

BOOKSMART

by

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INT. MOLLY'S ROOM - DAY

MOLLY (18, hardcore, sleeps with a titanium biteguard)  
MEDITATES as she listens to a MOTIVATIONAL TAPE.

MOTIVATIONAL VOICE (O.S.)  
Good morning, winner. Take a deep  
breath.  
(takes a deep breath)  
Good. You're ready to dominate  
this day.

Her small bedroom is crammed with textbooks, notebooks, real  
books, academic awards.

MOTIVATIONAL VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You've worked harder than everyone,  
and that is why you're a champion.

Photos of women like Michelle Obama, RBG, Susan B. Anthony  
and Gloria Steinham line her bookshelves.

MOTIVATIONAL VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You understand that greatness takes  
sacrifice. Visualize what you  
still want to achieve.

A "Valedictorian" ribbon lays across a graduation gown  
hanging on her mirror.

MOTIVATIONAL VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Stand upon the mountain of your  
success and look down at everyone  
who's ever doubted you.  
(a beat)  
Fuck those losers. Fuck them in  
their stupid, fucking faces.

Molly's eyes pop open. She removes her biteguard.

INT. AMY'S CAR - DAY/EXT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Amy (18, a big-hearted social justice warrior) pulls up to  
Molly's building, honking just as Molly comes outside-- they  
have this timed perfectly. Molly does a little dance for Amy  
as she walks to the car.

AMY  
Oh shit. Oooh, shit. Look at her  
go. Hold the phone. I'm coming...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy gets out of the car and starts DANCING WITH MOLLY on the sidewalk. They dance for a long, long beat.

MOLLY

I missed you.

AMY

I missed you. So much.

MOLLY

It's been one night.

They just keep dancing.

AMY

Are we gonna go to school, or...

MOLLY

I don't think we are.

AMY

Nope, we're just gonna stay right...here.

EXT. CROCKET HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Amy's rickety Volvo pulls up to their high school, already buzzing with RAMBUNCTIOUS, GIDDY STUDENTS practically vibrating with last-day-energy.

EXT./INT. CROCKETT HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The courtyard BUZZES with LOUD, Everybody's shrieking or laughing or crying with their friends. Molly and Amy walk through like salmon swimming upstream, dodging SKATEBOARDERS.

They pass an EMOTIONAL GIRL crying with her friends--

EMOTIONAL GIRL

I mean these were the best four years of our lives!

Molly gives Amy a look.

MOLLY

Can you imagine a world in which these were actually the best four years of our lives?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Maybe if I immediately lost all my limbs, and my eyesight and hearing, and I was just like a human potato. I'd be like, "remember when I had my limbs and could see and hear? Those were the best four years."

MOLLY

Or if I was convicted of a crime I didn't commit and spent the rest of my life in a Thai prison.

AMY

If I spent the rest of my life reading in the backseat of a car.

MOLLY

You do get so carsick.

They walk INSIDE, where it's even rowdier. Molly pushes her way through the chaos--

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Where was this energy at my inauguration assembly, folks?!

INT. PRINCIPAL BROWN'S OFFICE - DAY

Molly and Amy stop outside PRINCIPAL BROWN's office as he finishes the morning announcements on a PA SYSTEM.

PRINCIPAL BROWN

...and please do not attempt a senior prank. I have eyes and ears every where and you will not succeed. I don't wanna have to suspend you right before graduation. I hope I never have to see any of you again. All right, signing off. Gooooo Crocketts!

He turns off the PA system, putting it away, when--

MOLLY

Principal Brown.

PRINCIPAL BROWN

("kill me")

Molly. Amy. What's shaking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

I'm trying to make the transition to next year's student government President as seamless as possible so when I'm up in New Haven--

PRINCIPAL BROWN

Yale. You can say just Yale.

AMY

Our class's official policy is to not discuss where people are attending next year. We don't want anyone to feel insecure.

PRINCIPAL BROWN

Very thoughtful.

MOLLY

Anyway, I need to go over the end-of-year budget numbers we have.

PRINCIPAL BROWN

Really? Can't you just do it with Nick? He's your Vice President.

MOLLY

We both know Nick only ran for VP because they plan the dances. That position is basically a popularity contest. He's useless.

PRINCIPAL BROWN

Ladies, it's the last day. We did it! We got you through high school.

He stands and walks over to them.

PRINCIPAL BROWN (CONT'D)

Can't we just graduate? Head off to college? Celebrate this wonderful achievement?

He starts slowly closing the door.

PRINCIPAL BROWN (CONT'D)

Let's just focus on getting through the rest of the day without anything horrible happening, okay?

MOLLY

I'm sorry, are you shutting the door on us? This isn't subtle.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You can't just close the door. We  
will persist--

He shuts it in their faces.

INT. HALLWAYS - CROCKETT HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Molly and Amy walk back down the hallway. Amy watches as NICK holds court with his friends TANNER and THEO and a TON OF GIRLS all trying to flirt with him. Nick RAMS his head into his locker, popping it open. Everyone laughs.

AMY

It is kinda impressive. Nick's like  
the great equalizer. Delegates from  
every group of girls are casting  
their ballots for his penis.

A HOT GIRL, TRIPLE A, giggles at Nick, touching his chest.

MOLLY

And Triple A takes the lead!

AMY

Don't call her that.

MOLLY

Everyone calls her that. She gave  
"roadside assistance" to three  
senior guys last year.

AMY

And do you hear them getting  
degrading nicknames?

MOLLY

They call Sam Ross "Dick Splinter."

AMY

That's not derogatory. It's a  
factual description. Sam Ross had  
an actual splinter in his penis.

INT. MISS FINE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Molly and Amy walk up to MISS FINE (30, their teacher crush)  
sitting at the teacher's desk.

MOLLY/AMY

Hi Miss Fine!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Miss Fine holds up a completed NY TIMES CROSSWORD.

MISS FINE

Seven minutes twenty seconds.

Molly and Amy groan and hold up the SAME CROSSWORD.

AMY

Nine forty-three.

MISS FINE

What am I gonna do without you two next year? Nobody else here even attempts the Thursday puzzle.

MOLLY

We'll still send you our Sunday times. Amy and I are gonna Skype the crossword every weekend.

MISS FINE

You know what? I'm gonna give you guys my number. If you have any questions or need anything next year, text me.

They try to play it cool, but this is the best moment of their lives. They each try to hand her their own phone, but Molly boxes Amy out and gets hers into Miss Fine's hands.

Triple A walks in and rolls her eyes--

TRIPLE A

I thought phones weren't allowed in class, Miss Fine. Unless there's an exception for ass kissers?

MISS FINE

You better put a dollar in the swear jar.

(holding out her hand)

The swear jar is my hand. Give me a dollar.

Triple A shrugs innocently.

TRIPLE A

I'm so sorry, these shorts don't have pockets.

GEORGE and ALAN, two magnificently dramatic theater kids, push their way toward their seats--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGE

EXCUSE ME!

(as he sits)

There is no spacial awareness at  
this school...

Molly and Amy squeal over Miss Fine's number as they settle into their desks. HOPE (gorgeous, intimidating) watches.

HOPE

Hey, Amy.

(Amy turns)

Did you just score your teacher's  
phone number?

AMY

Yeah!

HOPE

(fatally sarcastically)

Nice.

Hope smirks at her and settles back into her seat. Amy frowns, stung.

Theo and Tanner drop into their seats behind Molly and Amy. Theo calls up to Miss Fine--

THEO

Miss Fine, you gonna come party  
with us tonight?

MOLLY

Did you just ask Miss Fine if she  
wants to party with you? You think  
she wants to watch you and your  
friends get drunk and break things?

THEO

Sorry, I was having a conversation  
with her, you were not a part of  
this--

MOLLY

Sit down, Theo.

Theo glares but sits just as sweet, eager JARED (18) walks in. He's decked out in the most expensive stuff possible, but tries too hard to ever be truly cool.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

JARED

What up Miss Fine! Just wanted to drop off a last-day present for my favorite teach!

MISS FINE

Jared, you are not my student.

JARED

I've heard great things.  
(to the class)  
And everybody else got their graduation gifts, right?

He shows off the shirt he's wearing: a series of photos of his face inside his face inside his face.

JARED (CONT'D)

Pretty cool, right? Jare-bear coming at you from all angles.

GEORGE

Nobody asked for that.

JARED

(playing with the shirt)  
Big me, littler me, little baby  
Jare at the bottom. Baby Jare says  
"happy graduation, everybody!"

HOPE

Nobody's gonna wear a shirt with your face on it, Jared. Not even ironically.

JARED

Well, agree to disagree, because they're out in the cafeteria now--

MISS FINE

Jared! Go!

JARED

I'm gone. I'm out of here.  
(then, quickly)  
Bye Molly.

He steals one last look at Molly and hurries away as George and Alan jump on the makeshift STAGE at the front of the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ALAN

Fair townspeople.  
(no reaction)  
Fair townspeople!

GEORGE

FAIR TOWNSPEOPLE, I SWEAR TO GOD.

ALAN

Mark thy calendars and plan thy trip to the Drama Department's summer program: Shakespeare in the Park-ing Lot.

GEORGE

We'll be performing the Bard's comedies as modern tragedies outside Whole Foods across town!  
(very pleased with himself)  
It's something we did last year in my program in *Barthelona*. When I lived in *Barthelona*.

Molly closes her eyes, too annoyed to retort.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'll be directing and Alan may be starring pending auditions.

ALAN

I do not audition, I am offer only.

They hop off the stage and start handing out flyers.

AMY

It sounds awesome, but I won't be here.

MOLLY

Amy's spending the summer in Botswana helping women make their own tampons.

GEORGE

Gross.

AMY

Blood attracts lions. I'm saving lives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MOLLY

And I can't either because I'm working all summer and also I don't want to.

GEORGE

You are a philistine.

MOLLY

Who would do theater when you could do debate?

GEORGE

Some of us know how to play well with others.

MOLLY

And some of us know how to win.

GEORGE

Nobody's winning in that outfit.

George glares at her as Miss Fine stands and CLAPS her hands--

MISS FINE

Get in those seats. We still have one day of school left. Molly, why don't you start us off.

Molly stands as the rest of the class GROANS.

MOLLY

Thank you, Ms. Fine. If you guys recall how I ended yesterday...

Amy sits back to watch, adoringly, as her best friend presents to the class.

EXT. LUNCH ROOM - CROCKETT HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Molly walks her lunch past Nick as he's trying to catch chips Theo's throwing in his mouth. She approaches him.

MOLLY

Nick--

NICK

One second.

MOLLY

Nick, we need to finalize the budget. Can you focus for 2 secon--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He misses a chip, laughing.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
Nick I really need your--

NICK  
Sorry, we're playing a game where  
I've gotta catch it in my mouth,  
it's complicated.

MOLLY  
Yes, it looks super complicated.

Molly gives up and walks over to Amy sitting at a table.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
I can't believe I had to put up  
with Nick as my VP for a whole  
year. He's allergic to work. He  
just goofs off and dicks around--

Molly realizes Amy isn't listening-- she's staring off at a  
beautiful SKATER doing tricks with her friends.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
Just go talk to Ryan.

AMY  
Oh, no. No thank you. I'm good.

MOLLY  
Cool. Then I'll go talk to Ryan.

Molly moves like she's going to dash over and Amy jumps to  
her feet. Molly gives her a look.

AMY  
Fine! Fine.

Amy takes a deep breath and psychs herself up as she walks  
over there. She's so distracted by the psyching of herself  
up that she doesn't notice Ryan start to skate away and SLAMS  
right into her, knocking her off her board.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Oh my god Ryan, I'm so sorry!

RYAN  
(laughing)  
You're got some sharp elbows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY

Not as sharp as your...chin.  
(an awkward beat)  
Can you believe it's the last day?

RYAN

I know, it's crazy. You don't have to waste your free periods tutoring me French anymore.

AMY

(blushing)  
I didn't mind. It was my job.

RYAN

Hey, are you coming to Nick's tonight? His aunt's on a cruise ship that broke down and everyone got norovirus so he's having a party at her house.

AMY

That sounds so cool.

RYAN

No, it's super bad. They're all shitting in buckets and they're stuck on a boat.

AMY

No I meant-- never mind.

Ryan laughs. Amy laughs, too, not really sure why. Then a BRO rides by between them and Amy panics and uses the distraction to hurry back to Molly.

MOLLY

What are you doing? Go back!

AMY

It's fine. Really. I don't even know if she's into girls.

MOLLY

She wore a polo shirt to prom.

AMY

That's just her gender performance, not her sexual orientation.

MOLLY

I'm sorry, but I don't get it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMY

Well gender is a construct of--

MOLLY

That much I understand, thank you. It's just a little bit shocking that you're into Ryan. Your first crush was the little white cat from the Aristocats. You go from that to Avril Lavigne...it's just not what I anticipated.

AMY

I just like that she's always in a good mood. And her cute laugh. She seems like a fun person to have sleepovers and lie around with.

MOLLY

Excuse me? I'm a fun person to have sleepovers and lie around with. That's literally all we do.

AMY

Yeah but with her there'd be more...vagina involved.

Amy watches longingly as Ryan laughs with some OTHER GIRLS.

