

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Lilacs. Gorgeous, deep purple and virgin white, in such full bloom you can almost smell them.

AMBER (O.C)

Did you see Gretchen Carrigan
yesterday?
Beached. Fucking. Whale.

A small hand grabs a lilac by the stalk, yanks.

LIZA (O.C.)

I know, right? Grab a fucking
coathanger.

OLIVIA Hennessy, 6, has massacred three quarters of a lilac bush and is still going. Except for Olivia's project, the yard is spotless -- pure Martha Stewart.

JULIE Hennessy, 16, ignores Olivia in favor of her friends LIZA and AMBER. They're splayed across the Julie's back deck, all string bikinis and bare limbs.

JULIE

Does she even know who the father
is?

LIZA

Could be anybody.

AMBER

What a skank.

LIZA

You know who it might be...
(to Julie)
Your brother.

Julie and Amber laugh on cue.

AMBER

Ohmigod ew!

JULIE

I so don't need to picture that.

MATT (O.S.)

Better Gretchen Carrigan than one
of you.

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Julie turns her head. There he is - MATT Hennessy, 18, leans against the doorframe. Pale, skinny, bad clothes, worse haircut, glasses - total high school reject.

MATT (CONT'D)

Less chance of rabies.

LIZA

You wish.

Julie's phone vibrates on the deck. She grabs it, reads the incoming text. Meanwhile:

LIZA (CONT'D)

Your brother is so gay.

(to Matt)

Were you just, like, sitting there watching us?

MATT

If I was then I'm prob'ly not gay.

Liza flips her hair, turns to Julie, nods at the phone.

LIZA

Speaking of not gay...How's Nate?

Julie smirks.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Olivia!!!

BARBARA Hennessy, 45, stunning and, at the moment, furious, charges across the lawn - straight for Olivia.

The lilac bush is bare; Olivia's gathered every bloom.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!?

(to Julie)

Were you even watching her?

Julie shrinks away from her mother.

JOHN Hennessy, 46, appears in the doorway. He's the high school Golden Boy all grown up.

Olivia's almost crying now, lilacs crushed to her chest.

JOHN

Sweetie, how about you take those inside.

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Olivia goes. Barbara glares at John, turns to Julie.

BARBARA

You want me to trust you all
summer when I can't trust you for
ten minutes?

She follows Olivia.

JOHN

(to Julie)

She trusts you. We both do.

John surveys the girls.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Have fun tonight.

LIZA

We will.

JOHN

Her carriage turns into a pumpkin
at midnight, right, Princess?

John tousles Julie's hair, heads inside.

Julie rolls her eyes for her friends' benefit. Matt catches her gaze and holds it. She looks away.

EXT. RIVER CLEARING - NIGHT

One of the out-of-the-way places high schoolers find to party. A bonfire. Students stand in groups, sit on car hoods, logs, blankets. Several couples make out.

Liza and Amber are there - never miss a party. No sign of Matt. Julie? She's here...

EXT. NATE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

With her boyfriend, NATE Harrison, 18. In the back of his flatbed. Half-dressed and halfway to third base.

Like Matt, Nate just graduated - but that's all the two boys have in common. Swim team captain, head lifeguard, Class Vice President; Nate's used to getting what he wants before he even knows he wants it -- except, it turns out, with Julie.

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Julie edges away from Nate; his pants are undone, her shirt askew.

JULIE

I don't know.

Nate's hands go up: "look, no hands."

NATE

If you don't want to, just -

JULIE

I do, I just... I don't know.

Maybe "soulful" will work.

NATE

You're not the only one who wants it to mean something, Jules.

Julie puts another inch between them, wavers.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER CLEARING - SIMULTANEOUS

Back at the bonfire, Amber's paired off with an older boy. Liza sees Matt approaching.

MATT

Where's Julie?

LIZA

Where d'you think?

She waves him toward Nate's truck, watches him go.

CUT TO:

EXT. NATE'S TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS

Nate tries a guilt-trip.

NATE

In a month I'm halfway across the country.

JULIE

With a bunch of college girls.

Nate pulls Julie closer.

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NATE

I'm here now.

Nate keeps working his way up her skirt.

JULIE

Don't we want a bed, at least?

NATE

Your bed?

Julie squirms.

JULIE

What are you gonna do, climb the bushes?

