA
Why?

HANNAH
Do you wanna go downstairs? You
can see Cody and get your mack
on!

SOPHIA
Ew, you're getting dressed up
for Wes aren't you.

HANNAH
No, Maybe, Do I look hot?

SOPHIA
Disgusting, Han. Wes? Really?

HANNAH
Shut up. Your brother is fly.
How awesome would it be if Wes
and Cody took us to the
homecoming? We'd have senior
(more)

HANNAH (con't)

dates. Wes would be a stellar date for a homecoming princess!

SOPHIA

Oh, I think you mean Cody would.

HANNAH

Umm... nope! I can't believe Justin didn't ask you to be his date, though.

SOPHIA

I know, what a lame. He is going with Samantha Harris.

HANNAH

Whore.

SOPHIA

I know, right. Whatever, Cody will go with me. It's time to make a move, am I right?

HANNAH

Right. Come on.

Both girls check themselves in the mirror, and then exit the room.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY- DAY

Students are packed in the halls.

Wes is at his locker. He shoves a book into his backpack and closes the locker. He turns around quickly and almost runs into Olivia.

WES

Whoa, Sorry

Wes steps to the side to go around her, but Olivia does the same. He then tries to go the other way, but she side-steps the same direction again.

Wes and Olivia laugh.

WES

If you want to dance with me,
just ask.

Olivia laughs.

OLIVIA
You realize that class is this
way, right?

Olivia points in the direction she was walking.

WES
Well, I was going to run to the
water fountain, but you're
making this quite an obstacle. I
suppose I'll just skip it.

He turns around and they walk together.

OLIVIA
Who needs water anyway?

WES
Hydration is for pussies.

OLIVIA
It's so overrated.

WES
I wonder who Toby thinks
invented water.

OLIVIA
Mr. Dotson's uncle, clearly.

Sean turns the corner, running into Wes and Olivia. Sean
eyes Wes.

SEAN
Hey baby.

Sean grabs Olivia and kisses her.

WES
Hey, Steve.

Sean tries to ignore Wes's comment, but glares at him out of the corner of his eye.

SEAN

That necklace looks so beautiful on you. I knew it would.

WES

Was that a gift courtesy of your dad's credit card?

SEAN

Was that face of yours a gift courtesy of your dad's horrible genes?

WES

With all your money, why don't you spend some of it and see a dermatologist. You're face kind of resembles the moon.

SEAN

You're face would look great with my fist through it.

SOUND OF BELL RINGING

OLIVIA

Annnnd there's the bell. We have to get to class. I'll talk to you later, ok?

Sean tries to kiss her, but she turns her cheek and walks into class. Wes follows.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Wes and Olivia sit beside each other in Mr. Dotson's class.

Olivia whispers to him

OLIVIA

Sorry about Sean. I don't know what his deal is with you.

WES

What do you see in that guy?

OLIVIA

He's not that bad. You're the only one he acts that way to.

WES

I find that hard to believe. He is so smug and self righteous. Really, please tell me what you see in him. Besides his bank account.

OLIVIA

What's that supposed to mean?

WES

That's a really nice necklace. How much did that cost him?

OLIVIA

That has nothing to do with anything.

WES

Well, then enlighten me.

Mr. Dotson clears his throat at the front of the room.

MR DOTSON

Mr. Oakley, Miss Houston, do you mind if I continue my class? Or do you have a conversation that absolutely can not wait? Should I separate the two of you?

OLIVIA

Sorry. I'll move.

Olivia shoots Wes an angry look and grabs her books. She moves to an empty seat next to Toby and glares back at Wes.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL STEPS - DAY

Hannah and Sophia sit with two other girls, JAIME and MOLLY, on the steps outside the school.

The wind lightly blows the leaves on the ground. The girls chat and laugh.

HANNAH

Your dress is so cute Molly.

JAIME

Yeah that dress is fierce.

MOLLY

I can't wait to wear it.

SOPHIA

When did you get your dress?

JAIME

We went last night.

SOPHIA

Wow, thanks for inviting me, whores.

HANNAH

You had your therapy appointment or whatever.

SOPHIA

You could have at least asked.

HANNAH

You wouldn't have come anyways.

SOPHIA

How do you know?

JAIME

What do you even need therapy for?

SOPHIA

My mom is psycho, I don't know. I don't need it.

MOLLY

Shouldn't your mom need the therapy then?

JAIME
Seriously.

Sophia shrugs.

SOPHIA
I have to go to

Sophia does "finger quotes"

SOPHIA
(Continuing)
"therapy" again tonight too.

HANNAH
Skip it!

Sophia smiles weakly.

Vince walks out the school entrance. He sees Sophia and her friends and walks over to them.

VINCE
Sup, ladies?

ALL
Hey.

VINCE
Why you look so glum, Soph?

SOPHIA
No reason. Where's Cody? And Wes?

VINCE
I don't know. Wes is probably macking on Olivia.

MOLLY
Olivia Houston? Isn't she still dating Sean McCallister?

HANNAH
She's such a whorebag. She needs to die.

VINCE
Fiesty.

HANNAH
I hate her.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Wes and Cody walk through the almost empty hallway.

Matt staples a flier onto a bulletin board and watches Cody and Wes as they pass.

WES
Is Vince meeting us outside?

Cody stares at Matt for a moment, and then jerks his head to act like he wasn't.

CODY
Oh uh, yeah, I think so.

Olivia and one of her friends turn the corner.

WES
Olivia, can I talk to you?

Olivia ignores Wes and continues walking, giving shifty eyes to her friend.

CODY
What was that?

Wes and Cody reach the doors and push through them.

They walk toward their group of friends sitting on the steps.

WES
I think I may have called her a gold digger today.

HANNAH
Hey Wes.

SOPHIA

Hey Cody.

CODY

Hey.

(turning back to Wes)
What did you do that for?

WES

Well you guys put that idea into
my head!

HANNAH

What idea?

Wes shakes his head slightly and turns to Vince.

WES

You ready to go?

VINCE

Yep. Later, ladies.

Vince winks at Sophia as they turn to leave.

The boys walk away down the steps.

SOPHIA

Ew.

The girls all laugh.

HANNAH

Vince is really creepy.

SOPHIA

He is repulsive.

JAIME

I think he's cute.

SOPHIA

Ew, Jaime, you would.

INT. DR. GRANT'S OFFICE- EVENING

Sophia sits awkwardly on the couch.

Dr. Grant stares, waiting for her to speak.

Sophia stares back at him, unwilling to participate.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Vince, Wes, and Cody are in Vince's car. Vince is driving, Wes is in the passenger seat, and Cody is in the middle of the back seat.

They pull out of a fast food joint, and Wes distributes the food.

WES

Who's bacon cheeseburger?

VINCE

Mine. So is the double cheeseburger, and the chicken sandwich.

Wes digs through the bag.

CODY

I can't believe you aren't fucking obese yet.

Wes hands a sandwich and some fries back to Cody and takes a few things out for himself. He throws the bag onto Vince's lap.

Vince rips open one of his burgers and takes a disgustingly huge bite, gnawing into it. He speaks with his mouth full.

VINCE

I have a high metabolism.

WES

What?

Vince chews for a moment, holding up one finger and nodding his head. He swallows.

VINCE

Dude my metabolism is fucking high. I stuff my face all day

but I don't gain hardly
anything. The ladies love
this bod, too.

Vince flexes his arm.

Cody makes a fake gagging sound.

WES
What ladies?

Vince is distracted by Matt, who is walking down the street
alone.

A menacing look overcomes Vince's face. He turns around in
a parking lot and heads back down the road toward Matt.

WES
What are you doing?

Vince rolls down his window and unwraps a sandwich from his
lap. The car slows down.

VINCE
Watch, watch. HEY QUEER!

EXT. SIDE OF STREET -CONTINUOUS

Matt turns around quickly.

MATT'S POV. Vince throws his burger out the window, hitting
Matt in the arm. Matt looks at the stain on his shirt.

