

BESTIES

by
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EXT. NORFOLK POND - SUNSET

A murky green pond dotted with floating litter.

NADINE ROSTAMI (16) skinny, self-conscious posture, a face that hasn't quite grown into her nose, stands on the pond's BRIDGE staring into the muck. She clutches a LARGE DUFFLE BAG and talks into her CELL PHONE.

NADINE

I just called to tell you I'm chucking everything you ever gave me into the Norfolk pond. Yes, that disgusting scummy festering cesspool they haven't drained in a hundred years and that has like 8 Cheeto bags and a dead squirrel floating in it right this very moment. Every birthday present, all our pictures, that Canada sweatshirt you got me from Canada that's my favorite because the inside is still fuzzy after a billion washes... yeah, even *that*. That's how dead serious I am. I just have one last thing to say to you so listen closely because I'm not going to repeat myself: I nev--

VOICEMAIL LADY (V.O.)

Thank you. Your message has been sent.

NADINE

Motherfucker.

Nadine's not sure what to do. This really blows. After a beat, she dials again.

KRISTA (V.O.)

It's Krista, leave a message and try to keep it short because I think I have ADD. No, I'm serious.

BEEP.

NADINE

Your stupid voicemail lady cut me off and it wasn't very good fricking timing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE (CONT'D)
 Anyway, as I was saying: I'm never
 talking to you again. This
 friendship... *is officially over.*

She hangs up and unzips the bag, ready to dump its contents,
 when we:

FADE IN:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND/RECESS - DAY

NADINE (V.O.)
*Krista and I had been best friends
 since the day we met back in the
 Spring of 2nd grade.*

Crouched under the PLASTIC SLIDE, we find LITTLE NADINE (6),
 heavy brows and the faintest hint of a mustache even at this
 age, and LITTLE KRISTA (6), blonde, chubby, glasses an inch
 thick, playing Barbies together. Nadine has KEN's pants off
 and is making him hump Krista's SKIPPER doll.

KRISTA
 My name's Krista, what's yours?

NADINE
 Nadine Hamidi Yousefa Rostami.

KRISTA
 (impressed)
 Wow, that's abuncha words. You're
 real good at the Ken, too.

NADINE
 You think so?

Krista smiles. Nadine beams, making Ken hump even faster.
 Then, an idea:

NADINE (CONT'D)
 Hey, you wanna be best friends?

KRISTA
 (shrugs)
 Sounds good to me I guess.

NADINE (V.O.)
And that was it.

CUT TO:

B.F.F.S MONTAGE ---

EXT. NADINE'S SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

NADINE (V.O.)
*From that day forward, we were
 inseparable.*

Covered in head-to-toe protective pads, Nadine and Krista nervously roller-skate down the sidewalk, holding each other's hands for support, both horribly uncoordinated.

Nadine's older brother, DARIAN (8), bikes by with his friends.

LITTLE DARIAN
 (startling them)
 Lesbos!!!

They lose their balance and eat it.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME DOORSTEP - HALLOWEEN NIGHT

NADINE (V.O.)
We started doing everything alike.

Dressed in matching SHREK COSTUMES, they rush up to a doorstep, sticking out their plastic pumpkins for candy.

SUBURBAN MOM
 Aww, you boys make such adorable
 ogres.

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NADINE (V.O.)
We learned new things together.

Now 9-years-old, Nadine and Krista are frozen in front of the television, their eyes as big as baseballs.

Turn to reveal: They found the CINEMAX channel.

Darian suddenly pops up from behind the couch.

LITTLE DARIAN
 You big fat perverted molesters!
 I'm telling mom!

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM - DAY

NADINE (V.O.)
And kept nothing secret.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now 12-years-old, a taller, lankier Nadine gets up off the toilet, looks down into the bowl and SCREAMS.

She rips open the stall door and frantically calls Krista inside, their faces awash with amazement and disgust.

INT. SAV-ON CHECK OUT LINE - LATER THAT DAY

A lone box of ULTRA ABSORBENT MAXI-PADS goes by on the conveyer belt. Nadine and Krista hide their faces in magazines as the MALE CASHIER rings them up.

NADINE

*As we grew up, theoretically, we
should've grown apart.*

INT. OPTOMETRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Now 14, Krista trades in her glasses for CONTACT LENSES. She smiles for Nadine, showing off the 'new her.'

KRISTA

(blinking uncontrollably)
Whaddaya think?

NADINE

(sincerely impressed)
Woooooowwwwww.

INT. ESTHETICIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

An ASIAN WOMAN rips a cloth strip off 14-year-old Nadine's upper lip, taking her mustache with it.

NADINE

(to Krista)
Do I still look like him, or is it
better now?

She holds up a PHOTO of PEDRO FROM NAPOLEON DYNAMITE for comparison. Even without the mustache, the resemblance is uncanny.

KRISTA

You don't look like a small Mexican
boy *at all* anymore. We're so ready
for high school.

INT. SUNNY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL DANCE - NIGHT

Nadine and Krista are all dolled up... and sitting alone on the bleachers, guy after guy walking right past them without so much as a glance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE (V.O.)
*But as it turned out, growing up
 just made us closer.*

NADINE (CONT'D)
 Fuck these people.

Krista nods in agreement. They head for the door.

NADINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That is, until it didn't...

RECORD SCREECHES TO A HALT and we END MONTAGE.

EXT. SUNNY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL QUAD - LUNCH TIME

Everyone is sectioned off into cliques: Mean Girls eyeing their manicures and complaining about the heat. Jocks with their pecks flexed. The Dorks. The Drama Kids. The one pregnant chick and her boyfriend who knows his life is over, aaaaaaaaand--

Nadine and Krista, now 16, still just the two of them. Nadine has grown out her Pedro haircut and shaped her brows (shooting for Kim Kardashian but landing somewhere around Mayim Bialik). It's an awkward, grows-on-you kind of cuteness. Krista is blonde, pretty in a tomboy sort of way, wearing a *Radiohead* t-shirt. They're sitting under a tree with a penis carved into it.

KRISTA
 We have to relocate. The penistree smells like barf.

NADINE
 (eating an enormous burrito)
 I love the penistree, it's been our spot since freshman year.

KRISTA
 Ehh. I feel like we need a change.

NADINE (V.O.)
*That should've been my first clue:
 Change. But I was too busy scouring
 the quad for--*

Nadine suddenly stops eating her burrito.

NADINE (CONT'D)
 (dreamily)
 Hot Soccer Dan...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He's walking out of the cafeteria -- handsome, tan, and wearing a bright red and green RONALDO JERSEY. Time stops and the music swells as he runs his fingers through his hair.

Nadine gazes at him longingly, mesmerized. All of the sudden her burrito SMASHES INTO HER FACE, beans and rice everywhere.

NADINE (CONT'D)

What the hell, idiot?!

Nadine's brother, Darian, cracks up. He's now 18, buff, gorgeous, and insanely popular. He and his buddy FUTCH (17) linebacker's build, carry JACK IN BOX bags.

DARIAN

Oh sorry, did I bump you? Tell mom I'll be home late, Futch is having a party.

NADINE

(wiping burrito off her cheek)

Screw you, tell her your gay self!

DARIAN

You should try smiling more, it's good for you.

NADINE

You should try.... *not sucking more! And not being so dumb and retarded...more.*

Darian frowns at her pitiful comeback. Feels bad for her.

DARIAN

I love you, Nadine.

Nadine rolls her eyes, watches as Darian walks over to the FLAGPOLE where the popular people hang out. Every single person stops what they're doing to greet *Darian The King*. He owns this school.

CARLY CORVETTI (17), vampire-gorgeous with a hint of crazy, makes tragic bedroom eyes at him. He hardly notices.

THREE SOPHOMORE GIRLS approach Nadine.

SOPHOMORE GIRL #1

Excuse me, is that true? You're *Darian Rostami's* little sister?

She gets it. They think she's cool just by association.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NADINE

Uh, yeah. Yeah, I am.

SOPHOMORE GIRL #1

Wow! You guys are so different,
it's almost like--

(turns to her friends)

What's that old movie where it
turns out Arnold Schwarzenegger is
twins with that short fat bald guy?

(friends have no idea)

You know! It's on TBS a lot, it's
from the 80's? And Arnold's like
big and buff and good-looking and
cool? And then his twin is just
like the leftover waste of genetic
shit?

(they still have no idea)

Come on, I know you guys know this!

NADINE

Twins. The fucking movie is called
Twins.

SOPHOMORE GIRL #1

Twins! Exactly, exactly!

(realizes)

I mean, but no offense...

Nadine's smidgen of confidence has already been squashed.

EXT. "GOLF N STUFF" MINIGOLF & FAMILY FUN PARK - THAT NIGHT

Nadine and Krista play a round of minigolf.

NADINE

I hate every single person we go to
school with.

KRISTA

I'm telling you, those girls are
morons.

NADINE

And my stupid brother. I just want
to kick his annoying face off.

KRISTA

Hmmm.

NADINE

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTA

No, I was just wondering if that's possible. Kicking someone's face off.

NADINE

Oh yeah. Sure. Let's say I'm like a small Asian Karate master and I just keep kicking his face and kicking his face, bah! bah! bah!, and then finally after like 45 minutes, his face is all bloody and mutilated and dangling off the bone like roast beef and shit. Uh huh, absolutely possible. 100%.

KRISTA

Yeah, okay. Yeah, I'll buy that.

NADINE

Anyway, whatever, let's not talk about him. Hey, so I had an idea for us for prom.

KRISTA

Yeah?

NADINE

Get this. Hot dog suits. Matching ones. It'll be awesome, 'cause it'll be like, "*Hey fuckers, You know how much we give a shit about prom? We're dressed like pork wieners, that's how much.*" You know what I'm saying?

KRISTA

That's awesome, I love it.

NADINE

Me too, me too. Is it kinda pathetic, though? I don't wanna look pathetic, ya know?

KRISTA

No, no. It's badass. We're totally doing it.

Nadine grins.

ERWIN (O.S.)

Nadine, is that you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Nadine spins around to find ERWIN KIM (16), Korean, stoop-shouldered, velcro sandals with socks.

NADINE

Oh, hey....(searching)...Korean guy
from my Chem Class.

ERWIN

It's Erwin. Erwin Kim.

NADINE

Yep, yeah. What are you doing here?

ERWIN

Oh nothin', you know, just hanging
with my bros...

(butchers it)

Chillizzillin'...like a bowwss.

Just then, ERWIN'S PARENTS bark at him in Korean, gesturing for him to rejoin their game. He pretends that didn't just happen.

ERWIN (CONT'D)

Anyway, so, uh, you know that tree
you guys always sit under? I took
too much Tylenol Cold and
accidentally puked my lunch down
the trunk the other day. I was
aiming for the trash can, sorry.

Krista gives Nadine a "toldja" look.

KRISTA

We appreciate the honesty.

ERWIN

And, um, also...I really like your
sweatshirt, Nadine. It's nice.

She's wearing the CANADA SWEATSHIRT.

NADINE

Oh. Thanks.

ERWIN

So's your hair and shoes and eyes
and teeth and socks.

NADINE

Wow. Okay. Thanks.

Erwin turns red, realizing that might have been overkill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ERWIN

'kay, I gotta get back to my
friends now.

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Nadine and Krista and sprawled out on the couch.

KRISTA

Erwin Kim is your new lover.

NADINE

Shut up.

KRISTA

He totally imagines you undressing
him. Sloooooowly un-velcroing his
man-sandals.

NADINE

Whatever. That guy on youtube with
the hundred pound Elephantitis
balls is your new lover.

KRISTA

Aww, I feel sorry for that guy.

NADINE

I know, me too. Sometimes I drift
off in class and I'm just like,
"...that poor man and his poor big
balls, what's he doing *right now?*"

KRISTA

You know what, screw it, for twenty
million bucks, I would be his
lover. Okay, maybe not lover, but
I'd give him a real quick handjob
just to be nice and make his day.

NADINE

Wow, I had no idea you were such a
humanitarian, Krista.

KRISTA

I try to ask myself What Would
Jesus Do...

They both laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE (O.S.)
*But if I'd been paying attention,
 I'd have known that Krista feeling
 uncharacteristically charitable in
 the Handy Department was actually
 clue number two.*

Through the front door comes Nadine's mom, MONA (43), poofed hair, wearing every piece of jewelry she owns. Her boyfriend, JERRY (45) follows behind, a muscled-out gym rat in a too-tight Hawaiian shirt.

NADINE (CONT'D)
 Hey, how was The Olive Garden?

MONA
 Great. I ate 400 breadsticks and
 Jerry shared some really exciting
 news.

NADINE
 (not interested)
 That's nice.

JERRY
 Well I didn't want to make a huge
 deal of it, but... I was offered a
 pretty sweet job today.

NADINE
 (perks up)
 Oh really? Like what kind of job?

NADINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*As long it was in any other field.
 ANY. OTHER. FIELD.*

FLASH TO:

EXT. SUNNY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL PICK-UP ZONE - DAY

Jerry rolls up in a THREE WHEELER METER MAID VEHICLE to pick up Nadine from school, still in his weight-lifting gloves.

NADINE
 (mortified)
 I said I'd take the bus!

Jerry spots somebody doing something illegal.

JERRY
 What's this dipshit doing? Hey
 dipshit!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY (CONT'D)

Do you not see the Loading Zone sign, or are you just an asshole?

Nadine looks up to see he's yelling at a NICE LITTLE OLD LADY wearing a sweater with dancing penguins on it, who works in the front office. Hot Soccer Dan is observing all this, too. She sinks into her seat, dying.

BACK TO:

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JERRY

Parking Enforcement offered me a job at headquarters. No more work on the route for this guy.

NADINE

No more work on the route?! Are you serious?!

JERRY

Got my own office now and everything. Big desk, new computer, window.

(then)

Phone, printer, eraser board, carpet, automatic hole punch, stapler, pack of multi-color Sharpies. Hole punch.

NADINE

Wow, sounds like you're really runnin' shit, Jerry.

MONA

Anyway, we think this calls for a mini-vacation. Drive up to Santa Barbara for the weekend to celebrate, whaddaya say?

NADINE

Can Krista come?

MONA

You'll have to talk to Darian. Corolla only seats five and he'll probably want to bring Futch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

Oh screw Futch. How's that fair?
Darian's out getting wasted with a
bunch of dumb sluts, I'm here
drinking Diet Sprite with my
parents. I'm the good child, I
should be rewarded.

JERRY

How about I flip a coin. Heads,
Krista. Tales, Futch.

NADINE

No. No way. That's totally un--

JERRY

(already flipped it)
Heads. Krista wins.

NADINE

Ha! Yes! Darian can suck it!
(mimes him sucking it)
He can suck it, suck it, suuuck it.
Aww yeah. And then slap it. Slap
it. Really slap it.
(mimes slapping it)

JERRY

Slap it? Why slap it?

NADINE

(walks away)
I'm a winner.

INT. NADINE'S DRIVEWAY - NEXT MORNING

They pack up the car for the trip.

DARIAN

A coin toss doesn't count if I'm
not there for it.

NADINE

You lost. Sorry, loser.

Nadine heads inside for her bag, Krista gets in the car.

DARIAN

Mom, let's talk about this, I don't
thin--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA

Oh give it up, Darian. You've been cut enough breaks in life, let your poor sister at least have this.

NADINE

Jeez, mom, you make me sound like some kind of reject.

MONA

Sorry. I thought you went inside.

INT. JERRY'S TOYOTA COROLLA - LITTLE LATER

They're all piled in the car, on the way.

KRISTA

What's the address up there, anyway? I told my mom I'd text her.

NADINE

Oh, change of plans.

KRISTA

What? No more Santa Barbara?

JERRY

Well, I thought about it and I was like, you know what, we could go there anytime. Let's go somewhere really special. Somewhere incredible, somewhere we'll--

NADINE

(cuts to the chase)
Casino Morongo.

KRISTA

We're going to an Indian Casino?

JERRY

With a buffet that's going to knock your socks off. You guys like seafood?

KRISTA

No.

NADINE

No.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Then they've got a hell of a swimming pool.

EXT. CASINO MORONGO SWIMMING POOL - A LITTLE LATER

It's 112 degrees out and the pool is UNDER RENOVATION.

JERRY

Whoops, maybe shoulda called first.

MONA

Gallagher's performing, you guys should go see him.

NADINE

Who's Gallagher?

JERRY

He's a comedian from the 80's. He smashes fruit with a big hammer.

NADINE

And that's funny?

JERRY

Of course it is, fruit's goddamn hilarious. Welp, we'll be at the blackjack table.

MONA

Wear sunscreen and just because you got your own room doesn't mean you can charge crap to it.

They head off, leaving them. Darian starts laughing.

DARIAN

God I'm so bummed Futch isn't here for this raging fun time.

NADINE

Oh shut up.

DARIAN

You know, I don't know how it's possible, but even when I lose, I still manage to win.

NADINE

You didn't win, Darian. You did not win in any way, shape, or form.

KRISTA

He really kinda did, though, didn't he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

Krista. Jeez.

DARIAN

I don't know, I think God just watches out for me, ya know? I'm like his little buddy. I'm like Jesus Christ with a cooler haircut.

Nadine just stares at him a beat. Then:

NADINE

This is officially it. Tonight is the night I kill you in your sleep and feel no remorse.

INT. CASINO MORONGO LOBBY - A LITTLE LATER

They linger outside the casino, coming up with a plan.

KRISTA

So how are we doing this again?

NADINE

We just calmly, slowly stroll past security. Don't walk fast, it's suspicious. Just a nice casual stroll.

DARIAN

You guys are so dumb if you think anyone'll buy you're 21.

NADINE

Hey, you're lucky we're even letting you hang out with us, okay?

DARIAN

Oh yeah, I'm real lucky.

NADINE

You are. You'd have nothing to do. You'd have to watch Gallagher, that's how fucked you'd be!

KRISTA

So after we stroll in?

NADINE

Right, so once we're in ear shot of the guards, you'll be all like,
(fake adult voice)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE (CONT'D)

"Ahhh, income tax sucks so hard" and I'm like, "you should see my commute to the office." And then we order Vodka Gimlets and bitch about our husbands pissing on the seat.

KRISTA

We have husbands? Are they hot?

NADINE

They're both insanely hot model-slash-Veterinarians. Come on, balls to the wall, let's do this.

They go in for the kill. They almost make it to a slot machine when a MAN IN A SUIT (40's) approaches.

MAN IN SUIT

Excuse me, ladies, can I--

NADINE

(immediately)

We're underage, I'm so sorry!!!

MAN IN SUIT

(trails off)

...get...you a drink...

NADINE

Shit.

(then, why not)

Two Vodka Gimlets?

INT. CASINO MORONGO SEAFOOD BUFFET - A LITTLE LATER

The three of them sit in a booth, Darian eats a crab.

DARIAN

Well, I'm amazed. I'm just absolutely amazed that didn't work.

NADINE

You know what? I hope that crab wakes up and punches you in the face.

DARIAN

You hope it wakes up? It's dead, not sleeping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

I hope that crab miraculously comes back to life and claws the fucking shit out of your face and pokes out your eyeballs and then takes a big dump on your head.

DARIAN

That's pretty elaborate for a crab, wow.

KRISTA

Maybe they have a deck of cards in the gift shop. We could play Spoons or something.

NADINE

We're not playing Spoons.

KRISTA

What's wrong with Spoons?

NADINE

It's stupid and it's not fun, and we're gonna have fun even if it freaking sucks!

A BUS BOY enters from the back room dollying a case of JIM BEAM towards the bar.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Hold on. I have an idea.

Nadine gets up, trying to formulate a plan. She's got it. She jogs overs to the bus boy, frantically taps his shoulder.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Excuse me, sir, that lady is choking! Please, quick, you've gotta help her!

BUSBOY

Who? What lady?!

NADINE

The elderly woman with the oxygen tank!

He turns to look, and the entire restaurant is elderly women with oxygen tanks. As he runs off to find the victim, Nadine quickly snakes a couple of bottles.

INT. CASINO MORONGO HOTEL ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Nadine does a dance, sloshing booze into their cups.

NADINE

Who is awesome?! Who is just one
big fat awesomesauce sandwich with
extra awesome dressing?

DARIAN

Okay, you did good, shut up.

KRISTA

(checks the mini-fridge)
We need a mixer, what's in here?

NADINE

Not me, I have gum.

DARIAN

Gum? Are you retarded? You can't
use *gum* as a mixer.

NADINE

Yes you can, you mix it with your
spit the old fashion way. I've seen
it done on TV like a thousand
times.

DARIAN

No you haven't, who's ever done
that even once?

NADINE

Like basically everyone who's not a
big gigantic pussy, okay!
(knocks back a shot, grimaces)
GOD THAT'S DELICIOUSLY MINTY!!!

KRISTA

Nadine, you better pace yourself.

NADINE

(pouring herself another)
Thanks, mom!

INT. CASINO MORONGO HOTEL BATHROOM - LATER

Nadine is curled up in the bathtub, hammered and suddenly in
a very dark place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

You know what my problem is in life? I've really been thinking about this a lot... It's my head.

Krista leans against the opposite wall, only slightly less inebriated.

KRISTA

What's going on in your head?

NADINE

No, no, my actual head. My skull. It's too small. Before I thought my nose was too big, but now I'm thinking it's actually just that my head's too small. It makes me look ridiculous. I think that's why no guy I like ever likes me, like Hot Soccer Dan. And here's the really fucked up part, okay? There's no surgery for it. Even if I win the lotto or become the first female president, I'll still be stuck with a weird little shrunken Beetlejuice head for the rest of my life. And then I think... why even go on?

KRISTA

You do this every time you drink, Nadine. Get all depressed.

NADINE

No I do not! I do not! Yes I do. I do, I'm a depressed person with a big nose and a tennis ball head and that's the truth. I'm gonna barf right here down the bathtub drain.

KRISTA

Okay.

Nadine leans over and pukes.

NADINE

That was good. And you wanna know the other thing, too?

KRISTA

What?

But when Krista looks over, Nadine's passed out cold. She rolls up a towel, wedges it under Nadine's head as a pillow.

INT. CASINO MORONGO HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darian lies on the bed, watching TV, pretty wasted. Krista stumbles in, trying to keep her balance.

KRISTA
What are you doing?

DARIAN
I'm boning a Pygmy goat.

KRISTA
Um, okay.

DARIAN
Hey, you know that joke I told earlier about the Pygmy goat and how I was boning it, but I really wasn't because I was watching Antique Roadshow instead?

KRISTA
Yeah?

DARIAN
That was hilarious.

KRISTA
It was pretty good.

DARIAN
Come're.

She walks over and Darian fills up her cup, then his.

DARIAN (CONT'D)
Cheers. My sister passed out?

KRISTA
I think she had too much.

DARIAN
Do me a huge favor and take my socks off for me?

KRISTA
Ew, no.

DARIAN
Please. I'd do it myself but they're so far away from my hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTA

I'm not touching your gross socks,
Darian.

DARIAN

I'll give you a million dollars.

KRISTA

You don't have a million dollars.

DARIAN

I'll rob a bank.

KRISTA

You'll go to jail.

DARIAN

Then I'll-- OH SHHHHIT!

KRISTA

What?

DARIAN

Oh, no way. I'm gonna kill her.

KRISTA

What?

He sits up and turns his head around to reveal: Nadine's GUM is stuck in the back of his hair. Krista starts cracking up.

DARIAN

I knew I smelled peppermint! Aw
crap, it's all matted in there,
too.

KRISTA

You need peanut butter.

DARIAN

Where am I gonna get peanut butter?

KRISTA

You need ice. Hold on. Come here.

She stumbles over to the ICE BUCKET, brings it back and plops down right next to him on the bed.

DARIAN

(re: her sudden close proximity)
Well, *okay then*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KRISTA
Oh stop it.

DARIAN
I'm not saying anything.

KRISTA
Shhh. Hold still.

She applies an ice cube to the gum.

DARIAN
Did it work?

KRISTA
It's been *one* second.

DARIAN
(one more second)
Did it work now?

KRISTA
I'm gonna kill you.

He smirks.

DARIAN
Wow, I've never seen you this up close. It's like I flipped over to Krista HD. Helloooooo, pores.

KRISTA
(feeling exposed)
Oh god, jeez.

DARIAN
No, it's interesting. You have a major shitload of freckles, too.

KRISTA
Thanks a lot.

DARIAN
You're Irish, right?
(singing, high-pitch Irish accent)
Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are callin'...
That song's Irish, isn't it?
(awful "big band" voice)
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.
That was with a Sinatra twist that time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KRISTA

It's amazing you're not in glee club.

DARIAN

I thought about it, but then I was like, you know, the hours, the commitment, having to tell my mom I'm gay...

Krista practically spits up her drink laughing. She takes some of his hair with her.

DARIAN (CONT'D)

Ouch, Jesus, you just ripped out half my scalp!

KRISTA

(still laughing)

Sorry sorry sorry!

He watches her laugh, liking this side of her.

DARIAN

Oh my god, and you totally laugh like Fran Drescher.

KRISTA

(laughs more)

No I do not!

DARIAN

No, you really do though.

KRISTA

Hey, you better be nice to me, I could leave this thing where it's at.

DARIAN

You're right, I apologize, your laughter is like harp music. How we doing back there? Progress?

KRISTA

Open your hand.

Krista deposits the HAIRY PIECE OF GUM into it.

DARIAN

Wow, that is...that is... just horribly disgusting.

(then, uber dramatic)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DARIAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to keep it for the rest of life.

KRISTA

Shut up.

DARIAN

In a jar, on my shelf, and every time I look at it, I'll think of... well, probably not you, actually. I'll probably just be like, "Ew, shit, that gum's still there?!"

