

How Soon Is Now

by

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FADE IN:

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY

TORI (19), cute, spunky, confident, listens to her iPod as she stares out the window, New England flying by.

HANDSOME GUY
Mind if I sit here?

Tori nods, and the HANDSOME GUY takes the vacant seat next to her, totally checking her out in the process--

TORI (V.O.)
I wasn't always this adorable.
Back in high school, I used to be
kinda dorky.

INSERT: A YEARBOOK PHOTO -- TORI GARVIN, LOWER MERION HIGH SCHOOL, CLASS OF 2011. SHE'S ALL BAD HAIR, BRACES, PIMPLES.

TORI (V.O.)
And by kinda dorky, I mean
completely and utterly uncool in
every way imaginable.

The Handsome Guy flashes a great smile, Tori smiles back.

TORI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But here's the thing about high
school... it ends.

INSERT: RECENT PHOTOS OF TORI -- DRINKING AT A KEG PARTY, SMOKING A JOINT WITH FRIENDS, RUNNING NAKED THROUGH THE QUAD.

TORI (V.O.)
...and you get to go to college,
where no one knows that you picked
your nose until second grade or
that you didn't kiss a boy until
sophomore year. Because college is
a fresh start, a second chance, a
new beginning.
(then)
Only problem is, when the holidays
roll around, you still have to
go... home.

The train enters into a tunnel and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

Turkey Drop (*phrase*): 1. This happens when high school sweethearts try the long-distance relationship thing when they go off to college. Typically, when Thanksgiving break rolls around and everyone goes home for the holiday, someone gets dumped. Hence, the turkey drop.

--urbandictionary.com

FADE UP TO:

EXT. LOWER MERION, PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

One word - Suburbia. Outside Philadelphia. The leaves have just changed colors, giving the town a quaint, autumnal feel. We move down a sleepy street, stop on a nice Colonial home.

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - DAY

An ATTRACTIVE YOUNG COUPLE burst in, making out hard.

INSERT: YEARBOOK PHOTOS -- SCOTT DALTON & HEATHER REEVES. PROM KING & QUEEN. ALL STAR ATHLETE & CHEER CAPTAIN.

SCOTT (19) and HEATHER (19) fall into the sheets...

SCOTT

I missed you so much.

(more kissing)

I hate being apart.

(more kissing)

I wish we went to college together.

Heather puts her fingers to Scott's lips...

HEATHER

Sshh.

...and starts to go down on him.

SCOTT

Are you coming over tomorrow?

HEATHER

(muffled, under covers)

Huh?

SCOTT

For Thanksgiving dinner. If you're gonna join us, I should probably let my mother know ahead of time.

Heather pops out from the covers--

HEATHER

Did you really just bring up your mother during a blowjob?

SCOTT

That was bad. I'll shut up now.

Scott does so. Heather resumes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I hear there's a great Dali exhibit over at the Art Museum. I was thinking on Saturday we could--

Heather reemerges.

HEATHER

Are you not enjoying this?

SCOTT

I am, it's just... we're only gonna see each other for the next four days and I want them to be perfect.

HEATHER

I've got an idea.

Heather heads over to her computer, does some clicking, and suddenly, MOANING NOISES come out of the speakers.

SCOTT

Whoa, what's that?

HEATHER

Don't pretend like you've never used YouPorn.

Scott looks at the computer, the action is kinda hot.

SCOTT

Hit the icon on the bottom right, it makes it full screen.

Heather enlarges the video, then slinks back into bed with Scott. They try to emulate what they see on the computer...

HEATHER

I think you need to create a little more torque.

SCOTT

What do you know about torque?

HEATHER

I took physics for my science requirement.

SCOTT

This was part of the curriculum?

He tries his best to complete the maneuver, but it's incredibly awkward and uncomfortable.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Can't we do it the way we used to?

HEATHER

C'mon, you'll like this.

SCOTT

But I liked the old way. The old way was great, it had a one-hundred percent success rate, and didn't require superhuman flexibility.

Heather re-adjusts herself, they've found a rhythm.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You're acting different.

HEATHER

Concentrate.

Scott pulls away.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Hey, don't stop. We were so close.

SCOTT

This isn't us, Heather.

She goes over to the computer...

HEATHER

I can find something else, they have a pretty extensive library.

SCOTT

That's not what I meant.

HEATHER

Ugh, fine. We can do it normal.

Heather plops into bed, on her back. Scott hesitates.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?

He gets on top, begins. Heather wells up a little.

SCOTT
Umm, am I hurting you?

She grabs him closer.

HEATHER
Just keep going.

Scott continues, as Heather explodes into full on crying.

SCOTT
This is really awkward.

HEATHER
(through tears)
Do you wanna have sex or not?

SCOTT
I'm not so sure anymore.

Scott stops, sits up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You're freaking me out. What's
going on with you?

Heather takes a moment, composes herself. Finally...

HEATHER
I think we should break up.
(off Scott's look)
But you can finish first if you
want to.

Scott winces, tries to make sense of the situation.

SCOTT
Is this guilt sex?

HEATHER
I just wanted to do something nice
for you before... y'know.

He's reeling now--

SCOTT
So you thought if you had crazy,
internet-porn-style sex with me
first that I wouldn't get upset?

HEATHER
Guessing you don't wanna finish?

SCOTT
No, this is idiotic.

HEATHER
Hey, don't be mean. This isn't
easy for me either.

She grabs her top, starts to get dressed.

SCOTT
Why are you doing this? We can't
break up. We're perfect together.

HEATHER
We had a great thing in high
school, but some things aren't
meant to be forever.

Off Scott -- his world collapsing.

EXT. 30TH STREET STATION - PHILADELPHIA - DAY

Tori exits the crowded terminal, luggage in tow. She looks
around, spots her ride...

Her parents (LOU & COLLEEN, 50's) and her older sister
MARISSA (late 20's) -- a perfect, smiling, happy family.
They're waiting by a minivan, waving maniacally toward Tori.

TORI
Kill me now.

INT. MINIVAN (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Tori and her family drive away from the train station.

COLLEEN
You look so pretty, dear.

LOU
(fighting back tears)
My baby girl is a woman.

TORI
Stop it, Dad.

LOU
Stop what? Stop loving you?

Tori just rolls her eyes.

COLLEEN
So... meet any nice boys?

TORI

Can we not.

MARISSA

Oooh, I think that's a yes!

COLLEEN

Who is he? I want to hear all about him. Is he tall?

TORI

There's no boy.

COLLEEN

Don't be shy. We're your best friends.

TORI

Okay, a) you're my parents, not my best friends. And b) I'm telling the truth.

LOU

I find it hard to believe that you're not *hooking up* with anyone.

TORI

Eww. Gross.

LOU

What? Did I say it wrong?

TORI

Please just leave me alone.

COLLEEN

You know... your father and I met in college.

TORI

Memory lane, wonderful.

COLLEEN

And chances are high that college is where you find true love too.

TORI

True love, huh?

Colleen and Lou share a peck on the lips.

COLLEEN

Most blessed thing in the world.

TORI

Who says I even believe in true love? Because frankly... I don't.

Colleen gasps.

TORI (CONT'D)

If you ask me, "love" is the root of a lot of society's problems. Do you know how many marriages end in divorce? And how many screwed up children of divorce are out there blaming themselves or whatever, all because their parents were duped somewhere along the line to believe in "true love" or whatever it is DeBeers tries to sell us on TV.

(we think she's done)

I mean, this idea that there's one person who you're meant to spend the rest of your life with. Where did that come from? Oh, that's right -- from the same idiots who believed the world was flat and that science was evil.

Now she's done. The car goes dead silent.

TORI (CONT'D)

Just saying.

Suddenly, Tori's sister Marissa BURSTS into tears.

COLLEEN

Look what you've done.

TORI

What I do?

Marissa holds up her ring finger, where she's sporting a brand new diamond ring.

MARISSA

Gil and I got engaged.

Off Tori -- realizing she just fucked that one up.

EXT. LOWER MERION HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A rail-thin NERD with boyish features hides behind a tree.

INSERT: YEARBOOK PHOTO -- HIS LAST NAME'S BEEN CROSSED OUT, IT READS CRUELLY... JOEL THE TROLL.

At present, JOEL (19) is dressed like a wannabe James Spader circa 1985 -- pink polo, popped collar, Ray-Bans. Behind him, school has just let out for Thanksgiving break.

IN SLOW-MOTION, we follow a drop dead gorgeous high school senior exiting the building. This is JANIE RODRIGUEZ (18).

JOEL (O.S.)
Janie? Is that you?

Joel pops out from behind the tree and Janie's slow-motion strut is screeched to a halt.

JANIE
Joel? What are you doing here?

He leans against the tree, trying a "super casual" approach.

JOEL
Oh, nuthin' much. Just visiting the old stomping ground. Might go see an old teach' or two.

JANIE
So are the rumors true?

JOEL
Depends what you've heard.

JANIE
That you've turned into quite the ladies man up at Cornell.

JOEL
Oh that... I've "dabbled" a bit.

He's trying way too hard. Janie just shakes her head.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Pretty crazy bumping into you.

JANIE
I go to school here.

JOEL
Still. There's like hundreds of students. What are the odds?

JANIE
Pretty high, considering you were waiting for me behind that tree.

Joel blushes, totally caught.

JANIE (CONT'D)
See you around, Joel.

She struts off.

JOEL
Okay, good talk.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

The CHESS CLUB is in the middle of practice. In walks Joel.

JOEL
What up, nerds?

Upon his entrance, they cease their chess matches at once.

MOMENTS LATER

The CHESS CLUB MEMBERS sit in a circle around Joel. He's showing them pictures on his iPhone.

JOEL
This is Valerie. Met her at some frat party. Total dynamo.
(another picture)
This is Sally. A bit prudish, but gives one hell of a you-know-what.

CHESS GEEK #1
Blowjob?

JOEL
(coy)
Maybe.

The Geek smiles, proud of his ability to recognize innuendo.

JOEL (CONT'D)
This is Lucinda.
(another picture)
Forget this one's name. But the tongue piercing says it all.

CHESS GEEK #1
You got with all of these girls?

JOEL
A real man doesn't kiss and tell.

Joel silently mouths, "yes."

JOEL
We're getting a WaveRunner?

DON
What? No.

JOEL
We should really consider getting a WaveRunner, they're pretty awesome.

HEATHER
We're not even on the ocean.

JOEL
So?

HEATHER
Where would we use it?

JOEL
We don't need to dock it here.

HEATHER
Then why would we need to own one?

JOEL
As I said, they're awesome.

HEATHER
You're such an idiot.

DON
Enough! You two are nineteen years old, it's about time you started acting your age.

Heather and Joel shut up.

DON (CONT'D)
Thank you.

JOEL
So what's the news, Dad?

DON
(deep breath)
We're closing down Strange Brew.

HEATHER
You're what?

JOEL
That place is an institution.

HEATHER

Where are people gonna get their coffee?

MAY

Starbucks.

DON

Dunkin' Donuts.

MAY

Au Bon Pain.

HEATHER

Stop it, guys.

DON

It's the truth. Local coffeeshops are a thing of the past.

JOEL

But you're more than just a coffeeshop.

MAY

Something tells me teenagers will find a new place to hang out and not spend money.

Heather and Joel take a moment to soak it in.

HEATHER

Are we okay... financially?

JOEL

(scared shitless)

Oh my god! I won't have to transfer to a state school, will I?

