

Tease & Blow

By

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Main Characters

TAYLOR: Very impressionable girl who sees and associates power with sex at a very young age.

ELLIE: Shy and loyal friend of TAYLOR'S, she consistently shows herself to be mature and endlessly rational.

CHASTITY: Narcissistic washed up beauty queen from Georgia, however she does have moments where she can put aside her love affair with herself long enough to show us she has a strong sense of empathy when it comes to her daughter TAYLOR.

LONNIE: Grease monkey from New Jersey who achieved all his life's goals when he married a beauty queen, after he achieved this, he never strove for anything else.

1 EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT. DAY

VERY WIDE SHOT: SHOT OF AN ARID NEVADA VISTA,
[PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDERUNICODE{ÃIJ}INTOPREAMBLE] 2001
CALIENTE,
NEVADA[PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDERUNICODE{Ãi}INTOPREAMBLE] FADES
IN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN, ESTABLISHING THE YEAR. A
SEMI TRUCK DRIVES INTO THE SCENE. THE SEMI TRUCK PULLS UP
TO THE CURB OF A STRIP MALL WHERE MOM AND POP DRUG STORES
AND BARBER SHOPS HAVE YET TO BE REPLACED BY RADIO SHACKS AND
HAIR CUTTERIES. THE LANDSCAPE IS THAT OF THE ARID NEVADA
CLIMATE.

A provocatively dressed woman jumps down from the passenger side door. After zipping up the fly of her denim micro shorts, she gives the truck driver a wink, to which the driver responds with a satisfied leer and a vulgar rub of his lap. The presumed hitchhiker straightens her red off-the-shoulder top and strides off.

CLOSE UP: ON WOMAN'S DENIM CLAD BEHIND WHILE SHE'S WALKING AWAY. CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS AWAY AS THE VOICE-OVER GOES ALONG. BY THE TIME THE VOICE-OVER IS OVER THE CAMERA SHOULD BE AT THE POINT WHERE IT SHOWS ALL OF THE THE WOMAN WALKING AWAY.

VOICE-OVER:

I learned everything I needed to
know about sex when I was 9.
Instead of cause and effect there
was sex and reward. Look at her,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VOICE-OVER: (cont'd)
she knew how to get what she wanted. There she was, my Bible of femininity, from Genesis to Revelation. All laid out for me in the compact size 36, 24, 36. The bulging breasts and rolling hips were followed by the self-proclaimed conservative's bulging eyes. It would take a lot to get noticed in this town of wannabe showgirls and amateur pimps. Yes, even conservatives like a little show.

The truck pulls away, kicking up dust. When the dust clears, it reveals an open-mouthed, wide-eyed TAYLOR being dragged by her mother, CHASTITY.

CHASTITY
Com'on baby, we're gonna be late. Our appointment's at 10. BECKY ain't gonna wait on us forever.

2 INT. "TO DYE FOR" HAIR SALON. DAY

TAYLOR is sitting the salon chair with CHASTITY and BECKY around her talking to each other in the mirror's reflection; contemplating TAYLOR'S hairstyle while TAYLOR flips through an adult hair style magazine, chewing on her bird necklace, contemplating her own hairstyle.

CHASTITY
BECKY, she wants those cute, little curls you know...like you see in those movies with that little girl...

Head cocked to the side in contemplation

BECKY
You talkin' 'bout that little Shirley Temple girl, you know the one always tap dancing around with the black fella? Gotcha, sausage curls, that's what'cher talking 'bout.

Fluffing and straightening TAYLOR'S hair; planning.

(CONTINUED)

CHASTITY

Shirley Temple! That's it. Tay, you gonna look so cute; ain't that right, honey?

Leaning in close and roughly grabbing TAYLOR'S cheeks, squeezing them together to create a pouty face, TAYLOR pulls away, drawn back to her reflection.

TAYLOR

But, Mom! I want this!

Pointing to an image of a hairstyle reminiscent of the hitchhiking woman in the parking lot. CHASTITY and BECKY lean in to look at the picture then raise an eyebrow at each other.

CHASTITY

But, baby, we talked about this, didn't we? I thought you said you wanted to look like that cute little girl on the T.V?

BECKY

Yes, darlin'. This hair style is more for someone like me and your mommy's age.

Said in a condescending tone. BECKY and CHASTITY look at each other and chuckle.

TAYLOR

No. This is what I want. Mommy, please!

Grabbing CHASTITY'S arm and begging. CHASTITY thinks for a minute then relents.

