

INT. JAVATOWN - DAY

JavaTown is a throwback to the 90's, a laid-back cozy coffeehouse that unintentionally invites loitering. This is not Starbucks. Used furniture populates the customer area, while shelves of used books and artwork cover the wall next to the coffee counter.

JEFF HAMILTON, 17, clean cut, sits at a small two person table, his laptop open in front of him. His hat sits backward on his head. Then again, it may be designed to be worn that way.

NANCY WADE, 18, hair in a braid, skirt past her calves, sets a cup in front of Jeff.

NANCY

Cafe mocha.

He nods without looking up from his computer.

JEFF

Thanks.

Nancy moves toward the counter as GARRETT KELLER enters the cafe. Garrett's hair is mussed in an awkward, unfashionable way and his shirt somehow doesn't hang quite right on his body.

He smiles at Nancy as they cross paths, but his eyes immediately redirect to the floor in front of him.

NANCY

Good afternoon. Earl gray?

He nods, and looks at her just long enough to verify his order.

GARRETT

Yes, please.

CHARLOTTE JENSEN, 19, steps in line behind Garrett. She wears a pair on sunglasses and has her hoodie pulled up over her head.

Nancy rings the sale up on the register as he fumbles with his wallet, then hands her a couple bills. She passes back the change which he promptly drops in the tip jar.

NANCY

Thank you. I'll bring it right out to you.

He nods, again, then rushes to an empty table.

Nancy smiles at Charlotte.

NANCY (CONT'D)

What can I get--

CHARLOTTE

Double espresso. To go.

NANCY

Is that all for--

CHARLOTTE

That's it.

Nancy punches in the order, but Charlotte just tosses a five on the counter.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Keep the change. I'm running late for a class. I overslept.

Nancy glances at the store clock. It's after three in the afternoon.

NANCY

Oh. Sure. Okay.

She turns around to prepare the drink.

SHANNON PALMER, 17, pretty in minimal makeup, enters the cafe. She's followed by AMY JAMISON, 17, also pretty, but definitely more made up. Amy's full attention is directed to her cell phone text messaging application.

Shannon approaches Jeff's table.

SHANNON

Hi.

Jeff looks up.

JEFF

Oh! Hey, you made it.

He looks at Amy.

SHANNON

Oh, yeah. This is my best friend,
Amy. Amy, this is Jeff, my project
partner for Mrs. Gimley's class.

JEFF

Hi. Nice to meet you.

Amy briefly looks up from her phone.

AMY

Hey.

Shannon moves to sit down in the open seat at the table.
Jeff looks at Shannon, then at Amy, then around the cafe.
He puts a hand on an empty chair at Garrett's table.

Garrett plays an online fantasy game and wears a pair of
earbud headphone.

JEFF

Can I--

Garrett removes one of the headphones.

GARRETT

Huh?

Jeff points to the chair.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah, sure.

JEFF

Thanks, man.

GARRETT

No problem.

He puts the earbud back in.

Jeff sets the chair down next to Amy. She sits, still
texting.

Nancy sets Charlotte's to go cup on the counter.

NANCY

Double espr--

Charlotte snatches it up.

CHARLOTTE

Thanks.

She beelines for the door.

Jeff settles back behind his computer.

JEFF

So, I'm excited about this.

SHANNON

Yeah, me too. I mean, I'm not excited like, "Oh, yay" but I really think we'll nail it.

JEFF

Yeah, that's what I meant. Like, I'm not stoked about school projects in general.

Amy sighs.

Shannon pulls her laptop out of her bag, but there's not really room for it on the table. She picks up the drink menu and hands it to Amy. Amy doesn't take it at first, she's busy texting. After a moment, she takes it out of Shannon's hand and just drops it on the floor. Shannon and Jeff don't seem to notice.

SHANNON

I was really glad when I found out we were partners, because you did a really good job on that video assignment in biology last year.

JEFF

You remember that? I hardly remember that.

SHANNON

Oh, yeah, totally. And I was kind of jealous, because my partner kind of left me with everything.

AMY

I did not.

SHANNON

I said, "kind of."

AMY

My aunt was sick that month.

SHANNON

I thought she was having a baby.

AMY

Whatever.

JEFF

So, where do you want to start?

Nancy delivers the cup of tea to Garrett's table. He quickly pulls off his headphones.

GARRETT

Thanks.

NANCY

You're welcome.

She takes a look at his computer screen, turns to walk back to the counter, but then turns back around.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You know, it's not really my business, but what is that?

GARRETT

Huh? Oh! It's Alchemy Nation.

NANCY

It's a game?

GARRETT

It's an M.M.O.R.P.G.

NANCY

Moorgapugh?

He sits up.

GARRETT

A massively multiplayer online role-playing game. You build a character and interact with other players from everywhere. Anywhere. All over the world. And you, you know, gain experience points for stuff you do. Like, um, my character, he's a level nine, but I started as a level three.

NANCY

That sounds neat. What's your character?

GARRETT

He's a wizard now, but he was an apprentice before he mastered the dark arts.

Nancy frowns.

NANCY

Oh. It's an occult game?

Garrett slumps.

GARRETT

Y-yeah. I, uh, guess so.

NANCY

You should be careful. That could be a gateway right into demon possession.

She smiles at him and pats his shoulder.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'll pray for you.

She bustles back to the counter.

Garrett shrugs it off and puts his earbuds back in.

JEFF

I think that will be a solid lead into section two.

SHANNON

Cool. I like it.

JEFF

It's just off the top of my head. I'm not married to it or anything.

SHANNON

It's good.

AMY

Oh, shit!

Jeff and Shannon look over at her. In fact, everyone in the cafe has turned to look.

AMY (CONT'D)

Tony's such a perv.

She finally sets the phone down on top of the table.

AMY (CONT'D)

Hey, Shan, Jessica's gonna pick me up, so can you come get me later? Like at five or whatever?

SHANNON

Yeah, sure.

AMY
Nice. Don't fuck him while I'm gone.

SHANNON
Amy!

Amy's phone vibrates on the table. Text message received.
She snatches it up.

AMY
I'm kidding.
(to Jeff)
She totally has a boyfriend.

JEFF
I... okay.

She takes a moment to actually look him over, even if it is
through the camera screen on her phone.

AMY
He is cute, though.

She snaps a picture, then stands up, steps over the dessert
menu she dropped on the floor and sashays out the door.

SHANNON
(beat)
I'm sorry.

She and Jeff both fiddle with their respective laptops.

JEFF
It's cool. So, your boyfriend.
Does he go to SHS?

SHANNON
Yeah, Jayson Kleim?

JEFF
Oh, sure, yeah. I had Spanish class
with I him last year.

SHANNON
Oh? Cool.

JEFF
Yeah.

Nancy approaches the table.

NANCY
Everything okay over here?

SHANNON

Yeah, thanks.

Nancy reaches down and picks up the dessert menu. She deliberately places it on a neighboring table.

INT. SHANNON'S CAR - NIGHT

Shannon sits in the driver's seat. From the outside, Amy flings open the passenger door, then flops into the seat.

AMY

Finally. I mean, God, Jessica is nice and all, but I can hardly stand her sometimes, you know?

SHANNON

I guess?

AMY

Hey, let's go to the movies tonight.

SHANNON

I'm hanging out with Jayson.

AMY

Ugh, you slut. Two men in one day?

SHANNON

Seriously, what was up with that earlier?

AMY

What? With Jeff? Please, you know it was a joke.

SHANNON

Yeah, but I hardly know him.

AMY

Do you plan to date him?

SHANNON

Um, no. I have Jayson.

AMY

So, then what do you care?

SHANNON

He's my project partner. I just don't want things to be weird between us.

AMY
Fine. Whatever.

SHANNON
Thank you.

AMY
So, you don't care if I go out with
him?

SHANNON
Wait, did he ask you?

AMY
Not yet.

SHANNON
Do whatever you want. Just don't
blow my chances at a good grade.

AMY
Trust me, your chances are not what
I'm looking to blow.

SHANNON
Amy!

AMY
Oh, calm down. You worse than that
nun at the coffee house.

SHANNON
I think she's Baptist.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Inspirational Christian posters adorn the walls. Worship music radiates from a small iPod dock that sits on a desk where Nancy sits with a Bible open in front of her.

She runs a highlighter over a passage she's just read.

Unlike her persona at work, this one's more comfortable, no longer a stranger in a strange land. Her hair is loose around her shoulders, she wears a t-shirt boasting a clever Christian slogan and pajama pants.

There's a soft knock at the door.

REBECCA WADE, 36, Nancy's mother, gently pushes open the door. She carries a laptop in her hands.

REBECCA

I finally wrestled the computer away from Danny. He was determined to beat your score at Bible Word Wars.

NANCY

Did he?

REBECCA

See for yourself.

She sets the computer on the desk and opens it. Danny's name sits next to the highest score.

NANCY

Tell him not to get too used to it.

Rebecca laughs.

REBECCA

He's only nine, Nancy. Let him have his reign for a couple hours, at least. How was work?

NANCY

Fine. Kind of the same routine, you know?

Rebecca nods. Nancy exits out of the game application.

REBECCA

I remember, when I worked at Burger Burrough, we just fell into a rhythm. You learn the regulars and what they always want.

NANCY

I know! It's getting so easy. Especially because it's coffee and stuff. People like what they like and that doesn't seem to change. It's getting so easy, it's almost like no work at all.

REBECCA

You have plenty of time for study, then?

NANCY

Most days. Except right after the high school lets out. It's like rush hour.

REBECCA

At Burger Burrough, It was like that
right at twelve-thirty, because the
bank next door closed for lunch then.

Nancy opens the computer's web browser, then types "Alchemy
Nation" in the search field. A window pops on the screen.
It's a password protected website blocker.

NANCY

Oh, looks like I need the code.

REBECCA

What in the world are you trying to
look at?

NANCY

There's a customer, a regular, who
comes in and he's always playing
this game. He told me about it and
it sounds dangerous.

REBECCA

How about instead of looking at
secular websites, you try FaithSearch?

Nancy clicks a shortcut button that opens the FaithSearch
website.

NANCY

You think they'll have it?

REBECCA

They keep a pretty comprehensive
list of all those things.

NANCY

Oh, here it is. Thanks, mom.

Rebecca puts her hand on her daughter's shoulder and gives
it a light squeeze.

INT. SHANNON'S CAR - NIGHT

The windows are steamed up due to the intense make out session
in the backseat between Shannon and her boyfriend, JAYSON
KLEIM, 17, athletic. Despite the steam, they're only
achieving a PG level make out rating. Jayson's hand moves
to the bottom of Shannon's shirt, about to bump the situation
up to PG 13.

Someone knocks on the window. They both jump.

JAYSON

Shit!

SHANNON

Who is it?

JAYSON

How the fuck should I know?

(beat)

Sorry, babe.

Jayson wipes at the window. Amy peers through the cleared spot.

AMY

Open the door, bitches!

JAYSON

It's for you.