DON

Relax, you don't have to transfer. We specifically didn't want to dip into either of your college funds. But we did have to sell the house.

MAY

We're downsizing to a great little condo down in Sarasota.

HEATHER

Sarasota, Florida?

DON

Real estate there is surprisingly affordable. Plus Florida has no state income tax.

HEATHER

What about this house?

DON

We've gotta be out by Christmas.

JOEL

But this is our home.

DON

You guys are in college now, you're barely here anymore.

HEATHER

Wait, are you telling us that from now on, when we come home on breaks we're gonna be going to... Florida?

Heather and Joel are part stunned, but mostly sickened.

DON

Look on the bright side. We'll be right by the ocean, maybe we can get that WaveRunner after all.

CUT TO:

INSERT: YEARBOOK PHOTO -- WILLIAM JACKSON. FIRST TEAM ALL-COUNTY FOOTBALL, HUGE SMILE, ON TOP OF THE WORLD.

INT. WAWA - LOWER MERION - NIGHT

The local 24-hour convenient store. WILLIAM (19) works the checkout counter. Though he's barely working, immersed in conversation with his lifelong best friend... Scott.

WILLIAM

Please tell me you at least finished?

SCOTT

I sorta lost interest after she broke up with me.

WILLIAM

Really? I find hate sex kinda hot.

SCOTT

You're disgusting.

WILLIAM
Agree to disagree.

An INDIAN TEENAGER approaches the checkout counter.

INDIAN TEENAGER
Pack of Parliament Lights.

The Indian Teenager hands over an awful fake ID.

WILLIAM
Tony Calzone from Des Moines, Iowa?

INDIAN TEENAGER
(bad Italian accent)
That'sa me.

William looks around, coast is clear.

WILLIAM
Fifteen bucks.

INDIAN TEENAGER
What?

WILLIAM
Make it twenty.

INDIAN TEENAGER
Dude.

WILLIAM
Take it or leave it, pal.

The Indian Teenager begrudgingly forks over a twenty.
William pockets the extra cash.

SCOTT
You could get in trouble for that.

WILLIAM
Not like I'm gonna work here
forever.

SCOTT
Yeah? Still thinking about
enrolling in community college?

WILLIAM
Hell no. My cousin Eddie's got a
lead on a bouncer gig over at
Delilah's Den.

SCOTT
The strip joint?

William sports a shit-eating grin.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
So what time you wanna go over to
Chun Fong's tonight?

WILLIAM
Chun Fong? The mathlete?

SCOTT
Apparently his parents left him
alone for the entire weekend.

WILLIAM
But he's a total nerd.

SCOTT
A nerd who's stockpiled with enough
vodka to quench the Russian army.

WILLIAM
Let's go to Maloney's instead.

SCOTT
That bar is all middle-aged drunks
and skanky townies.

WILLIAM
I know.

SCOTT
I'll stick with Chun Fong.

WILLIAM
You realize that everyone at that
party is gonna talk about how
Heather dumped your sorry ass and
remind you that you wasted the
first three months of college --
the choicest months of pussy-
getting in a young man's life --
doing nothing but whacking off.

Scott freezes, William makes a helluva point.

SCOTT
Pick me up at nine.

INT. CHUN FONG'S HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

The place is a madhouse. All types of COLLEGE STUDENTS get drunk, swap stories, and reminisce with their 'home friends'.

RANDOM PARTYGOER

Yo Fong, sick party!

CHUN FONG (19) makes his way through the crowd. He's a quintessential nerd, but at the moment, he's the man of the hour; rocking MARDI GRAS BEADS and sunglasses at night.

RANDOM PARTYGOER (CONT'D)

How'd you convince your parents to let you have the house all weekend?

FONG

Hey, I'm in college now. I tell the 'rents I don't wanna go down to grandma's shore house for Thanksgiving, and they accept that. Because I'm a mature adult.

RANDOM PARTYGOER

Epic.

FONG

Now let's go do a keg stand.

ACROSS THE PARTY

Heather sips on a beer, hanging with her BFF -- Janie Rodriguez, the high school senior from earlier.

HEATHER

I can't believe we're moving.

JANIE

Christmas break in Florida doesn't sound so bad.

HEATHER

It sounds terrible. Playing shuffle board with a bunch of old people.

JANIE

And Joel.

HEATHER

You're not helping.

JANIE

I saw him at school today. He looked good.

HEATHER
Excuse me?

JANIE
He was kinda buff... for Joel.

HEATHER
I'll pretend you didn't just call
my brother buff.

A FRATTY DUDE strolls by with a tray...

FRATTY DUDE
Jello shots! Come and get 'em!

Heather and Janie snag a pair, shoot them back.

JANIE
I swear, you have no idea how lame
it's been around here this fall.

HEATHER
Don't talk to me about lame, I'm
the one who's been celibate.

JANIE
Have you? Really?

HEATHER
Is that what you think?

Janie shrugs.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
I didn't cheat on Scott. I would
never. I care too much about him.

JANIE
Which is why you had porn-sex with
him before you broke his heart?

HEATHER
Most guys would consider that an
incredibly generous gesture.

JANIE
Scott isn't most guys.

INT. MALONEY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Seedy local watering hole. William and Scott sit at the bar.

SCOTT
Quite the hangout you've found.

WILLIAM

Snob.

SCOTT

How often do you come here?

WILLIAM

Whenever "Slick Willy" needs a little action.

(off Scott's look)

My penis.

SCOTT

Yeah, I got that.

William takes a gander around, spots a pair of FEMALE TOWNIES (late 20's) getting drunk at a booth.

WILLIAM

There's our mark.

Scott examines: they're not bad looking, just y'know, trashy.

SCOTT

Can we at least get drunk first?

INT. CHUN FONG'S HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Joel and Tori enter. The place is even more raucous now.

TORI

Well this is awful.

JOEL

You'd rather be flipping through bridal magazines with your sister?

TORI

Do you know why I chose to go to Dartmouth over Penn? To get as far away from these people as possible. I hated high school, and so did you. So please tell me why we're willingly subjecting ourselves to the company of these cretins?

Janie Rodriguez walks by. She waves to Joel as she passes. Joel waves back, totally smitten.

TORI (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch! I can't believe you're still obsessed with Janie.

JOEL
I was never obsessed.

TORI
Dude, this is me you're talking to.

JOEL
Okay, yes, there may have been
slightly obsessive tendencies in
the past. But it's different now.

Tori cracks up laughing.

JOEL (CONT'D)
I'm serious. You'll see. This is
Joel version 2.0 you're talking to.

TORI
Don't be a weirdo.

JOEL
You see the way she waved at me?

TORI
You're right. What was I thinking?
She waved -- obviously she wants to
have sex with you.

JOEL
Just keep me company til I make my
move. Who knows... maybe you'll
find that these "cretins" have
actually matured since high school.

Just then, a DRUNK GUY starts pointing at Tori--

DRUNK GUY
Hey everybody! Look! Pizza Face
is here! It's Pizza Face!

Tori shoots Joel a pained look.

IN THE KITCHEN

A group of TEENS mix cocktails. Heather walks up.

HEATHER
Hey, can I get one of those?

The group ignores her, takes their cocktails and leaves.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
That was rude.

A SWEET-FACED GIRL, who mixes a drink, pipes up--

SWEET-FACED GIRL
They're probably Team Scott.

HEATHER
Team Scott?

SWEET-FACED GIRL
It's from *Twilight*.

HEATHER
I get the lame reference. But why
are people taking sides?

SWEET-FACED GIRL
Scott led this town to its first
state football championship in
twenty years. I guess they're just
pissed you cheated on a legend.

HEATHER
I never cheated on him.

The Sweet-Faced Girl nods, finishes mixing her drink.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
By the way, you never told me which
team you're on.

She takes a sip, POURS the remainder onto Heather's shoes.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Oh.

INT. MALONEY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Scott and William are at a booth with the trashy townies,
KELLY and BRANDY. A slew of empty tequila shots spread
before them. Everyone's tipsy, laughing, having fun.

KELLY
Wow Scott, I can't believe you go
to Stanford. That's like an Ivy.

SCOTT
No, it's in California.

KELLY
So?

SCOTT
Well, you see, the Ivy League is
only comprised of schools located--

WILLIAM
Who wants another round?

BRANDY
Ooooh, I do!

WILLIAM
Great. We'll be right back.

William drags Scott away. Then FLICKS him in the balls.

SCOTT
Owww. What was that for?

WILLIAM
Making sure they're still attached.
Who cares if Stanford is an Ivy
League school? I know you were
with Heather for a long time, but
are you totally oblivious as to how
one gets laid these days?

SCOTT
I have to go.

WILLIAM
You what?

SCOTT
I have to go to that party and find
Heather. I know you're trying to
help me, but I don't wanna hook up
with anyone else, let alone some
former meth addict we met at
Maloney's.

WILLIAM
She told us that in confidence.

SCOTT
I'm sorry, but I can't let Heather
get away without a fight.

Scott bolts out of the bar. William strolls back over to the booth, slides in between Kelly and Brandy.

WILLIAM
And then there were three...

The ladies don't seem to mind.

INT. CHUN FONG'S HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Heather's putting on her coat near the front door.

HEATHER

I'm gonna wait for the cab outside.

Janie tries to stop her--

JANIE

C'mon, don't go. Who cares what people say about you? You know the truth, that's what matters.

HEATHER

(holding back emotions)

I'm just tired, that's all.

Heather leaves the party, passing right by Tori. We stay on Tori, as she heads into --

THE KITCHEN

Where she approaches Joel, filling up at the keg.

TORI

Your sister just left.

JOEL

I'll alert the presses.

TORI

Which means Janie's alone, without Heather running interference.

JOEL

I've already got a plan.

TORI

Waiting until Janie gets drunk and then trying to make out with her is not a plan.

JOEL

Sounds like a plan.

TORI

Sounds like date rape. Why don't you act like the Joel 2.0 you claim to be and ask her out.

JOEL

You think she'll say yes?

TORI

Probably not, but at least I'll respect you.

INT. CHUN FONG'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Janie's in line for the bathroom. Joel sneaks up behind her.

JOEL
We've gotta stop running into each
other like this.

JANIE
Aaahh!

She scares, spilling her drink all over herself.

JOEL
Oh my god, I'm so sorry.

The bathroom door opens, freeing it up.

IN THE BATHROOM

Joel bursts in, grabs a towel. Janie follows as he starts to pat her dry, awfully close to her breasts--

JANIE
I've got it.

JOEL
Right.

Janie looks in the mirror.

JANIE
Great, I look ridiculous.

JOEL
Still beautiful to me.

She shoots him a look.

JOEL (CONT'D)
What?

JANIE
Are you actually hitting on me
right now?

JOEL
No good?

JANIE
No, Joel. No good.

JOEL
It was worth a shot, right?

Janie just shakes her head, laughs. An awkward pause.

JOEL (CONT'D)

So, start applying to schools yet?

JANIE

(still drying shirt)

A few. Not really sure where I
wanna go though.

JOEL

If you're thinking of Cornell, you
can always come and stay with me.

JANIE

Cornell? Not with the C-average
I've got in Mr. Draper's class.

JOEL

Draper? He's a breeze.

JANIE

He's a fascist. Who schedules a
midterm the day after Thanksgiving
break? He's killing my GPA.

JOEL

If you want, I could help you
study. I aced his class.

JANIE

Thanks for the offer, but--

JOEL

Don't worry, no charge. Gratis.

Janie can't help but smile.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Just two study buddies, a few cue
cards. Who knows, maybe even a
highlighter or two.

