

pictures of you

by

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FADE IN:

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The smallest bedroom in a quaint "Old Florida" style house. It looks like a hurricane blew through here and no one bothered to clean up.

The clock radio plays "Everyone Loves a Loser."

SAWYER BLOOM, 17, slowly sits up on the edge of his bed and, after a long beat, shuts off his alarm.

He rubs his eyes and struggles to his feet.

Sawyer pulls back the blinds, opens the window, and takes in the morning air.

Then without warning, he proceeds to empty his bladder on the bushes outside.

After a moment he casually looks at the CAMERA.

SAWYER

You might be curious why I'm urinating out the window... It's because of Rebecca. She's my twin sister. She wakes up at six o'clock every morning, locks herself in the bathroom, and doesn't come out until five seconds before we have to leave for school. Why do my parents let her get away with that? I don't know - Could be that they like her better.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT

REBECCA, 17, beautiful and happy, is blow-drying her hair.

SAWYER (V.O.)

We're only juniors and she already has class valedictorian pretty much locked up. She's head of the varsity cheerleading squad and president of the student council. She obviously got all the good DNA.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sawyer ties his shoes and grabs his book bag.

SAWYER

By the way, my name is Sawyer.
That's my first name. My last name's
Bloom. My parents named me Sawyer
because my father's a big Mark Twain
fan. He actually wanted to call me
Huckleberry - as if I don't have
enough problems. Luckily my mom put
her foot down.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Sawyer grabs two Pop Tarts as they spring out of the toaster.
He breaks them up in a bowl and pours milk over them.

SAWYER

I live in the town of Crystal Bay.

NOTE: Periodically, still photographs will be superimposed
over a portion of the screen, much like the "picture in
picture" function on a television.

The photos will only remain on screen for several seconds and
will serve to punctuate elements of Sawyer's stories. Here's
how it will be used...

PICTURE: A postcard of a sunset on a tropical beach. It
reads "Crystal Bay, Florida Wish you were here!"

SAWYER

It's a small resort community on the
west coast of Florida. Back in the
1920's rich people started coming
here to escape the cold winters up
north. We still do okay from
November to April, but the rest of
the year there are barely enough
tourists to keep the businesses open.
My parents own The Bait Bucket, a
bait and tackle shop down by the
marina. It's a little weird, because
I'm pretty sure neither of them has
ever been fishing.

CHUCK BLOOM, 40, unshaven, shuffles in, half awake.

CHUCK

Morning kiddo.

SAWYER

Morning dad.

CHUCK

I'm glad to see you're enjoying a healthy breakfast.

Chuck eyes the coffee maker, distraught that it's empty.

CHUCK

There's no coffee in the coffee maker.

(yelling)

Laura, there's no coffee in the coffee maker.

LAURA BLOOM, 38, (obviously where Rebecca got her looks) enters in her bathrobe.

LAURA

It's not magic, honey. You've gotta put the grounds and the water in there before the coffee will come out.

CHUCK

Why did we have to buy the one with the timer?! What good is the timer to me if no one prepares the thing the night before? Sawyer, I'm declaring this your responsibility. Would you please make sure we have coffee every morning?!

SAWYER

(to us)

I don't even drink coffee.

Rebecca enters and heads for the coffee maker.

REBECCA

You don't have to take me to school. I just talked to Kim and she and Rachel are gonna come pick me up. There's no coffee.

LAURA

Is it alright if Sawyer gets a ride with you and your friends?

REBECCA

Be realistic mom.

LAURA

Sawyer, your father and I have a hundred pounds of cubed squid being delivered to the store in twenty minutes. Would you mind riding your bike to school so that he and I can be on time to meet the shipment?

SAWYER

So when Becky needs a ride, no problem. When it's just me - I'm on my own.

LAURA

Becky doesn't have a bike.

SAWYER

(disbelief)

She has a car! How 'bout if I take that?

LAURA

You can't take her car.

SAWYER

Why not?

REBECCA

Because it's mine.

LAURA

You're not insured to drive her car. What if you kill somebody?

EXT. SAWYER'S HOUSE/NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Sawyer jumps on his bike and peddles off his driveway.

SAWYER

Did you know that it's possible to get so frightened that all the hair on your body falls out and it never grows back?... If you think I'm kidding, ask Coach Schechter the Driver's Ed teacher at my high school.

PICTURE: COACH SCHECHTER, 28, a long haired woman with a big toothy smile.

SAWYER

She took Becky out for her practice exam and something horrible must have happened because the woman is completely bald now. She's barely thirty years old and she doesn't even have any eyebrows.

NEW PICTURE: Miss Schechter, depressed and totally hairless.

SAWYER

I guess the one thing my sister can't do perfectly is drive a car. The thing is my dad bought her a classic Volkswagen convertible for her sweet sixteen. So now it just sits there in the driveway. I have my license.

PICTURE: Sawyer's driver's license. His photo looks like he was caught completely offguard.

SAWYER

You'd think my parents might offer to let me use the car.

INT/EXT. CRYSTAL BAY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

It's a small town school but every variety of teenager is here: Jocks, Goths, Geeks, Skaters, Stoners. They hang out in the parking lot, the library and the commons area.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sawyer is at his locker collecting books before the first bell of the day. His friend **ANDREW** comes over. Andrew seems slightly beaten down by the whole teenage experience.

ANDREW

Do you ever wonder how cool your parents were in school? I mean are you gonna be honest with your kids and tell them how unpopular you were?

SAWYER

We're not unpopular, Andrew. We're just... unnoticed.

(pointing o.c.)

That's unpopular.

Andrew looks and sees a KID in his underwear with his pants pulled over his head. Two JOCKS are pushing him around.

SAWYER

You've gotta look at high school like prison. As long as you're not getting raped in the shower, things are okay.

Sawyer's other friend, **MICKEY**, rushes over. Mickey is slightly perverted and eternally optimistic.

MICKEY

I learned something this morning that's going to change my entire life.

SAWYER

We just got here. We haven't even been to class yet.

MICKEY

I didn't learn it in school. I saw it on TV. It's called subliminal foreplay. It's all about using certain words to seduce a woman without her knowing it. Check this out. Pretend you're a girl and I'm telling you a story. Listen to the magic words. Ready?

SAWYER

(halfheartedly)

Yeah.

MICKEY

I'm not fucking around here. This is serious. Are you ready or not?

SAWYER

I'm ready.

MICKEY

Okay: It was really hot in sex education class. The girl with the locker below me... See how below me sounds like blow me? Anyway. The girl with the locker below me started breathing heavy. She had to go down to the nurse's office. The nurse put a wet towel on her head. By the time she came back, class was over. She was excited cause she had missed a really hard quiz. Or you could say it was a really long and hard quiz. Is that amazing or what?

(MORE)

MICKEY(cont'd)

It's like guaranteed to work. The girl will be sucking on your love pop before she knows what came over her.

SAWYER

My love pop?

ANDREW

I don't know, Mickey, that seems like cheating. I want a girl who wants me cause she really wants me.

MICKEY

Yeah but that's never gonna happen. This is science, man. There are words that just naturally have a sexual flavor to them, and if you can sneak those words into a seemingly mundane conversation then your target will be caught offguard by the unexplained urges she's feeling. Hey, I only told you guys about this cause I'm your friend. If you don't wanna use it, fine. More poon for me.

As Mickey walks away, Sawyer and Andrew exchange a look. They're used to this kind of stuff from Mickey.

ANDREW

I'll see you in Algebra.

Sawyer turns to us as he walks toward his class.

SAWYER

I have a grand total of two friends.

PICTURE: Sawyer, Mickey and Andrew at seven years old.

SAWYER

Mickey, Andrew and I have been tight since third grade. I used to have three friends.

NEW PICTURE: Sawyer, Mickey, Andrew and MARCY (chubby) at seven years old.

SAWYER

Marcy was always like one of the guys. But over last summer she got her braces off, her skin cleared up, she lost weight in some areas and...

(miming breasts)

(MORE)

SAWYER(cont'd)

gained it in others, and she came back looking like a completely different person.

TWO PICTURES: Polaroids labeled "BEFORE" and "AFTER." The first shows Marcy (16) as a plump, pimply, metal mouth. In the second, Marcy (17) is trim, stacked and super cute.

SAWYER

Two days into the school year Eric Ryerson asked her out. He didn't even know who she was. He thought she was some new girl who just moved to town. The thing with Eric Ryerson is he's blonde, blue eyed and he can throw a football like seventy yards. If it wasn't for his personality he'd be perfect. I'm happy for her, but since they started dating she hangs out with his friends and I never see her anymore. Well, I see her in class but we never talk.

INT. CLASSROOM - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer enters his history class. STUDENTS mill about and chat. The teacher hasn't arrived yet.

SAWYER

That's Marcy over there, with the dude who looks like Aaron Carter.

MARCY, 17, jokes with ERIC and some other POPULAR KIDS.

Sawyer sits down, takes out his books and quickly starts doing his homework.

SAWYER

My sister is in this class and the teacher makes us sit alphabetically.

Just then Rebecca takes the seat in front of him.

REBECCA

Why don't you do your homework at home? It's not like you have anything better to do. You're lucky I don't tell mom about this kind of stuff.

SAWYER

(deadpan)

Thank you. I feel lucky.

MISTER FOLEY strides into the room.

FOLEY

Good morning. Pass your homework forward please.

(the class complies)

Let me tell you an interesting story about how I spent my afternoon yesterday. I spent two hours in the principal's office. You guys know that I can send you to the principal's office but I bet you didn't know that you could send me to the principal's office. Apparently a number of you have been complaining to your mommies and daddies that my tests are too hard. I find this fascinating because my tests are based entirely on the lectures I give and the reading from your text book. It's not like I'm pulling this stuff out of my ass. But, God forbid I prepare you for how hard college is, let alone real life, so here's the deal: You guys are gonna make the semester exam. It's twenty five percent of your grade and I'm gonna let you create it.

The class looks confused.

FOLEY

You look confused. I'll explain. It works like this: Each one of you is gonna make your own version of the test. Multiple choice, true/false, short answer, it's up to you. Next Monday you'll turn that in. I'll pick the one that I think is the best exam and that's the one you'll all take. The person who made the exam will hopefully get an 'A' and the rest of you, no matter how poorly you do, you won't be able to blame it entirely on me. Any questions?

Ninety-five percent of the kids quickly raise their hands. Mister Foley looks completely defeated.

EXT. SCHOOL COMMONS AREA - DAY

Sawyer, Mickey and Andrew eat lunch at a picnic table. SEVERAL DOZEN STUDENTS eat and talk around them.

SAWYER

How's the subliminal foreplay going?

MICKY

The problem is, if I get some girl all juiced up here at school what am I gonna do? I can't bang her right there in front of the whole class.

SAWYER

Why don't you save it for the Sadie Hawkins dance Friday night?

MICKY

Yes! That's perfect. That dance is like a pussy smorgasbord.

ANDREW

I hate the Sadie Hawkins dance. At least when we go to regular dances without dates people might think we're just keeping our options open. You go to Sadie Hawkins by yourself it's obviously because no girl asked you. Why does Sadie Hawkins have a dance named after her anyway? Didn't she have like one hit song when we were five years old?

SAWYER

That's Sophie Hawkins.
(singing with Mickey)
Damn, I wish I was your lover.

MICKY

What are you guys doing after school? Let's go to the beach and see if there are any French girls who don't realize it's illegal to go topless here.

SAWYER

I'm always up for that.

A beautiful hand comes down on Sawyer's shoulder. His friends are caught totally off guard.

Sawyer turns to see **NATALIE** and **GRETCHEN**. They are the enigmatic hot girls that any good high school should have.

NATALIE

Hi Sawyer.

SAWYER

Hi.

GRETCHEN

I'm Gretchen. This is Natalie.

NATALIE

He knows who we are.

Natalie bends over, revealing lacy Victoria's Secret cleavage, and whispers in Sawyer's ear.

NATALIE

Sawyer, could we talk to you in private?

SAWYER

Well, I... I'm not done with my cheese sticks.

NATALIE

Meet us in the parking lot in five minutes.

The girls walk away.

MICKY

Holy shit.

SAWYER

What do you think they want?

ANDREW

Maybe they're gonna ask you to the Sadie Hawkins dance.

SAWYER

Seriously, what do you think they want?

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Sawyer talks to us as he walks towards the parking lot.

SAWYER

(secretive)

I have to admit, I'm a little nervous. Okay, here's a story about Natalie and Gretchen.