INT. VINCES CAR - CONTINUOUS

Vince laughs hysterically. Wes and Cody's eyes widen. Cody
wraps his sandwich up, disgusted, and sets it to the side.

WES
What the fuck was that?

CODY
Why would you do that?

VINCE
Come on, that was funny.

CODY

Not at all.

WES

Dude, that was really unnecessary.

Vince is still laughing.

VINCE

My aim was spot on. Did you see his face?

CODY

What is your deal with that guy?

VINCE

What is your deal in general? You have no sense of humor. That queer deserved it.

WES

What?

CODY

He deserved it because he's gay? Since when do you commit hate crimes?

VINCE

All crimes are hate crimes.

WES

What?

CODY

I can't believe you did that.

VINCE

I can't believe you're getting all worked up about this.

CODY

You're so fucking ignorant, you make me sick sometimes.

VINCE

Oh shut the fuck up, Mother
Theresa.

CODY

Oh because I try and be a
decent person I'm

VINCE

(interrupting)

I'm kinda pissed I wasted
that burger though, I'm
starved.

WES

You're an ass.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM CLASS - DAY

Students are scattered throughout the gym, most playing at
different basketball courts.

Vince, Cody, Sophia, and Hannah are at the same hoop.

The boys are all shooting, while Hannah and Sophia stand on
the side lines.

The ball bounces off the rim and rolls over toward Sophia.
She picks it up and bounces it once.

Cody holds his hands up, expecting her to pass him the
ball.

Instead, Sophia carries the ball close to the net.

CODY

Oh, are you gonna shoot it?

SOPHIA

Yes.

CODY

You're supposed to dribble.

SOPHIA

Whatever.

Sophia shoots the ball. It bounces off the backboard.

Vince rebounds and dribbles in circles around her.

Sophia rolls her eyes at him.

A ball from another hoop rolls over to them. Matt jogs after it.

SOPHIA

Hey Matt.

MATT

Hey.

Vince turns his attention to Matt.

VINCE

Hey queer, how was that
cheeseburger the other night?
Huh? Did you like that?

HANNAH

What cheeseburger?

Cody frowns and shakes his head disbelievingly to Sophia and Hannah.

MATT

Yeah, you're a real class act
there Vincent.

Vince passes the basketball to Matt hard, catching him off guard, taking a little wind out of him.

VINCE

Don't call me Vincent. Don't
even speak to me.

CODY

Just leave him alone dude.

VINCE

No, he came over here. He's
asking for it.

CODY

He came over to get his ball.

VINCE

Yeah we know how much he
likes balls.

CODY

Dude.

Sophia picks up the ball that is rolling on the floor. She
throws it hard, hitting Vince in the chest.

SOPHIA

What's the matter with you?

VINCE

What?

SOPHIA

Leave him alone.

Sophia walks over to Matt, leading him away from their
hoop. Hannah follows them to another hoop.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Olivia sits next to Toby. Wes enters, and takes a seat at
his regular desk.

Toby rambles on to Olivia. She keeps glancing over at Wes.
She excuses herself and relocates next to Wes.

OLIVIA

Hey, can I borrow a pen?

WES

Oh, are you talking to me
again?

OLIVIA

Is that okay?

WES

Why the change of heart?

OLIVIA

Toby is driving me nuts.
(pause)
And, I've had no one to play
tic-tac-toe and hangman with.

WES
I feel so used.

OLIVIA
Sorry I've been a jerk the
past few days.

WES
Water under the bridge. We
were both kind of assholes.

OLIVIA
Yeah. So we aren't mad at
each other then? Time for
hangman?

WES
I don't know if you're ready
for this. I've come up with
some tricky words during my
alone time.

OLIVIA
Oh contraire, my friend. I've
come up with many-a-tricky
word myself.

WES
It's on.

OLIVIA
It's on like Donkey Kong.

Wes looks at her inquisitively.

WES
What does that even mean?

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophia sits on her bed, cross-legged with music blaring.

She counts her pills, and one by one puts them back into the bottle. She leaves one in her hand and tilts her head looking at it.

She glances across the room at a broken mirror. Shards of glass are on the floor, a shoe lies near the pile of broken glass.

She chews on her bottom lip and wipes a tear from the corner of her eye. Her mascara is smeared.

She sighs deeply and throws the pill into her mouth. She grabs the water bottle from her bedside table and unscrews the lid. She takes a swig of water and swallows the pill.

EXT. SEAN'S PORCH - EVENING

His house looks like a mansion. His porch is huge. A perfect sunset over the mountains is the view from the porch.

Olivia and Sean sit on the porch swing. His arm is around her and her head rests on his shoulder. They are watching the sunset.

SEAN

Can you see us having a view like this some day? Our kids running around on the hill?

OLIVIA

Um, I've never really given that any thought.

SEAN

You haven't? I think about it a lot.

OLIVIA

Having kids?

SEAN

Having kids, yeah. I think about the future, our future. You really don't?

OLIVIA

We're seventeen. I want to enjoy being seventeen. I don't want to think about having babies and a family. That's crazy, Sean.

SEAN

It's not really that crazy. I love you, you know that. I'd do anything for you. I know that I could spend the rest of my life with you. I know we're young but...

OLIVIA

Sean, there's no buts. We're so young, how could you even be thinking like
(more)

OLIVIA (con't)

that at this point. We both have college next year and then who knows what?

Sean pulls her in more tightly.

SEAN

I have faith in us.

Olivia chews on her nail. She is silent.

SEAN

You don't?

OLIVIA

Don't what?

SEAN

Have Faith

OLIVIA

Oh, I think I hear my phone
ringing. It's inside.

Olivia jumps up and rushes into the house.

SEAN
I didn't hear anything

Sean rocks back and forth alone on the porch swing.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

Volleyball nets are set up. Girls play on one court, boys
on another.

The ball comes towards Sophia, who side steps to avoid it,
and it hits the ground.

A tall GIRL in the front on her team shoots her an annoyed
look.

GIRL
You're supposed to hit it
when it comes to you.

Sophia rolls her eyes at the girl and stands back in her
spot.

The students hush as a voice comes over the loud speaker.

LOUD SPEAKER
Attention students. Two weeks
until the big homecoming
dance! And our queen and her
court have been chosen!

Sophia and Hannah stand side by side, nervously listening.

HANNAH
Don't worry, you're gonna get
it.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wes and Olivia listen intently as the announcements are
read.

INT. GYM CLASS - CONTINUOUS

LOUD SPEAKER
Freshman Bonnie Sexton,
Sophomore Hannah Hughes...
Junior...

Cody looks across the room at Sophia and Hannah.

Sophia's face reads defeat. Hannah looks shocked as several girls surrounding her congratulate her.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wes hangs his head in disappointment.

INT. GYM CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Hannah turns to Sophia.

HANNAH
I, wow. Sophie I'm sorry!

SOPHIA
What? No! You deserve it.

Hannah looks sadly at Sophia.

HANNAH
Should have been you.

SOPHIA
But it wasn't. It's okay.
Let's play some volleyball.

HANNAH
You hate volleyball.

SOPHIA
So?

A few girls from class walk over to Hannah and pat her shoulder, congratulating her. Hannah happily smiles at them.

HANNAH
Thanks!

Hannah's smile wipes away instantly when she looks back at Sophia's sour face.

LATER

The girls play volleyball. Sophia is more aggressive than before. She and Hannah are on different teams.

A ball comes toward Sophia, who hits it as hard as she can in Hannah's general direction.

MONTAGE of Sophia hitting the ball hard at Hannah, then apologizing as if it were an accident.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sophia walks out of the double doors of the high school gym and walks quickly down the hall.

Cody comes out the doors seconds later. He jogs slightly to catch up to her.

CODY

Hey.

Sophia slows her pace to walk beside Cody, but does not look at him.

SOPHIA

Hey.

CODY

You okay?

SOPHIA

I'm fine, why wouldn't I be okay?

Sophia looks at him for a second and Cody notices a gloss in her eyes.

CODY

I just know how much you wanted to be on the homecoming court.