AMY (CONT'D)

She said Nick's having a party tonight.

MOLLY

Of course he would. He's so stupid. Someone always gets arrested the night before graduation.

Molly sees Amy watching and puts her arm around her.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Amy do you know how many cute lesbians are going to be crawling up your vag at Columbia next year? Every time I come to visit you're gonna be scissoring a different girl. You're gonna be like Edward Scissor-Legs. Snipping left and right...

AMY

Dude, we've been over this. Scissoring is not a thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MOLLY

How bout we don't knock it til we  
try it?

EXT. COURTYARD - CROCKETT HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

As a CLASSIC 70's MUSCLE CAR screeches past them and into a  
spot in the student lot. Amy shakes her head, annoyed.

AMY

Here comes the one percent.

Jared's driving and GIGI (18, gorgeous, wild) leans out of  
the passenger seat, her hair in the wind.

AMY (CONT'D)

That car should be in a museum. The  
Museum of Death. Because its smog  
is killing us all.

Jared parks and Gigi turns, confused--

GIGI

Jared, I said door to door!

MOLLY

They spend every minute together.  
It's so weird.

AMY

We spend every minute together.

MOLLY

But we're equals. Gigi's just  
keeping Jared around for when she  
needs a liver.

They watch Gigi start crawling up Jared's windshield.

AMY

You think it's true his dad got him  
a sex worker for his 14th birthday?

MOLLY

It's too weird of a story to make  
up. And there were too many  
specifics. She had a hearing aid,  
he sprained his ankle...

Jared notices them staring and waves--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JARED  
 WHAT UP CHICAS!  
 (then)  
 You guys hungry? I brought back  
 some soup dumps! They're probably a  
 little soggy now, but they're great  
 cold!

MOLLY  
 Oh, God. I'm going to pee in your  
 weirdass bathroom, watch my stuff.

AMY  
 (calling after her)  
 Until all of us can pee without  
 genitals, none of us can!

INT. GENDERLESS BATHROOM - DAY

Molly is peeing in a stall when she notices graffiti on the  
 wall: "your ugly."

MOLLY  
 These motherfuckers. Your ugly  
*what?*

She takes a pen from her pocket and corrects the graffiti's  
 grammar as THEO and TANNER enter the bathroom, mid-  
 conversation.

THEO  
 Okay, so, I'd marry the sex doll,  
 fuck the soccer ball, and kill  
 Molly.

TANNER  
 (laughing)  
 Dude, no.

In her stall, Molly FREEZES.

THEO  
 There's no other way. I can't fuck  
 her cause you know when I'm scared  
 I can't get hard. I can't marry her  
 cause I don't believe in the  
 institution. I have to kill Molly.  
 And I know it'll haunt me. I'm a  
 peaceful person.

Outside, another stall door opens and TRIPLE A emerges.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TRIPLE A

Are you talking about Molly Davidson? That girl is so weird. She always acts like she's like, forty.

THEO

I wish she was forty, man. Women in their forties know themselves.

TANNER

She's cute, but she'd probably make you quiz her on SAT analogies while you're fucking her.

THEO

Her vag is probably stuffed with diplomas, how you wanna bet? I bet it's like a filing cabinet.

TANNER

I've got no problem with a filing cabinet. I would make passionate sex to Molly Davidson.

(a beat)

I'd just put a bag over her personality.

TRIPLE A

Molly's like a Butterface for personality. A Butterpersonality.

They all laugh. In the stall, Molly's trying not to cry. She takes a deep breath -- and then she sets her jaw, stands and walks out. Everyone stops, awkward.

MOLLY

Don't stop on my account. Cause you know what? My vag is stuffed with diplomas, and soon it's going to be stuffed with job offers, and glowing profiles, and commendations from my governor, because while you were studying for AP Hand Jobs I was kicking ass and busting curves. And that means I get to keep doing that at Yale next year. So, yeah, I like my choices. And wherever you are next year, I hope you do too.

A beat. Molly's kind of impressed with herself. That speech was fucking awesome. Until--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRIPLE A  
I'm going to Yale, too.

Molly just stares at her for a moment.

MOLLY  
What?

TRIPLE A  
I'm incredible at hand jobs. But I  
also got a 1560 on the SATs.

MOLLY  
No you didn't.

TRIPLE A  
I got in early.

MOLLY  
To *Yale*?

TRIPLE A  
(innocently)  
Tanner, where are you going to  
school?

TANNER  
I'm playing soccer at Stanford.

MOLLY  
Stanford University? What are you  
guys talking about?

THEO  
I'm not going to college.  
(then)  
I got recruited to code for Google.  
It's not Apple but the bennies are  
tight and it's mid six-figures.

MOLLY  
You failed the seventh grade twice.

THEO  
(shrugging)  
Rule of threes.

Molly looks between them, realizing--

MOLLY  
You guys are being serious?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TRIPLE A

I may pretend I don't know you next year. No offense.

MOLLY

That's not-- you're not-- This isn't possible. You guys don't even care about school.

TRIPLE A

No, we just don't only care about school.

A kernel of panic starts growing in Molly's stomach.

INT. HALLWAYS - CROCKETT HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Molly marches out of the bathroom. She runs into Amy, who notices Molly's face--

AMY

What's wrong?

Molly sees Nick running past them and grabs him.

MOLLY

Nick, where are you going next year?

NICK

For college? I thought the whole thing was that we weren't supp--

MOLLY

JUST TELL ME.

NICK

Georgetown, jeez.

Amy's surprised. Nick just takes off again. Molly sees Hope adjusting her makeup in the reflection of a trophy case--

MOLLY

Hope, where are y--

HOPE

I couldn't be less interested in whatever's happening here.

Molly just keeps marching down the hall toward Gigi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

Gigi! Quick question. Where are you going to school next year?

GIGI

Don't judge me. It was my fifth choice.

(then, disappointed)  
Harvard.

That's it. Molly's head explodes, just as the BELL RINGS, people flood out of class, and Nick comes back around the corner, raising his arms--

NICK

SENIORS RULE!!

He puts on a SNORKEL as he and his friends pull out buckets of CONDOM WATER BALLOONS and start throwing them everywhere.

Suddenly it's total joyful chaos. Colorful splashes explode everywhere. Two SKATERS ride down the hallway spraying FIRE EXTINGUISHERS. Everybody's shrieking and laughing and having the time of their life -- except for Molly.

In SLOW-MOTION a CONDOM WATER BALLOON flies through the air and EXPLODES on Molly's face, and we CUT TO....

INT. AMY'S CAR - DAY

Amy drives a silent, soaking wet Molly.

EXT. PICNIC TABLE - THE VALLEY - DUSK

Molly leans against a well-worn PICNIC TABLE, in shock. Amy's set out a CAKE and a MEMORY BOX and is playing an AUTO-HARP, making up a song to try to cheer Molly up.

AMY

*If you don't say something in the next ten minutes / I'm gonna take you to the hospital / I don't wanna say I'm getting concerned / But to be honest I'm getting concerned--*

MOLLY

Triple A?! Fucking Triple A?! This is FUCKED.

Amy slides away the auto-harp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Ok, that's obviously not helping...

MOLLY

We chose. We didn't party because we wanted to focus on school and get into good colleges.

AMY

And it worked.

MOLLY

But the irresponsible people who partied also got into good colleges! They did both!

AMY

So?

MOLLY

So we messed up! We didn't have to choose! They did both and we're the only assholes who did one!

AMY

We're not assholes! Let's just have some cake and celebrate the end--

MOLLY

This is not a time to celebrate.  
(turning back to Amy)  
We have to go to a party tonight.

AMY

*What?*

MOLLY

Let's go to Nick's party.

AMY

Are you kidding? No way.

MOLLY

We only have one night left to have studied and partied in high school. Otherwise we'll always be the girls who missed out. We never made out with strangers or snuck out and had to sneak home without waking up our parents or broke any rules!

AMY

We broke rules! We have fake IDs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY

Fake college IDs so we could get  
into their 24-hour library!

AMY

That counts. Plus, what's so great  
about breaking rules? Name one  
person whose life was better cause  
they broke rules.

MOLLY

Picasso.

AMY

That's not-- he broke *art* rules.  
Name someone who broke a *real* rule--

MOLLY

Rosa Parks.

AMY

(a beat)  
Name anoth--

MOLLY

Susan B. Anthony.

AMY

Goddamn it.

MOLLY

I'm serious, Amy. Everyone thinks  
we're these robots. They think all  
we care about is taking a million  
APs and getting into Yale and  
editing Law Review at Georgetown  
and clerking for a Federal Judge  
between Junior and Senior Year  
before eventually being the  
youngest justice ever nominated to  
the Supreme Court of the United  
States!

(then, awkwardly)

In my case. You get my point. No  
one knows we can be fun too.

AMY

We do. We know.

MOLLY

(intense)  
They need to know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMY  
Who's "they?"

MOLLY  
We're not one-dimensional. We're smart and fun. We have to do this.

AMY  
This is crazy. We graduate tomorrow. What if we get in trouble?

MOLLY  
You know we're too smart for that. Plus Ryan wanted you to come. She's gonna be there and you're finally gonna make a move.

AMY  
(flustered)  
What? That-- She-- no.

Molly sits next to Amy.

MOLLY  
You've been out for two years and you've never kissed a girl. I want you to experience this.  
(intense)  
And what will I be doing during that time? I'm going to experience a seminal fun anecdote, and we're gonna change our stories. Forever.

Amy's cracking.

AMY  
We were gonna watch that Ken Burns thing...

Molly knows she's got her. She jumps up, pumped--

MOLLY  
The Dust Bowl can wait, bitch! What took them four years, we're gonna do in one night.

She's so pumped that she grabs the cake and TOSSES IT off the hill. MUSIC'S UP as we CUT TO...

INT. AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A cozy flurry of protest signs, books, and photos of lady heroes like Gloria Steinem and Jane Goodall. Molly and Amy burst inside and begin getting ready to go out:

--Molly throws open a drawer labelled "MOLLY," full of her clothes, looking for an outfit.

--Molly and Amy admire each other's OUTFITS:

MOLLY

No. Not acceptable.

AMY

Nope. This is not okay.

MOLLY

Who allowed you to be this beautiful?

AMY

Who allowed you to be this beautiful?

MOLLY

Who allowed you to take? My breath?  
Away?

AMY

Call the paramedics, all the police, because there has been an EMERGENCY!

MOLLY

You are STUNNING. I HAVE NO BREATH--

--Molly and Amy watch a YOUTUBE refresher on self-defense moves. They practice the GRIP ESCAPE MOVE.

--Molly stuffs a copy of her passport and their fake UCLA IDs in a HIDDEN MONEY BELT people use when traveling abroad.

--Amy twists a MACE KEYCHAIN on her keys, demonstrating how it works to Molly:

AMY

Okay, this is important. Always make sure the safety is on--

SPPPP. It sprays mace. Molly screams. Amy screams--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

AMY (CONT'D)

The safety's not on! Don't touch  
your eyes!

INT. AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Amy puts some finishing touches on her outfit. She looks over  
and sees Molly writing something at her desk.

AMY

What are y-- are you making a  
checklist for a night of partying?

MOLLY

Of course I am.

(going over it)

Killer outfits, safety tutorial,  
check check. Get address, secure  
safe transportation, you find Ryan,  
flirt for 15-20 minutes, bring her  
somewhere more quiet, ride her like  
a pony, I prove I'm fun, home by 1.

AMY

Are you gonna hook up with anybody?

Molly scoffs very loudly.

MOLLY

No. No way. High school boys are  
just horny, pimply distractions.  
Men don't even come online til  
they're 28 and then they don't peak  
til they're like 40. I'm holding  
out for an Econ TA next year.

AMY

If Ryan wants to go further than  
making out, I have no idea what to  
do...down there.

MOLLY

Of course you do. You have the same  
parts she does, just take whatever  
you do to yourself and turn it  
upside down.

AMY

(reddening)

I don't really do anything...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

Guys talk about this stuff all the time! It's honestly offensive that we don't. It's misogynistic of us!

A long pause.

AMY

What if I don't use my hands?

MOLLY

(impressed, whispered)  
You can make yourself come using only your mind? That's like the one thing my mind can't do!

AMY

No! I use...other stuff.

Molly follows Amy's eyes to her bookshelf.

MOLLY

A book?! That's very Freudian. But I'd worry about paper cuts.

AMY

No! Like, something soft. Can we please stop talking about this?

Molly eyes a couple of stuffed animals on Amy's shelf.

MOLLY

The alligator?

Reveal a cute fuzzy ALLIGATOR with a long, phallic snout.

AMY

No. Can we just--

MOLLY

The dog?

AMY

Stop. My grandma got me that right before she died.

MOLLY

Just tell me what--

AMY

The panda, okay? Whatever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Molly eyes an innocent-looking panda bear on the shelf. It's missing an eye.

MOLLY

What happened to his eye?

AMY

(quickly)

That fell off way before anything happened with us.

MOLLY

Does he talk dirty? Tell you how he's endangered?

AMY

Stop!

MOLLY

You are such a sneaky bitch! I can't believe I didn't know you've been mounting that old fuzzy panda every night!

