

“Jones”

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DUFRESNE HOUSE - DAY

Early morning in Tucson, Arizona. Establishing shot of the Dufresne house, a small Spanish-style house with desert landscaping.

INT. JONES' BEDROOM - DAY

JONES DUFRESNE, 17, is asleep, her arms and legs splayed across the bed, the covers half kicked off. Her head is mostly covered by her blanket, but we see that she has slept with a bandanna on her head. She has a framed Star Trek poster and a few framed comic books on her wall, and an impressive model of the solar system hanging from the ceiling. There's a nice piece of artwork, a painting of Jones, younger, with long hair. A music stand and chair are set up in the corner. Three instrument cases of various sizes lie nearby.

Jones' iPod alarm clock goes off. Jones hits the snooze button and the music stops.

Her bedroom door opens and her dad, JACK, 50's, sticks his head in.

JACK
Jones, wake up.

She turns over, facing away from him.

JACK (cont'd)
Wake up and have some breakfast.
Go to school, get good grades,
participate in extracurriculars,
graduate, go to college, and get a
job.

JONES
I'm awake. Go away.

JACK
Dad's going to make those eggs you
like. Twenty minutes.

He backs out of the room and closes the door. After a moment, Jones reaches over and turns her iPod back on. The music starts up again and continues over:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jones comes out of the shower, wearing a towel, another towel draped over her head. She starts to brush her teeth. The towel slides halfway off her head, and we can see that she has very, very short hair, almost a crew cut. Jones quickly puts the towel back in place.

INT. JONES' BEDROOM - DAY

Jones sits at a dressing table with a mirror. Stuck to the mirror are pictures of Jones with Jack and another man (Freddy), Jones and a blond girl (Grace), and Jones with Leonard Nimoy. Jones is bent over, putting on a wig. She flips her head back and looks in the mirror, adjusting the wig. She doesn't like what she sees. She reaches for her make-up, rubs a brush in some eyeshadow, and starts to apply it.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Jones gets dressed. A few rejected pieces of clothing lie in a pile at her feet. She yanks off one shirt and puts on another.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jones puts her contact lenses in and blinks at her reflection. She turns on the faucet and starts washing the makeup off her face.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Jones stands in her closet again. We see more clothing drop onto the pile.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jones is back in the bathroom; she looks at herself from different angles. She tries putting her hair behind her ears, then puts it back the way it was.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

The final wardrobe change. Jones pulls on a t-shirt and Bermuda shorts and grabs a pair of sneakers.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jones just stares at herself. She doesn't touch her hair, but looks generally dissatisfied. She picks up a tube of lip gloss, applies it, and decides she's as ready as she'll ever be.

INT. JONES' BEDROOM - DAY

Jones pulls her iPod off the alarm clock base, picks up her backpack, and puts the iPod in it.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jones' other dad, FREDDY, 50's, is at the counter pouring coffee. He wears a jacket and tie, while Jack is wearing jeans to work. Jones and Jack sit at the table. Jack is staring at her while she eats.

JONES

What?

JACK

Nothing. It looks good.

JONES

I don't want to talk about it.

FREDDY

What? What aren't we talking about?

JONES

How I have to wear a wig to school, and it looks stupid, but I look worse without it.

JACK

In your opinion.

JONES

It's not opinion, it's fact.

JACK

I'm a professional. If you show me, I could...

JONES

I'm not showing you.

He reaches toward her hair, wanting to fix it.

JACK

Let me just...

Jones puts up a hand, blocking him.

JONES

Don't touch it.

Freddy carries his plate to the table and sits down. He starts buttering his toast.

FREDDY

Leave her alone, Jack. It's her first day back, and the wig does not look stupid, it looks...

(he assesses her)

...pretty great.

Jones gives him a look; he's lying.

FREDDY (cont'd)

You always look pretty great.

JONES

Says you.

FREDDY

That's right. Says me.

He puts his knife out for more butter, but Jack moves the butter out of his reach.

FREDDY (cont'd)

So, I was talking to Mrs. Abbott...

JONES

You were what?

FREDDY

...and she said you and Grace have the same first period. AP French, right?

JONES

I have AP French. I have no idea if Grace Abbott has AP French.

FREDDY

Well, if you run into her before school, maybe...

JONES

(to Freddy)

Dad. Grace is not my friend. I am not her friend. She and I aren't friends. She's the last person in the entire school that I would consider a friend.

JACK

She came to see you at the hospital.

JONES

Yeah, Freddy probably called her mom.

FREDDY

No, I didn't.

(trying to remember)

I'm pretty sure I didn't.

Jones stands up and gets her backpack.

JONES

Okay, I'm going. This has been great, very helpful in building my confidence on my first day back.

She kisses both dads on the cheek.

JACK

Glad we could help.

EXT. TUCSON HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Jones parks her car, a completely unremarkable early nineties Ford sedan. She gets out and leans forward against the car and surveys the parking lot. She sees a couple holding hands and girls squealing and hugging each other after a summer apart. No one notices her. She pushes herself off the car and adjusts her backpack, getting ready to make the walk towards the school.

EXT. TUCSON HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Jones walks down the hallway, not making eye contact with other students.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Jones is at the counter in the school office, talking to the school secretary, MRS. BUCKLEY.

MRS. BUCKLEY
What's your name?

JONES
Jones Dufresne.

Mrs. Buckley looks confused.

MRS. BUCKLEY
What's your first name, sweetie?

JONES
Jones.

MRS. BUCKLEY
J-O...

JONES
N-E-S.

Mrs. Buckley writes this down and bends down to find something under the counter.

MRS. BUCKLEY
Jones. Okay, do you have your schedule?

JONES
Yes.

MRS. BUCKLEY
You're a senior, so you need a top locker. Something with a view, a western exposure...

She raises her head up and smiles at Jones, who smirks a little.

MRS. BUCKLEY (cont'd)
Jones, sweetie, it's the first day of school. I don't bring out my A material until SAT time. You'll see.

She copies the locker number and combination onto a piece of paper and slides it over to Jones.

MRS. BUCKLEY (cont'd)
Number twelve-nineteen. Welcome
back.

JONES
Thank you.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jones is at her new locker, carrying five large textbooks. She spins the combination lock, reading the numbers off the paper. She opens the locker and is surprised to find someone's books in it. She checks the locker number and looks around. The bell rings and kids start heading to their classrooms.

A boy walking past notices Jones and stops a few feet away. He's DARREN PAYNE, 17, a geeky kid who wears wire-rimmed glasses, neatly combed hair, and an ironed polo shirt, tucked in. He carries a briefcase instead of a backpack.

DARREN
Jones Dufresne.

She turns to face him. Darren holds his arms out, displaying himself. After a moment, she remembers:

JONES
Darren Payne.

DARREN
You look different. It's your
hair.

JONES
Yeah, it's a wig.

That stops him a moment, but he quickly recovers.

DARREN
You're in disguise.

JONES
(smirks)
Yeah, pretty much.

DARREN
That's cool. I won't tell anyone.

JONES

What would you do if they gave you
a locker that was already...
occupied?

She shows him.

DARREN

Those books weigh more than you do.
Stuff those bad boys in there.

She looks hesitant.

DARREN (cont'd)

What's the worst that could happen?

She starts putting her books in the locker.

DARREN (cont'd)

Are you in Band this year?

JONES

Yeah.

DARREN

Excellent. Me too.

JONES

Okay. See you there.

Darren doesn't leave. Jones looks at him expectantly.

DARREN

Oh, yeah. Okay. See you there.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

First period French class. The desks are arranged in groups of four. In one group are three popular girls - GRACE ABBOTT, KENDRA RICHMOND, and CHASEN CORBETT. Jones enters and looks around for a place to sit. Chasen's eyes slide from Jones to Grace and she mouths the words "Oh my God." Kendra smirks but Grace doesn't react.

There are only a few empty desks left. Jones is closest to Grace's group, but she squeezes through the desks to a group on the far side of the room.

CHASEN

(low, to Grace)

Is that a wig?

GRACE

She had leukemia; all her hair fell out.

KENDRA

But she's cured, right?

GRACE

She's in remission.

Kendra looks confused, but doesn't ask what remission is.

CHASEN

(surprised)

Did you talk to her?

GRACE

My mom talked to her dad.

CHASEN

(re: wig)

Is that supposed to look real?
Because it definitely does not.

As she sits, Jones glances over at Grace's group. Kendra and Chasen are laughing. Grace looks down, pretending she wasn't staring. Jones sits down. VALENTINA BADILLO, 17, a sweet-looking Hispanic girl, is sitting facing Jones. STEVEN DONELLY and ADAM FOSTER complete the group.

VALENTINA

Hi. Welcome to our cluster. I'm Valentina, and this is Steven, and Adam.

JONES

I'm Jones.

Valentina recognizes the name.

VALENTINA

You're in band.

Jones nods.

STEVEN

You're Jones? I thought you died.

Valentina smacks the back of Steven's head. Jones looks startled.

ADAM

I remember you. You were at Doolen with me.

JONES

(remembering)

Adam. You got hit in the head by a rocket.

ADAM

(nods)

That's how everyone remembers me.

JONES

Yeah, one bad thing happens to you, and it's all anyone can think about.

ADAM

Like when you and Grace Abbott fell into the canal on the way to school.

JONES

Duck pond. She fell. I was pulled in.

STEVEN

Collateral damage.

They laugh. Adam looks over at Grace. So does Valentina. Grace sees them looking at her and laughing.

VALENTINA

You and Grace Abbott are friends?

Jones shakes her head no.

JONES

We used to be.

The bell rings and the last student, WES MCDADE, slips through the door just in time. Wes is good-looking, friendly, popular; everyone in school seems to like Wes. Kendra waves him over to the empty desk in their group. As Wes heads toward the girls, he sees Jones and stares at her a moment. She looks stunned. Wes takes his seat.

VALENTINA

What was that? Wes McDade was staring at you.

JONES

I guess a lot of people thought I was dead.

An Indian man enters and writes "MONSIEUR JYOTIWARDHAN" on the board. He speaks French with an Indian accent.

MONSIEUR J.

Bonjour, mes amis.

No one answers him. He turns around.

MONSIEUR J. (cont'd)

Bonjour, mes amis.

He taps the board.

STUDENTS

Bonjour, Monsieur Jyotiwardhan.

MONSIEUR J.

That was terrible. C'était terrible. I hope you're all better at French.

He takes the eraser and erases his name until it just reads "Monsieur J."

MONSIEUR J. (cont'd)

Bonjour, mes amis.

STUDENTS

Bonjour, Monsieur J.

MONSIEUR J.

Bien. Welcome to AP French. I'm going to pass around a seating chart; please write your names in the appropriate location. These are your seats for the entire year.

He hands the chart to a student in the front.

MONSIEUR J. (cont'd)

From this moment forward, nous parlons seulement français.

VALENTINA

Zut alors.

Monsieur J. smiles approvingly at Valentina.

EXT. CAFETERIA PATIO - DAY

It's lunch period, and students are sitting at outdoor tables and on the grass, eating. Jones comes out of the cafeteria with a tray of food and a book. She looks around for a place to sit, and starts heading for an empty table.

Valentina comes up behind her, holding her own lunch.

VALENTINA

Jones.

She turns.

VALENTINA (cont'd)

There you are.

Valentina tilts her head toward a spot on the grass. Jones follows her, relieved.

EXT. CAFETERIA AREA - DAY

Jones and Valentina sit on the grass, facing the patio full of kids. Grace, Kendra, and Chasen sit at the same table with Wes and his friends.

JONES

Mr. Sanchini was talking about me?

VALENTINA

Mr. Sanchini talks of little else.

JONES

Seriously. He said something about me? To the whole band?

VALENTINA

Mostly to the saxophone section.

JONES

About me being sick?

VALENTINA

What? No. About how he was going to make you first chair if we didn't improve.

JONES

Oh.

VALENTINA

But I'm pretty good, so good luck with that.

JONES

Thank you.

VALENTINA

How much school did you miss, anyway?

JONES

A year and half.

VALENTINA

Zut alors. And before that, you were one of them?

She indicates the table with Grace and Wes and the others. Jones looks down at her own clothing.

JONES

Me? Are you kidding?

VALENTINA

I thought maybe you'd changed. You said you and Grace were friends.

JONES

No. Grace changed. Grace became one of them.

VALENTINA

What was she like before?

JONES

Just normal. She used to be pretty funny.

They watch the kids at the popular table fight over one plate of french fries.

VALENTINA

Wes McDade is nice. He gave me a ride home one time.

Jones looks surprised.

VALENTINA (cont'd)

My idiot brother left me stranded after a football game.

JONES

What did you talk about?

VALENTINA

Movies. He likes old movies.

Jones looks over at Wes.

INT. BAND ROOM - DAY

The band director, MR. SANCHINI, and Jones are in the band room, looking at instruments.

MR. SANCHINI

We don't have a glockenspiel player.

JONES

Mr. Sanchini, I can play pretty much any woodwind - clarinet, oboe, any kind of saxophone. Not the flute.

MR. SANCHINI

We don't have a glockenspiel player.

JONES

Snare drum...

He pulls the glockenspiel (metal xylophone) out and hands it to her.

JONES (cont'd)

It's like I'm trick-or-treating the day after Halloween, and all you have for me is a piece of fruit.

MR. SANCHINI

Jones, if you show up at my door the day after Halloween, all you'll get from me is one cherry cough lozenge.

JONES

That's all right; I'm not going to work that hard on the costume.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

The upscale hair salon where Jack works as a stylist. Jones sits at Jack's station, spinning around in his chair. Jack unpacks a box of products.

JACK

Maybe they're just leftover books from last year.

JONES

No, he left me a note.

JACK

A note?

She stops spinning and takes the note out of her pocket.