Shannon climbs into the front seat and rolls down the window.

SHANNON

What? And what are you doing here?

AMY

I'm here with Tony and Jessica and some other guy. Steve? Stan? Mark? Whatever. Anyway, Jessica needs your phone.

SHANNON

Why?

AMY

She needs to make a call, dumbass.

Shannon begins to roll up the window. Amy pushes down on it.

AMY (CONT'D)

Okay, she needs to call and say hers is dead so she doesn't get crazy shit from her dad.

SHANNON

Can't she use yours?

AMY

Mine's dead.

SHANNON

What about Tony? Or Stevestanmark?

Amy flails against the car.

AMY
 Because... they know your number and
 she's supposed to be out with us.
 Me and you.

Shannon searches around the car for her cell phone.

JAYSON
 Why doesn't she just go tell her dad
 to fuck himself?

AMY
 Because he pays for her car, dipshit.

Shannon picks up a tennis shoe from the car floor. She pulls
 out the cell phone from inside it. She hands it to Amy.

AMY (CONT'D)
 Gross.

SHANNON
 Bring it back.

AMY
 Okay, mom.

SHANNON
 I'm serious.

Amy flips Shannon off, but smiles. She runs off toward Tony's
 car. Shannon rolls up the window.

JAYSON
 Come back here.

SHANNON
 She'll be right back.

JAYSON
 It's Amy.

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jeff and THOMAS LEVITT, 17, sit on the sofa as they play a
 video game.

JEFF
 Oh, suck on that!

THOMAS
 Whatever. I know you gave me the
 sucky controller.

JEFF
No, you just suck.

Jeff's cell phone rattles against the table. He pauses the game and picks up the phone.

THOMAS
What? No way. I was just about to dominate.

JEFF
Only if, by dominate, you mean suck.

Jeff reads the text message, then punches in a reply. He drops the phone on the couch and resumes the game.

THOMAS
See? Watch.

Thomas thumbs in a big button combo. The phone buzzes, again. Jeff hits pause.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
DUDE!

JEFF
It's just a game, Thomas.

THOMAS
You're just a dick, Jeff.

Jeff reads the incoming message.

JEFF
Whoa.

THOMAS
Whoa, what?

JEFF
Just...

Thomas leans over and reads the message.

THOMAS
Whoa is right! Seriously? Say yes.

JEFF
I can't.

THOMAS
Oh, what? You have principles?

JEFF

No. I mean, well, yeah. I do. But it's just kind of weird.

THOMAS

What's weird?

Thomas grabs the phone.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

That a girl would just randomly offer you head? Yeah, actually, that is weird. For you.

JEFF

Don't send anything.

THOMAS

What if I say, "Yes, please." I mean, that's polite.

JEFF

Don't! I hardly know her.

THOMAS

Oh, okay, Virgin Mary. Then can I take her up on the offer?

Jeff ignores him and returns to the video game. Thomas drops the phone and snatches up his controller.

INT. SHANNON'S CAR - NIGHT

Shannon sits in the backseat, but has not resume the same position she was in, earlier.

JAYSON

What's wrong?

SHANNON

Just, I dunno.

JAYSON

C'mon. I'll make you feel better.

He leans in and kisses her. She reciprocates until he makes another attempt at a PG-13 breast grab.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

What?

SHANNON

I just don't feel like it.

JAYSON

Oh.

SHANNON

It's not you.

JAYSON

Okay.

SHANNON

It's not like I haven't.

JAYSON

I know.

SHANNON

What do you mean, you know?

Jayson shifts his position so he's leaning back against the seat.

JAYSON

I mean, three months ago, right when we first started going out, Greg Robbins told me everything.

SHANNON

Okay, first of all, I don't even want to know what locker room bullshit he laid out for you. And second of all, is it just me or does a bunch of naked guys standing around talking about sex sound totally gay?

JAYSON

Okay, PMS.

Shannon shoves past him and climbs into the driver's seat.

SHANNON

And, the date's over.

She starts the car and kicks on the defrost, full power.

JAYSON

What, you can call me gay, but I can't state a fact?

SHANNON

Here's a fact: If you don't stop, you'll likely be single tomorrow.

Jayson flings himself into the passenger seat.

They sit and wait as the steamy windshield slowly clears.

JAYSON

Don't forget your phone.

Shannon puts the car in gear and swings around so she's facing Tony's car. She blasts the horn. After a beat, Amy bursts out of the rear passenger door.

AMY

What the fuck?

SHANNON

I need my phone. We're leaving.

AMY

Trouble in paradise.

Shannon holds out her hand. Amy drops the phone into it.

SHANNON

Thanks.

Shannon slams on the gas and drives away.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, save for a book light Nancy uses to read a Christian apocalypse novel as she sits on her bed. She finishes the chapter, then places a bookmark between the pages. With the book light still on, she begins to pray. It's not a traditional, head bowed, memorized bedtime kind of prayer. It plays out more like a one-sided conversation.

NANCY

Lord God? Thanks for this day. And for giving me a chance to talk with the guy from the store. Please just give me the strength to show him Your love. And, also, I pray for whoever it is who will be my future husband. Help him stay in Your light, Lord. In Your name, Amen.

She turns off the book light and plunges the room into total darkness.

INT. JAVATOWN - DAY

RICK THOMPSON, 30's, owner of JavaTown, stands behind the cash register.

Garrett sits at his regular table, immersed in his gaming world.

BLAKE MADISON, 19, a crunchy granola California girl, studies the menu.

Charlotte beelines for the door, drink in hand, but runs smack into Nancy. The coffee spills everywhere.

CHARLOTTE

Shit!

NANCY

Oh, goodness. I am so sorry!

She hurries behind the counter and grabs a towel, then offers it to Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

No, it's my bad. I was rushing, like I do.

She takes the towel and attempts to clean up.

NANCY

I'll replace it.

She sees Rick behind the register.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Oh, dear. Oh, Rick, this is my fault, I'll pay for another one. And I'm sorry I'm late.

RICK

It's okay, Nancy.

Nancy washes her hands at the sink and dabs at the coffee on her clothes.

NANCY

My mom forgot I needed a ride, so I had to take the bus.

RICK

It's okay. I think this is the first time you've ever been late.

NANCY

I'm so sorry.
(to Charlotte)
I'm so sorry.

RICK

Nancy.

NANCY

Yes?

He motions to Blake.

RICK
You have a customer.

Nancy ties her apron around her waist and steps behind the register.

Rick shakes his head, amused, then disappears into the back office.

NANCY
Were you ready to order?

BLAKE
I'm still trying to decide. You know, is it a coffee or a tea kind of afternoon?

NANCY
Well, the most popular is the cafe mocha.

BLAKE
What do you like?

NANCY
Me?

BLAKE
Yeah, say you just walked in here, the first time. What's your poison?

Nancy glances up at the menu behind her, but she doesn't need to look.

NANCY
Chai tea latte. Extra hot, extra foam.

BLAKE
I'll take that.

NANCY
For here or to go?

BLAKE
Here.

NANCY
Three thirty-six.

Blake hands her a five dollar bill.

BLAKE
Keep the rest.

NANCY
Thanks.

Blake hesitates in front of the register.

BLAKE
Do I wait here or...

NANCY
Oh, I'll bring it right out to you.

Nancy watches as Blake seats herself. Charlotte breaks the moment by handing the towel to her across the counter.

CHARLOTTE
Here.

NANCY
Oh! Right.

CHARLOTTE
It was a--

NANCY
Double espresso to go.

CHARLOTTE
You remembered that.

NANCY
Some just stick. And you seem like
you're consistent.

This amuses Charlotte. Nancy quickly remakes the drink and passes it over the counter.

CHARLOTTE
Thanks. You're kind of weird, but
that's cool.

Before Nancy can respond, Charlotte's out the door.

Shannon enters. She drops her laptop bag at the same table she shared with Jeff on the previous day, then steps up to the counter.

NANCY
Hi. What can I get started for you?

SHANNON
Iced caramel latte. And decaf. I'm
antsy enough at it is.

NANCY

Okay, sure. One decaf iced caramel.

Jeff enters. He smiles and waves at Shannon as he walks over to their table. Shannon pays for her drink, then eases over to the table.

SHANNON

Hey.

JEFF

Hey there, partner. You bailed out of Gimley's class early, today.

SHANNON

Yeah, uh... I had to meet a friend. She was all, freaked out about this thing.

JEFF

She okay?

SHANNON

Oh, yeah. Turned out to be not such a big deal.

JEFF

Good. So, you want to pick up from yesterday?

SHANNON

I think you're right.

JEFF

Cool. So, we left off with--

SHANNON

I think you're right about, you know, not wanting to start something up.

JEFF

What?

SHANNON

That text you sent, last night? About not getting involved? You're right. I fully agree.

JEFF

Oh. I didn't know you felt so strongly about it.

SHANNON

Of course I would.

JEFF

Wow. You're really faithful.

SHANNON

Yeah, I am. Why you thought different?

JEFF

No, I just... Does Amy know how invested you are?

SHANNON

Amy?

JEFF

That's who you're talking about, right? Me and Amy?

SHANNON

You and...

Amy breezes through the door of the cafe.

AMY

What up, bitches? Hi, Jeff.

JEFF

I'm gonna go order something.

Shannon pulls out her cell phone and opens the sent messages folder. As Amy nears, Shannon grabs her arm and yanks her down into a neighboring chair.

AMY

Ow! What?

SHANNON

Why do I have sent messages that I do not remember sending?

AMY

Sleep texting?

Nancy delivers Blake's drink. Blake sets down her copy of Sense and Sensibility.

NANCY

Chai latte, extra hot, extra foam.

BLAKE

Awesome.

She sips the drink.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Ouch, and hot.

NANCY

Are you okay?

BLAKE

I'm fine.

Jeff stands at the register.

NANCY

I should have warned you. It's really hot.

BLAKE

Well, to be fair, you did say "extra hot." Which is... very hot.

NANCY

I'm sorry. Do you want some water?

BLAKE

I'm okay.

NANCY

You're sure? I'll bring some, anyway.

BLAKE

I think you have a customer.

Nancy hurries over to the register.

Shannon reads one of her messages to Amy.

SHANNON

"We should hang out. I'm really good at road head."

Amy points at the screen.

AMY

I prefaced that with "Sup, it's Amy." It's not like I stole your identity.

SHANNON

Well, he's not interested.

AMY

Uh, okay. And can you use those psychic powers to tell me who's getting voted off tonight?

SHANNON

Seriously, I cannot believe you.

AMY

Why not? He's single. I'm single.
I think he's cute.

SHANNON

Here.

She clicks to another message. Amy reads it.

AMY

"We probably shouldn't start anything.
Just friends. Cool?"

SHANNON

I thought he was talking to me.

AMY

Why would he say that to you?

SHANNON

That's what I've been trying to figure
out. And, he didn't know it was my
phone because he doesn't have my
number.

AMY

He does now.

Jeff returns to the table.