(then)

Honestly, it's kinda exhilarating. I thought we knew everything about each other. It's probably healthy for a relationship to have a secret, and now we have one.

Amy nods a little too quickly, but Molly doesn't notice.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Do I have any? I once tried to masturbate with an electric toothbrush but I just got a terrible UTI.

AMY

I wish that had been a secret, but you've mentioned it many, many times.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Amy and Molly sneak out of Amy's room. Amy's got an overnight bag. They're in puffy coats to hide their outfits.

AMY

I need you to do the talking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

Why don't you just tell them we're going to a party?

AMY

They'll ask too many questions and try to call Nick's aunt. I've never lied to my parents before and you know when I lie I add too many details. Just make up a story. But don't say we're having a date night or anything.

MOLLY

Why? It's funny that your parents think we're secretly boning.

AMY

You're not the one who has to deal with their creepy smiles when I tell them I'm meeting you at the library. When I am actually meeting you at the library.

MOLLY

At least they support you. I wouldn't have expected that, given their whole...Jesus...thing. It's nice!

They round the corner to find Amy's mom CHARMAINE (40s) and father DOUG (40s) preparing dinner in the kitchen.

AMY

Heeeeeeeey.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Hi!

DOUG

Charmaine, get to the safe room. We're being robbed by supermodels!

CHARMAINE

You girls look fabulous! And smart. And also brave.

DOUG

You guys cold? I'll start a fire, or I'll turn up the heat! Get those jackets off, dinner's almost ready!

CHARMAINE

Try one of these. I'm calling them "diplo-meatballs." They're vegan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Molly steps forward to take one but Amy holds her back.

AMY  
(sotto to Molly)  
Nope. We can't engage.

MOLLY  
Char-char, Dougsicle...we were  
wondering...is it okay if Amy  
sleeps over at my house?

A beat.

CHARMAINE  
The night before graduation?

MOLLY  
My mom can take us to the ceremony.  
We just want more time together  
before she leaves for Africa.

DOUG  
But we made mushroom-cap-and-gowns.  
There are special names for all of  
these things.  
(pointing to a dish)  
Chips and Sal-So Long, High School!  
(pointing to another dish)  
Cheese and Sala-me, being your dad,  
was the greatest honor of my life.  
(pointing to another dish)  
Melba Toast to your future--

Charmaine grabs his arm and gives him a meaningful look.

CHARMAINE  
But you know what, we get it. We  
understand. We do. Because what you  
girls have is very special.

MOLLY  
It really is. They say you never  
forget your first...

AMY  
Friend.

MOLLY  
Special friend.

AMY  
Normal friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MOLLY

We're just so grateful we'll have the whole night. To really show each other just how much we care about each other.

CHARMAINE

That's great.

MOLLY

Every inch of each other.

AMY

(quickly)

We'll probably just do a Korean face mask.

CHARMAINE

I don't need to know all the words.

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly and Amy run outside, zipping off their puffy coats. Amy stuffs them in the overnight bag, tosses the overnight bag into the bushes, and they sprint down the street.

MORE SOCIAL MEDIA VIDEOS AND PHOTOS

*QUICK CUTS of PARTY FOOTAGE -- People CHICKEN FIGHT in the pool...a DRUNK GUY bounces off a trampoline and lands in the pool with a BELLY FLOP... Two GUYS wearing LAMPSHADES on their heads run and slam into each other like bulls. An audience watches Tanner eats a GHOST PEPPER, then FREAKS OUT--*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Amy's watching these on her cell as Molly makes phone calls.

AMY

Oh my God he ate a ghost pepper. He needs milk. Someone get him milk!

(then, swiping through)

Dude a lot of people are already there.

MOLLY

(hangs up, frowns)

Fuck, no one's answering.

(yelling at her phone)

Somebody give us the ADDRESS!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

We've never hung out with any of these people outside of academic activities. They probably think we're calling about school stuff.

MOLLY

You're right. Let's just call a Lyft.

AMY

We still don't know where we're going! We'd need a Lyft driver who knows where Nick's aunt lives.

Molly frowns, then gets an idea.

MOLLY

We might have one of those.

She dials a number.

AMY

Who are you calling?

MOLLY

Don't worry about it...chica.

AMY

*What?*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A 70's muscle car rolls up in front of them. The window rolls down...revealing JARED in the driver's seat. He is THRILLED.

JARED

All aboard the SS Liiiiit!  
(second-guessing himself)  
...as Fuck! The SS Lit as Fuck!

MOLLY

Jesus Christ.

JARED

I am so glad you called! Sorry it took me so long, traffic was NERTS--

He scrambles out of the car as Amy glares at Molly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

This car is like Guy Fieri's wet dream.

MOLLY

It's a means to an end, Amy...

Jared overly-suavely opens the door for Molly.

JARED

May I offer you the front, Mademoi--

Molly climbs in the back.

JARED (CONT'D)

Or the back, the back's even better. Great air flow back there.

INT. JARED'S CAR - NIGHT

Jared gets in the driver's seat and grins back at the girls.

JARED

Time for some nights we'll never remember with some friends we'll never forget!

MOLLY

You know where the party is, right?

JARED

Absolutely. We are headed to the biggest, coolest grad night party. It's over on the west side.

He turns on the car and the audiobook for "LEAN IN" by Sheryl Sandberg starts blasting. A beat.

JARED (CONT'D)

Oh, this is embarrassing. You caught me. I have this thing where I like to hear the words of powerful women before I party to remind myself of the respect and awe you ladies deserve.

Molly and Amy just stare at him. An awkward beat.

JARED (CONT'D)

Let's put something peppier on, get this party started!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He peels out, screeching his tires.

INT. JARED'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

The muscle car flies down the highway, MUSIC BLASTING.  
Jared's phone RINGS -- "GIGI CALLING" -- and he hits ignore.

JARED  
Sorry about that.

MOLLY  
Just get it. Isn't she your  
girlfriend or something?

JARED  
What?! No! No way. No girlfriend  
for me. I can't pick favorites. Too  
many ladies wanna lock this down.  
And they don't have the code! 2831.  
That's my pin number, actually. So  
it is a code--

GIGI calls again, stopping the music and saving Jared from  
himself.

JARED (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I'll just--  
(answers it)  
What's up, Gigi?

GIGI (O.S.)  
Jared, where the fuck did you go?  
I left my tin of special things in  
your car and I NEED IT.

JARED  
Okay! We're coming! Jeez.

He hangs up and floors it. Molly reaches under the front seat  
and finds a MINTS TIN.

MOLLY  
Do I want to know what a tin of  
"special things" is--

She opens it and it's filled with WHITE POWDER. Molly SLAMS  
the tin closed again.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
Okay. Okay this is drugs. This is a  
tin full of drugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

WHAT?!

JARED

(jumps, startled)

What?!

AMY

(laughing too loudly)

Hey Jared! Jared! We're actually just gonna hop out up here.

JARED

What?

MOLLY

She's kidding.

AMY

No I'm not. Our friend just texted us that she...hit a possum with her car. But the possum didn't die, its adrenaline and rage just made it stronger and it's chasing her and she's hiding and she needs help--

JARED

Oh my God. What kind of possum?

Jared starts to merge right...

MOLLY

Do not get off. Keep driving.

JARED

Is she gonna be okay? Do we wanna call her and make sure the possum--

MOLLY

ENOUGH ABOUT THE POSSUM!

(a lightbulb)

Jared, you took Spanish, right?

JARED

Si si, mi bonita mujer.

Without missing a beat, Molly switches to FLUENT CHINESE.

MOLLY

*It's gonna be fine. Trust me.*

Amy replies, also in FLUENT CHINESE. They're so distracted that they don't realize Jared's pulling to a stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY

*Don't patronize me. What if Gigi takes it and dies and our prints are on the tin? Chain of custody! Criminally negligent homicide!*

MOLLY

*(opening the tin)  
Our prints aren't on the powder. We could pour it out the window--*

EXT. MARINA/INT. JARED'S MUSCLE CAR - NIGHT

Jared jerks the car to a full stop, jolting the girls and the tin and sending the powder EVERYWHERE. They freeze, horrified, as the dust literally settles all over them.

JARED

And we are here!  
*(seeing the mess)*  
Oh, shit.

AMY

What do we do what do we do what--

MOLLY

Don't move. Don't inhale.

AMY

We're going to jail. There are drugs in my ORIFICES--

JARED

What? No no no-- that's not drugs. That's Gigi's vitamins.

AMY

Her *what?*

JARED

You know, Vitamin D, B-12...Gigi crushes them up and snorts them. She says they work better that way.

He starts to brush it off Molly--

JARED (CONT'D)

We'll get you cleaned up on board!

Molly slaps his hand away, then realizes--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

What do you mean "on board?"

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Molly and Amy follow Jared to a dock leading to a PARTY YACHT. It looks like things are raging inside -- music PUMPS and lights DANCE around the interior. A RED CARPET and STEP-AND-REPEAT leads up to a DOORMAN guarding the entrance.

JARED

You said you wanted to go to the best party, so I brought you to the best party...which is my party!

He points to a SIGN above the dock--

JARED (CONT'D)

Prepare to get BASHED  
(realizing)  
Not in like a violent way.  
Completely consensual bashing.  
"Prepare to Get Consensually Bashed." I'll have them change that. What do you think?

MOLLY

Are you serious?! This is YOUR party?

JARED

You don't know wanna go to Nick's lame house party. A boat is international waters. We set our own rules. Just come check it out. It's sick. The caterers said it's the best party they've ever been to...and they worked Sasha Obama's Sweet 16.

Molly looks at Amy, who shrugs--

AMY

We still don't know where the other party is. We might as well. I wanna meet someone who met Sasha.

Molly sighs.

MOLLY

Fine. Respect for Sasha.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns back to Jared, throwing her arms up--

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Okay.

Jared can't believe it.

JARED

Yeah?!

(trying not to freak out)

Let's GO!

INT. JARED'S PARTY YACHT - NIGHT

A giddy Jared leads Molly and Amy up the stairs to the boat.

JARED

You ready? You getting excited?

They reach the top and Jared dances his way into a completely empty boat, music echoing, tables of food left untouched.

JARED (CONT'D)

(still giddy)

Welcome to the CLUB!

AMY

Ooh, no.

JARED

We're on a boat right now! What's up with that?

MOLLY

There's not a soul here, Amy.

Molly passes a table of GIFT BAGS with Jared's photo on them.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

This is insane. He made gift bags?

(almost concerned)

There's an iPad in here!

JARED

(appearing behind him)

Pre-loaded with photos of our best high school memories! Class of 2019 SAY WHAT! Champagne?

He takes them on a tour of the boat--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JARED (CONT'D)

There's also a masseuse in the back, male or female, and a photo booth, gambling over there...

They hear a feral ROAR and suddenly GIGI is sprinting toward them, grabbing onto and squeezing Molly and Amy WAY TOO HARD.

GIGI

I'M SO HAPPY YOU GUYS ARE HERE! I knew you guys partied. I told Jared, those guys seem quiet but they're probably spending every weekend at like, a sex dungeon.

She jokingly bites Amy's arm. Amy laughs a little, terrified. Then Gigi GASPS--

GIGI (CONT'D)

Oooh try one of these STRAWBERRIES!

She grabs a plate of strawberries and shoves it at them so forcefully they just take it and eat it.

AMY

This is pretty good--

GIGI

WAIT.

She grabs Amy's hair and starts sniffing it, then SUCKING IT.

GIGI (CONT'D)

You taste like my vitamins! I love you. You're coming with me. DANCE PARTY UPSTAIRS!

Gigi grabs Amy's hand and drags her away. Amy shoots Molly a "help me" look as Jared tries to get back to the tour--

JARED

Wanna put our names on the list for the masseuse? Or a VR experience? Look what I found!

He puts a customized "Molly" hat on her head.

JARED (CONT'D)

You look amazing.

A WAITER walks up, desperate to give somebody food--

(CONTINUED)



EXT. YACHT UPPER DECK - NIGHT

Amy stands to the side as Gigi dances under the twinkling lights like Penny Lane in *Almost Famous*, a joint hanging out of her mouth. Gigi offers it to Amy--

GIGI

You want?

AMY

No thank you. Not a drug person.

GIGI

Not even pot? I feel like it'll help you relax.

AMY

It doesn't work for me. I ate a legal pot brownie when Model UN went to Amsterdam but as soon as I got high I just cried about the fact that one day my mom will die.

GIGI

That's crazy! I have the exact same thing!

AMY

Really?

GIGI

Yes! I lost my virginity in what I thought was a park, but it turned out to be a graveyard and now the ghost spirits live inside my eggs, waiting to be reborn.

AMY

That's...not at all the same thing.

GIGI

I always felt like we were similar. I'm really gonna miss you.

A WAITER climbs up to the deck and sees Amy and Gigi--

YACHT WAITER

Hey, you guys can't smoke up here.

Gigi turns to the Waitress, suddenly intense. And Mama-Bear defensive of Amy.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GIGI  
What'd you just say to her?

YACHT WAITER  
I said it to you. You can't smoke.

GIGI  
Don't speak to her that way.