(MORE)

SAWYER(cont'd)

No one's ever asked them if this really happened and they've never admitted to it, but supposedly last Spring Break, they borrowed Gretchen's dad's car one night without him knowing and went to the beach to try and meet some college guys.

PICTURES: A "SLIDESHOW" of drawings illustrates the story that Sawyer tells. Each drawing is labeled "ARTIST'S RENDERING"

SAWYER

They were partying, drinking, whatever, and when it was time to leave they realized they had parked in a no parking zone and her dad's car had been towed. Now it costs like a hundred and fifty dollars to get your car out of the impound and they didn't have any money. So they decided to raise the cash by going around to guys and offering to show their tits for a couple of bucks. And it was working, I mean those girls are hot, who wouldn't pay for a quick peek at their pups. Anyway, supposedly, they were only about twenty dollars short when a cop caught them. So now they've got an impounded car and they're about to be arrested for indecent exposure and possibly prostitution. They decide there's only one way out of this: They basically told the cop they'd do anything, anything if he'd help them. So they took him to a secluded area of beach and tag teamed him until the sun came up. No charges were filed and they got the car back. Did that really happen? I don't know, but it has created a mystique.

GRETCHEN (O.C.)

Sawyer!

Sawyer turns to see Gretchen and Natalie peeking out the open side door of an ugly 1970's conversion van.

They wave him over. With some trepidation Sawyer looks around and then enters the van. Gretchen closes the door.

INT. VAN - THAT MOMENT

Wood paneling and brown shag carpet. Natalie and Gretchen sit on the bed. Natalie motions for him to sit between them.

NATALIE
Sit down. It's okay.

Sawyer complies. He feels a sexual tension but he can't tell if it's real or if it's all in his pants.

SAWYER
Isn't this Kyle Sugarman's van?

GRETCHEN
He's okay with us using it.

NATALIE
I know we don't know you very well but we were wondering if you'd do something for us. If you decide to do it you can't tell anyone. It has to be a secret between the three of us.

GRETCHEN
And Kyle.

NATALIE
We don't have to tell Kyle.

GRETCHEN
He let us use the van. He's gonna ask.

NATALIE
It'll be our secret, Sawyer. Can we trust you?

SAWYER
(cotton mouthed)
I think so.

Natalie leans in and puts her hand on his knee.

NATALIE
We need to be sure that we can trust you.

SAWYER
(swallows hard)
You can.

Natalie's hand inches higher up his thigh. Long beat.

NATALIE

Okay look, we all know that Mister Foley's gonna choose your sister's test to be the semester exam. It's obvious. She's the best student in the class.

GRETCHEN

Teacher's pet, the bitch. No offense.

NATALIE

It's twenty-five percent of our grade Sawyer, and you live with her. You're gonna have access to it before she turns it in. You could just go on her computer and print us out a copy...

GRETCHEN

There's no harm in it really.

NATALIE

We know it's a big thing to ask but it truly would mean a lot to us. And we would repay you... somehow.

GRETCHEN

I'd do anything to keep from going to summer school. Anything.

Sawyer looks at us, wide-eyed.

INT/EXT. ANDREW'S CAR/BEACH DRIVE - DAY

Andrew is behind the wheel. Mickey's shotgun and Sawyer is in the back. They're cruising toward the beach.

MICKEY

Don't leave out any details. I wanna hear exactly what happened.

SAWYER

Nothing happened. They want me to steal my sister's exam for Foley's class.

ANDREW

Are you gonna do it?

SAWYER

I don't know.

MICKEY

What did they offer to do in return?

SAWYER

They just said they'd repay me somehow.

MICKEY

They were leaving you room to negotiate. You shoulda thrown your arms up and yelled "THREESOME." These are the girls who submitted to a police gangbang to get out of a parking ticket.

SAWYER

That's a rumor. That isn't even the rumor, that's your demented version of the rumor. There's no proof that they're willing to exchange sex for personal favors.

MICKEY

You could be the one to find out.

ANDREW

I think you should do it even if there is no sex. It's beneficial just in terms of what it could do for you socially.

They roll up to a stoplight next to the beach. Mickey spots a HOT GIRL on rollerblades standing across the street, adjusting her bikini top.

MICKEY

Oh shit, look at her.

ANDREW

Don't do it.

MICKEY

I have to.
(yelling at the girl)
I have a ten inch penis!

Mickey and Sawyer quickly duck down. When the Hot Girl looks over she sees Andrew alone in the car. He smiles sheepishly. She flips him off.

ANDREW

Thanks a lot guys.

The light changes and Andrew drives on.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The guys walk onto the sand with their towels and a frisbee. The area is rife with PASTY OVERWEIGHT TOURISTS.

MICKEY

Looks like it's fat Canadian day at the beach.

Amid all the sunblock slathered blubber Sawyer spots two very tan BIKINI-CLAD BLONDES engaged in lively conversation.

SAWYER

Right there. Check that out.

MICKEY

Are they French?

ANDREW

They're definitely speaking in a foreign tongue.

SAWYER

It doesn't sound French.

ANDREW

I think they're Nordic.

MICKEY

Even better.

SAWYER

I guess we found our spot.

Sawyer spreads his towel right under a palm tree.

MICKEY

What if they don't speak any English? How am I gonna practice my subliminal foreplay?

SAWYER

You can just sit and stare at them like I plan on doing.

MICKEY

That's for pussies. C'mon Andrew, throw the frisbee in their general direction. I wanna go say hello.

Mickey and Andrew start tossing the frisbee back and forth, working their way towards the girls. Sawyer sits on his towel and watches.

Andrew overthrows and hits a Nordic girl in the face.

Sawyer cringes and lies back on the towel. He feels something under his back, near the base of the palm tree.

Sawyer reaches under the towel and pulls out

A DISPOSABLE CAMERA.

There's no personal information on it but there are two pictures left on a roll of thirty-six.

He glances at a nearby FAMILY.

SAWYER

Excuse me, is this your camera?

The Husband shakes his head. Sawyer gets up and heads for the Lifeguard Tower. He passes his friends who are being berated by the Nordic Girls.

AT THE LIFEGUARD TOWER

Sawyer gets the **LIFEGUARD**'s attention.

SAWYER

I found this over by that palm tree.
You know if anyone lost a camera?

LIFEGUARD

(into bullhorn)

Anyone around here lose a camera?

(no response)

Finders keepers, dude.

Sawyer stares at the camera, intrigued.

EXT. SAWYER'S HOUSE - MORNING

A stream of urine sprays out of Sawyer's window, surprising his OLD NEIGHBOR who is gardening nearby.

SAWYER (O.C.)

Sorry, Mrs. Ferguson.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer finishes emptying his bladder and turns to us.

SAWYER

At least once a week I almost pee on the old woman who lives next door. I keep hoping that she'll complain to my parents and they'll be forced to tell my sister to let me use the bathroom. But Mrs. Ferguson never says a word. She secretly likes it, I think.

Sawyer grabs the found camera off his dresser and shoves it in his backpack.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sawyer, camera in hand, walks down the empty hall. The muffled sound of classes can be heard behind closed doors.

He slowly opens a door marked "Journalism - Crystal Bay High Gazette."

INT. JOURNALISM CLASSROOM - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer eases in. Marcy is alone, sitting at a desktop computer. She's consumed by her work.

SAWYER

Marcy.

MARCY

(startled)

Sawyer. How are you?

(she hugs him)

I feel like we never talk any more.

He smiles, glad for the warm reception.

SAWYER

That's probably because we never talk anymore.

MARCY

I hope you don't think I avoid you.

Sawyer can't help but to stare at her chest.

SAWYER

No. You have a boyfriend now. I'm happy for you. You always liked Eric.

MARCY

I don't know if I always liked him.
I mean, I didn't know him. I always
thought he was cute.

SAWYER

The way I remember it, you used to
day dream that he would take you to
prom.

MARCY

And you'd take Renee Lovaglio.

SAWYER

Unfortunately she moved away before I
ever got the nerve to talk to her.

MARCY

(self conscious)

Sawyer, you keep looking at my boobs.

SAWYER

I'm sorry. It's just that they're
new. I'm not used to them.

MARCY

(shy)

I didn't buy them or anything.
They're real.

SAWYER

I know. I just meant... You...
blossomed. I'm sure I'm not the only
one who's noticed.

MARCY

(smiling; awkward moment)

So, what's up? Are you skipping,
English?

SAWYER

No. I got a bathroom pass. I came
to ask you a favor. I know that you
know how to use the darkroom and I
found this camera on the beach.

MARCY

(taking the camera)

You found it?

SAWYER

Yeah, and I'm curious about the
pictures.

(MORE)

SAWYER(cont'd)

Do you think it would be unethical to maybe develop them and take a look?

MARCY

Well it could be somebody's really private personal stuff. Could be like compromising sexual photos. Did you consider that?

SAWYER

I did consider that. It's a big reason why I'm curious.

MARCY

I don't know, I wouldn't want some stranger looking at my private personal moments without me knowing.

SAWYER

C'mon, Marcy. What kind of a journalist are you gonna be if you have so much respect for people's privacy?

MARCY

(disappointed in herself)

I know. I have to get over that.

(caving in)

Alright, I'll do it. Meet me back here after school.

SAWYER

Excellent. I'll see you later.

MARCY

(inspecting camera)

Wait. There's two pictures left. Might as well use them.

She stands next to him and holds the camera out, pointing back at them. She puts her arm around him.

MARCY

Okay, ready. Serious.

They both make stern faces. She snaps a picture.

MARCY

And goofy.

She fish hooks his mouth with her free index finger and he sticks his finger in her nose. She takes the last picture.

INT. DARKROOM - DAY

Marcy is in the process of developing the pictures on four by six photo paper. Sawyer messes with some equipment he probably shouldn't be touching.

SAWYER
How's it coming?

MARCY
We've got one with nipple.

SAWYER
Female nipple?

MARCY
Why would I mention male nipple?

Marcy hangs a few pictures on a clothesline. Sawyer steps over and begins to inspect the pictures.

He sees a CUTE ASIAN GIRL, 19, in a bedroom, opening her towel and flashing a breast.

SAWYER
I'm already glad we did this.

MARCY
Seems like they're just pictures of
some girls on vacation.

Another picture is of a CHUBBY REDHEAD packing a suitcase. Interested he looks over Marcy's shoulder at the picture in the solution.

Before Sawyer's eyes, the image on the photo paper takes shape. It is the most beautiful girl he's ever seen.

Sawyer's **DREAM GIRL**. She's a little older than Sawyer. Maybe nineteen. She has kind eyes and a smile that makes him feel like the world is a perfect place.

SAWYER
That girl is incredible.

MARCY
She's pretty.

SAWYER
Pretty? She's spectacular.

Marcy pulls the photo out of the solution and hangs it on the line. Sawyer never takes his eyes off of it. He stares at his Dream Girl in awe. Completely transfixed. Mouth agape.

Marcy goes back to work.

MARCY

You're overreacting a little bit.

SAWYER

(didn't hear her)

What?

Marcy continues to work while Sawyer stares at the photo.

MARCY

Sawyer can I talk to you for a minute?

SAWYER

Yeah.

MARCY

Could you stop drooling over the girl and look at me?

SAWYER

(complying)

Is something wrong?

MARCY

(beat; unsure)

No.

(deep breath; blurts out)

I'm not ready to have sex yet but I wanna give Eric a blow job.

SAWYER

Oh. Well, I... I think that would be a nice gesture.

MARCY

Yeah, the thing is, I've never given a blow job before and I'm not exactly sure what to do.

SAWYER

Well, Marcy, just between us, I've never had a blow job. I can't really offer any advice. I've seen a few in porno movies but I wasn't watching with an eye on technique.

MARCY

See, I've never even seen a porno.
I'm completely at a loss. I mean I
understand the concept, but...

(beat)

I was thinking, maybe I could
practice on you. Just a couple of
times until I get the hang of it.

Sawyer has no idea what to say. He's suddenly nervous.

SAWYER

Uhhh...Uhhh... bu... wo...wo...

MARCY

(confused)

Yeah. You're right. I don't know
why I even brought it up. I'm sorry.
It's ridiculous.

Sawyer feels like he dodged a bullet.

MARCY

(flustered)

...but, you know, I don't wanna be
bad at it. And you're my friend. I
can trust you. You're not gonna tell
anybody. I know Eric's gonna tell
everyone. That's what guys do. I
don't want a reputation for giving
lousy head. I have enough pressure
on me, already. I know he's gotten
blow jobs before. It's not like I
can fake my way through it.

SAWYER

Wouldn't it be cheating though,
technically?

