

The Hand Job

by  
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7/6/09 Draft

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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.

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: (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 vacay. 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)

FIONA WENDY  
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.

Dunker, 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.

Yeah. I did. **DUFFY**  
(totally serious)

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

CAMERON  
Follow me!

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 WENDY  
 Who?

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 LAUGH\$ 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  
 (muttering)  
 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 you're 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:

NICOLE  
Willy?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  
Mmmmm. 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

Mmmmm.

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:

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Fiona, you were right about the  
pineapple juice.

FIONA

Shut it!

WENDY

You didn't!

The Girls SCREAM.

Beat.

FIONA

Spit or swallow?

BRANDY

Spit.

WENDY

Good call. That way you won't get  
AIDS.

The Girls all nod.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Does this mean you and Cameron  
have an open relationship?

FIONA

My Aunt says that's the only way  
to go.

BRANDY

Why does everyone think we're  
together? Cameron and I are just  
friends.

FIONA

With benefits.

Brandy smiles.

BRANDY

Okay, I do like Cameron. But we're  
too young to be serious. Besides,  
guys don't want girlfriends in the  
summer. Look what happened to  
Amber and Rusty. And Willy and  
Nicole. I don't want to be that  
cliché girl that gets all attached  
and then gets dumped.

The Girls nod.

Color Me Good's Ford Aerostar pulls up. Jerome hops out.

JEROME

(to Brandy)

Hey, girl. Didn't want to leave  
without giving you something to  
remember me by. Hit it.

Color Me Bad's "All 4 Love" blasts from the van's stereo.

(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 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 MERVYN'S 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  
(muttering)  
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. Cheesburger?

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, butthole.

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?

BRAND  
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:

RUSTY  
What's that?

BRANDY  
Let's do it.

Arms around her waist, Rusty lowers her down on the bed.

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
Wait. Rusty...I...

RUSTY  
It's okay. I know you're a virgin.  
We don't have to do anything you  
don't want to.

BRANDY  
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.

Rusty stifles a laugh.

RUSTY  
Sure thing, Cutie -- Brandy.

They shift positions. With Brandy on top, she guides him  
inside her.

RUSTY (CONT'D)  
Is that okay?

BRANDY  
I think so.

They start to move. Gentle at first, then picking up the  
pace. Suddenly, Rusty shivers.

RUSTY  
(moans)  
Ohhhh.

He collapses back. Brandy looks at the clock.

BRANDY  
It hasn't even been two minutes.

RUSTY  
Sorry, Cutie...

Rusty drifts off to sleep. Brandy rolls off of him.

BRANDY  
My name is 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!

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.

Just get out, **BRANDY**  
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 shot-gun.

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?

RUSTY

On it.

KIMBALL

Whoops.

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

Darn right, young lady.

MRS. CLARK

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?

MRS. CLARK

Very.

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.

MRS. CLARK

Oh thank God.

BRANDY

Give it to Amber. She'll probably need it for college.

MRS. CLARK

Oh Lord.

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.