

The Hand Job

by
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FADE IN:

INT. BOISE STATE UNIVERSITY AQUATIC CENTER - DAY

Title card: Boise, Idaho 1991.

A modest collegiate swim center. Clusters of SWIMMERS dot the pool deck. A sign reads LIFEGUARD TRYOUTS.

BRANDY CLARK (16), cute, smart, type-A, does push-ups in the corner, psyching herself up. CAMERON MITCHELL (17), lanky body in need of a protein shake, watches Brandy whisper her self-mantra.

BRANDY
You can do it. You can do it.

CAMERON
You sound like a Nike commercial.

A WHISTLE BLOWS. SWIMMERS line up.

PAN ACROSS a row of developed bodies in their prime. Plump breasts, fit pecks. End on Brandy, flat-chested in her Speedo. Brandy rolls her eyes at a HOT GIRL.

BRANDY
(to Cameron)
Check out this fart-knocker. First
dive in the pool and that
bandini's coming right off.

CAMERON
Excellent.

BRANDY
Pervert.

RUSTY (O.S.)
Brandy Clark, you're up.

Brandy looks up at RUSTY WATERS (20), the smoking-hot lifeguard instructor. He's tan, ripped and awesome.

A little string of drool escapes Brandy's mouth. Cameron nudges her. She wipes her chin.

INT. POOL - LATER

Brandy treads water while holding a brick above her head.

RUSTY
Time!

Swimmers drop their bricks. Brandy keeps treading.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
I said time. You passed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
Going for a personal best, sir.

INT. POOL DECK - LATER

Brandy performs CPR chest compressions.

BRANDY
And one and two and three...don't
you die on me! Not after the shit
we've been through!

CAMERON
(whispers)
It's a dummy, Brandy.

Brandy SLAPS the armless torso, really getting into it.

INT. POOL - LATER

Brandy braces the neck of a SWIMMER with her arms,
guiding her on a backboard, instructing those around her.

BRANDY
Nice and easy, kids. We want this
girl going to the prom in a limo,
not a wheelchair.

Rusty shakes his head and checks a box on his clipboard.

INT. POOL DECK - LATER

Brandy works on a written test. She raises her hand.

BRANDY
What if I have a better solution?
May I write in my answer?

RUSTY
For the last time, it's multiple-
choice. Just pick a letter and be
done with it.

BRANDY
I'm gonna write it in anyways.
Count it wrong if you want, but
it's the right thing to do. For
swimmers and non-swimmers
everywhere.

RUSTY
(annoyed)
Knock yourself out.

INT. POOL DECK - LATER

Swimmers mill about, waiting for the test results. A COLLEGE GUY (20) turns to Brandy.

COLLEGE GUY
Hey, buzz kill. You wanna grab a beer to celebrate?

BRANDY
Let's make sure we pass before we toot our own horn, m'kay?

Rusty walks up.

RUSTY
Listen up, everyone.

BRANDY
Yeah, show some respect!

RUSTY
Easy, showboat. Okay, the following individuals are now Boise Parks and Rec Lifeguards.
(reads list)
Aaron Davis, Cameron Mitchell...

CAMERON
BOO YA!

BRANDY
Quiet!
(whispers)
You can do it. You can do it...

Brandy panics. Her chest POUNDS. Her breath QUICKENS. Rusty's voice turns into a loud BUZZ as he comes to the end of his list.

RUSTY
...and...Brandy Clark.

Overjoyed, Brandy steps back...and falls into the pool. Rusty squats down in front of her.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
You okay, kid?

Brandy nods. Smiling. Staring straight at his crotch.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: THE HAND JOB

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - BOISE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Last day of school. Annual awards ceremony in the gym.
Students sit in bleachers, bored by the presentation.

ANGLE ON STAGE

PRINCIPAL
(into microphone)
A round of applause for our 1991
Academic Honor Roll.

Brandy beams, proud. Next to her is a GIRL WITH A BACK
BRACE, FOREIGN EXCHANGE STUDENTS, NERDY GUYS.

Uninvited, Brandy steps up to the podium.

BRANDY
(into microphone)
As Abraham Lincoln once said, 'You
have to do your own growing no
matter how tall your grandfather
was.'
(under breath, reads
off note card)
Wait for applause.

Brandy waits for applause. It doesn't come. The principal
ushers Brandy along.

INT. BLEACHERS - MOMENTS LATER

Brandy sits between FIONA (17), cute, big boobs, social
butterfly and WENDY (17), athletic in an obsessed way.
The threesome is known as THE GIRLS.

FIONA
Nice speech, spaz.

BRANDY
Really? I almost went with a
Gloria Steinem quote--

WENDY
Of course you did.

Fiona and Wendy LAUGH.

BRANDY
Why are you laughing?

Fiona and Wendy look at each other and shrug.

The lights dim. The BAND gives a drum roll. A spotlight
follows the SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT on stage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT
(into microphone)
And now, what we've all been
waiting for...The Senior Awards!

The CROWD CHEERS. Fiona and Wendy perk up.

BRANDY
Where was this enthusiasm for the
perfect attendance honorees? Ick.
The Senior Awards are a stupid
popularity contest. Nothing to do
with merit.

Exactly. FIONA Exactly. WENDY

SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT
(into microphone)
In the category of Best Dressed.
Your winners are: Scott Stetler
and Amber Clark.

SCOTT (18), dressed like Vanilla Ice, walks on stage with
AMBER CLARK (18), Brandy's developed, older sister. Her
hair, makeup and chest are perfect.

BRANDY
Best dressed? Since when is a tube-
top high fashion?

FIONA
Someone's jealous of her sister.

BRANDY
Whatever.

SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT
(into microphone)
Best Personality: Ryan Darmody
and...Amber Clark.

The CROWD CHEERS. Amber walks on stage again, blushing.

BRANDY
Barf. She is so fake. Why do
people like her?

FIONA
Word on the street? Ryan has the
biggest dick in the entire school.

WENDY
Duh. He's totally sporting a
softie under those Hammer pants.

BRANDY
Softie? Gross. I'm never going to
Dairy Queen again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT
(into microphone)
Most Likely to Succeed: John
Murray and...Amber Clark!

Amber, now holding several awards, goes back on stage.

BRANDY
Most Likely to Succeed? More like
Most Likely to Get an STD.

FIONA
No, John wears condoms. He keeps
them in his Trapper Keeper.

BRANDY
Not John. Amber. Look at her, she
has major THO.

CLOSE ON Amber, nipping out.

FIONA
Poor Pancake.

Fiona pokes Brandy in her flat chest. Wendy LAUGHS.

BRANDY
Shut it. The only reason you have
a chest is from the bench press.

Wendy looks down, flexes her pecks. Brandy has a point.

INT. JUNIOR HALL - BOISE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

STUDENTS mill around, cleaning out lockers. The Girls sit
on the floor, signing yearbooks.

BRANDY
I have nothing to write. It was
another totally uneventful year.

WENDY
Go with a classic. 'Don't party
too hard without me this summer.'

Brandy writes this and hands Fiona the yearbook.

FIONA
That was *my* yearbook? You suck.

A FOOTBALL PLAYER walks up, staring at Fiona's cleavage.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
Hey, Fiona. You wanna hit Amber's
party with me tonight?

FIONA
Are you asking me, or my tits?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOOTBALL PLAYER
Your tits, beeotch. Well, one of
them. But the other one can tag
along too.

BRANDY
Hey fuck chop, try playing a sport
that requires athleticism, not fat
rolls.

Football player looks down at his body, walks off.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Amber can't have a party. Our
parents are out of town. They said
we couldn't have friends over.

AMBER (O.S.)
God, stop being such a priss.

Brandy looks up. Amber looks down at her.

FIONA
Congrats on all the awards, Amber.
That's huge.

AMBER
I know. Thanks.

WENDY
Love your blue mascara. It's hot.

AMBER
Yeah. Got it at a modeling gig.

BRANDY
She means when she walked the food
court in the mall for JC Penny.

Amber SNAPS a red strap on Brandy's shoulder.

AMBER
Nice bathing suit, ass wipe.

BRANDY
(rubbing shoulder)
Knock it off. I have lifeguard
orientation after school.

FIONA
Please tell me you didn't wear
that during the trig final. It's
totally unhygienic.

BRANDY
I don't have time to go home and
change.

WENDY
Gross. That's how people get
chlamydia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRANDY
Thanks a lot, Amber. Don't you
have a dick to suck or something?

AMBER
Several. Unlike you, fucktard.

INT. STATION WAGON - BOISE HIGH PARKING LOT - LATER

A 1970's Brady Bunch station wagon, fondly nicknamed "The Hell Bitch." Amber, in the driver's seat, jams to a Phish bootleg. Brandy glares at the low-rider truck parked in front of them. A COUPLE sits on the hood, making out.

BRANDY
I told you we should have parked
on the street.

AMBER
It's not my fault the stupid Hell
Bitch doesn't have reverse. Blame
the P's. Too cheap to buy a car
that works.
(points to couple)
Have to wait for them to pull out.

BRANDY
That's gonna take awhile, seeing
as he just put it in.

The dude sticks his tongue down his girlfriend's throat.

A TEEN walks by, waves to Amber.

TEEN
See ya at the party tonight.

AMBER
Cool.

BRANDY
Right on.

Amber turns to Brandy.

AMBER
You are not coming to my party.

BRANDY
It's my house, too!

AMBER
It's a college party.

BRANDY
You're like one-hour out of high
school, Amber!

AMBER
If you and your little hoochies
show up you're dead, butt munch.

Pissed, Brandy lays on the HORN and yells at the couple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
Get a room! And an AIDS test! And
a truck with some clearance!

INT. POOL OFFICE - LATER

A bare bones, cinder block building with concrete floors.

Brandy, the only guard dressed in uniform, stands in the corner. She stares at Rusty as he bull-shits with KIMBALL (18), a bleached-blond stoner.

KIMBALL
So how's Boise State?

RUSTY
It's chill. My frat just threw
this killer party. Check it--

Rusty flexes his biceps. Brandy about craps herself.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
--we all tattooed our letters in
our own arms. Hurt like a mofo.

Cameron enters and heads for Brandy.

CAMERON
Dude, I ran into Coach Pancratz
after school and he wants *me* to
try out for football next fall.

BRANDY
Football? That sport's for chumps.
And aren't you a little skinny?

CAMERON
(hurt)
No. At least, not to play kicker.
Anyway, if I bulk up this summer I
might do it.

BRANDY
What about soccer?

CAMERON
You mean the sport no one cares
about?

BRANDY
I wouldn't go around Europe saying
something like that.

WILLY ANDERSON (30s), the laid-back pool manager, enters.
He chest bumps Rusty, high-fives Kimball.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
(to Cameron)
Real professional. Our boss is
like thirty-minutes late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY
'Sup dudes. Let's get this sucker
started. Newbies, go 'head and
introduce yourselves.

Cameron gives a quick wave.

CAMERON
Uh, hey. Cameron.

Brandy stands.

BRANDY
Hello. I'm Brandy Clark. Really
excited to be here, Mr. Anderson.

KIMBALL
(mocking)
Mr. Anderson?

WILLY
Call me Willy. So, dudes, pool
opens Monday. I'll put up the
sched mañana. Guards with
seniority get first dibs on va-
cay. Other than that...meeting
adjourned.

The guards start talking again. Brandy raises her hand.

BRANDY
What about the orientation?

WILLY
You just had it.

BRANDY
How about showing us the first aid
kit? Or the back board? Heat
stroke procedure? I mean, come on.

Brandy looks to Rusty for support. She doesn't get it.

WILLY
Brandy, was it? Good idea. Why
don't you tap that, while I...

Willy opens a mini-fridge and pulls out a Pabsts.

WILLY (CONT'D)
...tap this.

Rusty hits the boombox, BLUES TRAVELER plays through the
P.A. system. Kimball rolls a joint. Willy chugs his beer
and lets out a giant BURP.

WILLY (CONT'D)
Welcome to my pool, Newbie.

EXT. POOL - LATER

Brandy sits in the stand, life preserver on her lap.

Kimball wheels a kid's BMX bike onto the pool deck. Rusty and Willy duct tape towels around him for padding. Cameron floats on a kick board, sipping a beer.

CAMERON
I had no idea it was gonna be like this. Kind of awesome.

BRANDY
Awesome? Try irresponsible. You shouldn't drink on duty.

CAMERON
We're not exactly on duty, Brandy.

BRANDY
Well, one of us should stay sober.

Kimball carries the bike up the high dive.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
What is he doing?

Kimball mounts the bike and peddles off the high dive. He SCREAMS in pain as he hits the water.

KIMBALL
Mother fucker! My nuts!

The guards LAUGH. Brandy shakes her head.

EXT. POOL OFFICE - EVENING

Brandy sits on the steps, watching Rusty as he swings his muscular leg over his Kawasaki Ninja sport bike.

BRANDY
(smitten)
He really should wear a helmet.

CAMERON
Why? His flip-flops are so safe.

Willy pulls out in a beat-up, 1980 Datsun. Kimball rides shotgun. He rolls down the window to Rusty.

KIMBALL
Wanna hit a party later? This chick Amber's throwing a rager.

RUSTY
No thanks. Kind of over the high school scene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY (O.S.)
It's actually a college party.

Rusty turns to Brandy, raises an eyebrow.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
I mean, everyone's graduated and stuff. You should come. Throw it down. Get f-ed up.
(beat)
Amber's my sister.

KIMBALL
You're Amber Clark's little sister? Man, you two are nothing alike.

BRANDY
Thank you.

Rusty REVS his engine and rides off.

RUSTY
Later, Newbies.

WILLY
Hasta, dudes.

Willy follows. Kimball moons Brandy out the window.

BRANDY
Clever.

Cameron unlocks his bike.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Amber is such a skank. She forgot to pick me up. Again.

CAMERON
Hop on. I'll give you a ride.

EXT. STREET - SUNSET

Brandy sits on the bike seat, Cameron pedals.

BRANDY
Dude, we haven't done this since like fifth grade.

CAMERON
(breathing hard)
Yeah. You've put on some weight.

Brandy looks at Cameron's calves. They're kind of nice for a bean pole. Cameron puts his feet down.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Switch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
Again? Don't you need to bulk up?

CAMERON
I'm sucking air here, Princess.

Brandy takes a turn pedaling.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
So, party's at your place tonight?

BRANDY
Yeah. Stupid Amber invited like
the entire senior class.

Cameron can't help but check out Brandy's ass. Not bad.

CAMERON
What time should the dudes and I
hit it?

BRANDY
Don't. Amber doesn't want a bunch
of high school kids there.

CAMERON
(hurt)
It's all good. I hear ya.

They pull into Brandy's driveway.

BRANDY
Thanks for the ride. Even if it
was really slow.

CAMERON
Sure thing. I enjoyed looking at
your back sweat.

BRANDY
Later, dick breath.

CAMERON
See ya, fuckwit.

Brandy walks in the house. Cameron pedals away.

EXT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The street is packed with cars, but only the Hell Bitch
is in the driveway. The front of the house is dark.

EXT. BRANDY'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Way too many TEENAGERS jump on the trampoline. A COUPLE
makes out in the hammock. STONERS lay in the neighbor's
pasture. A HEREFORD BULL keeps a suspicious eye on them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOOTBALL PLAYERS carry a fresh keg into the garage.

INT. BRANDY'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

TEENAGERS cheer as the keg arrives. Music BLARES from a ghetto blaster. A couple of FRIENDS high-five as a GIRL empties a beer bong down her throat.