Sophia walks with her eyes on the floor.

SOPHIA

It's stupid, anyways. It doesn't matter, really.

Cody leans and tilts his head to look at Sophia's, her eyes are filling with tears.

He lightly reaches out and touches her chin, gently guiding her head upright to look her in the eyes.

CODY

If it makes you feel any better, I voted for you.

Sophia half-smiles at him and wipes a tear from the corner of her eye before it has a chance to fall.

CODY

You don't need that anyways; it's just a stupid title that won't mean anything in a couple weeks anyways.

Cody pulls the sleeve of his shirt over his hand. He extends his arm to wipe a tear from her cheek.

Sophia smiles softly.

SOPHIA

It's not even really that I didn't win, it's just that, this is so embarrassing, I can't believe I'm crying right now. It's just that, now I'm going to have to hear Hannah talk about it all the time, you know? She didn't even want it.

Cody puts his arm around her shoulder and pulls her close to his side for a second.

SOPHIA (cont.)

I just feel like such a loser,
and I don't even have a date to
this stupid dance. I don't even
want to go anymore.

EXT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Sophia and Cody exit the school building, stopping on the
steps outside.

CODY

What? Sophia Oakley doesn't have
a date? How does that happen?

Sophia finally looks him in the face.

SOPHIA

I thought Justin would ask
(more)

SOPHIA (con't)
me, but he asked Samantha Harris
instead, so, I lose again.

Sophia sits down on a step, holding onto the railing.

Cody sits down on a step below her.

CODY

Well, you shouldn't not go. You
love this kind of shit.

SOPHIA

I'm not going to go alone.
That's embarrassing.

CODY

Don't be stupid. If you really
don't have a date, I'll take
you. I mean, I don't even know
if you would be interested in
that, but the offer's there, so
don't feel like you have to go
alone.

Sophia perks up, releasing her hand from the railing and
nervously running it through her hair.

SOPHIA

Really?

CODY

Yeah, if you want.

SOPHIA

I want to.

Sophia smiles and nervously looks back at the ground again.

INT. WES'S CAR - NIGHT

The street is lit by street lights. Beside the road is an elementary school with a small playground.

In the playground is a basketball hoop, a set of swings, a slide, and some other playground equipment.

Wes fidgets with the radio as he slowly pulls up to a stop sign.

Wes's POV. Olivia sits alone on a swing. She twists slightly, kicking woodchips and looking at the ground.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Olivia sits on the swing, still kicking at woodchips and staring at the ground.

OC SOUND OF CAR DOOR SHUTTING

Olivia jerks up and turns around.

Olivia's POV. Wes walks from his car parked along the road toward Olivia.

Olivia stops twisting in the swing and grips the chain link ropes higher than before.

OLIVIA

What are you doing here?

WES

I was driving by and saw you here.

OLIVIA

Are you stalking me?

WES

Yeah, I've actually been following you around all day. You know that funny looking bush that kept popping up today? That was me.

Wes sits down on the swing next to Olivia.

OLIVIA

Oh that was you? I was wondering, you know, I was like, where is this bush coming from?! And I think it has eyes, too. It all makes sense now.

Olivia smiles weakly at Wes, and then looks back down at the woodchips.

WES

So what are you doing here?

OLIVIA

Just thinkin'.

WES

Thinkin' 'bout what?

OLIVIA

Things.

Olivia's eyes are transfixed on a spot on the ground, and she seems determined not to move them.

Wes mindlessly steps forward a few steps on his swing, then lets go of his footing to swing back. He repeats this several times as they speak.

WES

Sean things?

OLIVIA

(pause)

I'm just really confused
right now Wes.

WES

He doesn't deserve you.

OLIVIA

I don't know. It's like, I
love Sean. We've been dating
forever, and I don't know if
that's good or bad.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I'm 17, and have been dating
Sean since I was like, what?
13?

WES

Yeah, that's a long time.

OLIVIA

But I have invested all those
years with him, and for what?
I love him, but, I don't
know. He has been weird
lately. Controlling.

WES

Don't let him control you.

OLIVIA

He didn't used to.

(pause)

It's your fault.

Wes stops his swing and turns toward Olivia.

WES

My fault?

OLIVIA

He hates you. I don't know
what you did to him, Wes, but
he isn't like that with other

people. You know, the way he
treats you.

Wes raises an eyebrow.

OLIVIA

I'm serious. He is a
sweetheart usually. But he
just really has some vendetta
against you, I don't know
what it is.
Jealousy I think. You know,
he thinks there is something
going on with us.

Wes is silent for a moment.

WES

Is there?

OLIVIA

Is there what?

WES

Something more going on with
us?

Olivia's head is still angled downward, but her eyes shift
up to look at Wes. She looks back down quickly.

WES

Why do you stay with him? You
don't seem happy.

OLIVIA

It's complicated.

WES

How?

OLIVIA

I need him. He... I don't
have much... He can... Why am I
explaining myself to you? I
don't have to explain myself
to you.

WES

Can you even convince
yourself?

Olivia gets off the swing.

OLIVIA

It's late, I should get home.

WES

Olivia...

Olivia walks toward the gate.

WES

Do you need a ride?

OLIVIA

I can walk.

Olivia pauses in her tracks. She turns around and shrugs to Wes.

Wes smiles and shakes his keys in front of him, and motions with his head for her to come.

Olivia jogs back over to him.

INT. WES'S CAR - NIGHT

Wes and Olivia sit in his car. Olivia looks out the window.

OLIVIA

It's right here.

Olivia points out a dumpy brown house. Clothes are hanging from a line and there is a plastic blowup pool in the front yard. The grass is unkempt and brownish.

Wes looks over at Olivia, waiting for her speak or leave.

Olivia stares out the car window, avoiding Wes's gaze. She chews on her bottom lip.

OLIVIA

Now you know.

WES

Now I know what?

OLIVIA

What I need Sean for. I mean look at this. Look how I live. Sean doesn't care, though. All that money and he doesn't care that I have none. He helps me. He can provide a future for me.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

(pause)

You think I'm a gold digger, I know. Everyone does. I'm not. I mean, well it seems I

Olivia is on the verge of tears.

OLIVIA

(continuing)

Wow. Maybe I am. I don't mean to be. I don't need fancy things, Wes. It's just safe with Sean, you know. I feel safe. Like he will always take care of me. It's not his money, it's his safety. Does that make sense?

WES

You don't need him. You can feel safe without him. He doesn't deserve you. Don't you realize? You could have anyone and he doesn't deserve you.

Olivia looks at Wes with tear-filled eyes.

OLIVIA

Thanks for the ride. See you at school?

Without waiting for an answer, Olivia opens the door and leaves the car.

Wes lights up a cigarette and sits in silence for a second, watching her leave.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Hannah spots Wes in the crowded hallway. She briskly walks up to him and grabs his arm to get his attention.

HANNAH

Hey.

WES

What's up?

They walk side by side through the crowded hallway.

HANNAH

Nothing. Well, actually I was just wondering if like

Wes spots Olivia and Sean walking hand in hand in their direction. Sean sees Wes and kisses Olivia's forehead as they pass.

Wes is distracted. Hannah tilts her head around Wes to get his attention back.

WES

Oh, sorry. What?

HANNAH

Have you found a date to the dance yet?

WES

No.

HANNAH

Me either.

Hannah bites the inside of her cheek and makes an awkward clicking sound with her tongue as they walk.

After a few seconds of awkward silence

HANNAH

Well, maybe we should go
together?

WES

To homecoming?

Hannah smiles and nods. Wes faces her, thinking for a moment.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Hannah leans against the lockers in an empty hallway. Her arms are crossed and she gazes around the hall.

Sophia turns a corner and walks toward her.

Hannah perks up and rushes toward her.

HANNAH

Oh my God Soph, I have the best
news!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Sophia storms out of the school building. Hannah quickly follows.

HANNAH

Sophie! Stop!

Sophia stops halfway down the steps and angrily turns around.

SOPHIA

What?

HANNAH

Why are you mad at me?