AMY  
Is the "her" me? Cause I'm fine--

GIGI  
(pointing to Amy)  
This is my best friend in the  
fucking world--

AMY  
Whoa, that's not-- she's not--

GIGI  
And we'll fucking fight you to the  
DEATH.

Gigi grabs her Vodka bottle and SHATTERS IT against the side  
fo the boat! Amy jumps--

AMY  
Oh my GOD!

YACHT WAITER  
Okay. I'm calling security.

Molly climbs up to the upper deck--

MOLLY  
Amy, we need to get the fuck out of  
here--

Gigi grabs Amy and Molly's hands as FIREWORKS start exploding  
over the boat.

GIGI  
There's only one thing we can do  
now. Jump.

MOLLY  
No, no thank you.

AMY  
What?!

They try to get away but Gigi has a killer grip on their  
wrists and drags them to the side. Molly and Amy look at each  
other, concerned. Jared climbs up to the deck and sees them--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JARED

What are you guys doing?

GIGI

A swan dive into the future!

Molly and Amy frantically try to wiggle out of her grip--

MOLLY

Seriously, Gigi, I'm not jumping--

GIGI

One--

AMY

(freaking out)

Molly?

GIGI

Two--

MOLLY

(remembering)

The grip-escape move!

In one swift motion Molly and Amy use the self-defense GRIP ESCAPE MOVE to whip their arms free just as Gigi dives off the side. Molly and Amy tumble to the ground as they hear Gigi's SPLASH! Jared races to the side of the boat--

JARED

Gigi! Are you okay?!

GIGI (O.S.)

I changed my mind! I wanna be back on the boat!

MOLLY

She's okay! BAIL! BAIL!!

Molly and Amy scramble up and race the hell out of there.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MARINA - NIGHT

Molly and Amy sprint down the dock and across the street to the parking lot, giddy with adrenaline. When they finally stop, out of breath, they burst out laughing. Adrenaline-fueled, guttural, best-friend laughter.

MOLLY

She's NUTS!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

I think she would have killed for us. Like I say I'd kill someone for you but she *really* would kill someone for you.

MOLLY

Oh, my God, I'm so sweaty. We have to change or wash off or something before we get to Nick's.

AMY

(surprised)

You still want to go to Nick's?

MOLLY

You don't?

AMY

We went to a party! We did it. Let's go home.

MOLLY

(voice dropping)

Amy.

AMY

Don't do your lecture voice--

MOLLY

(definite lecture voice)

That was not a party.

AMY

It was a party.

MOLLY

That was a detour. It was Jared's lame attempt to buy friends. We're A+ people. We need to go to an A+ party. Like this...

Molly opens her phone and pulls up more IPHONE PARTY FOOTAGE:

*--The party's bigger and rowdier...someone SLIP-N-SLIDES into the pool...a group cooks MAC-N-CHEESE in the kitchen...a PASSED-OUT-GUY lays in a pile of BEER CANS like an ANGEL...*

The video's interrupted when a TEXT from ALAN pops up:  
"YASSSS! Address is 3831 Westchester Place." A PIN pops up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Oh my God Alan responded. We have the address! I'm calling a Lyft.

(checking her phone)

Honestly, you should call it, because my score is...very low. I'm too abrasive with the drivers...

AMY

Molly, I'm gonna go home. But if you wanna to go to Nick's, go, just come over after--

MOLLY

Malala.

Amy stops. That's a big deal.

AMY

Whoa. Seriously?

MOLLY

I'm calling Malala.

AMY

You're sure? You only get one Malala a year.

MOLLY

I'm calling it. I need your full support, no questions asked. You are coming with me.

Amy takes a deep breath.

AMY

Okay.  
(holding her hands up)  
Malala.

INT. LYFT CAR - NIGHT

Molly and Amy climb into the back of a a PARTY LYFT. The whole backseat is decorated with CHRISTMAS LIGHTS.

AMY

Jordan?

LYFT DRIVER

Yep, are you Am--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns around -- the driver is Principal Brown.

LYFT DRIVER/PRINCIPAL BROWN  
--y-motherfuck.

INT. LYFT CAR - A LITTLE LATER

Molly and Amy sit in the back, awkward, as Principal Brown drives, even more awkward. A beat.

PRINCIPAL BROWN  
You know, this is a great way to  
supplement the old income.  
Teacher's salaries and all...

MOLLY  
It's so terrible.

AMY  
They're a disgrace.

PRINCIPAL BROWN  
And I'm working on a book and I can  
think about it while I'm driving so  
it's like getting paid to write--

HONNNNNK. Principal Brown lays on the horn--

PRINCIPAL BROWN (CONT'D)  
HEY YOU DUMB SON OF A BITCH! CHOOSE  
A LANE!

Molly and Amy grip hands, stunned, as Principal Brown snaps back to total pleasantness--

PRINCIPAL BROWN (CONT'D)  
Sorry about that. That guy was  
nuts. This town, man. Lotta angry  
people in this town.

He smiles and drives for a very awkward beat, until--

PRINCIPAL BROWN (CONT'D)  
You guys want some music?

MOLLY  
Yes! Genius.

AMY  
Please! Please.

He puts on the radio VERY LOUDLY. Amy and Molly slide down into their seats for a little privacy. Amy checks her watch--

AMY (CONT'D)  
We're gonna get to Nick's so late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

Everyone shows up to parties late.  
It's cooler to be late. We'll get  
there right at the crest and before  
you know it you'll be neck-deep in  
Ryan.

AMY

Neck-deep in what direction?!

MOLLY

You tell me.

AMY

I don't know! I don't know  
anything. This is like your  
nightmare about having to land that  
commercial airliner but much, much  
worse.

MOLLY

Is it worse? Because I had the  
lives of a hundred people in my  
hands. My crew was counting on me.  
I was their Sully.

AMY

I'm very stressed about this!

MOLLY

Okay! I know you are.

(then)

If only there was, like, a video of  
people hooking up and having sex we  
could watch...

AMY

I'm sorry, are you talking about  
*porn*?

MOLLY

All I'm saying--

AMY

No.

MOLLY

It's not like anyone would know if  
you watched one porn one time.  
Think of it as a documentary. It's  
just a sexy documentary. It's a hot  
doc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY

Every woman in it is like a  
European trafficking victim!

MOLLY

Are you judging other people's  
sexual preferences? Because you  
fuck a panda every night...

AMY

(angry whisper)  
*Fuck a panda! You're soooo funny--*

MOLLY

You're gonna sit here and judge me  
for dabbling in pornography. I  
thought you were a sex positive  
feminist!

Molly takes out her phone.

AMY

Are you insane? Principal Brown is  
*four feet away from us.*

MOLLY

I have headphones!

She puts an earbud in Amy's ear. Amy sighs--

AMY

Fine. But once we get a sense of  
the mechanics I'm shutting it off.

MOLLY

Of course. This is for educational  
purposes.

She hits play.

They're both immediately very drawn to whatever's happening  
on screen. They stare, mesmerized. A long moment. Amy pokes  
Molly without tearing her eyes away--

AMY

Plug in, your phone's gonna die.

Molly clears her throat.

MOLLY

Um, Principal Brown?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PRINCIPAL BROWN

Principal Brown was my dad! Call me Jordan!

MOLLY

No thank you. Principal Brown, do you have a phone charger?

PRINCIPAL BROWN

No, I don't.  
(then)  
I've got like thirteen!

He tosses her the largest dongle she's ever seen. She finds her cord and plugs it in. Amy hasn't torn her eyes away--

AMY

I didn't know you could do that from that angle.

MOLLY

What did I miss?

AMY

Scrub back. This is important.

Principal Brown notices them watching something.

PRINCIPAL BROWN

Oh, you wanna listen to your music? I can just plug it in up here...

Molly and Amy realize too late what button he's reaching for--

MOLLY

NO!!

AMY

DON'T DO TH--

The most intense porn sounds blast over his speakers. Wet slaps and moans and squeaks--

Molly and Amy SCREAM, HORRIFIED. Principal Brown SCREAMS, terrified. Molly drops the phone and she and Amy scramble to find it and unplug it--

They finally unplug it and the noises stop. They all sit there, frozen. A long beat.

PRINCIPAL BROWN

Was that Cardi B?



EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly and Amy hurry out of the car. They hold on to each other but can't make eye contact as they scramble away--

MOLLY  
I cannot. Believe. That  
happened. I'm gonna die. I  
might die.

AMY  
Oh my God. Oh my god. Oh my  
God. I can't believe you made  
me do that. You're the devil.

Then they take in the house: it's enormous. Most of the lights are off and it's quiet. Amy looks around--

AMY (CONT'D)  
You're sure this is the address?

MOLLY  
Yeah. Maybe the pool's in the back?

AMY  
It doesn't sound like a party. What  
if this is a trap? What if a  
predator stole Alan's phone and  
sent that text to all the girls in  
his contacts hoping someone would  
just show up?

Suddenly a STUDENT dressed as a BUTLER opens the door.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Jesus--

BUTLER  
Come in.

Molly and Amy share a look, but go inside.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They walk inside the main foyer. At the top of the staircase, two FRESHMAN STAGEHANDS hold giant feather fans. They pull them back to reveal Alan perched in a silk pink CLAMSHELL made by the theater department. He's in FULL DRAG. Alan holds a hand to his face and lets out a WAIL.

MOLLY  
What the fuck...

ALAN  
He's dead! He's DEAD!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Who's dead?!

ALAN

My husband's been killed!

Alan tries to descend the stairs but one of the Stagehands is standing on his train. George storms in.

GEORGE

Alan, you don't have to do your entrance every time someone arrives!

(then, seeing the girls)

What are you guys doing here?

MOLLY

WHAT IS GOING ON?

GEORGE

It's a murder mystery party. I've been prepping for months.

Molly looks around, realizing--

MOLLY

Wait, this is your house?

(then)

Alan! I was VERY clear in my text! We're looking for *Nick's party*--

ALAN

There's been a Killing in Times Square! Robert was an esteemed Broadway director and the love of my life and he's been killed like a dog in the street!

MOLLY

That sounds very tragic, but there's been a mistake. We're trying to get to Nick's party. We can't find the address. Do you know where it is?

ALAN

I don't know a Nick! I only know sorrow and GRIEF.

GEORGE

You're at a ten and I need you at a two!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Alan glares at him, then floats off.

ALAN

I have a wake to plan!

George turns to Molly and Amy.

(then, to Molly and Amy)

If you're here you may as well take  
some of the extra characters.

He pulls them over to a TABLE where an ASSISTANT hands him  
two CHARACTER PACKETS and NAME TAGS.

MOLLY

No, we don't need characters, we're  
not staying--

He hands one to Amy--

GEORGE

"Adorable farmer new to the city."

AMY

Thank you.

GEORGE

(pinning one on Molly)

And "hideous, barren orthodontist."

MOLLY

What?! Why am I *barren*?

AMY

Am I here to farm? Or have I given  
up that life?

MOLLY

(reading the packet)

This just says orthodontist.

GEORGE

Your backstories are in those  
packets.

MOLLY

Seriously, we have to go. We're  
trying to find Nick's party.

GEORGE

Is that the party where someone ate  
a ghost pepper?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MOLLY

Yes!

GEORGE

Somebody here came from that party  
I think. Maybe the Mayor?

(shooing them)

Go. Immerse yourselves. Review your  
histories in the parlor.

Molly grabs Amy and drags her into the parlor.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A DOZEN DRAMA KIDS in varying levels of costume speak  
theatrically with each other. Molly scans the room as Amy  
opens her envelope to read her backstory--

AMY

Oh my God. I came to the city to  
hide my pregnancy from my very  
religious parents!

(scrutinizing the room)

I wonder who the father is.

They see a theater kid sprawled on the floor, "dead," as a  
GIRL genuinely WEEPS over him, moaning. Amy's impressed--

AMY (CONT'D)

She's really good.

The weeping girl looks up-- it's Gigi. Gigi immediately stops  
crying and brightens--

GIGI

Oh my god you guys are here!

Molly and Amy SCREAM.

AMY

What the fuck?!

MOLLY

What-- how did you get here?

GIGI

How did you get here?

AMY

And how are you dry?

GIGI

How are you dry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
 (walking by, to the BODY)  
 Aaron, I can see you breathing.  
 (to Gigi, "directing")  
 Gigi, mmm...dig deeper.

Gigi goes back to SOBBING over the body. Molly and Amy keep walking, so confused. They push open a door revealing--

GEORGE'S MOM, DAD and 10 YEAR-OLD SISTER doing a PUZZLE in the kitchen. George's Mom looks up.

GEORGE'S MOM  
 Oh, is it over?

GEORGE  
 (walking by)  
 Mom DO NOT TALK TO THE ACTORS! The house is mine until 11pm!!

His sister gives him a look--

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 I swear to fucking God Cindy...

Molly and Amy hurry out of the kitchen, running directly into Gigi, waiting for them with a smile.

MOLLY  
 Oh my GOD.

AMY  
 Jesus CHRIST, Gigi!

GIGI  
 Guys, the re-election's coming up and I need to know if I have to buy your votes.

AMY  
 Re-election--

MOLLY  
 Wait, you're the mayor? You know where Nick's party is?