INT. BRANDY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

An intense game of quarters at the kitchen table. A TEEN steps on the carpet of the taped-off living room.

AMBER
Hey, Tool! No one in the front
room. Want me to get busted?

The teen steps back into the kitchen.

TEEN
My bad, Amber.

Back to the sweet hostess, Amber raises her keg cup.

AMBER
Cheers! Fucking class of '91!

Teens CHEER. Wendy sneaks by in the background.

INT. BRANDY AND AMBER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amber's side of the room is messy. Phish and Grateful Dead posters hang over her bed. Brandy's side of the room is neat and orderly with a tropical fish theme.

Wendy rushes in, pulling hidden beers from her jeans.

BRANDY
What the fuck? I thought you were
getting snacks.

WENDY
Better. I stole their beer.

Wendy cracks a beer. She plugs her nose and chugs.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Ick. I wish they had Boones.

BRANDY
Dude, Amber will kill me! We're
not even suppose to be here.

A trap door in the floor opens. Fiona's head pops out from the laundry chute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIONA
Help me up, bitches.

Wendy and Brandy pull Fiona up into the room.

BRANDY
Why don't you use the door like a normal person?

FIONA
There's no way I was walking through the party wearing this.

Fiona wears a Big Bun Drive-Inn T-shirt and visor.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Snuck in through the laundry room. I get enough shit for my rack. I don't need to hear about my ass.

WENDY
Dude, you have to quit working there. Burgers and fries are the worst. My mom's been feeding me nothing but ground turkey for two weeks and I already see more muscle definition.

Wendy flexes her quads. It's weird.

FIONA
I can't quit. It's my dad's business. He'd freak.

BRANDY
Besides, nothing attracts guys like the scent of free fries.

WENDY
She has boobs. Boobs beat fries anyday.

Fiona strips off her T-shirt and puts on sexy top.

BRANDY
Nice hoochie shirt.

FIONA
Thanks. I stole it from my Aunt. She's divorced, so. Brought one for everyone.

Wendy rifles through Fiona's bag, pulling out tops.

BRANDY
You guys, I don't know. Amber will have a hernia if we go down there.

FIONA
Chillax, Pancake. You just need some liquid courage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Fiona pulls out a bottle of lime-green Pucker.

BRANDY
What's this?

FIONA
Try it, light-weight.

Brandy takes a tentative sip.

BRANDY
Not bad. Is it alcohol?

INT. CAMERON'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Cameron bench presses the bar. DUFFY (17), total meathead and SWAN (17), sci-fi geek, spot him. They have their shirts off. Lotta pale skin and boney ribs in this room.

DUFFY
Come on, dude. Dig deep!

CAMERON
(grunting)
...nine...ten!

Cameron drops the bar, exhausted. Duffy takes his turn.

DUFFY
Did you see Amber's tits at the assembly? You could cut glass with those things.

SWAN
Gotta love air-conditioning.
(to Cameron)
You know, when Brandy fills out she's gonna be hot, too.

CAMERON
You think? Guess her ass is okay.

SWAN
You should hit that shit early.
Before she's outta your league.

DUFFY
Totes. Camster, what if we just cruise by the party? If it's packed, no one's gonna give a rat's ass. Know what I mean?

CAMERON
Maybe...

The door opens. MRS. MITCHELL (40s) enters with snacks.

MRS. MITCHELL
You boys working up an appetite?
(making face)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. MITCHELL (CONT'D)
Smells like it. How about some
pizza bites?

Duffy and Swan go for the food.

CAMERON
We need protein, Mom. I asked for
steak.

MRS. MITCHELL
I'm not cooking a steak at eleven
PM, Cameron. Have a glass of milk.

DUFFY
Mrs. Mitchell, can I borrow your
scissors?
(holds up T-shirt)
Gonna cut off my sleeves so my
guns can breathe.

INT. BRANDY AND AMBER'S BEDROOM - LATER

The Girls wear skanky tops a size too big. Fiona puts
make-up on Brandy. Wendy rubs mousse in her bangs.

FIONA
You look hot, Pancake. Too bad no
one's gonna see you 'cause we're
stuck up here playing Anne Frank.

Brandy takes a final swig from the Pucker. Tipsy, she
drops the bottle on the ground.

WENDY
Oh my God. Did you drink that
whole thing?

BRANDY
Yeah. Why?

Fiona and Wendy share a look.

A motorcycle REVS outside. The Girls rush to the window.

FIONA
Pancake, guess who just parked his
crotch rocket in your driveway?

BRANDY'S POV ON RUSTY AS HE CUTS HIS ENGINE.

BRANDY
Fuck me.

WENDY
Doubtful.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Girls stand on the stairs, waiting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
When he comes in, act casual.

Rusty enters. Brandy takes a step down the stairs, pretending she's mid-conversation.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
(super fake)
As if! I was all like, whatever.
Oh, hey, Rusty. What's the dillio?

RUSTY
'Sup, Cutie.
(squeezes her thigh)
Gotta work on that tan.

BRANDY
I know. I'm like a total albino.
My skin has tons of moles so my
mom freaks if I don't wear
sunscreen.

FIONA
(whispers)
Moles? Nice one.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
Dude! Crusty Rusty!

RUSTY
What up, Killer!

Rusty heads for the kitchen.

BRANDY
Oh my God I love him.

AMBER (O.C.)
Hey! Shithead! I told you you're
not invited!

Brandy turns to see Amber, glaring up at her.

BRANDY
You're not the boss of me, Amber.

Brandy heads down the stairs, pushing past Amber. The Girls look at each other.

WENDY
I like this side of her.

FIONA
Yeah, it's like she totally forgot
about the stick up her ass.

Amber stares down Fiona and Wendy.

AMBER
If she embarrasses me, I'm holding
you beeotches responsible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Of course. Love your shirt. Yep. Have you lost weight?

INT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - LATER

MONTAGE

GUYS CHANT as Brandy does a keg stand. Rusty winks at her. She tries not to gag, happy.

Drunk, Brandy starts a dance party in the garage. A total spaz. She sees Rusty across the room and dances harder.

Drunker, Brandy on the trampoline, showing off with
flips. She waves to Rusty. A show-off, she won't let
anyone else jump with her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Cameron and the dudes ride bikes down the quiet street.
Cameron takes a swig from a bottle and passes it on.

DUFFY
(makes face)
Peach Schnapps? Nasty.

CAMERON
It's the only thing my dad won't miss from the liquor cabinet.

SWAN
(takes bottle)
I like it. Kinda sweet.

They pedal up Brandy's driveway.

CAMERON
Just be cool, m'kay?
(looks at Duffy)
Fuck, Duffy, did you have to cut
off your sleeves?

DUFFY
(totally serious)
Yeah. I did.

A COP CAR pulls up, lights flashing. The dudes freak out.

Follow me! CAMERON

Cameron pedals towards the pasture, drops his bike and jumps the barb wire fence. The dudes follow.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Hide the Schnapps!

The Hereford Bull MOOS. The dudes SCREAM and book it into the darkness.

INT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Football players work on a beer can pyramid. Brandy, super obnoxious, takes the last can.

BRANDY
Lemme top you off.

Brandy stumbles, knocking over the pyramid.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
Smooth move, X-lax.

BRANDY
It's my house, douchebag.

A TEEN runs in the kitchen.

TEEN
Cops!

BRANDY
Laundry chute!

The Girls scramble for the laundry room.

INT. LAUNDRY CHUTE - CONTINUOUS

A cramped, four by four foot chute with a mound of dirty clothes. Brandy piles on top of Wendy and Fiona.

BRANDY
Fuck me.

FIONA
This time, I think it might come true. We're fucked.

BRANDY
We're all gonna get M.I.P.s--

WENDY
Minor in possession? I can't get a drinking ticket! I'll get kicked off of track, soccer, volleyball--

FIONA
I'll lose my license--

BRANDY
It'll fuck up my perfect record--

The doorbell RINGS. The Girls SCREAM.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Be quiet!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIONA
Oh no! What about Amber?

BRANDY
It's her party. Let her deal.

Brandy presses her ear to the wall.

AMBER (O.S.)
Everyone chill! Hide your beer,
sit on the floor and shut up!

INT. FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Amber, super calm, opens the door to two POLICE OFFICERS.

AMBER
Good evening. How may I help you?

OFFICER #1
You mean good morning. Your
neighbor called about a party.

Officer #1 tries to step inside. Amber steps outside and
closes the door before he can see in.

AMBER
That's right. My dad, *Judge Clark*,
said I could have friends over.

OFFICER #1
Judge Clark? He lives here?

AMBER
Yes, I'm his daughter. I just
graduated and *Judge Clark* wanted
us to celebrate at home. Where
we'd be safe from drunk drivers.

OFFICER #2
So Judge Clark knows about this?

AMBER
Of course. He's upstairs. Asleep.
Do you want me to wake him?

OFFICER #1
Well...no. But if we get another
complaint we'll have to come back.

INT. LAUNDRY CHUTE - CONTINUOUS

AMBER (O.S.)
Thanks, Officers. My dad, *Judge
Clark*, appreciates it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIONA
I guess your sister isn't as
stupid as her patchouli makes her
seem.

WENDY
Okay, Brandy, time to move. My
leg's asleep. Hello?

Brandy is passed out in Wendy's lap.

INT. LAUNDRY CHUTE - EARLY MORNING

Brandy, snuggled under dirty laundry, opens her eyes.
Disoriented, she jumps and smacks her head.

BRANDY
(moans)
Why do you hate me, Pucker?

Brandy stands, pushing open the trap door.

INT. BRANDY AND AMBER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brandy peeks out from the trap door. Her eyes go wide:

AMBER AND RUSTY SPOON TOGETHER IN BRANDY'S BED.

BRANDY
What the fuck.

Amber opens half an eye.

AMBER
Get out, freak.

Brandy doesn't move.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Brandy! Beat it!

Brandy's dumbfounded. Pissed. Speechless.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Seriously, get lost!

BRANDY
My bed...my sister...Rusty...
(losing it)
You're on my Pee Wee Herman doll!

Amber pulls Pee Wee from under her hip. The string gets
caught and retracts.

PEE WEE HERMAN DOLL
(recording)
I know you are but what am I.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amber CHUCKS Pee Wee at Brandy. Brandy DUCKS and SLAMS the trap door.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Brandy sits at the kitchen table, pissed. She chews her Captain Crunch cereal with a vengeance.

BRANDY
(mouth full)
Fuck. Cut my tongue.

Sound of a motorcycle driving away.

INT. BRANDY AND AMBER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brandy storms in. Amber lays in Brandy's bed, asleep.

BRANDY
Get out!

Amber pulls the cover over her head.

AMBER
Fuck off.

BRANDY
I will not fuck off! You're in *my* bed.

Brandy yanks the cover off Amber. A used condom falls on the floor.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Oh my God.
(beat)
You date raped him!

AMBER
What are you talking about?

Brandy picks up the condom with a pencil, like it's evidence.

BRANDY
Rusty is too classy to hook up drunk. You took advantage of him!

AMBER
I took advantage of Crusty Rusty?

BRANDY
Yes! You did! He was my date last night and you ruined everything!

Amber bursts into LAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMBER
Your *date*? And just what were you
going to do with him? Hold hands?

BRANDY
Yes!
(waves condom)
But not now! Not since you...
deflowered him!

AMBER
Deflowered him? Oh my God. Have
you ever even had sex? Do you even
know what a cock looks like? Oh,
maybe you're a dyke. Don't worry.
I won't tell Mom and Dad. They
already know.

BRANDY
(dead serious)
Pack your shit and move to the
basement or I swear to God Amber I
will tell Mom and Dad you had a
drunk sex party while they were at
the Idaho State Bar Convention!
Now get. The fuck. Out.

AMBER
You are such an immature brat. No
wonder you can't get a guy!

Amber exits and SLAMS the door.

BRANDY
(yelling after her)
Sorry, can't understand you. I
don't speak slut!

Brandy stares at the condom. So that's what they look
like.

INT. BIG BUN DRIVE INN - NEXT DAY

A 1950s drive-thru burger shack. Fiona works the window.

FIONA
(into intercom)
Welcome to Big Bun. May I take
your order?

BRANDY (O.S.)
(into intercom)
My sister is a total whore!

WORKERS stare at Fiona. Fiona looks out the window.
Brandy and Wendy are on their bicycles in the drive-thru.

FIONA
(into intercom)
Um, that's not on the menu.

EXT. BIG BUN DRIVE INN - MOMENTS LATER

The Girls sit at a picnic table in the parking lot.

BRANDY
Amber cannot keep her legs shut!

WENDY
You're over-reacting, Pancake.

FIONA
So they hooked up. Big deal. Rusty has like the worst rep of Class of '89.

BRANDY
It is a big deal! You don't just fuck someone for the fun of it!

Wendy and Fiona shrug.

FIONA
Okay. We're not saying you need to be a total slut, but...

WENDY
...you are like the biggest prude we know.

BRANDY
I am not.

FIONA
You made Mike Smith take an AIDS test before you would French kiss him sophomore year.

BRANDY
We both wore braces and had a lot of cuts in our mouths!
(beat)
Okay. Maybe I have been a bit of a prude. But not anymore. Wendy, do you still have the condoms we stole from the school nurse?

FIONA
Easy, Pancake. You can't expect to hit a home run when you've never been up to bat. Baby steps.

Fiona takes an order pad from her apron.

FIONA (CONT'D)
What you need is a summer To-Do list.

(beat)
Pun intended.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY
Oh that's perfect! Like training
for a marathon. First you run a
mile, then a five k...

FIONA
Start with small things. Like...
(starts writing)
...making out...

WENDY
Dry humping...

FIONA
Titty-fucking. The basics.

Brandy watches as Fiona writes.

BRANDY
Check off "getting felt up."

FIONA
(sarcastic)
Oh yes. Who can forget playing two-
minutes in the closet in ninth
grade with Chad Walker.

WENDY
(to Fiona)
Jesus, you really do remember
everything.

BRANDY
It counts.

WENDY
Not when you have the chest of a
twelve-year-old boy.

Fiona and Wendy high-five.

BRANDY
Dudes, this is serious! If I don't
figure this shit out now I'll get
married a virgin, be sexually
unsatisfied, hate my husband and
end up drowning myself like Edna
Pontellier!

Huh? FIONA Who? WENDY

BRANDY (CONT'D)
The Awakening? Kate Chopin?

FIONA
You actually read that?

WENDY
I bought the CliffNotes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRANDY
Illiterates.

Brandy picks up The List.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
This is my Yellow Wallpaper! I
must tear it down before it
defeats me!

FIONA
Again, you lost me. But, what I do
know is that you need a deadline.
My Aunt swears that's the only way
you accomplish anything.

BRANDY
Good idea. August fifteenth. My
seventeenth birthday.

Brandy takes The List and gets on her bike.

WENDY
Where are you going?

BRANDY
To re-do The List. Fiona has
terrible handwriting.

FIONA
Do not.

INT. BRANDY'S ROOM - EVENING

Brandy sits at her desk, surrounded by glitter pens and
puffy paint. She copies Fiona's greasy list onto her best
"Save the Manatee" stationary.

INT. STATION WAGON - NEXT DAY

Amber drives. Brandy sits in the passenger seat.

BRANDY
How's the basement? Dark and
moldy?

AMBER
Are you talking about my new room
or your vagina?

EXT. POOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Brandy SLAMS the Hell Bitch door. She flips Amber off as
she drives away. Cameron pedals over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON
Might be the reason she never
picks you up.