JONES

(reading)

"Dear Interloper. As you can see, this space is occupied. Perhaps you thought you could invade this territory and be greeted as a liberator. You were mistaken. You have until noon Tuesday to vacate the premises, leaving no trace of your brief occupation. I have confiscated your iPod, which will be returned upon the satisfactory conclusion of our brief yet inconsequential relationship."

JACK

Did he sign it?

JONES

"Locker twelve-nineteen. P.S. Your books smell nice."

JACK

He sniffed your books? That sounds like a fetish.

JONES

No, he's right. They do smell nice. They're brand new. They make that cracking sound when you open them.

JACK
So you both love the smell of
textbooks in the morning.

JONES
Yeah, smells like knowledge.

She looks at herself in the mirror.

JONES (cont'd)
Daddy.

JACK
What?

JONES
I just remembered. I need a
ponytail for work.

JACK
Okay.

He stands behind her and starts gathering her hair. They're
both quiet a moment; she's never let him touch the wig
before.

JACK (cont'd)
So, things were okay today?

She shrugs.

JONES
Yeah. No one really talked to me.
Just two kids in band.

JACK
(surprised)
What? What about all the kids you
knew before?

She shakes her head no.

JONES
It's okay. Two friends in one day
is pretty good.

JACK
That's true. Two friends and one
book-sniffing iPod thief. Don't
let him kick you out, either.
Stand your ground.

He still looks a little concerned.

JONES

(re: hair)

Is this going to look weird?

JACK

Not if you stop moving your head.

EXT. SONIC RESTAURANT - DAY

A Sonic restaurant with drive-up car service. Employees on roller skates bring the food out to the cars. Jones' car pulls into the parking lot.

INT. SONIC BACK ROOM - DAY

Jones is in the back room of the restaurant with the shift manager, RICK, 20's. She wears the Sonic employee uniform. Rick demonstrates how to punch in.

RICK

I'm shift manager weekday afternoons. Except Tuesday, when I have Krav Maga.

Jones nods like she knows what Krav Maga is. PETE, 19, another Sonic employee, enters from the restaurant.

PETE

Hey. Rick, I'm taking lunch.

Rick checks his watch.

RICK

What time did you come in?

PETE

One.

Rick checks his watch again, like he's deciding whether to let Pete go on break. Pete looks at Jones and rolls his eyes.

RICK

Okay. But next time, tell me fifteen minutes before you want to take lunch.

PETE

Who's this?

RICK
Pete, this is Jones. She's
starting today.

JONES
Hi.

Pete gives her a business handshake.

PETE
I look forward to working with you.
I'd like to stay and chat, but Rick
has started timing my lunch break.

He leaves out the back door. Rick looks at his watch.

RICK
Pete's the weekend manager, but
that's probably just temporary. I
have Krav Maga Saturday and Sunday.

INT. SONIC RESTAURANT - DAY

A few minutes later, Jones, now dressed in the Sonic uniform,
follows Rick into the restaurant.

RICK
(to Jones)
Follow me. We'll get you trained
on the register.

She follows him to the counter.

RICK (cont'd)
Grace.

Grace is working the register. She turns around; Jones and
Grace see each other at the same time.

RICK (cont'd)
Grace, this is Jones.

GRACE
Oh, hi.

RICK
She's starting today. I need you
to train her on the register for
the rest of your shift, then have
her count out your drawer.

GRACE

Okay.

Rick leaves. The girls eye each other awkwardly.

JONES

I didn't know you worked here.

GRACE

Yeah, evidently.

JONES

Evidently you work here, or
evidently I didn't know?

GRACE

Both.

She turns back to the register.

GRACE (cont'd)

So. Everything on the menu has its
own button. The drinks are on the
right, and the sides are down in
this corner. I'll show you when I
have a customer.

A FEMALE CUSTOMER enters, but stands back from the counter,
reading the menu.

JONES

I'll pretend we don't know each
other. She might think we're
friends.

GRACE

I'll act how I want to act, and you
act how you want to act. I don't
have anything against you.

JONES

What would you have against me?

GRACE

Nothing. I don't.

JONES

Fine.

GRACE

Sometimes people grow apart, it
isn't anyone's fault.

Jones looks a little surprised; she thinks it's Grace's fault. The customer approaches the counter.

GRACE (cont'd)

Hi, are you ready to order?

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The next morning, Jones opens her locker and finds a CD and an envelope. She looks at the artwork on the CD cover, a little confused by how good it is. She opens the letter.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Jones and Valentina sit in the courtyard before class. Valentina is reading Jones' letter.

VALENTINA

(reading)

"Dear Squatter. As the deadline for your departure from my locker nears, I have cause to reflect upon our shared history. I find myself re-living small moments, both painful (discovering that my sanctuary had been violated by an anonymous stranger) and triumphant (seizing the stranger's iPod)."

(to Jones)

What's with this guy? It's been two days, right? He's reliving small moments from the past day and half?

(reading)

"I can't say that I won't miss your companionship in my loneliest hours, but I can say that I'll be glad to have a place to put my gym bag."

(to Jones)

What's on the CD?

JONES

It says "Stuff you don't have."
Let's see - Razorlight, Tom Petty,
The Band, Jet, Gym Class Heroes,
Fatboy Slim... Golden Earring?

Valentina shrugs; she takes the CD and reads the list.

VALENTINA

There's a band called The Band?

JONES

(nods)

There was. In the seventies, I think.

VALENTINA

Do you think he knows who you are?

Jones doesn't think anyone would leave notes for her.

JONES

No.

VALENTINA

It's like that movie where they write letters but they know each other in person but they don't know who they're writing to. Then they find out, and realize they were in love all along. Did you write him back? You have to write him back.

JONES

I'm not writing him back. Well, maybe I could write "Give me my iPod."

Valentina waves the letter at her.

VALENTINA

He can't say that he won't miss your companionship in his loneliest hours.

JONES

I can't say that I don't miss my iPod.

Valentina gasps, thinking of something.

VALENTINA

What if it's Darren? Darren's weird like this.

JONES

See? I shouldn't write back.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Jones sits at a computer in the computer room. She takes the CD out of its case and puts it in the disc drive, then puts on headphones. She listens to the first song and opens up a blank document file and begins to type: "Dear book-sniffing iPod thief." She backspaces over the words and types "Dear Benevolent Despot."

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The marching band is practicing outside. Mr. Sanchini cuts them off in the middle of a song.

MR. SANCHINI

Okay, what we need to remember is that Rome wasn't built in a day. It took well over a week. I want to see just the woodwinds, in formation. Everyone else get on the other side of the twenty-yard line.

Valentina lines up with the other woodwinds. Jones moves across the line and sits in the grass. Darren comes and sits next to her. He sets down his trombone. Jones lifts her hair off her neck and fans herself; the wig is hot.

DARREN

You okay?

JONES

Yeah. The disguise is a little hot, that's really my biggest complaint about it at the moment. Oh, and everyone can still recognize me.

Darren has a bottle of water. He takes a handkerchief out of his pocket and pours water onto it. He starts to place it on her neck, then pulls back and hands it to Jones.

DARREN

Hold it on your neck.

She puts the wet handkerchief on the back of her neck and lets her hair back down.

JONES

Thanks.

DARREN

You're very welcome. Hey, did you ever finish that story you were writing in Klingon?

She's matter-of-fact, not embarrassed.

JONES

Yeah.

DARREN

What's it about?

JONES

Well, it's... do you want to read it?

DARREN

Yeah.

JONES

I'll send it to you. Give me your e-mail address.

Darren pulls a card case out of his pocket and extracts a business card.

DARREN

My Klingon isn't that good.

JONES

I'll send it in English also.

DARREN

I eagerly anticipate it. Hey, what happened with your locker?

JONES

Why do you ask?

DARREN

Because I don't know the answer.

JONES

(suspicious)
You don't?

DARREN

What?

JONES

Where's your locker?

DARREN

Right outside the chem lab, number 512. Why, do you want to put some of your stuff in mine?

She's convinced now that Darren has his own locker.

JONES

No.

DARREN

It's okay, I've got room.

Mr. Sanchini blows a whistle. They stand up.

JONES

No, I'm fine, I'm getting it worked out.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jones goes to her locker. She looks around as she works the combination, but everyone has their own lockers. She opens the door and sees, inside, her iPod. She grabs it and turns it on, checking to make sure everything is the same. Then she looks back inside the locker. There's no note this time, but there's a new shelf, marked with arrows and the words "yours" and "mine". Jones notices a string hanging from the top of the locker. She pulls it and a banner unrolls, reading "Detante!" Jones touches the sign, impressed by the mechanics of it. She looks around the hall again, then gets her book for the next class and closes the locker.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

After school, Jones lugs the glockenspiel case to her car. As she struggles to unlock the door, Wes and Kendra arrive at an SUV a few spots away. Wes looks surprised to see Jones. He smiles at her, looks away, then looks back at her. After a moment, Jones looks away, confused.

KENDRA

Wes, unlock!

WES

What?

KENDRA

Unlock it, babe! I need AC!

Jones looks disappointed to see that they're together. She focuses on unlocking her car door.

INT. JONES' CAR - DAY

Jones starts her car and puts in the CD. She skips to the song she wants to hear and turns up the volume. It's Jet's "Cold Hard Bitch." While the intro plays, she leans in close to the air conditioner vents, letting the cold air blow on her face. The lyrics start and she sings along:

JONES/MUSIC
(singing)
"Gotta leave town, got another
appointment..."

INT. JONES' CAR - DAY

Jones is driving down the street, still singing along.

JONES/MUSIC
(singing)
"Cold hard bitch, it's just a kiss
on the lips, and I was on my knees,
I'm waiting, give me, cold hard
bitch..."

Jones stops at a light and continues singing along. She glances at the car next to her; it's a high school boy, staring right at her. Jones stops singing for a moment, then decides to sing louder, banging her head, gesturing with her arms. As the light turns green, she turns and sings a line to the boy, who shakes his head like she's crazy and hits the gas.

INT. SONIC RESTAURANT - DAY

Jones and Pete work at the drive-through window. Pete wears a headset and takes orders; Jones makes drinks for him.

PETE
(into headset)
Okay, pull up to the window.
(to Jones)
So, wait, what? Your drawer was
short yesterday?

JONES
No, it was over. Forty-three
cents. He gave me a warning.
(MORE)

JONES (cont'd)
How many warnings do I get before
I'm fired?

Pete takes money from the customer at the window.

PETE
Rick is just the shift manager. He
can't fire you.

JONES
He mentioned it again today.
Twice.

PETE
I'm telling you, he's powerless.
Why do you think he goes to Krav
Maga?

JONES
Krav Maga! What is that?

PETE
It's a deadly Israeli martial art.

Grace comes up to them, carrying a drink. She holds it out
to Jones.

GRACE
Your customers are returning their
drinks. This is the third one.

JONES
Huh? Why?

GRACE
I think they want them exactly the
way they ordered them. Not just
sort of close.

Grace manages to sound matter-of-fact, not sarcastic.

PETE
Hey, Grace, what's Krav Maga?

GRACE
It's a deadly Israeli martial art.
Practiced, apparently, by pathetic,
petty little men.

JONES
(re: drink)
What's it supposed to be?

GRACE

I made them a new one. But three's my limit.

JONES

Sorry.

GRACE

Don't worry about it.

She tosses the drink in the trash and turns to go back to the front.

PETE

Grace, what's the first principle of Krav Maga?

GRACE

(without turning back)
Neutralize the threat!

PETE

(to Jones)
Everybody messes up drinks their first time. She's just in a bad mood.

JONES

It's okay. She and I are in kind of a fight.

PETE

Since when?

JONES

Going on three years.

PETE

So, more like a Mexican standoff.

JONES

I'd say that's apt.

Pete moves his headset microphone into place, then covers it to ask Jones something.

PETE

How could you be off forty-three cents? That's got to be like five mistakes. Do you just grab random amounts of change?

JONES

(laughs)

Look, I don't claim to be good at my job.

PETE

That's good. You shouldn't.

INT. SONIC BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Grace is in the back room, after her shift. She's changed into a cute outfit and is brushing out her hair, like she's going somewhere after work. Jones enters and punches her timecard.

GRACE

I didn't mean to get mad about the drinks. I mean, I wasn't mad.

JONES

I honestly don't care.

She goes to get her backpack.

GRACE

Jones, you know, we have practically identical work schedules.

JONES

So?

GRACE

So, I was thinking you and I could agree to be more friendly.

JONES

Friendly?

GRACE

With each other.

JONES

You're the one who wanted to stop being friends in the first place.

GRACE

That's not exactly what happened.

JONES

That is exactly what happened. You dropped me.

(MORE)

JONES (cont'd)

As soon as we started high school,
you dropped me so you could be
friends with Kendra and Chasen and
make cheerleading.

GRACE

(defensive)

I tried out for cheerleading. I
had more than just one friend.
That's what I did to you?

JONES

However you need to justify it.
You know what? You're right.
Let's be friendly. Not friends,
just friendly.

She picks up her stuff and leaves.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

First period French class. The students watch the morning
announcements on TV. Kendra is sitting next to Wes with her
arm around him. She talks into his ear, too loudly.

KENDRA

I just need to copy the second
part. I have the bocavulary...

She laughs; she's drunk.

KENDRA (cont'd)

The bocav... The vocab-u-lar-y.

She looks proud. Chasen and Grace look at each other; Chasen
smirks. Kendra attempts to look sober; she opens her
notebook and shuffles some papers.

KENDRA (cont'd)

Oh, no I don't.

WES

Kendra, shhh, be quiet a second.

She smiles, like she's being charming.

KENDRA

No, I just want the second part.
And the vo-cab-u-lar-y. The whole
asinine... that's not the word.