She laughs again. He smiles. **And then, before either of them knows what's happening, he's kissing her.** Krista pulls away, shocked.

KRISTA

Whoa! What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuh-uh-uck?!

DARIAN

I don't know, I don't know, that was weird, I don't know!

They just look at each other for a second, freaked out. **Then just as quickly they're all over each other again.**

INT. JERRY'S TOYOTA COROLLA - NEXT DAY

The car ride back. It's eerily silent. Nadine stares at Krista, puzzled.

NADINE

Something's weird.

KRISTA

Hmmm?

NADINE

Something's weird, I can't put my finger on it, but something's off. It's a vibe.

KRISTA

Maybe you're car sick.

NADINE

That's not it.

KRISTA

Did you eat something bad? Maybe your bacon was tainted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

My bacon was outstanding. My
bacon's never been anything short
of it.

KRISTA

I have no idea then.

Darian just stares straight ahead, not saying a word.

INT. SHHHS GIRL'S BATHROOM / HANDICAPPED STALL - MORNING

Nadine sits on the rim of the toilet, trying to digest this.

KRISTA

I am so, so, so, so, so sorry! I
don't know how it happened!

NADINE

Oh my god. Oh my god, I can't
breathe. It's like, I wanna puke
but I also wanna gouge my eyes out
and I don't know which to do first!

KRISTA

I should've told you earlier, I
feel terrible!

NADINE

How far are we talking about here?
No, don't tell me. Yes, tell me.
No, don't.

KRISTA

It wasn't that far, I promise.

NADINE

How far is not far? Second base?

KRISTA

Uhhhhhhh.

NADINE

Nooooo! You went all the way to
third base?

KRISTA

Oh god, I'm so sorry!

NADINE

A handjob?! You gave my brother a
handjob?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTA

It was a really quick one though!
Like the fastest I've ever rubbed
one out in my life, I'm serious!

NADINE

(covers her ears)
Oh god oh god oh god! La la la la!

KRISTA

I'll shut up, I'll just shut up!

Nadine gets a hold of herself.

NADINE

Okay... I'm okay...
(beat)
Wait a minute. Don't tell me you
actually *like* him?

KRISTA

What? Noooooooo. I was drunk. I was
out of my mind.

NADINE

Because he's a gigantic asshat,
Krista.

KRISTA

I know.

NADINE

Like, the gigantic-est.

KRISTA

I know.

NADINE

And he farts constantly. And he
sticks his finger in his
bellybutton and then sniffs it.

KRISTA

He does?

NADINE

Like. It's. His. Job.

Krista looks horrified.

KRISTA

I don't like him, okay? Trust me, I
don't like him one bit.

INT. SHHS / DARIAN'S LOCKER - BETWEEN CLASSES

Darian's walking to class with Futch when Nadine corners him.

NADINE

Why don't you just go ahead and
grow yourself a little mustache,
huh Darian?

DARIAN

What are you talking about?

NADINE

Just grow a little mustache and
start hanging out in a park
bathroom with a bag of candy
because that's what you are: one
big Molestersaurus Rex.

DARIAN

Oh Christ, are you kidding me?

She turns to Futch.

NADINE

That's right, Futch, your best
friend took advantage of an
innocent girl and scarred her for
life.

FUTCH

Okay, I don't what you're saying,
but you sound like a dumbass.

DARIAN

Hey. I'm the only who calls my
sister a dumbass.

FUTCH

(immediately)
Totally kidding, Nadine.

NADINE

Whatever. Just know this, Darian.
Know this and never forget it:
(long dramatic pause)
You...are...gross.

She turns and walks off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE (CONT'D)

I really wanted to exit on a better insult than that, but my hamster brain wasn't giving me shit. Tomorrow in the shower I'll come up with like 50 zingers. I always do my best thinking in the shower. For instance this morning it occurred to me that if my hair is bigger, it'll create the illusion that my head is actually bigger. Who knows, maybe even normal-sized.

Just then, somebody slams into Nadine from behind. Her CHEMISTRY BOOK goes flying.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Hey, watch where you're--

But it's HOT SOCCER DAN.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Uh --
(immediately fluffs up her hair)
Hi.

HOT SOCCER DAN

Sorry. I'm late to my class.

He picks the book up, hands it to her.

NADINE

Yeah, no, that's completely alright and cool.

He keeps walking.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Oh, and um, my name's--

But he's about 40 feet down the hall now. She curses herself.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Daaaah! Quicker, you have to be quicker!

ERWIN

What's wrong? You look all--
(makes a frazzled face)

NADINE

Nothing. Crap, I just remembered I forgot to do my Chem homework.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERWIN

You can copy mine.

NADINE

Are you serious?

ERWIN

Yeah, why not?

NADINE

No, I just feel bad. I feel like you shouldn't just let me do that, Erwin.

ERWIN

Okay, then you can't then.

NADINE

(beat)

Maybe if I just copy like 90% and guess on the rest? That's not really cheating.

He hands it to her. She looks at it a sec, then:

NADINE (CONT'D)

Hey, listen. I feel like maybe I should go ahead and clear something up though. I get the sense you might have a little, I don't know, crush on me, so I just want to be up front: I don't really see you like that. Like *at all*.

ERWIN

Um. Okay. But you don't even know me.

NADINE

That's true.

ERWIN

I mean, what if you get to know me and you're all like, "oh wow, Erwin's even funnier than Will Ferrell in that one movie." Or "Whoa, Erwin's brain's so big he makes Einstein look like a dumb-dumb." What then?

NADINE

Did you just use the word "dumb-dumb"?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ERWIN

No.

NADINE

Okay, fine. Are you funnier than Will Ferrell? Do you make Einstein look dumb?

ERWIN

No, but once I rode my bike really fast with my eyes closed and I eat *a frigging serious lot* of lactose despite my intolerance.

NADINE

Uh huh. I'm probably gonna stick with my original plan. Sorry. Do you want this back then?

She holds up his homework.

ERWIN

I guess not.

EXT. SHHS / KRISTA'S LOCKER - A LITTLE LATER

Krista digs through her locker - it's wallpapered with AL PACINO pictures. Al in The Godfather, Al in Scarface, Al holding his Oscar. Darian approaches.

DARIAN

Why would you think it was a good idea to tell my sister that?

KRISTA

She's my best friend, I tell her everything.

DARIAN

And I love how you twisted it into me taking advantage of you when you know it was *you* who was all up in my bidnass.

KRISTA

Oh yeah right, in your dreams!

DARIAN

You were! You were basically like, *Oh, Darian. Let me help you get that gum out of your hair...*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARIAN (CONT'D)
(imitates her, licking his
lips and rubbing his
nipples)

KRISTA
I've never done that nipple move in
my life and you didn't even say one
word to me the whole next day!

DARIAN
Well I wanted to, but it was weird!

Krista exhales. They just stand there a beat.

DARIAN (CONT'D)
So you wanna grab a burger tonight?

KRISTA
Are you serious?

DARIAN
Maybe.

KRISTA
What kind of burger.

DARIAN
Cheese. No cheese.

KRISTA
Um... okay.

DARIAN
Come by around 7, I'll be back from
practice.

INT. NADINE'S BATHROOM - THAT EVENING

Nadine is spraying her hair into what basically amounts to a
beehive, but not that good. She's checking herself out from
every angle. Darian walks in, sweaty from football.

DARIAN
I need to get in the shower.

NADINE
Nope.

She keeps teasing her hair, eyeing herself.

DARIAN
'kay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks past her, picks up the TOILET BRUSH, rubs it around in the toilet water and points the dripping bristles at her.

NADINE
(inching away from it)
Whoa whoa whoa!

He forces her right out the door, SLAMS it shut, locks it.

NADINE (CONT'D)
A bristle hit my thumb, you idiot!
I hope I die of e-coli just so you
feel guilty the rest of your life!

The DOORBELL RINGS.

INT. NADINE'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Nadine opens it to find Krista at the threshold.

NADINE
Hey, what are you doing here?

KRISTA
Uh, well--

NADINE
It's good, I need your help with my hair. I know it looks like a rat's nest, but is it in a cool, hip, Amy Winehouse kind of way? Or more just like "hi, the mental hospital confiscated my hairbrush"? Be honest.

KRISTA
I think maybe more the second one.

NADINE
Crap, I kinda thought so.

Krista steps inside. Nadine heads up the stairs.

NADINE (CONT'D)
Hey, so any word if your mom's friend can sew the hotdog suits for us?

KRISTA
Yeah, she's gonna make 'em out of polyfiber foam, that way they'll bend and breathe but still maintain their hotdoggy shape. Cool, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

Love it. Genius.

(realizes)

Why are you still standing there?

Come upstairs.

KRISTA

Uh... well, actually, I need to tell you something, and I don't know how you're going to take it.

Nadine freezes.

NADINE

Oh no, is Hot Soccer Dan in a coma?
Oh god.

KRISTA

No, no, he's fine. It's just that... I didn't really come here to hang out.

NADINE

Okay...

KRISTA

I came here to grab a burger.
(beat)
With your brother.

Nadine says nothing. Absolutely nothing.

KRISTA (CONT'D)

I know. I know. This is very weird. And I know I said I didn't like him. But then he asked me to get a burger. And then I said yes. And then... Well that's pretty much the whole story actually.

NADINE

Like...like a *date*?

KRISTA

No, I don't think it's a date. I think it's more just two people casually enjoying ground beef on a bun together.

NADINE

That sounds like every date I've ever imagined being on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Darian comes down the stairs, all spruced up for the date.

NADINE (CONT'D)
Oh my god he has his good jeans on!

DARIAN
See you later, Nader.

As they head out the door, Krista turns back to Nadine.

KRISTA
Are you okay? Tell me you're okay
and you're not pissed.

Nadine just stands there. Wordless, awestruck.

DARIAN
Eh, she's fine.

He shuts the door.

EXT. SHHS HALLWAY - MORNING

Nadine eats breakfast as Krista tentatively approaches.

NADINE
Hey. How are you?

KRISTA
Fine. You?

NADINE
Good. Hashbrown square?

She takes one, eyeing Nadine.

KRISTA
You're being weird.

NADINE
No I'm not. I just offered you a
hashbrown square, how's that weird?

KRISTA
This isn't you. It's like a
Terminator-version of you and I'm
supposed to think it's you, but I
can tell it's really a computerized
look-a-like sent from the future to
offer me hashbrowns and eat my
brains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

Eat your brains? When does the Terminator eat anyone's brains?

KRISTA

Stop bullshitting me, Nadine.

NADINE

What do you want me to say? You get drunk, you hook up with my brother, then you go on a date and don't even have the decency to call me from the bathroom!

KRISTA

You wanted me to call you from the bathroom, that's what you're mad about?

NADINE

You always call me from the bathroom on dates. Don't act like this is new!

KRISTA

The circumstances were a little different this time!

NADINE

So is he your boyfriend now? You guys are like an item all the sudden?

KRISTA

It was *one* date.

NADINE

So it *was* a date!

KRISTA

Oh my god, Nadine.

NADINE

I'm not comfortable with this. I'm not comfortable with it at all.

KRISTA

So what do you want me to do then?

NADINE

I want you to never go out with him again. He's my brother.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NADINE (CONT'D)
He's off limits. I don't like it
and that's it!

Krista stands there a second, thinking this over. Finally:

KRISTA
Fine.

NADINE
(beat)
Seriously?

KRISTA
Yes. Seriously.

NADINE
Sweet.
(beat)
'nother hashbrown square?

EXT. SHHS QUAD / PENIS TREE - LUNCH TIME

Nadine stands under the penis tree spraying a CAN OF
DISINFECTANT. Krista walks up.

NADINE
I think I've almost stamped out the
Erwin barf smell for good. This
stuff is industrial grade, they use
it on bum piss at the Third Street
Promenade.

KRISTA
I take it back.

NADINE
You take what back.

KRISTA
I'm not not-seeing your brother.
I've been thinking about this and
you really like peanut butter cups,
right? Well, I would never ask you
to stop eating them just because
they make me uncomfortable.

NADINE
What? That's the worst analogy I've
ever heard. First of all, my
brother isn't a scrumptious
chocolate snack, and second, how
can peanut butter cups make you
uncomfortable?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTA

Lots of ways. Maybe I have a peanut allergy. Maybe I just have nightmares about them jumping down my throat and clogging up my arteries.

NADINE

That's crazy! They're not even that fatty! Whatever, you know what, fine. I would, I would never touch another goddamn peanut butter cup as long as I live just for you. In fact, I'd have them all put on a big boat and dumped in the middle of the ocean because that's just how much of a good freaking friend I am!

KRISTA

That would do nothing! That would just kill a whole bunch of sea life!

NADINE

I'd kill that sea life in the name of our friendship! I'd murder fish to make you happy!

Krista rubs her temples, sighs.

KRISTA

He asked me to go lunch at Jack In The Box and I want to go, and I want you to come with us.