GIGI  
 Of course I do. I know where all the parties are.

MOLLY  
 Where is it?!

GIGI  
 Come to my office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She pulls them to a nook BEHIND A CURTAIN and lights herself with a FLASHLIGHT. She lowers her voice.

GIGI (CONT'D)  
You can't tell anyone, okay?

AMY  
We won't.

GIGI  
Not even each other.

MOLLY  
...Okay.

GIGI  
Nick's party is...  
(a dramatic pause)  
At his aunt's house.

MOLLY  
WE KNOW IT'S AT HIS-- Oh my god.  
Amy, we have to go.

GIGI  
By the way, I'm very impressed at  
how well you're holding it together.

AMY  
What do you mean?

GIGI  
I thought the strawberries would've  
hit by now.

MOLLY  
Why would strawberries hit us?

GIGI  
Because they were dipped in such an  
unbelievably potent drug. It's like  
Ayahuasca, but Asian. Asiahuasca.  
(then)  
I told you guys that, right?

Molly turns back to Amy -- but Amy's eyes are wide as saucers, brimming with tears.

AMY  
My mom's already 52.

MOLLY  
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMY

She's closer to being 100 than she  
is to being born.

MOLLY

No no no no.

Molly grabs Amy and pulls her UP THE STAIRS and into George's  
SISTER'S BEDROOM.

INT. GEORGE'S SISTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's a classic GIRL'S ROOM -- everything is COMPLETELY PINK.  
DOLLS and TOYS and PINK BOOKS line the shelves.

AMY

My mom has a scarf that color.

MOLLY

Listen to me.

AMY

Once I threw up and my mom caught  
it in her hands cause she loves me.

MOLLY

We're gonna be fine. We are  
healthy, nubile young women and we  
just need to stay calm and we're  
gonna be fiiiiiiiiiii--

They both PASS OUT.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Downstairs, George is settling everyone in to dinner when  
they hear the THUMP from upstairs. Annoyed, he rings his  
DINNER BELL for a very passive-aggressively amount of time.

INT. GEORGE'S SISTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

MOLLY'S POV: she's flat on the floor. Everything looks huge.  
She sits up and sees her PLASTIC HAND--

MOLLY

What? What the fuck? What the fuck?  
What is happening...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns and sees that Amy's become a BLONDE "SEXY FARMER" DOLL. Molly SCREAMS. Then Amy screams when she sees that Molly's become a BRUNETTE "SEXY NURSE" DOLL.

DOLL MOLLY  
Why do you look like that?!

DOLL AMY  
Molly, you're a fucking DOLL.

DOLL MOLLY  
No, you're a fucking doll!

Doll Amy notices a CORN COB attached to her hand.

DOLL AMY  
What? What is this?!

She pulls it off with a painful THWOP--

DOLL AMY (CONT'D)  
OWWW! FUCK that hurt!

Doll Amy tries to stand but she falls over.

DOLL AMY (CONT'D)  
I can't hold my top up! My boobs  
are too heavy! I have no core!

Doll Molly tries to stand but she falls over, too--

DOLL MOLLY  
Our legs don't bend! They're twice  
as long as our torsos! These  
proportions are insane! Where's my  
chub?!

She notices a VANITY with a set of drawers and a big MIRROR  
on top and awkwardly protractor-walks toward it--

DOLL AMY  
Wait where are you going?!

DOLL MOLLY  
I have to see for myself!

Doll Amy follows, waddling awkwardly behind her--

DOLL AMY  
Wait for me!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Doll Molly starts climbing the drawers by inch-worming her legs -- spreading them in a split and then squeezing them back together to propel up. Doll Amy copies her.

Doll Molly grunts and pulls herself to the top--

DOLL MOLLY

Okay well I've never done splits in my life! Legs aren't supposed to bend like this!

Doll Amy gets to the highest drawer-- then SLIPS and falls!

DOLL AMY

AHHHHH!

DOLL MOLLY

AMY!!!

Doll Molly races to the edge and sees that Doll Amy's holding on to the edge of the highest drawer!

DOLL AMY

Help! Help Molly!

DOLL MOLLY

Don't look down Amy! No!

Doll Molly tries to reach her hand down to Doll Amy--

DOLL AMY

I can't reach!

Doll Molly drops her way-too-long leg down to Doll Amy-- then sees the HOLE in Amy's hand (from the corn cob)--

DOLL MOLLY

You have to put my heel in your hole.

DOLL AMY

What? What?!

DOLL MOLLY

PUT MY HEEL IN YOUR HOLE!

DOLL AMY

What hole?!

DOLL MOLLY

YOUR CORN HOLE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

And SHOVES her hand hole onto the heel of the stiletto with another painful THWOP! She YELPS in pain as Doll Molly swings her leg around, dropping Doll Amy to safety. They climb to their feet and finally see themselves in the mirror--

DOLL AMY

Oh my GOD.

DOLL MOLLY

What the fuck am I wearing?!

They rips off their CLOTHES, looking down--

DOLL MOLLY (CONT'D)

WHERE'S MY VAG?

DOLL AMY

Molly I have no genitals.

DOLL MOLLY

How do I pee? How do I shit?!

DOLL AMY

I don't even have nipples! These are just mounds! My whole body's like a fucking dolphin!

(getting into it)

Just perfect, round, huge mounds. Molly, look at my body. I'm beautiful.

DOLL MOLLY

Amy, no. Don't get sucked in. This is our nightmare--

DOLL AMY

(admiring herself)

I know this is unrealistic and bad for women but...*is* it bad? Because I feel pretty good.

Amy turns to admire her ass--

DOLL AMY (CONT'D)

I mean this ass won't quit.

DOLL MOLLY

AMY! USE YOUR BRAIN!

DOLL AMY

I don't need to use my brain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Doll Amy slowly raises her leg parallel to her body, feeling her crotch--

DOLL AMY (CONT'D)  
I just need to be smooth and flexible.

She pops up and starts to cat-walk--

DOLL AMY (CONT'D)  
Look at you, you bad bitch. My my my. Mmmmm.

DOLL MOLLY  
Oh my God we have to WAKE UP!

Doll Molly SMASHES her doll-head against the mirror, shattering the glass. Doll Amy turns to Molly, flipping her hair--

DOLL AMY  
I actually think I might, like, stay here for a while?

Doll Molly scurries over to her.

DOLL MOLLY  
NO! I won't let you do this. We have to get the drug out of our systems--

Doll Molly tries to get her hand into Doll Amy's mouth, but Doll Amy slaps her hands away.

DOLL AMY  
Stop it!

They start slapping at each other as Doll Molly keeps tries to shove her hand in Doll Amy's mouth--

DOLL MOLLY  
You need to throw up!

DOLL AMY  
(fighting her off)  
Let! Me! Have! This! Body!

They get into a full-on slap fight and don't notice how close they are to the edge of the dresser and as they keep fighting they SLIP AND FALL OFF!

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alan and the rest of the Murder Mystery participants are sitting around a grand DINING ROOM TABLE for dinner.

GEORGE

Now that our amuse bouche of bacon-wrapped dates is over, why don't we play a rousing round of "J'ACUSSE!"

Suddenly they hear a CRASH-- and then see a still super-high Molly and Amy walk past, not bending their arms or legs, like dolls. It's like they're in stiff slow motion. The group watches, bewildered, as Molly and Amy doll-walk outside.

Molly stops at the door and turns to the table:

MOLLY

Fuck you George.

They doll-walk outside.

ALAN

Who is she supposed to be?

GEORGE

The orthodontist.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Molly and Amy lay on the lawn, finally coming down. Amy puts one hand under her bra and another down her pants.

AMY

We're okay. We're okay! And we did it. We went to two parties, we accidentally did drugs-- we can say we went out. Let's go home.

Molly sits up.

MOLLY

What? No. We have to stick to the plan. The plan is to go to Nick's.

AMY

Dude, nothing has gone according to plan tonight.

MOLLY

Which is why we have to STICK to the plan. We'll call another Lyft--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Why are you being so pushy?

MOLLY

Honestly, pushy is a compliment.  
You know who else is pushy? Diane  
Sawyer. My girl Joan of Arc. Queen  
Noor of Jordan--

AMY

(defensive)

I know where Queen Noor is from!

MOLLY

Once we get to Nick's, all of this  
will be worth it--

AMY

Forget about Nick's! No one will  
even tell us where it is. Why are  
you so obsessed with his party?

GIGI (O.S.)

Because she loves him.

Molly and Amy JUMP-- Gigi's standing out on the SECOND FLOOR  
BALCONY, looking over them.

MOLLY

Oh my God, Gigi, STOP DOING THAT.

AMY

What did you say?

GIGI

Molly loves Nick.

Molly scoffs but her face goes BRIGHT red as she stammers--

MOLLY

Can you please stop repeating that  
sentence? Because it's not true.

AMY

Molly hates Nick.

MOLLY

Thank you.

GIGI

She projects disgust to cover up a  
deep desire. How many times a day  
does she bring him up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY

She brings him up to complain--

GIGI

That's still talking about him.  
Look, the auras are very clear. I  
don't write them. I just read them.

MOLLY

No. No. Nope. You just drugged us  
and tried to throw us off a boat,  
so nothing you say is of any value  
to us.

Gigi flips Molly off.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Okay, you can stop flipping me off,  
because YOU should flip off.  
So...shut the fuck up.

Alan bursts outside the front door, looking for Gigi--

ALAN

Madame Mayor! What are you doing  
out here?

(sotto)

George locked himself in the  
closet.

He spins on his toes and floats back inside with Gigi as Amy  
turns to Molly, who's very flustered. Amy realizes--

AMY

Dude.

MOLLY

No.

AMY

Dude...?

Molly finally turns to her.

MOLLY

No! I don't like him. Yes, maybe  
he's classically, traditionally  
handsome, and weirdly charming, so  
maybe my innate biology registers  
him as an ideal mate. And yes,  
maybe I occasionally fantasize  
about him sweeping me off my feet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

And some weaker people might call that a tiny crush but I can fight against it, I can ignore it because we all have weird interests and all that matters is that we shove them down and never think of them again.

Amy just looks at her friend. She gives her a small smile.

AMY

You don't have to shut anything down.

MOLLY

Yes I do. Because I can't like him. Maybe my body likes him but my mind knows that's stupid, because he's a jock who only cares about being cool and having fun and he doesn't even look at girls unless they look like Triple A and he doesn't even want people like me at his parties because I'm a butterpersonality.

Amy slaps Molly across the face.

AMY

How dare you say that about my best friend.

MOLLY

WHAT the FUCK--

AMY

If you ever say anything like that about yourself again I will fucking lay you out. You are the smartest, strongest, coolest, most stunningly gorgeous creature this high school and this earth has ever seen and Nick would be *lucky* to be a footnote in your story. And we are going to his party.

Molly's amazed--

MOLLY

Are you serious?

AMY

I'm dead serious. If Nick's what you want, that's what you deserve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

She stands.

MOLLY

How? How are we gonna find out  
where the party is?

AMY

By doing what we do best.  
(dramatically)  
Motherfucking homework.

A kickass HIP HOP SONG starts as we CUT TO...

INT. UCLA COLLEGE LIBRARY - NIGHT

Molly and Amy stride into the UCLA library like they fucking own the place.

INT. THE STACKS - UCLA COLLEGE LIBRARY - NIGHT

--Molly and Amy slam their bags down at their usual table, stretching their knuckles like they're about to play Mozart.

--Molly runs her fingers along a list of REAL ESTATE PURCHASES by people with the last name "Howland."

-- Amy makes notations on a huge MAP.

--Molly reads a book of CITY RECORDS as a COLLEGE COUPLE has loud, gross sex behind her.

-- They watch a new SOCIAL MEDIA VIDEO: *Theo's preparing to KARATE CHOP a stack of 15 PIZZA BOXES.*

AMY

Wait, look.

She zooms in on the STACK of pizza boxes.

AMY (CONT'D)

That's at least 15 pizza boxes. How many orders that big could Lido's have filled tonight?

MOLLY

(realizing)  
Genius...



INT. PIZZA DELIVERY CAR - NIGHT

PAT, the LIDO'S DELIVERY GUY, gets in the front seat holding two PIES. He's grumbling to himself--

PAT

Two half-cheese, half-sausage pizzas are just one cheese and one sausage pizza you fucking *morons*--

Amy and Molly rise from the backseat like it's a carjacking. They've tied their hair into ponytails in front of their faces, like a makeshift mask.

MOLLY

EVERYBODY STAY CALM!

AMY

DON'T MOVE!

Pat SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER.

PAT

WHAT THE FUCK?! What the fuck?!  
What the fuck is this?!

MOLLY

WE ASK THE QUESTIONS!

PAT

Oh my God oh my God is this some kind of Manson family bullshit?

AMY

No! No! Everything is gonna be just fine, you're just gonna give us the address where you delivered pizza earlier tonight!

A beat.

PAT

I'm sorry, are you guys out of your fucking minds? How old are you?

MOLLY

(lowest possible voice)  
Does not matter!

PAT

Okay, that did not make you sound older. So you're basically children and you willingly got into a strange man's car. Do you even have a weapon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Molly and Amy exchange a glance.