WES

Kendra.

KENDRA

Just give me the, the stuff.

WES

Calm down.

KENDRA

Why, because you say so? Everybody has to do everything you say. You're mister perfect.

GRACE

What time did she stop drinking?

CHASEN

Who says she stopped?

KENDRA

Fuck you, Mademoiselle... Superior.

MONSIEUR J.

Mademoiselle Richmond, avez-vous un petit probleme ce matin?

KENDRA

Fuck you, Apu.

She starts laughing. Chasen laughs at Kendra, but Wes and Grace don't think it's funny. Jones has been watching; she looks concerned.

WES

Maybe I'll take her to the nurse or something.

Monsieur J. nods, accepting the offer.

KENDRA

Maybe I'll take you to bed.

WES

Okay, then.

He forces Kendra to stand up and starts to move her towards the door. He catches Jones' eye; she looks down.

INT. SONIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Grace and her boyfriend TOM, 18, very good-looking, sit together at a table during Grace's break.

TOM

I just don't want to hear later
that you were acting like a slut
all night.

He takes some of her fries.

GRACE

What?

TOM

I know it's not always your fault.

GRACE

What is it that is sometimes my
fault, but not always?

TOM

Nothing, I'm just kidding. I trust
you.

GRACE

I don't need your permission to go
to Jen's party.

TOM

You have my permission. You may go
to Jen's party.

He says it like he's joking. She takes it that way, and
smiles.

GRACE

Do I have your permission to go
back to work?

TOM

Bring me some more fries.

She gets up and kisses him quickly.

GRACE

You want cheese?

INT. SONIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT - SAME

Pete is watching Grace and Tom from behind the counter.
Jones is at a register; she hands a customer some change.

PETE

What does she see in him?

JONES
What do you care?

PETE
I don't. I don't care. Nope, not me.

Now Jones gets it.

JONES
Don't they have girls at U of A?

PETE
Not that I've noticed.

INT. DUFRESNE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jones comes in from outside, wearing her Sonic uniform. She sets her backpack on the table and walks to the refrigerator. As she opens the refrigerator, she notices a message on the chalkboard by the phone. It says "Jones - Wes called. Call him back." Jones quickly closes the refrigerator; she stares at the chalkboard in disbelief.

INT. JACK AND FREDDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Freddy are in bed. Jack is reading, and Freddy is watching Jon Stewart on TV. There's a knock on the door.

JACK
Come in.

Jones opens the door and comes in.

JONES
Who took that phone message?

JACK
Which one?

JONES
The one about Wes McDade.

Freddy mutes the TV.

FREDDY
Who's Wes McDade?

JACK
The boy who called Jones.

JONES
Are you sure?

JACK
Sure about what?

JONES
Are you sure it was Wes McDade?

JACK
It was Wes Something. The number's
on caller ID.

FREDDY
Who's Wes McDade?

JACK
Yes, who is Wes McDade?

JONES
Just a kid in my French class.

She sits on the edge of the bed.

FREDDY
Does he have anything to do with
the ubiquitous McDade Realty
billboards?

JONES
I think that's his dad.

FREDDY
Ask him if he'll take down the one
across from my office. I used to
have a view.

She lies back on the foot of the bed.

JACK
Aren't you going to call him back?
I told him you'd be home late. He
said, and I quote, "Fine. Okay.
Cool."

JONES
It's probably nothing, it's
probably about homework, right?

She looks at Jack; he shrugs.

INT. JONES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jones sits on her bed, staring at her phone. Suddenly, she picks it up, finds the number on caller ID, and hits the button to dial it. She closes her eyes.

JONES
(into phone)
Wes? Um, hi, this is Jones. My
dad said you called me?

INT. WES' BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Wes is at his computer, with a solitaire game on the screen. He's been killing time, waiting for her call.

WES
(into phone)
Oh, yeah, well I was just
calling... there was more than one
reason, actually. Did you ever see
that movie where two people
exchange letters anonymously
without realizing they already know
each other?

INTERCUT between Wes' bedroom and Jones' bedroom:

JONES
I've seen three movies like that.

WES
Oh, I've seen two.

JONES
The other one's a musical.

WES
Yeah, that's the one I haven't
seen.

JONES
I like the black and white one.

WES
Yeah, but why are they speaking
English? Aren't they in Hungary?

JONES

Is this why you called? You think we should have more American movies with Hungarian dialogue?

WES

That's the first reason. The second reason is that I wanted to... I wanted to find out your locker number.

JONES

Twelve-nineteen. What's yours?

WES

Twelve-nineteen. Well, twelve-nineteen B. Downstairs from twelve-nineteen A.

Jones is thinking about what this means, the notes that were from Wes. After a moment:

JONES

Thanks for the CD. I listen to that Jet song about fifty times a day. Is this an eviction phone call?

WES

Can't a person call you on the phone, Jones?

JONES

Yes, sorry.

WES

So, Jones. You know what I like about your name, it sounds like we're in a detective movie.

JONES

(laughs)

I know. Mostly over the phone, I don't know why.

WES

So, Jones. Are you free on Saturday?

Even though she had hoped for it, she's surprised that it's happening.

JONES
Huh? Now, what?

WES
Saturday. Are you busy?

JONES
What time?

WES
Seven.

JONES
Seven PM?

WES
Yes.

JONES
You're asking me if I'm free at
seven o'clock Saturday night.

WES
So I can pick you up at your house
and take you out to dinner or
something. Some kind of date.

He over-enunciates the word "date."

JONES
Seriously?

Wes looks pained.

WES
Yes.

JONES
That's why you called?

She accidentally hits the telephone keypad and we hear the
phone redialing his number. She looks at the phone and
mouths the word "shit."

JONES (cont'd)
Wes? Are you there?

WES
Is this your first time operating a
telephone?

JONES
Aren't you dating Kendra?

WES

No. Not anymore. So, will you,
Detective Jones, go on a date with
your downstairs neighbor?

JONES

Okay, yes, I'd love to.

She rolls her eyes, and mouths "I'd love to?", then hangs her
head in embarrassment.

WES

Okay, then it's a date.

JONES

Okay.

WES

So I'll see you then. Well, I'll
see you at school first, then I'll
see you at your house.

JONES

Right. See you then. Goodnight.

WES

Goodnight.

INT. WES' BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Wes hangs up the phone.

WES

(to himself)

"I'll see you at school first, then
I'll see you at your house."

He shakes his head at his own stupidity.

INT. JONES' BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Jones sits on her bed, looking stunned and a little confused.
There's a knock on the door.

JONES

Come in.

Freddy opens the door.

FREDDY

The suspense is killing me. What did McDade Realty want?

JONES

(incredulous)

He wants to take me out.

FREDDY

(feigns confusion)

You? Why you?

JONES

Yeah, you think you're funny, but that's a real question. He's pretty much perfect.

She gets up and goes to her dresser to get her pajamas. Freddy goes to her bed and starts straightening the covers.

FREDDY

Nobody's perfect, except you. I checked online, it's true.

JONES

Where online?

FREDDY

Wikipedia.

JONES

Okay then.

Freddy folds back her bedcovers neatly and starts to leave.

FREDDY

Okay then. Goodnight, Peanut.

JONES

Goodnight.

FREDDY

You really don't think I'm funny?

JONES

Nobody thinks you're funny. I checked online.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The next day at school, Jones and Valentina are at Valentina's locker.

VALENTINA

I thought he was dating teen
alcoholic Kendra Richmond.

JONES

Not anymore.

VALENTINA

Wes McDade wrote you those geeky
letters?

JONES

You thought they were romantic.

VALENTINA

And I was right. Geeky and
romantic aren't mutually exclusive.
Did he use the word "date" or did
he ask you to hang out?

JONES

Date. I remember because he said
it like
(over-enunciating)
"date."

VALENTINA

What's that about?

JONES

I don't know. He did seem vaguely
geeky. Speaking of which, I'm
meeting Darren to study for
Calculus.

VALENTINA

That's okay. I have other friends.
I have plenty of friends.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Jones and Darren are studying for a calculus test together.

DARREN

How'd you get that?

She turns his notebook to look at his answer.

JONES

Average the left and right Riemann
sum to get the trapezoidal sum.
Then...

Darren realizes his mistake and turns his notebook back.

DARREN

Okay, nevermind, I'm an idiot.
Thank you.

JONES

You know I took this course online,
I just didn't finish it before
school started.

DARREN

I know, you're not more intelligent
than I am, just better educated.

JONES

I'm not less intelligent than you
are. I'm not even sure that's
possible.

Over his shoulder, she notices Wes, heading her way. Wes
comes up and stands next to their table. Darren looks up,
surprised to see him.

WES

Hey.

JONES

Hey.

WES

You don't eat lunch?

JONES

I had to tutor a special needs
student.

DARREN

She's kidding. I'm not actually...
um, slow...

JONES

No, that's right. He's not
actually slow.

Jones nods at Wes and mouths "Yes he is."

WES

So, Jones, tomorrow night, I can't
make it...

The bell rings before he can finish. Jones looks worried.

WES (cont'd)
I can't make it at seven. Is seven-thirty okay?

She looks relieved.

JONES
Sure. Seven-thirty.

WES
Great.

JONES
Hey, where are we going?

WES
It's a surprise.

He starts to leave, then pretends to remember something.

WES (cont'd)
Bring duct tape. And bail money.

He leaves. Jones closes her notebook and puts it in her backpack. Darren puts his notebook in his briefcase.

DARREN
When did all this happen?

JONES
They gave me his locker, you told me to put my books in it, and the rest is history... Possibly the earth reversed its rotation, but I haven't heard anything about it on TV.

Darren shakes his head at his bad luck and follows her out of the library.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Saturday night. The doorbell rings and Jack rushes to open the door. Wes stands outside, dressed nicely in a jacket and khakis.

JACK
Hi, you must be the book-sniffer.

WES
Mostly people call me Wes.

JACK
That's what we'll call you, then.
Come on in.

Wes enters. Freddy comes into the hallway.

FREDDY
McDade Realty!

JACK
Well, he's going to call you that.

Freddy extends his hand. Wes shakes it.

FREDDY
I'm Freddy, and this is Jack; we're
Jones' dads. Jones may or may not
be ready.
(calls out)
Jones?

JONES (O.S.)
One minute!

The three men stand staring at each other awkwardly.

JACK
She'll be right out. She can get
dressed in about four seconds.
She's always waiting on us.

WES
There's no hurry.

FREDDY
I enjoy your billboards. I read
every one, as soon as they come
out.

Jones comes out of her bedroom. They turn to look at her.
She's wearing jeans and a plain black tank top, but with
heels and a little make-up and earrings. She wears the wig,
but has styled it differently, off her face more. She sees
Wes' outfit and looks down at herself.

JONES
Oh. I should change.

All three men think she looks beautiful. Freddy looks like
he might cry. Jones gives him a warning look.

JACK

No, you can't change one single thing.

FREDDY

Let me get the camera.

He rushes off.

JONES

Dad. No.

(to Wes)

I can change fast.

WES

No. I mean. No.

JACK

Jones, trust us, you look...

He glances at Wes, not wanting to embarrass her.

JACK (cont'd)

Just get out of here before Freddy finds the camera.

He kisses her on the cheek.

JACK (cont'd)

If we're asleep when you get home...

JONES

I'll wake you up. Goodnight.

She leaves, followed by Wes.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

An expensive, dimly lit restaurant. Jones and Wes follow the maitre d' to their table. Jones looks around, self-conscious. The maitre d' seats them and hands them menus.

MAITRE D'

Your waiter will be here soon with the specials. Would you like to see the wine list?

Wes looks at Jones, who shakes her head no.

WES

No, thank you.

The maitre d' leaves.

WES (cont'd)
You don't drink.

JONES
I'm seventeen. Plus, they kept me stoned for about two months straight when I was sick. I like to keep my wits about me. Did you want to drink? Will they serve you?

WES
Here, they'd probably serve me. My dad owns the building. But I like this sober date idea of yours.

She nods and opens the menu.

JONES
This place is...

WES
What?

JONES
Expensive.

WES
So?

She closes the menu, so she can't see the prices.

JONES
Here's the thing. I don't know if I can enjoy food knowing it costs this much.

WES
I'll tell you what. If you don't like the food this time, if it's not the best food you ever tasted, we won't come back.

He reaches over and opens her menu.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jones and Wes are eating.

JONES

This is actually ten times better than anything I've ever eaten.

WES

So that would make me...

JONES

Right. You were right. So, here's a question for you.

WES

What?

JONES

How did you know I was the locker interloper?

WES

I'm glad you asked me that. It was a complicated piece of detective work. Here's what tipped me off: Your name's on your iPod.

JONES

No it isn't.

WES

Yes it is. When you click on "about."

Jones claps her hand to her forehead.

JONES

My name's on my iPod. So you knew the first day of school.

WES

When did you know it was my locker?

JONES

Half yours. When you called me on the phone. That's what tipped me off. Did you make that CD cover?

WES

Yeah.

JONES

It's really good. That sign too. Is that what think you'll do, art or graphic design or whatever?

WES

No, I'm going into commercial real estate.

JONES

You're interested in commercial real estate?

WES

Not really, no.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

After dinner, Jones and Wes are walking in a park near the restaurant.

JONES

And, I have to learn the glockenspiel for marching band.

WES

Wait. Now, what?

JONES

The glockenspiel.

WES

What's a glockenspiel?

JONES

A metal xylophone.

WES

You used to play oboe, though, didn't you?

JONES

Yeah, freshman year. How'd you know that?

WES

I saw you playing the oboe. Freshman year. In the marching band.

She looks confused.

JONES

You remember seeing me freshman year?

WES

Yeah, why?

JONES

No reason.