NADINE

Are you fucking kidding me?

KRISTA

No. I'm not.

NADINE

No way in hell, Krista! I'd rather eat alone! I'd rather sit here all alone under this tree, just me and the penis and this can of disinfectant!

KRISTA

Nadine--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NADINE

No, you know what? Go ahead! Have a blast with Darian at Jack In The Box because apparently that's what you want to do sooooo bad!

KRISTA

Are you seriously being this dramatic?

NADINE

Go! See ya later! G'bye, Krista!

Krista hangs there a moment. Then:

KRISTA

Fine. I will.

She turns and leaves. Nadine watches her go, then sits a beat under the tree. She looks up at the penis carving, then over at the disinfectant. A group of SENIORS walk by, eyeing her sitting there all alone.

NADINE

(blurts self-consciously)
I'm waiting for someone!

Another moment passes. We go to an ultra-wide shot of Nadine as a tiny little dot, the only person eating by herself in the whole entire school. She can't handle it.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Dahhh!!!

She immediately grabs her stuff, runs after Krista.

INT. DARIAN'S PICK-UP TRUCK - A LITTLE LATER

Krista and Darian are up front. Nadine is scrunched in the cab, straddling his STINKY PILE OF FOOTBALL PADS.

KRISTA

You okay back there?

The wind is tearing through the windows, whipping Nadine's hair all over the place and stirring up the B.O. stink.

NADINE

I'm wonderful.

DARIAN

How do those football pads smell?
Glad you tagged along, sis?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE
(not giving him the satisfaction)
I don't smell anything whatsoever.

DARIAN
Mmm hmm.

INT. JACK IN THE BOX - A LITTLE LATER

Carly Corvetti gets up from a table of her TWO ALMOST-AS-HOT FRIENDS, saunters over.

CARLY
Well, look who's here...

DARIAN
Can't keep me away from those curly fries, Carly.

CARLY
Curly fries are my favorite. They remind me of something I just had completely waxed off.

Darian raises his eyebrows. Carly smiles at him.

CARLY (CONT'D)
We're just leaving, but you're coming to my party next week, right? And I don't think I've met your new little friends...

Darian puts his arm around Krista, pulls her towards him.

DARIAN
This... would be Krista.

Carly grins at Krista, but her face says, "You're having lunch with *this chick*?"

DARIAN (CONT'D)
And that would be her friend, Nadine. Who also happens to be my sister.

NADINE
(pops out from behind him)
Hellooooo Miss Lady.
(no response)
From Step Brothers? No?
(beat)
Congratulations on your pubes.

INT. JACK IN THE BOX BOOTH - A LITTLE LATER

The three of them eat their lunch. No one's talking.

NADINE

So this is what you guys did last night? Silently chewed your food and stared at each other? It's a real blast, lemme tell ya.

DARIAN

Did you ever think that maybe it's awkward because *you're* sitting here?

NADINE

I'm impeding your conversation then?

DARIAN

Maybe.

NADINE

And what would you be talking about that you couldn't say in front of me?

Darian lifts his eyebrows, looks at Krista conspiratorially.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Ew. You talk about your balls or something? Is that what you guys do? "Blah blah blah, Darian's balls, Darian's penis, half an hour of Darian's balls and penis" and then you call it an evening?

KRISTA

Pretty much word for word.

NADINE

Don't be sarcastic right now.

DARIAN

She's right. There's no reason we shouldn't act exactly the same as we did last night.

(acting the same)

Hey, Krista?

KRISTA

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARIAN

You've got some sauce on your chin.

He leans over and runs his tongue all the way up her face, slowly licking it off. Krista lets out a loud laugh, punching him in the arm. Nadine throws her chicken sandwich down, disgusted.

NADINE

You. Sick. Motherfuckers.

KRISTA

He did that for show. That didn't really happen.

Nadine stands up, done.

NADINE

I'm waiting in the car.

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Nadine is slumped on the couch, watching her mom do *Wii Aerobics*.

MONA

I think it's great. Maybe they'll fall in love and get married and Krista will be your sister like you've always wanted.

NADINE

Mom. Do not even say that.
(looks heavenward)
You didn't hear that, Universe!

MONA

You should have fun with it, why don't you start going out with one of Darian's friends? What about Futch?

NADINE

I'm not going out with Futch. He's fat and he barely talks and no.

MONA

Don't be mean to fat people. Your mother's fat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

You're not fat. Does Jerry tell you that? Is that why you're doing aerobics? I'll kill him.

MONA

No, no, Jerry thinks I'm beautiful. He tells me all the time.

Nadine pauses, thinking about that.

NADINE

See, that's the thing, isn't it.

MONA

What?

NADINE

You're not beautiful unless somebody thinks you are.

Mona turns around, faces her daughter.

MONA

I think you're beautiful, Nadine.

Nadine just looks at her.

NADINE

That's the most terrible thing you've ever said to me, mom.

MONA

Why?

NADINE

Because I -- nevermind.

Nadine gets up, leaves the room. Mona frowns.

INT. NADINE'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nadine steps into the bathroom, closes the door behind her, takes a deep breath, then addresses herself.

NADINE

Nadine, just relax, okay? You're getting all worked up and crazy. This whole thing is going to pass.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE (CONT'D)

In fact, I'll bet you a million bucks it already fizzled out after that bizarro lunch today, I mean you saw them, they have nothing in common. Pretty soon this is going to be one of those things you look back and laugh about, alright little buddy? Yep, you called yourself *little buddy*, you really did, and that's completely fine because no one heard it except you.

She exhales, feeling better.

NADINE (CONT'D)

You're gonna be okay.

On her way out, something on the bathroom counter catches her eye: A BAG FROM RITE AID. She looks inside, curious. MOUTHWASH, OLD SPICE DEODORANT, and AXE BODY SPRAY.

She freezes, realizing. The pep talk immediately goes out the window, and she bursts out of the bathroom towards Darian.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

NADINE

What's all that stuff from Rite Aid for?

She corners him as he's coming down the hall.

DARIAN

Move, you're in the way.

NADINE

Why do you want to smell so goddamn fresh suddenly, huh?

DARIAN

Move or I'll do it for you.

His CELL PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

DARIAN (CONT'D)

Oh hey, Krista, what's up.

Nadine's eyes pop open. He slides right past her into his room.

NADINE

What?! That's her? She's calling you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She tries to stop him, but he's already closed his door and locked her out.

NADINE (CONT'D)

No. Uh-uh. No way.

She pulls out her own PHONE and dials Krista.

KRISTA (O.S.)

Oh how funny, I just called your bro, can I call you right back?

NADINE

No you can't, Krista. I really don't know how to feel about this whole *you suddenly phoning Darian* thing.

KRISTA

Okay, I don't really see what the big--

NADINE

The big deal is you can just call *me*, and after we talk, if there's time, and he's around, and I have any minutes left, I'll maybe consider handing it to him.

Suddenly Darian's door flies open, he rips Nadine's cell phone out of her hand, then shuts and locks it again. Nadine screams, bangs on the door.

Mona walks up just in time to observe this.

MONA

Hey watch it, that's nice wood.

NADINE

If he thinks I'm just gonna sit back as he steals my best friend and tries to edge me out, he has no idea how wrong he is! No idea!

She stomps to her room, SLAMS the door. Mona looks concerned. She walks over to the door, knocks.

MONA

Honey, can I tell you something? It worries me when you're nostril does that thing.

There's no answer.

EXT. SHHS / FLAGPOLE - LUNCH TIME

Darian is introducing Krista to the flagpole crowd. Except for Carly, they all greet her warmly. HEATHER and EMILIE (18) two cute popular blondes, befriend her immediately.

HEATHER

I love your outfit, your shirt is so cute, where'd you get it?

KRISTA

Thanks. Forever 21 I think?

EMILIE

Wow, that's so cool you're not even embarrassed to admit that. We should totally all hang out sometime.

Just then, Nadine comes up, squeezes herself between Krista and Darian, puts an arm around each, big smile.

NADINE

So where are we going to lunch today, kiddos?

KRISTA

You're in a good mood.

NADINE

You know, I thought about it more, and I'm actually kind of looking forward to all the time the three of us will be spending together...

DARIAN

(Dream on)

All the time?

NADINE

Speaking of which, I know how busy you are Darian, so I went ahead and picked this up for you.

She pulls out his NEW MONTH'S PRESCRIPTION OF IBS PILLS, makes a big spectacle of it. He reddens, grabs it away, stuffs it in his backpack.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Don't be embarrassed. A lot of people have IBS. I bet a ton of your friends do, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARIAN

You better shut your mouth right now, Nad--

NADINE

EXCUSE ME EVERYBODY, DARIAN'S CONCERNED HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS REALLY BAD IRRITABLE BOWEL SYNDROME TO THE POINT OF SEEING LIKE 4 SPECIALISTS AND NOBODY CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF HIS SUPER OVERACTIVE BUTTHOLE. WOULD YOU JUST RAISE YOUR HAND IF YOU HAVE IT TOO?

Nobody raises their hand.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Huh. I guess I stand corrected.

Darian wants to die.

SMASH CUT TO:

ANNOY THE SHIT OUT OF DARIAN MONTAGE --

INT. JACK IN THE BOX - DAY

At lunch, Nadine monopolizes the conversation with Krista, making it impossible for Darian to join in.

NADINE

... so he dicks her over at the rose ceremony and she's sobbing in the limo and the blonde chick with the Jay Leno chin is just like "oh wow, it's true, he loves me and my chin," but really...

Darian's in hell having to listen to this crap.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Darian and Krista watch a scary movie. As the action swells, they start to snuggle together, getting cozy.

Nadine leans in from out of frame, holds out a box of CANDY.

NADINE

Care for a Milk Dud?

It totally kills the moment. Darian grits his teeth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARIAN
(whispers)
Does she really have to be here?

KRISTA
She's my best friend.

INT. MALL - DAY

Nadine keeps yanking Krista into girlie stores to try stuff on, making Darian wait outside the dressing room for them. He's bored to death, falling asleep.

EXT. NADINE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Darian's on the front porch trying to give Krista a good-night kiss, but can't relax enough to do it, since a few feet away Nadine has the GARDEN HOSE out, watering the lawn.

DARIAN
You seriously have to do that right now?

NADINE
Yeah, like the low precipitation is my fault.

He rolls his eyes, really tired of dealing with this.

DARIAN
(to Krista)
I'll just see you later.

Nadine fights a smile. *It's working.*

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS - DAY

Erwin and Nadine are lab partners, doing an experiment. She has the spring back in her step.

ERWIN
Did you guys find a new lunch spot or something? I haven't seen you around this week.

NADINE
It's a long story.

ERWIN
Oh. Does it have to do with Krista officially becoming girlfriend-boyfriend with Darian?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE
(immediately looks up)
What? When did this happen? That's impossible!

ERWIN
I - I'm not sure of the exact time and location.

A GOSSIPY GIRL in front of them turns around.

GOSSIPY GIRL
Yesterday at 11:45 by the flagpole.

NADINE
I can't believe this.

ERWIN
I kinda can, they've been hanging out a lot.

NADINE
And it's been hellish the whole time! God, why would she not tell me? Now they're probably going to that stupid slutty girl's party tonight, too...

ERWIN
What stupid slutty girl?

NADINE
I forget her name. Brown hair, her pubes remind her of curly fries?

The GOSSIPY GIRL spins around again.

GOSSIPY GIRL
Carly Corvetti. She went out with Darian for a week sophomore year before he dumped her and she tried to kill herself with a Schick Quattro. She's never gotten over him. Never.

Nadine lets out a groan, puts her head in her hands.

NADINE
Everything sucks. Everything sucks a big wang right now.

Erwin thinks a sec.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERWIN

Okay, but what if tonight you did something really cool to just, you know, get your mind off things? Like we could go to the La Habra Corn Festival where they have rides and games and probably maybe corn? Or we could play mini-golf again? Or go to Souplantation and eat like 45 bowls of soup and just be like, *"wooooooo, we're eating so much soup, we're having so much fun, la la la la!"*

Erwin waves his arms like he's on a roller coaster.

NADINE

I don't think so.

ERWIN

Yeah, I was totally just kidding about all that. Ah ha ha ha...ehh.

INT. NADINE'S ROOM - FRIDAY NIGHT

Nadine eats PEANUT BUTTER CUPS and stares in the mirror, giving herself fake plastic surgery with Q-tips. One in each hand, she pinches her nose to make it smaller, then lifts up her eyes, then peels her lips back for an Angelina Jolie effect. It looks ridiculous.

Krista stands at her door.

KRISTA

Sorry I didn't tell you earlier, I just wasn't sure how you'd take it.

NADINE

Are you kidding? I'm so happy for you guys, I think it's great.

Nadine puts on a big fake smile. Krista's not sure whether to buy it.

KRISTA

Then why won't you come to this party with us, it'll be fun.

NADINE

I told you, I just feel like having a night in, ya know? Clean my room... Finally catch up with Harold...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gestures to Harold, her BETA FISH. She notices he's floating upside down.