NATE

Is the key still under the flower pot?

Nate's hands just won't quit.

JULIE

Fucking stop it, okay?

NATE

Fine.

Nate gets to his feet, fumbling with his pants.

NATE (CONT'D)

This is bullshit. We've been together a year, you're on the pill, all our friends are --

Julie grabs his thigh.

JULIE

(interrupting)

Come on.

Nate looks down at Julie's uptilted face, his pants still undone. He reaches into his pants.

NATE

Well which is it?

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER CLEARING - SIMULTANEOUS

Matt's almost reached Nate's truck. He sees Nate, sees Julie on her knees, her face at his crotch. Matt stands glued to the spot, bystander at a train wreck.

JULIE

Come on.

NATE

Well which is it?

The honk of a car horn from the fire circle - Julie looks up, sees Matt. He stumbles into the dark.

Julie scrambles out of Nate's flatbed.

NATE (CONT'D)

Julie!

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

Matt crosses the clearing, Julie at his heels.

JULIE

I said meet me at the fire circle.

MATT

You said eleven.

Julie hurries ahead to Matt's car. She tries the door; it's locked. Matt catches up.

MATT (CONT'D)

Are you two...

JULIE

Are we what.

They stare at each other across the roof of the car. Matt unlocks both doors and gets in. Julie follows.

JULIE (CONT'D)

What, are you gonna tell Mom and Dad?

MATT

No.

Matt starts the car.

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JULIE

How long were you standing there.

She waits for his answer, but he doesn't respond, simply drives across the field, toward paved road. She reaches for the radio. Finally:

MATT

Are you having sex with him?

JULIE

None of your business.

Matt nods: "fair enough."

JULIE (CONT'D)

Why do you wanna know?

MATT

'Cause he's an asshole.

Julie hits the radio.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Organ music, a recessional.

PASTOR DAPHNE, 40s, chats with the last of her flock as they leave after Sunday Methodist fellowship. She's the birkenstocks-under-her-vestments type - her parishioners are richer, more conservative; more Ralph Lauren than Lands End.

Julie, dressed for church, eyes her brother and boyfriend across the church yard. Matt's slouched against a tree with a beat-up paperback novel; Nate's talking golf and Nasdaq with John and a couple of church men.

Olivia runs by, mid-freeze-tag. Barbara stands at Julie's elbow, chatting with MARY ELLEN Sims, 30s.

BARBARA

You know, my French just gets so rusty when all I'm doin' with it is teaching kids the subjunctive... and it's a pay raise for every course we take, since it keeps us in shape --

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MARY ELLEN

See now, I keep telling Todd he should give me a pay raise for every yoga class I take, same reason, but he doesn't take me up on it.

Julie looks at Mary Ellen's Husband TODD, one of the Golf/Nasdaq men. She catches Nate's eye, and takes a half-step toward him -- but he pointedly turns his back. Julie misses Mary Ellen's next question.

MARY ELLEN (CONT'D)

...all by yourself?

JULIE

What?

BARBARA

Mrs. Sims asked whether you can handle Olivia by yourself.

JULIE

Well, my dad's here Thursdays to Sundays, and then...

MARY ELLEN

You know, it's probably not too late to get Livvy signed up for Bible Camp. Erin's going.

BARBARA

(shocked)

She is? I thought you didn't want her to...

Both women look at Pastor Daphne, who's at the refreshment table.

MARY ELLEN

Benefit of the doubt. For now. Although...

(suddenly, to Julie)

You know, I bet they could use another counselor around here.

BARBARA

(immediately on board)

Julie could use the volunteer hours...

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CONTINUED: (2)

JULIE

That's not really my...

BARBARA

Pastor Daphne!

Pastor Daphne looks up, forkful of coffee cake halfway to her mouth.

MARY ELLEN

(all sugar)

Pastor Daphne, how're you set for Bible Camp Counselors? Julie here's lookin' for volunteer credit hours, bless her heart, and...

JULIE

...I'm really not...

MARY ELLEN

And Barbara and I thought my gosh, what better way to contribute to the church community than to be a role model in faith--

PASTOR DAPHNE

We're all set, actually.

Offended silence from Mary Ellen and Barbara.

PASTOR DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Every high schooler in the congregation's scrambling to get hours. Not that I wouldn't love to have you, Julie, it's just --

JULIE

It's okay.