BRANDY
You think?

INT. GUARD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A dark, windowless room with lockers. Brandy and Cameron enter. Rusty and Kimball sit on a bench, GIGGLING.

KIMBALL
'Sup, Newbies.

RUSTY
Morning, Cutie.

BRANDY
(fake smile)
Good morning, Kimball.

Brandy intentionally ignores Rusty. He doesn't notice.

Brandy opens her locker and GASPS. The inside is decorated with naked men from Playgirl.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
What is this!?!

Kimball and Rusty burst into LAUGHTER.

KIMBALL
Happy first day, virgins.

RUSTY
Nice one, Kimball.

Kimball and Rusty exit, high-fiving each other.

BRANDY
Oh my God. Why did Kimball have to
do that in front of Rusty?

CAMERON
Don't sweat it. Just a little
hazing. Happens to all the new
guards.

BRANDY'S POV ON A GIANT COCK.

BRANDY
(overwhelmed)
Hazing, huh. I can handle it. No
biggie.

CAMERON
Oh my God that guy's huge!
(beat)
I mean, for a man of his height.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cameron opens his locker. Naked Playmates stare back.

BRANDY
(points to photo)
Look at that rack!
(composes self)
I mean, breasts.

CAMERON
Deborah Driggs? Yeah, she does
have a great set of funbags.
(pointing)
As does Vickie Lynn Marshall.
Pamela Anderson...

BRANDY
You know them by name?

Beat.

CAMERON
I should take those down.

EXT. POOL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Grade school kids, aka POOL RATS, wait on the steps.
Willy turns the sign to OPEN. The Pool Rats CHEER.

MONTAGE:

Kids wiggle into goggles and swim masks.

Moms rub sunscreen on squirming toddlers.

Kids rush the pool, jumping and falling over each other.

SLOW MOTION SHOT: BRANDY STRUTS TOWARD THE GUARD STAND
LIKE A MODEL ON THE CATWALK. LOWERS HER RAY BANS. TWIRLS
HER WHISTLE. IT SMACKS HER IN THE FACE. SHE RECOVERS.

Brandy climbs the guard stand. She has arrived.

EXT. POOL - LATER

The pool is a mess of screaming, bratty kids. Brandy
BLOWS her whistle, frustrated and exhausted.

BRANDY
Hey, guy! Off the rope.
(blows whistle)
Ladies! One at a time on the
diving board!
(blows whistle)
Gentleman! Walk. Don't run.

From the office, Willy looks out at Brandy, annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY
Dude, what is she doing out there?
Directing traffic?

KIMBALL
Newbie's gotta learn her place.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Brandy lectures two kids by the edge of the pool.

BRANDY
I don't care if she kicked you in
the balls, buddy. You can't dunk
your little sister--

Kimball shoves Brandy in the water. The Pool Rats LAUGH.

EXT. GUARD STAND - DAY

Brandy puts on sunscreen. She stops, smells it.

BRANDY
Mayonnaise in my sunscreen bottle?
Oh, come on! I'm not that pale!

INT. POOL OFFICE - DAY

Kids SCREAM as a piece of poop floats in the shallow end.
Willy hands Brandy a skimmer.

WILLY
Newbie's on poop patrol.

BRANDY
Ha ha. Very funny. How very
Caddyshack of you.

Brandy heads for the shallow end.

WILLY
What does she mean by Caddyshack?

Rusty shrugs. They turn to watch.

ANGLE ON SHALLOW END

KIDS
Poop! Poop!

BRANDY
Relax, dudes. It's not poop. I'm
getting hazed.

Brandy reaches for the floater with the skimmer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY (CONT'D)
(yelling)
What is it? Baby Ruth? Snickers?

ANGLE ON OFFICE

WILLY
Oh no. She's not gonna--

RUSTY
Dude. She's gonna.

Brandy takes a giant bite of the poop. She immediately spits it out.

ANGLE ON SHALLOW END

GIRL
You ate poop!

BOY
Poop breathe!

Brandy GAGS then PUKES in the pool. Mortified, she looks up. Rusty and the guards LAUGHS at her.

EXT. POOL - LATE AFTERNOON

The pool is closed. Kimball hands Brandy a scrub brush.

RUSTY
Camster already started on the little boys room. Why don't ya go help him, Cutie?

BRANDY
(mutters)
My name is Brandy. Go objectify someone your own size.

Brandy takes the bucket and heads for the locker room.

WILLY
What are you dip-shits up to now?

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An open dressing room. Cameron showers, NAKED. Brandy enters. Stares at Cameron's backside.

Cameron rinses his hair, letting the soapy water run over his face. Eyes closed. He turns, facing Brandy.

BRANDY
Whoa. You're not circumcised.

Cameron opens his eyes. Sees Brandy. Covers himself.

CAMERON
What the fuck!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
Sorry. It's just. You're not--

CAMERON
Get the fuck out!

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

Brandy stumbles out, dazed.

KIMBALL
Gotcha, Newbie!

RUSTY
How was the view, Cutie?

BRANDY
The view?
(realizing)
Jerk-offs! I should sue all of you
for sexual harassment!

Kimball and Rusty enter the men's room, laughing.

CAMERON (O.S.)
You guys are dicks!

RUSTY (O.S.)
Yes. Yes we are.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Brandy sits on the steps. Waiting for Amber. Cameron exits. He unlocks his bike, not making eye contact.

CAMERON
Get on.

EXT. STREET - SUNSET

Cameron peddles Brandy home in awkward silence.

INT. BRANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Amber's side of the room is now empty. MRS. CLARK (40s), dressed in her nurse uniform, helps Brandy move her bed.

MRS. CLARK
Wasn't that nice of Amber to give
you your own room? You're lucky
you have such a kind older sister.

BRANDY
(sarcastic)
Yes. I'm incredibly blessed.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Hey, Mom why are some guys not
circumcised?

Mrs. Clark sits at Brandy's desk. She takes a sea horse
pencil and draws a penis on a whale note pad.

MRS. CLARK
Most boys are circumcised as
newborns.
(draws foreskin)
The doctor removes the foreskin
from the penis. Some do it for
religious reasons, others because
it's thought to be more hygienic.
In the olden days, some doctors
saw it as a way of preventing
masturbation.

BRANDY
Wait...preventing masturbation?

MRS. CLARK
The foreskin is extremely
sensitive. If you remove it, some
argue you reduce the male's sexual
pleasure.

BRANDY
That's terrible. Does it hurt?

MRS. CLARK
Good question. George?

JUDGE CLARK (40s) pokes his head in Brandy's room.

JUDGE CLARK
Yeah, hon?

MRS. CLARK
Do you remember your circumcision?

Judge Clark looks at Brandy and frowns.

JUDGE CLARK
That's private.

EXT. BRANDY'S ROOM - LATER

Brandy opens her desk. Inside is the new and improved To-
Do List, protected with a plastic report cover. Next to
it is the condom in a Ziploc baggie. She tucks Mrs.
Clark's penis illustration inside and closes her desk.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Brandy's on the stand. The Girls lay-out on towels. They
stare at Cameron on the opposite stand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY

So if he's not circumcised, is he just jacking off all the time?

BRANDY

He knows every Playmate by name.

FIONA

Who knew Cameron was such a horndog. What did it look like?

BRANDY

Kind of like...a turtleneck.

FIONA

Mock or a cowl?

Brandy thinks.

BRANDY

Folded.

WENDY

Circumcised guys last longer. Because they're not as sensitive.

FIONA

Yeah. But guys who aren't circumcised come really hard.

Pool Rats, hiding on the inside edge of the pool, eavesdrop on The Girls. Fascinated.

BRANDY (O.C.)

And they have to make sure they wash after sex. Otherwise germs collect and they get syphilis.

INT. MEN'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

The Pool Rats look down their swim trunks.

POOL RAT #1

Raise your hand if you're circumscribed.

POOL RAT #2

What if you're not sure?

POOL RAT #1

Do you wear turtlenecks?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Fiona drives an old Chevy pick-up through a new track-home development. Brandy and Wendy squeeze in the cab. Brandy stares at The List.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
So, why, exactly, does it feel
good to get finger bombed?

WENDY
It's finger blast.

FIONA
Finger banged, bitches. And I
don't know. It just does.

BRANDY
But how do you know when to do it?

WENDY
You'll be like wet and stuff.

FIONA
Besides, the guy's gonna do it.

WENDY
Yeah.
(beat)
But most guys suck at it.

FIONA
When Ross Peterson fingered me it
felt like he was digging for loose
change.

WENDY
Like dimes between couch cushions.

Wendy sniffs The List.

WENDY (CONT'D)
This smells like blueberries.
Dude, did you use sniffy markers?

DING DONG.

INT. CAMERON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Duffy, in a Generra Hypercolor tank-top, opens the door.

DUFFY
'Sup, my bitches!

Duffy high-fives each Girl as they enter the party.

BRANDY'S POV ON DUFFY'S GREASE-COVERED HANDS.

BRANDY
(whispers)
Why are his hands all black?

FIONA
Relax. He works for Jiffy Lube.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWAN (O.S.)
Well hello, Bay Watch.

Swan WAVES to Brandy. His LONG FINGERS NAILS cut through the air. Freaked out, Brandy squeezes Fiona's arm.

FIONA
Chill. He plays guitar.

Brandy turns away, bumps into a group of guys and GASPS.

SMASH ZOOM TO GROUP OF BOYS' LIME-GREEN HANDS.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Easy, Pancake. They all work landscaping jobs.

BRANDY
I need a drink.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brandy enters. Cameron stands at the counter, mixing a drink. Brandy helps herself.

BRANDY
Thanks. I needed this.

CAMERON
Since when do you drink?

BRANDY
Loosen up, Cameron. It's summer.
(beat)
So where are the P's?

CAMERON
At the lake. They left fifty bones for food. Figured I'd spend it on alcohol.

Cameron stares at Brandy's legs. They look hot in her short skirt.

BRANDY
What?

CAMERON
It's just...you're...tan.

BRANDY
Got tired of being called Mayonnaise.

Brandy punches him playfully in the arm. It's firm.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Weird. Have you been working out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON
Uh, yeah. Sort of.

Brandy looks at the fridge, covered in family photos.

BRANDY
Man, our parents have known each other through some really bad fashion trends. Check-out your dad's bell-bottoms.

CAMERON
And your mom's beehive.

They both spot the same picture and LAUGH.

CLOSE ON BRANDY AND CAMERON AS KIDS ROASTING HOTDOGS.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
I still have a scar on my finger from when you dared me to pick up that flaming hotdog.

BRANDY'S POV ON CAMERON'S SPARKLING, CLEAN HANDS.

Brandy leans in...and kisses Cameron.

INT. DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Brandy and Cameron kiss on the couch. Cameron caresses Brandy's face. Brandy guides his hand down. He caresses her midriff. Then caresses her face again.

CAMERON
Do you know how pretty you are?

BRANDY
Uh huh.

Brandy moves his hands down, AGAIN. He rubs her back. Brandy makes a face. This guy cannot take a hint.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
I'm so wet. Touch me.

CAMERON
(awkward)
Uh...okay.

Cameron, tentative, reaches up Brandy's skirt. She helps him. Brandy's eyes go wide. She stops kissing him, focused on what's happening down below.

The lights come on.

DUFFY (O.S.)
Out of beer, Camster. We're taking donations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVEAL Duffy standing over them, holding out his hand. Cameron slowly pulls his hand from Brandy's panties. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a five.

DUFFY (CONT'D)
Thanks, dude. 'Sup, Brandy?

HOLD on Brandy's face.

EXT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brandy stands on the front porch, skimming a movie review of *Backdraft*. Fiona's truck pulls away in the background.

INT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs. Clark reads in the living room. Brandy enters.

MRS. CLARK
Hi, sweetie. How was the movie?

BRANDY
(lying)
The movie was...good. We saw *Backdraft*. Two brothers battled blazes in the Windy City.

MRS. CLARK
I heard William Baldwin is cute.

BRANDY
Yes. A winning performance.
(beat)
Mom, can I ask you something?

Mrs. Clark takes a bridge pad and pencil from the end table, ready for another one of Brandy's questions.

MRS. CLARK
Ask away.

BRANDY
It might make you uncomfortable.

MRS. CLARK
Brandy, I'm a nurse. You can ask me anything.

BRANDY
When a guy fingers you--

MRS. CLARK
(cutting her off)
Okay. Good night.
(to self)
I thought *Backdraft* was PG-13.
Shame on you, Ron Howard.

Mrs. Clark heads for the stairs. Brandy watches her go.

INT. BRANDY'S ROOM - LATER

Brandy sits at her desk with The List. She shakes an
outliner pen and in perfect silver lettering she writes
"Cameron" next to "Finger Bang."

INT. POOL OFFICE - DAY

Brandy rings up a swimmer at the register. Cameron checks
bags. They avoid eye contact. Willy, hung-over, enters.

BRANDY
You look like shit, Mr. Anderson.

WILLY
Nothing a little hair of the dog
won't cure.

Willy grabs a beer from the mini-fridge.

WILLY (CONT'D)
If anyone needs me, I'll be in the
guard room catching some Zs.

Willy exits as The Girls enter.

WENDY
Friends swim for free, right,
Pancake?

BRANDY
Wrong. Dollar fifty. Each.

FIONA
But I always give you free Big
Bun!

BRANDY
Just following the rules.

FIONA
Tight-ass.
(to Cameron)
What's up, Turtleneck?

Brandy shoots Fiona a look. Cameron stares at Fiona
blankly. Then it hits him.

CAMERON
(to Brandy)
You told them?

BRANDY
Don't get mad. My mom said your
foreskin will make sex more
pleasurable--

CAMERON
You told your mom!?!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIONA
Is it true you can't help jerking
off all the time?

Suddenly, four HILLCREST LIFEGUARDS sprint through the
office, wearing nothing but their sneakers.

WENDY
Does everyone just get naked at
this pool?

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

HILLCREST LIFEGUARDS
Cannonball run, motherfuckers!

KIDS and MOMS SCREAM as the naked guards bomb the water.
Willy runs out of the guard room.

WILLY
What the hell?

RUSTY
It's the Hillcrest guards!

WILLY
Same shit every summer. Get 'em!

Kimball and Rusty dive into the pool, attacking the naked
guards.

FIONA
I wonder if they have any idea how
gay they look, wrestling around
like that.

ANGLE ON THE POOL

GUARD #1 NAILS Kimball in the nose. GUARD #2 KNEES Rusty
in the balls.

KIMBALL
(holding bloody nose)
Fucking pricks!

RUSTY
Dude, my right ballsack...

The streakers scramble out. Willy chases after them with
the power sprayer, soaking everyone in his path.

EXT. POOL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

WILLY
Get the fuck out of my pool--

NICOLE (30s), tall and pretty, walks up the pool steps.
The Hillcrest guards push past. Willy charges on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Willy? NICOLE

WILLY
Not now, babe. I gotta catch these
mofos--

NICOLE
WILLY!

Willy stops. He shuts off the hose.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
We need to talk.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Willy and Nicole argue in the parking lot. The Girls
eavesdrop through the chain-link fence.

NICOLE
That's all you have to say?

WILLY
Dude, what do you want me to do?

NICOLE
You can start by not calling me
dude! This is serious, Willy.

FIONA
Bet he cheated on her. Look at her
body language. No, wait, maybe she
found his grow lamps. Oh! Bet he
tried to put it in the back door--

BRANDY
You really love gossip, don't you?