JANIE

...okay, what the hell.

JOEL

Great. Eight o'clock Friday?

Janie shrugs like, "sure". Joel just stands there, beaming.

JANIE

I kinda need to pee now.

EXT. CHUN FONG'S - FRONTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Tori sits on the front porch, fiddling with her iPhone.
Joel, giddy-as-can-be, storms out the front door.

JOEL

She said yes. Janie said yes.
I told you this was a new Joel.

TORI

Awesome. When's the big date?

JOEL

Friday night, I'm gonna help her
study for a midterm.

TORI

Wait, what?

JOEL

Well, she's struggling in Draper's
class. So I offered her my expert
tutelage, which she accepted.

TORI

So this is a "study date"?

JOEL

The word "date" is in there.

TORI

Well played. Now let's go home.

JOEL

But this is a momentous occasion.

TORI

Twenty minutes ago, Jim Peppers
stuck a "kick me" sign on my back.
And before that, Connor Huff
actually tried to give me a wedgie.

JOEL

Drive safely.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Scott sprints towards Fong's. The party is in sight, just a
few houses away. He darts across the street and --

WHAM! A car pulls out of a parking spot and hits Scott.

It was only going a few mph, but the impact knocks Scott to
the ground. He clutches his ankle, writhing in pain.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I am so sorry. You just came out
of nowhere.

(then)

Scott?

Scott looks up to see that the driver of the car was... Tori.

SCOTT

Do I know you?

TORI

I mean, we did go to high school
together. And middle school. And
elementary. And I'm pretty sure we
were even in the same playgroup.

SCOTT

(squints)

Tori Garvin?

TORI

You want a hand?

She helps him off the ground.

SCOTT

...you look different.

TORI

Were you jogging at midnight?

SCOTT

No. I mean, yes, I was jogging,
but I wasn't *going* for a jog.

TORI

Why were you in such a rush?

INT. TORI'S CAR (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Tori drives. Scott sits shotgun.

SCOTT

You sure she's not at the party?

TORI

Trust me, she left. And for the
record... this is a bad idea.

SCOTT

Thanks for the input.

TORI
Just trying to help. I mean,
showing up drunk at her house at
one in the morning is a pretty
desperate move if you ask me.

SCOTT
I didn't ask you.

TORI
She already broke up with you,
right? What makes you think you
can change her mind?

SCOTT
I just can, okay. Leave it alone.

TORI
You're such a misogynist.

SCOTT
Excuse me?

TORI
Forget it.

SCOTT
Let me guess, you took a couple
Women's Studies courses up at
Dartmouth and now you think that
every guy hates women?

TORI
No, just you.

SCOTT
Okay, enlighten me.

TORI
Heather made it perfectly clear she
doesn't want to be with you, yet
you insist on proving her wrong.

SCOTT
Because she is wrong.

TORI
See. Why is she wrong? Because
she rejected you -- *Mr. Perfect*.
Y'know, maybe you're not as great
as you think you are.

SCOTT
I don't think I'm great.

TORI

Yes you do. And you're not completely wrong. I mean, you're definitely a hot piece of ass.

SCOTT

What??

TORI

You heard me -- you're hot. I'd totally sleep with you.

SCOTT

Are you always this forward?

TORI

You don't think a woman can talk openly about sex? Like that's something reserved for the male species?

SCOTT

Well... I...

TORI

Newsflash buddy, women think about sex all the time. All the time. And that includes Heather. Believe me, if she really wanted you in her bed, you wouldn't be in this car with me right now. That's a fact.

Tori rounds the corner, pulls up to Heather's house.

TORI (CONT'D)

Here we are. Your move...

Scott hesitates.

SCOTT

Maybe now's not the best time.

TORI

Awww, come on, I was really looking forward to watching you make a fool of yourself.

SCOTT

What have I done to offend you?

TORI

You think you're better than me. You think it's still high school. Well, guess what?

(MORE)

TORI (CONT'D)

High school is over and it's never coming back. Just because you used to be cool, doesn't mean you'll always be. So get used to reality, because--

Scott lays a BIG KISS on Tori. Tori kisses him right back. They start making out hard, groping, all over each other.

SCOTT

Wait. I don't have any condoms.

TORI

Glove.

Scott opens the glove compartment, there's a roll of condoms.

SCOTT

Who are you?

Tori hops on top of Scott, reclines his seat. They drop out of frame, as we...

FADE TO BLACK:

Thanksgiving Day (*proper noun*): 1. Stuffing-your-face-day. In the US, the 4th Thursday in November. Basically to celebrate the Pilgrim's slaughtering of the Indians year after year.

--urbandictionary.com

FADE UP TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

A blustery November morning. Far from ideal golf conditions. Scott's lined up at the tee, bundled up for the weather. As he enters his backswing... the ball blows off the tee.

SCOTT

This is ridiculous, Dad.

Reveal Scott's father, HOWARD (40's), a jovial man, dressed up in his finest golfing attire, Payne Stewart-style.

HOWARD

Stop complaining.

SCOTT

It's like thirty degrees. There's a reason no one else is out here.

HOWARD

What? Mr. Park doesn't count?

Howard points across to the next hole, where a KOREAN MAN (MR. PARK) and his GOLF PRODIGY SON are hard at practice.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Now tee up.

Scott's not thrilled, but does as he's told. He takes a big swing -- hooks it right into the trees.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Yikes. Maybe you shouldn't have stayed out til two in the morning.

SCOTT

Excuse me?

HOWARD

Who was that girl who dropped you off anyway?

SCOTT

Dad!

HOWARD

Did something happen with Heather?

SCOTT

Okay, if you want me to stay out here with you, then we're gonna have to drop the twenty questions.

Howard goes over to his golf bag.

HOWARD

... I was gonna wait until the back nine, but clearly you need one now.

Howard pulls out two beers, tosses one to Scott.

SCOTT

What's this?

HOWARD

Now that you're in college, I think it's time you played golf the way real men do... drunk.

Howard cracks open his can, toasts.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - A FEW BEERS LATER

Scott and Howard walk up the fairway. Scott's buzzed...

SCOTT

...I don't know what I was thinking. I mean, I've never done anything that impulsive before. Tori just brought it out of me. But now I have no idea how I'm gonna explain this to Heather.

HOWARD

I thought Heather dumped you.

SCOTT

Yes, but I don't think that's set in stone. Heather and I put in four solid years. You don't just throw that away. But Tori is new and exciting and maybe I should give someone else a try. Then again, I'm still in love with Heather. I mean, we had plans together, we had a future.

Howard grabs the beer out of Scott's hand, pours it out.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Hey. What was that for?

HOWARD

I didn't realize the alcohol would turn you into a giant vagina. I was looking for some juicy details, not a Katherine Heigl movie.

EXT. WAWA - DAY

William chains the doors, closing up shop. A car SCREECHES to the curb, Heather pops out of the driver's side.

WILLIAM

If it isn't the wicked witch of suburbia.

She sees the chains on the door.

HEATHER

You're closing? I thought you were open twenty-four hours.

WILLIAM

Not on Thanksgiving.

HEATHER

But I promised my parents I'd pick up some stuff for dinner.

WILLIAM

In that case, we should really
reconsider our operating hours.

William starts to walk away. Heather gives chase.

HEATHER

C'mon, can you please let me in?
I'll be really quick.

WILLIAM

Now why would I do that for you?

HEATHER

Because we've been friends for four
years.

William stops in his tracks.

WILLIAM

No Heather, wrong. For the past
four years, you've been dating my
best friend, so I've tolerated you.

Heather PUNCHES William in the arm. Hard.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Oww. What the--

And continues punching him, over and over.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Hey! Stop it, lunatic. Stop it!

As she continues punching him--

HEATHER

How dare you say we're not friends.
Do you know how many times we hung
out in high school? How many
parties we went to? How many games
I cheered for you?

William successfully grabs her arms, prevents her punching.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

You and I are friends goddamnit.
Admit it. Admit we're friends.

WILLIAM

Why do you care if I'm your friend?
You have a million friends.

She KICKS him in the shins. He falls to the ground.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Fine, we're friends, okay? Now
will you stop attacking me?

HEATHER
Are you gonna let me inside?

INT. WAWA - MOMENTS LATER

William's reopened the checkout counter. Heather purchases assorted items -- soda, butter, ice, etc. William tears into the ice bag, applies some to his arm.

HEATHER
Sorry about that.

WILLIAM
It's okay. You're not the first
girl to punch me.

Heather smiles.

HEATHER
So, is it weird still being home?
With all of us gone.

WILLIAM
Actually, it's been pretty great.
No school, no homework, what's not
to love?

HEATHER
Well, I'm glad you're happy.

WILLIAM
(re: register)
Twenty dollars fifteen cents.

Heather hands him a twenty, searches for some change.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Forget it.

William hands Heather her grocery bags.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Happy Thanksgiving.

HEATHER
You too.

INT. TORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

With the ROAR of a turkey carver, Thanksgiving commences.
Tori's seated at dinner with her family.

TORI
Can you pass the wine?

Marissa, Tori's perfect older sister, giggles.

MARISSA
Good one, T.

TORI
Umm, it wasn't a joke.

COLLEEN
Now Tori, you know we can't serve
you alcohol -- you're a minor.

TORI
You think the police are going door-
to-door to check for underage Pinot
Noir consumption?

LOU
What you do at college is one
thing, but when you're in our
house, you live by our rules.

TORI
It's one glass of wine.

LOU
Don't raise your voice.

TORI
I didn't.

GIL (late 20's), Marissa's pretentious fiance, chimes in.

GIL
Here Tori, have some apple cider.
It's from my family's farm. I think
you'll find it quite refreshing.

TORI
(apathetic)
Thanks, Gil.

GIL
Anytime, T.

Tori rolls her eyes, utterly miserable.

INT. ANOTHER THANKSGIVING DINNER - NIGHT

The meal is in full swing. We're at a crowded table full of ADULTS. The wine is flowing, the conversation is lively.

ACROSS THE ROOM - AT THE KIDS TABLE

Heather and Joel sit with their MUCH YOUNGER COUSINS. The height of the table is comically short, exacerbating the fact that they're by far the oldest ones sitting there.

Joel sneaks out a flask, pours some whiskey into his soda.

HEATHER

You're holding? Sweet.

JOEL

Sorry, this is just for me.

HEATHER

Don't be like that.

JOEL

It's your own responsibility to come prepared to family outings.

HEATHER

Stop acting like a prepubescent jerk and let me have some.

JOEL

No dice.

HEATHER

I'll tell you how to get Janie to sleep with you.

JOEL

She told you about our date?

HEATHER

Study date. And yes, of course she told me, I'm her best friend.

JOEL

A study date is still a date.

HEATHER

You gonna gimme some or what?

Joel pulls out the flask, pours some whiskey into Heather's soda. She takes a big gulp.

JOEL

So how I do I get Janie to sleep
with me?

Heather sits up, gets serious--

HEATHER

Okay, have you ever seen the movie
Face/Off?

JOEL

Huh?

HEATHER

See, what you're gonna need to do
is find someone attractive and get
them to switch faces with you.

JOEL

Stop it, Heather. I'm serious.

HEATHER

So am I. There's no way Janie's
gonna sleep with you. And I'm not
saying that to be mean, it's the
truth. Unless you pull off the
most magical evening in the history
of evenings, then I'm sorry Joel,
but you're not getting any.

Wheels start turning in Joel's head...

JOEL

Magical evening, huh?