JEFF

All right, caffeine on the way. You
ready?

SHANNON

Hey, about what I said earlier. It
was nothing.

AMY

What are you doing?

SHANNON

See, last night, Amy had my phone
and I didn't know she texted you...

Amy rolls her eyes and begins to fiddle with her own phone.

JEFF

Okay... Oh. So, when you said...
you thought I was saying... to you.

SHANNON

Right. That was weird, anyway, right?
Because you know I have a boyfriend,
and I was, like, why is he saying
this? To me?

JEFF

Yeah, sure, right. That would be
weird.

He laughs, then stops.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Wait, so then Amy didn't get my--

AMY

Got it. Not interested. I am human.
I have ears.

Nancy brings their drinks to the table.

NANCY

Decaf caramel and a Red Eye. Need
anything else?

Jeff and Shannon shake their heads. Amy focuses on her phone.
Shannon's cell phone rings.

SHANNON

That's Jayson. I'll be right back.

She grabs the phone and steps away from the table.

Nancy pauses in front of Garrett's table.

NANCY

Everything all right?

Garrett whips off his ear buds. He nods.

GARRETT

Oh yeah. It's good. Your boss seems
nice.

NANCY

I'm sorry?

GARRETT

W-when I got here. Earlier. I just
asked where you were. Because you're
usually here. He said you must be
running late, even though you're
never late but he wasn't worried
because you must have a good reason.

NANCY

Oh, yeah. My mom kind of forgot me.
Not a big deal. You know, I'm glad
you're here. Hold on a second.

She heads back toward the counter.

Jeff sips his coffee. Amy's still married to her phone.

JEFF

Hey, uh, I do hope we can be friends.
You seem cool. I was just, uh, caught
off guard.

AMY

It's cool. Whatever. It was just a
joke, anyway. I'm not a slut.

JEFF

Oh, yeah, sure. I didn't think you
were.

AMY

Thanks.

Nancy returns to Garrett's table. In her hand are several
pages.

NANCY

I thought you might want to read
these.

Garrett reaches for the pages and gently takes them as if
they're an expensive gift.

GARRETT

You brought something for me?

He opens the pages. They're printouts of the FaithSearch
website. He reads the top page.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

When Role-Play becomes the Gateway:
Avoiding Satan's Playground.

NANCY

I thought it was really eye opening.

The cafe phone rings.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I have to get that. But you can
keep those.

Jeff watches Shannon as she still talks on the phone.

JEFF

How long have they been...

Amy glances up from the phone just long enough to see he's looing at Shannon.

AMY

Oh, forever. Three months, at least.

JEFF

Oh, that's cool.

AMY

Why, do you like her?

JEFF

What? No. We're just friends. Or, I'd like to be. She's cool.

Amy sets her phone down and slides over into Shannon's seat so she's sitting directly across from Jeff.

AMY

It's a lost cause. She's way into him. They'll probably get married.

JEFF

Wow.

AMY

Which, really, I think is overkill. I mean, we're seventeen. This is probably the hottest some of us will ever be, so we should just celebrate that, you know?

She leans forward, slightly, but just enough to offer a decent glimpse down her top.

JEFF

I guess, yeah. Sure.

Jeff cant' help but look, even though he keeps trying to shift his eyes elsewhere.

AMY

People should just have fun and not worry about all the attachments.

Shannon returns to the table.

SHANNON

Why are guys such pigs?

Jeff snaps his attention away from Amy's chest and focuses on his coffee cup.

JEFF
Huh, what? Pigs?

SHANNON
Jayson is being weird.

AMY
Still fighting from last night?

SHANNON
Not really. He's just, I don't know.
Jeff doesn't want to hear about all
my drama, anyway.

Jeff shrugs.

JEFF
We probably should get to work.

Shannon and Jeff look at Amy.

AMY
Right. "Amy get the fuck out of
here." Can I use your computer to
check my Myspace?

SHANNON
We're working on our project.

AMY
Whatever. Maybe the nerd will trade
me fifteen minutes for some cleavage.
That's fair, right?

She smirks at Jeff as she stands up.

JEFF
I... wha... yes?

SHANNON
Don't encourage her.

INT. JAVATOWN - NIGHT

The patrons differ from the afternoon crowd, but Nancy's still behind the counter.

Blake enters.

BLAKE
Oh, hey. Wow, still here, huh?

NANCY

Back again?

BLAKE

You probably think I'm a freak.
Twice in one day.

Nancy smiles.

NANCY

I don't judge.

BLAKE

Thank god for that.

NANCY

Oh, I do. What did you need?

BLAKE

Just a regular coffee. I've been
over at the library and I still have
about three more hours of work left.

NANCY

School?

BLAKE

Yeah, it's the Women in History course
as SCC. Are you taking classes over
there?

NANCY

Oh, no. I go to SBC.

She emphasizes the "B".

BLAKE

SBC? Is that Sunshine Baptist
College?

NANCY

Close. Sunrise. Because He did.
We get that a lot, though.

BLAKE

Sorry.

NANCY

It's okay. We get called worse.

BLAKE

So, you're... Baptist?

Nancy nods, emphatically.

NANCY

Yep.

BLAKE

What do you study over there? At
Sunrise Baptist.

NANCY

Well, it's my first year, so it's a
lot of general stuff. But I'm getting
my degree in music.

BLAKE

That's cool. Music Appreciation?
Music Theory?

NANCY

Leading Worship Music. It doesn't
seem like it would be so hard that
you would need a degree, but there's
a lot that goes into it.

BLAKE

Oh. Huh. Well, good luck.

NANCY

Thanks, but I don't need luck. I
have... you know...

She looks upward. Blake follows her lead and looks up at
the ceiling.

BLAKE

Oh! God. Like Jesus. Sure.

They stand in silence for a beat. Nancy turns and busies
herself with the coffee, then hands it to Blake.

NANCY

There you go.

BLAKE

Thanks.

Another beat.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Bye.

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeff sits alone on the sofa. He plays a video game.

His phone rings. He picks it up and puts it to his ear, his eyes still focused on the game.

JEFF

Yeah?

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

It's a typical teenage girl's bedroom, with posters of bands and attractive young men on the walls. A few stuffed animals populate part of the bed.

Amy lies on the bed and flips through a magazine.

AMY

That's how you answer the phone?
Emily Post is pissed, somewhere.

INTERCUT:

JEFF

Who is this?

AMY

Who do you think?

JEFF

Melodie?

AMY

Fuck you.

JEFF

Ah, Amy.

AMY

Much better.

JEFF

Bitch!

AMY

Excuse me?

JEFF

Sorry. I got blown up.

AMY

Boys will be.

JEFF

So, what's up?

AMY
Just wanted to say hey, I guess.

JEFF
How'd you know my number?

AMY
Maybe I have a photographic memory.

JEFF
At least you have that going for
you.

The phone beeps.

AMY
Ugh, hold on. Someone's texting.

JEFF
Yeah, sure.

AMY
Shit.

JEFF
What?

AMY
It's Shannon.

JEFF
Is she okay?

He sets down the game controller.

AMY
No! She's totally devastated.

The phone beeps.

JEFF
What happened?

AMY
That dick. Jayson.

JEFF
What? What'd he do?

AMY
He's going out of town this weekend.

JEFF
Okay.

AMY

It's her birthday on Friday.

JEFF

OH. That really sucks.

AMY

Sometimes, I don't know what he's thinking. What is it with guys? I mean, why are you such assholes about some things?

JEFF

I don't speak for all guys, you know.

AMY

Yeah, right. You seem like a nice guy, I guess.

JEFF

Why don't we throw her a party? My parents are gone till Monday. We could have it here.

AMY

A really nice guy. Ugh, figures.

JEFF

I'd need your help, though. Since you're her best friend. I think.

AMY

Oh, yeah. I totally am. So, what, you want me to come over and help you or what?

JEFF

Yeah, I mean, if you have time.

AMY

For you? I guess I can manage. But it should be a big deal. You know, the more people, the better.

JEFF

Yeah. Yeah, like, and it'll really make Jayson seem like a total dick. And I'll-- we'll seem awesome.

AMY

Whoa, manipulation. Welcome to the dark side.

JEFF

I just mean... I want her to know she has friends who give a shit, you know?

AMY

Yeah.

JEFF

So, uh, we could get together tomorrow. We only have two days to plan and get the word out.

AMY

Tomorrow, JavaTown?

JEFF

I'm meeting Shannon at four, so be there at three. But don't tell her.

AMY

Ooo, sneaky. See you then.

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeff hangs up the phone, then sinks back into the sofa. He suddenly sits forward, grabs a notebook off the coffee table and begins to jot down notes.

INT. JAVATOWN - DAY

Amy sits at Jeff's regular table. She's dressed up more than usual, perhaps with even more cleavage.

Garrett sits at his table, immersed in his game.

Nancy wipes down empty tables.

Jeff enters.

AMY

You're late.

JEFF

Sorry.

AMY

Hey, it's your big plan.

He pulls the notebook out of his backpack.

Charlotte pushes through the front door and proceeds directly to the counter to place her order with Nancy.

JEFF

Right, so. I've compiled a list of everyone from our classes who I think would want to come on such short notice. I don't know how to get a hold of them all, though. I thought fliers might work, but then we run the risk of Shannon finding one--

AMY

Jeff, honey, you're cute.

Amy types into her cell phone.

AMY (CONT'D)

What time?

JEFF

What time what? Is it now? Three-ten.

AMY

What time do you want people to show up at the party?

JEFF

Oh, um, eight?

AMY

So, we say six.

JEFF

What if people show up at six?

AMY

They won't. What's your address?

JEFF

318 Westwood.

Amy hits the SEND button.

AMY

Done. Anyone worth partying with at Sunfield High School will be at your house Saturday at eight.

Charlotte's cell phone chimes, she checks the message, then sends a reply.

Amy's phone chimes.

AMY (CONT'D)

Sweet, we've got a DJ.

She manages a glance at Charlotte as she rushes out the door with her double espresso. They exchange a slight wave.

Jeff looks at his notes.

JEFF

That's it?

AMY

As far as invites go. Unless you wanted to shout, "Party at 318 Westwood, Saturday at six! BYOB!"

JEFF

How will I know who's coming? How will I know how much cake to get?

AMY

You're worried about cake?

JEFF

It's a birthday.

AMY

Oh, my god. You're worried about cake. We'll get a cake.

JEFF

And balloons. We're trying to look awesome, remember?

AMY

I can get into this. We need one of those Happy Birthday signs, with the letters?

Nancy approaches Garrett's table.

NANCY

More hot water?

GARRETT

Oh, yeah, sure. Thanks. Hey, are you going to that party?

NANCY

What party?

Garrett nods toward Jeff and Amy.

GARRETT

It sounded like an open invitation.

NANCY

Oh, um, I don't go to parties?

GARRETT

Why?

NANCY

I... just don't.

GARRETT

Oh. Me neither. I don't really get invited. I just thought, if you were going, maybe I'd at least know someone.