FIONA
Uh-huh.

Nicole shoves a suitcase in Willy's arms.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Oh yeah. He totally cheated.

Nicole gets in her car and backs out.

WILLY
Nicole, can you at least--

NICOLE
Don't even think about asking me
to water your stupid pot plants!

EXT. POOL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Willy drops his suitcase on the floor.

RUSTY
Nicole on the rag, or what?

Willy ignores him. He keeps walking, straight into the deep end, fully clothed. The Girls look to Brandy.

FIONA
Pancake, your job is whack.

EXT. POOL - EVENING

The pool is closed. Brandy exits the guard room. Willy sits on the low-dive, staring into the water.

EXT. POOL - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON WILLY'S DEPRESSED REFLECTION IN THE WATER.

BRANDY (O.S.)
Catch.

Willy looks up. Brandy, sitting on the high-dive, throws him a beer. She cracks one open for herself.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
So are you in total hot water with your girlfriend or what?

WILLY
Pretty much.
(beat)
Newbie, you're only young once.
Enjoy it while you can. Getting old sucks.

Willy slides back in the pool, sinking to the bottom. The sun sets behind Brandy as she polishes off her beer.

INT. BRANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Brandy plops down on her bed. A shoe box of sex-ed paraphernalia is on the night stand: condoms, spermicide, a children's book on where babies come from.

BRANDY
Oh Mom. Come on.

Brandy pulls a J Crew Catalog from under her bed.

Slowly turning the pages, her hand moves down. Brandy masturbates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY'S FANTASY MONTAGE

Brandy gazes at the male models. They morph into Rusty.

Rusty and Brandy in monogrammed pajamas by the fire.

Rusty and Brandy in rugby shirts in a pile of leaves.

Rusty lowering the strap of Brandy's J Crew tankini.

RUSTY
(fantasy voice)
SPF 45?

BRANDY
Yes, please...

Sound of a MOTORCYCLE. Brandy, about to climax, stops.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
What the--

She creeps to the window.

BRANDY POV ON RUSTY AND AMBER MAKING OUT IN THE DRIVEWAY.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Get a room, skank.

Brandy goes back to the J Crew catalog. She flips a page and then throws it on the ground. No longer in the mood.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Ugh. She ruins everything.

EXT. POOL - MORNING

The guards stare in silence. The stands are gone.

WILLY
God damn it.

BRANDY
Where are the stands?

RUSTY
Hillcrest pricks. Guess their
Naked Cannonball Run was just a
scout for the real prank.

KIMBALL
We should chop down their stupid
water slide.

WILLY
No one is chopping down anything.
I have bigger things to worry
about than some stupid prank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBALL
Dude, don't be a pussy.

WILLY
I am not a pussy! Now get to work!

BRANDY
But where do we sit?

WILLY
Where you always sit! On your ass!

Willy walks off, kicking a stack of kick boards.

WILLY (CONT'D)
(to self)
That fucking hurt.

EXT. POOL PARKING LOT - EVENING

Fiona pulls up in her pick-up. Brandy hops in the cab. A BABY in a car seat looks up at her.

BRANDY
You're baby-sitting? I thought we were going to Wendy's?

FIONA
We are. My niece is just a prop.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - EVENING

Fiona pulls into the gas station. She unbuckles the baby.

FIONA
No one's gonna card me with a baby.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The CLERK watches Fiona, baby on her hip, set a pack of Zima and half-rack of Keystone Ice on the counter.

FIONA
(loud)
Mommy and daddy are having the in-laws over, aren't we baby girl?

The baby tugs on Fiona's shirt, showing off her cleavage.

CLERK
(staring at breasts)
Still breast feeding?

FIONA
Yeah. My baby must be hungry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK
(staring at breasts)
I bet she is.

Fiona exits. Nicole, Willy's girlfriend, holds the door for her.

INT. FIONA'S PICK-UP - MOMENTS LATER

Fiona enters, bubbling.

FIONA
(points to Nicole)
Check it. That's Willy's girlfriend right? Well, even she thought I was a mom. But that's not the best part. She's pregnant and asked for advice!

BRANDY
Wait. Pregnant?

FIONA
Yeah! Holy shit! Gossip gold mine! I told her to suck on lemons to help with morning sickness. That's what my Aunt did...

Brandy looks at Nicole through the store window.

EXT. WENDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wendy shoots hoops in the driveway. She wears Strength-Shoes, high-tops with platforms under the front of the foot. Fiona and Brandy pull up in the truck.

WENDY
What the fuck, bitches? I only have three hours before my parents get back from the baseball game!

FIONA
Chill. We stopped for supplies.
(beat)
What the fuck's on your feet?

WENDY
Strength-shoes. My mom said they'll increase my vertical.

Fiona and Brandy shrug. They head inside.

WENDY (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Take off your shoes! And do not enter the formal living room. If there are footprints on the carpet my mom will totally kick my ass!

INT. WENDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fiona argues on the phone. The Girls watch.

FIONA
(into phone)
What do you mean you're not
coming? As if!

She SLAMS the phone down.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Dick. Chad and his hot cousins
totally bailed on us.

WENDY
Great. We have alcohol and no
boys. How are we suppose to get
bonus?

FIONA
(to Brandy)
Call Turtleneck. You can put
another gold star on The List.

BRANDY
You're only young once...

INT. WENDY'S FAMILY ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The Girls sit on one couch. Cameron, Duffy, and Swan sit
on the opposite couch. *Boyz in the Hood* plays in the VCR.
The guys sip beer. The Girls sip Zima. It's awkward.

Brandy makes a face at Cameron. He makes a face back,
picking his nose. Brandy BURPS. Cameron FARTS.

FIONA
Disgusting!

Brandy and Cameron crack up.

BRANDY
Wendy, can I grab a snack?

CAMERON
I'll join you.

WENDY
Only take a string cheese or
grapes! That's what's on the menu!

CAMERON
Menu?

INT. WENDY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brandy taps the detailed menu taped to the refrigerator.

CAMERON
I can't believe her mom plans
every meal for the month.

BRANDY
Yeah, total control freak. She
won't even let Wendy make her own
bed. Thinks she'll do it wrong.

Brandy opens the fridge.

CAMERON
I dare you to take a pudding cup.

BRANDY
And get Wendy grounded? Done.

INT. WENDY'S FAMILY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brandy and Cameron enter. Total make-out fest. Wendy and
Duffy on the couch. Fiona and Swan on a Lazy-Boy.

On the TV, a heart wrenching scene from *Boyz in the Hood*.

CUBA GOODING, JR.
(on screen)
Ricky!

INT. WENDY'S FORMAL LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brandy and Cameron dry hump across the meticulously
vacuumed carpet. Really working it through their clothes.
They make their way full-circle around the coffee table.

BRANDY
(whispers)
I wanna jerk you off.

Cameron GROANS. His body relaxes. He came already.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
I didn't even touch you.

CAMERON
It's the thought that counts?

BRANDY
(re The List)
No. The thought doesn't count.

Wendy walks in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY
Hey! Off the carpet! And everyone
has to leave. My parents will be
home in fifteen minutes.

EXT. WENDY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cameron turns to Brandy in the doorway.

CAMERON
Hey, can I call you later?

BRANDY
That's okay. I'll see you at work.

CAMERON
Oh, I know. I just wanted to talk.
You know...about...us--

WENDY (O.S.)
Pancake! Get your ass in here and
help me vacuum!

Brandy waves goodbye to Cameron and closes the door.

INT. BRANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Brandy writes "Cameron" by "Dry Hump" on The List. She
looks at "Hand Job" and shakes her head, disappointed.

EXT. POOL OFFICE - MORNING

The guards drink coffee and eat donuts. Willy enters.

WILLY
Dickheads. We open in five
minutes. Anyone gonna work today?

BRANDY
Just heading out.

Willy grabs a beer from the mini-fridge.

RUSTY
Nice. Drinking before noon.

WILLY
That's what happens when you move
in with your mother. Don't know
how much longer I can do it.

Brandy takes off her sweats, wearing her bathing suit.

CAMERON
(whispers)
Uh, Brandy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cameron points to her legs. She has inner-thigh bruises and rug burns from dry-humping with Cameron.

BRANDY

Oh God.

She pulls her pants up. Cameron unzips his hoody. Brandy zips it back up.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

You have about five hickeys on your neck.

CAMERON

Jesus. You did a number on me.

BRANDY

Me? I'm the one with the bruises!

Cameron wraps his arms around her waist.

CAMERON

Guess we need to be more gentle next time.

BRANDY

(flirting)
What makes you think there's going to be a next time?

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - BOISE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Boise High Class of 1991 High School Graduation. A no frills, outdoor ceremony behind the high school.

Brandy sits with her parents. Next to them are Cameron and his parents, MR. AND MRS. MITCHELL. They watch the ceremony from the 50-yard-line.

ON STAGE

PRINCIPAL

(into microphone)
Amber Clark.

TEENAGE BOYS WHISTLE at Amber. She winks at them.

MRS. CLARK

(pointing)
There's our beautiful girl!

Amber walks on stage. A masking-tape Grateful Dead logo on top of her graduation cap.

JUDGE CLARK

Now why did she do that?

MRS. CLARK

Oh, George. She wants to stand out in the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
(to Cameron)
More like stick out. She's gonna
get a sway back if she pushes her
tits out any further.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

The Mitchell's hand Amber a mylar balloon and envelope.

MR. MITCHELL
Don't spend it all in one place.

AMBER
I won't. Thank you so much!

Brandy unrolls Amber's diploma.

BRANDY
Hey, this is just a blank sheet of
paper.

Amber grabs the paper from Brandy.

AMBER
Mind your own beeswax.

MRS. CLARK
It's nothing to be ashamed of.
Amber has to take algebra again in
summer school. She'll pass and
still be able to start University
of Idaho next fall, won't you
sweetheart?

BRANDY
Oh my God! You flunked Algebra? I
took that in like ninth grade. I'm
in AP Calculus next year. You
really are an airhead!

MRS. CLARK
Be nice. This is Amber's day.

BRANDY
But she didn't graduate!

JUDGE CLARK
Brandy. Enough.

In the background, Rusty pulls up on his motorcycle.
Amber and Brandy turn at the same time.

AMBER
I'm gonna go. I have that all-
night graduation party to get to.

BRANDY
I bet you do.

EXT. CAMERON'S BACKYARD - EVENING

Brandy and Cameron sit at the patio table with their parents. Brandy stares as:

Judge Clark pulls a big, thick pickle from a jar.

JUDGE CLARK
Slippery little devil!

Mrs. Mitchell JERKS a ketchup bottle up and down.

MRS. MITCHELL
Come on, I know you're in there!

Mrs. Clark SQUEEZES liquid butter on her corn on the cob.

MRS. CLARK
Mmmm. Oh that's good.

Brandy looks at Cameron. She pushes her plate away.

BRANDY
Well, I'm stuffed. Cameron, don't
you have a new CD to show me?

INT. CAMERON'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brandy pulls Cameron onto the waterbed. Waves ripple through the mattress, jiggling them.

Brandy kisses Cameron. Long and hard. Like in the movies. Cameron opens his eyes. Brandy finally lets go.

CAMERON
Um, let me put on some music. So
our parents don't think
we're...you know...

Cameron reaches over to the boombox and hits play.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Have you heard Pearl Jam? Rusty
gave it to me-

Brandy takes off her shirt.

BRANDY
I don't want to talk about Rusty.

Brandy starts to undo Cameron's belt.

CAMERON
Copy that.

Turned on, Cameron kisses Brandy. She looks down. He's hard! She grins. Puts her hand on his crotch. He YELPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
(annoyed)
Not again.

CAMERON
(collecting himself)
Sorry. My bad. I'm cool. I'm cool.

Cameron puts her hand back on his crotch.

OVER CAMERON'S SHOULDER, WE SEE BRANDY PULL HIS BOXERS DOWN. SHE MOVES HER ARM, GIVING HIM A HAND JOB.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
(moaning)
Oh wow.

Brandy's face lights up. She works harder. Concentrating.

BRANDY
How's this?

CAMERON
Oh wowwy. Oh Brandy. Oh wow...

Brandy's hand CRAMPS! She switches hands, determined.

BRANDY
(to self)
You can do it. You can do it.

CAMERON
(moans)
Oh God, I love you. I love you!

Brandy's eyes go wide.

BRANDY'S POV ON CAMERON'S JIZZ ON HER BELLY.

Brandy is freaked out. Cameron holds her.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
You're amazing.

Brandy slips away, trying not to get the jizz everywhere.

INT. CAMERON'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brandy looks at the jizz on her stomach. AMAZED.

CAMERON (O.C.)
Everything okay?

Brandy wipes the jizz off with a Star Wars hand towel. She opens the door.

BRANDY
(flustered)
Yeah. Totally. Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON
You looked a little freaked out.

BRANDY
(totally freaked out)
Why would I be freaked out?

CAMERON
Well, I mean, about what I said.
About loving you.

BRANDY
(relieved)
Oh that. No biggie. I read in
Cosmo that guy's say weird shit
all the time when they jizz.

Brandy pushes him into the bathroom.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Hurry and wash up down there.
Gotta keep that extra skin clean.
You don't want an infection.

INT. BRANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brandy lays in bed, working on The List. The phone RINGS.

BRANDY
(into phone)
Hello?

AMBER (O.C.)
Do not wake up Mom and Dad.

BRANDY
Amber?

AMBER
Yes, dip shit. I need a ride.

BRANDY
Oh really. You need a ride. Oh the
many times I have needed a ride
and my dear older sister forgot--

AMBER
Don't be a bitch. Come get me.

BRANDY
Okay. But it'll cost you. Twenty
bucks.

EXT. CACTUS BAR - NIGHT

A crowded dive bar. Brandy pulls up in the Hell Bitch.
She watches a COLLEGE GIRL climb onto Rusty's motorcycle,
wrapping her arms around his waist. They ride off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amber BANGS on the door. Brandy rolls down the window.

BRANDY
Twenty bucks, summer school.

Amber shoves a crumpled bill through the window. Brandy unlocks the door. Amber enters, SLAMS the door shut.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
I see Rusty found a new twat to
poke.

AMBER
Just drive.

Brandy looks at Amber. She wipes away tears.

BRANDY
Sorry. I didn't mean to--

AMBER
Drive!

EXT. POOL - DAY

Brandy's on the stand, The Girls lay out next to her. Fiona reads *Cosmo*, Wendy reads *Muscle and Fitness for Her*. Pool Rats line-up behind the diving board.

POOL RAT #1
(yelling)
Brandy! Give us scores for our
tricks!

BRANDY
(yelling)
You got it!

Brandy watches Cameron on the opposite stand. He squirts sunscreen on his stomach. It looks just like the jizz. He waves, she looks away, blushing hard.

FIONA
(to The Girls)
My Aunt told me to make the guy
drink pineapple juice.
(to Pool Rat)
Seven! Good splash, bad form.
(to The Girls)
It makes him cum taste sweet.

ANGLE ON DIVING BOARD

The Pool Rats can hear everything The Girls are saying.

POOL RAT #1
Why would they drink our piss?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON THE GIRLS

WENDY
Oh no. Fiona, you can't swallow.
(to Pool Rats)
Six! That sucked!
(to The Girls)
Do you have any idea how many
calories jizz has?

A Pool Rat does a swan dive.

THE GIRLS
Ten!

FIONA
Once I threw up a little. I have
an easy gag reflex.

ANGLE ON DIVING BOARD

Pool Rat #1 and #2 look at each other, grossed out.