MARCY

Technically, you could say that. But
you and I have always been close and
the way I see it I'm doing it for
Eric's benefit.

SAWYER

That's one way of looking at it.

(beat)

Couldn't you just rehearse on a
banana or something?

MARCY

I tried that. But a banana can't tell me if I'm doing it right. It's not like I'm asking you to give me one of your kidneys. I just wanna... forget it! You've gotta be the only guy on the planet who'd try to talk his way out of a blow job!

SAWYER

I'm not trying to get out of it. I just wanna make sure that you're thinking clearly. When would you wanna do this?

MARCY

I wanted to do it to him Friday, after the Sadie Hawkins dance.

SAWYER

(shocked)

Friday! This is Wednesday. That's not very much time.

MARCY

That's why I brought it up. I mean I'm not doing anything now.

SAWYER

Now!

CUT TO:

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Sawyer closes and locks the door. Marcy paces.

SAWYER

(nervous)

Are you sure about this?

MARCY

(scared)

No.

(he unlocks the door)

Yes.

He locks the door again.

SAWYER

(awkward)

How do you wanna start? Do you wanna take my pants off or should I do it?

MARCY

I'll do it.

SAWYER

Should I stand, sit, lie down?

MARCY

What's better?

SAWYER

I don't know. I think I'd like to sit.

MARCY

Okay, but you can't look at me.

(beat)

This is crazy. I can't do it.

SAWYER

I understand.

MARCY

(convincing herself)

No, I can do it! I can!

SAWYER

Okay. Relax.

She sits him back on the edge of the bed.

MARCY

Are you sure you're fine with this?
You're not gonna think less of me?

SAWYER

Noooo.

Marcy kneels in front of him. She takes her time, hesitant. She slowly undoes his pants and pulls them down. Her eyes go wide.

MARCY

Oh! It's hard already. I wasn't expecting that.

(eyeing it; nervous)

I thought it'd be more scary looking.
It's actually kinda cute.

SAWYER

Cute is not a word that...

MARCY

Sorry. Alright, here it goes.

She opens her mouth wide and cautiously lowers her head into his lap. Almost immediately he lets out a yell.

SAWYER
Don't chew!

MARCY
I wasn't.

SAWYER
I thought I felt teeth.

She tries again, making loud sucking noises.

SAWYER
Okay. I think you're sucking too hard.

MARCY
Maybe I should stop.

SAWYER
It's up to you. I'm just here to help.

She goes back down. Sawyer scrunches up his face.

MARCY
Am I hurting you?

SAWYER
No.

MARCY
Then why are you making that face?

SAWYER
Because I don't think this is gonna take very long.

After about ten more seconds Sawyer has the look of release and Marcy gags.

MARCY
Oh my god, that was so gross.
(beat)
Is it alright if we do it again?

EXT. SAWYER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door opens and Marcy exits followed by Sawyer. They both look a little dazed.

MARCY

I can't come back tomorrow cause I've gotta finish the layout for the front page before we go to press. Maybe I can practice one more time Friday right after school.

SAWYER

I'll be here.

Marcy waves and gets in her car. Sawyer turns to us.

SAWYER

Six times. I went from absolutely no sexual contact ever in my life to half a dozen blow jobs in a four hour period. Including a break to have dinner with my family... It's been a good day.

PICTURE MONTAGE

The pictures feature three nineteen year old girls on vacation in Crystal Bay. The DREAM GIRL appears in the bulk of the pictures. She's clearly close friends with the CHUBBY REDHEAD and less friendly with the CUTE ASIAN GIRL.

The pictures lead chronologically from the girls packing their bags, to driving to Crystal Bay, to vacationing (sunbathing, shopping, partying.)

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The pictures are lined up on Sawyer's floor. Sawyer goes through the photos that don't feature his Dream Girl, removes them and puts them in his night stand.

He lies on the bed on his stomach and peers down at the remaining pictures on the floor.

He's completely MESMERIZED by his Dream Girl. His gaze moves from picture to picture.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sawyer's asleep in the same position we last saw him. His head hangs limply over the edge of the bed. The pictures are still spread on the floor. Sawyer wakes with a start, looking disoriented.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

Sawyer, Mickey, and Andrew walk towards Andrew's car.

MICKEY

(annoyed)

So you brought twenty pictures of the same girl and left the one with the nipple at home?!

SAWYER

You've seen nipples before, Mickey. I wanted you to see how incredible this girl is.

MICKEY

She's hot. But what the hell do you mean I've seen nipples before?! Like once I've seen a pair of tits the wonder is gone. Do you understand that one of the few things that makes life worth living is the infinite variety of breasts and nipples? The fact that it's impossible to look at a girl with her clothes on and have any idea what she looks like naked. Say something Andrew.

ANDREW

I think she's very pretty.

MICKEY

About tits, Andrew, I meant say something about tits. Pay attention.

SAWYER

Look at this picture. You're telling me this girl is not perfect.

ANDREW

I think she's very pretty.

MICKEY

She's hot. I've seen better though.

Mickey continues to flip through the pictures.

He holds up a photo of Sawyer's Dream Girl and the Asian friend, all wet, coming out of the ocean in bikinis.

MICKEY

I bet you spanked it to this one.

Sawyer grabs the pictures away from him.

MICKEY

Is it the Asian chick who shows her tit? We could go to the beach after school. Maybe they're still around.

SAWYER

Mickey, they're out of town girls on vacation. We'd never find them.

MICKEY

You are such a pussy. You've got a perfect opportunity here. You walk right up to them. "Hi, ladies. I found your camera on the beach yesterday. I just wanted to be a good samaritan and return your pictures." Next thing you know you're getting a thank you fuck.

SAWYER

(dry)

A thank you fuck, really? I had no idea it was that easy to get laid.

MICKEY

I bet you didn't know there are only five reasons why a girl will have sex with you. One - sympathy - you only have six months to live and she feels sorry for you. Two - revenge - her boyfriend pissed her off and she uses you to get back at him. Three - random drunken horniness - that's self explanatory. Four - gratitude - e.g. you return her cherished vacation photos and your nobility must be rewarded. Or five - you trick her - meaning you either use subliminal foreplay or you lie to create a sense of sympathy, gratitude or desire for revenge. Those are the only known reasons.

ANDREW

What about love?

MICKEY

Don't be so naive, Andrew.

SAWYER

(facetious)

I appreciate your life lessons, Mickey, I really do. But I have a hard time believing that returning some pictures is gonna make a girl who ordinarily wouldn't look at me, suddenly lie down, spread her legs, and beg me to nail her out of undying gratitude.

MICKEY

Whatever. Pussy.

Mickey walks off. After a silent moment...

ANDREW

Sawyer, you ever think you might be gay?

SAWYER

(confused)

No. Why? Do you think I might be gay?

ANDREW

No. I think I might be gay.

SAWYER

Oh. Well I've thought before that you might be gay. But I don't seem gay, do I?

ANDREW

No. But you're saying that I do seem gay?

SAWYER

Not obviously gay, but the possibility had occurred to me. Does Mickey call me a pussy because he thinks I'm gay?

ANDREW

No he calls you a pussy because he thinks you have no gonads.

SAWYER

I have gonads.

Just because I'm not willing to make a fool of myself, trying to have sex with every girl I see, that doesn't mean I don't have gonads.

ANDREW

You don't even try to have sex with girls that are throwing themselves at you. Remember that girl at the Halloween party?

SAWYER

I remember her. She had a beard.

ANDREW

That was part of her costume. She was Abraham Lincoln.

SAWYER

(defensive)

I don't know that that wasn't a real beard.

(beat)

You're one to talk. I've never seen you try to hook up with any girls at school.

ANDREW

True. And I have dreams about Jude Law. Graphic dreams. Because I'm probably gay. That's what I was trying to tell you but you're too busy worrying about yourself.

SAWYER

I'm sorry, Andrew I didn't mean to--

ANDREW

It's okay. I mean I'm not saying I am gay. I'm just saying I might be. I just don't know. It's possible that I am. Look at Mickey. There's no grey area. He's clearly not a homo.

SAWYER

Don't use Mickey as a role model. He's so heterosexual it's ugly.

ANDREW

So you're saying most people are at least a little queer.

SAWYER

(thinks about it)

No.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sawyer sits on the couch staring at a picture of his Dream Girl. He's oblivious to the fact that Rebecca is standing over his shoulder.

REBECCA

Who is that?

SAWYER

I don't know.

REBECCA

Then why do you have a picture of her?

Marcy enters, cutting off the conversation. She's carrying her backpack.

MARCY

Hi. Hi Becky.

REBECCA

Hey, Marcy. You guys studying together?

Sawyer and Marcy exchange a look.

MARCY

Yeah, sort of. Did you start working on the test for Foley's class?

REBECCA

I finished it already.

SAWYER

(surprised)

You finished it?

MARCY

C'mon, Sawyer. We better get to work.

She pulls him off the couch.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sawyer locks the door and sits on the edge of the bed. Marcy pulls a packet of paper out of her backpack.

MARCY

Look what I downloaded off the internet.

She holds up the pages which are stapled in the upper left hand corner. The cover has big bold letters that read: "How to Give the Ultimate Blow Job."

MARCY

I think you're going to notice a huge improvement.

She drops the booklet on Sawyer's messy floor and kneels in front of him. He lies back on the bed as she undoes his pants. We hold on the look of intense pleasure on his face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sawyer walks Marcy out. Laura irons a skirt.

MARCY

Hi, Mrs. Bloom.

LAURA

Hi, Marcy. Would you like to stay for dinner?

MARCY

I'd love to but I have to go get ready for the dance.

LAURA

Are you two going together?

SAWYER

She has a boyfriend, mom.

MARCY

I'll see you tonight.

SAWYER

Good luck.

MARCY

Bye, Mrs. Bloom.

LAURA

Say hi to your parents for me.

(Marcy leaves)

She's grown up to be a very pretty young lady.

SAWYER

I'm gonna go get ready.

LAURA
Your sister is already in the
bathroom. I don't wanna hear any
arguing.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sawyer knocks on the bathroom door.

REBECCA (O.S.)
I'm in here.

SAWYER
I have to get ready for the dance too
you know.

REBECCA (O.S.)
Get real, Sawyer. You don't even own
a hairbrush.

Sawyer steps away from the door and addresses us.

SAWYER
She's such a bitch. Maybe Mickey is
right. Maybe I need to show some
balls. Let's see what Gretchen and
Natalie are willing to do for a copy
of my sister's exam.

INT. REBECCA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sawyer sneaks into the room, floppy disk in hand, and
carefully closes the door. He darts over to her desktop PC
and turns it on.

He double-clicks through well organized folders and is about
to open the file labeled "Midterm History Exam" when...

LAURA (O.S.)
Beck, I'm gonna put some of your
laundry away!

As the door begins to open, Sawyer dives on the floor behind
the bed.

Laura enters with a laundry basket of neatly folded clothes.
As she heads toward the dresser, sure to spot Sawyer, he
manages to slither under the bed.

It's dusty and crammed with old magazines and clothes.

Sawyer is praying that he doesn't get caught when he realizes that he's holding onto a "BACK MASSAGER." Disgusted he drops it and wipes his hand on a teddy bear.

He watches his mom who is just about done with the laundry when she drops a pair of socks right in front of him. He cowers as she bends down to pick them up.

She exits. With a sigh of relief he climbs out from under the bed and heads back over to the computer.

He pops his floppy disk into the drive, right clicks and chooses "Send File to Floppy." The disk drive comes to life and then gives him a "Write-protect error."

Shit. He pulls the disk out and is nervously trying to move the write-protect tab when he drops it on the floor.

As he's crouched down, the door starts to open again. Sawyer throws himself under the desk. Rebecca enters, in her robe, with big-old curlers in her hair.

REBECCA

Mom can I...

Rebecca realizes her mom isn't there and walks away.

REBECCA (O.S.)

(calling out)

Mom can I borrow your beige slip.

Sawyer gets out from under the desk.

SAWYER

Fuck this.

He shuts down the computer and heads for the door. Just as he reaches for the handle it begins to open. Sawyer runs into the closet and pulls the louver door closed.

Becky comes in, closes the door, and tosses the beige slip on the bed.

IN THE CLOSET

Sawyer briefly peeks out through the louvers. He's trapped like a rat in a cage.

INTERCUT

Becky checks herself in the mirror. She squeezes the one tiny little zit on her otherwise flawless face and then heads over and turns on her stereo, loud.

Sawyer shakes his head, annoyed that he's gotten himself into this predicament.

Suddenly and without warning, Rebecca pulls off the robe and lets it drop to the floor.