NANCY

Oh.

GARRETT

And, I read that stuff you gave me. It's interesting. I thought if we ever hung out, you know, at the party, or some other time, maybe you could tell me more.

NANCY

Really? Well, I'll see. I'm just not that... comfortable at parties like that. Kind of a lion's den situation.

GARRETT

...

Shannon and Jayson enter. They hold hands.

Jeff leans over to Amy.

JEFF

I thought he was out of town?

AMY

He will be. Tomorrow.

JEFF

She doesn't seem that mad at him.

AMY

She is.

Jayson and Shannon kiss.

JEFF

Women confuse me.

Shannon notices Jeff and Amy.

SHANNON
Oh, hey. I thought we weren't meeting
until four?

JEFF
We're not. Amy just...

AMY
Showed up. Spontaneous coffee fix.
I'm getting mine. Now.

Amy bounds toward the counter.

Jayson nods to Jeff.

JAYSON
Hey.

JEFF
Hey.

Blake enters the cafe. She stands in line behind Amy.

SHANNON
So, you two just randomly came here
at the same time?

JEFF
Uh, yeah. Small town. Popular place.

SHANNON
Jayson, babe, will you get me a
caramel latte?

Jayson joins the line.

Shannon sits across from Jeff.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
I'm probably going to sound kind of
like a bitch right now, but I don't
care. Amy can't be trusted. She's
my best friend and all, but she can
be pretty shady sometimes. And I
think she's got her sights set on
you for some reason. Not like I
don't think you're, you know, a good
guy, or that you can't get a girl,
but she's kind of crazy. So, don't
think she just showed up here by
accident. She knew you'd be here.

JEFF
Oh, I don't think that's--

SHANNON

She has it down to a science. Trust me, this happens all the time.

JEFF

It does?

SHANNON

I'm just watching out for you. I like you.

JAYSON

Babe, you want soy or regular.

SHANNON

I'll be back. Think about what I said.

Amy passes Shannon on the way back to the table.

AMY

I invited that girl.

JEFF

What girl?

She points at Blake.

AMY

Her. The cute blond.

JEFF

I'm sure Shannon will enjoy her company.

AMY

The key to any successful party is plenty of attractive girls. Otherwise it's a sausage-fest and all the guys end up fighting.

JEFF

Okay, so no sausage fights.

AMY

And, sometimes, if the atmosphere is just right, the attractive girls make out and then everyone's happy.

JEFF

You think?

AMY

I know.

Blake just happens to look back at Amy, right then. Amy coyly waves to her, maybe even winks. Jeff watches, eyes wide.

LATER

Jeff and Shannon work on their project.

Blake reads another paperback novel. Her cup is empty. Nancy appears, ready to refill.

NANCY
Did you want another tea?

BLAKE
I think I'm okay.

Nancy nods and begins to move away.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Hey...

NANCY
Yeah?

BLAKE
You going to that party?

NANCY
Party?

Blake puts her finger to her lips. She reaches for Nancy's arm and gently pulls her closer until Nancy's forced to sit down in the seat right next to Blake.

BLAKE
Shhhh. It's supposed to be a surprise for that girl. Shannon.

NANCY
Oh. Um, probably not. I'm not a party person.

BLAKE
I thought as much.

NANCY
I'm not boring!

Blake laughs.

BLAKE
I didn't say you were.

NANCY

Most people think I must be boring because I don't drink or... you know... anything like that. But I would just rather have fun at home with my family or with my friends. Playing Bible Pictionary or something.

BLAKE

I used to be good at Pictionary. It was just regular old secular Pictionary, though.

NANCY

You're making fun of me.

BLAKE

I'm not! I was really good! And I think it's cool that you don't need to drink or... you know.

She leans closer.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

What exactly do you mean by "you know", anyway?

NANCY

You know...

She takes a deep breath.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Sex.

She says it quickly and looks around as she says it.

Blake can't help but laugh.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I have to get back to work. I really shouldn't be sitting.

She stands. Blake catches her hand.

BLAKE

No! I'm not.. it's not funny. It's just... you're so old school. It's cool.

NANCY

Thank you?

BLAKE

If, for some crazy reason, you do
decide to go, maybe I'll see you
there. Maybe they'll have Pictionary.

NANCY

I-- I'll think about it.

Blake's phone sounds an alarm.

BLAKE

Oh, crap. That's me. Got class.

She quickly stashes her book in her bag and rises from the
table.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Bye.

NANCY

Bye.

Nancy stands at the table until Blake is out the door.

GARRETT

You think you really might go?

NANCY

Where?

GARRETT

The party.

NANCY

I don't know.

GARRETT

I can draw, too.

NANCY

Oh.

GARRETT

If you come, maybe we could be on a
team.

NANCY

I probably won't go.

GARRETT

But maybe if you do.

NANCY

Maybe.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy sits at her desk, the laptop open in front of her. She reads an email, then moves on to the next message in her inbox. It contains a link to a video website.

She clicks the link, but it activates the protective blocking software.

NANCY

Mom! I need the password!

REBECCA

Must you shout? You know how I feel about that.

NANCY

Sorry. Aunt Mary sent another one of those videos.

REBECCA

Oh! She told me about it.

Rebecca steps between Nancy and the keyboard, then enters the password. Nancy turns away, but glances back at the last moment and happens to catch a few keystrokes.

NANCY

Janie Robison's been saying there are a lot of great channels on her satellite package.

REBECCA

When you get married and have your own family, you can buy whatever you want. I just pray you'll be wise and not watch trash.

The video begins to play. Puppies frolic to music.

NANCY

Well, just imagine stuff like this, whenever you wanted.

REBECCA

They are precious.

A Bible Verse scrolls across the screen.

DAVE WADE, Nancy's father, appears in the doorway. His face is deceptively youthful.

DAVE

Bec, your oven timer is beeping away.

REBECCA

My roast!

Rebecca dashes out of the room.

DAVE

It's the fourteenth, Nancy.

NANCY

I know, Dad.

Nancy pulls open a desk drawer and removes a check. It's made out to her father.

DAVE

Just trying to keep you responsible.
Not all parents care this much to
teach their children.

NANCY

Dad, have I ever missed a rent
payment?

She hands Dave the check. He gives her a half-hug.

DAVE

Well, you are the best tenant I've
ever had.

He tucks the check into his pocket.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Don't forget your ten percent this
Sunday.

NANCY

Yeah, yeah.

DAVE

I'm serious, Nancy Jean. It's
important to support your church.

NANCY

I know.

DAVE

You're a good girl.

NANCY

Thanks, dad.

He smiles at her, then leaves the room. Again, the door stays open.

Nancy sits back down at the computer. The puppy video is over. She scrolls to look at the other videos listed on the page: A soldier's message to his family, a BMX race, two women in a limo.

She plays a little bit of each video. The soldier drones on too long. The race is monotonous. The women ride around in the limo while a male camera operator screams about Las Vegas. After a few moments, it's apparent everyone in the video is drunk, and then the women begin to kiss each other.

Nancy stops the video. She's about to exit the website, then stops herself.

She sits at the desk for a moment, then stands and walks to the door. Down the hall she can hear her parents in the kitchen, and somewhere near them her younger siblings watch a Biblical children's program.

She cautiously shuts the door and pads back over to the computer.

For a moment, she just stares at the frozen image of the women. Then, she presses play. It's nothing graphic or hardcore, just a heavy makeout session.

The video ends. Nancy hovers the mouse around the play button, as if she might play it again, then quickly exits the website, turns off the computer and snaps the laptop shut.

Quickly, she stands, rushes to the door, but doesn't open it right away. After a deep breath, she eases the door open and peeks out into the hallway. Her parents, her siblings are still right where they were before she shut the door.

She sighs.

REBECCA

Nancy!

NANCY

Yeah, mom?

REBECCA

Dinner!

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeff sits on the sofa, his video game controller abandoned on the coffee table. He makes more notes in his notebook.

He opens the door to find Amy on the other side.

JEFF

Why are you... How do you know where I live?

AMY

Seriously?

He stares at her, then it hits him.

JEFF

I told you. Then you told everyone.

AMY

I really hope you have a trade school in mind.

JEFF

What?

AMY

Nothing, let's talk party.

Jeff picks up the notebook.

JEFF

Well, I've been plotting out some ideas.

She pats his cheek.

AMY

You pretty, pretty boy.

She grabs the notebook and tosses it on the table.

JEFF

Hey, I worked hard on--

AMY

Hold the sex talk till later. So, I've been texting with the DJ, all day.

JEFF

That's cool. Does he have all his own gear and stuff?

AMY

SHE does, yes.

JEFF

A girl DJ, very cool.

AMY

And sexy.

JEFF

Are you, like, you know...

AMY

What?

JEFF

You just keep talking about women.

AMY

Am I gay? Oh, please. No. I like 'em manly.

She gives his upper arm a squeeze.

AMY (CONT'D)

But I also like to have fun. Sometimes with a sexy DJ.

JEFF

So, does that mean you're...

AMY

It means I don't like in 1950. Stop thinking about lesbians and focus.

Jeff sits up straighter.

JEFF

Okay. DJ. What else?

AMY

Tony's brother can get beer. But we have to get funding, somehow.

JEFF

Not a problem.

He jumps up off the sofa and walks into the kitchen. He returns with a cookie jar.

AMY

You want to have a bake sale?

He opens the cookie jar and pulls out a wad of cash.

AMY (CONT'D)

Can I get a copy of that recipe?

JEFF

It's the emergency fund. You know, for emergencies and pizzas and stuff.

AMY

Perfect. Next on the list is party prep.

JEFF

Sweet. I have a party plot.

He reaches for his notebook.

AMY

A party plot?

JEFF

Yeah, like a stage plot.

AMY

...

JEFF

You know, like when a band needs to set up on stage so you draw out where everything goes? You never dated a musician?

AMY

Not so much dated as... this is not important. Tell me about the plot.

JEFF

Well, I was thinking we push all this stuff back...

MONTAGE

1. Jeff and Amy study the Party Plot.
 2. They lift the sofa, each one with a different idea of where it should go.
 3. Amy's cell rings, but neither of them notice, because Jeff's running the vacuum. The caller ID shows it's Shannon.
 4. Jeff holds out a large bag full of party decorations. Amy rolls her eyes, but takes some out.
 5. Jeff holds up a Happy Birthday sign while Amy stands on the other side of the room, telling him where to hang it.
- Amy's cell rings again.

AMY

Crap, it's Shan. Shhhh.

JEFF

I wasn't even saying anyth--

She puts her hand over his mouth.

AMY

Hello?

INT. SHANNON'S CAR - NIGHT

The car sits pulled over to the side of the road. Shannon has her head thrown back against the seat.

SHANNON

Where have you been? I've been trying to call you.

INTERCUT:

AMY

Oh, just... I didn't hear it.

SHANNON

That's a first.

AMY

What's going on?

SHANNON

Jayson left for the airport earlier.