POOL RAT #1
They barf on your pecker?

INT. GUARD ROOM - EVENING

The pool is closed. Cameron and Brandy grab their bags.

CAMERON
Wanna ride home? I think I can
pedal the whole way now.

Brandy stares at the Playgirl pictures in her locker.

BRANDY
(avoids eye contact)
Um, I'm good. I'll wait for Amber.

CAMERON
Are you okay? I mean, you're cool
with everything, right?

BRANDY
You mean about...yeah, yeah.
Totally. It's all good.

CAMERON
(relieved)
Okay. Cool. Well, see ya tomorrow.

Awkward, Cameron gives Brandy a quick peck on the cheek
and exits, blushing.

BRANDY
(confused)
What's that suppose to mean?

EXT. POOL - EVENING

Brandy rides an inflatable dolphin, Willy floats on an inflatable whale. They sip beers.

BRANDY
So how long have you and Nicole
been together?

WILLY
Would have been three years this
August.

BRANDY
You broke up? I thought you would
get married.

WILLY
(taken aback)
Why would you think that?

BRANDY
(covering)
No reason. Just, you know, you
live together and stuff.

WILLY
Did. That was a disaster. So, you
and Cameron an item now?

Brandy blushes.

BRANDY
What? No. We're just friends.

Willy gives her a look, not believing her.

WILLY
My advice? Play the field while
you're young. No reason to tie
yourself down.
(beat)
God, I'd give anything to be
eighteen again.

BRANDY
I'm sixteen.

WILLY
Fuck. I'm old.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Willy drives Brandy home. They pass the sewage plant.

WILLY
Son of a bitch.

Brandy follows Willy's look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE LIFEGUARD STANDS SIT NEXT TO A SEWAGE CESSPOOL.

EXT. BRANDY'S BACKYARD - FOURTH OF JULY

Backyard Fourth of July party. Picnic table covered with potluck food. ADULTS mingle around a kiddie pool filled with ice and beer. KIDS run around throwing pop-its.

Judge Clark SWEARS at his charcoal grill.

JUDGE CLARK
Good Christ! Jeannie, the charcoal
won't light!

MR. MITCHELL
I told you gas is better, George!

Cameron hands Mrs. Clark an apple pie.

MRS. CLARK
Cameron Mitchell's famous apple
pie! Oh, Brandy's going to be
disappointed.

CAMERON
She's not here?

MRS. CLARK
Oh no, sweetie. She went to the
lake with Wendy's family.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Fiona's truck putters along, climbing into the foothills.

BRANDY
I love how easy it was to lie to
my parents.

WENDY
We didn't lie. My parents are
camping. We're just not with them.

BRANDY
And you are with me, just not at
my parent's party.

The back of the truck is filled with camping gear...and cans of pineapple juice.

EXT. CAMPSITE - LUCKY PEAK RESERVOIR - EVENING

A shitty reservoir in the high desert. The truck turns into a campsite. It's filled with TEENAGERS, partying.

EXT. DOCK - LUCKY PEAK RESERVOIR - SUNSET

Dressed in bikinis, The Girls hold hands and run off the dock into the water, SCREAMING.

INT. WATER - CONTINUOUS

The Girls surface, giggling.

BRANDY
We should skinny dip!

The Girls throw their bikinis on the dock. Brandy's top hits JEROME (17), a cute black guy in Hammer pants. He stands with his three friends.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Oops.

Jerome turns to MACE (17), Vanilla-Ice flat top.

JEROME
Hit it.

Mace hits the boombox on his shoulder. COLOR ME BADD'S "I Wanna Sex You Up" blares. The foursome, aka COLOR ME GOOD, a lip sync/dance crew, perform a choreographed routine for The Girls on the dock.

JEROME (CONT'D)
(lip syncs to Brandy)
Girl you know I'm hooked on you /
And this is what I'll do...

WENDY
Is this for real?

FIONA
The black guy looks like Bobby Brown.

BRANDY
Yeah. He's cute.

FIONA
I call Vanilla Ice.

BRANDY
He's all yours.

WENDY
He's all yours.

COLOR ME GOOD
(lip syncs)
I wanna sex you up...

EXT. CAMPFIRE - LUCKY PEAK RESERVOIR - NIGHT

The Girls and Color Me Good crowd around a campfire.
Color Me Good drinks pineapple juice.

JEROME

(to Brandy)
Thanks for the juice. All that
'syncin' and dancin' makes a man
thirsty.

BRANDY

I bet it does.

MACE

(takes a swig)
A lot of people would think a
dance crew like Color Me Good
would party hard but we're
Straight Edge.

The Girls, nonchalant, toss their beers into the dark.

JEROME

Touring takes a toll on the bod.
We hit Boise Towne Square Mall
yesterday, tomorrow we're off to
Pocatello for the Eastern Idaho
Fair, after that we have a car
dealership opening in Twin Falls.

MACE

Man, the shit's crazy.

JEROME

Hit it.

Mace hits the boombox. Naughty By Nature's "O.P.P."
blasts. Color Me Good 'syncs and dances again. The Girls
join in. Jerome and Brandy grind a la Club MTV.

INT. TENT - LUCKY PEAK RESERVOIR - LATER

Brandy and Jerome get it on. Lots of heavy petting. The
sound of friction against the nylon sleeping bags.

BRANDY

(whispers)
Want me to, um, suck your dick?

JEROME

Mmmm.

Brandy has no idea what that means.

BRANDY

(louder)
Excuse me, Jerome? Would you like
me to give you fellatio?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEROME
Do it, girl.

Jerome pulls down his pants. Brandy sees his erection under his boxers. Her eyes go wide. She sweats, nervous.

BRANDY
(working up courage)
I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna suck
your dick.

JEROME
Yeah, baby.

BRANDY
(not sexy)
Really gonna do it. Gonna put my
mouth...on your cock.

Jerome runs his hands through her hair, gyrates his hips closer to her face. Brandy lowers herself.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Yep. Here we go.

Brandy pulls down his boxers. CLOSE ON Jerome's face.

BRANDY (O.C.)(CONT'D)
(mumbles)
My mouth...your cock...

JEROME
You are one sexy talker. Oh YEAH.

EXT. BRANDY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

A Piccolo Peat fountain SCREAMS as Judge Clark puts on his fireworks show. Cameron is his reluctant assistant. A few polite CLAPS from the PARTY GUESTS.

JUDGE CLARK
Oh, the crowd liked that one. And
now, for the grand finale...PUNK!

Cameron hands Judge Clark the punk.

JUDGE CLARK (CONT'D)
(lights fountain)
Hit the deck, Cameron!

Cameron lowers himself to the ground. Judge Clark rolls next to him.

JUDGE CLARK (CONT'D)
Ta da! The ever popular, Christmas-
in-July fountain!

A pathetic shower of red and green sparks.

EXT. TENT - LUCKY PEAK RESERVOIR - NIGHT

KABOOM! Fireworks explode across the water, lighting up Brandy's tent.

SILHOUETTE OF BRANDY GIVING JEROME A BLOW JOB.

JEROME

(groan)

INT. TENT - LUCKY PEAK RESERVOIR - CONTINUOUS

Brandy lifts her head. Mouth closed. Lips sealed.

JEROME

Girl. You know it's true.

Brandy nods. Happy.

EXT. TENT - LUCKY PEAK RESERVOIR - CONTINUOUS

The tent UNZIPS. Brandy sticks her head out. She SPITS. GASPS for air. Wipes her mouth.

KABOOM! She watches another firework light up the sky.

EXT. CAMPSITE - LUCKY PEAK RESERVOIR - NEXT MORNING

The Girls pack up their tents. Brandy takes a pull from a giant Sunny Delight jug.

WENDY

I danced my ass off last night!

FIONA

I know! I think I got like five minutes of sleep. Did you get bonus?

WENDY

He tried. But I'm saving myself for Duffy.

BRANDY

Tank Top? Why?

WENDY

I like him. We can both bench press our own body weight.

(beat)

Hey, where did you and Bobby Brown sneak off to?

BRANDY

Oh...just my tent.

(nonchalant)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEROME (CONT'D)
(lip syncing)
Knight in shining armor I will be
your fairy tale/ I wanna take care
of you, girl, I'll serve you well.

COLOR ME GOOD
(from van)
All for lovin'...

Jerome Roger Rabbits into the van and drives away.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Brandy sits on the stand, watching Willy and Rusty bolt
the opposite stand into the cement.

RUSTY
This is bullshit. We need revenge.

WILLY
Forget it. Hand me the wrench.

Brandy SIGHS as Rusty lifts the heavy tool box, muscles
flexing. Cameron hoses off the pool deck next to her.

BRANDY
Hey, Cam. Cover for me? I really
have to pee.

CAMERON
Good.

Cameron keeps hosing the deck.

BRANDY
Dude, what is your prob?

CAMERON
Why weren't you at your parents'
Fourth of July party?

BRANDY
Uh, because it's lame.

CAMERON
Oh, I'm well aware of that.

Cameron starts to walk away.

BRANDY
Wait. You were there? Oh, I didn't
even think of that.

Cameron takes a deep breathe and then--

CAMERON
Do you wanna go out Friday?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
You mean like a date?

CAMERON
Yes.

BRANDY
Like a date-date?

CAMERON
(frustrated)
Yes. Look, if you don't want to--

BRANDY
No. I do want to. That'd be cool.

CAMERON
Great. Jaws is playing at the
drive-inn--

BRANDY
The drive-inn? What are we, in the
'50s?

CAMERON
Ha ha. It's the last screening
before they close...forever. I'll
pick you up at dusk.

BRANDY
On your bike? No thanks. I'll get
the Hell Bitch.

CAMERON
(mischievous)
No, I'll pick you up.

BRANDY
Whatever you say, weirdo.

Cameron starts spraying the deck again.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Hey, I still have to pee.

CAMERON
Fine. I'll for cover you.

Brandy hops down and runs to the bathroom.

INT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Brandy eats cereal for dinner as she reads the newspaper.
Mrs. Clark and Amber walk in, carrying shopping bags.

BRANDY
You took Amber shopping? No fair.

Amber shows off a new purse. Brandy grabs it from her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMBER
Easy. It's real leather.

BRANDY
(jealous)
Mom!

MRS. CLARK
Hush, Brandy. She bought it with
her own money.

BRANDY
(to Amber)
From what? Hooking?

AMBER
No, freak.
(picks up newspaper)
Modeling.

CLOSE ON A LOCAL MERVYNS SWIM SUIT AD FEATURING AMBER.
IT'S NOT AT ALL GLAMOROUS.

MRS. CLARK
Don't get it dirty. I'm going to
frame it.

BRANDY
(mutters)
Lame.

Brandy grabs the Victoria's Secret shopping bag.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
You bought a Wonder Bra! That's
like forty bucks!

AMBER
Yep. I passed my first algebra
test so mom let me splurge.

MRS. CLARK
She got a C plus. I'm very proud
of you, sweetie.

Mrs. Clark hugs Amber.

BRANDY
I got a four point! You didn't get
me anything!

Mrs. Clark hands Brandy a JC Penny shopping bag.

MRS. CLARK
We didn't forget about you.

Brandy opens the bag.

BRANDY
Great. Day-of-the-Week underwear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. CLARK
Isn't that cute? Amber picked them
out for you.

AMBER
(smirks)
You're welcome.
(beat)
Come on, Mom. I wanna show you the
stuff I need for my dorm room.

Amber and Mrs. Clark head into the basement.

Brandy flicks cereal milk onto Amber's ad, jealous. She
sees Amber's purse, takes a closer look.

BRANDY PULLS AMBER'S FAKE ID FROM A HIDDEN POCKET.

BRANDY
Jackpot!

EXT. CACTUS BAR - FRIDAY EVENING

The Girls huddle outside the bar.

WENDY
I can't believe you stole Amber's
fake ID.

FIONA
It's perfect! You look just like
the picture!

CLOSE ON FAKE ID. BRANDY LOOKS NOTHING LIKE THE PHOTO.

BRANDY
Okay, once I get in, go around
back and I'll sneak you in.

Brandy hands them clove cigarettes.

WENDY
But I don't smoke. My mom would
kill me.

BRANDY
Don't be such a little girl,
Wendy. It'll make you look older.

Brandy walks over to the BOUNCER, determined.

FIONA
Man, she has seriously grown a
pair this summer.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE - CACTUS BAR - EVENING

Fiona COUGHS on her cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIONA
(coughs)
Love the taste.

Wendy MIMES puffing hers.

FIONA (CONT'D)
(coughs)
You look like your giving that cig
a BJ.

Brandy opens the back door, waves The Girls in.

EXT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs. Clark and Judge Clark stand at the front door.
Cameron is on the doorstep.

JUDGE CLARK
Hey, there. Cameron.
(looks outside)
Is that...vehicle...yours?

Judge Clark points to a shitty, used van in the driveway.

CAMERON
(proud)
Yep. Bought it today. Needs a new
paint job but it runs pretty good.

MRS. CLARK
Well, I think the airbrushed deer
mural is wonderful.

JUDGE CLARK
Those are elk, hon.

MRS. CLARK
Even better. Very masculine.

CAMERON
Thanks. So, is Brandy here?

MRS. CLARK
She's not. She and The Girls went
to the Mormon dance.

CAMERON
The Mormon dance? Yeah, that
sounds like Brandy.
(beat)
We were suppose to go to the drive-
inn.

MRS. CLARK
Oh dear. She must have forgotten.
She's just been a social butterfly
this summer. It's good for her.
She's so serious during the school
year. Maybe you can go tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON
Nope. Tonight's the last night.
Then they're closing. Forever.

Cameron turns and walks out to his van, depressed.

MRS. CLARK
George, he looks so sad...

INT. CACTUS BAR - LATER

The Screaming Trees, a grunge band, play on a small stage. The Girls dance up front. Brandy FLIRTS hard with the LEAD SINGER. He flirts back.

FIONA
Oh my God. He loves you.

BRANDY
I know.

LEAD SINGER'S POV ON CROWD: THE GIRLS ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE UNDER FIFTY.

A GIANT BANNER HANGS ON THE WALL BEHIND THE GIRLS:
"WELCOME BACK BOISE HIGH CLASS OF 1965."

EXT. PARKING LOT - POOL - NIGHT

The Screaming Trees tour van pulls into the parking lot. The Girls stumble out, giggling. Brandy leads the way.

BRANDY
Follow me!

Brandy scales the chain link fence like a pro. The Screaming Trees follow, giving The Girls a boost.

EXT. POOL - MOMENTS LATER

Brandy strips down to her bra and underwear. She climbs the high-dive. Her panties read "Friday".

EXT. DRIVE-INN MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Cameron, depressed, sits in the driver's seat watching a couple make-out in the car next to them. SMACKING SOUNDS.

REVEAL Judge Clark chewing candy from the passenger seat.

JUDGE CLARK
(shakes box of candy)
Jujubes?

Cameron SIGHS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON

Why not.

Cameron takes a handful. He turns back to *Jaws*, playing on the screen.

ROY SCHEIDER

(on screen)
We're gonna need a bigger boat.

EXT. POOL - LATER

Fiona and the BASS PLAYER make out in a life guard stand. Wendy and the DRUMMER flirt in the shallow end.

DRUMMER

So, you got a boyfriend?

WENDY

No. But I have a total crush on this guy, Duffy. His arms are huge...

Drummer SIGHS as Wendy continues.

ANGLE ON DIVING BOARD

The Lead Singer, with bright purple hair, sits in a lawn chair, watching Brandy do a back-flip into the pool.