KRISTA
Is he okay?

NADINE
I think that's just how he sleeps.

She taps on his tank. Nothing. *Maybe not.*

DARIAN
(comes out of his room)
Let's do it.

He heads for the stairs.

KRISTA
Sure you don't wanna come?

NADINE
I'm good. Go, go, have fun.

Krista hesitates a sec, but Nadine waves her off with a grin. She leaves and Nadine drops the smile, then moves to her window, watching the two of them walk down the driveway hand in hand, Darian sweetly helping Krista into the passenger seat.

Something about it makes her feel like absolute shit.

There's a KNOCK at the door, Mona and Jerry pop in.

MONA
You're really gonna stay home tonight? Why don't you just tag along with us?

NADINE
Because I'm having some me-time, why does everyone act like that's so pathetic, it's actually very healthy, okay?

JERRY
Not if it's a Friday night. That just makes you a loser. Hell, even at our age.

NADINE
Thanks, Jerry!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MONA

He doesn't mean it like that. Come on, we'll have fun. Believe it or not, your mom is not that awful to hang out with.

Nadine thinks about it, not so sure.

NADINE

What are you guys gonna do?

INT. SUPER K-MART - A LITTLE LATER

Jerry and Mona are huddled around the SCRATCHER LOTTO TICKET VENDING MACHINE up near the cash registers. They've scratched about 30 tickets and keep shoving dollars into the machine. It's poor man's Las Vegas.

MONA

(holds up ticket)

Oh my god, I won 2 dollars!

JERRY

Yay! I'll go redeem it with the guy. Here, scratch these, Nadine.

He hands her a STRIP OF TICKETS and a DIME for scratching.

NADINE

This is where you guys hang out on weekends?

MONA

We go to Target, too, but you know, they can get all uppity...

Mona cracks open a MIKE'S HARD LEMONADE from the 6-pack they just purchased there.

NADINE

Can you just drink that here, mom?

MONA

Not really. I brought a thermos.

She pulls a THERMOS out of her purse. Nadine's in hell.

EXT. CARLY CORVETTI'S HOUSE PARTY / FRONT YARD - SAME TIME

Total madness. Kids passed out on the lawn, a dude peeing in a BIRD FOUNTAIN.

EXT. CARLY CORVETTI'S HOUSE PARTY / BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

As Krista and Darian make their way through the party, people eye her up and down, checking out Darian's new catch. If *he* likes her, she must be hot.

KRISTA

I might be paranoid and just need medication, but I feel like everyone here is staring at me.

DARIAN

They are. Follow me, I'm gonna grab another beer.

As she follows him through the crowd, the SOPHOMORE GIRLS who made the *Twins* comment to Nadine, gaze at her, mesmerized.

SOPHOMORE GIRL #1

You're so beautiful, your hair's so awesome!

SOPHOMORE GIRL #2

I know, and I love how you own your freckles and just said screw it to orthodontia!

KRISTA

Uh, thanks...

One of them snaps a cell-phone pic of her, enamored.

INT. CARLY CORVETTI'S HOUSE PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Darian cracks open a beer, hands her one. Just then, Heather runs over from the makeshift dance floor, grabs Krista.

HEATHER

Come on, come dance with us!

Before she knows it, she's with a big group of POPULAR GIRLS all dancing in a circle. They cheer, pushing her into the center of it. She's tentative at first, but starts to let go, having a blast with this newfound popularity.

INT. SOUPLANTATION - A LITTLE LATER

Nadine and Erwin make their way down a giant SOUP BUFFET.

NADINE

Thanks, I really appreciate it. You didn't have to get all dressed up, honestly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Erwin's in a FULL-ON SUIT & TIE. He looks like he's going to a wedding. And he's incredibly nervous.

ERWIN

Oh, no, no, I was just -- I was just dressed like this when you called.

Nadine nods, not buying it. She moves down the buffet line.

NADINE

Mmm, clam chowder.

ERWIN

Ooh, I love clam, I could eat clam all night long.

(eyes bulge, realizing)

No! I didn't mean it like that. I seriously meant the real clam, not the other clam! No, I mean the other one is fine, too, it's great!

(beat)

What I'm trying to tell you is that I like shellfish and I also like *the other shellfish* -- at least hypothetically -- but only one of those things would I announce at full volume in the Souplantation.

Nadine just looks at him.

NADINE

Erwin?

ERWIN

Yes?

NADINE

Let's not have anymore caffeine tonight.

ERWIN

(nods)

Just water.

EXT. LA HABRA CORN FESTIVAL - A LITTLE LATER

Erwin munches on a GIANT EAR OF CORN while Nadine eats CHOCOLATE COVERED BACON. They wait in line for the FERRIS WHEEL. Erwin's relaxed a little.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

You know, I thought chocolate bacon would be bad, and I'm surprised to say: It's actually worse than that. It's just a total miss on every level.

ERWIN

I'm sorry.

NADINE

It's not your fault. Unless you invented it?

ERWIN

No. That was not me.

NADINE

That was a joke. I didn't actually think you invented chocolate bacon.

ERWIN

Okay.

It's their turn. They buckle up in the FERRIS WHEEL.

ERWIN (CONT'D)

Here we go...

NADINE

(as it takes off)

Wooooooo!

They reach the top.

ERWIN

Wow, look at that view...

TREES and BUILDINGS are completely blocking the view. Nadine laughs.

NADINE

I think I can see Catalina...

Erwin smiles. They settle in.

NADINE (CONT'D)

So, tell me something while we're on the ferris wheel. What are your hopes and dreams, Erwin? What do want out of life?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERWIN

Oh, I don't know. I'm just an average guy I guess.

NADINE

But if you had to expand for the two minutes we're on this ride.

ERWIN

Well, I guess I do kinda wish people at school didn't just automatically stereotype me as the nerdy Asian kid... There's a lot more to me than that, and I feel like if they could see it, they'd realize I'm actually, well... kinda cool even.

NADINE

Yeah? Like how?

ERWIN

I'm mean, not to brag or sound totally full of myself, but, for instance... I'm a *crazy talented* flautist.

Beat.

NADINE

As in... you play the flute?

ERWIN

Not just boring Mozart stuff, I can play anything, I really jam on that thing. Not to brag.

Another beat.

NADINE

This is just a suggestion, Erwin, but if the goal is to up your cool factor, I'm not exactly sure "flautist" is the best approach.

Erwin shrugs. *Yeah, maybe not...*

ERWIN

How about you? What do you want out of life?

She sighs, looks off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NADINE

I like animals a lot. We don't really have any except for a cat who shits a bunch and it gets old. Someday I'd really love to own a monkey...

ERWIN

A monkey?

NADINE

They're illegal, it's almost impossible, I'd have to get like 20 permits. I've thought about buying one off the internet, but I read about this girl who spent her life savings to get a Squirrel Monkey from Thailand and then it died 2 days later. That story depressed the crap out of me, I couldn't get out of bed for days.

ERWIN

That's terrible. I'm so sorry.

NADINE

It's okay.

They just sort of sit there a second, reflecting on that. Erwin leans over and open-mouth kisses her.

NADINE (CONT'D)

(pushing him off)

What the hell are you doing?!

ERWIN

What?! I don't know! Was that bad timing?! I thought that was good timing? We're on the ferris wheel, you were sad about the monkey, I was comforting you?

NADINE

Oh. My. God.

ERWIN

Okay. Sorry. That was weird then. That was bad.

NADINE

We gotta get off this thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ERWIN

(as they near the bottom)
Excuse me, sir, can you let us off?
She'd like to be let--

But they keep going around for another turn.

NADINE

It's fine. It's okay.

ERWIN

No, I feel awful. I'm gonna make it
up to you. I don't know how yet,
but I am.

(beat)

Maybe I should pay you.

NADINE

You're not paying me.

ERWIN

Not. No I am not.

INT. CARLY CORVETTI'S HOUSE PARTY / LIVING ROOM - LATER

Krista is still dancing with the popular girls when across
the room, she notices Carly standing close to Darian,
flirting it up. Heather sees it, too.

HEATHER

Yeah, you prob'ly want to break
that up, actually. Carly's kind of
a massive ho if the way her labia's
hanging out of her shorts hadn't
clued you in.

Krista observes them, a little uncomfortable. She finally
goes over.

KRISTA

Hey...

Carly backs off a little, fake-smiles.

CARLY

Oh hi.

DARIAN

Tearin' it up out there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

I know, your forehead-sweat is like
hello.

(fake laughs)

Krista wipes her face, self-conscious.

DARIAN

You look great. You ready to get
out of here soon?

KRISTA

Sure.

CARLY

Seriously? It's barely 1am.

DARIAN

I'm an old man, Carly. I can't keep
up with you.

CARLY

So that was the problem?

Darian gives her a look, puts his arm around Krista.

DARIAN

Thanks for the party.

EXT. NADINE'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Erwin pulls his parents' MINI VAN in front of Nadine's house.

ERWIN

I had a good time.

NADINE

Me, too. Thanks again. See you
Monday?

ERWIN

(smiles, thumbs up)
Monday funday.

Nadine jumps out and Erwin waves goodbye. As soon as she
closes the door, his smile drops.

ERWIN (CONT'D)

You're an idiot and you're going to
go kill yourself now, okay? Okay.

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The house is dark and quiet. Nadine puts down her stuff, stands there a moment, not sure what to do. She flips on the HOME COMPUTER, logs onto Facebook...

She scrolls through *Status Updates* and *Mobile Uploads* -- everyone in the entire world is having more fun than she is.

She clicks on DAN GODWIN'S PAGE (Hot Soccer Dan), her cursor hangs over the SEND FRIEND REQUEST BUTTON for a moment. She chickens out, goes back to the home page.

AND THAT'S WHERE SHE SEES IT: "*Krista Kaller has changed her profile picture.*"

She clicks it open to see: It's gone from a pic of Krista and Nadine, to a PIC OF KRISTA AND DARIAN uploaded at the party. They couldn't look happier.

Nadine stares at it in disbelief. Pissed, she goes to her own page, clicks "UPLOAD NEW PROFILE PIC," then opens her iPhoto, searching for a pic of herself with someone other than Krista. Except... they're ALL with Krista.

She closes iPhoto, frustrated. Drums her nails. Then boom, an IDEA!

EXT. NADINE'S BACKYARD - NEXT DAY

Jerry teaches Nadine to play CROQUET. Mona sunbathes nearby.

JERRY

So what you wanna do is line this
up real straight and keep your eyes
on the thingy, you see? Now just
take a little swing...

Nadine hits the ball and it goes right through the thingy.

JERRY (CONT'D)

See! See that?! Ha! I always said
to your mom, I don't understand why
the kids won't play croquet with
me, croquet's a damn good time,
it's a game of--

Nadine's CELL PHONE rings and she abandons Jerry mid-sentence. Fishing it out of her purse, she lets it ring a few more times, before:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE
(sooooo nonchalant)
Oh hey Krista...

INT. KRISTA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Krista sits at her desk in front of her LAPTOP. Intercut between the two of them.

KRISTA
So I saw you changed your profile picture.

NADINE
Oh... did I? Yeah, I guess I did.

KRISTA
I'm...not really sure what to say about it.

Krista leans into her computer screen, getting a closer look.

In the pic, Nadine is hanging out at *Golf N Stuff* with her arm around...AL PACINO. It's a pretty good *Photoshop* job, but the dimensions are still slightly off.

NADINE
Yeah, I'm still pretty speechless myself...

KRISTA
You photoshopped yourself at *Golf N Stuff* with my favorite actor.

NADINE
How do you know I photoshopped it? You don't know that.

KRISTA
He's wearing a tuxedo.

NADINE
So. So what. He's Al Pacino, he's very comfortable in formal wear.

KRISTA
Nadine.

NADINE
Listen, I've just been thinking a lot lately, okay? And the thing is, last night I realized something important.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KRISTA
And what's that.

NADINE
We're not Siamese twins, so we have
to stop acting like them.

KRISTA
Okay...?

NADINE
It's not like we share a torso and
since you decided to become a
country singer I just have to stand
there smiling and playing the
tambourine even though I hate
country music and I'm only doing it
because you have the liver.

KRISTA
What are you trying to say right
now?

NADINE
My point is, we're too codependent.
I think we need space.

KRISTA
Space?

NADINE
Space.

Beat.

KRISTA
Well, I don't want space.

NADINE
I know, it'll be very rough.

KRISTA
I don't know why you're saying all
this. I feel like it's because of
Darian.

NADINE
Nope. Nope. Not at all why.

KRISTA
I feel like it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NADINE

No. Anyway, this is good, we'll just give each other some breathing room and... uh... touch base sometime in the future, I guess?

Krista sighs.

EXT. SHHS / PERFORMING ARTS HALL - LUNCH TIME

Nadine approaches the school's concert hall when she gets a TEXT from Krista: "WHERE R U? WAITING 4 U 4 LUNCH."