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Yes, *that* Denny's. Also known as the most depressing place to
spend Thanksgiving. William's with his dad -- RUSS (50's) an
ex-jock with a beer gut, straight out of a Springsteen song.

RUSS

How's your mother doing?

WILLIAM

She's good.

RUSS

And Burt?

WILLIAM

Same.

RUSS

If you ever wanna come stay with me, you're more than welcome. I'd have to move some old crap around, but I'd love to have ya.

WILLIAM

(never gonna take him up on that offer)
Thanks, Dad.

The WAITRESS arrives with their meals -- two turkey dinners.

WAITRESS

(rote)
Happy Thanksgiving. Thanks for choosing Denny's. Next time try our new *Grand Slamwich* sandwich.

She leaves and they dig in.

RUSS

What do you think of that waitress?

WILLIAM

As a server?

RUSS

No dummy, as a woman.

WILLIAM

She's like fifty.

RUSS

I screwed her.

WILLIAM

What?

RUSS

Years ago. I bet she's forgot. Not me, I never forget a lay.

WILLIAM

I'm trying to eat here.

Russ takes the cue and shuts up. After some eating...

RUSS

So how about you? Got anything going on in the lady department?

WILLIAM

Nothing serious.

RUSS

Good boy. Nice and light. Serious
only leads to problems.

(toasts)

To us.

Russ guzzles his cheap beer, devours his \$8.99 turkey dinner.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Off the sounds of a jovial gathering, we find Scott in the kitchen, clearing his barely touched plate. Howard enters.

HOWARD

Should I be worried about you?

SCOTT

What do you mean?

HOWARD

Sorry if I wasn't too empathetic
this morning. It's just... you're
nineteen years old for chrissakes.
You don't need to have everything
all figured out already.

SCOTT

I should just let my life fall
apart instead?

Howard can't help but laugh.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's not funny.

HOWARD

Believe me, if this is your life
falling apart, then you're fine.

SCOTT

You don't get it.

HOWARD

You know... your mother wasn't the
first woman I ever loved.

SCOTT

Huh?

HOWARD

Back in college, before I met your
mom, I used to date this girl named
Julie Dwyer, real piece of--

SCOTT
I get the point.

HOWARD
Right. So Julie and I were
together for over a year. I saved
up my paychecks for nearly six
months, bought her a ring.

SCOTT
You were married before mom?

HOWARD
Nope. Julie said no.

SCOTT
And you think Heather is my Julie
Dwyer and Tori is my mom?
(realizes)
That sounded weird... but that's
what you're saying, right?

HOWARD
I don't know. Maybe? Didn't
really think that far ahead.

SCOTT
If you're gonna tell me some kind
of analogous story, you should
really have a goddamn point.

Howard shoots his son a hard look.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
...my bad.

HOWARD
It was just a story. Thought it
might help, you know, misery loves
company and all that crap.
(then)
But I'll tell you this... moping
around the house and obsessing
ain't gonna solve a thing.

Off Scott, truly heeding the advice...

INT. TORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Thanksgiving dinner is over. Tori and her family sit around,
drinking coffee. Colleen enters with a stack of board games.

COLLEEN
 Okay, we've got Boggle, Monopoly,
 Scattergories, or Life.

MARISSA
 I vote for Monopoly.

GIL
 Seconded.

COLLEEN
 Tori?

TORI
 I'll pass.

The doorbell RINGS. Tori trudges over, opens the door...

TORI (CONT'D)
 What the hell?

It's Scott. He's a bit out of breath.

TORI (CONT'D)
 Did you run here?

SCOTT
 You didn't answer your phone.

TORI
 Maybe because I'm in the middle of
 Thanksgiving with my family.

SCOTT
 When we had sex last--

TORI
 Whoa!! My parents are right there.

Tori quickly steps onto the porch, shuts the door behind her.

SCOTT
 Sorry. It's just... last night...

The front door CREAKS, as Colleen peaks her head outside.

TORI
 Not now, Mom.

COLLEEN
 Why Tori, you didn't tell me you
 invited a friend over.

TORI
He was just leaving.

COLLEEN
Don't be ridiculous. It's
Thanksgiving. Invite him inside.

TORI
Mom, I really don't think he--

SCOTT
I'd love to, Mrs. Garvin.

Tori shivers. Colleen giddily ushers Scott into the house.

COLLEEN
Any chance you like Monopoly?

INT. TORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Scott sets up the Monopoly board with Tori's family.

LOU
Thimble okay?

SCOTT
I love the thimble.

LOU
I'm a top-hat guy myself.

SCOTT
Suits you, Mr. G.

Tori taps Scott on the shoulder.

TORI
Can I talk to you for a second?

Scott excuses himself, meets privately with Tori.

TORI (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?

SCOTT
You wanted the thimble?

TORI
No Scott, I don't want the thimble.
Why are you here?

Scott readies himself, then...

SCOTT
...well, when we had sex last
night, there was definitely
something there, right?

TORI
Something like what?

SCOTT
Like... a connection.

TORI
Eww. Don't say things like that.

SCOTT
Why not?

TORI
I thought it was pretty clear that
we were just two horny people
looking to get laid.

From Scott's face, it's clear he didn't get that memo.

TORI (CONT'D)
It was just sex, nothing more.

SCOTT
Oh... just sex.

TORI
Look, your girl dumped you, then
you randomly hook up with me, and
now you're all confused. I get
that. But I think it's best if you
left me out of it, okay?

Lou calls to them from across the room.

LOU
Come on you two, let's get started.

Scott turns to Tori...

SCOTT
To be continued.

...and heads toward the Monopoly game.

TORI
What are you doing?

SCOTT
Alright, who's up first?

INT. MALONEY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

William's alone at the counter, lost in his beer.

KELLY (O.S.)
Hey there, I'm Kelly.

He turns to see Kelly, one of the townies from last night.

WILLIAM
Funny.

KELLY
What is?

WILLIAM
You're joking? We... y'know...

It dawns on her that they had sex.

KELLY
Oh crap. Sorry, I was waaasted on Tuesday.

WILLIAM
It was Wednesday.

KELLY
I guess I was pretty trashed on Wednesday too.
(then)
Wanna buy me a round?

EXT. MALONEY'S TAVERN - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The BOUNCER won't let Heather inside.

BOUNCER
I'm not gonna ask you again to leave the premises.

She's quite tipsy...

HEATHER
Don't kick me off the premishishes.
I'm 21. I just left my ID at home.

BOUNCER
That's the best you've got?

William exits the bar.

HEATHER
He'll vouch for me.

WILLIAM

Unless you wanna end up a middle-aged loser with a beer gut who screws Denny's waitresses, I suggest you stay away from here.

William heads off down the street. Heather turns to the bouncer, pushes up her bra to create some cleavage.

BOUNCER

Better. But still no.

INT. TORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Monopoly game is in full swing. Tori rolls the dice, lands on Ventnor Avenue.

MARISSA

You already own it.

GIL

You can build a house if you want.

Tori checks her money, she's got enough. Off her indecision--

SCOTT

Y'know, building on your property is almost always a good idea.

TORI

Thanks for the real estate tip.

SCOTT

You could have something really valuable, but if you don't build on it, you'll never know how great it can be.

Scott shoots Tori a look. Tori squints her eyes back.

TORI

Yeah, but sometimes you're just wasting money on a property that will never amount to anything.

SCOTT

Every property can amount to something if you take the risk.

TORI

Why take a risk if I'm perfectly comfortable where I am?

SCOTT

Because sometimes you think you're comfortable, but you're really only a few rolls away from bankruptcy.

TORI

And if I build hotels I won't go bankrupt?

SCOTT

I'm not saying you jump right into hotels. First you start with a house. If you like your initial investment, you up the ante.

TORI

But why bother building at all, if you already visited the property and came away disappointed that it was merely average-sized, somewhat herky jerky, and nowhere close to achieving the type of accuracy one would expect from a high school quarterback.

Scott grimaces.

LOU

Are we still talking about Monopoly?

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Heather catches up with William.

HEATHER

Come on, let's go somewhere. Don't be boring.

WILLIAM

Go play with Janie.

HEATHER

She went to Fong's. Apparently it's "Toga Night".

WILLIAM

So go there.

HEATHER

I can't. I'm like a villain up in those parts.

William keeps on walking.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Please. My parents are moving and this is like my last weekend ever in this town. Just hang out with me. I really don't wanna go home.

WILLIAM

Where would we even go?

EXT. MAIN STREET - STOREFRONT - NIGHT

Heather fiddles with a key...

HEATHER

I coulda sworn this was the one.

William's at her side...

WILLIAM

Let me try.

She hands him the key, William opens the door with ease.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

How much have you had to drink?

She nearly pukes in her mouth, just managing to hold it down.

HEATHER

...not that much.

INT. STRANGE BREW - NIGHT

Heather flicks on the lights, as she and William enter into her parent's soon-to-be-closing coffehouse...

It's quirky and cool. Interesting posters of musicians from Hendrix to Garcia to Cobain line the walls. There's tons of plush, cushy seating. And an open mic stage in the corner.

William takes a seat on a comfy, velvet couch...

WILLIAM

I love this place. Y'know, I tried to come by the other day, but it wasn't open.

HEATHER

Get used to it. Strange Brew is closed for good.

WILLIAM

What are you talking about?

HEATHER
My parents had to shut it down.
Last Sunday was the final day.

WILLIAM
But this was our spot. We came
here like every day after school.

Heather gets up on a stool, searches through the rafters.
She retrieves a flask...

HEATHER
Jackpot. I knew I left this here.

She goes to take a swig, but it's empty.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Goddman you, Joel!

Heather plops down next to William.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
This blows. We've got nothing to--

She CHURNS, the vomit from before creeping back, but this
time she can't keep it down, as she PUKES all over William.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
--drink.

INT. STRANGE BREW - NIGHT

William's in the kitchen, cooking. He's changed into the
store's uniform: a tie-dyed t-shirt, not exactly his style.

He knows his way around a kitchen, putting some final touches
on the food, before bringing it out to Heather... who's lying
down on the velvet couch.

WILLIAM
This should help.

Heather sits up, bites into the food...

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
The fridge was kinda sparse, so I
kept it basic, grilled cheese.

Heather continues eating, in heaven...

HEATHER
This grilled cheese is anything but
basic.

WILLIAM

I used a few different kinds of cheeses. Threw in some avocado slices for texture.

HEATHER

Where did you even learn to cook like this?

WILLIAM

I dunno. I guess my parents weren't really home a lot.

HEATHER

(mouth full)

This is seriously good.

WILLIAM

More like you are seriously drunk.

HEATHER

You could be a professional.

WILLIAM

I'll take that into consideration.

HEATHER

Y'know William, I think there's more to you than even you realize.

William can't help but smile. They share a nice moment. And then Heather BURPS, as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

Black Friday (*nickname*): 1. The day after Thanksgiving, when stores open at the asscrack of dawn to start Christmas sales. Most people fall for this ploy, dragging their family out at 4 am to fight for cheap presents.

--urbandictionary.com

FADE UP TO:

EXT. BEST BUY - ASSCRACK OF DAWN

A long line of DISCOUNT-SEEKING CUSTOMERS wait outside in the early morning cold. It's mostly parents with young children.

Through the crowd we land on a grumpy Joel and Heather, with their parents. Heather looks spectacularly hungover.

HEATHER

Can we go home yet?

MAY

You know this is our ritual. Early bird gets the worm.