Sophia turns back around and walks down a few steps.

Hannah follows, but is still a few steps higher than Sophia.

HANNAH

Sophie! Tell me what I did!

Sophia stops, still facing away from Hannah. She stares out at the traffic for a few seconds. She begins to continue down the steps, but quickly turns around to look at Hannah.

SOPHIA

You don't even get it.

HANNAH

Get what?

SOPHIA

Why do you take everything from me?

HANNAH

What? What have I ever taken from you?

SOPHIA

Are you kidding? You take everything from me! You took homecoming from me! You didn't even want to be on court!

Hannah takes a step down on the stairs, but Sophia takes a step down too.

HANNAH

I didn't ask to be nominated, Soph. You know that! It's not my fault.

SOPHIA

My mom? My own mom likes you more than me! She thinks you're an angel, and I'm a basketcase! My own mother!

Hannah again walks down a step, but Sophia does the same.

HANNAH

Your mom loves you. She talks to me about you because she's concerned.

SOPHIA

And you take my friends! You were a nobody when I moved here, Hannah. I came to this town, found a bunch of
(MORE)

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

friends and took you under my wing, and you took them all from me.

Hannah walks down a few steps this time. Sophia backs down the last step, now on the sidewalk. Hannah is just one step above Sophia now.

HANNAH

What? They are still your friends, I've never taken them. Where is this coming from?

SOPHIA

You all do things without me. All the time.

HANNAH

Because you're in therapy all the time and can't come!

Hannah steps down onto the sidewalk, standing next to Sophia, looking her in the eyes. Sophia steps back up onto a step, looking down on Hannah.

SOPHIA

You just don't get it. You take it all. And now you're trying to take my brother. You could date any guy in this school, why can't you go for someone else? What do you have to get into every aspect of my life? When will it be enough for you? When can something just be mine?

Hannah stares up at Sophia. She reaches out and tries to grab her hand, but Sophia pulls away instantly.

HANNAH

Sophie, you know that's not how it is. I, I don't mean to. I really like Wes, you

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

know that. I, I'm not trying to take him away from you. You guys don't even really get along.

SOPHIA

You just don't get it, Han. You never will.

Sophia jumps off the step and briskly walks down the street.

HANNAH

Sophie!

Hannah stands still, watching her walk away.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sophia sits alone at a table outside the coffee shop, sipping a cup of water.

Cody sits down in the chair across from her, holding a coffee.

CODY

You look cute today.

SOPHIA

Thanks! Do you like my new pumps?

Sophia sticks out her foot from under the table to reveal a pair of green high heels.

CODY

Those are nice. Gucci?

Sophia
Yes! How do you know that?

CODY
Lucky guess.

Sophia smiles widely. SOUND OF CELL PHONE RINGING. Sophia opens the phone and sees Hannah's name. She closes the phone quickly and looks back up at Cody.

SOPHIA
Don't lie. You know you sit at home watching Top Model and reading Vogue.

Cody laughs and looks out at the traffic driving by and sips his coffee.

CODY
No I don't
(pause)
Okay, I do watch Top Model sometimes

SOPHIA
I don't see why more guys don't.
I mean, hello! Hot models that are naked half the time.

Cody takes another sip of his coffee and lightly coughs, clearing his throat.

CODY
Exactly.

SOPHIA
Okay, I'm going to ask you a serious question, and I need a serious answer. This is important. Are you ready?

Cody puts down his cup and places his hands firmly on top of the table, a serious look on his face.

CODY
Lay it on me, sista.

SOPHIA
Hilary Duff or Lindsay Lohan?

CODY
Duff, for sure.

SOPHIA
Really?

CODY
Definitely. Love the Duff.

SOPHIA
You are adorable. We have so
much in common. I'm glad we've
been hanging out more. Sans Wes.

CODY
For sure.

Sophia smiles and stirs her water with her straw.

Cody smiles at her and then looks around at his
surroundings, avoiding eye contact with Sophia.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - EVENING

Matt pays for a few items at the counter. He collects his
change and exits the convenience store.

EXT. STORE - CONTINUOUS

Matt looks down at his pocket as he walks and shoves his
change into it. He bumps into Cody, who is walking down the
sidewalk.

Cody is wearing headphones, and one falls out of his ear
due to the collision.

Matt drops his bag. Cody quickly crouches down to help pick
up the bag. Matt crouches down too.

MATT
I got it.

CODY
Sorry.

Matt
I bet you are. Is your buddy
Vincent waiting around the
corner to jump me or something?

They both stand up again.

CODY
No? I always tell him to leave
you alone. Come on.

MATT
So he's not here?

CODY
No.

MATT
Then can I ask you something?

CODY
Shoot.

MATT
How does a self respecting gay
man associate with somebody who
is so clearly homophobic and
demeaning and cruel?

Cody squints his eyes and purses his lips.

CODY
I'm not a self respecting gay
man, so I guess I can't answer
that.

MATT
You're not self respecting?

CODY
I'm not gay. Why do you think
I'm gay?

MATT

Do you think I can't spot one of my own? My gaydar is fine-tuned, shuga. Trust me. I know.

CODY

Your gaydar is wrong.

Matt eyes the I-pod in Cody's hand. Matt snaps his fingers and nods his head at the I-pod.

CODY

What?

Matt snaps his fingers again.

MATT

Let me see that.

Cody hesitantly hands the I-pod over to Matt.

Matt turns it on and looks at it. He tilts his head with a smirk at Cody.

MATT

Hilary Duff? You have Hilary Duff on your I-pod and you are claiming to be straight? Who do you think you're kidding?

Cody quickly snatches the I-pod back from him, embarrassed.

CODY

I was only listening to that because me and my friend...
(pause)
...girlfriend... were talking about her earlier.

Matt shakes his head slightly.

MATT

Girlfriend? Okay, Cody. I know
its hard, coming out, but
eventually you're going to have
to do it. And if you need
someone to talk to

Cody sticks the ear pieces back into his ears. He starts to
walk away from Matt.

CODY
You're wrong.

Matt yells after him.

MATT
What are you so afraid of?

Cody turns the volume up on his I-pod and crosses the
street.

INT. DR. GRANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Sophia sits on the couch facing Dr. Grant.

SOPHIA
Homecoming is next week.

DR. GRANT
Are you excited?

SOPHIA
Eh.

DR. GRANT
Not excited?

SOPHIA
I'm excited to go with Cody.
But I'm not excited to see
Hannah get my crown. Does
that make me a bad friend?
I'm just so sick of her these
days.

DR GRANT
Why are you sick of her?

SOPHIA

Everything. We had that fight the other day and I haven't really talked to her. She won't stop calling me.

DR GRANT

Do you answer?

SOPHIA

No. I don't want to talk to her, or anyone really. She just doesn't get it. I just wish everyone would leave me alone, you know? Sometimes I love the spotlight, but sometimes I just wish I was a nobody. I wish I could fade into the background and no one would know who I was, no one would pay attention, you know?

DR. GRANT

If that is what you want, why was being a homecoming queen so important to you?

SOPHIA

I don't know... I guess I just wanted something to be excited about. But I couldn't even have that. Hannah had to steal it away from me.

DR. GRANT

How about Cody? Where does he factor in?

Sophia cracks a smile as she speaks.

SOPHIA

I don't know, that's one good thing. He is so sweet. He is

seriously the sweetest guy
ever. The silver lining of my
current black cloud of a
life, if you will. I wish I
could just erase everyone
else.

EXT. OAKLEY BACK YARD - AFTERNOON

The yard behind the Oakley house is large and open. A big white hammock hangs from a tree. There is a pond and wooded area.

Sophia sits by the pond, her legs stretched in front of her. She blankly stares over the water, mindlessly swatting away the bugs that fly by.

Wes is in the hammock.

SOUND OF CELL PHONE RINGING.

Sophia looks down at the cell lying on the grass beside her. Hannah's name appears on the screen.

Behind Sophia, Wes walks across the yard toward her.