EXT. SHHS / PENIS TREE - CONTINUOUS

Krista waits under their tree, gets a text back from Nadine: "SORRY. HAVE PLANS."

She's shakes her head, clicks off her phone.

INT. SHHS / PERFORMING ARTS HALL - CONTINUOUS

Inside the concert hall, Nadine finds a couple of BAND MEMBERS practicing, Erwin taking his FLUTE out of its case.

NADINE

So this is where you eat lunch. I never knew.

ERWIN

Oh hi. Hey. Yeah, we practice in here sometimes. These are my friends, Brandon and Boyd.

BRANDON and BOYD, 16, are identical twins. Blonde, lanky, Rosacea-faced. They're not dressed the same, but close.

NADINE

Hey, has anyone told you guys you kinda look alike?

They just stare blankly at her.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Interesting how much better that joke was in my head.

ERWIN

We can go somewhere else if you want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

No, no, practice. I brought my burrito.

ERWIN

Oh... well, I don't know...

NADINE

Don't be nervous, I won't look at you, I'll just stare at my feet if that helps.

ERWIN

Uh... alright.

As Erwin gets up his nerve, Nadine finds a seat in the theatre, pulls out her burrito. Erwin starts out slow, then gathers confidence, until finally breaking into an awesome rendition of *Come on Eileen* by Dexy's Midnight Runners. He jams on it, adding a badass beat-boxing element.

Nadine drops her burrito, watching him in awe. It's absolutely fucking incredible. When he finishes, she gives him a standing ovation.

NADINE

Holy shit, are you kidding me, Erwin?!

He kicks the ground, bashful.

ERWIN

Oh, be quiet...

(then)

Wait, you mean that in, like, a *good way*, right?

NADINE

I can't believe you just beat-boxed on that thing. Who are you?!

ERWIN

That's a new technique I'm trying out.

NADINE

I don't know how else to say this, but you have single-handedly made being a flautist *insanely cool*.

Erwin smiles ear to ear, he could receive no bigger compliment.

EXT. SHHS PARKING LOT - AFTER SCHOOL

Nadine's still singing and snapping as she walks toward the SCHOOL BUS pick-up.

NADINE

Come on Eileen, oh I swear what he means, at this moment you mean eeeeevverythinnnng...

Just then, she spots Krista across the parking lot, kissing Darian goodbye. He heads off to football practice, and jumps into Heather's waiting CONVERTIBLE with FOUR OTHER POPULAR GIRLS. Heather turns up her music and the girls hoot and cheer as they screech off.

Nadine suddenly feels like absolute crap, a lump gathering in her throat. Not only is her plan not working -- it's completely backfiring.

INT. NADINE'S GARAGE - LATER

Darian is lifting weights in the garage when Nadine bursts through the door, announces:

NADINE

Krista has dandruff!

DARIAN

What?

NADINE

There's a Costco-size bottle of *Head and Shoulders* in her shower, if you don't believe me. If she doesn't use it? Flakes the size of shaved coconut. Not exaggerating.

Darian sets down the weights, sensing what this is.

DARIAN

Nadine, I know exactly what you're doing and it's not--

NADINE

In the 7th grade, she had chronic bacne.

He starts pushing her out of the garage.

DARIAN

Get out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

People used to call her *Unusually
Lot Of Bacne Person*. Nobody even
took the time to give her a clever
name!

DARIAN

Nadine--

He's forcing her out the door.

NADINE

One time, she ran out of pads and
used her dad's tube sock!

He's got her out of the garage.

DARIAN

G'bye!

NADINE

FRESHMAN YEAR SHE POOPED IN A
TUPPERWARE CONTAINER!

This tidbit makes Darian pause a beat. Then he slams the door
on her.

INT. NADINE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Nadine tosses and turns in bed, unable to sleep because she
can hear Darian on the phone with Krista. He's giggling and
doing a little cutesy-wootsey voice.

She finally throws a BOOK at the wall.

NADINE

You've been on the phone for 2
hours. And stop doing that baby
voice, you're a grown freaking man!

He just giggles louder. She gives up, switches on her TV,
turns the volume up to drown him out. Flipping through
channels, she lands on the 1970's film, *Carrie*.

She's about to change it, but then something about it
intrigues her...

INT. SHHS/HALLWAY - MORNING

Nadine finds Krista at her locker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

I need to talk to you about something.

KRISTA

Oh you mean like an actual conversation? Not just rushing me off the phone or disappearing on me?

NADINE

I know, I'm sorry. But I figured something out last night. Something big.

KRISTA

Okay.

NADINE

I'm worried you'll freak out when I tell you, though, because it's really unfair to you and it might involve pig's blood.

KRISTA

It might involve *pig's blood*?

NADINE

And worse possibly. Fires. John Travolta's car exploding.

KRISTA

What the hell are you talking about, Nadine.

NADINE

Have you ever seen the movie, *Carrie*?

KRISTA

I've never even heard of that movie.

NADINE

So there's this girl, Carrie, and she's all dicked up 'cause her mom's a psycho and makes her read the bible 20 hours a day or some shit, I missed the beginning. But the point is, there are these prick popular kids who think it's funny to befriend her and act like she's one of them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NADINE (CONT'D)

The hottest guy in school starts dating her and everything. But it's all one big set up. And the next thing Carrie knows, she's at the prom drenched in blood and her eyeballs go all freaky and she murders like a bajillion people.

KRISTA

And so you're saying?

NADINE

That -- and I'm sorry because I know this sucks to hear -- Darian's been screwing with you, Krista.

Krista just looks at her.

KRISTA

You think he asked me to be his girlfriend as a dare, basically.

NADINE

Or probably to get back at someone. Or to make someone jealous. And probably that girl with the curly fry pubes is my best guess.

Krista's conflicted.

NADINE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Seriously. You don't deserve this and I'm so sorry.

Krista swallows, suddenly feeling sick.

INT. SHHS HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER / BETWEEN CLASSES

DARIAN

Why would you ever believe that? My sister's an imbecile, you know her well enough to know that.

Krista is upset, holding back tears. They creep behind a bush for privacy, but kids still eye them on their way to class.

KRISTA

Well, it sorta makes sense though, especially considering...

DARIAN

Considering what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTA

The way Carly acts all in love with you and is always such a huge bitch to me!

DARIAN

And you think that means I like her?

KRISTA

I don't understand why you *don't* like her! She models, she's in every single yearbook photo, she's got those big perfect boobs that every guy dreams of!

DARIAN

And she's psychotic! And she's on 50 anti-depressants! And those big perfect boobs aren't even real!

KRISTA

They aren't?

DARIAN

No, they are, I just thought that would help my argument.

Krista's not in the mood.

DARIAN (CONT'D)

No, you know what? I'm taking care of this right now.

He shuts his locker, angry.

KRISTA

But the bell already rang.

DARIAN

Just follow me.

Darian stomps off, Krista hesitates a moment, then follows after him. He heads into --

INT. NADINE'S HEALTH CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Darian marches right past MR. PERRY (40's) who's writing something on the chalkboard. Nadine studies a PLASTIC UTERUS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

What are you doing? You can't just walk in here and interrupt our learning!

DARIAN

(to the teacher)

I'm borrowing her for a second.

NADINE

He doesn't have a hall pass, Mr. Perry! He's hurting my finger! Oh god, he has me in a choke hold!

Mr. Perry just shrugs and turns back to his blackboard.

EXT. NADINE'S CHEMISTRY CLASS - CONTINUOUS

The two of them burst out the doors, Darian still has her head lodged under his armpit.

NADINE

(noticing Krista)

What the hell is this?

DARIAN

Apologize and tell her you're a dumbshit for what you said.

NADINE

I'm not telling her crap!

DARIAN

Tell her mom ate too much soft cheese when she had you, and that's why you're a retard and a dumbshit.

NADINE

Fuck you, she never cared for soft cheese and you know it!

Nadine tries to kick his shins. Darian squeezes tighter. Krista looks on, alarmed.

KRISTA

Darian, let go of her, don't do this.

DARIAN

Tell her you're sorry for making up stories about crapping in Tupperware!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Krista's eyes bulge. *What did he just say?*

NADINE

Stop it, let go of me!

He finally lets go.

DARIAN

I'm going to class.

He walks off, leaving Krista and Nadine standing there. Nadine straightens her clothes.

NADINE

Thanks a lot for the help there, my neck's about to be snapped and you're like--

(imitates, eyes her nails)

Wow, I should really get my cuticles cut...

KRISTA

You told him about the tupperware?!

NADINE

What? I'm sorry...

KRISTA

Why would you tell him that?!

NADINE

I don't know, it just...slipped out in conversation.

KRISTA

Did you at least say it was your fault, because you refused to pull over?!

NADINE

Because I was trying to get to Harry Potter on time because they're *your* favorite movies!

KRISTA

God, you are unbelievable. I'm so sick of this bullshit!

NADINE

Oh whatever, you love every minute! *Oooh, I have five million new Facebook friends, look at me, I'm hot shit all the sudden!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KRISTA

You just can't deal with the fact that I'm actually happy and have a boyfriend and a couple friends other than you!

NADINE

Oh right, get over yourself!

KRISTA

You get over yourself! I'm so tired of kissing your ass and begging you to be okay with me and Darian, I don't give a shit anymore! I'm done!

NADINE

Good, you think I give a crap?! I'm done, too! D - O - N!

(realizes)

E!

Krista stalks off. Nadine watches her go, a lump gathering in her throat.

INT. ERWIN'S PARENTS' MINIVAN - LATER

Erwin nervously fusses with the radio, adjusting the volume.

ERWIN

Is my talk radio too loud for you?

Nadine has the passenger seat reclined to the horizontal position, her jacket over her face.

NADINE

It's fine.

Erwin eyes her anxiously, not sure what to do.

ERWIN

Do you want some food? I have a Rice Krispie Treat in my glovebox, I can check if it's expired?

NADINE

No.

Nadine pulls the jacket off her face, looks over at him.

NADINE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you have to deal with me, Erwin. You're always so nice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE (CONT'D)

It makes me feel like a horrible person.

ERWIN

You're not horrible.

NADINE

I'm not good like you. I steal from the nut bins at Vons... I don't really like old people...

ERWIN

I'd steal nuts. I'd totally steal a nut.

Nadine looks off, heaves a sigh.

NADINE

I want to just leave and run away and move to Alaska...

Erwin looks concerned.

EXT. STARBUCKS - A LITTLE LATER

Krista sits with Heather and the other popular girls, sipping Frappuccinos and studying. She can't concentrate, the fight with Nadine replaying in her head. Heather notices.

HEATHER

You okay? Did you have too much caffeine and now you can't concentrate and it's making you fidgety and frustrated and also a little horny in a weird way?

KRISTA

Um. I think I just have a lot on my mind.

HEATHER

Hmmm.

Krista shakes it off, tries to focus.

EXT. NADINE'S ROOF - A LITTLE LATER

While Mona and Jerry make dinner, Nadine is splayed out on the living room floor, hollow eyes gazing hopelessly at the popcorn ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA

I'm not sure you want to lay on the carpet, I haven't vacuumed up the cat hair in a while.

NADINE

Uh huh.

MONA

Come on, Nader, why don't you make the hummus for me? We could use some help.

NADINE

Please don't call me Nader, it's too close to neuter, I don't like it.

Mona shakes her head.

MONA

You're so sensitive lately.

Nadine's phone rings: KRISTA. She immediately snaps out of her coma, takes the phone and runs out to--

EXT. NADINE'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Nadine tries to figure out how she's going to play this. Finally:

NADINE

(Mad Men voice)

Good afternoon, Draper residence.

Krista rolls her eyes, plays along. INTERCUT with her outside Starbucks.

KRISTA

Hi Betty, it's Joan. Just called to say I boned your husband because my boobies are massive and it's what we've all been waiting for.

NADINE

I'm sorry, I believe you have the wrong number. Goodbye.

KRISTA

Nadine, wait. I'm sorry for what I said, I feel really bad about it, I can't think about anything else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nadine softens, drops the act.

NADINE

I know, me too... I'm really sorry I told him about... the incident. I kinda spilled the beans on some other stuff, too, I feel really guilty...

KRISTA

I don't know if I want to know.

NADINE

Probably not.

KRISTA

I think maybe it would help if we spent some time together, you know? Quality time, just you and me, like the olden days.

NADINE

I'd really like that.

KRISTA

How about this weekend?

NADINE

Great. Sounds like a dealio.

(beat)

Punch me if I ever say "sounds like a dealio" again, 'kay?

Krista laughs.

KRISTA

'kay.

EXT. SHHS HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Nadine and Erwin walk and talk.

ERWIN

Well, that's really positive.

NADINE

Yeah, I think so.

ERWIN

It's like the saying, "*Sometimes it takes a big fight to move along and repair things and get all better and stuff...*"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

That doesn't sound like a saying.

ERWIN

It's...a Korean proverb.

He's the worst liar ever. Absolutely terrible.