DON

If we wait until later, all the best deals will be gone and your cousins will be stuck receiving gift cards for Christmas.

JOEL

What's wrong with gift cards? Who doesn't love gift cards?

MAY

(ignoring Joel)

Now remember, start with the big ticket items in tier one, then work your way down from there.

Heather and Joel each hold tiered lists of which items to find in the store. Heather stares at her list, head askew.

MAY (CONT'D)

You alright?

She's a bit wobbly in her hungover, sleep-deprived state...

HEATHER

I'm gonna sit down for a--

A Best Buy EMPLOYEE appears at the front doors.

MAY

Not now. It's go time.

The employee OPENS the doors, and at once, a SWARM OF SHOPPERS descend on Best Buy in a *Braveheart* style war scene.

INT. BEST BUY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The place is a madhouse. CUSTOMERS fight over who got what flat-screen or Blu-Ray player first. Amidst the chaos...

Joel scrambles through the aisles, holding up his list as a guide. He grabs the last digital camera off the shelf--

ANGRY CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Drop it, that's mine!

JOEL

Step off, dickweed.

Reverse on Joel to reveal that the angry customer is merely a TEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL. She sulks off, defeated.

JOEL (CONT'D)

That's right missy, keep walking!

Joel notices something out the corner of his eye...

Heather's in the Home Theatre department, fast asleep in a leather recliner, noise canceling headphones over her ears.

Joel marches over, removes her headphones...

HEATHER

Go away, troll.

JOEL

How much did you drink last night?

Heather hands her list to Joel...

HEATHER

Do me a solid?

Joel ignores the list, sits on the armrest next to her.

JOEL

While I have you here, I was wondering: does Janie have any food allergies I should be aware of?

HEATHER

She's not gonna sleep with you.

JOEL

What? I was merely inquiring if--

HEATHER

Please don't tell me you're really planning some magical evening.

Joel shrugs, guilty as charged.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

And what about the studying?

JOEL

I'm covering that too. You might not see it, but she's into me, if only slightly.

HEATHER

Get real, Joel.

JOEL

I go back to school Sunday, then we
move to frickin' Florida. Tonight
is my last chance with Janie.

Heather takes a moment.

HEATHER

Peanuts. She's allergic to peanuts.

Joel smiles, and Heather curls deeper into the recliner.

INT. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Scott prepares his desk for studying: It's a meticulous
ballet... calculator, pens, highlighters, textbooks... all
arranged at precise angles with strategic placement.

Scott admires the finished product. It's rather magnificent.
He's about to begin studying, when... the doorbell RINGS.

EXT. SCOTT'S FRONT PORCH - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Scott opens the door to reveal William with a basketball.

WILLIAM

Let's shoot some hoops.

SCOTT

Sorry, I'm swamped with schoolwork.

WILLIAM

It's Thanksgiving "break", take a
break.

SCOTT

Trust me, I'd love to. But I
really need to get this done.

WILLIAM

Then when are we gonna hang out?

SCOTT

Later today?

WILLIAM

Working. Tomorrow?

SCOTT

I've got family stuff during the
day. But I'm free at night.

WILLIAM

Done and done. Gonna send you back
to college in style.

They do some kind of bro handshake.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

By the way, how'd it go with
Heather the other night?

SCOTT

Oh, ummm, I didn't go through with
it after all.

WILLIAM

Probably for the best. Sure you
don't wanna shoot some hoops?

INT. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He's back at his desk, about to finally dig in for some
studying. The doorbell RINGS again.

SCOTT

Seriously, William?

EXT. SCOTT'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

Scott opens the door. It's not William. It's... Tori.

INT. TORI'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Tori drives. Scott shotgun.

TORI

You weren't busy, were you?

SCOTT

Nope, not at all. Wasn't expecting
to hear from you.

TORI

I just needed to get out of the
house. There was a wedding planner
over and Joel was busy so--

SCOTT

You don't need to make excuses why
you're hanging out with me.

TORI

I wasn't.

She was.

TORI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I said the sex was bad.

SCOTT

All you said was that you didn't want to invest in Monopoly hotels.

TORI

I was just mad at you for showing up at my house. But it wasn't bad. It was actually kinda... good.

Scott beams.

TORI (CONT'D)

Don't get all full of yourself. It's not like you rocked my world.

SCOTT

You have your version, I have mine.

Tori can't help but smile.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm starved, you wanna get something to eat?

TORI

Not yet.

EXT. WEST MILL CREEK PARK - DAY

Marijuana smoke WAFTS through the air, as Scott and Tori sit on a rock by a secluded creek. Tori smokes a joint...

TORI

Sure you don't want a hit?

SCOTT

Trust me, you do not want to see me stoned. I get all paranoid and chatty and annoying.

TORI

How is that any different from when you're sober?

SCOTT

Touché. So you're like a total stoner, huh?

TORI

I enjoy pot. I'm not a stoner.

SCOTT

But if you "enjoy pot" every day...

TORI

I don't normally. But when I'm stuck here in good ol' suburbia... I need a little herbal remedy to get me through the day.

SCOTT

Why do you hate being home so much?

Tori scoffs.

TORI

Everything has been so peachy your entire life. You're this football hero, top of the class, dating the head cheerleader. Y'know, I think Heather dumping you was a blessing in disguise. You could use a little adversity for once.

SCOTT

Pssh. I've had adversity.

TORI

Okay.

SCOTT

I have. For instance, I received some pretty awful news right before I left Stanford for break...

INT. STANFORD LECTURE HALL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The blackboard reads "Microeconomics". The T.A. hands back midterm pamphlets -- Scott receives his. It's marked: 88/100

RETURN TO CREEK - PRESENT

TORI

That's the awful news?

SCOTT

Yes, it's graded on a curve. So an 88 is really only a B-minus.

TORI

Hardly the end of the world.

SCOTT

The undergraduate business program is ultra competitive. You can't apply until after your sophomore year, and only the top ten percent of applicants get accepted.

TORI

So you've got another three semesters to improve.

SCOTT

You don't get it... I needed to stay atop all my Econ classes from day one. Now I have to work twice as hard just to even have a shot.

TORI

You're really hard on yourself.

SCOTT

Thank you.

Tori shoots him a look--

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Kidding.

TORI

Never know with you.

SCOTT

So... last night... when you were saying how it was *just sex*...

TORI

Yeah...?

SCOTT

Was that like a one time thing? Or could we have some *just sex* again?

TORI

I'm not really in the mood, Scott.

SCOTT

Oh, sure, of course. But in the future, if we were both inclined, would that be an option again?

TORI

...I suppose so.

SCOTT
(big smile)
Cool.

Tori rolls her eyes, stubs out the joint.

TORI
Dino's subs?

SCOTT
I'm kinda craving some Luigi pizza.

TORI
They moved to the mall.

SCOTT
So?

TORI
I really don't feel like driving
all the way across town.

SCOTT
Good thing I'll be driving then.

Scott holds out his hand... Tori gives him her keys.

TORI
You're such a dork.

SCOTT
If being responsible makes me a
dork, then I guess I'm...

TORI
A dork? Correct.

INT. WAWA - DAY

William's behind the checkout counter, immersed on his iPhone. He web browses over to Craigslist, clicks on JOBS, then proceeds to FOOD/BEVERAGE/HOSPITALITY.

In the search bar, William types in COOK... and a slew of openings pop up. William grabs a pen and paper.

ANNOYED SHOPPER
Hey, Steve Jobs. Little help here?

William puts down his iPhone, rings up the customer.

INT. TORI'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Scott drives. Tori's asleep in the passenger seat, taking a weed nap. The Black Friday traffic sucks. Bumper to bumper.

Scott's stomach GURGLES. He looks in the glove compartment, and next to Tori's roll of condoms... sit WRAPPED CHOCOLATES. He unwraps a chocolate, absolutely devours it.

INT. SUBURBAN MALL - DAY

It's mobbed. Literally everyone and their mother doing Black Friday shopping. Scott and Tori enter the main concourse, he's taking DEEP BREATHS.

TORI
You alright there, buddy?

SCOTT
I think I might have gotten a
contact high.

TORI
I doubt that.

Tori heads toward the food court, Scott stops in his tracks.

TORI (CONT'D)
I thought you wanted Luigi.

SCOTT
Maybe later.

TORI
Aren't you starved?

SCOTT
I ate all those chocolates in your
glove compartment.

Tori covers her face.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Oh my god, was there weed in there?

TORI
No, not exactly.

SCOTT
Then what was it? Cause, I'm kinda
freaking out here.

Tori braces herself, whispers to Scott...

TORI
There may have been shrooms in
them.

SCOTT
Shrooms?
(gets it)
Mushrooms? You gave me magic
mushrooms?!

TORI
I didn't give you anything.

Scott takes more DEEP BREATHS, sweating now.

SCOTT
What's gonna happen to me? Am I
gonna die?

TORI
No Scott, you're not gonna die.

SCOTT
Cause it feels like I'm gonna die.
Are my arms still attached to my
body right now?

TORI
Relax, I think you'll be fine.

SCOTT
You think?!

TORI
Well, I've never actually tried
mushrooms before.

Scott looks stricken.

TORI (CONT'D)
My friend gave me them before I
left for break.

SCOTT
Oh my god, I am gonna die.

TORI
You need to chill. Freaking out is
not helping the situation.

SCOTT
Mushrooms are poison. I just put
poison in my body. I don't even
like eating too much gluten.

TORI
I think shrooms are gluten free.

SCOTT
You need to take me home.

TORI
Aren't I too stoned to drive?

SCOTT
I'll make an exception.

TORI
No.

SCOTT
No?

TORI
This is exactly what you need.
Loosen up, enjoy it.

SCOTT
Was there crack in your joint?

Tori starts walking into the crowd. After a beat...

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Wait up, don't leave me alone.

INT. MALL - FOREVER 21 - DAY

Heather and Janie browse through clothing.

JANIE
You vomited on him?!

HEATHER
I didn't mean to.

JANIE
That would make you pretty kinky.

HEATHER
He was being so sweet too.

JANIE
William Jackson? Sweet?

HEATHER
He's not what you think.

JANIE

I think he's your ex-boyfriend's best friend and you need to stay far, far away.

HEATHER

It's not like that. He's just... nice, that's all.

JANIE

Nice leads to babies.

INT. MALL - A BIT LATER

Scott and Tori ride up the escalator.

TORI

You seem better.

FROM SCOTT'S POV: The mall is a festival of bright lights and cacophonous sounds filtered through an impressionistic Van Gogh-esque landscape. A fun, delightful trip.

They get off the escalator...

SCOTT

Ooh, let's go in here.

Tori looks up to see that he just ran into... Sephora.

TORI

Really?

INT. MALL - SEPHORA - DAY

Scott SPRAYS perfumes into the air, SNIFFING as he floats through the cascading scents.

SALES LADY

Can I help you, sir?

SCOTT

...there are so many smells.

Tori butts in--

TORI

We were just leaving.

SALES LADY

Sure? We've got great deals today.

SCOTT

I think we as human beings under-utilize our sense of smell. Our brains are able to distinguish millions of different scents, but when do we ever use that ability? Like never. That's so sad.

TORI

Wrap it up, Scott.

SCOTT

The animal kingdom is different, they use smell to sense danger.

SALES LADY

Okay then. I've gotta...

She's frightened, starts to walk away.

SCOTT

Wait! Do me a favor?

The sales lady turns around tentatively.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Have a wonderful day.

INT. MALL - FOOD COURT - DAY

Heather and Janie plop down Forever 21 shopping bags, take a seat with their food trays.