Sawyer pulls back from the louvers and cringes. He got a split second full frontal of his sister. She proceeds to examine her body in the mirror.

Hoping she's gone he takes another quick look. He rubs his eyes as if that might erase the image.

SAWYER
(to himself)
Go back to the goddamn bathroom.

Rebecca begins to remove the curlers from her hair.

Disgusted, Sawyer is afraid he'll be stuck like this forever. She starts dancing to the music.

SAWYER
(to himself)
Put some fucking clothes on already.

He stands there for a good long time and then peeks again.

There's no sign of her. He strains to see the parts of the room that might be out of view.

Then suddenly she steps right in front of the closet, still naked as a jay-bird.

She pulls the closet door open. Sawyer closes his eyes and braces himself. Rebecca SCREAMS at the top of her lungs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sawyer sits alone on the couch, talking to us.

SAWYER
The second she opened the closet I knew I was fucked. If I tell my parents the truth, that I was there to steal the test, then I'm a thief and a cheater. They'll never trust me again. If I don't say anything, they're gonna think I'm a perv. I could bullshit them, but I'm bad at it. It takes me at least an hour to come up with a decent lie;
(MORE)

SAWYER(cont'd)

so chances are the lie won't work and they'll just think I'm a liar and a perv.

Chuck enters, looking really distraught.

CHUCK

Your mother is in the bathroom vomiting up her heart! I was a seventeen year old boy once, Sawyer. I know what goes through your sick little mind. But this is a whole new level of depravity. Your sister will quite possibly be scarred for life.

SAWYER

She wasn't too upset to go to the dance.

CHUCK

You think she's having a good time at that dance. She's putting on a brave face. This is the kind of thing that could turn her off men completely. She could very easily become a lesbian because of you.

SAWYER

Dad, I wasn't trying to see her naked. That's twisted. Don't you think that I know that that's twisted. Maybe you and mom are the ones with the sick minds for even thinking that I would do something like that.

CHUCK

Don't try to make us the bad guys on this one, Sawyer. This scenario is so off the charts fucked up that they don't even contemplate it in any of your mothers goddamn parenting books. If you think that you have a good explanation for invading your sisters privacy, I'm ready, let's hear it.

There's a long beat as Sawyer considers his options.

SAWYER

Can't you just trust that there was nothing demented going on?

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sawyer lies on his bed. Chuck and Laura collect up his TV and his video game system.

LAURA

You're grounded for the rest of your life. No TV, no video games, no telephone.

(she takes the phone)

Straight home from school, in your room. No hanging out with your friends, no going out on the weekends.

They march out and slam the door. Sawyer looks to us, depressed.

SAWYER

The rest of my life? Isn't that a little harsh? Isn't there a three strikes rule? This is only the second time I've ever been grounded. The first time was for convincing Andrew that he could get superpowers by drinking cat pee - when we were eight years old. They can't ground me for life on a second offense.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Sawyer marks a line on the wall for Day One of his grounding.

Sawyer spins a basketball on his finger.

Sawyer spreads the pictures of his Dream Girl on the bed.

Sawyer plays the guitar he hasn't touched since third grade.

Sawyer tosses grapes up in the air and catches them in his mouth. He leans back too far and his chair falls over.

Sawyer sits on the bed gazing at the pictures.

Sawyer marks a second line on the wall for Day Two of his grounding.

Sawyer draws his Dream Girl based on a picture. We reveal the sketch - it's terrible.

Sawyer stands naked, using a flashlight to make a giant shadow of his penis on the wall.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sawyer is in bed again, still staring at a picture of his Dream Girl on the beach. Suddenly she starts to move. She licks her lips and then turns and walks toward the ocean.

The next thing Sawyer knows, he sees himself in the picture, walking after her. PUSH IN on the picture and

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY - DREAM SEQUENCE

The beach is deserted save for Sawyer and his Dream Girl. She stands at the edge of the water, breathing in the ocean air.

Sawyer walks up near her, watching her intently. She doesn't notice him as she slowly walks out into the waves and dips herself under.

Sawyer gazes over every inch of her, marveling at the way her bikini is clinging to her wet body. She seems to be walking right for him.

Sawyer tenses up, but she passes by as if he isn't there. He follows her up the beach.

The Dream Girl lies down on a beach lounge. Sawyer stands right in front of her but he's invisible to her.

He waves his hands trying to be noticed but she's oblivious to his existence. She reaches into a cooler and pulls out a cherry popsicle.

Sawyer is transfixed as she slides the popsicle in and out of her mouth. In and out...

CUT TO:

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sawyer awakens with a start. The picture is stuck to his cheek. He peels it off and then with a look of disgust he peeks into his underwear.

Sawyer grabs a tissue, reaches into his shorts and proceeds to clean himself off.

EXT. CRYSTAL BAY HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Sawyer is chaining his bike to the bike rack when Andrew approaches. Andrew seems more depressed than usual. They head for the school.

SAWYER

Hey. How was the dance?

ANDREW

I didn't go. Didn't you go?

SAWYER

No, I got grounded.

ANDREW

What for?

SAWYER

I don't wanna talk about it. Why didn't you go?

ANDREW

I was too depressed. I came in early this morning and talked to my guidance counselor. He said it was normal for kids my age to be confused about their sexuality and to have weird fantasies. Then he said a lot of kids know that they're gay but they're afraid to face it. Often because they think they're family won't approve. Which could be my case. My dad is a huge homophobe. My mom has a gay brother and until I was twelve I thought his name was Uncle Fruitcake. Then it's also possible that I'm trying to convince myself that I'm gay because it's the one way I could really get back at my father. Did you know that there's a school club for homosexuals?

SAWYER

Isn't that called Drama?

ANDREW

Very funny. It's a real support group. I'm gonna go to a meeting. Would you come with me?

SAWYER

(sympathetically)

Andrew, I'm not gay. I don't have a lot going for me. Please let me hold on to the fact that at least I'm still perceived as heterosexual.

ANDREW

Is it that horrible for people to think that you're gay?

SAWYER

Not if you are gay. But if you're not, it really hurts your chances of ever getting a date with a member of the opposite sex.

ANDREW

What if I go to the meeting and then it turns out I'm not gay? Maybe I should try to have sex with a guy and see if I like it.

SAWYER

You could do that, but maybe, if you're on the fence, you should try to have sex with a girl and make sure you don't like it.

ANDREW

If I could get a girl to have sex with me I would have done it already.

SAWYER

Well that's not a very gay thing to say.

ANDREW

I know. I'm so confused.

Sawyer is suddenly hit in the chest by a ROCK. Hurt, he looks around to see who threw it and sees Mickey hiding behind some bushes. He waves them over.

SAWYER

You hit me with a rock. What the fuck is wrong with you?

MICKY

(to Sawyer)

I can't believe you have the nerve to show your face here.

SAWYER

What are you talking about?

MICKY

You don't know? Everyone at the dance heard what you did Friday night. That's some sick shit Sawyer, even by my standards. It's your twin sister, man. You've gotta draw the line somewhere. She is incredibly hot though. How did she look?

SAWYER

(mortified)

She told everyone?

MICKY

I heard from Larry Finkelstein. He said she caught you inside her closet, watching her and whacking off with a pair of her panties.

SAWYER

No?! C'mon! That did not happen! C'mon! Shit! I was trying to steal the fucking history test. She came in the room, I had to hide, and she caught me.

MICKY

Yeah, that's not the version that's going around.

ANDREW

I thought I had problems.

SAWYER

She promised my parents she wouldn't tell anyone.

ANDREW

Don't worry, it'll be rough for a couple years, but you can always go to an out of state college.

SAWYER

Save yourselves. Seriously, stay as far away from me as you can.

MICKY

There is some good news though.

SAWYER

What?

MICKEY

The subliminal foreplay works. I made out with Carla Maplethorpe and squeezed her bare tit. Her bare tit, Sawyer. Hard nipple touched the palm of my hand.

Sawyer hangs his head. He can't believe how screwed he is.

EXT. SCHOOL COMMONS AREA - DAY

Sawyer sits alone under a tree and eats his lunch. Everyone he sees appears to be talking about him and snickering. Marcy comes up and crouches next to him.

MARCY

Heard any good rumors lately?

SAWYER

I heard there's some deviant at our school who tried to have sex with his sister.

MARCY

Oh, I heard he was just touching himself while he peeked in her window.

SAWYER

I wasn't peeking in the window, I was in the closet. I have a perfectly good explanation.

MARCY

I know you're not a pervert. I don't even want an explanation. I just wanna thank you. Things went really well with Eric. I couldn't have done it without your help.

SAWYER

It was my pleasure, no pun intended. Probably the last pleasure I'll ever have.

Eric looms over them.

ERIC

What are you doing talking to this freakshow?

(MORE)

ERIC(cont'd)

You shouldn't be seen around him.
He's a piranha.

MARCY

(rolling her eyes)
You mean pariah.

ERIC

No I don't. I don't even know what
that is.

MARCY

I know him, Eric. He didn't do what
people are saying.

ERIC

I know his sister, Marcy. She
wouldn't make that up. Say good-bye
and let's go.

Eric walks away. Marcy looks torn.

SAWYER

Don't worry about it.

MARCY

I'll talk to you later.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Based on the markings on the wall it's day nine of Sawyer's
life sentence. He's standing at his bedroom window watching
the rain.

Looking miserable, he walks over to his bed, picks up a
picture of his Dream Girl and stares at it.

SAWYER

(to us)

I know it's pitiful to be obsessed
with a girl in a picture. So don't
look at me like that, okay. You're
just making me feel worse.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAWYER'S HOUSE - MORNING

It's a beautiful morning. The sun is shining, birds are
chirping, a bee is pollinating a hibiscus flower beneath
Sawyer's window.

Suddenly a stream of urine disrupts the bee's ritual.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer is yawning and peeing. We hear the BUZZ of the bee and without warning Sawyer lets out a SCREAM.

He stumbles backwards into the room, spraying urine all around as he writhes in pain. Finally, he begins to calm down, breathing heavily he looks down at his crotch.

SAWYER

Stung my dick.

He lays back on the floor.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Laura strolls down the hall and knocks on Sawyer's door.

LAURA

Honey, you're gonna be late for school.

SAWYER (O.S.)

I'm not feeling well.

Laura opens the door.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer is in bed with the covers pulled up to his neck when Laura enters. He seems to be in pain.

LAURA

What's wrong?

SAWYER

(lying)

I think I have a light case of ebola.
I better stay home today.

Laura catches a whiff of something pungent.

LAURA

Do you smell something?

SAWYER

Fresh air?

LAURA

No, it smells like... like pee.
Sawyer, did you wet the bed?

SAWYER

Mom, I'm seventeen years old. I don't wet the bed anymore.

LAURA

Well I smell pee.

SAWYER

I think I have a fever. Maybe I had the sweats last night. Maybe that's what you smell.

Rebecca enters.

REBECCA

Mom, we gotta go.
(catches a whiff)
Smells like pee in here.

LAURA

Sweetie, wait outside, your brother's not feeling well.

REBECCA

He has to go to school, we have midterms today.

LAURA

Is that what this is about? You're trying to get out of taking your tests?

SAWYER

I'm sick. I can't get out of bed.

REBECCA

Maybe if you studied a little bit you wouldn't have to feign illness.

SAWYER

Mom, I genuinely have something wrong with me.

REBECCA

Oh, it was obvious from the day you were born that you have something wrong with you.

LAURA

Rebecca, please. Sawyer you look fine. Now get up and get ready for school.

She grabs the blanket and tries to pull it off but Sawyer hangs on for dear life.

SAWYER

No!

LAURA

Sawyer! Let go of the blanket!

Chuck enters as Laura and Sawyer struggle for the blanket.

CHUCK

What the hell are you people yelling about?!

LAURA

Your son has midterms today but he's refusing to get out of bed.

SAWYER

I never miss school! Can't I be sick one day?!

CHUCK

Goddammit, Sawyer, get up!

Chuck grabs Sawyer's blanket and rips it away, crashing into the wall and falling over in the process.

Laura and Rebecca shudder with shock and disgust when they get a look at Sawyer's...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Mickey and Andrew are amazed by the abnormally large bulge in Sawyer's jeans. Sawyer tries to shield the problem with some school books.

MICKEY

A bee sting. How come I never thought of that?

Mickey pokes it with a pencil.

SAWYER

I didn't do it on purpose. It hurts like a bitch.

MICKEY

Still, you've got porn dick. Look at the size of that thing.

(MORE)

MICKEY(cont'd)

If I were you I wouldn't be hiding
it, I'd be doin' the elephant walk up
and down the halls.