MOLLY

...Yes?

AMY

(whispered)

If we claim to have a weapon this might be a felony.

MOLLY

Fuck.

PAT

So you're wearing your hair as a mask and you tried to rob someone without a weapon?

He pulls a GUN from the glove compartment.

PAT (CONT'D)

Because I do have a weapon!

The girls SCREAM and duck--

MOLLY

Why do you have a gun?!

PAT

To protect myself from bad people! Something you should be thinking about! Did sexual assault play into your planning *at all*?

MOLLY

(admitting)

Not really.

PAT

I could've just locked the doors and driven off! I could've made you my play things!

Amy holds up her phone, frozen on the PARTY FOOTAGE:

AMY

Just please give us the address where you delivered this huge order earlier tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAT

Fine. But only because I'm afraid  
if I don't some dog walker will  
find your bodies tomorrow morning.

He finds the address on his phone and holds it up so Molly  
can type the address into hers. As she opens her phone--

PAT (CONT'D)

Don't let me see your passcode.  
Jesus Christ.

MOLLY

Thank you.  
(then)  
Since we're already in the car,  
could you maybe...drive us there?

PAT

Sure, buckle up.

The girls start to buckle their seatbelts.

PAT (CONT'D)

I WAS BEING SARCASTIC GET THE FUCK  
OUT OF MY CAR.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Lido's car zooms away as Molly and Amy celebrate--

MOLLY

You were incredible! So scary!

AMY

If you wanted to be a criminal you  
would be the best fucking criminal  
in Los Angeles. Now let's call a  
chariot to...

Her face falls. She feels her pockets.

AMY (CONT'D)

FUCK. I left my phone in his car!  
Why did I have to use a visual aid!  
(calling after the car)  
WAIT!

MOLLY

We'll get it tomorrow. I can call--  
(then, realizing)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Oh my God. Oh my God I'm at 2%. How is my battery so low?!

AMY

THE PORN. WE STREAMED A LOT OF PORN. CALL A LYFT!!!

MOLLY

But then if my phone dies and the driver can't find us we're fucked!

Suddenly she gets a lightbulb and frantically dials a number.

AMY

What? Who are you calling?

MOLLY

Pick up pick up pick up--

(rapid fast)

Hi it's Molly and Amy we need help we're stranded on Ventura and Lemon can you pick us up please we need--

(a beat, then)

It died. Cross your fingers.

AMY

For what?

EXT. STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Molly and Amy sit on the curb, waiting, nervous.

AMY

We could hitchhike.

MOLLY

Are you aching to be murdered?

AMY

I'm just throwing out suggestions.

The Subaru squeals up to the girls. The DRIVER gets out but the headlights are too bright to see who it is. She walks around the car, finally revealing...

Miss Fine. She smiles and waves.

MISS FINE

You girls need a ride?

The girls SQUEAL and sprint to her car.

INT. MISS FINE'S CAR - NIGHT

Molly and Amy ride in the back as Miss Fine drives. They're completely giddy.

AMY

Thank you so much, Miss Fine. You totally saved us.

MISS FINE

Please, you two saved me from re-watching *Gilmore Girls*. I've seen it like fifty times.

(then)

Now what is this address I'm taking you?

MOLLY

Nick's aunt's house. It's a...party, technically.

MISS FINE

Wait. You want me to drive you to an unsupervised house party?

Molly and Amy freeze.

MISS FINE (CONT'D)

Good! I'm glad you guys are having a little fun before graduation.

AMY

Really?

MISS FINE

Yes! I don't want you guys to make the same mistakes I did.

AMY

What do you mean?

MISS FINE

I spent the majority of my 20's overcompensating for the fact that I never had fun in high school. And then the pendulum swung way too far in the other direction. I went crazy. I had some really dark moments there in my twenties. Some *really* dark moments.

(remembering)

Like, it was bad. Did you know I'm banned from Jamba Juice?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISS FINE (CONT'D)

Not a single Jamba Juice. *Every* Jamba Juice. That came down from corporate. Do you know how many Jamba Juices there are in this country? Like a bajillion. It's a national chain. It's a sensation.

(then)

I don't want that for you. You still have a chance. I want you two to go to this party and I want you to have fun. Because tonight is your NIGHT!

MOLLY

YES!

AMY

Yes!

MOLLY

Yes.

MISS FINE

Now what are you wearing?

AMY

This. This look.

MISS FINE

You know you're matching, right?

AMY

(re: Molly's scarf)

Well we added an embellishment...

MISS FINE

Lucky for you two I'm a 30-year old single woman. Which means I've got a lot of shit in my car. Why don't you go through some of those bags?

MOLLY

I'm sorry, we can touch your clothes?

MISS FINE

Please. Please touch my clothes. Please change your clothes.

Molly closes her eyes in ecstasy.

MOLLY

This night...



EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Molly and Amy nervously walk up to the party. Music THUMPS from inside, getting louder as they get closer. They reach the front door, give each other encouraging smiles, and clasp hands.

MOLLY

Love you.

AMY

Love you.

They push the door open...

INT. NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's exactly what you'd hope a high school party would be -- throbbing with sweaty, horny, giddy TEENAGERS. Everybody's high off of the year ending and emotional about it being over. People play drinking games, laugh and squeal with each other, dance on couches.

Molly peers through the crowd and finds Nick across the room. He's having fun with his friends.

But then his eyes wander and he locks eyes with...Molly.

We PUSH IN on Molly as she feels the spark--

Then we PUSH IN on Nick as he realizes he's been waiting for a girl who challenges him mentally and emotionally--

And when we pull back out, the rest of the party has DISAPPEARED. Nick walks toward Molly and reaches out his hand. She takes it and they burst into AMAZING CHOREOGRAPHY.

It's unbelievably romantic. They can't take their eyes off each other as they dance like old-school movie stars. Nick dips her and they're about to kiss and when he grabs a BEER CAN and CRUSHES it against his forehead--

INT. NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly's jolted back to reality as the real Nick crushes a BEER CAN on his forehead across the room. Suddenly a RANDOM PARTIER walking by spots Molly and Amy and stops--

RANDOM PARTIER

Whooooa! You two?!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Molly and Amy brace themselves to be made fun of...but then the whole room CHEERS! A few people TOAST their beers. Somebody offers HIGH-FIVES. Tanner walks by--

TANNER  
El Presidente!

THEO  
The protest lady!

Everyone's happy to see them. The girls are surprised. Molly peers around Tanner to find Nick, but he's gone.

TANNER  
Welcome my little turtledoves! I'm so happy you guys are here! You want a drink? Smoke? Drink? You guys want a drink, you come to me, 'cause you guys are the best, honestly you freaked me out but I'm gonna miss you, cause class of '19 for-fucking-ever.

Everybody CHEERS again. Molly and Amy share a happy smile.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly and Amy make their way through the party, dancing a little. They're having fun. Then Molly's eyes go wide--

MOLLY  
RYAN!

She grabs Amy and points to the KITCHEN, where Ryan's laughing with some SKATER FRIENDS. She looks beautiful.

AMY  
Look how nice her skin looks.

MOLLY  
Go get her.

AMY  
She's busy, she's with her friends--

MOLLY  
Amy! You can do this. Think of those perfect breasts in that bra just waiting to be freed. And her nipples, like two sparkling plastic panda eyes--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Okay! Okay.

(gesturing over at Nick)

Good luck. To any woman trying to sexually please Nick after tonight, because you're about to set the bar WAY too high.

They high-five, hug and Amy starts walking toward the kitchen. Molly turns back to the bar and Tanner hands her a drink-- just as Gigi rises from below the bar--

GIGI

Tanner we're out of sugar cubes.

MOLLY

NO.

GIGI

Yep.

MOLLY

No. Nope. No. Not possible. How?!  
How are you here?!

GIGI

I missed you. I'm gonna go downstairs.

She pretends to take an elevator below the bar. Tanner's delighted.

INT. NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Over by the door, Miss Fine walks in, dancing, trying to blend in. Theo clocks her from across the room and frantically undoes his PIGTAILS. It's go time.

INT. KITCHEN - NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ryan pours Amy a drink.

RYAN

Dude! I'm so stoked you're here.  
I've always wanted you to come out.

Amy's stunned. Is this is her moment?

AMY

I am out. I came out in 10th grade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ryan's confused, then laughs--

RYAN  
No, I mean, like, come out on a weekend. Hang out.

Amy blushes so deeply she may pass out.

AMY  
Me too. That's what I meant, also.

RYAN  
You gotta have a little fun before you leave for Africa.

AMY  
(touched)  
You remembered I'm going to Africa?

RYAN  
Yeah. Uganda or something, right?

AMY  
Botswana. They'd kill me in Uganda.

RYAN  
Why?

AMY  
Oh. Cause that country's not really a fan of gay people.  
(awkwardly fishing)  
So...would you be afraid to go to Uganda too?

They're suddenly distracted as Gigi marches by, directing--

GIGI  
Karaoke in the guest room!

Ryan grabs Amy's hand and starts pulling her down the hall--

RYAN  
You wanna do karaoke?

Amy glances down at her hand, thrilled.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly's still hovering in the corner, watching Nick play BEER PONG. She takes a deep breath and walks over to him. When Nick notices her, he jumps to his feet, amazed--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK  
Holyyyy SHIT. MOLLY'S HERE?!

He's a little drunk and genuinely delighted to see her.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Are you really here? Is this a  
mirage? Did I get President Molly  
to come out on a weekend?

MOLLY  
(blushing, rolls her eyes)  
It's a purely ceremonial visit.

Nick laughs, then brings her to the table.

NICK  
Okay, sit down. Sit right here.  
Right next to me. Student Council  
ticket versus those douchebags.  
I've been waiting for this since  
like second grade.

He starts arranging the beer pong cups. Molly tries to hide  
her grin as she attempts to help.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

George stands dramatically with the karaoke microphone.

GEORGE  
This song goes out to my cast.

He starts singing Alanis Morissette's "YOU OUGHTA KNOW."  
They've projected the LYRICS onto the wall with Nick's Aunt's  
old projector. George sings VERY emotionally as Gigi watches,  
aroused. Amy and Ryan laugh at George, whispering to each  
other. At one point Ryan flings her arm across Amy's thigh.  
Amy tries to stay calm but she can't hide a beaming grin.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
*You-- You-- You OUGHTTA KNOW! ALAN!*

He collapses as Gigi comforts him. The mic is free, and Ryan  
grabs Amy, trying to pull her onstage--

RYAN  
Okay, your turn! You gotta sing!

Amy protests, but Ryan forces the mic into her hand--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN (CONT'D)

Let's go, Amy! Do it for me!

Amy takes the mic, so nervous the sound starts to drop out. But Ryan's watching her, smiling, and so she takes a deep breath and belts the chorus--

AMY

*And I'm here! To remind you! Of the mess you left when you went away!*

Amy sings her heart out, hitting every note, and it's beautiful. The whole room's astonished, cheering loudly.

GEORGE

You can tell she's not supporting, no breath control, but it's good! It's on pitch!

Amy finishes with a flourish and Ryan grabs her in a hug.

RYAN

Dude! What the fuck?! How are you so good?  
(to the room)  
I KNOW HER!

Amy blushes, thrilled. This is going better than she hoped.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Theo prepares a drink at the bar, practicing his game.

THEO

(to himself)  
Miss Fine. Miss *Foine*. Señora Fine.  
(then)  
You ever made love to a Mexican?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick watches as Molly focuses, then sinks another cup. She and Nick CHEER, then do a victory handshake.

NICK

Okay, listen. Pong is supposed to be my thing. So if you could tone it down, just for my self-esteem...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

I think you just need to step your game up. You need to rise to my level.

Nick laughs.

NICK

It's crazy that we never hung out outside of school. You seem like you're all work and no play, but you're pretty fun.

MOLLY

I am fun.

NICK

You are fun.

He grins down at her. Are they flirting?!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Theo approaches Miss Fine by the fireplace.

THEO

Hi Miss Fine.

MISS FINE

Hi, Theo.

He hands her a drink.

THEO

For you. I muddled the rosemary myself.

Miss Fine takes the drink, skeptical, but her eyes go wide as she sips it.

MISS FINE

This is amazing.

THEO

(whispered)  
You're amazing.

She stares at him for a beat.

MISS FINE

You're 20, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He nods, mesmerized. Miss Fine downs the rest of her drink.

INT. LIVING ROOM/EXT. POOL - NIGHT

Nick throws a pong ball and misses.

MOLLY

You just need more of an arc.

NICK

It's easy to have an arc when you're like three feet tall. I'm looking straight down.

MOLLY

How tall are you?

Nick stands, grinning down at her.

NICK

How tall do you think I am?

This is the sexiest moment of Molly's life. She stands right next to him. A beat.

MOLLY

5'...4"?

Nick laughs and groans, pretending he's been shot.

NICK

My teammates aren't usually this mean!

MOLLY

They're usually blonde and skinny and not into drinking carbs?

NICK

No way. I fuck with Hufflepuffs.

Molly's heart skips a beat.

MOLLY

Hufflepuff? Like in Harry Potter?

NICK

Yeah. You're like a half-Ravenclaw, half-Slytherin, right?