NADINE

(rolls her eyes, laughs)
I love you, Erwin.

Erwin grins.

EXT. CAFE 50'S RESTAURANT - FRIDAY NIGHT

A campy throw-back restaurant with WAITRESSES IN POODLE SKIRTS, ON ROLLERSKATES.

INT. CAFE 50'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Nadine and Krista follow the HOSTESS, slide into the booth, sit, just look at each other. It's almost like a first date.

NADINE

Well, here we are.

KRISTA

Here we are...

NADINE

Just you and me.

KRISTA

You and me.

KRISTA (CONT'D)

So... what's new with you?

NADINE

Not much. What's new with you as long as it doesn't have to do with Darian, fun things you've done together, the flagpole, or Darian?

KRISTA

I guess not much either then.

They just stare at each other for a few more beats, not much more to say. Krista clears her throat, picks up the menu.

KRISTA (CONT'D)

Tuna melt sounds good...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

Oh god, you're reading off the menu because we have nothing to talk about.

KRISTA

No I'm not, I just like tuna melts.

NADINE

Since when?

KRISTA

Since... I don't know. Recently?

NADINE

(Dramatic soap opera voice)
It's like we don't even know each other anymore...

Krista laughs.

KRISTA

Your hair looks good by the way.

NADINE

Really? I'm wearing a *Bump-it*.

KRISTA

Your head looks amazing. Huge and amazing.

NADINE

You always know the exact right thing to say to me.

Krista laughs.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Hey, I gotta see how our hotdog suits turned out. She's done with them, right?

KRISTA

Um, yeah.

NADINE

I just hope they don't chafe or get a billion degrees, you know what I mean?

KRISTA

(hesitates a sec)
Yeah, well, uh --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Before she can finish, the WAITRESS roll over.

WAITRESS

So what are we having, ladies?

NADINE

Dos tuna melts and Dr. Peppers please.

(clarifies)

Dos is Espanol for two.

The waitress gives her a look. *You think I don't know that?*

NADINE (CONT'D)

Oh. And Espanol is Spanish for Spanish.

WAITRESS

(beat)

Thank you.

She rolls away. Nadine leans across table, lowers her voice.

NADINE

That's my new thing I do, I tell people really obvious shit like they don't know it. *That nice green stuff outside is called 'grass.'* It keeps me entertained.

Krista laughs at how weird this is.

KRISTA

I've missed you, dude.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - A LITTLE LATER

Krista keys their bowling names into the score board. Nadine walks up with a couple of DRINKS.

NADINE

Awww yeah, take a sip of this.

KRISTA

(takes a sip)

Woah, how'd you...?

NADINE

(smiles big)

I made friends with the bartender.

KRISTA

That guy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Krista eyes the CREEPY-LOOKING BARTENDER. He waves.

NADINE

All we have to do is take some pics
in his van later.

KRISTA

Sounds perfectly safe to me.

They clink glasses, having fun. Nadine picks up her ball.

NADINE

Alright God, if I get a strike
right now, it means Hot Soccer Dan
will be my future husband and
Krista will one day pee-pee and
wipe her you-know with hundred
dolla billz.

Nadine goes for it. It veers to the left, then back to the
right, aaaaaand.... STRIKE!

KRISTA

Hhhhhoooooooooo!!!!

NADINE

(victory arms)

Double rainbow across the sky!

They high-five each other, dance around.

CUT TO:

HAPPY BOWLING MONTAGE

--Krista does a few twirls and throws the ball with much
pizazz. It goes right into the gutter.

--Nadine tosses the ball backwards through her legs, it
bounces into another lane, knocking somebody else's ball off
course.

--The BARTENDER slides two White Russians in front of the
girls, winks.

--Krista gutterballs it again. This time, she runs after it,
pulls it out, and bowls it again from the middle of the lane.

--Krista throws a spare. She and Nadine lock arms, doing a
square-dance jig.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

--Krista and Nadine pretend to ice skate in their slippery bowling shoes.

--Krista and Nadine are now bowling with the ROUGH-LOOKING OLD COUPLE next to them who wear matching bowling shirts with FLAMING BALLS AND PINS. Another round of DRINKS.

--The old man shows Krista proper bowling form, while the old woman takes Nadine on a tour of her numerous tatoos.

--Nadine and Krista are wearing the old couple's BOWLING SHIRTS now, all four of them with their arms around each other, swaying and singing Creedence Clearwater's *Have You Ever Seen The Rain* at the top of their lungs.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATER

The girls help the couple into their 1980's MOTORHOME.

NADINE

You guys are invited to the holidays, I just want you to know.

KRISTA

And next time we're all getting matching tatoos.

NADINE

Yes! Badass ones. A dragon giving it to a beaver or something.

(beat)

I'm just gonna leave it to the tattoo artist.

Nadine closes the door, they wave and drive off. Krista shakes her head.

KRISTA

Oh, what a night.

NADINE

(sings)

Oh what a night! Da da da da back in '63!

KRISTA

(sings along)

What a very special time for me!

NADINE

AS I REMEMBER, WHAT A NIGHT!

KRISTA

AS I REMEMBER, WHAT A NIGHT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE
Gayest song ever.

KRISTA
How do we even know that song?

NADINE
Because we're humongous gaylords.

It's official, they're back in their old BFF swing.

HEATHER (O.S.)
Krista, no way, what are you doing
here?

They turn around to see Heather and her 4 popular friends
approaching. Nadine's demeanor immediately shifts.

KRISTA
Oh, hi. We're just leaving.
This is my best friend, Nadine.
Nadine, this is Heather, Jen,
Emily, and Sienna.

Nadine smiles awkwardly, suddenly feeling very uncool.

NADINE
Hola...

They all wave and say hi.

HEATHER
Hey, so did you end up getting that
dress you tried on or what?

KRISTA
Um...
(glances at Nadine)
Yeah. Yeah I did.

HEATHER
Cool, and Futch's Uncle's gonna pay
for our limo 'cause he's super-
loaded and wants to fuck Jen.

Jen nods. That's right.

KRISTA
Oh good. Great.

HEATHER
Anyway, we're meeting up with the
guys, but we'll see you later?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KRISTA
Yeah, have fun.

As they walk off, Krista turns to Nadine, not sure what to say.

NADINE
Dress...? Limo?

KRISTA
Well, uh --

NADINE
You're going to prom with them
instead then.

KRISTA
Nadine, I--

NADINE
Screw you, I don't want to go with
you anyway!

Nadine starts speed-walking away, pissed.

KRISTA
Nadine. Wait! NADINE!

Nadine walks faster, then turns around, adds--

NADINE
You know what? I hope your new
friends still think you're cool
after they get a load of the way
you dance!

Nadine imitates, doing robot-hands and humping the air with a goofy facial expression.

NADINE (CONT'D)
Yeah. That's how it looks. I never
wanted to tell you.

Krista doesn't know what to say, kind of stung. Nadine turns around, keeps walking.

EXT. NADINE'S STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Nadine wanders up to her house. Her feet are completely blistered from the long walk. *Ouch, ouch, ouch, ouch.*

INT. NADINE'S HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

She drags herself down the hallway, into --

INT. NADINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Her room is dark. She flips on her lights and sees Krista sitting on her bed, waiting for her.

NADINE
Ew. That was creepy!

KRISTA
Give me a chance to explain.

NADINE
I don't want hear it.

KRISTA
I was gonna tell you, I was gonna ask you to go with us.

NADINE
Oh kiss my ass! We had plans and you just flushed them down the toilet without a second thought!

KRISTA
That's not true, I had the suits made and everything, I was planning on it and then--

NADINE
What?

KRISTA
And then--

NADINE
And then *what*, Krista?

KRISTA
And then I realized I don't want be a freaking hotdog for prom! I don't want to act like it's just some big joke to me! I want to wear a dress and do my hair and I want to go with an actual *date*, not *you*!

This hits Nadine where it hurts.

NADINE
Get out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTA
I didn't mean it like--

NADINE
GET OUT OF MY ROOM!!!

Nadine grabs her by the shirt and pushes her towards the door. Krista screams. Darian opens his bedroom door.

DARIAN
What the hell's going on?!

Nadine keeps pushing her down the hallway. Krista starts to cry, runs off down the stairs. The front door SLAMS.

DARIAN (CONT'D)
Jesus! What is your problem?

Nadine fights back tears.

NADINE
Why'd you have to do it, Darian?
You have everything in the world,
why'd you have to take my one
friend, too?

Darian pauses. He never thought of it like this.

DARIAN
Nadine...

She runs back to her room, shuts the door.

FADE TO:

EXT. NORFOLK POND - DAY

Where we left off from the opening scene. Nadine unzips her large DUFFLE BAG and begins to unload the contents, including TWO MASSIVE FOAM HOTDOG SUITS. She gathers it all up in her arms, ready to toss it in. A passing JOGGER sees her.

JOGGER
Excuse me, that's polluting. You
can't do that.

NADINE
What, you're gonna call the cops on
me? Go 'head.

He takes his CELL PHONE out, starts dialing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE (CONT'D)

Ah, crap.

She quickly shoves it all back in the bag.

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Krista keeps calling Nadine, but Nadine keeps pressing IGNORE. *Ring, ignore. Ring, ignore. Ring, ignore.* It's like a little dance.

EXT. SHHS HALLWAY - DAY

Krista passes Nadine in the hallway. She tries to talk to her, but Nadine walks right on by.

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nadine de-friends Krista on Facebook. Then un-follows her on Twitter. Then logs onto MYSPACE -- a billion blinking POP-UP ADS clog the screen, it's a total assault on the eyes.

NADINE

Ahhhhhhh! Make it stop!

She can't handle it, immediately closes out of it.

INT. SHHS / PERFORMING ARTS HALL - LUNCH TIME

While Erwin practices the flute, Nadine plays *Sudoku* with the twins.

INT. NADINE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Krista knocks on Nadine's door again and again. Nadine won't open it, turns ANIMAL PLANET up to an obnoxious volume to drown her out.

EXT. SHHS FLAGPOLE - LUNCH TIME

The popular group is laughing and having a good time, but Krista's mind is somewhere else. Darian squeezes her hand, checking if she's alright. She nods, but this is taking a toll on her.

EXT. SHHS - LUNCH TIME

The penis tree has been all alone for weeks now. Two NERDY FRESHMAN BOYS walk by. They point and laugh at the carving, then noticing the spot is now vacant, claim it as their own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

That's it -- there's no going back now.

FADE TO:

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS - DAY

The whole class has their MICROSCOPES out for an experiment where they put a piece of hair on a slide and alter it with chemicals.

ERWIN

Hey, um, come check out this crazy thing I found in my microscope.

NADINE

What do enzymes do to the hair again? Turn it to goo or something?

ERWIN

Sorta, but just come look real quick. You have to see this.

Nadine goes over and looks into his microscope. Spelled out in pieces of ERWIN'S HAIR are the words *WILL YOU PLEASE GO TO PROM WITH ME?*

NADINE

Oh my god. How'd you do that?!

Erwin smiles, super proud of himself.

ERWIN

It was extremely hard, I worked on it for three weeks.

NADINE

Wow, that's amazing!

ERWIN

I know it's last minute, but... will you?

Erwin's smile is massive and sincere. Nadine suddenly feels uncomfortable.

NADINE

Oh. Um... Erwin, that's so nice of you...

His smile starts to fall, sensing where this is going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE (CONT'D)

The thing is, I just... I don't think prom's really my thing, I wasn't planning to go.

Erwin swallows, his heart suddenly in his throat. Just then, Nadine overhears the GOSSIPY GIRL talking on her cell phone.

GOSSIPY GIRL

Wait, did she dump Darian or did Darian dump her?

NADINE

(trying to hear)
What? What'd she say?

GOSSIPY GIRL

(covers phone, tells lab partner)
Krista dumped Darian! They're not going to Prom tomorrow, she returned her dress and everything!

NADINE

What?! She did?!

LAB PARTNER

Why?!

GOSSIPY GIRL

I don't know, something about a girl!

(into phone)

What girl? Who's this girl?

(beat, announces)

She forgets her name but she's hairy and kinda looks like a human-version of Alf?

NADINE

Oh my god! I'm hairy and look like Alf! It's totally me!

GOSSIPY GIRL

Whatever.

NADINE

No, it really is! Oh my god, Erwin, can you believe this?

Erwin can't say a word, still flattened from her rejection.

EXT. SHHS HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Nadine runs to find Krista. She's by her locker, Heather and the girls gathered around consoling her. They see Nadine and back off, giving them privacy. Krista's eyes are swollen.

NADINE

Hey... I heard what happened.

Krista wipes her nose, trying to hold it together.

NADINE (CONT'D)

I - I'm sorry.

KRISTA

Are we friends again then?

NADINE

Krista, of course, I...

KRISTA

(bursts into tears)

Good.

She covers her face, runs off. Nadine is stunned. A little ways down, Erwin is getting books from his locker.