AMY

Oh, that's right. Are you okay?

SHANNON

Yeah, I just don't know what to do. I've been driving around, pissed off.

AMY

He's just on vacation.

SHANNON

Yeah, but he was weird. He seems different. Or maybe I'm just PMSing.

AMY

Probably.

SHANNON

Thanks.

AMY

I'm just saying, don't stress about it.

SHANNON

I guess.

AMY

Look, tomorrow, we'll go out to a movie or something. Girl's night out.

SHANNON

Maybe. I might just want to stay home.

AMY

Which is why you have me to drag you out of your pity party.

Jeff's phone rings.

JEFF

It's my mom. I should answer it.

Amy motions for him to answer it in the other room.

SHANNON

What was that?

AMY

Oh, I'm just hanging out with Tony and Jessica.

SHANNON

Oh. You wanna come by? I think my mom DVR'd Idol.

AMY

Yeah, sure. Give me about twenty minutes?

SHANNON

Yeah, whatever. That'll give me time to get home.

AMY

Where are you?

SHANNON

Near the Star Burger.

AMY

The one by Jeff's?

SHANNON

I don't know. Maybe? How do you even know where he lives? Amy, you're not doing that thing you do, are you?

AMY

No! I just... someone was saying he lived near the Star Burger.

SHANNON

I swear, Amy, I do not need anymore stress.

AMY

What are you even talking about, anyway? Your boyfriend is Jayson, your lab partner is Jeff.

SHANNON

It's not a lab, it's a project.

AMY

Whatever. Just calm down and stop assuming the worst about everything.

SHANNON

You're right. Sorry. I'm going home.

AMY

I'll be over soon.

Amy hangs up her phone. Jeff re-enters the room.

AMY (CONT'D)

I have to go.

JEFF

But what about the balloons?

AMY

Tomorrow? I'll come by around six.

JEFF

Isn't that what time the party starts?

AMY

No, it starts at eight.

JEFF

Even though we said six?

AMY

Why is this so hard for you? People show up late. No one comes on time. Six means eight. But I'll be here at six.

JEFF

Does that mean you'll be here at eight?

AMY

No, at six.

JEFF

I'm trusting you that this makes some kind of sense.

AMY

And, remember, if she calls, you're busy tomorrow.

JEFF

If I recall, this party was my idea.

AMY

Okay, okay. Now I have to go do damage control.

JEFF

Is she really upset?

AMY

She's Shannon. Which means she's overreacting.

JEFF

Oh. Tell her I hope she feels better.

AMY

...

JEFF

Right. Don't tell her I said that.

INT. JAVATOWN - DAY

Nancy bustles behind the counter. Jeff and Garrett are at their respective tables.

Jeff talks on his cell phone.

JEFF

No, she's not here, yet.

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Amy sits on her bed.

AMY
Okay, I'll make this quick. So,
Shannon thinks we're going out tonight
to a movie or some shit.

INTERCUT:

JEFF
And the drinks?

AMY
Tony's coming with all the shit at
eight.

JEFF
And what about the sexy DJ?

AMY
Keep it in your pants. I said I'd
call her when I got to your place.

JEFF
She's coming though, right?

AMY
Yes, why wouldn't she?

JEFF
I don't know. I just want everything
to go off right.

Shannon enters the cafe.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Oh. Oh no. Gotta go.

AMY
Is she there?

JEFF
Yes.

Jeff hangs up the phone and practically throws it on the
table.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Hi. Hello.

SHANNON
Are you okay?

She sits.

JEFF

Yeah, just my aunt. Likes to talk.
Can't get her to stop.

SHANNON

Weird, okay.

JEFF

So, the project. That we are here
to do. Let's begin.

SHANNON

I was thinking. Maybe we can get
together later?

JEFF

Sure, I'm free tomorrow.

SHANNON

Maybe later tonight? With Jayson
out of town, I have a night free.

JEFF

Oh, tonight? I have a thing. To
do.

SHANNON

Right. Sure you do. I don't know
what I was thinking. You totally
have a life outside of me.

JEFF

I thought you were hanging out with
Amy tonight.

SHANNON

Yeah, she said something about it,
but I don't know. How did you know
about that?

JEFF

She just mentioned it.

SHANNON

You guys talk?

JEFF

No. Well, not on a regular basis.
Just in passing. I said, hey, Amy,
how's it going? And she was like,
good, I might hang out with Shannon
tonight. Something like that.

Nancy makes a pass by the table.

NANCY
Everything okay over here?

SHANNON
Fine, thanks.

Shannon sets her laptop on the table.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
It's none of my business, anyway.
Let's get to work.

JEFF
Would it bother you that much is we
did talk?

SHANNON
No. I don't care. Really.

JEFF
Okay. So, I was thinking for the
final segment, we could--

SHANNON
You don't like her, do you?

JEFF
Huh? Amy?

SHANNON
Because, if you do, then I feel like
a total bitch for what I said about
her. Maybe you do like her and I'm
just being a weird friend getting
all jealous or protective or whatever.

JEFF
I don't think you need to worry about
it.

SHANNON
You don't like her?

JEFF
No. I don't like her. I mean, I
don't hate her, either. I'm just
not into her. Like that.

SHANNON
Huh. Okay. Cool.

EXT. JEFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amy bustles up the driveway. She wears a short skirt, a low cut top, and heels.

She rings the doorbell, then just walks through the front door.

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amy enters.

AMY

Hey, sorry I'm a little late. I
couldn't tear myself away from--

She sees Garrett sitting on the floor next to Jeff as they play video games.

Garrett wears a button up shirt and his hair is combed back with too much gel.

JEFF

Guess who showed up at six?

AMY

Oh. Hi. Jeff can you help me with
the...

JEFF

Yes, of course.

He sets his controller down.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Don't kill my guy.

INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Posters of cars, bands, and attractive female models cover the walls.

Amy pushes Jeff inside and shuts the door behind them.

AMY

Who is that guy?

JEFF

I don't know. You invited everyone.

AMY

I did not invite him.

JEFF

Well, his name is Garrett. Does that ring any bells?

AMY

I don't know him.

She opens the door and peeks out to take another look at Garrett.

AMY (CONT'D)

What is he drinking? Did you already get beer?

JEFF

It's a Mexican soda. It's all I had to offer him because he showed up at six o'clock. Like people do when you say things like "the party starts at six o'clock."

AMY

Wait.

JEFF

What?

AMY

It's the nerd from JavaTown.

JEFF

What do we do? We have to finish getting ready.

AMY

Oh my god, stop stressing out! I'll take care of this.

Amy walks out of the room before Jeff can respond.

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amy cuts through the living room into the kitchen and retrieves the cookie jar. She sidles up next to Garrett.

AMY

Hey, Greg?

Garret doesn't look away from the game.

GARRETT

It's Garrett.

AMY

Right. Can you do me a favor?

She removes some twenties from the jar, then steps between Garrett and the TV.

AMY (CONT'D)

I need someone to run to the store.

GARRETT

Oh.

She leans forward, money in hand. Her abundant cleavage is front and center.

AMY

You know, for chips and snacks and dip and whatever.

GARRETT

Yeah, sure, okay.

Garrett scrambles to his feet and reaches for the money. Amy hands it to him, but doesn't let go right away. When she finally does, she winks at him.

AMY

Thank you.

GARRETT

Uh huh.

AMY

Take your time. Get a good selection.

GARRETT

Uh huh.

She ushers him out the front door, then locks it behind him.

JEFF

What if he just takes the money?

AMY

He won't.

JEFF

How can you be sure?

Amy looks down at her cleavage, adjusts it, then looks back up at Jeff.

AMY

I'm sure.

JEFF

Oh. You look nice, by the way.

AMY

I know.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy lies on her bed and reads her apocalypse novel.

Rebecca enters.

REBECCA

Okay, honey, we're off to the Shullman's. The kids are going with us.

NANCY

You sure you don't want me to watch them?

REBECCA

No, they get along well with the other kids. You sure you don't want to come? Ned just got the new Contemporary Praise DVD.

NANCY

Well, Rick said he might call me in if it got too busy, and I could use some extra hours.

REBECCA

Okay, just leave a note.

She kisses Nancy on the top of the head, then moves toward the door.

NANCY

Mom?

REBECCA

Yes?

NANCY

When you were my age, did you ever think... I mean... did you ever worry that you were... that something was...

REBECCA

Nancy, sweetie, don't worry about it. God will send someone when the time is right.

NANCY

But what if... well, what if it's
not the way you expected it?

REBECCA

Most of the time, God's plan is never
what we expect.

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeff and Amy inflate balloons.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy sits on her bed with her book. After a moment, she
sets the book down and walks to her doorway.

INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeff looks through his closet. Amy selects various items of
clothing.

INT. DAVE AND REBECCA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nancy cautiously steps into the room, careful not to displace
anything. On one side of the counter is her father's bathroom
accessories: Razor, male deodorant, etc. On the other side
are her mother's items, similar, but more delicate in color.

She opens a drawer and takes out a small make-up case.

INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy styles Jeff's hair into a different look.

AMY

I think you look better like this.

JEFF

You think Shannon will like it?

AMY

I like it, isn't that enough?

He shrugs. She rolls her eyes and messes it up.

INT. DAVE AND REBECCA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The make-up case sits open in front of Nancy. The contents are all fairly neutral shades. This is minimal make-up. Still, Nancy does her best to enhance her appearance.

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte sets up her DJ equipment. Jeff stands over her shoulder, trying to show her the Party Plot.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy digs through her closet.

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TONY PEREZ, 19, carries cases of beer into the kitchen. A couple other guys follow behind him with more cases.

INT. JEFF'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Amy greets Tony and his friends.

AMY

Yes! My boys!

TONY

Amy, baby!

They all smile and say hello to her. She kisses each of the guys on the cheek. One of them quickly turns his head to manage a kiss on the lips. Amy laughs and punches him in the arm.

Garrett follows behind the final beer guy. He carries an armload of bags.

Tony and Co. each crack open a beer.

AMY

Oh, Gary, great. Just set those on the counter.

She pecks him on the cheek, but it's quick and sexless.

AMY (CONT'D)

Now, who's got my drink?

Every one of the guys offers his beer to Amy.

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte has the music set up and playing. People begin to trickle into the party.

Amy mingles, beer in hand. Jeff pulls her aside.

JEFF

What are you doing?

AMY

Hostessing.

JEFF

Aren't you supposed to be getting Shannon?

AMY

Yeah, but not yet. I wanted to wait till more people get here.

JEFF

Well, shouldn't you at least wait to drink?

AMY

Right. Sure. This is yours, anyway.

She hands him the beer.

JEFF

This is my half a beer?

AMY

Chill out. I will wait half an hour and then go get her, okay?

JEFF

Okay.

AMY

Relax. You're having a party. Get fucked up. Well, wait for me to get back. Then we'll all get fucked up together.

JEFF

Fine. Yes. Okay.

Amy points to a girl who's lingering in front of the DJ booth.