WES

You used to wear those green sneakers.

JONES

Yes I did. I can't believe you knew who I was.

WES

Did you think you were invisible? An oboe-playing spectre in green sneakers?

JONES

Something like that.

Jones steps onto the grass and her foot sinks in the wet ground. She steps back.

JONES (cont'd)

Just a minute. I have to take off my shoes.

WES

No, here, hop on.

He bends over so she can jump on his back.

JONES

Okay. Wait.

She tentatively touches his shoulder.

WES

Just hop on. I got you.

She puts her arms around his shoulders and he lifts her up at the knees. He carries her across the grass to the parking lot. Once on the pavement, he stops and looks around. He doesn't put her down.

JONES

You can let me down now.

WES

Oh, I forgot you were up there.

EXT. DUFRESNE HOUSE - NIGHT

Wes' car is parked in front of Jones' house. Wes and Jones are outside the car, leaning against it, facing the street.

JONES

Yeah, I pretty much stayed inside all summer. I had to catch up on school so I can graduate on time. Plus, I was bald.

WES

Did you think you were going to die?

She looks surprised, like she hasn't thought about it before.

JONES

No. I mean, I guess I knew it was a possibility, but it wasn't to me. It's hard to explain; I just thought about what I needed to do, and I knew if I did it, I'd be fine. You play baseball, right?

He nods.

JONES (cont'd)

It's like, the whole time you're playing the game, while you're in it, you only see yourself winning it. Or maybe you don't. I feel like I'm talking a lot.

She turns her head to look at her house. The lights are on, but she can't see anyone. Wes looks at the house, and then at Jones.

WES

Will you do me a favor?

JONES

Sure.

WES

Don't tell your dads I offered you alcohol.

JONES

I won't.

WES

Are they the kind of parents
that... would spy on you from
inside the house?

JONES

I don't think so. Just periodic
checks maybe.

She stops glancing at the house. She stands perfectly still
and looks down at her feet. Wes moves to stand in front of
her, facing her. She looks up at him nervously. Wes looks
nervous too; he keeps glancing up at the upstairs window.

JONES (cont'd)

Do you see anyone?

WES

Just you.

He reaches out and takes her hands, then leans in and kisses
her.

INT. SONIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT

After closing, Jones, Pete, and Grace are cleaning up. Jones
sweeps the restaurant while Pete and Grace clean behind the
counter. The radio is turned up; "Ice Ice Baby" is playing.
Grace spins in a circle and does a choreographed move with
her arms. Pete looks at her, then out at Jones. Jones is
doing exactly the same dance moves.

PETE

Grace.

GRACE

What?

PETE

What are you doing?

GRACE

Cleaning my station.

PETE

How come you and Jones are both
doing the exact same dance moves?

She looks out at Jones, who's sweeping and dancing at the
same time.

GRACE

Oh. We did it for the sixth grade talent show. We practiced like five hours a day. Now I can't hear "Ice Ice Baby" without doing the dance.

PETE

Why'd you pick "Ice Ice Baby"?

He seems disdainful of the song. Grace opens her mouth, astonished.

GRACE

Because it *kicks ass*.

PETE

It's Vanilla Ice.

GRACE

And Vanilla Ice kicks ass.

PETE

How'd you guys do in the talent show?

GRACE

We kicked ass.

He looks at Jones, who's still doing the routine.

PETE

(skeptical)

You won?

GRACE

Sometimes it's not about winning. Sometimes it's about kicking ass.

PETE

And you guys weren't popular?

GRACE

Sometimes it's not about popularity. You know what it's sometimes about?

PETE

No, what?

GRACE

Kicking. Ass.

Pete looks out at Jones; she's still dancing.

PETE
You guys are like Pavlov's dogs,
only instead of a bell, it's "Ice
Ice Baby."

GRACE
It's true. We're like...
(barking/singing along
with song)
Urf, urf, baby... urf, urf baby.

PETE
What kind of dog is that?

GRACE
(laughs)
It's a little scruffy dog.

Rick comes in from the back room.

RICK
Grace, if you're done, I need you
to clock out.

GRACE
Oh, I'm not done.

RICK
Oh, you looked done. Let Pete
finish in here. You can do the
restrooms.

Grace smiles at Pete and hands him her cleaning supplies.

GRACE
Love to.

RICK
What?

GRACE
Nothing, Rick. Sorry, Rick.

RICK
Let's hurry up. I have Krav Maga
in the morning.

Rick leaves.

GRACE
(low, to Pete)
He does Krav Maga?

EXT. SONIC PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Grace walks to her car at the end of her shift. She passes by Jones' car. Jones is trying to start it, but the engine keeps stalling. Grace stops just past the car, listening, waiting for it to start.

INT. JONES' CAR - NIGHT - SAME

Jones tries it one last time, then gives up. She sits back in the driver's seat and picks up her phone. There's a tap on the window. She looks up and sees Grace. She rolls the window down.

GRACE
You want a ride?

JONES
No, I'll call my dads.

GRACE
Okay, but I'm not leaving you alone
in the parking lot at night.

She leans back against the car. Jones rolls up her window, then opens the car door and gets out.

INT. GRACE'S CAR - NIGHT

Grace drives Jones home in silence. She keeps glancing over at Jones.

GRACE
Does that thing itch?

JONES
No.

Grace starts scratching her head.

GRACE
Are you sure? It doesn't itch
right now?

Jones can't help it; she has to scratch her head.

JONES

Stop it.

GRACE

Why don't you take it off?

JONES

Because I don't have any hair.

GRACE

Still? It must be growing back.
Let me see.

JONES

No.

GRACE

Why not?

JONES

Why do you want to see it?

GRACE

I'm just curious. Let me see.

JONES

No.

(beat)

I have to ask you something. Did
you come see me when I was in the
hospital?

GRACE

Don't you remember?

JONES

Jack and Freddy said you came. Did
they ask you to?

GRACE

No. You don't remember talking to
me in the hospital?

Jones shakes her head no.

JONES

I don't remember the first couple
of weeks. What did we talk about?

GRACE

Krav Maga, mostly.

Jones laughs.

GRACE (cont'd)

No, I don't know. You told me to go away and never come back, I remember that.

Grace shrugs, like she really doesn't care.

JONES

Oh. Sorry.

GRACE

It's okay, I came back anyway. But you wouldn't see me. Then I figured you meant it.

Jones looks uncomfortable; she doesn't know what to say.

GRACE (cont'd)

I know I did a terrible thing, but I don't think I did an unforgiveable thing.

JONES

I just don't really know why you did it. Did I do something?

GRACE

No. I just thought high school was a chance to be someone different than before. I just wanted to be normal. Everyone saw you and me as this entity, this weird little pair of girls that no one else wanted to be friends with.

JONES

Just me. Everyone liked you. They wouldn't have cared if you stayed friends with me too.

Grace realizes now that this is true.

GRACE

I'm sorry.

JONES

I'm sorry too, about the hospital.

GRACE

What's funny is, now that you're back, I miss you.

Jones shakes her head; she won't agree to be friends again.

JONES

I'm still the same, Grace. I'm still the weird kid with the gay parents who got picked on. Maybe you think I've changed, but I'm the same.

Grace stops the car and Jones notices they're at her house.

GRACE

I'm the same too. I'm still the same person.

JONES

We just don't go together anymore.

GRACE

I think you're mistaken. I think, with time, you'll discover that you are mistaken.

Grace nods, satisfied for now.

JONES

Well, thanks for the ride.

GRACE

Anytime.

Jones hesitates before getting out.

JONES

Do you really want to see it?

Grace nods. Jones removes her wig. Grace stares at her, assessing her short hair.

GRACE

(decisive)

It looks amazing.

JONES

No. It came in darker.

GRACE

I can't believe you've been wearing the wig. I can't believe you ever wore your hair long.

JONES

I look like an ostrich.

GRACE
No. Trust me.

JONES
Okay. Thanks.

She opens the car door. Grace tries to grab the wig, but Jones gets it first.

INT. DUFRESNE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Freddy sit on the couch. Jones stands in front of them, without her wig.

JACK
I can't believe you ever wore it long.

FREDDY
There are a handful of women - Jean Seberg, Mia Farrow, Audrey Hepburn, of course...

JACK
Twiggy.

JONES
I look like an ostrich.

JACK
No you don't.

FREDDY
A little around the beak.

JONES
(to Jack)
Can I wear it yet? It's still pretty short back here.

She touches her hair near her neck. She goes over near him and he stands up and inspects the spot.

JACK
Absolutely you can wear it.

JONES
Can you fix it for me?

JACK
I thought you'd never ask.

He gets up, eager to start the haircut.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

First period French, before class. The room is filling with students. Monsieur J. is at the board, his back to the room. Jones is one of the last students to enter. The bell rings and she sits down, and Monsieur J. turns around. He notices her new hair.

MONSIEUR J
Mademoiselle Dufresne. Vos chevaux
sont jolis. Tres jolis.

JONES
Merci.

VALENTINA
Oui, ils sont mignons.

Embarrassed, she glances over at Wes' group. Grace smiles at her. Wes looks a little stunned.

MONSIEUR J
Savez-vous Jean Seberg?

He writes "Jean Seberg" on the board.

JONES
Oui.

MONSIEUR J
Vous ressemblez la belle actrice
Jean Seberg.

JONES
Merci. Ca suffit, Monsieur.
Arretons maintenant.

MONSIEUR J
Comme vous desirez, Mademoiselle
Seberg.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The last quarter of the Friday night Tucson High football game. Jones sits in the stands with the rest of the marching band. Grace is a cheerleader; she sits with the others in the front row of the stands.

The home team scores and the band stands and plays a short victory song, swinging their instruments in unison.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT - LATER

The game has ended, and the stands empty out. Jones climbs down and joins the crowd leaving the game. She sees Wes standing with a few of his friends. She's going to walk past, but he sees her and comes over to her. She realizes that he was waiting for her.

WES

Hey.

JONES

Hey.

WES

Carry your glockenspiel?

JONES

Thanks.

He takes it from her and they walk side by side. He puts his free hand on her shoulder, then moves it over to rub her head.

WES

(re: her hair)

I like this.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jones and Wes are getting into Wes' car. Jones has changed out of her band uniform. Wes' friend BEN, 17, comes over to Wes.

BEN

Hey, where are you guys going?

WES

We haven't decided.

BEN

You gotta come to Danny's party.
His brother is home this weekend,
he got us some beer.

(to Jones)

Jones, right?

She nods.

BEN (cont'd)

We have beer, and the means to
obtain more beer.

WES

She doesn't drink.

BEN

Then we'll have a variety of soft
drinks and, of course, the means to
obtain more. What do you say,
Jones?

She looks at Wes.

JONES

If you want to.

Wes smiles at Ben.

WES

We'll be there.

INT. BEN'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Jones and Wes are sitting on a couch in Ben's family room,
watching a group of guys playing video games on the giant TV.
Jones has a Coke; Wes isn't drinking anything. She looks
bored.

WES

You ready to go?

She nods. They get up.

EXT. BEN'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Wes and Jones walk down the street to his car. They both
look unhappy.

JONES

So.

WES

So.

JONES

You can drop me off and come back
if you want.

WES

Oh, that party wouldn't be any fun
without you.

She laughs.

WES (cont'd)

I'd be surprised if it goes another
fifteen minutes, now that the life
of the party has left.

JONES

I'm sorry.

WES

You could give them a chance.

JONES

I could give *them* a chance?

WES

They aren't judging you. They're
good guys, my friends anyway.
Craig and Ben and Danny.

JONES

It wasn't them.

They've reached the car. Wes stays with Jones on the
passenger side.

WES

What wasn't them?

JONES

Some of those kids used to tease
me.

WES

When?

JONES

Middle school, junior high. They
said I was a lesbian, they said my
dads were child molesters. By high
school, they just ignored me.

WES

Why didn't you tell me?

JONES

I don't know. I mean, it doesn't really matter anymore. I shouldn't have even told you now.

WES

Why not?

JONES

I don't want you to feel sorry for me.

He looks surprised at the suggestion.

WES

I don't feel sorry for you.

JONES

You don't?

WES

Nope.

He grins at her; she feels better.

JONES

Okay. Good.

WES

Hey, do you want pancakes?

JONES

Right now? Yeah.

He opens the passenger door and lets her in. He closes the door and goes around to the drivers side. Jones smiles to herself, content.

INT. DUFRESNE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack is at the counter, fixing a snack. Jones comes in from her date with Wes.

JACK

Hey. What did you guys do?

JONES

We just went to IHOP.

Jack looks at his sandwich.

JACK

Now I want pancakes. Did you have
a good time?

Suddenly, she smiles, like she can't help it.

JONES

Yeah. Yeah, we had a good time.
I'm going to bed.

JACK

Okay, Peanut. Goodnight.

She leaves the kitchen. Jack looks slightly apprehensive; he
knows she's fallen hard for Wes.

INT. JACK AND FREDDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Freddy is asleep. Jack eats in bed, reading a magazine. The
phone rings. Jack checks the Caller ID and doesn't answer
it. It rings twice and stops.

INT. JONES' BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Jones answers the phone.

JONES

(into phone)

Hello?

INT. WES' BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Wes sits on his bed with the phone.

WES

Hey.

INTERCUT Jones' and Wes' bedrooms:

JONES

Hey.

WES

Sorry to call so late.

JONES

It's okay.

WES

I'm calling for more than one reason.

Jones smiles.

JONES

I'm not really the kind of person who needs to know why you called.

WES

Who is this?

JONES

It's me.

WES

Just checking. First of all, Jones, you can eat a lot of pancakes.

JONES

Thank you.

WES

You're welcome. Second, and I meant to mention this earlier, you have a lot of Dolly Parton on your iPod.