ANDREW

Do you think it'll stay like that?

SAWYER

Christ, I hope not.

The school's FIRE ALARM begins to blare. The kids glance at
it and then go about their business.

ANDREW

You're lucky your throat didn't close
up. You could die from that.

MICKEY

I'm gonna rub some honey on my cock
and go hump a beehive.

PRINCIPAL

(over the PA system)

This is not a drill. Please evacuate
the school in an orderly fashion. I
repeat, this is not a drill. Get out!

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

Several hundred STUDENTS rush out of the building.

There's a murmur of excitement but the school doesn't seem to
be on fire.

Sawyer still holds his books in front of him, blocking his
swollen genitalia. Mickey can't resist drawing attention to
his friends crotch.

MICKEY

C'mon Sawyer this is too good to keep
to yourself. Hey Natalie...

SAWYER

Mickey, don't.

MICKEY

Natalie, you wanna see a really big
dick?

NATALIE

(glaring at Mickey)

I'm looking at a huge dick right now.

MICKEY

That was cheap. But I set you up for it, you couldn't resist. I'm not referring to the metaphorical dick. I'm being literal. Check this out. Show her Sawyer. There's nothing to be embarrassed about. There's no shame in being extraordinarily well hung.

Mickey pulls Sawyer's books away for a second, giving Natalie, Gretchen and several of their friends a quick glimpse. They can't believe their eyes.

NATALIE

Oh, my god. That is not real.

MICKEY

Impressive, isn't it.

Meanwhile the **PRINCIPAL**, frumpy and in her late forties, angrily paces the frontline with a BULLHORN.

PRINCIPAL

Quiet down! Quiet down! One of you, in your infinite wisdom, apparently thought that pulling the fire alarm would somehow unburden you from the pressure of midterm examinations. All you have in fact accomplished is to cause your fellow classmates to have to remain in school for an extra hour so that the tests can be completed. Rest assured that the responsible party will be...

Just then the Principal notices the group of kids that are ignoring her and taking an atypical interest in Sawyer.

PRINCIPAL

What is going on over here?

She moves a few kids out of the way and spots Sawyer's bulge.

PRINCIPAL

Do you think that that's funny young man? What is that bulge in your pants?

The kids begin to chuckle.

PRINCIPAL

Take it out, I wanna see it. Show it
to me right now.

Students AD LIB things like "Whip it out!" She steps towards
him. Sawyer doesn't know what to do.

PRINCIPAL

I am not in the mood for any games.
I want what you've got in your pants.

The kids cheer.

MICKEY

You're all witnesses. She's sexually
harassing him.

PRINCIPAL

Quiet.

(in Sawyer's face)

If you don't do as I say this will be
a day you will not forget. I demand
that you pull it out and put it in my
hand.

Sawyer steps back. The Principal lunges and grabs Sawyer's
package. He tenses up with pain and embarrassment.

She slowly realizes that it's attached and sees her career
flash before her eyes.

MICKEY

I don't think I'm gonna take my
midterms today. I think I'm gonna go
to the police and tell them how
Principal Miller tried to give my
best friend a hand job in front of
the whole school.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - DAY

On day eighteen of his grounding Sawyer is reading "The
Catcher in the Rye" when there's a knock at his window.

It's Marcy. Her eyes are red and puffy like she recently
finished a good cry. Sawyer opens the window.

SAWYER

Hi.

MARCY

Are you busy?

SAWYER

Just reading. You wanna come in?

MARCY

I don't wanna get you in trouble.

SAWYER

Don't worry about it.

(sympathetically)

You look like you've been crying.

He helps her climb through the window. She sighs and tries to stifle more tears.

MARCY

Yeah.

SAWYER

Is it Eric? What did he do? I'll kick his ass.

She almost laughs.

SAWYER

Is that funny? You think I can't kick his ass?

MARCY

I'm a geek, Sawyer. I may have changed physically last summer but I'm not meant to be popular. I told Eric I wasn't ready to have sex, that I wasn't going to change my mind and he should stop trying to get me to do it. So he broke up with me. He said I wasn't mature enough for him. I'm not mature enough for a guy who thinks it's entertaining to wipe his boogers on the nozzle of a water fountain and then laugh at the next person who drinks from it.

SAWYER

I'm sorry, Marcy. Honestly, being popular and having members of the opposite sex lusting after you doesn't sound like such a horrible thing.

MARCY

I feel phony around those people. I just wanna be myself.

(spiteful)

(MORE)

MARCY(cont'd)

I can't believe I blew him. You're bigger than he is, by the way. Not that I was comparing.

SAWYER

You mean I'm bigger than him everyday, or just because of the bee sting?

MARCY

Even without the swelling.

SAWYER

(hugs her)

I'm sorry your love life is screwed, but I'm glad to have my friend back.

MARCY

(sobbing uncontrollably)

I was always your friend, Sawyer. I'm so sorry I wasn't around. I'm a horrible person.

SAWYER

No! Don't cry. I didn't mean it that way.

They continue to hold each other as she cries on his shoulder. After a long beat:

SAWYER

Marcy, I think I'm in love with the mystery girl in the pictures from the camera I found on the beach.

(she stops crying)

But I don't wanna talk about it.

MARCY

You're in love with her?

SAWYER

I said I don't wanna talk about it.

MARCY

Then why did you bring it up?

SAWYER

So you could tell me that I'm pathetic.

(hands her the photos)

Take the pictures and burn them.

MARCY

It's not pathetic. It's romantic, Sawyer. Maybe you have some kind of connection with her. Maybe you're meant to be together.

SAWYER

Like you thought you were meant to be with Eric? Some things are just better off being fantasies.

MARCY

I don't believe that. Even though Eric turned out to be a selfish, semi-retarded, jock-hole.

(beat)

I think you should try to find her.

SAWYER

You're emotional right now. You're not thinking clearly. It's impossible that a girl like that would have anything to do with me.

MARCY

The only thing that makes it impossible is the fact that you won't try. Remember the summer we were nine years old? You thought it was impossible to hold your breath for a minute. We were in my pool everyday trying as hard as we could... and what happened?

SAWYER

I got the worst sunburn of my life, which will eventually lead to skin cancer.

MARCY

And by the end of the summer you could hold your breath for a minute and eight seconds. I don't know what happened to you, Sawyer. Sometime between when we were nine, and this moment right now, you decided that things just weren't meant to go your way.

SAWYER

I'll tell you what happened. I got realistic.

(MORE)

SAWYER(cont'd)

There are people like my sister who get to be beautiful and smart and adored by the masses. When she's older she'll be rich and successful and happy. But we can't all have it all. Some of us are just meant to be ordinary.

MARCY

That's a brilliant fucking cop-out. Don't dare for a shot at happiness. You're destined to be average.

SAWYER

Nowhere is it written that you can't be happy and be average. Content with mediocrity. That's the key. I've come to the conclusion that most people are miserable because their reach exceeds their grasp.

MARCY

Wrong, most people are miserable because their whole life they take the easy way out. Then they look back at all the opportunities they squandered and it makes them sick. You know what my grandfather told me when he was dying? He said "When your time comes, Marcy. As you're taking your last breath. If you're lucky enough to have a moment to reflect on your life - you won't regret the things you did, you'll only regret the things you didn't do."

SAWYER

That's a nice theory but didn't you come here full of regret for trying to be popular and for blowing Eric?

MARCY

It hurts a little right now because it didn't work out the way I hoped, but I got a chance to be popular. I don't have to spend the rest of my life wondering what it would've been like. I did it and it's not for me. You can't let the girl in the pictures be another Renee Lovaglio. Renee is gonna haunt you until the day you die because you didn't have the guts to ask her out.

(MORE)

MARCY(cont'd)

She moved away and you never got a chance to see if she liked you.

Sawyer ponders this.

SAWYER

This girl is so far beyond me, Marcy. I just don't see the point in setting myself up for that kind of rejection.

MARCY

Obviously no one wants to be rejected, but stop being negative for one second. What if she's just sitting in her room, staring at the ceiling, and waiting for you?

SAWYER

That's not likely.

MARCY

Not likely, no. But it's not impossible.

SAWYER

Even if I wanted to look for her, I have no idea who she is, or where she is, or how to find her.

MARCY

Start with the pictures. There have to be clues in the pictures. I'll help you. We'll do it together.

SAWYER

You're forgetting the fact that I'm not allowed to leave my bedroom.

MARCY

If you want her, Sawyer, you can't let little things like that stop you.

Sawyer realizes that she's right.

MONTAGE

SCHOOL HALLWAY - SLO-MO: Sawyer marches down the hall with Marcy, Andrew and Mickey. They're on a mission.

JOURNALISM CLASS - The kids spread the pictures on a drafting table and study them carefully.

Andrew draws a map of Crystal Bay on a Dry Erase Board.

Marcy hangs a few of the pictures at the corresponding locations on the map.

SAWYER'S BEDROOM - Sawyer sneaks in his window.

BEACH, SHOPS AND RESTAURANTS - Mickey and Andrew show pictures of the Dream Girl to locals and tourists. No one recognizes her.

SAWYER'S BEDROOM - The next day Sawyer sneaks out his window.

MOTEL ROW - The kids all pop into different motels to see if the managers recognize the Dream Girl. No one does.

JOURNALISM CLASS - On the other side of the dry erase board the kids keep track of all the clues they amass.

MAIN STREET AND BEACH - Mickey puts up posters of the Dream Girl on light poles and in store windows. It read: "If you've seen this girl Call Mickey 555-9718."

JOURNALISM CLASS - Sawyer removes a picture from the DRY ERASE BOARD of a HANDSOME GUY with his arm around the Dream Girl. The guy holds up a Daiquiri glass that reads "TEQUILA BREEZE BEACH BAR"

TEQUILA BREEZE BEACH BAR - An outdoor bar. Sawyer shows the picture to some PATRONS. No dice. He then shows it to the FEMALE BARTENDER. She doesn't recognize the Dream Girl but she does recognize the Handsome Guy.

END MONTAGE...

EXT. TEQUILA BREEZE BEACH BAR - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer gives the **FEMALE BARTENDER** a surprised look.

SAWYER
You know this guy?

FEMALE BARTENDER
Sure. That's Danny. He's a local.
He's in here all the time.

SAWYER
You don't know the girl though?

FEMALE BARTENDER
No. Don't recall ever seeing her.

SAWYER
Can you tell me where I could find
Danny?

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A popular dwelling for beach bums and surfers. Sawyer climbs off his bike and drags it up the stairs to Danny's apartment.

Through the torn screen door Sawyer sees that the front door is open.

SAWYER

Hello?

DANNY (O.S.)

Hello.

SAWYER

I'm looking for Danny.

DANNY (O.S.)

That's me. Come on in. Careful with the screen door. It's a little tricky.

Sawyer pulls on the screen door but it seems to be jammed so he pulls a little harder.

BLAM! The whole thing comes off the hinges and Sawyer almost goes with it over the railing behind him. The door lands on some dead shrubs below.

SAWYER

Jesus. I dropped your door over the side.

DANNY (O.S.)

Don't worry about it. Fuckin' maintenance guy needs to do something about that thing.

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer steps into the dingy little apartment.

DANNY, 22, looks even better in person than he did in the picture. Blonde, tan, and muscular. He's in his boxers in the kitchen, staring into the fridge.

DANNY

I overslept. You know what time it is?

SAWYER

Almost four o'clock.

DANNY

Shit, I shoulda gotten up an hour ago. You want a beer.

SAWYER

No thanks.

(Sawyer reconsiders)

On second thought I would.

DANNY

(pops open the bottle)

Last one. We'll share.

SAWYER

That's okay. Never mind.

DANNY

What do you want, like a dime bag?

SAWYER

What?

DANNY

How much weed do you want?

SAWYER

Oh, I'm not here for drugs.

A **NAKED GIRL** appears from the hallway.

NAKED GIRL

Danny there's no toilet paper.

She notices Sawyer but does nothing to cover herself.

NAKED GIRL

I didn't know you had company.

DANNY

(confused)

I don't know who the fuck this dude is.

SAWYER

I'm Sawyer.

NAKED GIRL

There's no toilet paper and I really have to pee.

DANNY

I don't know, use your sock.

NAKED GIRL

That's gross.

Disgusted, she marches back into the bedroom.

DANNY

Thank god.

SAWYER

For what?

DANNY

I'm sober and she's still hot. What do you want if you're not here for weed?

Sawyer holds up the picture of Danny and the Dream Girl.

SAWYER

I'm looking for this girl.