AMY

That girl over there is a total dance floor slut.

JEFF
What?

AMY
Hey, Geena!

GEENA slinks over toward Jeff and Amy.

GEENA
Hey, what?

AMY
Geena, you know Jeff, right?

GEENA
I've seen him.

AMY
This is his house.

GEENA
Oh, cool.

AMY
He wants to dance with you.

GEENA
Cool.

Geena immediately begins to freak dance all over Jeff. He quickly downs the rest of his beer.

INT. JEFF'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is still populated by Tony & Co. and Garrett.

TONY
So, who are you, man?

GARRETT
I-I'm Garrett.

TONY
I don't see you at school.

GARRETT
I graduated last year.

TONY
You go to college?

GARRETT
Yeah. Computer science.

TONY

No shit. Maybe you can help me. My computer keeps fucking up. What's wrong with it?

GARRETT

I, uh, would probably have to look at it.

TONY

It's like, I turn it on and then when I'm using it, it's slower than shit. Takes forever to download on titty picture, you know? Jess, babe, you got those drinks coming or what?

JESSICA, of the famed Tony and Jess, similar in style to Amy, pours a line of shots.

JESSICA

Don't get your panties in a bunch, here they are.

Tony & Co. scramble to each grab one.

The second Amy steps through the doorway, Jessica shoves a glass into her hand.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Come on.

AMY

I'm actually supposed to--

JESSICA

Shut up and drink.

Amy takes the glass.

AMY

To getting fucked up!

The guys cheer. One of them shouts:

GUY

Make out!

Jessica and Amy look at each other and laugh.

AMY

Yeah, right.

JESSICA

We're at least three drinks away from that.

Garrett grabs the bottle and quickly refills their glasses. They guys cheer.

TONY

Yeah, Gary!

EXT. JEFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

People are scattered across the front yard, some smoke cigarettes. Closer to the street, a couple argues.

Nancy slowly trudges up the sidewalk. Her make up is light, but evident. Her clothes are a slight departure from her normal garb. This skirt a lighter and airier than the straight lined jean skirt she wears to work. It's nothing drastic, but she's trying.

She passes the couple, then the smokers, until she's up the walkway to the front door.

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeff stands next to the DJ booth. He bobs to the music like a guy who's had a few drinks.

JEFF

Do you have any birthday songs?

CHARLOTTE

Like what?

JEFF

Like, for a birthday. Because it's Shannon's birthday.

CHARLOTTE

I might. Does she have a song she really likes? Maybe I can play that.

JEFF

I'll ask.

He looks around the room, then wanders toward the hallway.

Nancy steps into the room, her eyes wide. She surveys the room activity, then turns to walk out, but more party goers push their way inside.

Nancy moves back out of their way, but ends up in the abyss of dancers. Unsure of which way to go, she looks for an out in all directions, but none appears.

Suddenly, she's face to face with Charlotte.

NANCY

I-- I-- I don't--

CHARLOTTE

Turn around.

Nancy quickly turns around. Charlotte puts a hand on either side of Nancy's waist and pushes her through the mass of people until they break through into the sanctuary of the kitchen.

INT. JEFF'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Once they're in the kitchen, Charlotte breaks contact with Nancy and heads straight for an ice chest.

Nancy braces herself up against a wall. Garrett immediately spots her.

GARRETT

Nancy?

NANCY

Oh. Hi.

GARRETT

You came.

NANCY

I... yeah.

GARRETT

Let me get you a drink.

He turns to the counter and pours a cocktail.

Tony & Co. cheer from the opposite corner of the kitchen. Nancy cranes her neck to see what's happening. The big event is a light makeout session between Jessica and Amy.

Garrett holds out a red plastic cup to Nancy.

Charlotte resurfaces, two wine coolers in hand. Her sweatshirt pockets are stuffed with more bottles.

CHARLOTTE

He a friend of yours?

Nancy's still distracted by Jessica and Amy.

NANCY

He...

Charlotte presses one of the bottles into Nancy's hand, then takes her by the other hand and pulls her toward the back door.

EXT. JEFF'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Plenty of party goers mill around the yard, but it's much less claustrophobic than inside the house.

Charlotte leads Nancy to a far corner of the yard.

She drops Nancy's hand and walks over to two stoners who sit in plastic patio chairs.

CHARLOTTE

Dude, this guy inside said he has some Double Dragon Sweet Pine from Humboldt.

STONER

Serious?

Charlotte nods.

CHARLOTTE

But you might wanna be quick about it because he's so wasted he's just giving the shit away.

The stoners gather up their paraphernalia and hurry into the house.

Charlotte settles into one of the chairs, then motions for Nancy to join her.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

Nancy carefully sits in the open chair.

NANCY

I really shouldn't be here.

CHARLOTTE

I could tell.

NANCY

You could?

CHARLOTTE

You had the Party Panic.

NANCY

The Party Panic?

CHARLOTTE

It's okay. We're all virgins the first time. But you have to be careful. Rule number one?

She reaches over and twists off the cap to Nancy's wine cooler.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

No cups. Bottles only. And be there when it's opened.

NANCY

I don't drink.

Charlotte sets the second, unopened wine cooler next to Nancy's chair. She unloads four more assorted beers from her pockets and sets them on the ground next to her.

CHARLOTTE

Let me guess. Your parents don't know you're out.

She digs around in her pockets for something.

NANCY

They think I'm at work.

CHARLOTTE

And they're probably strict as hell.

She produces a lighter from her pants pocket and picks up a beer.

NANCY

As... heck. Yes.

CHARLOTTE

Yet, here you are. Something got you out of the house.

She uses the lighter to pop the cap off the beer. Nancy watches, amazed.

NANCY

I guess I was just curious. How did you do...?

CHARLOTTE

Practice. Now, if you went home now, even though you didn't do anything, would your parents be pissed?

NANCY

Yes. They would be upset.

Charlotte raises her beer in a toast.

CHARLOTTE

Then I say, fuck it.

She drinks. Nancy startles at the profanity.

NANCY

What?

CHARLOTTE

Drink. Have an experience. If you're going to get busted, make it worth your while.

NANCY

But it's not right.

CHARLOTTE

Honey, you're the one who broke out. Besides, didn't Jesus do some wine miracle? It can't be all bad.

Nancy stares at her wine cooler, then takes a tiny sip. After she actually tastes it, she takes a bigger sip.

NANCY

This tastes pretty good.

CHARLOTTE

Virgins love Very Berry. Here's to being bad.

She clinks her bottle against Nancy's.

INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeff walks past the bedroom door, which is partly open. He looks inside, then pushes the door open all the way.

A couple dry humps on Jeff's bed.

JEFF

EW!

DUDE

Get the fuck out!

JEFF

This is my room!

GIRL
Are you Jed?

JEFF
Yes, I'm Jed! That's my bed!

He realizes what he just said and laughs. The girl laughs.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Get out!

GIRL
Wow, Jed is an asshole.

The couple scrambles out of the room.

Jeff grabs a bottle of Febreze and sprays the bed.

Amy stumbles through the doorway, knocks into Jeff and sends them both falling onto the bed.

AMY
Oops. Sorry.

JEFF
People were in here! On my bed!

AMY
That's us! We're on your bed.

JEFF
Before now.

AMY
Having sex?

JEFF
I don't think so. I hope not.

He sits up and sprays the bed, again. Amy grabs the bottle and tosses it aside.

AMY
Are you fucked up, yet?

JEFF
I don't know.

Amy leans over the edge of the bed.

JEFF (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

She pops back up with her purse in hand.

AMY
Getting us fucked--

She pulls a handful of airline liquor bottles out of the bag.

AMY (CONT'D)
-- UP.

JEFF
Who-- why do you have those?

AMY
It's my party emergency kit. My dad
flies business class a lot. Sometimes
I raid his souvenirs.

EXT. JEFF'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Nancy is halfway through her wine cooler. Charlotte opens a second beer.

CHARLOTTE
So, what was it that finally broke
the bonds of home life?

NANCY
I don't know. Someone invited me.
I didn't even think I'd come.

CHARLOTTE
Was it that guy? The Gamer Geek?

NANCY
Garrett? No. Well, he did ask me
to come. But-- it doesn't matter.

CHARLOTTE
Ah, it's getting interesting.

NANCY
I'm sure you probably have something
better to do that sit here with me.

CHARLOTTE
Please. You're probably the most
interesting person here.

NANCY
What about the music?

CHARLOTTE
That's why god invented playlists.

NANCY

You think I'm interesting?

CHARLOTTE

Everyone else here? I've seen their schtick. The dance floor sluts, the burnouts, the lesbitainers.

NANCY

You don't like les... lesbi... those girls?

CHARLOTTE

Oh, I'm not saying I won't watch. Attractive girls making out is a party staple.

NANCY

It is?

CHARLOTTE

That back there? That was amateur shit. But I'm getting sidetracked. We were talking about you. You're here, why? And before you answer, finish that.

Charlotte taps Nancy's wine cooler.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

It'll make it easier.

NANCY

What if I get drunk?

CHARLOTTE

What if tomorrow your parents take away every right you've ever had and all you did was sip half a wine cooler?

NANCY

You're very persuasive.

Nancy takes a drink.

CHARLOTTE

Good. Thirty more of those and you'll be at the bottom of the bottle by morning.

Nancy takes a bigger drink.

NANCY

Blake asked me. To come here.
Tonight.

CHARLOTTE

Blake. Does he drive a G.T.O.?

NANCY

I don't know what she drive.

Charlotte grins. Nancy finishes the drink, sets the empty bottle down, and picks up the unopened wine cooler.

She holds it out for Charlotte to open for her. Charlotte does and shakes her head, still grinning.

NANCY (CONT'D)

What?

CHARLOTTE

I just think you're in for a hell of
a night.

INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy and Jeff each hold up tiny bottles of booze.

JEFF

Ready? Go!

They down the liquor.

AMY

How about now?

JEFF

Yes. I am fucked up.

AMY

Mission accomplished!

JEFF

Now what? We need another goal?

AMY

I have one.

She kisses him. He kisses her back, then pulls away.

AMY (CONT'D)

What?

JEFF

I just... We shouldn't.

AMY

Why?

JEFF

Because of Shannon.

AMY

She has a boyfriend, Jeff.

JEFF

I know.

AMY

And I don't.

She takes Jeff's hand and puts it on her breast.

JEFF

I, uh...

AMY

What the point in getting fucked
up...

JEFF

I...

Amy kisses him, again. This time he makes no effort to break free. Instead, Amy pushes him away.

AMY

SHIT.

JEFF

What?

AMY

She's not here!

JEFF

What?

AMY

I never left to get her!

The information settles.

JEFF

So, this is her party. And she's
not here. That's so sad.

The sit for a moment, then Amy starts to giggle.

AMY

It's really sad.

JEFF

It's not funny.

He giggles.

AMY

I know. That's why I said it's sad.

They both break into a fit of giggles.