JONES

Well, Dolly's more than just a great entertainer, she's an exemplary human being. I can lend your her autobiography.

WES

Okay, yeah, I'd like to read that.

JONES

Really?

WES

No, I was just... lying.

They both sit quiet for a few moments.

JONES

Were there just two things?

WES

No...

More silence.

JONES
Did you forget?

WES
No. No. The third reason I'm
calling is to tell you that I love
you.

JONES
You do?

WES
I think so.

JONES
You think.

WES
No. I'm positive. So, Jones, I
love you, I'll say it again, you
don't have to say it back. In
fact, don't say it back, because
now I won't know if you mean it.

She closes her eyes and takes the chance:

JONES
I love you too.

WES
You aren't mad that I told you on
the phone.

JONES
I don't think so. I don't feel
mad. I feel happy.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Before band practice starts, Jones and Valentina sit together
on the bleachers. Darren isn't there; the band members are
still arriving.

JONES
Listen to this.

She starts playing a song on the glockenspiel.

VALENTINA
What is that?

Jones keeps playing; Valentina recognizes it as The Killers' "All these things that I've done".

VALENTINA (cont'd)
Oh. The Killers.

She sings a few words. Jones nods.

JONES
I'm teaching myself a song a day.
(emphatically)
I love the glockenspiel!

Valentina looks at her suspiciously; Jones is unusually happy.

VALENTINA
What's wrong with you?

JONES
If there's one thing I've learned,
Valentina, it's this: When life
hands you a glockenspiel, learn to
love the glockenspiel.

The snare drum player, SEAN, comes down a few rows to sit behind Jones in the bleachers.

SEAN
Hey, Jones, start that over.

She does. Sean sings, and comes in on the snare drum.

EXT. MCDADE TERRACE - NIGHT

Jones and Wes sit on the McDade terrace, overlooking Tucson. There are chairs, but they sit cross-legged on the ground, watching lightning from an oncoming monsoon.

WES
Now I smell it; do you smell it?

She nods and turns her face up to the sky. It starts to rain a little, but she keeps her face up. Wes reaches over and wipes some water off her cheek.

WES (cont'd)
You want to go inside?

She shakes her head no.

JONES

Not yet.

WES

If not now, when?

JONES

You can go. I like to get rained on. It's like being watered. I should tell you this about me: I don't own an umbrella.

The rain is picking up. Wes looks up, then down at his clothes, unsure.

JONES (cont'd)

You can go in. I'm fine.

WES

No, there's really no place I need to be.

He turns his face up and the rain comes down hard on them.

INT. WES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jones, her hair wet, wearing only a towel, stands alone in Wes' bedroom, looking at his baseball trophies. Her clothes are piled on the floor. There's a light knock on the door, then it opens.

MRS. MCDADE

Wes?

MRS. MCDADE steps into the room. Jones turns around, stunned, and holds the top of her towel.

MRS. MCDADE (cont'd)

Oh. Hello.

JONES

Hi. Wes is... getting me a dry shirt. From downstairs. I'm Jones.

MRS. MCDADE

You're Jones?

She seems confused, like she doesn't recognize the name, then smiles.

MRS. MCDADE (cont'd)

Okay. It's nice to meet you.
Jones. Once you're dressed, have
Wes bring you downstairs and make a
proper introduction.

JONES

Okay.

Mrs. McDade leaves. Jones mouths the words "Oh, shit."

INT. MCDADE STUDY - NIGHT

Mrs. McDade, Wes, and Jones sit in the McDade's study. Jones
wears dry clothes of Wes'. Wes looks more uncomfortable than
he does.

MRS. MCDADE

Is this your first year at Tucson
High?

JONES

No, I went there freshman year,
then part of sophomore year.

MRS. MCDADE

Did your family move?

JONES

Oh, no. I got leukemia. So, I was
out. Now I'm back.

MRS. MCDADE

Oh, I'm so sorry.

WES

Mom.

Wes gives her a look; she looks slightly guilty.

JONES

No, what's she supposed to say?
I've heard the responses, and "I'm
so sorry" is really the best one.

WES

Anyway, Mom, it's getting late.

Wes looks at her watch.

MRS. MCDADE

It's eight-thirty.

Jones gets up and walks over to a painting on the wall.

WES

I think I heard the dryer buzz.

MRS. MCDADE

I didn't.

JONES

(re: painting)

This one's amazing.

She glances back at Mrs. McDade.

MRS. MCDADE

Oh, thank you. It's a local
artist, Jeffrey Ketchum.

JONES

Yeah, he's friends with my dads.
And me. He's kind of my uncle.

Mrs. McDade looks at Wes, who gives her a warning look; don't
ask about the dads.

JONES (cont'd)

He painted me once.

Mrs. McDade is very interested.

MRS. MCDADE

He did?

WES

You didn't tell me that.

JONES

It didn't come up.

MRS. MCDADE

A portrait?

JONES

Yeah, for my birthday. I have it
in my bedroom.

MRS. MCDADE

Oh, I envy that, a portrait by
Jeffrey Ketchum. You're very
lucky.

Wes looks confused by their sudden rapport.

JONES

Yeah.

(looking at painting)

Next to mine, I think this one's my favorite.

Mrs. McDade smiles, flattered. She turns to Wes and smiles, approving.

INT. WES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jones has her dry clothes; she sets them on Wes' bed. Wes puts some other laundry away in his drawer.

JONES

I think your mom kind of likes me.

WES

She does.

JONES

I don't think she's ever heard of me, but now that she has, she likes me fine.

He looks at him, waiting for an explanation.

WES

She's heard of you. I've told her about you.

JONES

What did you tell her?

WES

I told her I was going out with a girl from school.

Jones isn't angry, she's disappointed. She tries to hide it; she starts changing into her jeans. Wes turns away for a moment.

WES (cont'd)

It doesn't mean anything. I don't tell my parents anything. Not anything important. Do you?

JONES

I tell them pretty much everything.

WES

Okay.

He sits on the bed. Jones sits next to him.

WES (cont'd)

All they care about, literally, is that I go to Stanford, like all the McDades have always done, since the beginning of time, and go into the family business. They don't care where I go, or who I see, or how much money I go through. Unless I don't go to Stanford, or don't go into the family business.

Jones accepts this. After a moment, she smiles.

JONES

(innocent)

What business is your family in?

Wes kisses her neck.

WES

Commercial real estate.

He keeps kissing her neck. Jones gasps a little.

WES (cont'd)

I can see that you're excited by the field.

He pulls her back onto the bed and kisses her, placing his hand on her stomach and sliding it up her shirt. They make out a little longer, then she grabs hold of his hand, stopping him.

JONES

Your mom already walked in on me in a towel.

He rolls away from her reluctantly.

WES

Okay, right. So, just change your shirt and I'll take you home.

She sits up and looks at him; she's not taking off her shirt now.

WES (cont'd)

Or, just keep that shirt and I'll get it later.

JONES

Did you ever tell your dad you
don't want to work for him?

WES

Not exactly. It wouldn't matter;
he knows I hate it.

JONES

I don't think you're being fair to
him. Maybe he doesn't even know if
you never told him. Maybe he'd
want you to be happy.

NT. CLASSROOM - DAY

First period French class. Monsieur J. sits behind his desk
while they watch the morning announcements.

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (ON TV)

...meets every Thursday afternoon
at three in Mr. Michael's room,
Room two-fifty-three. Finally, we
have the list of senior students
who have been nominated for
Homecoming King and Queen. They
are, for king, Jared Fisher, Wes
McDade, Casey Owens, Edward
Sanchez, and Alex Short. For
queen, Grace Abbott, Jones
Dufresne...

ones looks startled, then confused. She looks over at Wes.
e shrugs a little; he doesn't think it's that strange.

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (ON TV) (cont'd)

Tabitha Mason, Annie Neil, and
Justine Snyder. Voting will take
place October 27th during first
period, and the king and queen will
be announced at the Homecoming
football game October 30th.
Candidates, please come to the
office for a list of campaign
rules, and good luck.

JONES

Campaign rules?

VALENTINA

I'll help you.

JONES

No, I'm not campaigning. I don't want to be homecoming queen. Nobody wants me to be homecoming queen. How did I even get nominated?

ADAM

(to Valentina)
You didn't tell her?

Jones looks confused.

JONES

What did you do?

VALENTINA

Nothing. I got fifty signatures to nominate you.

JONES

Without telling me.

VALENTINA

I'm telling you now.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Jones talks to Mrs. Buckley.

JONES

But Mrs. Buckley, I didn't even know I was being nominated.

MRS. BUCKLEY

No one ever knows she's being nominated. Are you from some other country, some far-away land without homecoming or football or democracy?

JONES

No.

MRS. BUCKLEY

Let me get you the campaign rules.

JONES

I don't need that. I'm not campaigning for homecoming queen.

MRS. BUCKLEY

Then why do you have a campaign manager?

JONES

I don't.

MRS. BUCKLEY

You need to tell that to Victoria.

JONES

Valentina. I will. Can I just drop out? Do you have a form for that?

MRS. BUCKLEY

No, of course not. Every other girl in the history of Tucson High has been honored to be nominated by her classmates for homecoming queen. And you say you're not a foreigner?

JONES

Would that disqualify me from running for homecoming queen?

MRS. BUCKLEY

Of course not, we aren't xenophobes.

JONES

Then no. I'm from Tucson.

Mrs. Buckley holds out the list of rules and Jones takes them.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

GRACE and her boyfriend TOM sit across from each other at a table in the school library. Grace wears her cheerleading skirt with a regular t-shirt. At the next table, two cheerleaders are wearing the whole outfit. Jones is also at a nearby table, doing homework by herself. Grace has her legs stretched out, wrapped around one of Tom's legs.

TOM

Grace...

She's finishing a worksheet. She holds up one finger, without looking up. Tom takes his pen and pretends like he's going to write on her paper. She smiles and keeps writing.

GRACE

Don't. This is due in eight minutes.

TOM

I have to tell you something.

Grace looks up, smiling, expecting good news.

TOM (cont'd)

Um, I think we need to talk.

She looks a little apprehensive.

GRACE

About what?

TOM

The rest of this year.

GRACE

What about it?

TOM

I mean, it's my senior year, and I really never planned to be in a relationship senior year. With one person.

GRACE

You didn't.

Grace unwinds her legs and draws them back to her side of the table.

TOM

So we should probably take a break, or see other people, or something.

GRACE

Something like breaking up.

TOM

Maybe. Probably.

GRACE

You want to break up. Because we're seniors.

She flips her notebook closed and looks down at the table for a moment.

TOM

It's not anything you did.

GRACE

Shut up.

TOM

I just think...

he gets up.

GRACE

Shut up.

(louder)

Shut up. SHUT UP!

ids turn to stare at her. Jones looks concerned. She loses her book, but then doesn't get up. Grace rushes out of the library. Tom sees Jones; he gives her a look like Grace is crazy.

XT. SONIC RESTAURANT - DAY

Grace parks her car in the Sonic parking lot and gets out. She reaches into the back of the car and pulls out her Sonic employee uniform.

NT. SONIC RESTAURANT BACK ROOM - DAY

Grace enters the back room. Pete, dressed in his work uniform, puts his backpack in a cubbyhole.

PETE

I clocked in for you.

GRACE

Okay. Thanks.

he smiles at him, pretending she's fine.

PETE

You know what I was thinking...

Grace pulls on her uniform shorts under her skirt. Then she quickly pulls off her t-shirt, revealing her sports bra. Pete quickly shields his eyes and turns around.

PETE (cont'd)

Oh, hey. Give a man some warning.

he puts on her uniform shirt and kicks off her shoes.

GRACE

All dressed. What were you thinking?

PETE

I can't remember now. I've been traumatized. I've experienced sexual harassment in the workplace.

Grace takes a pair of roller skates out of her cubbyhole and sits down to put them on.

GRACE

Hey, Pete. Did you know there are monkeys who can roller-skate?

PETE

Chimpanzees. Not monkeys.

GRACE

What's the difference between chimpanzees and monkeys?

PETE

Chimpanzees can roller-skate.

Grace laughs.

GRACE

Do you think that, in the future, chimps will work at Sonic?

PETE

Yes. As shift managers.

GRACE

Me too. But don't tell anyone.

She gets up and skates into the restaurant.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Before marching band practice, Jones and Darren sit on the bleachers. Darren solves a Rubik's cube. Jones times him with his watch.

DARREN

Done.

JONES

Eighteen seconds. Unbelievable.

Valentina comes up to them.

JONES (cont'd)

Did you know that Darren can solve a Rubik's cube in eighteen seconds?

VALENTINA

Didn't somebody do it in like ten seconds?

DARREN

You, Valentina, are hard to impress.

He holds out to Jones a plastic bag full of small campaign buttons in different colors.

JONES

What's this?

VALENTINA

Your campaign for homecoming queen.

Darren reaches in and takes out a button. It says "Jones". He takes out another. They're all the same, just different colors.

DARREN

Shouldn't it say "Vote for Jones"?

VALENTINA

No, this is simpler. It has to be infectiously simple. I'm going to get into their brains and leave behind the name "Jones."

JONES

This is a lot of buttons.

VALENTINA

I know, but listen. No posters, no flyers, not one word from you asking for votes. Just buttons. Just buttons that say "Jones".

JONES

This isn't how I spell my name.

Valentina looks horrified.

JONES (cont'd)

Kidding.

VALENTINA

I could kill you. I've given out
over a hundred already.

Darren takes a handful of buttons and puts them in his
pocket. Jones takes one and looks at it a moment.

JONES

Thanks.

Valentina smiles, surprised and pleased.

VALENTINA

You're welcome.

EXT. SONIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jones, on roller skates, delivers food to a car. She hands
the driver his drink.