CHASTITY

Well she's got a mind all her own. She is damn near 10 years old. She can pick her own damn hair cut, I guess. Give my baby what she wants.

Smiling down at TAYLOR. TAYLOR smiling down in victory at the haircut in the style magazine then up at BECKY.

BECKY

You sure 'bout this CHASSY?

Raising an inquisitive brow.

CHASTITY

Yeah, BECKY, go'head.

CHASTITY leans in once again close to TAYLOR; talking to her in the mirror's reflection

Besides, what does Momma always say, TAY? 'There ain't no crime against lookin' pretty.

CHASTITY stand up, chuckling at her own remark, she looks to BECKY still smiling. BECKY just rolls her eyes, sighs, throws an apron around TAYLOR'S neck and begins to cut TAYLOR'S hair. CHASTITY watches the transformation reminiscently with her arms crossed and a half smile. TAYLOR is soaking up the moment; prodding BECKY to make her hair increasingly fuller and more teased. After the cut is complete, BECKY wheels the chair around to reveal TAYLOR'S transformation in the mirror

BECKY

How's that for ya, TAY?

TAYLOR nods and smiles in approval as she preens at herself in the mirror. While BECKY and CHASTITY are settling the bill and gossiping amongst themselves, TAYLOR begins shuffling through CHASTITY'S purse. Triumphantly, she brandishes a tube of her mother's lipstick. She unveils the crimson red obelisk and, after taking an exaggerated smell of the cosmetic, clumsily applies it to her lips, staining the lower half of her face in the process. She looks at the finished project in the vanity mirror, smiles and blows a kiss to her reflection. She adjusts her necklace straight before hopping down off the chair. She walks over to the counter where CHASTITY and BECKY are talking, putting an exaggerated and blatantly awkward roll to her underdeveloped hips. BECKY and CHASTITY giggle in amusement to TAYLOR'S charade.

CHASTITY

Well look at you, Supermodel! I'm gonna have to fight them boys back with a stick!

BECKY

Ya' got that right, CHASSY. She's gonna be a heart breaker, this one. You gonna have to be keepin' a wide-eye on her.

TAYLOR smiles at their compliments; entertaining the possibilities of their remarks, while continuing to keep eye contact with herself in the mirror, preening at herself.

3 INT. BORNE KITCHEN. DUSK

LONNIE is in the kitchen wearing an apron with a cartoon depiction of a woman's bikini clad body printed on it, bustling around obviously preparing dinner.

CHASTITY
(OFF CAMERA)
Hey, Suga'! We're home!

LONNIE hurries faster. Realizing he's out of time, he quickly arranges the silverware on one of the three TV trays. CHASTITY appears in the kitchen.

CHASTITY
Well honey! Look at'chu; makin'
dinner for your two best girls!

LONNIE lowers his head and shrugs his shoulder, happily embarrassed.

LONNIE
I figured yous and TAY could use
somethin' to eat.

CHASTITY
Bless you, baby!

CHASTITY gives LONNIE a hearty kiss that lasts way past awkward. TAYLOR walks in the kitchen.

TAYLOR
Uh...gross guys, just gross.

They continue kissing, TAYLOR goes unheard. She gestures a faked cough.

TAYLOR
Can we eat now...*please!*?

LONNIE
Oh yeah...yeah!

LONNIE and CHASTITY straighten up in slight embarrassment. CHASTITY wipes some of her lipstick off LONNIE'S chin. LONNIE turns to get the rest of dinner together and gets a look at TAYLOR.

LONNIE
WHOA! TAY! Whaddya do to your hair?

(CONTINUED)

CHASTITY

Doesn't she look just darlin',
baby? Come on, give him a little
twirl!

TAYLOR does an awkward spin, making it faster than her mother wanted, trying to look sullen however enjoying the attention.

LONNIE

Whoa-ho there TAY! You're gunna'
give CHESTY here a run for her
money one of these days.

TAYLOR

Really?!

TAYLOR brightens at this and pushes her chest out at an awkward angle, pushing her not yet developed breasts up and striking a pose. LONNIE gives a quick grimace when he sees this, the kitchen is silent for a moment.

LONNIE

Dinner time!

LONNIE pulls out the TV dinners stacked in the microwave. CHASTITY looks on and squeals in excitement

CHASTITY

Aw, Suga'! Meatloaf! You sure know
the way to a girl's heart!

Last line said in a cheesy Mae West voice, while giving Lonnie a hip bump.

LONNIE

I was going for lower actually.

LONNIE gives CHASTITY a mischievous smile.