Shannon bursts into the room.

SHANNON

Fuck you guys!

JEFF

Shannon!

AMY

She is here! Maybe I did go get her and forgot. I am really fucked up.

SHANNON

You're having a party. Without me. On my birthday. You guys are really fucked up.

JEFF

I know! That was the plan.

AMY

Happy birthday!

Shannon leaves and slams the door shut.

JEFF

She seems really upset. Maybe we should check on her.

AMY

Let her cool down. At least she made it.

JEFF

It would have been sad for her to miss the party.

EXT. JEFF'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Nancy's already down to the last bit of her second wine cooler.

NANCY

And, I fell like, I only do all these things because it's all I know.

CHARLOTTE

And you want to do something else.

NANCY

Maybe. It's not that I don't love God or anything. I do. I really do. But, lately, I feel so weird about stuff. It's not the same.

CHARLOTTE

I think that's part of growing up. You're disillusioned.

NANCY

What do I do?

CHARLOTTE

Do what you want to do.

NANCY

What if it's not the right thing?
What if it's totally wrong?

CHARLOTTE

Then you won't do it again.

Nancy finishes the remainder of her drink, then very deliberately sets the bottle down.

She leans over, eyes tightly shut, and kisses Charlotte. It's a very chaste kiss.

Nancy leans back in her chair and opens her eyes.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Well?

NANCY

Sorry. I should go.

She stands. Charlotte pulls her back into the seat.

CHARLOTTE

Would you do it again?

NANCY

I don't know if I should.

Charlotte leans in and kisses her, this is not the same chaste exchange they just shared. Nancy grips the patio chair, to steady herself.

STONER
Chicks making out!

A few people step out of the house to take a look. Among them is Blake. She carries a brand new Pictionary game. After one look at Charlotte and Nancy, she turns and walks back into the house.

The group hoots and hollers as they kiss, then Nancy breaks away.

NANCY
I'm sorry.

She stands and knocks over the empty bottles, then runs toward the yard gate.

EXT. JEFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shannon sits on the hood of her car. It's double parked, thanks to the abundance of people at the party.

Blake rushes out the front door, the game still tucked under her arm. She approaches the car that's blocked by Shannon's.

BLAKE
I need to get out.

SHANNON
Me too.

BLAKE
If that's your car, I need you to move it.

SHANNON
I locked my damn keys in.

BLAKE
Oh.

SHANNON
The guy's coming. Like, in fifteen minutes.

BLAKE
Oh, okay. Sorry to be such a bitch about it.

SHANNON
Whatever. It's just one shitty thing after another. People are assholes.

BLAKE

Tell me about it. I don't even know why I came to this thing. I don't even know the girl who's party this is.

SHANNON

Apparently, it's mine.

BLAKE

Oh. Happy birthday.

After a beat, she hands the game to Shannon.

SHANNON

Thanks.

BLAKE

To be fair, I brought it for someone else. But I don't feel like giving it to them, anymore.

SHANNON

Really pissed you off, huh?

BLAKE

I don't know. Maybe I just missed something.

Nancy appears around the side of the house. She spots Blake and ducks back around out of sight.

Blake doesn't see her, but Shannon does.

SHANNON

Is that the girl from JavaTown?

BLAKE

Yeah. I thought we had something... I don't know what I thought.

SHANNON

No, I mean, is that the girl from JavaTown hiding by those bushes?

Blake turns to look.

BLAKE

Oh, hell.

She walks toward the side of the house. Around the corner, Nancy leans against the wall, her eyes closed. She's praying.

NANCY

I'm so sorry, God. I don't know what to do. I'm in so much trouble. I don't want anyone to get hurt. I don't want to go to hell. I'm so sorry.

BLAKE

Are you okay?

Nancy opens her eyes.

NANCY

Oh, I-- I'm sorry. I didn't--

BLAKE

Is that your girlfriend?

NANCY

What? No. I don't have a-- I've never dated anyone.

BLAKE

It's none of my business, anyway. I'll go.

NANCY

Wait. I just--

She steps forward and kisses Blake. At first, Blake's not quite sure how to react, then she loses herself in the moment. Suddenly, she breaks the kiss and steps back.

BLAKE

Is this just something you do?

NANCY

No. I never have before.

BLAKE

I saw you, earlier.

NANCY

I never have before tonight.

BLAKE

So, what, you're just making up for lost time?

NANCY

It just happened.

BLAKE

Well, glad I could be part of your tally.

She turns to leave.

A mechanic's truck pulls up next to Shannon's car.

NANCY

I didn't want to kiss her. I mean,
I did. Kind of. But just because
I'd never done it before. I hadn't
thought about it like I have with
you.

Blake turns back around.

BLAKE

You've thought about kissing me?

NANCY

Yes.

BLAKE

When? Five seconds ago?

NANCY

Earlier tonight. Yesterday. Before
then, I just knew I wanted to hang
out with you. I didn't know I wanted
to kiss you.

Blake leans against the wall of the house.

BLAKE

Oh my god. You just figured it out,
didn't you?

The mechanic works to jimmy the lock on Shannon's car.

NANCY

That I wanted to kiss you? Yes?

BLAKE

You just figured out you're gay.

NANCY

That I'm... no.. I'm not.

BLAKE

Yeah, this is way more baggage than
I was looking for. I knew you were
old school, but this is a little too
heavy for me.

NANCY

I'm gay?

The mechanic pops the lock and opens the door.

BLAKE

And possibly a little bit of a lip
slut.

NANCY

I'm not a... I'm not.

BLAKE

You just kissed two girls in one
night. Maybe even more. I just got
here.

NANCY

It was just two.

BLAKE

Well, you're progressing nicely.
Good luck.

Shannon gets into her car and drives away.

NANCY

Wait. I like you.

BLAKE

I... like you, too. But I don't
think I can deal with all the painful
self discovery right now.

NANCY

Oh.

BLAKE

Sorry. I really feel like a bitch
saying that. I do. But, you'll see
what I mean. Bye.

NANCY

Bye.

Blake walks to her car.

Nancy trudges toward the sidewalk.

Garret watches from over the top of the gate.

INT. SHANNON'S CAR - NIGHT

Shannon pulls up to her house. Parked at the curb is Jayson's
truck. He sits on the tailgate, bouquet of flowers in hand.

He hops up and jogs over to her door and opens it for her.

SHANNON
Where did you come from?

JAYSON
I told the old man I'd rather be
home with you than out on the slopes
with strangers.

EXT. SHANNON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He hands her the flowers.

JAYSON
Happy birthday, babe.

SHANNON
Thank you. This is nice. It's been
a really bad night.

JAYSON
Where were you?

SHANNON
It's a long story.

She sits on the tailgate.

JAYSON
Well, I'm all ears.

SHANNON
Amy and Jeff had this party. And I
guess it was for me, but they never
told me about it.

JAYSON
That sounds like bad planning.

SHANNON
Seriously. And I think there's
something going on with them.

JAYSON
Good for him. Amy's hot.

SHANNON
I guess. It just still weirds me
out.

JAYSON
So he gets lucky.

SHANNON

I don't want him to get lucky with her!

JAYSON

Whoa. Okay. How about a subject change?

SHANNON

Fine. Okay.

JAYSON

I've got a fantastic birthday plan.

He motions to various items in the back of the truck: A picnic basket, a radio, a pair of sleeping bags.

SHANNON

What's all this?

JAYSON

I was thinking we could go up to the lake, maybe have a midnight birthday picnic.

He nuzzles her neck.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

I'm hoping it's a recipe for some special birthday action.

Shannon shrugs away from him.

SHANNON

Is that all you want from me?

JAYSON

It's not all, but it's kind of important. You been crazy distant lately. Is it this Jeff guy?

SHANNON

No!

JAYSON

Really? Because, you seem awfully concerned about him and Amy.

SHANNON

Amy's my friend.

JAYSON

And until now, you've never really cared who she might be sleeping with.

SHANNON

Shut up.

She slides off the tailgate and slams it shut.

JAYSON

So that's it?

SHANNON

Yeah, I guess that's it.

JAYSON

Happy fucking birthday.

INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy digs in her purse.

JEFF

I think we drank them all.

AMY

I thought I had a cherry vodka.

Jeff picks up a tiny empty bottle.

JEFF

Drank it.

AMY

What about the coconut rum?

He rummages around and picks up another bottle.

JEFF

Dranked.

She dumps the entire contents of her purse onto the bed.

AMY

Ah ha!

She picks up one final bottle with liquid still in it.

JEFF

What kind?

AMY

Gin.

JEFF

We could make martinis! Do you have any olives?

He looks through the stuff that's strewn all over the bed.

AMY
I don't think so.

Jeff takes the bottle, shakes it up, then opens it. He takes a drink, then makes a face.

AMY (CONT'D)
Leave me some.

She reaches for the bottle, but he holds it away from her. She climbs on top of him and ends up straddling his lap to try and reach the bottle.

JEFF
Tastes like mouthwash without the
minty.

Amy sucks the rest of the gin out of the bottle, then tosses it over her shoulder. She teeters back and forth. Jeff grabs her by the waist to keep her from falling over.

AMY
I probably didn't need that.

JEFF
Now your shit is all over my bed.

AMY
It's not shit, it's important.

He picks up a wad of keychains.

JEFF
Are you some kind of janitor? What
else is here?

He sorts through the stuff.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Gum... Ooo, mints!

He picks up a three pack of condoms.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Big plans?

AMY
Maybe.

She pushes him backward onto the bed.

EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

All the lights in the house are off and the family car is parked in the driveway.

Nancy quietly moves up the front walk. She carefully unlocks the front door and pushes it open.

INT. NANCY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. Nancy steps lightly, keeping an eye in the direction of her parent's bedroom.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy creeps into the room and slowly pushes the door shut. Once she's secure in the bedroom, she quickly sheds her party clothes and puts on her pajamas.

She crawls into her bed and pulls the covers up over her head. After a moment, she pushes them down so her head is uncovered.

NANCY

God? What if I... what if this is...
what if I can't change this?

She pauses, as if there's more to say. Instead:

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

She rolls over on her side and pulls the covers back over her head.

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's the morning after. The DJ setup is gone, but party remnants remain. Beer bottles and plastic cups litter the floor.

A few stragglers are passed out on or around the sofa.

The front door opens. Shannon walks into the room and heads toward the hall.

INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - DAY

Shannon knocks on the partially open door. A single body lies in the bed, completely covered by blankets.

SHANNON

Jeff?

The body moves, but does not emerge.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rebecca pulls open the blinds. Sunlight spills into the room.

Nancy's eyes barely open, then squeeze shut.

REBECCA

Get up.

NANCY

What time is it?

REBECCA

Time to get up. Brush your teeth, get presentable, then come to the living room.

NANCY

What's going on?

REBECCA

Please, just do it.

Rebecca briskly walks out of the room. Nancy forces herself out of bed.

INT. NANCY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Nancy stares at herself in the mirror.

NANCY

You got yourself into this.