JONES

And your Coke slush.

DRIVER

Thank you.

Jones turns and skates away, past a car that's just pulling
into a spot. Jones recognizes the driver and takes a second
look. It's Tom and a girl (BROOKE). Jones sees Grace
approaching on skates, with a tray full of food. Grace sees
Tom's car and the girl inside with him. She looks stunned.

INT. SONIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Grace and Jones are both picking up trays for carside
delivery. Grace picks up her tray, then hesitates.

GRACE

(apprehensive)

Jones, do me a favor.

JONES

What?

GRACE

Trade with me.

JONES

Sure.

She takes Grace's tray from her.

GRACE

Thanks.

XT. SONIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT

ones delivers the order to Tom and Brooke.

TOM

What happened to Grace?

ones glances behind her at Grace.

JONES

She's got that side. It's eight
seventy-five.

om slowly gets the money out, watching Grace the whole time.
he's delivering food to a male customer. He says something
o her, smiling, and she laughs.

TOM

Slut.

ones looks surprised, then realizes he's talking about
race. Inside the car, Brooke laughs.

om hands over a pile of one dollar bills. Jones hands him
he bag of food and starts counting the cash.

om watches as Grace says something that makes her customer
laugh.

TOM (cont'd)

(to Jones)

Tell Grace she's a whore.

he ignores that.

JONES

There's only seven dollars here.
It's eight seventy-five.

TOM

Give it back. I'll just use my
card.

he hands the money back.

BROOKE

I asked for extra ketchup. Can I
get my extra ketchup?

Jones has to strain to be nice to her.

JONES

It's not in the bag?

Brooke looks.

BROOKE

Oh. It's okay, it's here.

Tom hands Jones a handful of change. She still has their drinks. She picks one up, but Tom is looking at Grace again.

TOM

What's she doing?

BROOKE

Negotiating her rate.

They both laugh. Grace looks over and sees them laughing at her. She looks upset, and turns back to her customer.

TOM

(yells out window)

How much are you charging? I got it for free.

Grace tries to maintain her composure. Jones tips the drink over onto Tom's lap.

TOM (cont'd)

What the fuck? You bitch.

Jones tips the other drink onto him, then skates away. Tom jumps out of the truck and looks down at his wet clothes.

TOM (cont'd)

You stupid bitch.

He starts running towards Jones. Grace drops her tray and skates over, getting between them before Tom can reach Jones. She puts her arms out to hold him back. Jones turns around, not sure what to do now.

GRACE

Tom. Back up.

All the customers are watching. Pete comes running out of the restaurant.

TOM

You always were a slut. That's the only reason I ever dated you.

Pete rushes up and shoves Tom. Tom almost falls down, but recovers and punches Pete in the face. Pete's not really much of a fighter.

PETE

(in pain)

Oh, shit.

Pete hesitates, then rushes Tom, knocking him to the ground. Brooke joins the fight, pulling Pete's hair. Grace grabs her arm, but she won't let go of his hair. Jones skates around and pulls on Brooke's hair. Brooke lets go of Pete and falls on her butt.

Rick comes out of the restaurant. He sees Pete and Tom wrestling on the ground and smiles.

RICK

Pete. Pete, back away. I got him.

Pete manages to get free of Tom and move away. Tom is up on his feet and Rick is facing Tom, ready to fight him. Tom punches Rick in the stomach. He doubles over. Tom smiles and backs away, like it's all over and he won. He starts to turn away from Rick.

Jones, Pete, and Grace look like they actually feel bad for Rick. But suddenly, he straightens up and lunges at Tom.

Before Tom knows what's happening, Rick has him in a hold. Grace and Jones watch, reciting the Krav Maga principles to each other.

GRACE

Neutralize the threat.

JONES

Go from defending to attacking.

Rick starts attacking Tom.

GRACE

Strike at any vulnerable point.

Rick head-butts Tom.

JONES

Use any tool or object nearby.

GRACE

Hey, Rick! Tools and objects!

Rick reaches for a tray and starts hitting Tom with it. Tom puts up his hands, giving up, backing away.

TOM

Okay, damn. Damn, man, back the hell off.

But Rick keeps swatting him with the tray. Tom heads for his car, Rick still hitting him. Brooke chases after them.

INT. SONIC BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Grace and Jones take off their skates.

JONES

How could you have gone out with him?

GRACE

I do a lot of stupid things, in case you hadn't noticed. Thanks for sticking up for me.

JONES

No problem.

GRACE

Seems like the kind of thing you'd do for a *friend*.

Jones shrugs; she won't admit that.

JONES

I think that date of his may be a drag queen.

GRACE

She was pretty strong.

JONES

And she had a beard.

Grace laughs.

JONES (cont'd)

She did. She had stubble.

GRACE

I think she's just a girl with a mustache.

KT. SONIC PARKING LOT - NIGHT

After that night, Pete walks Grace to her car. Pete's face is swollen and bruised where Tom hit him. Grace unlocks the car door; the car chirps.

PETE

Okay, here you are, not a scratch on you. I've got a dislocated eye socket, I'm pretty sure, but you're unscathed, so I've done my job.

GRACE

What do you want, a medal?

PETE

I would very much like a medal.

Grace holds up her hands.

GRACE

Haven't got one.

He kisses him on his good cheek.

GRACE (cont'd)

That's all I've got for you.

Pete's looking at her, serious. Grace doesn't move away; she looks down a moment, then reaches out and takes a handful of his t-shirt.

PETE

Grace, I...

He thinks she's made a mistake. She lets go of his shirt.

GRACE

Oh.

PETE

No, I shouldn't have said anything there.

He looks away, still embarrassed.

PETE (cont'd)

I was just going to tell you I think you're the most beautiful girl I've ever met. And the funniest.

GRACE
You think I'm funny?

PETE
Uh-huh.

GRACE
(flattered)
Thank you.

She reaches out and touches his shirt where she had grabbed it. He kisses her. While they're kissing, her car alarm goes off. There's a siren and the headlights flash. She has the keys in her hand; she fumbles with the alarm button.

GRACE (cont'd)
I must have pressed the alarm.

She tries pressing the wrong button several times, then finds the right button and turns off the alarm.

GRACE (cont'd)
I did it.

She holds her keys up in triumph.

PETE
You want a medal?

GRACE
No, not really.

He kisses her again, and she sets the car alarm off again.

INT. MCDADE TV ROOM - NIGHT

Wes and Jones are on the couch, making out. The TV is on and there's a pizza box on the coffee table. Wes is on top of Jones, his hands under her shirt. She reaches into one sleeve of her shirt, and then the other, and pulls her bra out the sleeve. She drops it on the floor and they keep kissing.

WES
Do you want to go to my room?

JONES
Yeah, okay.

WES
Are you sure? We don't have to if you aren't ready.

JONES

Well, it's pretty much the only thing I think about anymore, so I think I'm ready.

INT. WES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wes and Jones stand next to his bed, facing each other. Jones has her arms at her sides, not knowing exactly what to do. Wes pulls off his shirt and looks at her expectantly. Jones pulls her shirt up over her head and off.

INT. DUFRESNE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Freddy listens to music while he does the dishes. "Drift away" comes on and he sings along.

FREDDY

(singing)

"Day after day I'm more confused..."

Jones comes in from her date.

JONES

Hey, I'm home.

FREDDY

Come here.

JONES

What?

FREDDY

Dance with your old man. I love this song.

She hesitates. He holds out his arms and she goes over to him. She puts her head on his shoulder and they slow dance in the kitchen.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

There's a loud house party in progress. Wes and Jones walk across the grass to the front of the house. Other PARTYGOERS approach the house from the other direction.

PARTYGOER

Hey, Wes!

WES

Hey!

Wes is happy, in his element. Jones is apprehensive.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Jones and Wes enter the house. Ben is in the entryway, holding a cup of beer. They have to yell over the music.

BEN

Hey, you guys made it!

WES

How long have you been here?

Ben checks his watch.

BEN

Three beers. You want one?

Wes shakes his head no.

WES

Later.

BEN

Jones?

JONES

What?

BEN

(louder, slower)

Do you want a beer?

JONES

Oh, no, thanks.

WES

We're going to walk through. I'll see you later.

Ben nods. Wes pushes his way into the crowded living room. Jones grabs his hand and follows him. Wes runs into CASEY, an outgoing, popular African American football player.

CASEY

Wes McDade. Where have you been?

Jones moves up beside Wes. He lets go of her hand.

WES

Around. Do you know Jones?

CASEY

Wait, you're Jones?

She nods.

CASEY (cont'd)

You're in the marching band, right?

JONES

Yeah.

CASEY

I've seen you. You're running for homecoming queen.

JONES

Oh, yeah.

CASEY

That's a killer name, Jones. Do you want a beer, Jones? Because I know where the keg is, Jones.

She laughs.

JONES

No, thanks.

WES

He's up for homecoming king.

JONES

Oh, yeah, I know.

WES

So am I.

he smiles.

JONES

I know.

es sees someone across the room.

WES

Wait a minute, okay? I'll be right back.

e pushes his way over to a group of guys and girls.

PARTYGOER 2

McDade! Where you been?

Jones looks uncomfortable at having been ditched. Casey doesn't seem to notice.

CASEY

You have those buttons.

JONES

What?

CASEY

Campaign buttons.

JONES

Oh, yeah, my friend made those.

CASEY

I wish my friend had thought of that.

Jones nods, out of party conversation.

CASEY (cont'd)

I'm going to get a beer. You want one?

JONES

No, thanks.

CASEY

Oh, hey, there's my girlfriend. It was nice to meet you, Jones.

JONES

You too.

CASEY

I'll be seeing you.

Jones watches as Casey goes over to his girlfriend, TABITHA, who just arrived. He pulls her into a corner and kisses her, then she puts her arms around his neck and talks into his ear. He laughs.

Casey looks over at Wes, who has his back to her. Nearby, Chasen and Kendra notice Jones. Chasen says something and Kendra laughs. Jones starts making her way out of the living room.

T. KITCHEN - NIGHT

nes leans against the kitchen counter. At the kitchen table, a group of kids plays quarters. A boy comes in and takes a beer out of the refrigerator. He holds it out to nes. She shakes her head no. He closes the refrigerator door and leaves with his beer.

T. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

s is still at the far end of the living room, talking to n now. Jones makes her way over to him.

WES

Hey.

s has a cup of beer.

JONES

Hey.

s takes her hand and kisses her cheek, then drops her hand again.

WES

(to Ben)

When are you guys going?

BEN

Next weekend. We come back on Sunday. You should try and make it.

WES

I'll see. Maybe I can.

JONES

Where are you going?

BEN

(pronounces in Spanish)
Mexico.

JONES

Oh.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE BACK YARD - NIGHT

Later in the party, Jones is in the back yard by herself. She notices a couple on a nearby chaise longue and walks in the other direction. She sees the keg and goes over to it. A PARTYGOER (3) has just filled a cup of beer. He tips off the foam and holds it out to her.

PARTYGOER 3

You want this one?

Jones takes it.

JONES

Thanks.

She sips it; she doesn't like beer. She takes a bigger sip.

INT. PARTY HOUSE FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Jones is going from room to room, looking for Wes. She has a bottle of beer now, but isn't drunk. She looks into the family room, but it's too dark to see. She goes in.

Chasen and Kendra are sitting on the couch. Jones looks around; Wes isn't in here.

CHASEN

Jones! Come and sit with us!

Against her better judgment, she sits on the couch with them. Kendra is very drunk.

CHASEN (cont'd)

Congratulations on your nomination.

JONES

Thanks.

CHASEN

I think it's really sweet.

KENDRA

So, Jones, are you still a lesbian?

Jones stands up.

CHASEN

Come on, come back, she's drunk.
We know you aren't a lesbian;

(MORE)

CHASEN (cont'd)
 you slept with Wes. Or was there
 another girl there too?

ones turns and walks away. Kendra falls over laughing,
 umping her forehead hard on Chasen's shoulder.

KENDRA
 Oww.

NT. PARTY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

es sits on the couch with Ben. There's a pretty girl
 AUBREY) sitting between them. Jones comes up to him.

WES
 Hey, there you are. Do you know
 Aubrey?

JONES
 No. Did you tell Chasen we had
 sex?

WES
 What?

JONES
 Did you tell Chasen that you and I
 slept together?

WES
 No.

AUBREY
 Okay, I'm leaving now.

brey gets up. Ben tries to grab her skirt and pull her
 back, but he's too late.

JONES
 Then how does she know?

WES
 I don't know.

JONES
 Who did you tell?

WES
 Just Ben.

n turns to look at them. He sees that Jones is angry and
 rns back to his conversation.

JONES
(lower)
Why?

WES
You didn't tell anyone? You didn't
tell Valentina?

JONES
That's different.

WES
How is that different?

JONES
She's not going to tell anyone
else.

WES
What difference does it make who
knows? Everyone at this party
knows everything about every other
person at this party.

JONES
I never wanted to be at this party
in the first place.

WES
I don't know why you can't be
around my friends for a couple of
hours.

JONES
It's not just a couple of hours.
It's a complete waste of time.
Everyone's just getting drunk. Why
is that? To forget all the
terrible problems they have?

WES
I don't know. Maybe. Some of
them.

JONES
No one here has ever *had* any real
problems. Do you think anyone here
has ever been in pain, all the
time, for six months straight?

WES
No, probably not. Probably just
you.

JONES

What, you don't believe me?

WES

Everyone's got their own problems,
Jones. You aren't the only one.

he looks at him coldly.

JONES

I hate that I'm even here. I want
to go home.

en hears this and turns toward them.

BEN

What? Are you leaving?

es grins. Jones looks confused by the change in his
emeanor.

WES

No.

BEN

Come on, go ahead, just get up and
walk out the door and take her
home. She wants to go home.