HEATHER

How can you eat that?

Janie chows down on some Panda Express.

JANIE

Orange chicken rocks.

Heather picks at a measly looking salad.

HEATHER

Uggh, you have no idea how stressful the freshmen fifteen is.

JANIE

Do not be that girl, okay? You look amazing and you know it.

HEATHER

Yeah, but I have to eat like half
as many calories just to
counterbalance all the alcohol.

JANIE

Oh crap! Don't turn around.

Heather turns around.

JANIE (CONT'D)

I said don't.

Heather looks --

ACROSS THE FOOD COURT

Scott and Tori wait on line at Luigi Pizza.

SCOTT

I wonder if perfumes smell when
they make them, or if they have to
add the scent in afterwards?

TORI

You're an idiot.

Tori playfully shoves him, when Scott notices Heather looking
at him across the food court. They make eye contact.

SCOTT

Heather...

Tori looks to see Heather stand up and walk over.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You think she's evil? I recently
read that like .04 percent of the
population are sociopaths.

TORI

I doubt she's a sociopath.

SCOTT

But that's the thing, you wouldn't
know. They conceal it.

Heather arrives.

HEATHER

Hey Scott.

SCOTT
(whispers to Tori)
Is she really there?

TORI
Afraid so.

HEATHER
How are you?

SCOTT
...I'm... I'm... good.

HEATHER
Good, that's good.

Most awkward silence ever.

SCOTT
You know Tori, right?

HEATHER
Hey Tori.

TORI
Yo.

More silence. No one has any clue what to say.

HEATHER
Well...

SCOTT
Yeah.

HEATHER
Okay.

SCOTT
...great.

LUIGI PIZZA GUY
Is anybody gonna buy a slice?

INT. JOEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tori chills on the bed, while Joel gets changed O.S.

TORI
You should have seen it... Heather
shows up and Scott immediately
turns into a zombie.

JOEL (O.S.)
Wasn't he tripping?

TORI
Still. He was like a wounded puppy
without a spine.

JOEL (O.S.)
And why do you care?

TORI
I don't.

JOEL (O.S.)
Yeah, you do. Do you like him?

TORI
No, he's just a friend.

JOEL (O.S.)
That you slept with.

TORI
Once.

JOEL (O.S.)
For now.

Joel steps out from the bathroom, dressed up for his big date: sport coat, cool jeans. He looks fantastic.

TORI
I think I'm a little turned on.

JOEL
Gross.

TORI
F you.

JOEL
Love you, too.

They share a smile -- truly great friends.

TORI
Y'know, I think you might be able
to pull this off.

JOEL
Oh, I know I will.

TORI
What did you do, Joel?

The doorbell RINGS. Joel looks out the window.

JOEL
It has arrived.

Tori sneaks a look... parked at the curb is a STRETCH LIMO.

TORI
Are you insane? How much did that
cost you?

JOEL
You said I had a shot.

TORI
I was being optimistic.

JOEL
So am I. If it means spending my
entire semester's allowance giving
Janie the most amazing night ever,
then so be it. I'll survive on
Ramen noodles for a couple months.

TORI
It was one thing in high school
when you were the pathetic virgin
who was always scheming to get
laid. But guess what Joel...
you're not that kid anymore!

JOEL
...umm, yeah...about that...

Joel nervously runs his hand through his hair...

TORI
What?

JOEL
...I may have... embellished my
collegiate exploits a bit...

TORI
How much is a bit?

JOEL
Kinda-sorta-all-of-it.

TORI
You're still a virgin?!!!

Joel shrugs.

TORI (CONT'D)

What the hell, dude? Why have you been lying to me like crazy?

JOEL

Everyone is supposed to have all these great stories. It's just assumed that it's automatically easy to have sex at college.

TORI

Yeah, cuz it is.

JOEL

...thanks for the reminder.

Joel grabs his wallet, heads out the door.

INT. STRETCH LIMO (MOVING) - NIGHT

Joel and Janie sit in the back. She's got her textbook in one hand, a glass of champagne in the other. Awkward.

JANIE

How is this going to help me pass European History? I have like two hundred years of facts to memorize.

JOEL

Exactly. Which is why you need to connect those boring, mundane facts to something personal.

JANIE

You lost me, Joel.

JOEL

That champagne... what do you think of when you drink champagne?

JANIE

Headaches the next day?

JOEL

Perfect. Headaches.

(then)

Champagne is from France and was originally used in the coronation of kings. King Louis XVI also got a *headache*, when he was *beheaded* by his own subjects on January 21st, 1793 during the French Revolution.

JANIE

Okay, not bad. But why do we need the limo?

JOEL

We can't show up at the best French restaurant in the city in my parent's station wagon.

The limo pulls up to *Le Bec Fin*.

JANIE

This is really excessive.

JOEL

Hey, you're my guest tonight. We're gonna eat some fine food, learn some history, and have fun.

JANIE

...I'm not dressed for *Le Bec Fin*.

Joel pushes a button to lower the limo partition.

JOEL

Driver, pop the trunk.

EXT. STRETCH LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

Joel and Janie stare into the trunk, at a gorgeous dress.

JOEL

It's your favorite designer.

JANIE

I can't accept this. It's super expensive.

JOEL

Only the best for you.

JANIE

Look Joel, I don't want to lead you on... we're not hooking up.

JOEL

(plays it cool)
Sure, I know that.

JANIE

I'm serious. It's not gonna happen. Not tonight. Not ever.

JOEL

What if we were stuck in an elevator for eternity without cell phone reception and the world outside the elevator walls was blown into nuclear shreds?

(off her look)

What? It's possible.

JANIE

(plays along)

Why would it matter if there were cell phone reception?

JOEL

What do you mean?

JANIE

If the world outside the elevator was blown into nuclear shreds, why would cell reception with the non-existent outside world even matter?

JOEL

...so that's a yes?

Janie can't help but laugh -- she glows when she laughs.

INT. CHUN FONG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Another one of Fong's bashes. It's even more packed and rowdy than the other night. Chun Fong makes his way through the party, SOMBRERO on his head, PINATA under his arm...

FONG

Tequila body shots by the pool!

A groups follows after him. Scott and Tori look on.

SCOTT

Classic Fong.

TORI

I cannot believe I'm back here.

SCOTT

You dosed me with shrooms. I think you owe me this much.

TORI

Oh, I think you enjoyed your trip. It was a nice little break for that tightly wound head of yours.

Scott's greeted by TAD and BUCK -- a pair of cocky seniors, sporting letterman jackets.

TAD
Yo, Scott! What's up, my brotha?

BUCK
Heard about Heather -- screw that ho. It's her loss, ya hear me?

SCOTT
Well, it's kinda complicated so...

TAD
(re: Tori)
And I see you wasted no time getting back in the game.
(offers hand)
A pleasure to meet you. I'm--

TORI
Tad.

TAD
...yeah. How did you...?

TORI
I've only been your neighbor since second grade.

TAD
(realizes)
Tori?!! *Damn girl.* What happened to all the gross crap on your face?

Tori stalks away, Scott chases after her.

SCOTT
Wait up, they're just being stupid.

TORI
Can't believe they're your friends.

SCOTT
We were teammates for three years.

TORI
Then why don't you go hang out with them? I'm sure you can find some mailboxes to kick down.

SCOTT
Is that what you think of me?

TORI

How should I know? I barely know you. We've hung out more in the past two days than the previous ten years combined.

SCOTT

Which is a shame, because I really like hanging out with you.

He's got Tori's attention.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You're smart and funny and you call me on my shit. And I'd much rather spend the rest of my Thanksgiving break with you, than with the Tads and Bucks of the world.

Tori smiles -- that was kinda sweet, she can't deny it.

TORI

Let's get out of here.

SCOTT

You go if you want. I'm staying.

TORI

No, I meant...
(overtly sexual)
Let's get out of here.

SCOTT

(big smile)
Oh...

EXT. LE BEC FIN - NIGHT

Joel and Janie exit the restaurant. Janie's wearing the dress, looking exquisite.

JANIE

That meal was amazing.

JOEL

Plus you learned a lot.

JANIE

Who knew crème brulée could be so informative.

Joel and Janie lock eyes. The perfect moment for a kiss.

JANIE (CONT'D)
 Someday you're gonna make a girl
 very happy.

Joel SIGHS, as the limo pulls to the curb.

INT. STRETCH LIMO (MOVING) - NIGHT

Joel and Janie sit in silence, staring out the windows.

JANIE
 Oh screw it.

Janie hops on top of Joel, KISSES him. Hard and deep. They continue at it for some time, groping and grabbing like only horny teenagers can. Joel comes up for air...

JOEL
 (re: sex)
 Do you wanna...?

JANIE
 Yesss.

VOICE (O.S.)
 No sex in the limo.

They stir.

JOEL/JANIE
 Who's there?/Who said that?

The partition lowers and the LIMO DRIVER warns them directly.

LIMO DRIVER
 No. Sex. In. The. Limo.

JOEL
 How did you even know?

LIMO DRIVER
 If you stay in the limo business
 long enough... you get a sixth
 sense for this kinda thing.

Joel and Janie look at each other like, "what do we do now?"

JOEL
 We could go to my place.

JANIE
 That would be weird.

JOEL
Your place?

JANIE
Have you met my parents?

JOEL
Wait. I've got it...

INT. STRANGE BREW - NIGHT

Janie waits on the velvet couch, as Joel adjust the lights, which he sets to a romantic red hue, accented by lava lamps.

JANIE
I can't believe this place isn't
gonna exist anymore.

Joel heads over to the jukebox, punches in digits. Out PLAYS a 90's love song, something like "Linger" by the Cranberries.

JANIE (CONT'D)
You remembered?

JOEL
You only played this song in here
every day for like two years.

Joel clears out some tables, creating an open space.

JANIE
Eww. Not gonna do it on the floor.

JOEL
I was gonna ask you to slow dance.

JANIE
...you were?

Joel holds out his arms... Janie melts -- this is the most romantic thing anyone has ever done for her.

JANIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Joel. I can't do this.

She runs out, leaving Joel alone and deflated, as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

Saturday After Thanksgiving (*proper noun*):

1. Last night at home before students head back to college.
2. Last chance to do possibly regrettable thing that you won't have a chance to make amends for until Christmas.

--urbandictionary.com

FADE UP TO:

INT. WAWA - DAY

William's stocking refrigerator shelves. Heather approaches, and William recoils, as if to shield himself from--

WILLIAM
Don't puke on me.

HEATHER
Very funny.

WILLIAM
I thought so.

HEATHER
I'm not bothering you, am I?

WILLIAM
In fact you are. Stocking egg cartons requires complete focus.

Heather smiles.

HEATHER
I just wanted to thank you for taking care of me the other night.

WILLIAM
I never liked that shirt anyway.

HEATHER
Can I make it up to you? There's somewhere I really wanna take you.

WILLIAM
Where?

HEATHER
It's a surprise. What time do you get off work?

WILLIAM
Not sure, lemme ask my manager.

William turns the corner to see his MANAGER, who's with...
 an IRATE INDIAN WOMAN holding up a pack of Parliament Lights.
 As well as her son, the same Indian Teenager who William sold
 the cigarettes to a couple nights ago.

INDIAN TEENAGER
 (points at William)
 That's him!

William turns back to Heather--

WILLIAM
 I think I'm off now.

EXT. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE - DAY

Heather and William stroll through the picturesque park.
 William is now wearing a sport jacket.