Brandy surfaces, flips her hair like a Sports Illustrated model and climbs out, trying really hard to look sexy.

BRANDY

Dare you to get in.

LEAD SINGER

Can't. Died my hair this morning. Have to wait forty-eight hours.

BRANDY

Oh. That's too bad.

Brandy unhooks her bra and drops it to the ground.

INT. WOMEN'S DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brandy and the Lead Singer make out under the hot shower. Purple hair die runs down their bodies.

LEAD SINGER

You're so amorous. You're energy, it's so...inspiring.
(frustrated)

Life on the road is torture! I meet a beautiful filly only to be bucked off into another town. I had no idea touring the Pacific Northwest would be so...onerous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
Nice vocab, SAT. Now, stop pouting
and start kissing.

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

The Bass Player and Drummer have Fiona and Wendy on their shoulders. They chicken fight in the pool. The Girls SCREAM in delight.

INT. POOL OFFICE - NIGHT

Willy, asleep on a cot, he sits up.

WILLY
What the--

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

The pool lights turn on. Wendy and Fiona SCREAM and run for their clothes. Willy sees the half-naked, underage girls and immediately turns his back.

Brandy runs out of the women's dressing room.

BRANDY
Be quiet you guys--

Willy stares at Brandy's half-naked, purple body.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
(covering self)
Oh shit. Willy, I can explain--

WILLY
Explain with your clothes on.

The Lead Singer, also covered in purple hair die, comes out of the women's dressing room.

WILLY (CONT'D)
(to Lead Singer)
Dude, she's sixteen! What are you
thinking hooking up with a minor?

LEAD SINGER
What!?! Sixteen?

BRANDY
(sheepish)
Seventeen in two weeks.

LEAD SINGER
Who do you think you are, Lolita?
You set me up, you sought me out,
and now you leave me, my heart
ripped out--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BASS PLAYER
Dude. Save that passion for the
music. She's not worth it.

LEAD SINGER
You're right.
(beat)
I think I just wrote a song.

DRUMMER
To the van!

BASS PLAYER
Does anyone have a pen?

EXT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cameron pulls into the Clark's driveway.

CAMERON
Judge? We're home.

Judge Clark SNORES. Cameron gently shakes him. Judge
Clark sits up. He gathers himself, opens the door.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Is it cool if I leave Brandy a
note?

Groggy, Judge Clark nods.

INT. BRANDY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cameron enters Brandy's room. He picks up the sea-horse
pencil and looks around for paper. He opens the desk
drawer. His eyes go wide as he sees THE LIST.

INT. POOL OFFICE - NIGHT

The Girls, now dressed, stand in front of Willy.

BRANDY
Willy, I'm so sorry. It was so
stupid to sneak into the pool.

WILLY
I could give a rat's ass about
sneaking into the pool! Those guys
are at least ten years older than
you! Do you have any idea what
could have happened?

BRANDY
We're not little girls, Willy!

WILLY
You're sixteen!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fiona looks at Willy's stuff all over the office.

FIONA
Holy shit. Are you living here?

WILLY
(to Brandy)
Those guys could have...this is
so... irresponsible!

FIONA
Really? But bailing on your
pregnant girlfriend isn't?

BRANDY
Fiona, shut up...

Willy looks at Fiona. Then Brandy. He picks up the phone.

WILLY
I'm calling your parents.

WENDY
(whimpers)
My mom will murder me!

BRANDY
No!

Brandy rips the phone cord from the wall.

WENDY
Brandy! Take it easy!

FIONA
Chill, lady!

Brandy holds the cord, feeling stupid.

WILLY
Don't even think about showing
your face here tomorrow.

INT./EXT. AMBER'S BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Amber's sits at her desk, struggling with math homework.
Brandy, soaking wet, opens the window.

BRANDY
Dad locked the door.

AMBER
Yeah, because it's like one in the
morning, freak! What the hell! I
have all this stupid homework I
don't understand--
(near tears)
And I have a Sears shoot tomorrow.
Fuck! I'm gonna look like hell.
Can you please help me?

Brandy shoves her way in, tumbling down onto the bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
No.

INT. BRANDY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brandy, exhausted, sneaks into her room. She shuts the door and SIGHS. She looks at her desk.

CLOSE ON CAMERON'S NOTE: "LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD TOO MUCH 'TO-DO' TO REMEMBER OUR DATE TONIGHT. CAMERON."

BRANDY
Oh fuck.

INT. AMBER'S BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Brandy walks back in, heading for the window.

AMBER
WTF! I need to concentrate, spaz!

INT. CAMERON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cameron lays in bed, crying and making a mix tape labeled "Sad Songs". The Indigo Girls play on his boombox.

WHACK. Cameron looks out the window. Brandy's down below.

EXT. CAMERON'S YARD - NIGHT

Cameron, in plaid pajamas, stands in the grass glaring at Brandy. They argue in whispers.

CAMERON
You cheated on me!

BRANDY
Cheated? It's not like we're together, Cameron.

CAMERON
Not anymore we aren't.

BRANDY
Wait, did you think, we were like together-together?

CAMERON
Uh, yeah.

BRANDY
Why would you think that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON
Oh, I don't know, maybe because I
"fingered" you, we "dry humped,"
you "jerked me off".

BRANDY
I'm too young to be tied down to
one guy, Cameron.

CAMERON
Yeah, I can see that from the
other name you wrote on your
stupid list...in PUFFY PAINT!

BRANDY
You're overreacting--

CAMERON
Over-reacting?
(choking up)
You...you gave me a hand job,
Brandy. A hand job! It might not
mean anything to you...but it sure
meant something to me.

Cameron SOBS.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
I'm so stupid. I thought I was
special. I've never felt this way--

BRANDY
Cameron, don't cry. I'm really
sorry.

CAMERON
(totally crying)
I'm not crying!
(points at Brandy's
neck)
Oh my God! Is that a hickey?

Brandy covers her neck, BUSTED. Cameron storms off. As he
reaches the porch he turns a nozzle.

The sprinklers turn on, SOAKING Brandy.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
I hope you get AIDS!

Brandy shivers as the sprinkler hits her in the face.

INT. AMBER'S BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Brandy crawls in the window. Amber, fully dressed, sleeps
on her bed. Her unfinished math homework is next to her.

Brandy SIGHS. She takes the homework and sits down at the
desk to finish it.

INT. BIG BUN DRIVE INN - DAY

Fiona works the window.

FIONA
(intercom)
Welcome to Big Bun. May I take
your order?

BRANDY (O.S.)
(intercom)
He wants me to die of AIDS!

Fiona looks out at Brandy, sobbing on her bicycle.
Wendy's next to her, trying to console her.

EXT. BIG BUN DRIVE INN - MOMENTS LATER

Fiona feeds Brandy a sundae at the picnic table.

FIONA
Come on, take a bite. You'll feel
better.

Brandy takes a bite. It helps.

BRANDY
I don't get it. Guys screw around
all the time and girls just have
to put up with it.

WENDY
Cameron's acting like a little
bitch. If he really liked you he
would have asked you to go out --
he wouldn't have just hooked up.

BRANDY
Exactly! Why are boys such idiots?

Fiona and Wendy shake their heads.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
It's such a double-standard! Look
at Willy. Gets his girlfriend
pregnant and dumps her. I
shouldn't be punished for doing
what guys do everyday!

FIONA
Totally! My Aunt always says a
lady has to look out for herself.
Did you know the average woman is
sexually active for three years
before a guy can make them orgasm?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
Yes! I read that in Glamour! If we
wait for the guys to figure their
shit out we'll be like...

WENDY/FIONA
Twenty before we orgasm!

BRANDY
Nineteen before we orgasm!

FIONA
Come on. I know just what you
need.

EXT. DOLLAR MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

The marquee reads "ALL MOVIES \$1. NOW PLAYING - BEACHES."
The Girls stand at the ticket booth.

FIONA
Three tickets for Beaches please.
(to The Girls)
My Aunt said I have to take my
best friends to this movie. And I
think today is the perfect day.

USHER
Three dollars...
(reads Fiona's shirt)
Big Bun.

BRANDY
She has a name you chauvinist pig!

WENDY
Respect her for what's on the
inside, prick!

FIONA
Yeah! And keep staring at my tits,
loser, 'cause that's as far as
you'll ever get!

Fiona rips the tickets from his hands.

USHER
Jesus. Bette Midler brings out the
worst in women.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Cameron sits on the stand. Duffy and Swan look up at him
in disbelief. Pool Rats eavesdrop as usual.

SWAN
She made a list?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON
Yeah. She totally used me. To think she just wanted to jerk me off, blow me, heck, probably even screw me without ever committing.

DUFFY
That's...terrible.

INT. BRANDY'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Brandy lays on her bed, listening to the *Beaches* soundtrack. She reads Susan Faludi's *Backlash*.

MRS. CLARK (O.C.)
Brandy, telephone.

Brandy picks up the phone.

BRANDY
(into phone)
Hello?

INT. DUFFY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Duffy hangs upside down on a pull-up bar, doing crunches as he talks on the phone. Intercut call as necessary.

DUFFY
(into phone)
Hey, Brandy. It's Duffy.

BRANDY
(into phone)
What's up, Tank Top.

DUFFY
Um, do you wanna go to Shakespeare in the Park?
(grunts)
You like that kind of shit, right?

BRANDY
Um, yeah...but you don't.

DUFFY
Sure I do. They speak with British accents and crap.
(grunts)
You wanna go or not? My treat.

Brandy pulls The List from her desk.

BRANDY
Yes.

EXT. PARK - EVENING

A small, outdoor amphitheater. On stage, a local production of *Twelfth Night*. ROMANTIC COUPLES lay on blankets, picnicking. Brandy and Duffy sit on a Green Bay Packers sleeping bag.

Brandy wears Amber's Wonder Bra. She checks herself out.

BRANDY
(to self)
Why didn't I steal this sooner?

Duffy opens a Big Bun fast-food bag.

DUFFY
You're suppose to bring Brie and wine and shit but I thought I'd do us one better. Cheeseburger?

EXT. PARK - LATER

Brandy watches the play, intent. Duffy yawns, bored.

VIOLA
(on stage)
Oh Time, thou must untangle this,
not I / It is too hard a knot for
me t' untie!

The lights come up. The audience CLAPS. Brandy stands, stretching her legs. Duffy packs up the blanket.

DUFFY
Wow. Great play. Should we have a night cap at my place? My parent's are asleep.

BRANDY
It's intermission.

DUFFY
Right. I knew that.

Brandy looks at the snuggling couples around them.

BRANDY
Forget it. I'm bored too.

INT. BACKSEAT - DUFFY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brandy's on top of Duffy, shirt off, Wonder Bra on. She leans over his crotch, trying to titty-fuck him.

DUFFY
Um, actually, it might work better
if I'm on top.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
Oh shit. Is that how you do it?

DUFFY
I think so. Or, at least that's
what they do on Cinemax.

They flip positions. Duffy, on top, works his hips.

CLOSE ON BRANDY AS SHE'S JIGGLED UP AND DOWN.

DUFFY (CONT'D)
Oh, that's dope.

BRANDY
(happy)
Yeah? It feels good?

DUFFY
Really good. Really, REALLY--

BRANDY
Wait...my sister's...don't want to
get it messy...

Brandy unhooks her bra, slipping it off.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
OK. Here we go.

Duffy starts moving again. He frowns.

DUFFY
Um, could you maybe squeeze them
together? Can't really feel...

INT. DUFFY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Duffy drives. Brandy sulks in the passenger seat.

DUFFY
You just haven't filled out yet.
When you're nineteen you're gonna
be hot.

BRANDY
Nineteen? Just drive.

INT. BLOCKBUSTER - EVENING

Swan, wearing a Blockbuster apron, stacks videos. Duffy
stands next to him.

SWAN
So you titty-fucked? What's next
on the list?

INT. SWAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Brandy's under the sheet, shoulder's bare. There's a moving lump between her legs. It's Swan.

BRANDY
Sure you know what you're doing?

SWAN
(muffled under
sheets)
I think so. I've been reading
Penthouse. Just looking for your
clit--

BRANDY
(moans)
You found it...Oh, you lost it...
(moans)
...found it--

GRANDPA (O.S.)
Jason, the remote's not working.

Brandy looks up. Swan's GRANDPA (80s) stands in the doorway, staring back at her. She SQUEEZES her legs together, immobilizing Swan under the sheets.

SWAN
(from under sheet)
Is the TV on channel 3?

GRANDPA
(staring at Brandy)
Yes.

SWAN
Did you hit input?

GRANDPA
Yes.

SWAN
Make sure it's set to cable.

GRANDPA
Forgot that one. Thanks.

Grandpa turns to leave.

SWAN
No problem, Grandpa.

Brandy yanks Swan up, smacking him repeatedly.

SWAN (CONT'D)
What? Don't worry. He's mostly
blind and half-deaf.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
Then why did he give me the thumbs
up sign when he left?

SWAN
Oh shit. Was he wearing his
glasses?

Brandy pushes Swan away and grabs her clothes.

EXT. POOL OFFICE - EVENING

The pool is closed. Willy installs a new phone in the
wall. Brandy sits in a chair, staring at the clock.

BRANDY
Once again my ride is late.

WILLY
Well, we both know I have nowhere
to be.

BRANDY
Sorry about the other night. I was
kind of a jerk.

WILLY
Forget it. I did the same shit
when I was your age.

EXT. POOL - LATER

Brandy and Willy sit in the lifeguard stands on opposite
sides of the pool, sipping beers.

BRANDY
So what are you going to do?

WILLY
What? Can't hear you.

Brandy picks up the megaphone on the stand.

BRANDY
(into megaphone)
What are you going to do about
your pregnant girlfriend?

WILLY
(to self)
Wow. Newbie doesn't beat around
the bush.
(into megaphone)
I'm fucked.

They continue their discussion through the megaphones.

BRANDY
Babies are expensive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY
I'm aware of that.

BRANDY
Are you gonna get a real job?

Willy lets this sink in.

WILLY
I don't know how.

INT. POOL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brandy flips through a Boise State University course catalog. She adds another class to a list.

WILLY
Wow. When you write it all down
like that I feel like I've
accomplished something.

BRANDY
(to self)
Yes. Lists are good for that.
(to Willy)
Well, you've gone to college part-
time for seven years...with all of
your credits in English, history,
philosophy and...Forestry?
(gives him a look)
I think you can get a liberal arts
degree and finish your teaching
certificate in a year.

WILLY
Teaching certificate?

BRANDY
You need a real job, Willy.
Besides, you know what they say.
Those that can't...teach.

WILLY
Smart ass.

Willy picks up the phone.

BRANDY
Registration starts next week.

WILLY
I'm calling Nicole.

Brandy watches him. He gives her a look.

BRANDY
(getting hint)
I'll wait outside.

EXT. POOL OFFICE - DAY

Brandy sits on the steps. The HILLCREST GUARDS pull up.

INT. POOL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Willy's on the phone. Brandy rushes in.

BRANDY
They're back--

WILLY
(into phone)
Nicole, please. Can we at least
talk? I want to be there for you.
For both of you...Nicole? Nicole?

Willy puts down the phone. Defeated.

SLAM! Something rocks the office door.

EXT. POOL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A pile of manure covers the pool steps.

BRANDY
Oh wow. That reeks!

WILLY
Shit. More GOD DAMN SHIT.
(beat)
Call the guards.