DANNY

I've never seen her before.

SAWYER

What do you mean?

(re:picture)

That's you. You're standing right next to her.

DANNY

(agitated)

What is she your sister or something? Are you here to throw down?

SAWYER

Throw down? I'm just looking for this girl.

DANNY

I don't want any trouble.

SAWYER

Do you know her or not?

Danny sits on the couch and loads up his pipe.

DANNY

I vaguely remember she came into the Tequila Breeze with a couple of friends: A sweet Asian and some tubby chick.

(MORE)

DANNY(cont'd)

We exchanged glances, I bought her a few drinks and we came back here.

(remembering)

Heather.

SAWYER

Her name's Heather?

DANNY

Isn't it? I was calling her Heather all night.

(beat)

Maybe it wasn't Heather, maybe that's why she started getting a little weird.

SAWYER

What do you mean weird?

DANNY

(takes a hit)

When I kissed her, she started crying and said she wanted to go for a walk. I'm a gentleman, so I tagged along. She didn't say a word for like an hour and then suddenly she was all over me like she was cock starved.

SAWYER

Did you have sex with her?

DANNY

We made out and she rubbed my schnauzer through my pants. Next thing I know she started crying again and said she wanted to go back to her motel. Chick was a couple a eggs short of an omelette.

SAWYER

What else do you know about her?

DANNY

I don't remember. It was like three weeks ago. She was an out of state college bitch here on vacation.

SAWYER

What college?

DANNY

We didn't talk about that.

(MORE)

DANNY(cont'd)

She was smokin' hot but whacked, we just didn't click, ya know? I dropped her off and that was that.

SAWYER

What motel? Do you remember anything else that could help me?

DANNY

Sorry dude, but I don't even remember half the girls I bang. How am I gonna remember shit about some random prick tease?

EXT. BEACH WALK - DAY

Marcy, Mickey and Andrew are sitting at a picnic table near the beach when Sawyer arrives.

MARCY

Any luck?

SAWYER

I think it's time to throw in the towel.

MICKEY

What are you talking about? We're just getting started.

MARCY

You weren't able to find anything?

SAWYER

I found the guy from the picture at the bar.

MARCY

That's great.

MICKEY

How could you wanna throw in the towel now? We're getting somewhere.

SAWYER

You wanna know what I found out? She goes to college in some other state. While in Crystal Bay she met a complete loser in a bar and almost slept with him. He said she was "weird." He said she alternated between being sexually aggressive and crying uncontrollably.

MICKEY

How is that bad? Everyone knows that crazy chicks are the best in bed.

ANDREW

I didn't know that.

MARCY

Me either.

SAWYER

Mickey, I'm not going through all this trouble to get laid.

MICKEY

You're not? What the fuck are we doing it for then?

SAWYER

I don't know.

MARCY

Sawyer, you can't let one guys opinion change your mind about her. One man's crazy bitch is another man's dream girl, right?

SAWYER

The final nail in the coffin is that her name is Heather for God's sake. There's no way I'm meant to be with a girl named Heather.

MARCY

We're not quitting! We've only been looking for three days. Now we know her first name and that she goes to college -- somewhere. We have to take a closer look at the pictures. There must be more clues.

SAWYER

I've been staring at those pictures for weeks.

MARCY

You've been staring at Heather for weeks.

SAWYER

(quitting)

I've gotta go home.

(MORE)

SAWYER(cont'd)

It's almost dinner time. My parents
are gonna notice that I'm gone.

Sawyer walks away. Marcy is disappointed in him. Mickey
shrugs as if he expected Sawyer to give up.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Sawyer climbs in his window and is immediately struck with a
sense of dread. His room is completely CLEAN. He sits on
his bed and looks around in disbelief.

Chuck and Laura enter, visibly upset.

LAURA

I waited in here for four hours to
confront you about why you weren't
home.

CHUCK

Did you forget that you're grounded?

LAURA

As the hours passed I got more and
more upset. You know that when I get
upset I clean.

SAWYER

I can explain.

LAURA

Do you sneak out of here to perform
oral sex on tourists for money?

SAWYER

What?

She pulls Marcy's "How to Give the Ultimate Blow Job"
pamphlet from behind her back.

LAURA

I found this on your floor.

SAWYER

I don't perform oral sex on tourists
for money!

CHUCK

(more upset)

Are you performing oral sex on
tourist for free?!

LAURA

Who do you perform oral sex on?

SAWYER

No one.

LAURA

Then how do you explain the instruction booklet?

(no answer)

There has to be an explanation. Huh? What is it? They're not handing these out at school, correct?

CHUCK

There has to be some reason why you have to know how to give a blow job.

LAURA

Please don't call it that in front of him.

CHUCK

Him hearing the words blow job are the least of our problems right now.

LAURA

We're on your side, Sawyer. We're just worried about you.

SAWYER

There's nothing to worry about.

CHUCK

How can you say there's nothing to worry about? I was dreading the day I might have to have the blow job talk with my daughter. I never imagined in a million years that I'd be having it with my son.

LAURA

We're making an appointment for you to see a psychiatrist. If you can't share with us, maybe you'll be able to share with a stranger.

SAWYER

Mom, there's really nothing to share.

LAURA

Then why do you have the blow job pamphlet?! Who are you blowing?! Who?! Who?!

SAWYER
(lying)
Myself! Okay, I blow myself!

Laura covers her mouth, almost vomits, and rushes out of the room. Chuck looks dazed.

CHUCK
Where did we go wrong?

He stumbles out of the room. Sawyer looks at us.

SAWYER
(angry)
That went well. I told you I'm a bad liar. Auto-fellatio! That was the best I could come up with? I couldn't tell them it was Marcy's pamphlet. Imagine if it got back to her parents that she was practicing oral sex on me. So now my parents think I spy on my sister when she's naked and then come back to my room and suck my own dick.

Sawyer pulls his closet open and begins dumping his neatly organized belonging back onto the floor.

INT. JOURNALISM CLASSROOM - EVENING

Marcy spreads Heather's vacation pictures on the desk.

She chooses a picture of Heather getting a speeding ticket from a Cop. Marcy scans the picture into the computer.

INTERCUT

Sawyer continues to disorganize his room. He pulls clothes out of the closet and tosses them onto the floor.

Meanwhile... Marcy uses the computer to zoom in on the picture of Heather. Marcy tries to read the speeding ticket that the Cop is handing Heather but it's too pixelated.

Marcy scans in another picture but finds no clues.

Sawyer empties drawers onto the floor. Marcy scans another picture and another before noticing...

In one of the photos the Chubby Girl wears a T-shirt with two GREEK LETTERS on it. She zeros in on the letters.

Sawyer has totally undone his mother's cleaning. He looks at himself in the mirror and then looks at the picture of Heather that he has stuck on the mirror.

He takes the picture off, stares at it for a moment and then TEARS it in half and throws it away.

Marcy finds the greek letters in the dictionary. OMEGA CHI. Marcy goes to Yahoo and types: "Omega Chi sorority."

She links to the Omega Chi homepage. She clicks on the "Chapter Directory" and sees a list of over ONE HUNDRED colleges that have Omega Chi chapters.

Slightly disheartened she finds the "Member Search" function and types in "Heather."

She's completely disheartened to find that there are ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN HEATHERS all around the country who are members of the sorority.

Sawyer climbs out his window.

Marcy goes back to the pictures, scanning another one in.

Sawyer wanders the streets toward the beach.

Marcy continues through the pictures, one by one.

Sawyer sits on the BEACH, waiting for the sun to set.

Marcy looks at a picture of Heather and her two friends on a snorkeling trip. She zooms in on the sail of the boat and sees that it says: "SKIPPER STEVE'S BOAT RENTAL." Bingo.

Sawyer watches the sun slowly disappear into the ocean.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAWYER'S HOUSE/NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Sawyer walks up the street towards his house. Marcy's car is parked at the curb and Marcy sits alone on the hood.

SAWYER

(forlorn)

My mom found the ultimate blow job pamphlet on my floor.

MARCY

I'm sorry.

SAWYER

It's not your fault. If the room
wasn't such a mess I would've
realized you left it there.

MARCY

What did you tell her?

SAWYER

I told her that I had it because I
like to blow myself.

MARCY

(laughs)

Sorry... Why did you say that?

SAWYER

I didn't want to get you in trouble
and that was the first thing that
came to mind.

MARCY

Thank you for looking out for me.

SAWYER

That's what friends are for.

MARCY

Exactly. Which is why I'm not
letting you give up on Heather.

SAWYER

Marcy, we looked for her. She goes
to college in another state. I'm a
seventeen year old high school
student who doesn't even have a car.

MARCY

I think I know how to find her.

SAWYER

(half sure)

Forget it.

MARCY

I can't. And neither can you. I
went and scanned the pictures into
Photoshop and looked at them more
carefully.

Marcy hands him the picture in which the Chubby Girl is
wearing the sorority T-shirt.

MARCY

Check out the Chubby Girl's T-shirt.
You know what that writing is?

SAWYER

It looks like it says "OX."

MARCY

No, those are greek letters. That's
a sorority T-shirt. Omega Chi. I
looked it up online. Unfortunately
there are Omega Chi chapters at over
a hundred colleges. And there are a
hundred and seventeen girls named
Heather who are members of Omega Chi.

SAWYER

(disinterested)

So what do we do, make a hundred
phone calls asking to speak to a girl
named Heather and then ask if she
lost a camera?

MARCY

I've got something even better.

She hands him the picture of the three girls on the
snorkeling trip.

MARCY

The boat the girls took out to go
snorkeling was rented from Skipper
Steve's Boat Rental. I called
Skipper Steve and he requires a major
credit card and a photocopy of your
driver's licence to rent from him.
We can go see him tomorrow.

SAWYER

I can't be in love with a girl in a
picture, Marcy. I've never been in
love. My first time can't be with a
photograph.

MARCY

Then don't call it love, Sawyer.
You're infatuated, enamored,
captivated. Whatever it is, you
should try to talk to her.

SAWYER

Has it occurred to you that you're intent on helping me find Heather as a way to avoid how you're feeling about the Eric situation?

MARCY

There is no Eric situation. That story has a beginning, middle, and end. The Heather story is stuck, because the hero of the story - that would be you - refuses to take action.

Sawyer lets this sink in.

INT. SKIPPER STEVE'S BOAT RENTAL - DAY

SKIPPER STEVE is a pudgy guy in his early forties. He's sitting behind his desk making a fishing lure. He looks up with a friendly smile as Sawyer and Marcy enter.

SKIPPER STEVE

Welcome to Skipper Steve's Boat Rental. I'm Skipper Steve. What can I interest you in today?

MARCY

My name is Marcy. I spoke to you last night about what you require to rent a boat.

SKIPPER STEVE

You shoulda mentioned to me that you're under eighteen, Marcy. I can't rent to you without an adult present.

MARCY

We don't actually wanna rent a boat. We just want information about someone you rented to in the past.

He looks at them confused.

SAWYER

I can explain...

SKIPPER STEVE

You're Laura's kid.

SAWYER

Yeah. Sawyer.

SKIPPER STEVE

How's your mom?

SAWYER

(caught off guard)

Okay, I guess.

SKIPPER STEVE

We went to high school together.

Came this close to asking her to the prom, but your dad beat me to it.

(regretful)

I blew that one. Things good between her and your dad?

SAWYER

I guess so.

Skipper Steve is lost in memories of the past. After a moment he snaps out of it.

SKIPPER STEVE

So what is it you kids want?

SAWYER

I'm looking for a girl...

SKIPPER STEVE

You got an awfully cute girl right here.

SAWYER

I know I do, but I'm looking for a specific girl. I found a camera on the beach.

Sawyer hands Skipper Steve the picture of Heather and her friends on the Skipper's boat.

MARCY

Sawyer's infatuated with the girl in the middle. Do you remember them?

SKIPPER STEVE

Yeah, I took this picture. They rented a boat from me, maybe a month ago. So you want me to check my records to find out who she is?

SAWYER

If you would.

SKIPPER STEVE

Sure. Just tell your mom I did you a solid, huh?

ANGLE ON FILING CABINET

Skipper Steve's pudgy fingers thumb through the files.

BACK TO SCENE

Skipper Steve pulls some paperwork out of a folder and hands it to Sawyer.

SKIPPER STEVE

Here it is.

Marcy grabs it away, excited.

MARCY

(reading)

Heather Logan, 417 Blue Lakes Road...

She stops, disappointed.

SAWYER

What?

MARCY

Pinewood, Idaho.

SAWYER

Idaho?

Sawyer looks at the photocopy of Heather's license.