WES

I'm not going out like that, so you
might as well just pay me now.

JONES

What?

WES

Whoever stays on the couch the
longest wins fifty bucks.

BEN

Jones is ready to leave, aren't
you, Jones?

JONES

(to Wes)

Are you serious?

looks down at the couch, then up at her.

WES

I seem to be.

BEN

Tell you what, Jones. Sit down now
and you're in for twenty-five.

JONES

No, thanks.

BEN

Thirty. You have to give us odds.

JONES

Wes, I really want to go home right
now.

WES

Well, that's your prerogative.

She stares at him, realizes he means it, and turns and
leaves.

BEN

That woman does not like the
action.

WES

No she doesn't.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Jones sits on the curb in front of the house. Jack pulls up
in his car and she gets in.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - SAME

Jack looks over at Jones.

JACK

You okay?

JONES

Just drive. I just want to get out
of here.

He starts driving.

JACK

You guys had a fight?

She doesn't answer.

JACK (cont'd)

You want to hear about my first
fight with Freddy?

JONES

Not right now, thanks.

INT. JONES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jones is on the computer. She wears her glasses, and a t-shirt and shorts. The phone rings and she grabs it.

JONES

(into phone)

Hello?

(smiles; it's Wes)

Hey.... Yeah... Nothing. Where are
you?... Okay, I'll come down.

She seems relieved that he called.

INT. DUFRESNE HOUSE - NIGHT

Wes parks his car and walks up to the front door. Jones comes out to meet him. They stand awkwardly a moment, then Jones hugs him.

WES

I just wanted to see you and talk
to you.

JONES

Okay. You want to...?

Wes gestures at the front stoop. They both sit down. Jones touches her glasses self-consciously.

JONES (cont'd)

I took my contacts out.

WES

You wear contacts?

JONES

Uh-huh.

Wes waits for him to start the conversation.

WES

Last night... I've been thinking...

JONES

I'm sorry about acting like that
and then just leaving.

WES

No, it's okay. I'm sorry, too.

Jones smiles a little, eager to forgive him.

WES (cont'd)

I never should have brought you
there. It wasn't going to turn out
well.

JONES

No, it was unlikely.

WES

Jones, I've been thinking about us,
and I'm not so sure...

She looks confused; she thought they were making up.

WES (cont'd)

I don't think it's going to work.

Jones is stunned.

WES (cont'd)

I mean, it's not going to work in
the long run. We can only hide out
from the rest of the world for so
long.

JONES

What are you saying?

WES

It's my last year in Tucson; I want
to spend time with my friends.

JONES

(dazed)

I thought we were making up. It
was just one bad night.

Wes looks apologetic; he doesn't answer.

JONES (cont'd)

We don't have to spend so much time
together. You can see your friends
more. I'll spend more time with
your friends.

es shakes his head no. She's trying not to cry.

WES

You hate them. It would always be awkward, and I'd just have to choose between you and them.

JONES

And you'd choose them.

WES

I used to be happier.

e realizes after he's said it how hurtful it was.

JONES

Oh.

WES

I just feel like my life has shrunk down to just you and me and there's no room for anything else.

JONES

An entity.

WES

What?

nes shakes her head; she can't believe she's been blindsided again.

WES (cont'd)

Maybe we just weren't ready for something so serious.

nes stands up.

JONES

I can't hear any more right now. You should go.

e goes inside.

T. JONES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

nes is on her bed, crying hard, then hyperventilating.

ere's a knock on the door. She tries to breathe normally.

JONES

What?

She says it low, not loud enough to be heard outside the door. After a moment, the door opens and Jack sticks his head in.

JACK

Can I come in?

She nods. He comes over and sits on her bed. She wipes her nose on her sleeve.

JACK (cont'd)

What happened?

JONES

I don't know.

JACK

Maybe...

JONES

No. There's no maybe. There's nothing I can even do, I don't even know what happened.

JACK

You're so young, Jones. I know you've been through a lot and it doesn't seem like it.

JONES

He said that he loved me.

JACK

That's a tricky word.

JONES

It wasn't even that word. It wasn't "love", it was "you." It was the way he said "you."

JACK

Yeah, okay, you're not so young. He is, though.

JONES

That doesn't really help.

JACK

I'm sorry.

Neither one has anything more to say. He puts his hands on his knees, about to stand up.

JACK (cont'd)

You want to watch some Star Trek?

He nods. He gets up.

JACK (cont'd)

In here or out there?

JONES

In here.

JACK

You choose to boldly stay exactly where you are. I'll get it for you.

INT. DUFRESNE HOUSE - DAY

Grace is at the front door of Jones' house, carrying some books, waiting for someone to answer the door. She puts her eye up to the peephole, then jumps back when the door starts to open. Jones answers the door in her glasses and pajamas.

GRACE

Were you asleep?

JONES

No.

GRACE

I brought your homework. I didn't know if you were coming back tomorrow, or...

JONES

Probably not.

He takes the books from Grace.

GRACE

Wes had your books.

JONES

Okay. Thanks.

GRACE

Jones, you know, he's not really worth all this. You can do better than Wes McDade.

JONES

I think you mean I can do worse. I
can find someone more like me.
Someone better suited to my social
status.

GRACE

That's not what I meant.

JONES

Do you realize that you never talk
to me at school?

GRACE

(denying it)

Yes I do.

She realizes that maybe she doesn't.

GRACE (cont'd)

We only have one class together.

JONES

Thanks for bringing my homework.

She closes the door.

INT. JONES' BEDROOM - DAY

Jones is lying on her bed in the darkened room. Freddy
enters and sits on the side of the bed. She looks at him but
says nothing. Freddy turns on the lamp.

FREDDY

Jones, I have to talk to you about
something.

She just looks at him.

FREDDY (cont'd)

I know you're sad, but you've been
sleeping for four days now.

JONES

I'm tired.

FREDDY

I know, and that's what Daddy and I
are worried about. Do you have any
bruises?

JONES

No.

FREDDY

Are you sure? Can I see?

He pulls back the bedspread and picks up one of her arms, examining both sides. She holds out the other arm and twists it for him. He covers up her arms and pulls back the cover to look at her legs. There's a bruise on her shin. He puts his hand over it and grips her leg gently, like he's trying to hide it.

JONES

I walked into my desk drawer. I remember.

FREDDY

Peanut, I think we're going to have to get a bone marrow test.

Her eyes fill with tears.

JONES

No.

FREDDY

You have to get re-checked anyway, we knew that. We'll just do it early.

He sits up, cross-legged.

JONES

It's not back. Why can't you believe me? I banged my leg.

FREDDY

I do believe you. But it's a bad bruise.

JONES

I banged it hard, Dad. I remember.

FREDDY

I know.

JONES

You don't even believe me. Just leave me alone.

He looks at the floor.

JONES (cont'd)
(louder)
Get out.

FREDDY
Okay.

He gets up.

FREDDY (cont'd)
We're probably wrong, it's probably
the wrong decision. But we can't
make the other decision and have
that be wrong.

JONES
It doesn't matter. I don't even
care. Just leave me alone.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jones sits in a hospital bed with a nurse, MACY, in a chair
by the bedside, drawing blood from her arm.

MACY
What's getting to you about this
today, Jones?

JONES
Seriously? Why am I not looking
forward to my biopsy?

MACY
Don't give me that. You kicked
your dads out. We used to just let
them stress out and go about our
business.

JONES
They made me come in early, even
though I don't have symptoms. They
think I'm out of remission.

MACY
I heard you were sleeping all hours
of the day.

Jones doesn't answer.

MACY (cont'd)
If that's not a symptom, what is
it?

Jones shakes her head.

MACY (cont'd)

A boy?

Jones says nothing, which Macy knows is a yes.

MACY (cont'd)

What's this kid's name?

JONES

Wes.

MACY

What was so great about Wes? Does
he have a mustache like Burt
Reynolds in "Smokey and the
Bandit"?

Jones almost laughs.

MACY (cont'd)

Does he have a furry chest? Is Wes
a big hairy man?

JONES

He just... he just picked me.

MACY

He's just the first of many.

JONES

You want to hear something funny?
I'm nominated for homecoming queen.

MACY

What's funny about that?

JONES

I sort of want to win.

MACY

Well why shouldn't you? Why
shouldn't you win?

Jones looks disbelieving.

JONES

You went to high school, right?

MACY

Who's better than you? Who is
better than Jones Dufresne? Is
Loni Anderson running?

JONES

Who?

MACY

Apparently she isn't. So you
should win.

Macy finishes the blood draw.

MACY (cont'd)

I'll tell the doctor you're ready
and we'll get this over with, okay?

JONES

Okay, thanks Macy.

MACY

You want your dads? You want just
one? Play them against each other?

JONES

Both, please.

MACY

There's my girl.

Macy leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Valentina enters the waiting room and goes up to the nurse's
desk. There's no one there. She looks around the waiting
room and sees Grace sitting, reading a magazine. She walks
over to her.

VALENTINA

Hey.

GRACE

Oh, hi.

VALENTINA

What did they tell you?

GRACE

I'm not family, I'm not permitted
to keep her company.

VALENTINA

Oh. You're going to wait?

GRACE

Apparently.

Valentina sits down.

VALENTINA

How long does it take?

Grace shrugs.

GRACE

You don't have to stay.

Valentina sits back, settling in.

VALENTINA

You're staying, I'm staying.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jones' doctor, DR. RIMPAU, looks at the bruise on her leg.

DR. RIMPAU

Just this one bruise?

JONES

(exasperated)

I walked into a drawer.

DR. RIMPAU

How old is this?

JONES

Five days?

Dr. Rimpau seems like he might be concerned now.

DR. RIMPAU

Fatigue?

Jones looks down and shakes her head.

FREDDY

Yes.

DR. RIMPAU

Any fever?

JONES

Nope.

DR. RIMPAU

That's good. Okay, let's do the
blood and the bone marrow today and
we'll see what's going on.

Jones looks worried now. He smiles at her, but she isn't
reassured.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Valentina and Grace are sitting on the floor, playing Don't
Break the Ice.

VALENTINA

You're friends with Wes.

GRACE

Sort of.

VALENTINA

What, in your opinion, is his
problem?

GRACE

(forceful)

He's weak! They're all weak.

VALENTINA

I thought he really liked her. I
thought he was actually not a
jackass.

GRACE

Well, now we know better.

VALENTINA

You're cynical, huh?

GRACE

Yep.

Valentina knocks loose a cube and breaks the ice. Grace
raises her arms in victory.

GRACE (cont'd)

Yes! Three in a row! I own you!

The DESK NURSE glares at her.

DESK NURSE

Girls. Quiet down.

Grace rolls her eyes.

GRACE

It's their game. I just happen to be great at it.

Valentina picks up the box and reads the recommended age.

VALENTINA

Ages three through six. Not three and up, three through six.

GRACE

You're the one who can't win at it.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jones, Jack and Freddy wait for permission to leave. Jones is dressed and sits on the bed.

JACK

Are you hungry?

She wants to be difficult, but can't.

JONES

Starved.

Jack smiles. Macy comes in with a wheelchair.

MACY

Okay, you guys can go. Don't forget to pick up those two girls in the waiting room.

JONES

What two girls?

Jones gets up and sits in the wheelchair.

MACY

Grace and Valentina.

FREDDY

Grace is here?

JACK

No one told us. How long have they been here?

MACY

All afternoon. They're fine,
they're playing games like two
little kids. Theresa hates them.

JONES

Grace and Valentina.

MACY

Grace and Valentina. You didn't
ask them to come?

JONES

No. I didn't know.

MACY

Those two girls will last through a
hundred boys in your lifetime.
You'll see.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Jack wheels Jones into the waiting room. Freddy goes over to
Grace and Valentina.

FREDDY

Grace! How the hell have you been?

Grace grins; she and Freddy love each other.

GRACE

Hey, Freddy!

She jumps up and hugs him.

FREDDY

I missed you.

JACK

How long have you guys been
waiting?

VALENTINA

Not that long. What happened?

JONES

What do you mean?

VALENTINA

How did the tests come out?

JONES

Oh, we don't get the results for a couple of days.

FREDDY

Are you girls hungry?

Jack starts wheeling Jones out and everyone follows. Freddy notices something around Grace's neck; a circle of blue construction paper on a piece of yarn.

FREDDY (cont'd)

What's this?

GRACE

First place.

Valentina has a brown construction paper circle on her necklace. She holds it up.

VALENTINA

Second place.

FREDDY

Shouldn't second place be red?

GRACE

It's more like a participation medal. Everyone gets one. I would have one, except I won first place.

Jones laughs. Grace smiles, surprised.

JONES

I have a brown participation medal. It's for Go Fish.

VALENTINA

This is for "Don't Break the Ice."

JONES

Oh, yeah, she's great at that.

VALENTINA

You're telling me.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jones has changed lockers. She puts her books in the new, lower locker, and gets up.

She notices a "Jones" button on someone's shirt, then notices that lots of kids are wearing them, pinned in the middle of their chests like it's the new style.

Grace walks up to her.

GRACE
Going to French?

JONES
Yeah.

They start walking together.

GRACE
Can I have one of those buttons?

JONES
No.

GRACE
I'll get one from Valentina.

Jones reaches into her pocket and pulls out a few buttons in different colors. She holds them out.

JONES
What color do you want?

Grace takes all the buttons.

GRACE
These are fine.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

In the middle of class, a cell phone rings. Jones reaches into her backpack and pulls out her ringing phone.

MONSIEUR J.
Mademoiselle Dufresne.

JONES
Sorry. It's important.

MONSIEUR J.
In the hall.

Jones opens the phone and leaves the room. After a moment, Grace gets up and follows her, then Valentina.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - SAME

Jones is on the phone, holding her hand over her other ear. Grace and Valentina come out of the classroom and walk over to her.