He might as well have undressed her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY  
 (almost out of breath)  
 That is exactly what I am.

Nick grins down at her. Then he looks past Molly to a COMMOTION outside and frowns.

NICK  
 Shit, I gotta go make sure those  
 idiots don't hurt themselves.  
 (puts his hands on her  
 shoulders)  
 Stay right here. Don't move. We're  
 winning this game. Don't move.

MOLLY  
 I won't!

NICK  
 Stay right there.

He jogs outside, high-fiving people or slapping backs on the way. Molly watches him go, giddy.

EXT. POOL - NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amy follows Ryan outside, where people are jumping in the pool.

Ryan shimmies off her jeans, revealing BOXER BRIEFS. She smiles at Amy, who grins and pull off her top just as Ryan jumps into the water. Amy takes a deep breath and CANNONBALLS into the pool after her--

INT. NICK'S POOL - NIGHT

Underwater, Amy looks for Ryan, but can't find her in the sea of people. She swims through the crowd.

Then she sees two pairs of legs wrapped around each other. She freezes, staring at the legs, starting to get a really bad feeling.

EXT. NICK'S POOL - NIGHT

Amy slowly surfaces to find...RYAN AND NICK MAKING OUT.

And with that, Amy's heart breaks. She's an idiot.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Fighting emotion, Amy wades to the STEPS as fast as she can. She cannot get out fast enough. She stumbles toward the house, sopping wet. She needs to get to Molly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amy pushes her way through the crowd, trying not to cry, looking for Molly. She needs her friend, but she also needs to save Molly from feeling what she's feeling.

She finally spots her waiting patiently at the pong table. Molly sees her and brightens, grabbing her--

MOLLY

Oh my God THERE YOU ARE! How's it going? Did you find Ryan? Did you go in the pool?

AMY

Molly--

MOLLY

Things are going really well over here. Like, really well. I'm being mean to him and it's working and we talked about Harry Potter and he knows I'm a Slytherin and he seems to like it--

AMY

Molly, I think we should go home.

MOLLY

What? No, just dry off!

AMY

I just think we need to leave right now. Seriously. Let's go this way.

MOLLY

Are you nuts? No way. Nick's fully flirting with me. I think this is gonna happen.

AMY

Molly, please. I'm asking you. Let's just go.

MOLLY

Just go find Ryan--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Malala.

A beat.

MOLLY

Amy, no.

AMY

Are you kidding? I've done whatever you wanted all night. Now I'm calling Malala! Come with me!

MOLLY

I'm not leaving just because you're doing the thing you always do!

Amy's already a raw nerve. Now she's pissed.

AMY

What is that supposed to mean?

MOLLY

Just...you always talk a big game but then you give up just when things get uncomfortable. Like, you jumped in the pool and now you're sad that you're wet?

AMY

That's bullshit!

MOLLY

If I didn't drag you to do things--

AMY

You don't drag me, you force me to do whatever you want to do!

Now Molly's startled by Amy's tone. They're both drunk and emotional enough to not realize how loud they're getting. The whole room starts to notice.

MOLLY

What does that even mean?

AMY

You decide what we do and when we do it and that we always have to do it together--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY

I have to decide what we do because you never decide anything! I have to do all the heavy lifting in this friendship. You never take charge.

AMY

I take charge!

MOLLY

You never take charge! I always have to push you. Without me you wouldn't do anything.

AMY

I'm going to go to Africa without you!

MOLLY

I encouraged your summer abroad!

AMY

I'm not going for the summer! I'm going for the whole year!

A beat. Molly is floored.

MOLLY

Wait, what?

AMY

I'm taking a gap year. I deferred Columbia until next fall.

MOLLY

When did you decide that?

AMY

When I applied.

MOLLY

In *January*? You've been lying to me since January?

AMY

Yeah, because I knew you would've tried to bully me into staying!

MOLLY

But we'll be on completely different schedules.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

We're not gonna graduate together,  
we're not gonna go on a post-  
college trip, we're not gonna move  
to DC together, our whole plan--

AMY

That was your plan! That was never  
my plan. It's always your plan.

MOLLY

I can't believe you. You think  
going to Africa makes you tough but  
you weren't even brave enough to  
tell me? You're a fucking coward!

AMY

You're selfish! And mean!

MOLLY

You're a bad friend!

AMY

You're a fucking bad friend! I  
called Malala! That was a sacred  
code!

MOLLY

I got the Metro North commuter pass  
to visit you in New York every  
weekend!

AMY

Nobody asked you to do that! Just  
like nobody asked you to come to  
this fucking party! Nobody invited  
you! Nobody wanted you here!

Molly sputters, hurt and furious--

MOLLY

FUCK YOU!

Amy flinches. And suddenly they realize -- the whole room is  
watching. Half of them are filming the fight on their  
phones. Amy starts to say something, but then just glares and  
marches past Molly out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM - NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amy storms in, breathing deeply, trying to calm down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOPE  
What the fuck?

Amy jumps -- Hope is sitting on the toilet, smoking a joint.

HOPE (CONT'D)  
I locked that.

AMY  
(sharply)  
I guess you didn't.

HOPE  
What's wrong with you? Fight with  
your wife?

AMY  
Can you just leave me alone,  
please?

HOPE  
Leave me alone, I was here first.  
(then)  
Why are you even at a party?  
Shouldn't you be marching in some  
meaningless protest somewhere? Or  
in bed doing homework?

Amy's still fired up from her fight and getting more pissed.

AMY  
You don't know me.

HOPE  
I'm pretty sure I do.

AMY  
No, you're one of those people who  
claims you're "honest" or "calling  
people on their shit" when you're  
really just mean.

HOPE  
Wow, I take it back. You're a  
badass who takes no prisoners and  
cries in the bathroom at parties.

Amy turns to Hope.

AMY  
Why are you so *cruel*?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOPE

I just don't like meek people. And you're like Molly's little sidekick bitch.

AMY

Well you're a basic hot girl who's gonna peak in high school.

They stare at each other for a beat. It's heated. And hot.

And then AMY KISSES HOPE. Determined to prove something. Hope is surprised...but she kisses her back.

INT. REC ROOM - NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly's still seething from the fight as she waits for Nick at their pong table. Jared walks up to her.

MOLLY

When did you get here?

JARED

Awhile ago.

MOLLY

Did you see Amy? She fucking freaked out at me, I don't know what's wrong with her--

JARED

Do people really think I had sex with a prostitute?

An awkward beat.

MOLLY

You didn't?

JARED

No! Of course not!

(admitting)

I've never slept with anybody.

(then, sadly)

Nobody in this whole school knows me at all. Except Gigi.

Jared gestures outside, where a fully-clothed Gigi falls into the pool posed like Da Vinci's Vitruvian Man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIGI  
 (as she falls)  
 I AM A GOLDEN STARFISH!

She hits the water like it's concrete.

MOLLY  
 Gigi? The girl who jumped off your  
 boat? The girl gave you a prison  
 tat while you were asleep?

JARED  
 That wasn't about me. She's a sad  
 person. And she may be nuts, but  
 she's the most loyal person I've  
 ever met. She once tried to shiv a  
 mailman because she thought he  
 laughed at me.

(then)  
 Plus, not everyone's lucky enough  
 to find someone like you and Amy.  
 I'm just doing my best till I can  
 get outta here and find people who  
 are into the same weird shit I am.

(quickly)  
 Not like...sex stuff. I mean like,  
 airplanes and musicals.

MOLLY  
 What?

JARED  
 I wanna design airplanes. Get rich  
 off that. Then use the cash to  
 produce some new musicals. Enough  
 with the revivals. It's bullshit.

(then)  
 I should probably make sure that's  
 not an actual dead man's float.

He gestures to the pool. Gigi is floating face down.

JARED (CONT'D)  
 See ya at graduation, Molly.

Molly watches him go. She's surprised by him.

INT. BATHROOM - NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amy and Hope lie on a BATH MAT on the floor, making out. Amy  
 leans back and pulls Hope's shirt off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles, a little stunned at what's happening. They keep kissing. After a beat, Amy pulls back--

HOPE  
Are you okay?

AMY  
Yeah, sorry, I just got dizzy for a second.

HOPE  
We can stop if you want.

AMY  
No. We're not stopping.

HOPE  
(laughing)  
Okay.

Hope lays down and starts to take off her jeans. Amy unties Hope's sneakers. They're nervous and awkward and sweet. Amy gets the sneakers off and tries to seductively pull Hope's jeans off, but they're skinny jeans, and it's hard, and eventually she has to YANK them so forcefully she stumbles to the ground. Hope laughs.

Amy pulls Hope's underwear over her knees and off her legs. They're suddenly both a little shy.

AMY  
I'll take off mine, too...

HOPE  
Yeah.

Amy shimmies off her underwear, then pulls her dress over her shoulders.

HOPE (CONT'D)  
That's a nice dress...

AMY  
It's all she had.

HOPE  
Who?

AMY  
Miss Fine.

Hope laughs.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

HOPE

Oh my God. Of course...

Amy grins and kisses her again. They keep kissing, and then Amy slowly reaches down, out of frame. This is it. We move to Hope's face...as her eyes go WIDE.

AMY

Is that...how is that? For you.

HOPE

It's okay...

AMY

Is there a-- is there another way you would prefer?

HOPE

Well...

(delicately)

I don't think that's the hole you think it is.

Amy FREEZES. Realizing what just happened. She is MORTIFIED.

AMY

Oh my God. I'm so sorry.

Amy jerks her hand away and abruptly sits up.

HOPE

It's okay--

AMY

I'm sorry, I'm just not used to approaching that part from that angle, and my geometry was off and--

HOPE

Seriously don't worry about it.

Amy reaches up and grabs one of the CUPS on the counter. Takes a quick sip of punch...liquid courage...

She realizes too late that someone has ASHED THEIR CIGARETTES IN THE CUP. Amy GAGS. She won't do it. She won't throw up.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Are you good?

Amy THROWS UP. All over Hope. Hope RECOILS, HORRIFIED.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOPE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?!

AMY  
Oh my God...

Hope scrambles to her feet. So does Amy, in her underwear.

AMY (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry!

HOPE  
EW!!

Hope leaps into the SHOWER. This is a fucking nightmare.

AMY  
Are you okay?

HOPE (O.S.)  
Amy just go!

Amy struggles to pull her wet clothes back on.

HOPE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Please fucking leave.

AMY  
Sorry, I'm going as fast as I can--

HOPE (O.S.)  
Just GO!

INT. KITCHEN - NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The game's been abandoned, but Molly's still waiting for Nick. She finally goes to look for him. She squeezes through people, scans the room, the kitchen--

And sees Nick and Ryan kissing and flirting against the fridge. Nick takes her hand and gives her a little twirl.

It's like a gut punch. And then it's even worse as she realizes why Amy wanted them to leave so badly.

EXT. NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly walks out to the pool. She grabs a passing PARTIER--

MOLLY  
Hey, have you seen Amy--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly the familiar BLUE AND RED LIGHTS of the COPS flash against the house and every stomach drops.

Quiet chaos ensues as kids scramble toward the BACK GATE, whispering, trying not to draw attention -- they're running into each other, grabbing friends, desperate to get the fuck out of here.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

AMY!

The crowd SHUSHES her. She tries to squeeze through the throng to go back inside, but she can't.

INT. HALLWAY - NICK'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amy's stuck in the hallway with a few trapped CLASSMATES. One of them, ROB, whispers, terrified-

ROB

We're fucking sitting ducks.  
They're gonna come in here. They're  
gonna find us.

ALISON

Shut the *fuck up* Rob!

Amy walks toward the cops, then turns back. This is her chance to do something great.

AMY

I'm not a coward.  
(turning around)  
Wait for my signal. I'm gonna  
create a diversion.

She spins on her heel and starts sprinting toward the cops.

ROB

Wait, WHAT?!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Molly walks home in the dark. She's tired and miserable.

HEADLIGHTS come around the corner. As they get closer, they start to slow. Molly stills, concerned. The car pulls up right beside her and the driver leans over-- it's TRIPLE A.

Molly turns back to the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

Nope.

TRIPLE A

Really?

Triple A just waits there. Molly thinks for a beat. Then turns to get in the car.

INT. TRIPLE A'S CAR - NIGHT

Molly closes the door behind her in the passenger seat. They drive in silence for a beat.

TRIPLE A

You know *this* is why people say I gave guys "roadside assistance," right? I gave them a ride home. That's all.

Molly's stunned. A beat.

TRIPLE A (CONT'D)

Okay that's not true I blew them. But it wasn't like they ran out of gas and I showed up to suck their dicks while they waited for help. We hooked up in their cars. It makes sense to hook up in a car! I'm not gonna suck a dick in my own home when my dad could walk in at any moment! FUCKING SUE ME!

MOLLY

That makes a lot of sense...

Triple A's taken caught off guard by that. A beat.

TRIPLE A

You know what the worst part is? All the girls call me that, too. I knew Max and Ben and Dicksplinter would say stupid shit. But I didn't think the girls would do it.

Molly feels awful.

MOLLY

Amy never called you that.  
(then, genuine)  
I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRIPLE A

Just don't call me Triple A at Yale next year, okay? I want people to know my actual name.