SAWYER

Do people really live in Idaho?

Marcy finds a phone number written on the paperwork.

MARCY

There's a phone number. You should call her.

Marcy tries to hand him her cell phone.

SAWYER

Are you kidding me? I'm not gonna call her now.

MARCY

Why not?

SAWYER

I can think of a dozen reasons
starting with the fact that I'm a
complete stranger and she's in IDAHO!

SKIPPER STEVE

You can't procrastinate these kinds
of things, kid. You can't waste time
considering your options and planning
what you're gonna say. That'll just
make you nervous and then you'll
never call.

SAWYER

I'm already nervous.

MARCY

If you don't wanna do it, I'll do it.

SAWYER

And say what?

MARCY

Whatever comes to mind.

SAWYER

I'd rather you didn't.

MARCY

(dials)

It's ringing.

She tries again to hand Sawyer the phone. He refuses.

MAN'S VOICE

Hello.

MARCY

Hi, may I speak with Heather?

MAN'S VOICE

Heather is at school.

MARCY

Oh. When might be a good time to
call back?

MAN'S VOICE

She's away at school. In Virginia.

MARCY

I'm sorry. I didn't realize. Do you have a number where I could reach her?

MAN'S VOICE

Her cell number is on the fridge.
Hold on a second.

Marcy smiles and nods at Sawyer.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sawyer sits at the kitchen table staring at a scrap of paper that reads "Heather's cell 208-555-1009."

SAWYER

(to us)

What would you do in my situation? I know that it's easy to pass judgement from where you're sitting, but what would you really do? If you were at the mall or at a club, at work or in school and you saw a girl... or a guy, and something about them shook you, would you do something about it? It's happened to everybody. Did you walk right up to them or did you let them get away? Did you try to be a rock star? Did you try to be President? Did you try to get a poem in the school literary magazine? Were you the prom queen? Did you dance with the prom queen? Did you try?

Sawyer takes a long moment. He breathes deeply and picks up the wall phone. Almost immediately he hangs up.

Another deep breath, he picks up the receiver again and dials several digits before quickly hanging up again.

SAWYER

Just do it, you pussy.

He grabs the receiver and dials the whole number.

HEATHER'S VOICE

Hello?

Before Sawyer can speak, Rebecca strides into the kitchen. Panicked, he hangs up.

REBECCA
You're grounded, you're not supposed
to be using the phone.

SAWYER
I was calling mom.

REBECCA
Is she making dinner tonight?

SAWYER
I don't know. I didn't talk to her.

Rebecca scowls. The phone rings. Sawyer glances at it.

REBECCA
Who is it?

SAWYER
Wrong number probably.

REBECCA
Why don't you look at the caller ID
and see?

Humoring her, he checks the caller ID. It's Heather.

SAWYER
Yep, wrong number.

REBECCA
How do you know? Maybe it's for me.

SAWYER
No, it isn't.

Rebecca quickly picks up the phone. Caught off guard, Sawyer
grabs her arm before she can put the receiver to her ear.

REBECCA
What the fuck are you doing?

HEATHER'S VOICE
Hello?

SAWYER
(quickly)
You have the wrong number. Please
hang up and try your call again.

Sawyer releases Rebecca's arm and she puts the phone to her
ear. Sawyer's panic level doubles.

REBECCA

Hello?

HEATHER'S VOICE

Hi, this is Heather. Someone just called me from this number.

SAWYER

(whispers)

Hang up.

Annoyed, Sawyer tries to grab the phone.

REBECCA

That must have been my brother. He said he was calling my mom but I could tell something was up.

SAWYER

(whispers)

It was an accident. I mis-dialed.

REBECCA

Is this Heather Lawrence?

HEATHER'S VOICE

No.

SAWYER

(whispers)

Hang up!

REBECCA

Heather Marcus?

HEATHER'S VOICE

No.

SAWYER

(whispers forcefully)

Hang up!!

REBECCA

Do you even go to Crystal Bay High?

HEATHER'S VOICE

No. I vacationed in Crystal Bay.
Who is this?

SAWYER

Please, hang up!

REBECCA

Let me get to the bottom of this.

Why did you call this girl?

(to Heather)

My brother is a little freak. He may
be stalk--

Sawyer grabs Rebecca and wrestles her to the ground. She drops the phone as they struggle.

HEATHER'S VOICE

Hello... Hello...

Sawyer straddles Rebecca. He raises his fist. He seems like he's reached his breaking point and he's going to hit her.

Rebecca flinches. After a moment Sawyer realizes he can't do it and lowers his fist.

Rebecca immediately PUNCHES him in the mouth.

SAWYER

What did you do that for?

REBECCA

You were gonna hit me.

SAWYER

No I wasn't. You deserve to be hit.

I probably should have hit you, but I
wasn't gonna do it.

Sawyer puts the receiver to his ear. Busy signal.

REBECCA

Who was it?

SAWYER

None of your business.

Sawyer picks up the caller ID and erases Heather's number.

Rebecca shakes her head and goes into the living room.

Sawyer plops down in a seat at the table, staring at nothing.

This is the moment of truth. Is he going to take a chance?
Long beat, then Sawyer rises and marches out.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer strides into his room. He empties his backpack onto the bed. He grabs Heather's PICTURES and drops them into the bag. He then grabs some clothes and stuffs them in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Backpack slung over his shoulder, Sawyer walks up to the key rack. Rebecca, watching TV, sees him.

REBECCA
What are you doing?

SAWYER
I'm borrowing your car.

REBECCA
Like hell.

He grabs a set of keys and heads out the door.

EXT. SAWYER'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer jumps in Rebecca's VW and starts the engine. Rebecca follows him outside.

REBECCA
Get out! I'm calling dad! Where do
you think you're going?!

The car lurches out of the driveway and speeds off.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Sawyer cruises on the highway with the top down. Eighteen wheelers whiz by him.

Sawyer stands on the side of the road, looking at a map.

Sawyer sits in the VW and carefully places the PICTURES in a photo album.

Sawyer stops at a diner after dark and gets approached by a Truck Stop Hooker.

Sawyer drives past a sign welcoming him to Virginia.

EXT. SORORITY ROW - NIGHT

The VW creeps along the street as Sawyer tries to find the right house.

He comes upon the OMEGA CHI sorority and finds the kind of party you see in the movies. Music BLARES and DRUNKEN COLLEGE KIDS spill out the front door onto the lawn.

Sawyer parks. He watches the party for a moment. He looks over to the passenger seat at the PHOTO ALBUM. Deep breath.

He grabs the photo album and approaches the house.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer squeezes between PARTY GOERS and enters the house.
It's unlike anything he has ever experienced.

MOVING

He wanders around, looking for Heather. People drink, some smoke pot.

He eventually spots **EILEEN**.

PICTURE: Eileen (Heather's cute Asian friend), in a bedroom, opening her towel and flashing a breast.

SAWYER

Excuse me, I'm looking for Heather.

EILEEN

I think she's upstairs.

SAWYER

Thanks.

Sawyer heads up the stairs.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE SECOND FLOOR - THAT MOMENT

There aren't any revelers up here. In fact it's pretty quiet except for:

EX-BOYFRIEND

When did you become such a fucking slut?! We break up and you have to fuck the next guy you see?!

HEATHER

(drunk)

I didn't fuck the next guy I saw. I fucked the next guy I wanted to fuck.

Sawyer peeks around the corner just in time to see **HEATHER** VOMIT on her **EX-BOYFRIEND**'s shoes.

EX-BOYFRIEND

Beautiful. Your parents would be so proud of you right now. We'll finish this when you're not such a mess. Try to keep your legs crossed tonight if you can.

HEATHER

That's not your business anymore.

The Ex storms past Sawyer and disappears down the stairs. Heather sits on the floor and leans against the wall. She looks sad and a little out of it.

SAWYER

(to us)

I think we caught her at a bad time.

Sawyer remains in the shadows, watching her for a moment. She's clearly having a bad night but he decides to approach.

SAWYER

Heather?

HEATHER

Yeah.

SAWYER

Are you okay?

HEATHER

(snippy)

I'm fine.

SAWYER

You're sitting in vomit.

HEATHER

Do I know you?

SAWYER

No.

HEATHER

The party's downstairs. There's really nothing to see here.

Heather looks down and does not make eye contact with Sawyer for the rest of the scene. Long Silence.

SAWYER

Are you sure you're okay?

HEATHER

I'm sure I don't wanna talk to you about it.

SAWYER

Yeah. I'm not trying to annoy you--

HEATHER

Try harder.

SAWYER

Obviously this is a bad time but I came a long way...

HEATHER

Would it be rude for me to ask you to please fuck off?

SAWYER

It's a little rude.

HEATHER

How 'bout pretty please? Fuck off!

Sawyer stares at her for a moment and then places the photo album on the floor a couple of feet in front of her. He slowly walks away.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Depressed, Sawyer exits the house and walks slowly to the VW. He stops at the car and looks back at the house thoughtfully.

After a beat he climbs in and turns the key but it won't start. He tries over and over but it's no use.

Sawyer gets out, opens the hood and takes a look at the engine. He has no idea what he's looking at. He closes it, and tries to start the car again. Nothing.

He punches the dashboard, leans back and closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VOLKSWAGEN - MORNING

Sawyer is sound asleep in the driver's seat. Suddenly there's a KNOCK on the window and he's startled awake.

Heather's beautiful and apologetic face is staring at him. She wears shorts and a tank top and carries a garbage bag full of beer bottles. Sawyer rolls down the window.

HEATHER

Hi. I was just cleaning up a little and I noticed your car. Saw the Florida plate. I vaguely remember being a bitch to you last night.

Sawyer doesn't answer. Partly because he's still hurt but mostly because he can't believe she's so close to him.

HEATHER

I'm really sorry. I was drunk and arguing with my ex-boyfriend right before... I'm usually not like that.

He gives a slight nod.

HEATHER

You spoke at the party so I know you're not mute. Did you find my camera in Crystal Bay?

SAWYER

Yeah.

HEATHER

I really am sorry. I was incredibly rude to you. You can tear into me if you want. Call me names, spit on me. You can't spit on me. But I will accept a tongue lashing.

SAWYER

That's okay.

HEATHER

Really, I would feel better. I deserve it.

SAWYER

I spent most of the night cursing you. I got it out of my system.

HEATHER

(smiles)

What's your name?

SAWYER

Sawyer.

HEATHER

Heather.

(curious)

How old are you?

SAWYER

Seventeen.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Heather prepares an elaborate breakfast. Sawyer sits on a stool at the counter which is littered with alcohol bottles from the night before.

He watches her, mesmerized as she talks in a very friendly and open manner.

HEATHER

I didn't think I'd ever see those pictures. I was so upset when I realized I had lost the camera. You have no idea how much this means to me. Joanie, she's the redhead in the pictures, she and I have been best friends since third grade.

PICTURE: Heather and the Chubby Redhead at age nine.

HEATHER

We've always done everything together. She came to me two months ago and told me she was dropping out of school and going to Europe. She said that college wasn't for her and she only enrolled here because that's what I was doing. She wants to wander the globe. For a second I thought about going with her. Anyway, the trip to Crystal Bay was sort of our last hurrah. I miss her a lot. I'm sorry, you're not interested in all that.

SAWYER

(snaps out of it)

No. Yes. I am.

HEATHER

How did you find me?

SAWYER

Uhhh... My friend Marcy works at our school paper. I had her develop the negatives. She figured we could find you by getting clues from the pictures.

HEATHER

So you guys are like Encyclopedia Brown, Boy Detective and his sidekick Sally. The Case of the Lost Camera.

SAWYER
Something like that.

Heather's cell phone rings. She looks at the Caller ID.

HEATHER
Oh my God. Leave me alone.
(to Sawyer)
A week before Joanie told me she was going, I found out my boyfriend had cheated on me. He was back in Idaho and we tried to do the long distance thing after high school. He slept with Annette Marcus and then felt the need to call and confess immediately afterwards. He claimed he was lonely and had a moment of weakness. Instead of feeling devastated, I was totally relieved. He came all the way here to try and win me back, which would be nice if I wanted him back, but since I don't it's really just been annoying and depressing. I was hoping he would finally get the hint when I went to Crystal Bay but he didn't. That's what you walked in on last night, me telling him for the two hundredth time to go home and get on with his life and that I need to sow my wild oats. If I even have any wild oats. I'm babbling.

SAWYER
No.

HEATHER
Yes I was. I tend to do that when I meet new people.

Eileen and several other SORORITY GIRLS shuffle into the kitchen looking slightly hung over. They rummage for food.