JONES

What?... Yes, okay... No, daddy,
it's okay... Yeah, me too... Okay,
bye.

She closes the phone. Grace and Valentina look worried.

JONES (cont'd)

I'm fine. The biopsy's negative.
Everything was fine.

VALENTINA

Thank God.

She hugs Jones. Grace is smiling, but about to cry.

JONES

Don't make me cry, Grace.

GRACE

I didn't realize how worried I was.
You must have been...

Jones hugs her.

JONES

It's okay.

Grace composes herself and carefully wipes under her eyes.

GRACE

Do you have a mirror? Or can I
take my picture with your phone?

JONES

You look fine.

VALENTINA

Yes, you look fine. The outside's
good. The trouble's on the inside.

GRACE

Oh, you like me.

VALENTINA

Wanna bet?

JONES

Let's go back in.

The classroom door opens and Wes steps into the hallway.

WES

Hey. What's going on?

Grace and Valentina look at Jones.

JONES

Nothing. It was nothing.

She walks past him and back into the classroom.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Jones sits at a table in the library with Darren, studying separately.

DARREN

Jones.

She looks up from her book.

JONES

What?

DARREN

Do you have a date for the homecoming dance?

JONES

I don't think I'm going.

DARREN

The homecoming queen has to go.

JONES

I'm sure she will, but I won't.

DARREN

Win or lose, I think it's poor sportsmanship not to attend. So, I wanted to ask you if I could escort you to the homecoming dance.

JONES

You should really take someone else.

DARREN

I want to take you.

JONES

No, you really don't.

DARREN

I'm not an idiot. I know there's no percentage in it for me, not right now, anyway. But I still want to take you.

JONES

I don't know.

DARREN

Jones, do you know what amazes me about you?

She shakes her head no.

DARREN (cont'd)

You like yourself exactly the way you are. I don't know anyone else personally that I can say that about.

JONES

You can't say it about me.

DARREN

Name one thing you would change about yourself. Not your circumstances, but you.

She thinks; she can't.

DARREN (cont'd)

See? That's astounding. That's why people are astounded.

Jones thinks about it; maybe he's right.

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB - DAY

Darren is alone in the chemistry lab, cleaning beakers at the sink. Wes enters the classroom.

WES

Hey.

DARREN

Mr. Hawkins isn't here.

WES

Oh. No, I just came to ask you about something.

DARREN

Okay.

He dries his hands and turns toward Wes.

WES

It's about Jones.

DARREN

I don't know if I can answer it, but what's your question?

WES

Is she sick? No one will tell me.

DARREN

No. She's great, she feels great.

WES

Oh. Good.

DARREN

She's not the kind of person you start something with, if you aren't serious. She's not someone you do that to.

WES

That's not what happened. I was serious, it just... that's not what happened.

DARREN

Well, she's fine. She's happy.

WES

Oh, good. Do you know if she's going to homecoming?

DARREN

Yes she is.

WES

Who's taking her?

DARREN

I am.

WES

Okay. I'll see you guys there.

Wes walks toward the door.

WES (cont'd)

Thanks, Darren. No one would tell me anything.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

It's halftime at the homecoming football game. There's a stage for the homecoming king and queen nominees. Grace, in her cheerleading outfit, grabs Jones, in her marching band uniform, and pulls her next to her. They line up with the three other queen nominees. Wes is on the other side of the stage with the king nominees. Casey wears his football uniform.

Mrs. Buckley crosses to the center of the stage with a microphone. She taps it, then starts to speak.

MRS. BUCKLEY

Hello. Welcome. It's time for the announcement of this year's homecoming king and queen for Tucson High School. First, we have the king nominees...

(reading off card)

...Jared Fisher, Wes McDade, Casey Owens, Edward Sanchez, and Alex Short.

Grace adjusts Jones' band uniform. Jones smirks; there's no point.

MRS. BUCKLEY (cont'd)

And your homecoming king is... Casey Owens.

The crowd cheers. Casey smiles and goes over to accept his crown.

MRS. BUCKLEY (cont'd)

Now, the nominees for homecoming queen - Grace Abbott, Jones Dufresne...

In the stands, the marching band percussion section starts drumming a steady beat. The band starts chanting:

MARCHING BAND

Jones, Jones, Jones, Jones...

MRS. BUCKLEY

(raises her voice)

Tabitha Mason, Annie Neil, and
Justine Snyder.

Some others in the crowd join in, stamping their feet to the beat and chanting "Jones." Jack and Freddy are there, surprised at the show of support. Jones realizes what they're saying and looks embarrassed. Grace doesn't chant, but claps along.

MRS. BUCKLEY (cont'd)

And your homecoming queen, by
popular demand, is... Jones
Dufresne!

Jones looks stunned. Grace hugs her. Jones goes over to Mrs. Buckley, who puts a tiara on her head. Casey offers Jones his arm and she takes his elbow.

Grace looks over at Wes and gives him a knowing look; he blew it.

MRS. BUCKLEY (cont'd)

And now, a few words from your king
and queen.

She hands the microphone to Jones. Jones hands it to Casey.

CASEY

Thank you, this is pretty cool. I
promised myself I wouldn't cry.

He's not about to cry.

CASEY (cont'd)

I just want to thank everyone who
voted for me. And my girl Tabitha
and Kelly Ann for helping with the
campaign and the posters. And I
just want to say...

(yells)

We're going to kill South!

The crowd cheers.

CASEY (cont'd)

And afterwards, everyone come to the dance and get down with your king and queen.

He holds the microphone out to Jones. She shakes her head. He speaks into it again.

CASEY (cont'd)

Ladies and gentlemen, humble subjects, your queen! Queen Jones!

He holds out the microphone again. This time, Jones has to take it.

JONES

Thanks, Casey. Thanks a lot. Um, thanks to everyone for voting for me. It's been, it's really been surprisingly great coming back after being out of school for awhile, and having everyone treat me like I belong. Well, not everyone, but it is high school after all. So, I want to thank Valentina Badillo for forcing me to run for homecoming queen and somehow pulling out a win. And Darren Payne, for seeing something in me that I couldn't see myself. And thank you to Grace Abbott, for being my friend. Okay, now, let's kill South.

The crowd applauds. Casey escorts Jones off the stage.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The homecoming dance is underway in the gym. Jones enters on Darren's arm. She's wearing a dress, and her tiara. Darren wears a suit and has a new hairstyle; he looks cute. They stand there, watching the dance floor. Valentina waves them over to a table.

JONES

There's Valentina.

They head over to the table. On the way, they pass Wes' table. Their eyes meet, then Jones and Darren move on.

VALENTINA

Oh, my God, you look amazing.

JONES

What about you?

Valentina takes a step back to show off her dress. She smiles at Darren, a little flirtatious. Darren is seeing her in a new light also. Jones looks from Valentina to Darren and back again. She goes over to Valentina and takes her arm.

JONES (cont'd)

Come with me a minute.

VALENTINA

Wait, Casey was looking for you.
You guys have to pick a song.

JONES

Just come with me.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jones and Valentina are in the girls bathroom.

JONES

You like Darren.

Valentina doesn't answer. Jones reads her face.

JONES (cont'd)

You do. You love Darren.

VALENTINA

Not love.

JONES

You want to kiss him. You think
his briefcase is sexy.

VALENTINA

I like dorky white boys. I don't
know what it is. They don't like
me.

JONES

Darren likes you.

VALENTINA

Darren likes you. Darren wants to
kiss you.

JONES

No, that's some leftover crush. It just needed some time to wither and die. And I think that dress has killed it.

VALENTINA

He looks cute, right?

Jones nods.

JONES

My dad gave him a haircut.

VALENTINA

You're not going to change your mind and want him back.

JONES

No.

VALENTINA

Wes is here; did you see him?

She nods.

JONES

Who's he with?

VALENTINA

I couldn't tell; they came in a group.

JONES

Okay.

VALENTINA

You okay?

JONES

Yes. Go dance with my date. Your queen commands it.

VALENTINA

I'm off to seduce the junior businessman.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT - LATER

The DJ lowers the music and addresses the crowd, which includes Grace and Pete.

DJ

And now, your homecoming king and queen, Casey Owens and Jones Dufresne.

Casey leads Jones to the middle of the dance floor. The DJ puts on the song they chose. Jones dances with Casey.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT - LATER

Jones dances with Darren. She leans in to say something into his ear; he smiles and nods. Wes is watching from his table. Grace dances with Pete.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT - LATER

Darren and Valentina dance together. Casey dances with Tabitha. Jones sits at the table, watching them. Wes is watching her from behind. Just when he's about to go over to her, Grace comes up to Jones and pulls her out of the chair.

The song ends and "Ice Ice Baby" starts playing. A few kids dance to it, but the floor is mostly empty. Grace gestures to Jones that they should dance. Jones shakes her head no.

GRACE

They're playing our song.

Jones looks longingly at the dance floor. She really needs to dance to "Ice Ice Baby."

JONES

I can't believe you did this. You know I have to dance to this.

GRACE

I know. It's Pavlovian.

JONES

Let's do it where no one can see us.

GRACE

Let's do it where everyone can see us.

Grace leads her onto the dance floor. She and Jones stand side by side, waiting for the beat to start on. Grace nods her head and they break into their dance routine from the sixth-grade talent show. It's goofy, but they're taking it seriously, dancing without shame.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT - LATER

The gym is emptying out; the last song is playing. Pete and Grace slow-dance to it. Jones sits with Valentina and Darren.

JONES

(to Darren)

Thanks for bringing me here. You were right, it was fun.

Darren looks torn between two dates.

DARREN

Thanks for coming with me.

JONES

Is it okay if I catch a ride with Grace and Pete?

DARREN

I'll take you home.

JONES

No, it's easier if they take me. I'm on the way.

DARREN

Okay.

Jones gets up. Darren gets up and kisses her cheek.

JONES

Well, goodnight. Thanks, you guys.

She touches her tiara.

JONES (cont'd)

It's a dream come true.

VALENTINA

Goodnight. I'll call you later.

DARREN

(to Valentina)

How did you get here?

VALENTINA

My brother dropped me off.

DARREN

Is he picking you up?

VALENTINA

If he does, I won't have anything
to call Jones about.

INT. GYM ENTRY - NIGHT

Jones comes out of the gym and stands there, waiting for
Grace and Pete. Wes comes out right after her; he followed
her.

WES

Hey.

JONES

Oh. Hi.

WES

Congratulations.

She takes off her tiara and smiles wryly.

JONES

Thank you.

WES

I didn't win. You may have heard
my name not being called.

JONES

I did.

WES

So, I wanted to apologize. I know
I said a terrible thing to you, and
it wasn't true.

JONES

It wasn't?

WES

No. It turns out I was mistaken.

JONES

Not entirely. I was, at times,
kind of a drag.

WES

No. Well, yeah. It wasn't your
scene.

JONES

No.

WES

It's strange, not talking to you at all.

JONES

I know.

WES

If we could just be friends again,
if that's not completely
impossible...

Jones hides her disappointment and smiles at him.

JONES

No, it's not impossible. I've
missed being friends.

She sees Grace and Pete approaching. They see her and stop,
keeping their distance.

WES

Okay, then. Friends again.

JONES

Okay then.
(glancing at Grace)
I have to go.

WES

Oh, yeah, me too.

Jones goes to Wes and hugs him.

JONES

You know, I'm not sorry it
happened. I'd go through the
ending all over again, just to have
the beginning. And the middle.

She walks away, over to Grace and Pete.

GRACE

Are you okay?

JONES

Yeah. I think I am.

Grace takes Jones' hand and leads her out. Pete follows
them.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

A few minutes later, Wes retrieves his jacket from the back of a chair. Darren and Valentina get up to leave. Wes watches, interested, as Darren clumsily takes her hand. Wes turns and rushes out of the gym.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Pete, Grace, and Jones are getting into Pete's car.

WES (O.S.)

Jones!

Jones turns to see Wes running towards her.

WES (cont'd)

Jones, wait.

He reaches the car. Jones moves away from her open car door. Grace looks concerned, but Pete motions for her to get in the car.

WES (cont'd)

Hey.

JONES

Hey.

WES

So, there's more than one reason I chased you down in the parking lot tonight.

JONES

Okay.

WES

First, are you or aren't you dating Darren Payne?

JONES

Darren? No.

WES

Second, I am probably not going to Stanford, and I am probably not going into commercial real estate. I thought you should know. I may not end up wealthy. This may or may not affect you.

JONES

Probably not.

He looks a little disappointed.

JONES (cont'd)

I don't really care about money.
Were there only two reasons?

WES

No.

He looks over at Pete's car.

JONES

Did you forget?

WES

No. Stalling.

JONES

Okay.

WES

The third reason I chased you down
in the parking lot tonight is that
I still love you. You're all I
think about.

He reaches out for her hand, but doesn't touch it. She moves
her hand toward him and he grabs it. He kisses her. She
puts her arms around his neck and leaves them there.

JONES

It's probably the buttons.

WES

What?

JONES

The reason you kept thinking about
me, it was probably the buttons.

WES

It wasn't the buttons, but they
didn't help.

Loud music comes out of Pete's car. Grace opens her door and
it gets even louder. It's "Ice Ice Baby." Pete gets out of
the car also. Grace calls out to them.

GRACE

Don't mind us. I'm teaching him
the dance.

JONES

(to Wes)

You want to learn the dance?

WES

Do I. Man, I thought you'd never
ask.

Jones and Wes go over to Grace and Pete and they all do the
dance. Across the parking lot, Valentina and Darren are
walking to his car. She hears the song and grabs Darren's
arm. She pulls him over to the others and they join in.

FADE OUT.