EXT. HILLCREST POOL - NIGHT

Cameron's van idles in the parking lot, lights off.
Inside the van, Willy passes bottles of laundry detergent
to Rusty and Kimball.

BRANDY
Hey, aren't you forgetting
someone?

WILLY
Cameron's our getaway. He's gotta
wait with the van.

BRANDY
I meant me.

Cameron rolls his eyes.

WILLY
(reluctant)
Fine.

EXT. CHAINLINK FENCE - HILLCREST POOL - MOMENTS LATER

Brandy scales the fence like a pro.

RUSTY
You look like you've done this
before.

BRANDY
I have.

Rusty follows. Willy and Kimball are not so skilled.

KIMBALL
My toe's stuck...

WILLY
I cut my hand...

Kimball lets go, falling onto Willy.

KIMBALL
(giggling)
Dude, I'm blazed.

They sit in a heap, worthless.

BRANDY
You guys suck. Throw us your ammo.
We'll take it from here.

WILLY
Sure thing, Rambo.

They chuck the detergent over the fence. Fully loaded,
Brandy and Rusty head for the Hydro-Tube, a large, spiral
water slide overlooking a landing pool.

EXT. HYDRO-TUBE - MOMENTS LATER

Brandy and Rusty climb the metal stairs. A security light
turns on. They freeze.

RUSTY
Oh shit!

BRANDY
Chill. They're motion detectors.
They'll go off in a second.

They wait. The lights go off.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
(mocking)
See, nothing to be afraid of.

RUSTY
Watch it, Cutie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They reach the top of the slide. Brandy and Rusty unscrew the detergent bottles.

BRANDY

Cheers.

They tap bottles and pour the blue liquid down the slide.

RUSTY

Let's jet before we get busted.

BRANDY

Wait. We can't leave without seeing the fruits of our labor.

EXT. HILLCREST POOL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brandy and Rusty sneak along the wall. Voices can be heard from inside the office. They peak in the window.

LIFEGUARDS sit in the office, drinking and hanging.

LIFEGUARD #1

I wish I could see the look on their faces when they open the door tomorrow.

LIFEGUARD #2

I've never seen so much cow shit in my life. They'll track it into the pool for days.

Brandy motions for Rusty to follow her to the pump room.

INT. CAMERON'S VAN - NIGHT

Cameron, Willy and Kimball wait in the van.

WILLY

What is taking so long? They should've been back by now.

CAMERON

Brandy's probably trying to get in Rusty's pants.

WILLY

Easy. Brandy's not that kind of girl.

CAMERON

Oh yeah? Then why did she make a check-list of all the dirty deeds she wants to do with guys this summer?

WILLY

That's insane. Brandy wouldn't do that. How would you know anyways?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON
Let's just say my name is on her
list...several times.

KIMBALL
Any girls on the list?

Willy smacks Kimball in the head.

EXT. HILLCREST PUMP ROOM - NIGHT

Brandy turns the handle. It's locked.

BRANDY
Shit.

RUSTY
Step aside, Cutie.

Rusty pulls a credit card from his wallet and slides it
between the door. The door opens.

BRANDY
You look like you've done this
before.

RUSTY
I have.

INT. HILLCREST PUMP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rusty and Brandy grope around in the dark. They find what
they're looking for.

BRANDY
(pulls lever)
One...two...three!

The sound of RUSHING WATER. The Hydro-Tube comes to life.

EXT. HILLCREST POOL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brandy and Rusty rush by the office, running for the
fence. The door opens. They duck behind the pool cover.

LIFEGUARD #1
What the fuck?

The lifeguards run for the Hydro-Tube. Giant suds rush
into the pool.

LIFEGUARD #2
Mother fucker! This is war!

LIFEGUARD #
Hey! There's their car! Come on,
let's get 'em!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brandy and Rusty huddle close behind the pool cover.

BRANDY
(whispers)
We have to warn them!

RUSTY
(whispers)
Don't move. They'll see us.

Rusty wraps his arms around Brandy. She checks out his ripped biceps. Admires his Beta-Theta-Pi tatoo.

EXT. CAMERON'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Cameron watches as the office doors swing open and Hillcrest Guards run out.

CAMERON
Oh shit! We're busted!

Cameron starts his engine and hits the gas.

WILLY
What about Rusty and Brandy?

CAMERON
Screw 'em.

EXT. HILLCREST POOL FENCE - CONTINUOUS

Brandy and Rusty watch Cameron drive away.

RUSTY
What the fuck! They just left us?

BRANDY
No. Cameron left me.

RUSTY
What?

BRANDY
Nothing.
(beat)
Well, we've got the place to ourselves. Might as well hit the slide before our long walk home.

Brandy runs up the stairs of the slide. Rusty follows.

INT. HYDRO-TUBE - CONTINUOUS

Fully-clothed, Brandy sits at the top of the slide.

BRANDY
You coming?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSTY
Hells yeah.

Rusty wraps his legs around Brandy. They rush down the slide, like two happy kids at a water park.

EXT. HYDRO-TUBE - CONTINUOUS

The slide shoots Brandy and Rusty out into the sudsy pool. They laugh and splash in the giant bubble bath.

Brandy grabs some bubbles and works Rusty's hair into a Mohawk. Rusty gives her a bubble beard.

BRANDY
You look hot for a punk-rocker.

RUSTY
You make a good bearded lady.

Rusty slowly wipes the bubbles from her chin.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
You are something else, Cutie.

Rusty leans in to kiss her. For the first time, Brandy plays hard to get. She leans back, coy.

BRANDY
Seriously, Rusty. You have to stop calling me that. I have a name.

Rusty looks at her. Shakes his head and LAUGHS.

RUSTY
Is it loser?

Rusty dunks her head under water and takes off.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Race you to the top!

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

Brandy and Rusty, soaking wet, walk down the road.

RUSTY
I'm gonna kick Cameron's ass for leaving us.

BRANDY
What? Can't handle a three mile walk?

Rusty TICKLES Brandy, flirting.

RUSTY
Come on, let's Yahoo some beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
What's that?

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Rusty and Brandy head for the beer cooler. The CLERK watches them, suspicious in their wet clothes.

RUSTY
(whispers)
I don't have my fake ID so this is
the next best thing. Grab a case
and follow my lead.

Rusty grabs a case of Keystone Ice. Brandy does the same. They set it on the counter.

CLERK
I'm gonna need to see some ID--

Rusty slaps forty bucks on the counter.

RUSTY
Yahoo!

Rusty grabs the beer and runs. Brandy hesitates.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Cutie, let's jet!

Rusty grabs Brandy's arm and YANKS her out the door.

BRANDY
Yahoo?

EXT. BORAH POOL - NIGHT

Willy paces the pool office. Kimball rolls a joint. Cameron sips a grape soda.

WILLY
Maybe we should go back. I feel
bad for bailing.

CAMERON
I don't. Brandy only cares about
herself anyway.

Suddenly, Brandy and Rusty rush inside the office.

BRANDY
Mission accomplished!

Everyone CHEERS but Cameron.

EXT. ROOF - POOL OFFICE - LATER

The guards sit on the roof in lawn chairs, drinking beers. Brandy fills water balloons with a hose.

WILLY
Dudes, it's almost sun up. If they haven't retaliated by now they're not gonna do it tonight.

BRANDY
You can never be too prepared. Man, you should have seen it. The pool is filled with bubbles!

RUSTY
We rode the slide like five times.

CAMERON
(sarcastic)
I bet you did.

BRANDY
What's that suppose to mean?

Cameron shrugs. A car pulls into the parking lot.

WILLY
Everyone quiet! They're here!

A DARK FIGURE heads for the office.

BRANDY
Fire!

The guards pound the figure with water balloons.

WILLY
Take that you bastards!

WOMAN'S VOICE
(screams)
What the fuck! Willy?

WILLY
(realizing)
Hold your fire! Hold your fire!

Willy beams his flashlight...on Nicole. Soaking wet.

WILLY (CONT'D)
Nicole?

NICOLE
(pissed)
Willy.

WILLY
I can explain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE
Forget it. I can't believe I came down here to talk to you. Fuck! I am so stupid! To think you could ever change. When are you going to grow up, Willy?

WILLY
Nicole, wait! Wait!

Willy shimmies down the roof. He loses his grip and falls into the darkness. THUMP.

KIMBALL
That did not sound good.

Brandy shines the flashlight on Willy. He lays in the pile of shit.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Cameron and Brandy sit in the waiting room.

CAMERON
You should go. I'll drive him home.

BRANDY
I'll stay. If it weren't for me he wouldn't be in this mess.

Cameron and Brandy sit in silence. Brandy can't take it.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Cameron, about the whole list thing, I really am sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you.

Cameron stares straight ahead.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
This whole hooking-up thing just confused me. I mean, we've been friends forever. I didn't know--
(takes a breath)
I like you Cameron. Like, like-like you.

CAMERON
If you like-like me so damn much then why did you hook up with my two *best* friends? I mean, come on!

BRANDY
They told you?!

CAMERON
Duh!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDY
So...you're mad at *me* but still
friends with *them*?

CAMERON
Of course! They're my dudes!

BRANDY
But I'm your friend, too!

CAMERON
Yeah, but you're a girl! It's not
the same.

BRANDY
God, men are hypocrites!

Willy enters on crutches, a cast on his ankle.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Hey Willy, let me help you.

WILLY
The last thing I need is your
help, Brandy.

CAMERON
Come on man, the van's outside.

Brandy watches as they exit.

INT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Clark packs her tennis racquet. Judge Clark carries
suitcases out the door. Brandy sits at the table.

MRS. CLARK
You're sure you don't mind? We
don't have to go.

BRANDY
No, Mom. Your tennis team made it
to Regionals. How often do you get
to go to scenic Reno?

JUDGE CLARK
Not often enough. Why couldn't you
win the year it's in Vegas?

MRS. CLARK
(to Brandy)
Maybe we should stay...It's your
birthday.

BRANDY
We'll celebrate when you get back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. CLARK
Well, at least have The Girls over
to watch a movie or something. You
can have a slumber party.

Amber enters.

AMBER
Sounds hot. Happy Birthday,
shithead.

BRANDY
Thanks, asshole.

MRS. CLARK
So nice to see our girls getting
along.

INT. AMBER'S ROOM - DAY

Brandy stands in the doorway. Amber sits at her vanity.

BRANDY
Please, Amber. We'll pay you
double.

AMBER
Forget it. I'm not buying you
beer.

BRANDY
But you can have your friends
over, too.

AMBER
My college friends go to bars.

BRANDY
Give it up! You're too stupid to
get into college! You couldn't
even do your own homework!

AMBER
Really? Read it and weep.

Amber shoves a summer school transcript in Brandy's face.

AMBER (CONT'D)
I passed.

BRANDY
C minus. Big whoop.

AMBER
You think you're better than
everyone, don't you? Have fun at
your stupid party with NO BEER.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Brandy pulls the Hell Bitch into the gas station. Fiona and Wendy are with her, looking scared.

WENDY
I don't know about this.

BRANDY
Do not wuss out on me! How am I
suppose to have a party without
alcohol?

FIONA
I'm with Wendy. Have Amber buy
beer for us.

BRANDY
Amber shut me down, you couldn't
kidnap your niece, and we've been
denied at four other stores. We
don't have a choice.

FIONA
I did invite half the school...

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Brandy leads The Girls to the beer cooler.

BRANDY
Two cases each. Bionic Woman, I
think you can handle three.

Wendy reluctantly grabs a third case. The Girls walk to
the counter.

CLERK
I'm gonna need to see some ID--

THE GIRLS
Yahoo!

Brandy slaps a wad of cash on the counter. The Girls run.

CLERK
Again?

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The Girls scramble inside the Hell Bitch.

BRANDY
What the fuck? No, no, no!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A CAR IS PARKED IN FRONT OF THE HELL BITCH.

FIONA
Reverse! And make it quick.

BRANDY
I don't have reverse!

WENDY
Put it in neutral!

Wendy hops out. She PUSHES the car backward.

BRANDY
Holy shit. She is really strong.

Brandy CRANKS the steering wheel.

WENDY
Go! Go! Go!

The Hell Bitch skids across a flower bed. Dirt and mums go flying. The Clerk runs out.

BRANDY
We can't leave her!

FIONA
I'm on it! Stop the car!

Brandy SLAMS on the brakes. Fiona FLASHES her boobs at The Clerk. He stops dead in his tracks.

BRANDY
Wendy! Get it!

Wendy hops in the Hell Bitch. Brandy hits the gas.

THE GIRLS
Yahoo!

CLERK
(reads license plate)
One-A-three-nine...

INT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brandy chugs a beer as TEENAGERS CHANT.

TEENAGERS
(counting)
Fifteen...sixteen...seventeen!

Brandy slams the can down. Duffy and Swan CHEER.

DUFFY
Happy birthday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duffy KISSES Brandy on the mouth. Wendy sees Brandy kissing Duffy. Her jaw drops. She runs out of the room.

BRANDY
(pushes Duffy away)
Get off of me.

Swan steps forward.

SWAN
Come on, we can have a threesome.
Cross it off the List.

BRANDY
The List? You know? Oh, lemme
guess. Fiona. Fuck.

Brandy walks off.

DUFFY
Great. Now we'll never have our
threesome.

SWAN
I always thought it was weird to
have it with you. Isn't it suppose
to be two girls and one guy?

INT. CACTUS BAR - NIGHT

Nervous, Cameron hands the Bouncer an ID. The bouncer looks at it, skeptical.

BOUNCER
And what brings you all the way
from...Manitoba?

Amber and her friends walk up.

AMBER
He's cool. Cameron's with me.

BOUNCER
His ID says his name is Linus.

AMBER
Cameron's my pet name for him.

Amber ushers Cameron inside.

INT. CACTUS BAR - CONTINUOUS

Amber motions to the bartender.

AMBER
I'll take a Bud Light.
(to Cameron)
For you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON
Peach Schnapps. On the rocks.

AMBER
Wow. Hitting it hard. Long day?

CAMERON
Long summer.

Bartender sets the Schnapps down. Cameron pounds it.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Keep 'em coming.

INT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brandy CRANKS the stereo. She grabs Wendy to dance. Wendy shakes her arm off.

BRANDY
Come dance! It's my birthday.

WENDY
Fuck off.

Wendy walks off. Fiona walks up.

FIONA
You know she likes Duffy, Brandy.
She's been doing like three
hundred crunches a day for him!
Why would you kiss him?

BRANDY
Look, I told him I wasn't gonna
hook up with him again.

FIONA
What do you mean *again*?

BRANDY
You know exactly what I'm talking
about. You told Duffy and Swan
about the list!

FIONA
Me? I didn't--

BRANDY
Everyone knows you can't keep your
fat mouth shut, Fiona.

FIONA
Oh my God. You *have* changed this
summer. Into a total bitch.

INT. CACTUS BAR - CONTINUOUS

Amber's jaw drops.

AMBER
A list? What the fuck!

CAMERON
Yeah. It's bullshit. And now she's
having a stupid party. Wonder who
she'll hook up with tonight.

AMBER
Cameron, let's make a phone call.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CACTUS BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Amber and Cameron squeeze inside the phone booth.

AMBER
(into phone)
Hello, Boise Police? Yes, I'd like
to complain about a party--

INT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MIKEY (17), a total douche, hits on Brandy.

MIKEY
I have a present for you...in my
pants.

BRANDY
You're disgusting.

Brandy pushes past him.

MIKEY
Does that mean I won't make The
List?

Suddenly, COPS walk in the front door.

MIKEY (CONT'D)
Cops!