EILEEN
Isn't there still a strict "no guys in the house before noon" policy?

HEATHER
This isn't just a guy. This is Sawyer. He's the one who found my camera on the beach.

SAWYER
Hi.

EILEEN

You didn't put my titty shot on the internet, did you?

SAWYER

No.

EILEEN

Alright, I guess you can stay then. How old are you?

SAWYER

Seventeen.

EILEEN

And you drove here all the way from Crystal Bay?

SAWYER

Yeah.

EILEEN

(to Heather)

Don't you think it's a little weird that this kid came eight hundred miles to return some pictures?

Sawyer immediately feels nervous.

HEATHER

I think it was incredibly sweet of him. Those pictures mean a lot.

EILEEN

Heather, he's a guy. He has no idea how much pictures mean to us. Have you ever seen a heterosexual man with a photo album?

HEATHER

For your information, it was his friend Marcy who suggested that he return the pictures.

EILEEN

Okay, am I the only one who thinks his behavior violates some kind of stalking law?

SORORITY GIRL #1

He doesn't look like a stalker. He has friendly eyes.

SAWYER

Thank you.

SORORITY GIRL #2

I don't know. The way he arranged the pictures so carefully in the photo album is a little creepy.

HEATHER

You're all just so used to guys being dicks, that when one does something genuinely nice you don't know how to react.

EILEEN

Nice would have been calling to tell you he had your pictures. Nice would have been dropping the pictures in the mail. Driving fourteen hours to deliver them screams "psycho."

HEATHER

Maybe he was bored in Crystal Bay, and had nothing better to do. Maybe he was passing by this way anyway. Or maybe he has a friend that goes to this school.

EILEEN

Or maybe you're too ingenuous.

HEATHER

I am not naive. Contrary to your perception of me, I've been around the block.

EILEEN

(mocking)

Yeah, you've been around the block in Idaho. Seriously, what's happening on that block? I thought one of the reasons we went to Crystal Bay was to party and forget your ex-boyfriend. It took 'til the end of the trip for you to go home with a guy and you didn't even sleep with him.

HEATHER

He was a moron and a drug dealer.

SAWYER

Danny.

HEATHER

You know Danny?

SAWYER

He was one of the clues in the pictures.

EILEEN

He was a pot dealer. It's not like he was pushing heroin. And he was hot. If I knew you were gonna chicken out I woulda gone home with him.

HEATHER

Please. Sawyer is practically the only guy in Crystal Bay you didn't go home with.

EILEEN

I can't believe you just implied I'm a slut in front of a stranger.

HEATHER

A stranger whom you're accusing of stalking me.

EILEEN

Sawyer, are you stalking her?

SAWYER

(beat; thinking)

I wouldn't call it that.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - DAY

Sawyer and Heather sit on the porch steps.

HEATHER

So why did you come all this way?

SAWYER

Renee Lovaglio.

HEATHER

I don't know what that means.

SAWYER

She was the first girl I ever... I don't wanna call it a crush, cause that doesn't sound very manly...

HEATHER

Guys can have crushes.

SAWYER

Well, Renee Lovaglio was the first girl I ever had a crush on.

HEATHER

I'm not following.

SAWYER

You ever want something but you didn't think you could have it so you didn't even bother trying?

HEATHER

No.

SAWYER

I came all this way because when I looked at your picture I felt... I felt like you were the most incredible girl I'd ever seen.

HEATHER

Wow. That was an unexpectedly candid response. Sawyer, that's very flattering... but...

SAWYER

I'm here because there are only two kinds of people. People who go after what they want and people who accept whatever life offers them. I've been staring at those pictures of you for a month. I'm infatuated. As pathetic as I feel telling you that, I'd be even more pathetic if I didn't tell you.

HEATHER

(kindly)

It's sweet that you went to so much trouble to meet me. But, you know, realistically you and I aren't...

SAWYER

I know. But if you decide to be the kind of person who goes after what you want you can't only go after what you know you can get. You have to go after the things you probably can't get; because the only way you'll know for sure is if you try.

HEATHER

That's true.

SAWYER

Thank you for letting me down gently.

(stands)

Have a nice... life.

HEATHER

(surprised)

Is that it?

SAWYER

I think so.

HEATHER

You've been infatuated with me for a month, you went to all kinds of trouble to figure out who I was, you came all this way and that's it? That was pretty half-hearted. I mean I respect the effort on the first half but you have no follow through.

SAWYER

I needed to prove to myself that I could look in the eyes of a beautiful girl who is seemingly unattainable and tell her that I'm attracted to her. I did it. I don't expect you to be interested in me. You're way out of my league.

HEATHER

You don't even know me. Maybe you're out of my league.

SAWYER

C'mon, you're an incredibly hot college girl. I'm, at best, average looking, and barely passing Algebra Two. At least I know I took a chance.

HEATHER

Can I tell you something? I think you're about to squander a major opportunity. Look at it from my perspective. This mysterious younger guy shows up at my sorority. I treat him like shit because I'm drunk and angry at my ex. Then I realize that he brought me something I thought I had lost forever.

(MORE)

HEATHER(cont'd)

Pictures of me and my best friend on our last vacation together. So I'm feeling guilty and grateful. Next I find out that this mysterious guy has been staring at these pictures and he can't stop thinking about me. Now I'm feeling guilty and grateful and desired. Not desired in a drunk frat boy, 'I wanna nail you before I throw up and pass out' kinda way. But desired in a romantic 'of all the girls I've ever seen there's something about you that made me drive a thousand miles, to risk potential embarrassment and heartbreak just to let you know how you make me feel' kinda way. Now I don't wanna mislead you. Even if you turn out to be the greatest guy ever, I don't want a boyfriend, but... Have some faith in yourself. Figure that I'm going to like you a little more every minute that you're here. And stay for a while.

Heather smiles. She motions with her head, inviting Sawyer back in the house, then she walks inside. Sawyer doesn't move for a very long time. Finally he goes into the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REBECCA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Rebecca sleeps peacefully. Her eyes open as soon as her alarm clock sounds.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Half awake, Rebecca stumbles out of her bedroom and makes her way to the bathroom door. It's closed. She tries the knob but it's locked. She looks confused.

INT. BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT

Wrapped in a towel, Sawyer brushes his teeth. He casually rinses and spits.

SAWYER

I'm in here.

INTERCUT

REBECCA

Sawyer?

(calling out)

Mom, Sawyer's back!

(to Sawyer)

Sawyer, I have to pee really bad.

SAWYER

Sucks doesn't it? I suggest going
out the window.

Laura and Chuck arrive outside the door. They seem relieved
that Sawyer is back.

CHUCK

Sawyer?

LAURA

Baby, are you home?

SAWYER

Yes, mom. I'm home.

LAURA

We were so worried about you. Open
the door.

Sawyer opens the door. His mom hugs him.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN - DAY

Sawyer drives. Mickey rides shotgun. Andrew is in the back.
They're all wearing their beach clothes.

ANDREW

So they gave you the car?

SAWYER

They said I can use it until my
sister passes her driving test.

ANDREW

And you got out of being grounded?

SAWYER

I had a long talk with my parents.

MICKY

Forget about that. I wanna hear
about Heather. Did you bang her?

SAWYER

It wasn't about sex, Mickey.

MICKEY

You didn't even talk to her, did you?
You probably just left the pictures
on the door step and ran away. I
mean no offense when I say: "Once a
pussy, always a pussy."

ANDREW

He was gone for four days. Even if
you include driving time that leaves
three days unaccounted for.

SAWYER

The three best days of my life.

ANDREW

You did have sex with her.

SAWYER

I didn't say that.

Sawyer smiles. Mickey and Andrew look stunned.

I/E. VOLKSWAGEN/BEACH DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

Sawyer and the guys cruise along. It's a busy day.

MICKEY

I want details. I want very, very
specific details.

SAWYER

I'm sorry but some things just have
to be private.

MICKEY

You son of a bitch. I can't believe
you got laid before me.

SAWYER

I didn't say I got laid.

ANDREW

But you didn't say you didn't. You
would say if you didn't. You
wouldn't take credit for something
that didn't happen.

MICKEY

I can't believe you got laid before
me. I woulda bet two inches of dick
that I'd get there first. Jesus!

(MORE)

MICKEY(cont'd)

I even thought Andrew would come out
of the closet before you got any.

ANDREW

(to Sawyer)

You told him that I might be gay?!

SAWYER

No.

MICKEY

What do you mean might be gay? There
is no mystery, Andrew. You're gay.

ANDREW

Are you sure?

SAWYER

You're gonna take his word for it?
That's really something you need to
figure out for yourself.

ANDREW

Maybe I'm bi. That's possible, right?

MICKEY

That's it. I'm getting laid today.
No more fucking around. Find a god
damn parking spot. There's gotta be
some bitch on the beach who'll have
sex with me.

Mickey spots a Pretty Girl in a bikini. With her back to the
guys, she's buying a frozen lemonade from a STREET VENDOR.

MICKEY

Check that out. Hottie at four
o'clock.

ANDREW

That's ten o'clock.

MICKEY

Whatever, homo.

ANDREW

That's not funny.

Sawyer rolls to a stop in traffic. Mickey looks at the girl
and then at Andrew, slyly.

MICKEY

(calling out)

I have a ten inch penis!

Mickey and Andrew duck so it looks like Sawyer is alone in the car. The pretty girl turns to look and we realize that it's Marcy.

She sees Sawyer and smiles. Sawyer is surprised.

MARCY
(calling out;playful)
I know for a fact that that's not true.

Mickey and Andrew are still ducking down.

MICKEY
What did she say?

SAWYER
Park the car for me.

Sawyer gets out and darts across the street.

MICKEY
But I don't know how to drive stick.

EXT. BEACH WALK - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer joins Marcy. She hugs him. They walk.

MARCY
When did you get back?

He steals a sip of her frozen lemonade.

SAWYER
This morning.

MARCY
How did it go?

SAWYER
It went well.

MARCY
So it was worth it. What happened?
Are you gonna see her again?

SAWYER
No. Marcy, I really appreciate everything you did for me. I will never let another opportunity pass me by.

MARCY

Good.

They stare at each other for a moment.

MARCY

Sawyer, I have to get something off my chest.

SAWYER

Okay.

MARCY

You know when we were younger I had a huge crush on you.

SAWYER

You did?

MARCY

Yeah. I mean, I've been totally over it for years but I feel like a bit of a hypocrite. I was pushing you so hard to talk to Heather when I never had the guts to tell you how I felt.

SAWYER

But you're completely over me now?

MARCY

Yeah. You can only torture yourself for so long.

SAWYER

Now that you're hot and everything, you no longer have any interest.

MARCY

Does that bother you? Now that I'm thin and I have breasts are you interested in me?

SAWYER

No. We're best friends.

Mickey and Andrew arrive.

MICKEY

(to Marcy)

God damn you look good in that bathing suit. Is it okay if I picture you when I masturbate?

MARCY

You sure know how to charm a girl.

As Mickey, Andrew and Marcy continue walking and joking, Sawyer turns to us.

SAWYER

You're probably curious what really happened with Heather. I know I would be curious if I were you... I'm not gonna tell. Mark Twain once said: "All you need in this life is ignorance and confidence, and then success is sure." What he meant was, people who think too much and worry too much don't take chances. And if you don't take chances you've already failed.

Marcy approaches Sawyer. She seems to notice us. She looks into CAMERA, confused.

SAWYER

What are you looking at?

MARCY

I don't know. I thought I saw something.

She tries to look closer. Sawyer joins her, squinting at us.

SAWYER

I don't see anything.
(he winks at us)
C'mon.

Sawyer puts his arm around Marcy as they walk away from us, down the beach.

MARCY

Now that you know that I once liked you, you're gonna be fine just being friends?

SAWYER

Of course. I value what we have.

MARCY

Me too. We wouldn't wanna ruin it.

SAWYER

No. Although then I would have a best friend who also gave me oral.

MARCY

So you would be my boyfriend just so you could get blow jobs?

SAWYER

I didn't mean it that way. What I meant was the only difference between being your best friend and being your boyfriend is the... Never mind, I'm digging myself a hole. You wanna go to the movies tonight?

MARCY

You mean as friends.

SAWYER

Yes as friends. What's the difference?

MARCY

According to you the difference is when the movie's over you don't get a blow job.

SAWYER

That's okay because I'm looking for a girl who's ready to go all the way.

MARCY

So you'll wanna date me when I'm ready to have sex?

SAWYER

Maybe. As long as you don't practice with Mickey first.

FADE OUT.