MOLLY

Of course.  
(very dramatically)  
Annabel.

TRIPLE A

NO! Not right now! That was so cheesy!

Molly smirks at her. Triple A smirks back. Then--

TRIPLE A (CONT'D)

Wait, where the fuck do you live?

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Molly tiptoes inside her quiet apartment.

INT. MOLLY'S ROOM - MOLLY'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Molly's ALARM stirs her awake. She notices the time, curses, and reaches for her phone charging on the bedside table. She hasn't seen it since it died last night.

She rubs her eyes, then frowns when she sees -- 32 messages. All about Amy: *Is she okay? She's our queen! Where's Amy?!*

Molly sits up and opens a link someone texted her -- it's a shaky SOCIAL MEDIA VIDEO of Amy getting PERP WALKED from the party into a police car.

MOLLY

Oh my God.

AMY (ON VIDEO)

*All right, well. Just so you know I know my rights. There are more prisons than colleges in the US, did you know that? And it costs \$71,000 to house an inmate in the state of California. That's more than Harvard!*

*(as they put her in the backseat)*

*This seems excessive. Shotgun. Just kidding. I don't have one.*

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - DAY

Molly walks down the hallway of a CITY JAIL. Her eyes go wide when she notices a FLYER pinned to the wall. We can't see what it says, but she surreptitiously snatches it off the wall before she turns the corner.

INT. JAIL - DAY

Amy sits stoically behind a plane of plexiglass next to JAIL VISIT PHONES. She's startled to see Molly. Molly sits and picks up the phone on her side. Amy stares at her. Then she picks up her phone. A beat.

MOLLY

Oh, I'm actually here to see someone else, I'm so sorry, my mistake...

Amy can't help it, she laughs.

AMY

Fuck you, dude...

MOLLY

Dude, you're in full-on jail.

AMY

I know.

MOLLY

I'm so sorry.

AMY

It's okay. I'm gonna have to pay a fine and go before the judge--

MOLLY

No, I'm sorry. I know women apologize too much but in this case I have real stuff to be sorry for. I was so selfish--

AMY

I was being a coward--

MOLLY

You called Malala--

AMY

I lied to you--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

And you were trying to save me from seeing Nick rub his boner all over Ryan!

AMY

Can you believe that, by the way?

MOLLY

NO. Truly, no. I would've guessed Nick hooked up with Theo before I guessed he hooked up with Ryan.

AMY

Nick and Theo have great chemistry!

They both laugh. Then they get quiet again.

MOLLY

I'm sorry I'm so...controlling. I just literally can't imagine my life without you.

Molly puts her hand up on the glass. Amy puts her hand up against Molly's hand. Molly's throat tightens. But then--

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You are the motherfucker who got arrested the night before graduation!

Amy laughs, then sits up straight as she realizes--

AMY

Oh my God, graduation! Molly! What time is it? It's starting so soon!

MOLLY

Why do you think I'm here? You're coming with me.

AMY

What? No! I'm stuck here but you're already gonna be late--

MOLLY

(dead serious)

Amy. I'm not graduating without you. So I'm either getting myself arrested so I can be in there with you, or we're going together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY

But...how?

Molly slams the FLYER she took up against the glass: it's a WANTED POSTER with a POLICE SKETCH of the VALLEY STRANGLER... and it's PAT THE PIZZA DELIVERY GUY!

MOLLY

We're gonna trade some information because we DO know this man.

EXT. JAIL - DAY

Molly and Amy race outside, struggling to put on their CAPS AND GOWNS. Amy sees Jared's MUSCLE CAR--

AMY

Is that Jared's car?!

MOLLY

I'll explain later!

AMY

Am I driving?

MOLLY

Of course you're driving!  
(tossing her the keys)  
Waze says 19 minutes, we can do it in seven.

AMY

Let's do this.

Amy turns the key and they ZOOM OUT OF THERE.

EXT. GRADUATION FIELD - DAY

The field is packed and abuzz as people start to find seats. SENIORS in their cap-and-gowns fidget with excitement. Onstage, Gigi plays the piano like a savant.

Principal Brown tries to corral the students--

PRINCIPAL BROWN

Okay, everybody, let's take a seat!

A few feet away, Miss Fine sees the back of Theo's head in a seat. She approaches and leans in, making a seductive noise--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MISS FINE

*Rrrrrrr--*

Theo turns -- but it's not Theo, it's a LONG-HAIRED GIRL.

MISS FINE (CONT'D)

Oooh. Heeeeey, Evelyn.

(then)

I just wanted to say, "have a great summer!" Have a great...ok.

(to herself)

Cool cool cool. Sickening.

She turns-- right into the real Theo, grinning.

THEO

Morning, my queen.

MISS FINE

(flustered)

Hi.

THEO

Last night was amazing. Can I see you again?

Miss Fine grimaces, then gives him a tiny smile.

MISS FINE

Good luck at Google next year.

She walks away. Theo's in love. Triple A walks up, looking between the two of them.

TRIPLE A

Did you fuck *Miss Fine*?

INT. JARED'S MUSCLE CAR - DAY

Amy drives like a madwoman, barely able to control the car's horsepower, as Molly screams in the front seat next to her.

EXT. GRADUATION FIELD - DAY

Principal Brown walks over to a group of STUDENTS.

PRINCIPAL BROWN

All right, we've got everybody?  
Where's Molly? I don't know. I haven't seen her since a reasonable time yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jared steps forward.

JARED

Molly warned me she might be late  
and tapped me to start her speech.

PRINCIPAL BROWN

Molly Davidson's gonna be late to  
*graduation*? That doesn't sound like  
her.

JARED

Well, she also asked me to remind  
you that...

(remembering his script)

This sort of thing happens all the  
time on the Senate floor, and if a  
Senator isn't present for a vote, a  
proxy can call for a motion for the  
vote to take place in his or her  
absence.

PRINCIPAL BROWN

Okay yes that sounds like her.

(then)

So she tapped you?

JARED

She tapped me.

PRINCIPAL BROWN

(thinks, then)

Fuck it, I approve.

EXT. GRADUATION FIELD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jared steps up to the podium. He taps the mic, terrified.

JARED

Good morning.

In the crowd, George is ecstatic.

GEORGE

Good morning!

JARED

(reading the speech)

I'm Molly Davidson.

INT. JARED'S MUSCLE CAR - DAY

Amy and Molly screech through the streets like *Fast and the Furious*, having the time of their lives.

EXT. GRADUATION FIELD - DAY

Jared sweats as he keeps giving the speech--

JARED

I am a woman. I am a powerful woman. And I'm ready to take the fist of my femininity to that status quo.

(can barely do it)

Straight white man,  
your...time...is...u--

BAM! On the other side of the field the car bursts through a gate and drives right onto the field. Everyone turns, startled, as they swerve to drive right up to the stands.

JARED (CONT'D)

Oh, my God, my car is fucked up.

Amy and Molly stumble out, sprinting to the ceremony--

MOLLY

(running, out of breath)

I'm here! We're here!

The crowd cheers as they run down the aisle. Amy starts to go to her seat but Molly tries to keep her up on stage--

MOLLY (CONT'D)

No, stay--

AMY

I'll go to my seat--

MOLLY

(holding Amy's arm up)

LOOK WHO MADE IT!

The crowd goes NUTS.

RYAN

YES AMY!!

MORE SENIORS

We want Amy!/AMY!/WE LOVE YOU AMY!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy blushes, amazed. Jared hands Molly the speech, eager to get off the stage, but Molly stops him, leans in and kisses him! In front of everyone!

The crowd LAUGHS and WHISTLES. Jared floats off, dazed. Molly turns back to the crowd and grips the podium. Despite all of her planning, she's suddenly frozen with nerves.

MOLLY

Okay, uh...it seems like Jared did a pretty good job.

She just stands there, taking in her classmates.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You know, I was so...scared of you guys, I felt like I had to prove I was better than you. But really, I don't know any more than you. All I know is that we all have a lot more to learn.

Molly locks eyes with Amy. Amy smiles at her, emotional, proud. All of a sudden Molly's about to cry.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Because this part's over. And that's so sad.

In the audience, Amy nods, tears in her eyes.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

But it was great, wasn't it? Things are never going to be the same, but it was perfect.

(back to the audience)

And I may not have before, but I see you. And you're great. Don't let college fuck it up.

(then)

Congratulations, guys.

Amy gives a loud WOOP and the whole crowd CHEERS. Molly takes Amy's hand as George and Alan walk onstage.

GEORGE

Okay! That went over, but I will not be cutting down my allotted time.

(calling back)

Gigi, hit the track!

INT. AMY'S ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Molly and a very emotional Charmaine help Amy pack.

CHARMAINE

I guess you'll get an international  
cellphone when you get there...oh,  
good! You're bringing Lingling!

Amy's SEX PANDA is poking out of her suitcase. Before Amy can  
stop her, Charmaine pulls out the bear. Amy and Molly watch  
in horror as she starts SNUGGLING it to her face.

CHARMAINE (CONT'D)

You give Amy these kisses for me  
when she gets lonely, okay  
Lingling? All the way from America!

She gives the bear little kisses. The girls recoil--

MOLLY

Make that stop--

AMY

Okay give him back now! I wanna zip  
up my suitcase!

Doug walks in and brightens when he sees--

DOUG

Lingling! Lemme get in there--

MOLLY

NO!

AMY

NO!

Molly slaps Lingling out of Charmaine's hand before she can  
hand it to Doug. An awkward beat.

DOUG

Uh, Amy, there's someone here to  
see you.

He gestures out through the window -- it's Hope.

MOLLY

Why is she here?  
(sees Amy blushing)  
Amy! *Why is she here?*

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Molly crouches to spy through the window as Amy walks outside, morning-after shy.

AMY

Hey.

HOPE

Hey.

(then)

I just wanted to bring back your clothes.

She hands Amy a plastic bag. Behind Hope, Molly freaks out and starts SIGNING as Amy tries to ignore her.

AMY

Thank you. Thank you so much.  
I don't usually leave my underwear places that...aren't my room.

HOPE

I figured.

AMY

How was-- did you-- are you okay?

HOPE

Yeah, I'm fine. Are you okay?

AMY

Yeah. You know, prison kinda changes you, but...

Hope laughs. Amy grins.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm fine. I'm sorry. I just kinda have no idea what I'm doing with that stuff yet.

HOPE

Well, for someone who has no idea what they're doing...you kinda know what you're doing.

She raises her eyebrows and gives Amy a little smile. Amy blushes so hard she laughs. She might die.

AMY

That's-- um-- that's cool. So what are you, how is your summer going?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY (CONT'D)

I mean, what are you doing this summer?

HOPE

I think I'm gonna backpack around for a bit.

AMY

Really? Where?

HOPE

I don't really know. Anywhere I can find a couch to crash. I just wanna see some stuff before college.

AMY

That's-- me too. Same. That's why I'm doing a gap year.

A nice moment. They weren't expecting that.

HOPE

Well, have fun, nerd.

She hands Amy a slip of paper with her information on it. Amy takes it, stunned. Hope starts to walk away, and Amy calls after her--

AMY

If you ever end up in Botswana, you'd have a couch to crash on.  
(can't help herself)  
Technically it won't be my couch because I'm staying with a family but I'm sure they'll be cool with it!

Hope smile at her and keeps walking. Amy celebrates, then sprints inside--

AMY (CONT'D)

Molly!

EXT. LAX - DAY

Amy's car inches around the bustling, chaotic airport.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Amy, this thing drives like a cruise ship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY (O.S.)

Well, she's yours now. Take care  
of the old Volvo for me.

INT. AMY'S CAR - DAY/EXT. LAX - DAY

Molly drives, Amy shotgun, back to riding like buddy cops.

MOLLY

Speaking of vulvas, remember when  
you missed Hope's and just went  
straight for that BUTTHOLE!

AMY

Once a day. I said you could bring  
it up once a day--

MOLLY

I'm stocking up for your travel  
days!

They both laugh. Molly pulls over and stops the car. Their  
laughs die down.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

It's so weird being on the driver's  
side. Everything feels off.

AMY

I can't believe I'm not gonna see  
you tomorrow.

MOLLY

Call me from your weird  
international flip phone, okay?

AMY

I will. Okay bye. I love you.

MOLLY

Bye. I love you.

AMY

Bye.

Amy gets out and heaves out her bag.

MOLLY

Go make those tampons, girl.

AMY

I will! Bye.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MOLLY

Bye.

Amy just stands there in the window.

AMY

What's a year, right?

They can't look at each other. Amy closes the door and Molly pulls back into the traffic. She turns back, but Amy's not looking. Molly tries to get a hold of herself as she inches away, lost in thought. This is the next phase of her--

BAM! Suddenly an out-of-breath Amy slams up against the passenger window. Molly SCREAMS.

MOLLY

Oh my GOD! What the fuck is wrong with you?! I was going through a thing! I was going through a whole emotional goodbye thing!

Amy dives back into the passenger seat, out of breath.

AMY

I can be the last one on the plane.  
(grins)  
Wanna get pancakes?

Molly beams.

MOLLY

Fuck yeah I do.

SLAM TO BLACK!