There are still traces of make-up on her face. She takes a washcloth and scrubs at it.

INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - DAY

Shannon stands at the foot of Jeff's bed.

SHANNON

I've been up all night. And I realized I was a jerk. Not just about the party. Which, thanks, by the way. It was sweet of you. Even though Amy forgot to tell me about it, the bitch. Well, she is. But she's also a good friend. And I've been weird about you two. I guess I kind of liked you. Or do like you. Which I didn't even realize until my now ex-boyfriend brought it up about eight hours ago. This is probably pointless for me to say, because I'm pretty sure you and Amy like each other and I just sound stupid. I guess I could handle it if you two went out. You're just such a nice guy and she has a history of being kind of slutty. But maybe she really likes you. I haven't even been enough of a friend to find out. So, you know, I'm sorry.

Jeff walks into the room, toothbrush in his mouth. He wears nothing but a pair of sweatpants.

JEFF

Oh, G'mrnng.

SHANNON

Morning.

Shannon looks at Jeff, then at the bed.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Wait, what?

Jeff winces at the shouting.

Shannon tugs at the blankets. Amy sits up in her underwear.

INT. NANCY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dave sits in an armchair, while Rebecca sits on the couch next to Garrett.

Nancy steps into the room.

NANCY

Oh. Oh no.

DAVE

We hear you got in late last night.

NANCY

I left a note.

REBECCA

Which said you were at work.

NANCY

I'm sorry.

DAVE

You're sorry?

NANCY

Yes.

REBECCA

I don't know if that's appropriate.

INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - DAY

Shannon glares at Amy.

SHANNON

I can't believe this.

AMY

What about all that stuff you just said?

SHANNON

That was before I knew you two were having sex during my birthday party!

Both Amy and Jeff wince as she shouts.

AMY

Whoa. Easy on the volume.

SHANNON

Oh, I'm sorry. Are you HUNGOVER?!

Jeff slaps his hands over his ears.

INT. NANCY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nancy's still in the middle of the intervention.

NANCY

I can explain.

DAVE

I don't think you need to. This nice young man has done plenty of explaining.

NANCY

He has?

REBECCA

And we think it's wonderful.

NANCY

You do? To be honest, I though you would be upset.

DAVE

Upset?

REBECCA

Who do you think we are?

NANCY

Well, I've always considered, and appreciated, that this is a strict household.

DAVE

We pride ourselves on it. But that doesn't mean we're not understanding.

NANCY

I... wow.

Nancy sits down next to Rebecca on the edge of the sofa.

DAVE

You should be proud of yourself.

REBECCA

Yes, honey, you should. The first time I did it, I was so nervous, I thought I might throw up.

NANCY

The first time you did it?

DAVE

I agree. It can be a nerve-wracker.

GARRETT

Excuse me, but I think now would be a good time to thank Nancy for showing me the way to eternal salvation.

(to Nancy)

Which is why you were out so late last night.

NANCY

Because I was telling you about Jesus.

GARRETT

And I accepted Him into my heart.

Nancy stands up, then sits back down. She stands back up.

NANCY

Mom? Dad? Would you excuse us?
For just a minute?

DAVE

Of course.

She smiles at her dad, then looks to Garrett.

NANCY

We'll just be out on the porch.

She waits for Garrett to stand, then leads him out the front door.

EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE - DAY

Nancy gently pushes Garrett out the door, then pulls it shut behind her.

NANCY

What are you doing?

GARRETT

I'm helping you.

NANCY

Okay. There's a lot from last night that I still need to process, but I'm pretty sure you and I did not engage in any eternal salvation conversations.

A car horn beeps. Nancy looks up to see Blake's car parked across the street. Blake pops her head out the window.

BLAKE

Is everything okay?

Nancy approaches the car. Garrett tags along behind her.

NANCY
 What in all heck is going on? Are
 you here to tell my parents about
 how I led you to salvation?

BLAKE
 Um, no. I've been out here all night
 keeping an eye on McCreepy over here.

She points at Garrett.

GARRETT
 Me?

BLAKE
 He followed you home.

GARRETT
 So did you.

BLAKE
 I followed you following her.

NANCY
 Why is everyone following me?

GARRETT AND BLAKE
 I was worried about you.

Garrett and Blake look at each other.

GARRETT AND BLAKE (CONT'D)
 You were not!

GARRETT
 You were mean to her last night.

BLAKE
 You're always leering at her in the
 coffee shop.

GARRETT
 Bitch!

BLAKE
 Creepy!

Nancy steps between them.

NANCY
 STOP IT!

Blake and Garrett stop shouting.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Garrett, thank you for trying to cover for me. It was very sweet. But I can't lie to my parents.

Garrett nods.

She hugs him. He holds on a little too long and Nancy has to wriggle free from his grasp.

GARRETT

Sorry.

He still stands next to Nancy.

NANCY

I'd like to have a word with Blake.

He nods.

GARRETT

Sure. Oh. By yourselves. Because you two are... yeah.

He shoves his hands in his pockets and walks away.

Nancy leans against Blake's car door.

NANCY

Thank you for watching out for me. Especially after last night, it means a lot that you'd do that.

BLAKE

I'm sorry about what I said. I was being an asshole.

NANCY

You were being honest.

BLAKE

An honest asshole.

NANCY

That girl, last night. The one you saw me with. I don't know why I did that.

BLAKE

It's okay. I overreacted.

NANCY

Well, I probably over compensated.

BLAKE
Everybody has their own way of
figuring things out. That was yours.

NANCY
Does it get easier?

Blake shrugs.

BLAKE
Actually, it probably gets even more
complicated, because then there's
all the guessing about whether or
not someone is interested in you or
if they just have really great
customer service skills.

NANCY
I am really good at customer service.

BLAKE
That's what I was afraid of.

NANCY
But not that good.

Rebecca stands in the doorway.

REBECCA
Nancy, what's going on?

NANCY
Look, I have to do something. But
do you want to meet me later? At
JavaTown?

BLAKE
Sure. I probably owe you that much.

NANCY
You don't owe me anything.

REBECCA
Nancy Jean!

BLAKE
See you later, Nancy Jean.

Blake smiles at her. Nancy smiles back. She stands and
watches Blake drive away, then turns to face her mother.

INT. JAVATOWN - DAY - SIX WEEKS LATER

It's the morning shift at JavaTown. The place bustles with people needing their caffeine kick-start.

Nancy works the register while Rick makes drinks. Nancy's appearance is similar to the night of the party, maybe even more relaxed.

Shannon waits for her to-go order.

Garrett sets up his laptop. Nancy waves to him from behind the counter. He smiles at her and waves back, but doesn't take off his headphones.

Geena steps over to Garrett's table. She holds a laptop and power cord.

GEENA

Excuse me.

GARRETT

Huh? Sorry?

He removes a headphone.

GEENA

Is there power under there? Sorry to bother you.

GARRETT

Oh. Yeah. I think it's right underneath...

He takes her cord and ducks under the table. Geena glances at his laptop screen. Garrett pops back up.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

There you go.

GEENA

Thanks. You play?

GARRETT

Yeah. Wizard, level twelve.

GEENA

I know you.

GARRETT

Really? We raid together or something?

GEENA

No, I mean from that party a few weeks back. We danced together.

GARRETT

Oh. I'm surprised you remember. You danced a lot that night.

GEENA

It's hard to forget a guy who says he's "maxxed out on charisma" after doing tequila shots.

GARRETT

Lost come cool points with that, did I?

GEENA

Lost points? No, you gained, like, 23 XP.

She sits down across from him and opens her computer.

GEENA (CONT'D)

Care to help a level thirteen sorceress take on a vicious band of dwarves?

She winks at him. He smiles.

Jeff enters and heads for the line. He sees Shannon and stops.

SHANNON

It's okay. We can occupy the same space outside of class.

JEFF

Sorry. I didn't mean to just... you know. That was weird of me.

SHANNON

Talking about it makes it weirder.

JEFF

Right. I'll stop that, then.

She smiles at him. Amy enters. Shannon's smile disappears.

AMY

Oh. Hey.

SHANNON

Hey.

JEFF

I'm gonna... go... to the line. Non-fat mocha?

AMY

Yes, please.

Jeff nods, then escapes to the comfort of the line.

AMY (CONT'D)

How are you?

SHANNON

Good.

She keeps her eyes on the counter, anxious for her beverage.

AMY

Jeff said you guys got an A on that project.

SHANNON

Yeah, well, it was a good project.

AMY

Any luck with college?

SHANNON

I got accepted to State. Partial scholarship.

AMY

I heard.

SHANNON

Then why did you ask?

AMY

Because I didn't hear it from you.

SHANNON

Well, now you know.

RICK

Caramel latte!

Shannon grabs the drink.

Dave enters the cafe. He scans the room until he sees Nancy behind the counter.

SHANNON

I gotta go. I don't want to be late.

AMY

School doesn't start for another
forty minutes.

SHANNON

What do you want?

AMY

I miss you.

Shannon doesn't say anything. Amy sighs and steps back into
line with Jeff.

Shannon breezes past both of them and exits.

NANCY

Rick, can you take the register for
a sec? My dad's here.

Rick nods and Nancy moves out from behind the counter.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Hi.

They don't embrace.

DAVE

Hello.

NANCY

Haven't seen you in here.

DAVE

I just came by to... drop something
off...

NANCY

I didn't notice I'd forgotten
anything.

DAVE

No. It's nothing you left.

He reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out his check book.

NANCY

Dad, I don't want your money.

He shakes his head and tears a check out of the book.

DAVE

It's your rent money. It was supposed
to be a wedding present. Now I guess
it's more like a return deposit to
my best tenant.

The last few words take a moment to find the air.

NANCY

Dad...

He puts the check in her hand and quickly pulls her into a tight hug. Then, just as quickly, he lets go.

DAVE

Your mother's waiting in the car, I should go.

NANCY

Mom's here? Should I--

Dave stops her.

DAVE

Give her time, Nance.

He gives her one more small hug, then disappears out the door.

Blake appears next to Nancy.

BLAKE

Was that your dad?

NANCY

Yeah.

BLAKE

Why didn't you say anything?

NANCY

I didn't know he would be here.

BLAKE

Are you okay?

NANCY

Yeah.

BLAKE

Give 'em time.

NANCY

That's what he said.

BLAKE

He's right.

Nancy leans into Blake.

NANCY
You want a refill?

BLAKE
You don't stop working for anything,
do you?

NANCY
Not during a rush.

BLAKE
When's your break?

NANCY
In about forty-five minutes. You
don't have to hang around if you've
got stuff to do.

BLAKE
I'll wait.

Nancy gives her a quick kiss, then makes her rounds around the cafe.

Blake sits down at a table with a paperback novel.

Amy and Jeff sit together at a table. They smile and laugh with each other.

Garrett and Geena play Alchemy Nation.

Charlotte picks up her double espresso to go from Rick.

Nancy takes her place behind the register.

This is JavaTown.