Sophia takes a deep breath, closing her eyes. She extends her arm and drops her phone into the pond as Wes comes up behind her.

Sophia opens her eyes, watching her phone float for a moment, and then slowly sink to the bottom of the pond.

WES

What are you doing?

SOPHIA

Becoming a social ghost.

Sophia pushes herself off the ground and starts to walk past Wes.

Wes grabs her arm.

WES

What's going on with you and
Hannah?

SOPHIA

I just need to erase some things from my life. Maybe she's one of them.

Sophia pulls free from Wes's grasp and walks across the yard.

INT. OAKLEY HOUSE - EVENING

Hannah and Renee are seated at the kitchen table. Renee sips tea, and Hannah drinks a glass of water.

HANNAH

I'm just really worried about her. She's been avoiding me for days.

RENEE

What happened?

HANNAH

I don't even know! We were fine and then she just snapped at me and has been ignoring my calls and ignoring me in class. Has she said anything to you?

RENEE

Oh honey, you know she doesn't talk to me. She's upstairs though if you want to go up there.

HANNAH

I'm almost afraid! I just don't get why she is so upset with me.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

"Criminal" by Fiona Apple plays from Sophia's stereo. Sophia stands in front of the mirror, holding a long strapless black dress up to her body. She throws the dress down on her bed, and examines her body in the mirror.

She turns to her side and sucks in her stomach. She pinches at the small amount of fat on her stomach.

Upset at her weight, she paces across the room, grabbing a bottle of pills that sit on her dresser.

She opens the bottle and pours a couple pills into her hand. She examines them for a moment and mumbles to herself.

SOPHIA

These things don't fucking work anyways... Sophia the mother fucking basket case. I don't need them. I don't fucking need them.

Hannah cracks open the door to Sophia's room. She peaks her head around the door.

HANNAH

Sophie?

Sophia drops the pills quickly into the nearby garbage can.

Hannah opens the door more and comes inside.

HANNAH

Hey.

SOPHIA

Wes isn't here.

HANNAH

I'm not here for Wes.

Sophia rolls her eyes and sits on her bed.

Hannah glances awkwardly around the room. She sees the dress lying on Sophia's bed.

She picks it up and looks at it.

HANNAH

Is this your homecoming dress? Girl, this is fierce!

It's gonna look so hot on
you.

SOPHIA

I know.

Sophia grabs it from her and hangs it on her closet door.

HANNAH

How long are you gonna stay
mad at me?

Sophia shrugs and tries to occupy herself by rummaging
through her closet.

HANNAH

If this is because I'm going
to homecoming with Wes, if
you don't want me to...

SOPHIA

It's fine. I don't care.

HANNAH

Oh right. This is you not
caring.

SOPHIA

Go with Wes, I really don't
care. It's really fine.

HANNAH

Why have you been avoiding my
calls? I've tried calling
like a billion times. I don't
like us being like this.

Sophia turns toward Hannah.

SOPHIA

I lost my phone. It's okay
Han, I'm over it. I'm not
mad.

HANNAH

Are you sure?

SOPHIA
Yeah, totally.

Sophia turns back to her closet and rolls her eyes to herself.

Hannah slumps onto Sophia's bed and smiles to herself.

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sean's bedroom is large with huge windows. A king sized bed sits in the middle. A couch lines one of the walls. A big screen plasma TV hangs on the opposite wall. In the corner there is a desktop computer, and a laptop sits on his bed.

Sean opens the top drawer of his dresser and removes a small black box.

He opens the box, revealing a huge diamond ring.

Sean lightly sighs and stares at the ring for a moment, closes the box, and sets it on his dresser next to a photo of himself and Olivia.

INT. OAKLEY KITCHEN - EVENING

Sophia walks into the kitchen to find her father coming in.

Scott sets his brief case on the table and has a seat.

SCOTT
How was your day?

SOPHIA
Okay. How was yours?

Sophia grabs a bottle of water from the refrigerator. She unscrews it and leans against the counter.

SCOTT
Long.

SOPHIA
Oh I bet. You look exhausted.

Sophia rolls her eyes as she takes a sip of water.

SOPHIA

You missed dinner again.

SCOTT

Did your mom save me anything?

SOPHIA

I don't know. What's on your neck?

Sophia walks over to her dad and leans over to examine a red smudge on his neck.

SCOTT

What?

Scott rubs his neck and holds his hand over the smudge.

SOPHIA

You're unbelievable.

SCOTT

What?

SOPHIA

Everybody knows you aren't working late every night.

Scott looks up at Sophia with pleading eyes.

SCOTT

Sophia...

SOPHIA

No, don't. You're a piece of shit.

Sophia turns to walk out the back door. Scott stands and grabs her shoulder.

Sophia swings her arm back and pushes him away.

SOPHIA

Don't touch me! Don't fucking touch me, Dad.

Sophia throws her water bottle across the room. It smashes against the wall. Sophia storms out the back door.

Scott stands in the middle of the kitchen, and loosens his tie. He collapses into the chair and puts his head in his hands.

EXT. OAKLEY BACKYARD - EVENING

Sophia sits in the grass beside the pond. The wind blows the leaves around the yard. Hannah walks up behind her.

HANNAH

Your dad said you were back here.

Sophia looks up at Hannah. Sophia is crying and makeup runs down her face.

HANNAH

What's wrong?

Hannah sits down beside Sophia. Sophia brushes her hair from her face, but the wind blows it back.

Hannah removes a thin black hair tie from her wrist and hands it to Sophia. Sophia takes it from her and ties her hair back in a pony tail.

SOPHIA

Thanks.

HANNAH

So what's wrong? What happened?

SOPHIA

I hate him.

HANNAH

Who?

SOPHIA

My dad.

HANNAH

What happened?

Sophia picks up a perfect orange leaf from the ground and holds its stem and twists it in her fingers, starring at it.

SOPHIA

Do you know why we moved here?

HANNAH

Because your dad found a new job?

SOPHIA

Not really.

HANNAH

Then?

SOPHIA

I'm fucked up, Han.

HANNAH

What do you mean?

SOPHIA

Before we moved here, I was diagnosed with what they like to call intermittent explosive disorder. We had to move because of me.

Hannah eyes are fixed on Sophia's face. Sophia avoids eye contact, still holding the leaf in her fingers.

HANNAH

I, I don't know what that means.

SOPHIA

I go to therapy because I basically have severe rage issues. And, I hurt a girl. I hurt a girl really bad at my old school. I don't even know how it all happened. I just snapped on her. I just snapped.

HANNAH

What did she do to you?

SOPHIA

She, my dad was cheating on my mom with our teacher, and the girl, her name was Bethany, she knew about it and she told everyone. I just lost control.

Hannah puts her hand on Sophia's shoulder.

HANNAH

Your dad was cheating on your mom?

SOPHIA

He doesn't even know I know. I never told any of them. And he's cheating on her again. I know he is. I want to fucking kill him. How can he keep doing this to us?

HANNAH

I'm so sorry, Sophie.

SOPHIA

Wes blames me. For moving. Wes and I used to be best friends, you know? But it's my fault that he had to give up everything back home. He hates me now. It's not the same with us anymore. He loved Bethany. She was my good friend, and he really loved her.

HANNAH

I had no idea.

SOPHIA

I just, I can't take it anymore.

HANNAH

I have an idea.

SOPHIA

Huh?

HANNAH

It's time for some stress
relief.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hannah and Sophia are in a small room in Hannah's home. A glass case hangs on the wall with several guns in it.

Hannah fumbles with a small set of keys. She picks one and unlocks the glass case.

SOPHIA

Is your dad gonna be pissed?

HANNAH

No, I do this all the time.

(pause)

And they aren't gonna be home
for a few hours.

Hannah pulls out a hand gun from the shelf and grabs some bullets. She loads the gun and looks up at Sophia with a grin. Sophia eyes the gun nervously.

EXT. HANNAH'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

The backyard is large. A wooded area is about 200 yards away. There is a small bonfire going a short distance from where Hannah and Sophia are standing.