TEENAGERS freak out and run out of the house.

BRANDY
Laundry chute!

INT. LAUNDRY CHUTE - CONTINUOUS

Brandy hides in the laundry chute. Alone. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Brandy opens the door. Two COPS stare back at her.

INT. BRANDY'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Brandy, a blubbering mess, stands in front of the cops.

BRANDY
But it's my birthday. And my dad's
a Judge. You can't give me a
drinking ticket. He's Judge Clark.

OFFICER #1
Yes. Your father is Judge Clark.
You've mentioned that.

INT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The house is a wreck. Brandy picks up beer cans. She enters the living room. A COUPLE makes out on the couch.

BRANDY
Party's over, dudes. Party's over.

INT. FRONT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Brandy ushers the couple through the front door. She closes it behind them, leans on the door and SIGHS.

DING DONG.

Annoyed, Brandy opens the door.

BRANDY
What?

Rusty stands in front of her.

RUSTY
'Sup, Cutie.

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Brandy sits at the table. Rusty stands over the stove.

RUSTY
Nothing like Mac 'n cheese at two
in the morning to solve your
problems.

He sets a bowl down in front of her.

BRANDY
Overall, this has been a pretty
shitty birthday.

RUSTY
That reminds me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rusty sets a sparkler in the Mac 'n cheese and lights it.

BRANDY
Maybe it just got a teensy bit
better.

Rusty leans in...and kisses her.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
A tad bit better...

RUSTY
Just a tad?

INT. BRANDY'S ROOM - SUNRISE

Brandy and Rusty make out in her bed. She catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror above her dresser and smiles. She can't believe it. It's gonna happen.

Rusty catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror and flexes. Checking himself out.

Rusty gently pulls Brandy's shirt over her head. She pulls his T-shirt off his hot body.

BRANDY
Holy shit you are ripped.

RUSTY
You're not so bad yourself.

Rusty touches Brandy underneath her panties.

BRANDY
(moans)
Oh, finally. A man who knows what
he's doing.

Brandy undoes his pants. Completely confident. Excited. Enjoying herself. Totally turned on.

RUSTY
(whispers)
Lemme get a condom.

Brandy reaches into the sex-ed box.

BRANDY
I'm one step ahead of you.

Brandy, a little nervous, takes a deep breath while he puts on the condom.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
(to self)
You can do it. You can do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

What's that? RUSTY

Let's do it. BRANDY

Arms around her waist, Rusty lowers her down on the bed.

Wait. Rusty...I... BRANDY (CONT'D)

It's okay. I know you're a virgin.
We don't have to do anything you
don't want to. RUSTY

No. Not that. I mean, yes, I'm a
virgin. But...I want to be on top.
It'll increase my chance of
orgasm. I read that in Glamour. BRANDY

Rusty stifles a laugh.

Sure thing, Cutie -- Brandy. RUSTY

They shift positions. With Brandy on top, she guides him
inside her.

Is that okay? RUSTY (CONT'D)

I think so. BRANDY

They start to move. Gentle at first, then picking up the
pace. Suddenly, Rusty shivers.

Ohhhh. (moans) RUSTY

He collapses back. Brandy looks at the clock.

It hasn't even been two minutes. BRANDY

Sorry, Cutie... RUSTY

Rusty drifts off to sleep. Brandy rolls off of him.

My name is Brandy. BRANDY

EXT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Amber pulls the Hell Bitch into the driveway. She sees Rusty's motorcycle.

AMBER
What the--

INT. BRANDY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amber BUSTS into the room. Brandy sits up.

BRANDY
Amber! Wait! I can explain!

Amber RUSHES over to the bed. Brandy DUCKS behind a pillow, protecting herself. Amber ATTACKS Rusty.

RUSTY
Take it easy!

Brandy lowers the pillow. Surprised she's not the one on the receiving end of the blows.

AMBER
You stupid prick! Taking advantage of my little sister!

BRANDY
Amber, get off of him! He didn't do anything!

AMBER
Brandy, he's using you. He knows about The List.

BRANDY
What?

AMBER
The List. He knows.

BRANDY
(to Rusty)
Is that true?

Rusty shrugs, sheepish.

RUSTY
Cameron might have mentioned it--

Brandy lets this sink in. Suddenly, she lets loose, KICKING and SLAPPING him.

BRANDY
Stupid prick! Get the fuck out!

Amber picks up his clothes and throws them out the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSTY
Chill! You're acting like a bunch
of little girls!

BRANDY
We are not little girls!

AMBER
We are not little girls!

Rusty exits. Amber walks over to the bed.

AMBER
Sorry, Brandy. If I had known he
would do that I would have said
something earlier.

BRANDY
Earlier?

AMBER
Cameron told me last night. That's
why we called the cops on you.

BRANDY
You called the cops?

AMBER
(meek)
Happy birthday?

BRANDY
Get out.

AMBER
Hey. I really am sorry.

BRANDY
Just get out, Amber.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Brandy sits on the stand. A Pool Rat taps her foot.

POOL RAT #1
Brian wants to know if you wanna
do-it behind the pump house. He
wants to be on your list.

Brandy turns to the pump house. Pool Rat #2 winks at her.

POOL RAT #1 (CONT'D)
He's circumscribed. And he's been
drinking pineapple juice for three
days straight.

BRANDY
Beat it.

Brandy turns back. From the other stand, Rusty gives her
a weak wave. She ignores him. This time, he notices.

EXT. POOL PARKING LOT - EVENING

Brandy sits on the steps, waiting for her ride. Cameron unlocks his bike and rides off. He doesn't even look at her. Brandy SIGHS.

INT. STATION WAGON - EVENING

Amber drives. Brandy slumps down in the passenger seat.

BRANDY
Mom and Dad home?

Amber nods. They pull into the driveway. A cop car is parked next to her parent's car.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Fuck me.

AMBER
Rusty already did.

Brandy smacks Amber in the shoulder.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Too soon?

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

JUDGE WITHERS looks down at Brandy with menacing eyes.

JUDGE WITHERS
The court hereby orders you to pay
the maximum fine of one thousand
dollars--

BRANDY
A grand? That's what I made the
whole summer--

JUDGE WITHERS
...and your drivers license is
revoked for one year.

BRANDY
But I was just about to inherit
the Hell Bitch...

JUDGE WITHERS
Excuse me? Should we get a second
opinion? I'm sure if we asked your
father, Judge Clark, he would
suggest community service...

JUVENILE DELINQUENTS snicker from the gallery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUVINIAL DELINQUENT
Yo, Judge's daughter got busted!

INT. JUDGE CLARK'S CHAMBERS - LATER

Brandy sits in a chair in front of Judge Clark. Mrs. Clark sits in the corner, arms crossed.

JUDGE CLARK
Do you have any idea how
embarrassing this is for me?

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NEXT WEEK

Fiona pulls into the gas station. Wendy rides shotgun.

WENDY
Oh great. Look who it is.

Fiona turns. Brandy plants mums in the flower bed.

EXT. GAS PUMP - MOMENTS LATER

Fiona puts gas in the truck. Wendy climbs out.

WENDY
Uh oh. Here she comes.

Brandy approaches. Fiona and Wendy turn their backs.

BRANDY
Fiona?

FIONA
Can't talk. Trying to keep my fat
mouth shut.

BRANDY
Wendy--

WENDY
Let me buy my corn nuts in peace.

BRANDY
Since when do you eat corn nuts?

FIONA
She's been binge eating since you
stole Duffy from her.

A car pulls into the gas station. Bette Midler's "Wind Beneath My Wings" blares from the stereo.

BETTE MIDLER
(on radio)
It must have been cold there in my
shadow...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The DRIVER, an effeminate man, exits the car, SINGING loudly, leaving the engine running, the stereo on.

BRANDY

Wendy, the corn nuts can wait.
Fiona, release the lever.

The Girls do as they're told.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

(very serious)

Wendy, I was so caught up with The List that I forgot you liked Duffy. I promise I'll never stand in between his tank-tops and your ridiculously toned quads again.

(beat)

Fiona, you don't have a fat mouth. In fact, you have a very pretty mouth even if all the guys we know never look at it because they're staring at your chest. But even then they're missing the best part. Your personality.

BETTE MIDLER

(from radio)

Did you ever know that you're my hero? And everything I would like to be. I can fly higher than an eagle...

BRANDY

(singing and crying)

You are the wind beneath my wings.

Fiona and Wendy, also crying, look at each other.

FIONA

You are the gayest fag I know,
Pancake.

WENDY

I should really kick your ass for making me cry.

EXT. FLOWER BED - CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Fiona and Wendy help Brandy plant flowers. The mums spell the words "CHEAP GAS. COLD BEER."

EXT. POOL - DAY

Last day of summer. Nicole, with a little pregnant belly, lays out next to the pool. Willy dotes on her.

INT. POOL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Willy enters the office, grabbing some fruit from the fridge. Brandy's packs up kick boards and swim fins.

RUSTY
Fruit? What happened to the beer?

WILLY
I'm on the wagon.
(beat)
At least while I still have
painkillers.

Willy taps his cast with his crutch.

WILLY (CONT'D)
Just joshing. But my mom-to-be
needs her fruit salad.
(looking at Nicole)
Isn't she beautiful?

RUSTY
Yeah. Her boobs got huge.

WILLY
I know. I did that.

Kimball walks in. Willy pulls a green bong from the desk.

WILLY (CONT'D)
Hey, buddy. Jalapeño Popper is all
yours.
(hands Rusty a bag of
weed)
And I want you to have my Mauwie
Wauwie.

KIMBALL
It's like the Gift of the Magi.

Willy and Rusty share a look.

RUSTY
No. No it's not.

KIMBALL
Wait, why are you giving away all
your stuff? You're not gonna jump
off a bridge are you?

WILLY
Nope. Just retiring from the pool.

KIMBALL
But your thirty-five!

WILLY
Exactly. Going back to school.
Gonna be a teacher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Willy looks at Brandy and smiles.

WILLY (CONT'D)
Um, who's watching the pool?

On it. RUSTY Whoops. KIMBALL

Rusty and Kimball exit.

WILLY (CONT'D)
Never thought I would say this,
Newbie, but...I owe you one.

BRANDY
For breaking your ankle?

WILLY
Well, not exactly. When Nicole
heard she came over to yell at me.
But when she saw the course book
and I told her your plan...well,
she agreed to let me "date" her
again.
(beat)
So far I haven't gotten past first
base.

Brandy smiles.

WILLY (CONT'D)
You're good with lists, Newbie.
Why don't you make a Boise Pool
manual? That way whoever takes
over next summer won't fuck it up.

BRANDY
I'm on it. Have you seen Cameron?

WILLY
Didn't he tell you?
(off Brandy's look)
Sorry. Camster is at football
practice. He made the team.

BRANDY
(sincere)
Good for him.

EXT. POOL - EVENING

The pool is closed. Brandy hands Willy the manual.

WILLY
Very thorough.
(reading)
Backboard procedure, emergency
contacts...how sneak a band into
the pool? How to retaliate against
rival guards? Pros and cons of
dating a co-worker?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Willy raises an eyebrow.

WILLY (CONT'D)
This will be very useful for next
year's Newbies. Good work, Brandy.

BRANDY
Thanks, Mr. Anderson.

WILLY
Holy shit. That's what it'll sound
like when I'm teaching.
(beat)
Has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?

Willy rustles Brandy's hair. She smiles.

WILLY (CONT'D)
Come on. I need your help.

Brandy helps Willy pull the plastic cover over the pool.

WILLY (CONT'D)
Kind of sad, seeing it all covered
up.

BRANDY
That reminds me.

INT. BRANDY'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Brandy hands Amber the condom in the Ziploc baggie.

BRANDY
You can have this back.

AMBER
You kept this all summer? That's
kind of gross, Brandy.

Brandy nods. Amber drops the condom in the trash.

AMBER (CONT'D)
You know Rusty dumped me when I
wouldn't sleep with him.

BRANDY
What? But the condom--

AMBER
As soon as he put it on that night
I told him to stop. I wasn't gonna
lose my virginity wasted.

BRANDY
You're still a virgin?

AMBER
Yes. Wait...did you and Rusty
actually...go all the way?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brandy nods.

AMBER (CONT'D)
You mean you lost your virginity
before I did? To Crusty Rusty?

BRANDY
Technically, yes. But he came in
like two minutes. I've decided
it's not gonna count until I
orgasm during sex. The whole thing
is so one-sided. Why can men come
so easy and women have to work--

AMBER
TMI. Save the deets for The Girls.

BRANDY
Copy that.
(beat)
Hey, I kind of owe you an apology.
I mean, he was your ex and all.

AMBER
Yeah, but, I was kind of a shitty
older sister. I should've been
looking out for you. Should've
warned you.

BRANDY
I wouldn't have listened even if
you did. Some things you have to
learn for yourself.

Brandy pulls the Pee Wee Herman string.

PEE WEE HERMAN DOLL
(recording)
I know you are but what am I.

AMBER
You gonna throw that away, too?

BRANDY
Why?

AMBER
He got caught jerking off in a
porn theater.

BRANDY
Exactly. It's a collector's item.

AMBER
You are one weird chick, Brandy.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Brandy enters the kitchen, holding the sex-ed box. Mrs. Clark packs a cooler. Judge Clark carries a heavy suitcase from the basement, Amber follows.

JUDGE CLARK
Good Christ, Amber, did you pack
enough stuff?

AMBER
Nope.
(to Brandy)
Can't wait to get to college. Just
a six-hour drive and I'm FREE!

BRANDY
Rub it in. I still have six weeks
left of being grounded.

JUDGE CLARK MRS. CLARK
Darn right, young lady. You certainly do, missy.

Judge Clark and Amber exit through the front door.

MRS. CLARK
Brandy, you father and I discussed
it and you'll be staying with the
Mitchell's while we're taking
Amber to school.

BRANDY
The Mitchell's? Are you sure?

Very. MRS. CLARK

BRANDY
Got it. Hey mom...

Brandy hands Mrs. Clark the sex-ed box.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
...I don't need this. I'm not
ready for it yet.

Oh thank God. MRS. CLARK

BRANDY
Give it to Amber. She'll probably
need it for college.

Oh Lord.

MRS. CLARK

EXT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Amber and Brandy hug goodbye on the porch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMBER
Take care, fuck chop.

BRANDY
See ya, fart knocker.

INT. JUDGE CLARK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Judge Clark HONKS the horn, impatient. Mrs. Clark nudges him from the passenger seat.

MRS. CLARK
Let them be, George. We've never
seen them get along before.

EXT. BRANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brandy stands on the front porch and waves goodbye.

Judge Clark pulls out of the driveway. Mrs. Clark turns to Amber in the backseat and hands her the sex-ed box.

MRS. CLARK
We have quite a drive ahead of us.
Thought this would be a good time
to discuss safe intercourse.

Judge Clark turns up NPR on the stereo. Amber turns back to the window and flips Brandy off.

INT. CAMERON'S DEN - NIGHT

Brandy and Cameron sit on the couch. The Mitchell's sit between them. *The Sound of Music* plays on the TV. The credits roll and the Mitchell's stand.

MRS. MITCHELL
We're off to bed. Don't stay up
too late, you two.

Left alone, Brandy and Cameron stare straight ahead. The tape in the VCR rewinds. A long moment.

They both turn to each other. They have crazy chemistry.

BRANDY
I'm gonna hit the sack.

CAMERON
Me too.

Brandy and Cameron stand, heading for separate bedrooms.

FADE OUT.