WILLIAM
 Don't see why a needed a jacket.

HEATHER
 You will. I think this is just the
 remedy for someone who got fired.

WILLIAM
 Wasn't crazy about working there
 anyway. Plus my cousin Eddie keeps
 promising to get me a bouncer gig
 over at Delilah's Den.

HEATHER
 The strip joint?

WILLIAM
 Pays surprisingly well.

They approach a crowded tent, decked out for a swanky event.
 A sign reads: "Welcome Penn Law School, Class of 1984".

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 Are we at the right place?

Heather leads them --

INSIDE THE TENT

Killer spread. Crowded with middle-aged LAWYERS. Heather
 grabs a couple hors d'oeuvres from a passing SERVER. She
 hands one to William. He takes a bite...

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 ...mushroom truffle.

HEATHER

Good, right?

WILLIAM

Fantastic. But what's going on?

The WHITE-COATED CHEF, 30's, approaches them.

CHEF

Heather, glad you made it.

HEATHER

Duncan, this is William. The friend I was telling you about.

Duncan shakes William's confused hand.

DUNCAN

Heard you were on the team that won state. I played some ball. Before your time. Tailback.

HEATHER

Duncan is a friend of my parents. He used to supply all their baked goods. But now he owns this catering company. Best in Philly.

DUNCAN

Don't oversell me.

(to William)

Heard you're quite the cook yourself. If you ever--

WILLIAM

Can you give us a second?

William pulls Heather aside. He's pissed--

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

What are you doing? You thought this would, what, inspire me?

HEATHER

I get it. You're a jock, with a passion for cooking. I see how that could be embarrassing.

WILLIAM

So you think I can run my own catering company?

HEATHER

Not yet. But maybe one day.

WILLIAM

For your information, I actually looked into cooking jobs. Too bad I have no resume or experience to speak of. I'd pretty much be starting as a busboy. I might as well try and become a doctor.

William storms out of the tent.

OUTSIDE THE TENT

Heather follows William through the park.

HEATHER

(calls out)

So you're just afraid it's gonna be too hard?

William stops, confronts her.

WILLIAM

That bouncer job is a cushy gig. Not to mention the titties.

HEATHER

Don't be crude, you're better than that.

WILLIAM

Believe me, I'm not.

HEATHER

Do you know how lucky you are to have something you're passionate about? I don't love anything. The only thing I've ever been good at is being popular. And now I don't even have that.

WILLIAM

Then maybe you shouldn't have dumped Scott.

HEATHER

That's exactly why I dumped Scott. I have to find out who I am, other than Scott Dalton's girlfriend.

WILLIAM

Boo hoo. You want me to feel sorry for you?

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You can't decide on a major so you think you think you've got problems. It's different in the real world.

HEATHER

You think skipping college means you know about the real world?

WILLIAM

A lot more than someone whose daddy pays for her tuition.

William heads off. This time Heather doesn't follow.

EXT. LOWER MERION STREET - ESTABLISHING

The sun sets on our suburban town.

INT. JOEL/HEATHER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joel and Heather lie around, watching mindless television. Their twin-ness is never more prevalent than at this moment; both entrenched in zombie-like stupor states, wrapped in Snuggies, munching on bags of Fritos. Their parents enter...

MAY

What's wrong with you guys?

JOEL/HEATHER

Nuthin'.

DON

Since you clearly have big plans on your last night here, would you mind helping clear out the attic?

MAY

We figured there might be a few things you want to hold onto.

HEATHER

Umm, we're kinda busy here...

Heather points to the television, where *Jersey Shore* is playing. Don walks over, manually shuts off the TV set.

INT. JOEL/HEATHER'S ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Filled with all kinds of crap and trinkets from childhood. Heather and Joel hold cardboard boxes, perusing the goods.

HEATHER

There's so much. How are we supposed to decide what to keep?

JOEL

Easy. None of it.

HEATHER

How can you say that?

Joel picks up some items...

JOEL

Why the hell do we need a fourth place spelling bee trophy or a used retainer?

HEATHER

These are memories.

JOEL

That I'd rather forget. Not all of us were Miss Popularity.

Heather shoots him a look, not pleased with his attitude.

JOEL (CONT'D)

I'm okay with mom and dad moving to Florida. Cause this town has never been anything but awful to me. If you wanna box up the memories from it, go ahead. Me? I'm cool with sending it all to the trash.

HEATHER

You're just bitter because Janie wouldn't sleep with you.

JOEL

Holy crap!

Joel discovers a STUFFED TALKING BEAR.

JOEL (CONT'D)

(lovingly)
Teddy...

INT. TORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A big banner reads: *"Congratulations Gil and Marissa!"*

We're amidst an engagement party for Tori's older sister. The house is filled with GUESTS, a speech underway...

GIL (THE FIANCÉ)
 ...and at that moment, white water
 rafting down the Allegheny River,
 torrential downpour engulfing us...
 I knew Marissa and I would spend
 the rest of our lives together.

A collective "awww" from the crowd. Marissa gushes.

GIL (CONT'D)
 To true love.

The guests CLINK their glasses, hear-hear. We find Tori in
 the crowd, her eyes rolling back as far as humanly possibly.

SCOTT (O.S.)
 Romantic, huh?

TORI
 What are you doing here?

SCOTT
 Marissa invited me. We're Facebook
 friends.

TORI
 Why are you Facebook friends with
 my sister?

SCOTT
 We hit it off at game night.

Scott's drinking a glass of wine.

TORI
 You should get rid of that. My dad
 is super strict about alcohol.

SCOTT
 He's the one who gave it to me.

Scott points over to Tori's father (Lou), who's watching on
 from the corner -- he gives Tori a thumbs up sign re: Scott.

TORI
 Okay, you need to leave.

SCOTT
 I just got here.

TORI
 So you're all buddy-buddy with my
 family now?

SCOTT
They're nice people.

TORI
Nice people who've probably told everyone here that you're like my boyfriend.

SCOTT
Who cares?

TORI
This is my family, dude. I prefer they know as little as possible about my personal life. Why are you screwing that up for me?

SCOTT
I hardly think I'm screwing anything up.

TORI
You are. Now go.

SCOTT
You're overreacting.

TORI
Go home. I don't want you here.

SCOTT
Should I call you later?

TORI
No.

SCOTT
I'm heading back to Stanford tomorrow.

TORI
Then have a safe flight.

Off Scott, taking the not-so-subtle hint.

INT. JOEL/HEATHER'S ATTIC - NIGHT

Joel and Heather sit on the attic floor, chatting.

HEATHER
I can't believe you asked Janie to slow dance with you.

JOEL

I thought it was a nice touch.

HEATHER

Only you, Joel. Only you.

JOEL

Too bad I didn't realize it would
make her leave. I always do this:
(hard on himself)
I push too far and chase 'em away.

HEATHER

That's not what happened.

JOEL

Trust me, it is. I've been down
this road many-a-time before.

HEATHER

And I'm telling you... that's not
what happened this time.

JOEL

(detective-like)
What do you know, Heather?

She lowers her voice to a whisper.

HEATHER

You cannot tell anyone.

JOEL

Scout's honor.

HEATHER

Janie's a lesbian.

JOEL

Come again.

HEATHER

She's gay. Janie's gay.

JOEL

Ha ha. Very funny.

HEATHER

I'm not kidding. I mean, she's
still figuring it all out, and it's
actually a tough time for her. But
she's pretty sure.

Joel's mouth is agape in shock. Finally...

JOEL
That bitch!

HEATHER
Hey, don't be insensitive.

JOEL
She could've had the decency to let me know beforehand. Do you know how much money I dropped on that date?

Heather just shakes her head at him, smiles.

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Scott and William play one-on-one in the driveway.

WILLIAM
So basically, you got dumped twice this weekend.

SCOTT
Pathetic, huh?

WILLIAM
At least you didn't get fired.

Swish. William hits a jumper.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Four to three, me.

SCOTT
Maybe it's not such a bad thing. Gives you a chance to find something more career oriented.

Scott drives to the hole. William blocks his shot.

WILLIAM
Quit it with the advice. I'm sick of everyone telling me what to do with my life.

SCOTT
Everyone? Who's everyone?

William takes the ball up top.

WILLIAM
I've kinda been hanging out with Heather the last couple days.

Scott shoots him a hard look.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Not like that. Believe me, I would never do anything with her.

SCOTT
So you're like friends now? Do you paint each other's toenails?

William backs down Scott in the low-post.

WILLIAM
Grow up. You weren't the only one having a hard time this weekend.

William takes a shot. Scott fouls him aggressively.

SCOTT
Sorry. So... is she okay?

WILLIAM
I think. To be honest, she was more interested in what was going on with me. Tried to convince me I could be a chef or something.

SCOTT
Y'know, that's not a terrible idea. When we go camping, you always kill it on the grill. Imagine what you could do in a kitchen.

William stands there, frozen with ball.

WILLIAM
I was kind of a dick to Heather.

Scott swats the ball away. Drives to the hoop, scores.

SCOTT
Weekend's not over yet.

WILLIAM
Yeah, you could always get dumped a third time.

INT. CHUN FONG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's more packed than ever. Chun Fong makes his way through the party. Tonight he wears a MESH SHIRT and TIGHT JEANS.

RANDOM PARTYGOER
 (re: Fong's outfit)
 I don't get it, what's the theme?

FONG
 Latvian Schlugberg Festival.
 (off his look)
 They're an oppressed people, but
 they party like rock stars. This
 is their equivalent of Oktoberfest.

RANDOM PARTYGOER
 Why didn't we just do Oktoberfest?

AT THE BEER PONG TABLE

Heather and Joel are teammates, slaying the competition --
 Tad and Buck. Heather nails the final cup to cinch the win.

HEATHER
 Suck it, bitches!

TAD
 Too bad you're still a slut.

JOEL
 Hey! You say another word about my
 sister and I'll climb across this
 table and rip out your testicle.

Tad is speechless.

HEATHER
 That's right, he said testicle, as
 in one. Turns out Stephanie
 Prescott can't keep a secret.

Tad sulks off. Heather and Joel high-five.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 Now, who's got next?

INT. TORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The engagement party is still going strong. Tori's cornered
 by her TIPSY AUNT, who's doling out some college advice...

TIPSY AUNT
 Use protection. Always. Believe
 me, there's nothing worse than a
 nasty rash on your hoo-ha.

MARISSA (O.S.)
 I need to borrow her for a sec'.

Marissa pulls Tori away...

TORI

I think Aunt Carol has the clap.

MARISSA

Where's Scott?

TORI

I told him to leave. Why did you invite him here in the first place?

MARISSA

Maybe because he's super cute, really sweet, and oh yeah... totally crazy about you.

TORI

Stay out of it, Marissa.

MARISSA

Don't tell me you don't like him.

TORI

Even if I did like him, what would be the point?

MARISSA

I knew it!

TORI

It's not like I'm looking for a boyfriend, especially one who goes to school across the country.

(Marissa laughs)

What's so funny?

MARISSA

You're gorgeous, Tori. I've always known that, and now it's obvious to anyone who takes one look at you.

TORI

What's that have to--

MARISSA

You're gonna have to beat guys away with a stick from now on. Just don't beat them all away.

Off Tori, actually listening for once.

INT. CHUN FONG'S HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Scott and William bee-line for the keg. As they approach, the girl at the tap turns around -- it's Heather, holding an overflowing pitcher.

WILLIAM
That's a lot of beer.

HEATHER
Beer pong.

WILLIAM
Right.