There is a silver trash can set upside down with several aluminum cans stacked as a pyramid. Hannah holds the gun in her hands and fires at the cans.

Hannah passes the gun to Sophia. She firmly holds the gun and looks at Hannah. She turns to the cans and fires several times. She screams in frustration as she fires.

The gun clicks out of bullets. She puts her hand down to her side and releases a deep breath. Sophia looks over at Hannah and smiles.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophia, Hannah, Molly, and Jaime are in Sophia's room getting ready for homecoming.

Sophia wears a long strapless black dress. Hannah is wearing red.

Jaime and Hannah are primping their hair in the mirror on Sophia's door.

Sophia puts on her heels and steps in front of them, blocking the mirror.

SOPHIA

How do I look?

JAIME

Fierce.

HANNAH

Fierce as hell!

Sophia looks over at Molly who is putting on makeup in a small mirror on Sophia's desk.

Sophia clears her throat.

MOLLY

Oh. Yeah, girl you look fierce!

Sophia smiles and does a little turn.

SOPHIA

Why thank you ladies. You all look quite ravishing yourselves!

RENEE (OC)

Girls! The boys are waiting down here!

The girls all check themselves one last time in the mirror.

They head for the door. Hannah grabs Sophia's hand and raises it in the air, dancing as they walk out the door.

HANNAH

Homecoming!

SOPHIA
Homecoming!

ALL
Woo!

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Wes, Hannah, Cody, Sophia, Jaime, JAIME'S DATE, Molly, MOLLY'S DATE, Vince, and VINCE'S DATE are in the back of a limousine.

They are all drinking and laughing.

VINCE
Wait, wait, wait. I just remembered we have a queen in our midst tonight.

Molly raises her glass.

MOLLY
Woo! Yeah, Hannah!

Sophia bites the inside of her cheek, looking out the window.

CODY
I'm sure that is not to say that the other beautiful ladies here are not queens!

Cody grabs Sophia's hand and smiles at her.

WES
Shall we toast?

HANNAH
To the queen?

CODY
How about to having a killer night.

Sophia raises her glass.

SOPHIA
To having a killer night.

Everyone raises their glasses.

ALL
To having a killer night!

VINCE
And to hot chicks!

HANNAH
And to the queen!

Sophia quickly swallows her drink.

INT. HOMECOMING - NIGHT

The room is decorated in silver and gold streamers and balloons. There are round tables making a semi-circle around a large dance floor.

At the front of the room is a stage. Beside the stage is a DJ.

The room is filled with students in homecoming attire. The dance floor is packed. Molly and Jaime are dancing with their dates.

Vince, VINCE'S DATE, Wes, Hannah, Sophia, and Cody are seated at a table.

HANNAH
Hey you want to dance?

WES
Nah.

HANNAH
What? Why not?

Wes is looking past Hannah at Olivia and Sean slow dancing.

WES
I don't like to dance.

HANNAH

Ugh.

Hannah turns to see what Wes is staring at. She turns back to him, leaning to block Olivia from his view.

HANNAH

You're really not gonna dance
with me?

Wes leans to see around her. He catches Olivia's eye, and she turns away quickly.

Hannah rolls her eyes and shakes her head, biting her lip.

HANNAH

Whatever, I'm getting some
punch. Want some?

WES

Um, sure.

HANNAH

Too bad.

Hannah gets up and storms away, cutting across the dance floor, harshly brushing against Olivia as she passes.

Olivia turns and looks at Hannah as she storms off. Olivia looks over at Wes. He shrugs.

VINCE

What was that?

SOPHIA

What did you say to her, Wes?

WES

Nothing.

VINCE

You know, Soph, you would make a
much classier addition to the
homecoming court. It's a shame
you didn't get it.

SOPHIA

Whatever, I'm over it.

VINCE

And you look smokin' tonight.

Vince's date clears her throat, shifting her eyes from Vince to Sophia.

VINCE'S DATE

You realize that I'm your date right?

VINCE

Huh? Yeah, sorry baby.

VINCE'S DATE

Are you like, gonna ask me to dance, or what?

VINCE

Maybe in a bit okay?

VINCE'S DATE

Ugh.

Vince's date crosses her arms and purses her lips.

Cody sits beside Sophia, oblivious to what is happening around him. He is starrng off at the dance floor.

Matt is on the dance floor dancing with an overweight girl. They are clearly not dancing romantically, and are doing mocking, dramatic dance movements.

SOPHIA

Cody?

Cody perks up immediately.

CODY

Huh? Sorry.

Sophia smiles at him.

SOPHIA

You seem out of it.

CODY

I was just off in space, sorry.

VINCE

Your date's not even paying attention to you Sophia.

VINCE'S DATE

I wonder what that's like.

The slow music ends and "WITH LOVE" by Hilary Duff begins to play.

CODY

Oh my god.

SOPHIA

I love this song!

CODY

It's our girl Duffy!

Sophia jumps up and extends her hand to Cody.

SOPHIA

Come!

Sophia pulls him onto the dance floor and they goofily dance together.

Vince watches them stone faced. His date gets up and walks away, leaving him and Wes sitting alone.

INT. HOMECOMING - LATER

Cody stands by the punch bowl, filling up two cups with the red juice.

Matt walks up beside him.

MATT

Thirsty?

CODY

What? Oh, these both aren't mine.

MATT
Is one for your
(using finger-quotes)
"girlfriend"?

Cody nervously takes a sip from his cup. Matt grabs the ladle and fills a cup for himself.

MATT
Sorry. Are you going to that
after party tonight?

CODY
Yeah. You?

MATT
I think so, yeah.

CODY
Cool.

MATT
Yeah so I'll see you there.

Matt smiles at Cody. Vince appears behind them.

VINCE
I can't imagine you found a date
to bring to this thing? You're
the only queer in this school.

MATT
You'd be surprised.

Matt shoots Cody a fleeting look and walks away.

VINCE
Fucking fag.

CODY
Where's your date?

VINCE
Fuck if I know. Where's yours?

CODY

Waiting for me. Cya.

Cody pats Vince hard on the shoulder and walks away. The rough pat causes Vince to spill his punch on his shirt. Vince looks down to examine the stain.

VINCE

Fuck.

EXT. HOMECOMING - LATER

Wes sits outside on the curb. His knees are bent, raising his pant legs to reveal white socks and black chuck taylors. The top button on his shirt is undone and his tie is loosened.

Olivia comes out the door, slowly walking up beside Wes.

OLIVIA

The party's inside, you know?

Wes jerks up, surprised by her presence.

WES

So what are you out here for?

OLIVIA

Looking for my friend. I don't know if you've seen him. He's got brown hair... glasses... wearing white socks and chucks to homecoming...

WES

Haven't seen him.

OLIVIA

What's wrong?

WES

Hmm.

OLIVIA

Hmm?

WES

You have to know what's wrong.
You're not dumb. Although your
choice in boyfriends challenges
that argument.

OLIVIA

This is about Sean again? What
did he do to you now?

WES

Jesus Christ, Olivia. It's not
about Sean and what he does to
me. It's about you. What you do
to me.

OLIVIA

What?

WES

You know what you do to me. Stop
pretending. Why do we keep
pretending there is nothing
here? Do you really not feel it
too? Honestly? If there was no
Sean, would we still have to
fight it?

OLIVIA

Wes

Wes stands up, facing Olivia.

WES

I'm going to put this out on the
table. I'm no good at things
like this. In fact, I'm pretty
fucking terrible at things like
this. But I can't keep letting,
I can't, I just, I have been in
love with you since the first
time

I saw you. I was the guy who
always thought the idea of love
at first sight was a crock of
shit, you know? And then I met
you. And you changed that. You
changed the way I thought about

so much shit, you have no idea.
This town is such a shit hole
and the only thing keeping me
from not running back to Maine
is you. Do you not know that? I
know this is so fucking cliché,
but

OLIVIA

Wes

Wes runs his fingers through his shaggy hair, still holding
his hand on the back of his head as he quickly speaks.