NADINE

God, I think she's really upset.

He doesn't respond, chucks his CHEM BOOK into his locker.

NADINE (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?

ERWIN

Do you know how long it took me to snip all those hairs and make them into little letters, especially the 'S' on 'please'?

NADINE

Erwin--

ERWIN

Sometimes you're so busy thinking about yourself, you-- you forget about everybody else.

He shuts his locker, walks off. Nadine swallows.

INT. MONA'S BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Nadine sits, fully clothed, in her mom's empty whirlpool tub. She picks through a BOWL OF POTPOURRI, staring in a deep dark void.

Mona pokes her head in.

MONA
What are you doing in here.

Mona notices the tears in her eyes, comes in.

MONA (CONT'D)
Well, based on the music Darian's playing, I can take a wild guess what this is about.

Nadine looks off, heaves a sigh.

NADINE
I feel awful...

Mona walks over to the tub.

MONA
Mind if I join?

Mona climbs into the empty tub next to Nadine. They just sit there silently a moment.

MONA (CONT'D)
Isn't this what you were after the whole time.

NADINE
Not like this...

Beat.

NADINE (CONT'D)
I've never seen Krista cry like that before... it was so sad. And then Erwin, I even hurt Erwin, and he's the nicest person ever. Last week he had a spider in his car and felt too bad killing it so he just kept trying to shoo it out the window. It bit him like four times in the process...

She shakes her head, thinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE (CONT'D)

I don't know, mom... I just wanted things to be like they were, you know? When Darian came along it just changed everything.

Mona puts an arm around Nadine, pulls her close.

MONA

Honey, being friends would be easy if everything always stayed the same... you always lived right down the street from each other, had the same hobbies, were single and not-single at the same time. But you grow up and realize your lives aren't always going to intersect so neatly. Hell, next year you two may go off to different colleges... Couple years after that, maybe she's married with a baby while you're out freaking some Italian guy you just met at the club. Do they still call it "freaking" or is that over now?

NADINE

Pretty sure that one's done.

MONA

You get my point though. A lot of friendships can't handle change. But the good ones... they adjust. If you really care about each other, you find a way to make it work.

Nadine lets this sink in. After a moment, she puts her arms around Mona, hugs her tight.

NADINE

I love you, mom.

MONA

I love you too, hon.
(beat, looks around)
I'm gonna take more baths.

EXT. DARIAN'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

REM's "*Everybody Hurts*" wails from Darian's room. Nadine knocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After a moment, he opens the door, turns down the music. He's eating a BEEF STICK (he's already eaten like 12) and looks like a wreck.

NADINE

I'm sorry I was an asshole.

Darian sits down on the edge of his bed.

DARIAN

I swear I never meant to mess up your life, Nadine.

NADINE

Darian --

DARIAN

No, I'm serious. I really wish I would've fallen for somebody else, but I.... I can see why she's your best friend. She's amazing.

Nadine can tell how sincere he is.

NADINE

You've gotta take her to prom tomorrow.

DARIAN

She doesn't want to go.

NADINE

I have a plan to fix that. I kinda need your assistance, though.

DARIAN

What do you need?

NADINE

A ride some places, help with a few errands, and if you happen to know the lead singer of Radiohead and/or someone who does sky-writing?

DARIAN

(are you kidding me?)

No.

NADINE

Might have to switch some things around then. No biggie.

Darian laughs, throws her a beef stick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DARIAN
Let's do it.

INT. MALL - AFTERNOON

Darian and Nadine burst through the mall doors, where they meet Heather, quickly follow her up the ESCALATOR.

INT. SHHS / MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Nadine follows Darian into the empty men's locker room.

DARIAN
You can't tell anyone about this.

Nadine locks her lips, throws away the key.

NADINE
So this is the guy's locker room...

DARIAN
Exciting, huh.

NADINE
Smells like taco seasoning.

Darian approaches a STORAGE CLOSET labeled "FIELD MAINTENANCE."

DARIAN
Pretty sure it's in here.

EXT. PARTY CITY - EVENING

Darian idles outside PARTY CITY. Nadine runs towards him, her arms loaded with SHOPPING BAGS. She jumps in, he zooms off.

EXT. ERWIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Darian cuts the engine, quietly rolls up along Erwin's curb. They quietly slide out of the car, creeping through the dark. Nadine dives onto the grass, crawling on her belly military-style.

DARIAN
(whispers)
You think that's necessary?

He's just walking normally.

NADINE
I did at first, but this grass is really wet.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE (CONT'D)

(beat)

'kay, that's poop, I'm getting up.

She pops up. They tip-toe up the driveway.

EXT. HABIBI RESTAURANT & DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Darian and Nadine approach a crowded Persian Dance Club, a line of CLUB-GOERS down the block. Even from the street, you can hear the Persian singer WAILING AWAY.

DARIAN

This is it?

NADINE

That's what mom told me...

They get in line, both looking very nervous about this.

INT. NADINE'S HALLWAY - LATER

It's 2am. Nadine and Darian are exhausted. They give each other a tired high-five, Nadine collapses into bed.

FADE TO:

EXT. ERWIN'S FRONT PORCH - MORNING

ERWIN'S DAD opens the front door, bends down to pick up the NEWSPAPER when something across the front yard catches his eye. He stands bolt upright.

ERWIN'S DAD

(in Korean)

Erwin! Get out here right now!

Erwin comes to the door in his pajamas to behold:

His MINI-VAN has been decorated with a million colorful streamers, balloons, confetti, the windows shoe-polished with little stars and happy faces and messages like "Erwin freaking rocks!"

A huge smile spreads across his face.

EXT. DARIAN'S PICK-UP TRUCK - A LITTLE LATER

Nadine driving Darian's pick-up when her phone rings. Intercut between her and Erwin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERWIN (O.S.)

Did you happen to decorate my mom's van with a bunch of streamers and stuff?

NADINE

Maybe. Do you like it?

ERWIN

It's pretty amazing.

NADINE

So...is it too late to change my mind about prom?

Erwin clears his throat.

ERWIN

For you, madame, I just may grant an extension...

(beat)

That voice was kinda weird, sorry.

NADINE

(laughs)

I can't wait.

Nadine clicks the phone off just as she pulls up outside KRISTA'S HOUSE, behind a parked MERCEDES. A person sitting in the driver's seat waves to her. She waves back.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Show time.

Nadine swallows, nervous.

INT. KRISTA'S BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Krista is folding laundry on her bed when she hears something strange outside...

It almost sounds like Radiohead's *Karma Police*, except something about it is not quite right.

She moves to the open window, looks down to see she's being serenaded by --

A PERSIAN MAN (45) -- big mustache, long pony tail, iridescent shirt unbuttoned to reveal copious chest hair and gold jewelry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's standing below her window with a guitar, singing *Karma Police* in a very thick accent, about 10x more up-tempo, and with lots of little middle-eastern vocal trills.

He tosses his hair and dances in place, feeling the rhythm.

During this performance, Nadine pushes a little machine onto Krista's front lawn. It's a FOOTBALL FIELD PAINTER. She wheels it across the grass, spelling out the words "I'M SORRY." It's not sky-writing, but close.

Krista can't help but laugh. The dude finishes the song and they both clap.

NADINE

I wanted to get Thom Yorke but he wasn't available, and, well, my mom's cousin Hamayoun was. He's kinda awesome though, right?

KRISTA

I can't believe you did all this.

NADINE

(re: field paint)
Don't freak out, it comes off. Oh, also--

Nadine pulls a DRESS BAG out of the pick-up: Krista's returned PROM GOWN.

NADINE (CONT'D)

We have an appointment at the salon in 10 minutes.

Krista grins.

INT. HAIR SALON - A LITTLE LATER

QUICK SHOTS of the two girls getting beautified by the same LADY who waxes Nadine's mustache:

1. Nadine's nails are painted fire engine red. She makes a little claw with her hand. *Arrrrrghh.*
2. Krista lets out a series of yelps as her eyebrows get waxed.
3. Nadine's hair is flat-ironed, plumes of smoke coming off it. *"Smoke is normal, right? Smoke is fine?"*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4. Krista's thin blonde hair is ratted and curled piece by piece.

5. Nadine puckers her lips for lipstick application.

6. Krista holds still as the final false eyelash is glued on.

INT. HAIR SALON - LATER

Nadine is being sprayed with hair-spray when Krista walks out of the back room, all ready: Dramatic make-up, hair in pin-curls, a slinky floor-length electric blue dress. A whole 1950's Marilyn Monroe pin-up girl look.

NADINE

Holy crap, you look hot.

KRISTA

Wait, I just realized, what are you gonna wear?

NADINE

I picked something up last night when we got your dress back. I might've lost my mind though.

Nadine ducks into the other room just as Erwin's still-decorated minivan screeches up to the curb, streamers flying, music blaring. Darian and Erwin hop out, both in tuxes, pumped up for the night.

DARIAN

Who's ready for proooooommm
niiiiight?

ERWIN

Awwwww yeah! We're gonna party
on and on 'til the break of dawn!
Or 'til we get tired!

Nadine walks out in a SHORT, FUNKY, ZEBRA-PRINT DRESS. It's a style all her own, she looks awesome.

DARIAN

Wow, sis.

NADINE

Is the zebra print too much? I was aiming for something between "I'm a party animal" and "I watch a lot of Animal Planet." What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERWIN

Bullseye.

KRISTA

You look amazing.

Nadine smiles.

NADINE (V.O.)

All in all, prom night turned out to be pretty big success.

INT. SHHS PROM - LATER

A LIVE BAND plays, everyone dances their asses off. Nadine, Krista, Darian, and Erwin tear it up.

NADINE (V.O.)

The food was good. Lotta white guys got drunk and thought they could breakdance.

Futch tries to do a spin on his back, but just sort of awkwardly rolls around on the floor.

NADINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Erwin's friends seemed to be having fun, too.

A few feet away, Erwin's twin buddies, Brandon and Boyd, are wearing the HOTDOG SUITS and getting a shitload of attention from girls, including Carly Corvetti. She vigorously freaks one of the hotdogs.

CARLY

Is that a foot long?

He smiles huge.

Nadine turns to Krista.

NADINE

I'll be right back, 'kay?

She weaves through the crowd towards the LIVE BAND, when a hand grabs her shoulder. She looks back to see the hand belongs to Hot Soccer Dan.

NADINE (CONT'D)

(freezes, flushed)

Oh. Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The moment has finally come. He looks her right in the eyes.

HOT SOCCER DAN
You...just stepped in vomit.

NADINE
(beat)
Thank you *so* much.

He nods and walks off. Nadine beams, cheerily stepping out of the barf.

NADINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Yep. Things were really looking up.

She heads towards the stage, whispers something to the LEAD SINGER of the band. He nods and they start to play Michael Jackson's *Beat It*. The crowd goes nuts.

Nadine gestures to one of the twins, who pulls Erwin's FLUTE out of his hotdog suit, hands it to him.

ERWIN
Whoa...what?

NADINE
Why don't you show these assholes
who's boss.

Erwin's a deer in headlights. Nadine smiles, urging him on. After a moment, he starts tentatively playing along. A small crowd gathers. He gains confidence and the crowd gets bigger and bigger until everyone at prom is watching him tear it up, beat-boxing like a badass.

A NERDY LITTLE PROM-GOER looks at the massive cheering crowd, disappointed in himself.

NERDY PROM-GOER
I should've never quit flute...

NADINE (V.O.)
*From there the night was kind of a
blur, but went something like this:*

TIME CUT --

NADINE (V.O.)
We danced a bunch more.

1. Krista does her famous humping-robot dance. 2. Nadine slow-dances with a hotdog. 3. Erwin and Darian whip their hair to Willow Smith's *Whip My Hair*.

TIME CUT--

NADINE (V.O.)
We took some pictures.

INSERT: Series of funny, awkwardly-posed prom photos.

TIME CUT--

NADINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They played the last song.

BAND'S LEAD SINGER
Last song, party people!

TIME CUT--

Everyone's arms are locked, singing along to *Bye Bye Miss American Pie*.

NADINE (V.O.)
Some chicks cried.

As they sing along, several girls weep. "*School's almost over...*" Even Nadine & Krista fight a tear.

TIME CUT--

NADINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We decided to go to Denny's.

They walk into Denny's. At 3am, it looks like the runway for the apocalypse. Every patron seems vaguely suicidal.

NADINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We decided not to go Denny's.

TIME CUT--

NADINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We finally made it back home.

They pile out of Erwin's van with bags of *In-n-Out*.

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NADINE (V.O.)
And as I drifted off to sleep that night--

They're spread across the living room in sleeping bags, everyone passed out except Nadine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Erwin drooling peacefully on the
decorative pillow next to me,
Krista and Darian snoring in
perfect sync... I was overcome with
a rare but unmistakable feeling:*

A small, almost undetectable smile comes across her face.

NADINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Things were pretty alright.

As Nadine's eyes flutter shut, we---

FADE OUT.

THE END.