PASTOR DAPHNE

If you need hours, you know where they could use you is the 7th Street Planned Parenthood.

Julie's surprise is nothing compared to the look of horror passing between Mary Ellen and Barbara.

BARBARA

You're not serious.

JULIE

Why not?

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BARBARA

She's too young.

John approaches.

JOHN

Too young to what?

MARY ELLEN

To work at an organization like that. Maybe that kind of thing didn't raise eyebrows with the Massachusetts Methodists, but we prefer our Sunday mornings a little less radical.

She glances at the new rainbow sticker affixed to the church's announcement board.

MARY ELLEN (CONT'D)

Even this close to Austin.

No one moves.

MARY ELLEN (CONT'D)

I know the culture down here probably takes a little gettin' used to.

PASTOR DAPHNE

I find people are about the same anywhere. Bless their hearts.

Mary Ellen walks away.

JOHN

Sorry about that.

PASTOR DAPHNE

Change is hard.

BARBARA

It doesn't have to be.

JOHN

Barb.

Barbara shoots John a look that could cut steel.

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JOHN (CONT'D)

Daphne, we support you shaking things up a little, hell, it's half of why we brought you in, but...

MATT

But they don't want change that changes anything.

John glares at his son.

JOHN

Get in the car.

Julie stares at Matt; what the hell is wrong with him? Matt shrugs and lopes away. If Pastor Daphne's shocked, she doesn't show it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Sorry, we've got a flight to catch.

John steers Barbara away, revealing Nate, who watches Julie hands in pockets. John looks back, eyes narrowing when he sees Nate's expression.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Julie!

Julie follows her parents. Pastor Daphne watches the Hennessy family go.

EXT. HENNESSY HOUSE - DAY

The Hennessys are in the driveway; Matt loads the last of his parents' luggage into a taxi's trunk. Barbara hugs Olivia.

BARBARA

Be good.

Olivia gives Barbara a suffocating hug and runs inside.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

(to Matt and Julie)

We're counting on you.

Barbara gets in the cab. John follows.

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CONTINUED:

JOHN

You've got my cell. See you
Thursday.

Julie and Matt stand next to each other as the cab pulls
away...and away...and away.

Julie pulls out her phone, checks for texts.

MATT

No word from Prince Charming?

Julie goes inside.

INT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD - DAY

Filing cabinets are full to bursting, every available
surface is organized but overloaded. Julie stares at the
wall of medical supplies, overwhelmed.

The phone rings.

RITA (O.C.)

Don't answer that.

RITA Brown, 30s, answers.

RITA (CONT'D)

Planned Parenthood, this is Rita.

(pause)

Are you calling from somewhere
safe?

Rita reaches for a pen, looks at Julie, gestures to a bin
filled with white paper bags.

RITA (CONT'D)

Those need sorting.

So Julie sorts.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD - LATER

Julie stuffs the last of an array of STD brochures into a
wire display. Rita stops in the doorway, checks her
watch.

RITA

I'm lockin' up.

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Julie watches Rita cross the lobby, key in hand.

LIZA raps on the lobby's glass door. Julie ducks around a corner, watches Rita shake her head, Liza talk through the glass. Rita trudges across the lobby.

RITA (CONT'D)

You got a Reidman, L?

Julie paws through the bin of white bags, grabs one, looks at the label - Reidman, L, Valtrex, 500 mgs. She hands the bag to Rita. Rita heads back for the front doors.

RITA (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter how many times you tell'em you close at six.

Julie stands, watches Liza cross the parking lot, and get into her white Audi. Rita watches Julie watch Liza.

RITA (CONT'D)

A lot of the West Falls girls come here.

JULIE

How do you know she's from West Falls?

RITA

That was an Audi. They're willing to come slumming to preserve their anonymity.

(at Julie, pointed)

If they're here, they're anonymous.

Rita holds Julie's gaze. Julie nods, collects her bag, leaves. Checks for texts. None.

EXT. LOCAL POOL - EVENING

Julie drives past the pool. She sees Liza's white Audi next to Nate's truck. She cranes her neck as she passes, then pulls up across the street. She crosses the street to the pool entrance -- the "Pool Closed" sign is posted.

From beyond the fence, the sound of splashing.

She pulls out her cell -- one last text check? Nothing.