WES

Just let me finish, because if I
don't I never will. Sean is no
good for you, point blank. And,
you know, I can't say I'm the
most perfect person, I know I'm
not. But we have chemistry, I
think. Right? When I see you
with him, you don't seem happy.
You don't have the same sparkle
in your eyes you do when he
isn't around. Why are you with
him? You shouldn't be with him.

Olivia is near tears. Her hand is at her mouth and she is
biting on her nail.

OLIVIA

You're right.

WES

I know! Wait, about which part?

OLIVIA

I really want to be with you
Wes, but

WES

Don't say but.

OLIVIA

Sean

WES

Don't.

Olivia's eyes are shifting all over the place. She takes a deep breath.

Wes stares at her with pleading eyes.

Olivia kisses him passionately.

The dance is ending and students are flooding out of the doors.

Sean, Hannah, Molly, Jaime, and Vince all walk out to witness Olivia and Wes kissing.

SEAN

What are you doing?

Olivia breaks away from Wes.

OLIVIA

Sean,

SEAN

What the fuck is this?

OLIVIA

I'm sorry.

SEAN

He came onto you? I will beat your fucking ass, Wes. You have crossed the line.

Sean marches over to Wes with his fist raised. Olivia runs in front of him and grabs his hand.

Olivia is crying as she speaks.

OLIVIA

No, Sean. Don't. I did it, ok?
I'm sorry.

SEAN

What?

Students are watching the altercation. Sophia and Cody come out and stop when they see a crowd around Olivia, Sean, and Wes.

OLIVIA

I don't think we can be together, Sean.

SEAN

Because of him? You, you want this fucking low life nerd over me?

OLIVIA

I'm really sorry.

SEAN

You're going to throw a three year relationship away? For this guy!? Olivia you don't mean this. You cannot, you can't fucking mean this. I gave you everything.

Sean is on the verge of tears now.

OLIVIA

I love you as a person Sean, don't make this harder for me. I love you but just not the same way as you love me. I'm so sorry.

Sean paces back and forth with his hands in his hair, shaking his head.

SEAN

I can't fucking believe you.

Sean turns to Wes and pokes him hard in the chest.

SEAN

And fuck you. You will never amount to shit. I don't know what this bitch sees in you.

Sean walks away, screaming back at them as he crosses the parking lot.

SEAN

I hope you are both fucking happy together!

Sean angrily kicks a rock across the parking lot.

Olivia is crying. Wes puts her arm around her shoulder.

WES

What's everyone looking at? Get out of here.

Students begin to file away. Hannah looks devastated.

Wes leads Olivia away from the crowds.

WES

Come on.

Wes and Olivia cross the parking lot, her head on his shoulder.

Hannah stands awkwardly and shouts...

HANNAH

(shouting)

Party at my place tonight!
ALMOST everyone's invited.

Hannah glares at Wes and Olivia.

INT. HANNAH'S PARTY - NIGHT

Hannah's house is large and decorated nicely.

Teenagers are packed in her house, most in normal clothes now, though several are still in their homecoming attire. Music blares.

A group of teens are doing a beer bong in the corner.

Hannah stumbles by them and into the kitchen where more people are drinking. Hannah grabs a can of beer from the counter and begins to chug it fast.

Sophia walks into the kitchen and up to Hannah.

SOPHIA
Havin' fun?

Hannah half raises her can of beer and answers sarcastically.

HANNAH
Loads.

A guy in the background knocks a vase off the table. It shatters against the floor. Cheers come from his friends.

HANNAH
Nice! My parents are gonna love this.

Hannah chugs the rest of her beer and slams it down. Hannah stumbles backwards, running into Matt who has just walked into the kitchen.

MATT
Whoa there.

HANNAH
Sorry!

Hannah holds herself up against the counter.

Cody enters the kitchen. Sophia grabs his wrist.

Cody and Matt make eye contact. Cody quickly tries to avoid his gaze and turns to Sophia.

SOPHIA
Hey I wanna show you something.
Come.

Sophia leads him out of the kitchen.

INT. BEDROOM IN HANNAH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sophia and Cody enter an empty bedroom. She kicks off her heels, leads him to the bed and pushes him onto it. Sophia crawls on his lap and kisses him.

Cody's hands are pinned at his side, not touching Sophia.

CODY

What are you doing?

Sophia smiles and laughs as she kisses him and pushes his back down against the mattress.

Cody's hand uncomfortably rises from the bed and finds her back. He hesitantly rubs his hand up her back.

Sophia is taking control. She takes off her shirt and kisses him again. Sophia unbuckles Cody's belt and opens the top button.

Cody grabs her upper arms and guides her off of him. He sits up with his hands on his knees, his head hanging down.

Sophia sits on her knees in the middle of the bed behind him.

SOPHIA

What's wrong?

CODY

I'm sorry.

Cody stands up and buckles his pants. He grabs Sophia's shirt from the floor and hands it to her.

SOPHIA

Why don't you want me?

CODY

It's not you.

Sophia stands up, holding the shirt at her side.

SOPHIA

What do you mean its not me? I'm throwing myself at you and you

tell me to put my clothes back
on? How is that not me?

CODY
I'm really sorry.

Cody walks to the door. Sophia grabs one of her shoes from the floor and chucks it at him, hitting the wall beside him as he closes the door behind him.

Sophia collapses onto the bed in tears, sobbing into the shirt she is holding in her hand.

INT. HOMECOMING PARTY - CONTINUOUS

In the kitchen several guys are chugging beers. Hannah is drunkenly making out with a guy in the corner of the kitchen.

EXT. HOMECOMING PARTY BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Matt and Cody stand by a tree in the darkness. Cody leans against the trunk.

Matt is about a foot away from him.

MATT
Well, that's what you get for
leading her on.

CODY
It's just hard.

MATT
You're going to have to tell
them.

CODY
I can't.

INT. HANNAH'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sophia walks into the kitchen followed by Vince.

Hannah pushes away the boy she has been making out with. She stumbles toward the doorway. Sophia stops her.

SOPHIA

Have you seen Cody?

Hannah points to the back door and stumbles away with her hand over her mouth, as if she is about to puke.

EXT. HANNAH'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Matt leans close to Cody. His hand is on Cody's waist. Cody swallows hard. Matt leans in, about to kiss him.

Sophia and Vince are at the bottom of the steps, looking at Cody and Matt.

SOPHIA

Oh my god.

VINCE

What the fuck.

Cody pushes away from Vince instantly.

CODY

This isn't how it looks.

SOPHIA

What do you mean it's not how it looks? What the fuck is it then?

VINCE

You're a fucking queer. You're disgusting, just like him.

Vince shoots a glance at Matt.

SOPHIA

So you were just using me as a cover up?

CODY

Sophia...

SOPHIA

Don't!

Sophia storms inside.

VINCE

Jackass.

Vince follows Sophia into the house.

MATT

I guess you don't have to worry
about telling them now.

CODY

Great.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sophia grabs a drink and sucks it down quickly. Vince comes up behind her and puts his arm over her shoulder.

VINCE

Are you okay?

Sophia shakes her head no, pressing the bottle tightly against her lips and taking another drink.

VINCE

Let's go up and talk?

Vince points upward and questioningly nods his head to her.

Sophia nods her head in agreement.

Vince grabs her hand and leads the way up the steps. Sophia stumbles a bit as she walks, holding tightly to the railing as she climbs the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vince and Sophia enter an empty bedroom. Sophia drops her beer bottle and stumbles over to the bed and belly flops onto it. Her speech is muffled by the blankets her face is pressed against.

SOPHIA

Ugh Vince, why does this
happen to me?

Vince quietly closes and locks the bedroom door, and walks over to the bed. He sits next to Sophia.

Vince lightly caresses Sophia's neck.

VINCE

Cody is scum.

Sophia sits upright and puts her head on Vince's shoulder.

SOPHIA

He was too good to be true.
God, it figures. It figures
this would fucking happen to
me.

Vince grabs her hand.

VINCE

You're too good for him. It's
okay.