Awkward silence.

HEATHER
Yeah... so...

SCOTT
Enough! William, isn't there something you want to tell Heather.

William take a moment, musters up some courage...

WILLIAM
Earlier at the park, you were just trying to help. I was too big of an idiot to appreciate it. And I--

HEATHER
Apology accepted. Still taking that bouncer gig?

WILLIAM
But just for the money. It really does pay well. And I could use the cash to save for culinary school.

She smiles, as a HOT BLONDE struts up with a stack of Solos.

HOT BLONDE
Flip cup?

The guys look to each other.

HEATHER
Have fun, boys.

INT. CHUN FONG'S - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Scott, William, Hot Blonde, and her CUTE FRIENDS finish up a round of flip clip.

HOT BLONDE

New game. At ASU we take it up a notch and make flip cup, *strip cup*.

SCOTT

What's that?

HOT BLONDE

Think about it, Stanford.

It's on! The teams square off, with the girls keeping up surprisingly well. The competition comes down to the two anchors, Scott and Hot Blonde... it's a photo finish.

SCOTT

...totally me.

HOT BLONDE

No way. I so had that.

SCOTT

How about we call it a tie and both take off an item?

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Tori fights her way through the crowded party, no one making room for her. Finally, she arrives in the kitchen, to find...

A shirtless Scott surrounded by girls in their bras.

TORI

Who's shooting an Abercrombie ad?

SCOTT

Tori?

TORI

Hey, can we talk?

SCOTT

Now's not such a great time.

Tori takes a deep breath...

TORI

I like you, Scott.

The room goes silent.

TORI (CONT'D)

There, I said it, okay? And I'm sorry I was a bitch to you tonight, it's just...

(MORE)

TORI (CONT'D)

This kind of thing is new to me and I freaked and I'm sorry. But the fact is, I like you. And I know we go to school like three-thousand miles apart, but I don't care because I'd really like to give us a shot.

Scott is dumbfounded.

TORI (CONT'D)

What'dya say?

He takes a long look at Tori, the question weighing heavily.

SCOTT

...no.

Tori's mortified, the most embarrassing moment of her life. Some of the more immature partygoers even laugh and snicker.

IMMATURE DOUCHEBAG

Oooh, burn.

She sprints out of the party.

SCOTT

Tori, wait.

Scott grabs his shirt and chases after her...

On his way out the front door, Scott passes right by a pair of straight laced adults -- MR. & MRS. FONG (40's).

MR. FONG

What the heck is going on here?

FONG

Mom?! Dad?! I thought you were at grandma's until tomorrow?

MRS. FONG

(venom in her eyes)

And I thought *you* had to stay at college to study for finals?

Fong freezes, then...

FONG

RUN!!!

At once, EVERYONE FLEES THE PARTY; a mad, chaotic, scramble.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Joel and Heather run down the sidewalk. Slowing up...

HEATHER
I think we're cool.

They stop to catch their breath.

JOEL
The night was just getting good.

HEATHER
You're giving up? This is the last
night of our last Thanksgiving
break at home ever. One setback
and you're gonna call it a night?

JOEL
You have a better idea?

Heather grins wide.

EXT. WEST MILL CREEK - NIGHT

Tori sits on a rock by the water. She wipes some tears from her eyes, when suddenly, there's some RUFFLING O.S. -- Scott emerges from the brush.

TORI
Jeez dude, you followed me?

SCOTT
You didn't let me explain myself.

TORI
What's to explain? You're not
interested. I get it.

SCOTT
Come on, you know that's not it.
I am completely into you.

TORI
Coulda fooled me.

SCOTT
But I can't rush into another
relationship right now.

TORI
Save the platitudes, okay?

SCOTT

You said it yourself... Heather dumping me was a blessing in disguise. I got to know you. And because of you, I'm getting to know myself better, and I'm realizing... I don't know myself at all.

(then)

Part of me wants to jump back into a relationship, but another part knows I'd be making the same mistake all over again. You're lucky, you know who you are--

TORI

Trust me, I don't know who I am.

SCOTT

That makes two of us, I guess.

Tori smiles. A nice moment, tension finally broken.

INT. STRANGE BREW - NIGHT

The place is packed with EVERYONE FROM HIGH SCHOOL: Geeks, jocks, stoners, drama kids, exchange students, etc. Off to the side, Joel hangs with his Chess Geek friends.

CHESS GEEK

Thanks for inviting us.

JOEL

You kidding? Think I'd let you stay home on a Saturday night?

GEEK #2

Actually, we weren't home. There was a midnight showing of *Star Trek* over at the Regal.

CHESS GEEK

J.J. Abrams director's cut.

JOEL

Might wanna keep that to yourself.

Heather approaches.

HEATHER

You think Dad's gonna kill us?

JOEL

Probably.

They share a smile, toast their COFFEE MUGS of beer.

HEATHER
Definitely.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Scott and Tori enter, finding themselves in the middle of a makeshift dance floor, packed with PARTYGOERS.

SCOTT
Wanna dance?

The UPTEMPO MUSIC suddenly changes into a SLOW SONG.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Umm, should we wait a song?

TORI
Don't be silly.

Tori grabs his hand. They slow dance. Sweet and tender.

TORI (CONT'D)
Oh no...

Tori is staring way across the coffeeshouse, where--

JOEL AND JANIE HAVE A PRIVATE CONVERSATION

JANIE
If you tell anyone, I'll kill you.

JOEL
You know I would never do that.

JANIE
I'm serious.

JOEL
So am I. Your sexuality is a private issue.

Joel's handling her situation with great maturity--

JOEL (CONT'D)
I can only imagine how hard it must be on you. You need to tell people when you're ready, not before.

She's truly touched by his kindness.

JANIE
It's great to hear you say that.

JOEL
 Can I just ask you one thing?
 (she nods)
 Are you sure?

JANIE
 Yeah, pretty sure. Why?

JOEL
 Well... have you ever had sex with
 a man before?

JANIE
 ...no.

JOEL
 Then how can you know for sure?

JANIE
 Are you still trying to sleep with
 me?

JOEL
 You may be physically attracted to
 women, and that's cool. But I know
 there was a spark between us. And
 if I were gonna make a huge life
 decision like this, I'd want to be
 absolutely positive first.

JANIE
 Fine. My car's out back.

Janie starts heading out, looks back at a frozen Joel.

JANIE (CONT'D)
 Don't make me change my mind.

Joel scurries off after her.

BACK ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Scott and Tori watch Joel and Janie leave together.

TORI
 Never thought he'd do it.

SCOTT
 I always thought Janie was gay.

TORI
 Why? Cause she never showed any
 interest in you?

SCOTT
Actually, yeah.

Tori just rolls her eyes, not realizing Scott is correct.

HEATHER (O.S.)
Can I cut in?

Heather's made her way over to them.

TORI
Of course, go for it. I need
another drink anyway.

Tori heads off. Heather takes her place.

HEATHER
So, are you two...
(off his glare)
Sorry, none of my business.

SCOTT
Got that right.

HEATHER
I hate that I hurt you. It was an
awful thing to do. It's just--

SCOTT
Apology accepted.

Heather laughs.

HEATHER
Friends?

SCOTT
Always.

They continue to slow dance, as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

College (*noun*):

1. An institution or establishment of higher education.
2. A big party with a ridiculous door charge.
3. A great excuse to leave home.

--urbandictionary.com

FADE UP TO:

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN (MOVING) - SUNDAY

Tori's on the train, heading back to New England. On her cell phone.

TORI
So how does it feel to not be a
virgin anymore?

INT. PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Joel's waiting for his flight to board. On his cell.

JOEL
...I wouldn't know.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

TORI
What do you mean? I saw you two
leave the coffeeshop together.

JOEL
Oh, we left all right...

INT. JANIE'S CAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Joel and Janie make out in the backseat.

JOEL (V.O.)
We were about to do it, when...

Joel pulls away from Janie--

JANIE
What's wrong?

JOEL
I'm sorry, but this isn't how I
wanna lose my virginity. It should
be meaningful. With someone who
likes me and wants to be with me.

BACK TO PRESENT:

TORI
Wow. That might be the most mature
thing you've ever done.

JOEL
Gotcha!! I totally banged her.

TORI
You prick.

JOEL
I mean, it sucked...

INT. JANIE'S CAR - NIGHT - ACTUAL FLASHBACK

Joel and Janie have sex in the backseat. It's all kinds of bad; Joel sucks. Seat buckles jut into uncomfortable places.

BACK TO PRESENT:

JOEL
...but we definitely did it.
There was insertion, release of my--

TORI
I know how sex works.

JOEL
Right.

They continue chatting and laughing, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

A WHOLE BUNCH OF YEARBOOK PHOTOS: OF ALL KINDS OF STUDENTS.

Tori's voice fades up:

TORI (V.O.)
The whole idea of a yearbook is
perverse to me -- "Hey, let's take
your picture at the height of
puberty and human awkwardness, then
haunt you with it for the rest of
your life." And that one picture
is supposed to define us, to offer
some glimpse into our adolescent
self? Me? I think it's worthless.

INT. SCOTT'S DAD'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Howard drives Scott to the airport.

HOWARD
So you get all your schoolwork done
this weekend?

SCOTT
Nope.

HOWARD
Good.

They share a smile, continue toward the airport.

TORI (V.O.)
 ...because high school is only the
 beginning, not the end.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - DAY

William enters The Culinary Arts Academy.

TORI (V.O.)
 And who you were at eighteen, is
 not who you're gonna be for the
 rest of your life.

INT. CORNELL DORM - COMMON ROOM - DAY

Joel's back from break. He's hanging out with some FRIENDS,
 giving them the "vivid" details of his sex with Janie. It's
 a total exaggeration.

TORI (V.O.)
 Okay, for some of us, the change
 may be gradual. But it'll happen.

INT. HEATHER'S DORM ROOM - STATE COLLEGE - DAY

A picture of her and Scott sits on Heather's desk. She puts
 it into a drawer.

TORI (V.O.)
 Cuz if you're living with one foot
 in the past... then you're missing
 a freaking foot.

INT. SCOTT'S DORM ROOM - STANFORD - NIGHT

Scott's on his laptop, hard at work.

CUTE COED (O.S.)
 You ready?

A CUTE COED peaks her head into the dorm room. Scott smiles,
 closes his laptop.

TORI (V.O.)
 It doesn't matter what you did
 yesterday, it's what you do today
 that counts. Because unlike high
 school, in life, there's no such
 thing as a permanent record.

INT. TORI'S DORM ROOM - DARTMOUTH - NIGHT

Tori's all alone, studying in bed, when she catches sight of
 something on her roommate's bed -- a *Cosmopolitan* magazine.

On the cover, "*Quiz: Are you ready to find true love?*"

Tori stealthily locks the door, grabs the magazine and a pen.

RING, coming from Tori's laptop. She puts down the magazine, clicks on her computer, UP POPS--

Scott, via iChat.

SCOTT

You busy?

TORI

No, not at all. Tell me about the date with the volleyball player.

SCOTT

Umm, she was tall?

TORI

That bad, huh?

SCOTT

Well... she loves labradoodles.

TORI

Labradoodles?

SCOTT

And she's seen *Mamma Mia* twelve times.

TORI

The movie or the Broadway show?

SCOTT

Hmmm, not sure. I'll have to double check on that.

TORI

Makes a world of difference.

Scott laughs.

SCOTT

Hey, you're gonna be home over Christmas break, right?

Off Tori, a big smile sweeping across her face, as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END