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JULIE

Nate?

No response. She tries the pool building door. Locked.

Julie walks around the building, looking for a place where she can see the source of the splashing. Finds none.

She looks at Nate's truck, at the roof of the pool building.

Julie climbs into the truck's flatbed, to the truck's roof, to the roof of the pool building, phone still in hand. She crawls to the edge of the pool roof, looks over the edge.

Nate and Liza have sex in the shallow end, Liza gripping the ladder rail as Nate thrusts into her.

Julie hurls her cell phone at Liza and Nate. It lands in the pool.

Liza looks up. Nate turns. All three stare at each other. Julie opens her mouth to say something, but nothing comes out.

Liza moves toward Julie. Nate stops her.

Julie backs away from the roof edge. She scrambles down from the roof, curls in a heap in Nate's truck bed.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Matt's on the couch. Julie stomps in.

MATT

I called you like four times.
Where the hell were you? Livvy
was fuckin' freaking out. If
you're gonna sneak off with Nate
you can at least keep your fuckin'
phone on.

Julie walks past.

MATT (CONT'D)

Hey! Blowjob Barbie!

Something snaps. Julie turns to Matt, pure fury. He watches her the way you watch a traffic accident. She crosses to him, slaps him -- hard -- across the face.

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MATT (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

Julie hits Matt again, this time with her fists. Matt stands, grabs her wrists.

MATT (CONT'D)

Jules! Jesus!

Julie wrenches free and pushes Matt. He loses his footing, falls between the couch and the coffee table. He pulls Julie with him. Julie keeps hitting him.

MATT (CONT'D)

Ow, are you crazy?

They're fighting no-holds-barred, Matt using his size for leverage, Julie scratching and aiming for blood.

MATT (CONT'D)

JULIE

Fucking stop it.

Get the fuck off me!

She gets her hands under his shirt and digs in hard.

MATT (CONT'D)

Ow! Jesus Christ!

Matt pulls off his shirt: a long mark; she's drawn blood.

JULIE

Fucking Freak! Fucking Peeping
Tom Freak! Did you like it? Did
you get off watching us?

Julie pushes him over, lands on top of him, straddles him to get better traction.

They both freeze.

Tentatively, experimentally, Julie shifts her weight above him. Yes, she feels what she thought she felt. They lock eyes for one long breath.

MATT

(low, dangerous)

Get off me.

Julie does, and fast. They stare at each other from opposite sides of the room. Julie's skirt is bunched around her waist, Matt's glasses are knocked off, they're both trying to catch their breath.

She pulls down her skirt. He reaches for his glasses.

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She leaves.

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julie lies in bed, staring at the bathroom that connects her room to Matt's. The sound of Matt in the other room.

The light in the bathroom. Matt, shirtless, walks in. Closes the door to her room. The shower goes on.

Julie stares at the light crack under the door.

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Julie sprawls across her bed, dead asleep in nothing but a tank top and underwear.

Olivia bursts in, chanting.

OLIVIA

We're late! We're late! For a
very important date!

Julie groans, sees Olivia's bright blue t-shirt, bolts up. She's out of bed like a shot, grabbing at clothes.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The sun shines, birds chirp, latte-toting yoga-toned moms gossip at the foot of the church steps. Camp started ten minutes ago.

Julie's Jetta screeches to a halt at the curb. Olivia's out the door before Julie can cut the engine.

JULIE

Olivia! Wait up!

Julie chases Olivia until Olivia gets inside.

Julie slows to a jog, eyes the YOGA MOMS, wary. Mary Ellen steps forward.

JULIE (CONT'D)

My alarm didn't go off.

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MARY ELLEN

Happens to all of us.

(her look says: not
to her)

Livvy didn't bring a lunch?

JULIE

I gave her money.

MARY ELLEN

They can't buy it, sweetie, you
gotta pack it.

Julie sighs. The Yoga Moms move off.

MARY ELLEN (CONT'D)

Don't you worry. I sent Erin with
enough for an army.

(with a wink)

I got your back if you got mine.
You got plans for your day? We're
hittin' YogaGroove...

JULIE

I gotta...I can't.

MARY ELLEN

Catch ya next time.

Mary Ellen follows the Yoga Moms. Julie looks up toward
the church, sees Pastor Daphne at her office window.