Vince leans in to kiss her.

Sophia does nothing for a second, but then pushes him back.

SOPHIA

What are you doing?

VINCE

I like you so much.

Vince kisses her harder, pushing her down onto the bed.

Sophia struggles to push him away.

SOPHIA

Vince! Stop!

VINCE

It's okay. It's okay just
relax.

Vince slides his hand up the back of her shirt. Sophia
kicks and tries to push him away, but he overpowers her.

SOPHIA

Please stop. Vince, stop!

Vince's hands find the buttons of her jeans and rips them open.

VINCE

Shh. We both want this. You
don't have to fight this.
Shh.

Sophia is bawling, kicking, and clawing at his back. Vince manages to pull down her jeans and is feeling up her shirt.

SOPHIA

Why are you doing this to me?
Please... Vince Please stop.
PLEASE!

Vince gets even more forceful, kissing her face and neck hard.

VINCE

JUST RELAX. Just shut up and
relax.

Vince's hand feels up her thigh and his fingers reach down the top of her panties.

Sophia weasels her leg out from under his and knees him hard in the groin. She manages to roll out from under him.

She quickly pulls her jeans up and runs out the door.

INT. HANNAH'S PARTY UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Sophia stumbles through the halls of Hannah's crowded house. Her eyes are red and puffy, and she wipes tears from her eyes.

She leans against a wall and searches through her purse. She does not find what she is looking for.

SOPHIA

Shit.

Sophia pushes off the wall and walks by an open door to an empty room with a glass gun case hanging on the wall. She takes a few steps past the room and stops. She turns around and peaks into the room, making sure it is empty. She looks around behind her before entering the room and closing the door.

INT. HANNAH'S PARTY LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The party has died down a little, but people are still in Hannah's house drinking. Hannah is curled up on a recliner, her head lying on the arm of the chair. Empty beer cans litter the floor around her.

Sophia walks down the steps and into the living room. She storms over to Hannah and kneels beside her.

SOPHIA

Where's your phone?

HANNAH

Use your own.

SOPHIA

I don't have my phone anymore
remember? Where is your fucking
phone? I need it.

Hannah sits upright and grabs her purse from beside the chair.

HANNAH

What's wrong? Are you crying?

SOPHIA

Just give me your phone, Han.

Hannah hands Sophia the phone and looks at her with confused but sad eyes.

Sophia dials a number and holds the phone up to her ear, biting a nail on her other hand.

EXT. OAKLEY BACK YARD - NIGHT

Wes and Olivia lie under a blanket on a hammock in his back yard. His arm is around her and they gaze up at the stars.

SOUND OF CELL PHONE RINGING

Wes looks down at his phone. He sees Hannah's name appear on the caller ID.

WES
Unbelievable.

He closes the phone and lightly drops it on the grass beside him.

OLIVIA
Who is it?

WES
No one.

He kisses her forehead and brushes the hair from her eyes.

INT. HANNAH'S PARTY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SOPHIA
He's not answering.

Sophia collapses on the ground leaning against the chair. She cries into her hands.

HANNAH
What's going on?

Sophia looks up at her with tearful eyes.

SOPHIA
Have you seen Vince?

HANNAH
I saw him leave like ten minutes ago. Why?

Sophia takes a deep nervous breath as she prepares to tell Hannah what happened. Hannah stares at her inquisitively.

SOPHIA
After I saw Cody with Matt I went upstairs with Vince.

HANNAH
You and Vince?

Sophia's lips quiver as she continues the story.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The street between the Oakley's house and Vince's house is quiet and seemingly abandoned. Sophia and Hannah march down the street from a distance. Hannah stumbles a little as she walks. 'CRIMINAL' by Fiona Apple begins to play softly, building as the scene continues on.

Wes and Olivia stand outside by Wes's car. Vince walks outside his house. He sees Wes and tries to turn around and go back inside

WES
Vince!

Vince stops with one foot in the door. He turns around and walks a few steps towards Wes and Olivia, but is still across the street from them.

VINCE
Hey.

Wes grabs Olivia's hand and they walk across the street toward Vince. They stop on the sidewalk, about fifteen feet from Vince, who is standing on the grass.

WES
How was that party?

VINCE
It was okay.

WES
Oh just okay?

VINCE
It got a little crazy.

WES
Oh yeah?

VINCE
Is your sister home yet?

WES
No, why?

VINCE
Oh, man. She was so drunk. She probably won't remember anything. She was wasted. She was acting a fool.

WES
Why didn't you look after her?

VINCE
I tried, dude. But then she came onto me. And she's your sister, man. I couldn't do that.

WES
She came onto you? What happened to Cody?

VINCE
Dude! He's Gay!

WES
Why do you have to call everyone gay?

VINCE
No, he really..

They are interrupted by Sophia and Hannah, who have just appeared from the darkness on the vacant street.

SOPHIA
Hey Vinny!

Vince falls silent instantly. She stares at him sternly.

SOPHIA

What are you doing out here?
Shouldn't you be on the prowl
for another girl to rape?

WES

What?

SOPHIA

What? You didn't tell him?

VINCE

There's nothing to tell.

WES

What's going on?

VINCE

Nothing.

SOPHIA

Nothing? When you tried to rape
me at Hannah's an hour ago?
That's nothing? Just an everyday
thing for you, huh?

VINCE

I didn't try to rape you. You're
a drunk slut and you tried to
fuck me. I turned you down. You
can't always get what you want,
Princess.

Sophia takes a few steps closer, her hand in her coat
pocket. Her face is pale and filled with rage. She looks at
Wes.

SOPHIA

He's a liar!

HANNAH

Scumbag!

VINCE

I'm a liar? You're a raging
lunatic. Everyone knows it.
Crazy lying bitch.

Sophia pulls a gun from her coat pocket. She points it at Vince.

SOPHIA
I am? Am I? I'm fucking insane!

WES
Sophia, put it down.

HANNAH
Oh my god, Sophie. No!

OLIVIA
Oh my god

Vince is frozen, starring Sophia dead in the face.

Wes slowly steps toward Sophia.

WES
Sophia, put the gun away.

SOPHIA
No! He deserves to pay for what he tried to do! He deserves to die.

WES
No, Sophia. You don't want to do this. Just take a deep breath, Ok? Just calm down for a second. He'll pay, ok? Just not like this.

Wes inches slowly closer to her, his arm is extended, trying to calm her down.

SOPHIA
Back away, Wes. Back the fuck away.

VINCE
You won't do it. You don't have the nerve.

SOPHIA
Don't I?

Sophia clicks the gun, preparing to fire. Wes grabs her arm quickly to prevent her from shooting Vince.

The gun goes off, accidentally shooting Wes in the stomach instead.

Wes falls to the ground. Olivia and Hannah scream.

Sophia stands still, staring down at her brother who is bleeding on the pavement. The gun falls from her hands.

Olivia, Hannah, and Vince rush over to Wes. Sophia pushes them out of the way and crouches over him.

SOPHIA

Oh my god. Oh my god, Wes.

She puts her hands over his wound.

OLIVIA

Someone call 911!

Hannah quickly grabs her phone and dials.

SOPHIA

Wes I'm so sorry. Hold on, Ok?
I'm so sorry.

Vince paces on the sidewalk, his hands behind his head, tugging at his hair.

OLIVIA

It's gonna be okay, Wes. Hang on.

SOPHIA

Wes I love you so much, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. Everything's my fault. I'm so sorry.

SOUND OF SIRENS.

Ambulance and police cars pull up. Hannah points at Sophia and Wes.

Renee and Scott both run from the house. They see their son being lifted onto a medical cart. They rush over and cry as they see a body bag zip over Wes's face.

Olivia stands crying, her fingers over her mouth. Hannah is standing beside her, crying, with her arm around Olivia's shoulder.

The police walk over to Sophia and put her in cuffs. They lead her to the back seat of a police car.

Renee screams as they take her daughter away. She tries to grab at the police officers, but Scott holds her back. She collapses into his arms.

Music fades out.

CUT TO BLACK