TAYLOR

Meatloaf? *Again?*

LONNIE

(said sternly)

Yes. Meatloaf: again. You know somethin', TAY. Some kids would kill to have what you have. You got 3 squares a day and a loving family that spends quality time with one another. I think you needs to start being a little more grateful for what you got. Now... lets go

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LONNIE (cont'd)
watch the fight.

LONNIE, CHASTITY and TAYLOR carry their trays into the living room and sit in front of the TV, during which CHASTITY and LONNIE are beginning to argue about what to watch on TV. Their voices are drowned out by TAYLOR'S voice over.

VOICE-OVER:
Quality time. Riiiiighhht. As if they ever knew a thing about quality time. Quality time in their sex throne of a bed, maybe.

CUT TO CHASTITY AND LONNIE "COMING TO A COMPROMISE." THIS MEANS CHASTITY WINS BY BEGGING IN A BABY VOICE WHILE SLOWLY SHIMMYING HER CHEST. CAMERA STAYS ON THE ARGUING COUPLE WHILE CHASTITY BEGINS "BEGGING" IN EARNEST.

VOICE-OVER
Don't get me wrong; I love my parents. But growing up was hard in a house like mine. When the biggest role models in your life are a washed-up pageant queen still seeking the crown and an unfulfilled grease monkey looking to get a cheap thrill from anything with a vagina, then you tend to have a somewhat skewed notion of how the world should be. I wanted out before Mom realllly started begging. I just wish I had gotten Ronald out in time.

CUT TO MINIATURE STUFFED ELEPHANT LAYING ON COUCH, THEN BEING CRUSHED BY CHASTITY AND LONNIE WHEN THE "BEGGING" TAKES A DECIDEDLY SEXUAL TURN

4 EXT. SUMNER'S CREEK. SUNSET

CUT TO TAYLOR RUNNING OUT THE BACK DOOR. SHE RUNS THROUGH TALL GRASS TO GET TO THE LAKE. WE SEE TAYLOR SITTING WITH HER BACK TO US, WATCHING THE GEESE FROLIC

VOICE-OVER:
This was the first night I had seen them since last winter. I noticed Henry and Annette had finally gotten together, even though Daniel
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VOICE-OVER: (cont'd)
had totally made a play for her last year. They only stayed here a few months out of the entire year. When it got too cold in Canada, they'd just fly on down here to warm up. Kinda' like me, 'cept I came here to cool down. Their simplicity is what I now realized I really loved about them. You don't see Annette in stilettos and a tube top just 'cause it's mating season. No make-up, no wondering if bell bottoms are still in-Which I can tell you now they are not-, no guidance counselors, no school fucking mascot. Simple.

During the narration, the camera circles TAYLOR three times. When we face TAYLOR on the last cycle she is noticeably a bit older. 3 years go by, 2004 fades in at the bottom of the shot. She is still sitting Indian style with a worn composition notebook and an open loaf of Sunbeam bread beside her. In her notebook, she documents side notes about their habits and makes rough diagrams of their patterns. She stands up.

TAYLOR
Here ya' go Annette.

Said in a soft, coaxing voice while offering the goose a piece of torn bread. TAYLOR is then bombarded with more geese wanting to be fed.

TAYLOR
Alright! Alright! One for Daniel, too. Oh and Henry. Here you go, guys! Hold on!

TAYLOR laughs at all the attention from the geese. She dusts off her pants and grabs her belongings.

TAYLOR
Alright, guys. Behave. Especially you, Henry.

Pointing her finger at him. TAYLOR walks off towards home.

5 INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM. AFTERNOON

We see TAYLOR and ELLIE'S faces close together through the mirror's reflection. TAYLOR is clumsily applying a "Barbie" pink lipstick while ELLIE sorts through the array of hair accessories that litter TAYLOR'S vanity. She tries on one that has bumblebee antennas attached to them, while TAYLOR poses she bobs her head, making the antennas sway. They giggle together at their reflections. The T.V is on in the background with a "Real World" kind of program on.

TAYLOR

Oh! Wait a minute...check this out.

TAYLOR turns and begins pulling things out from under her bed, pulling out an empty suitcase in the process. TAYLOR sets this aside and continues rifling until she finally pulls out a headband with bunny ears attached to them. She puts them on and returns to the mirror, hoping to get a laugh out of ELLIE. ELLIE is looking at the suitcase. It has pasted on plastic jewels spelling "Taylor" across the front of it. ELLIE moves to the floor, running her hands over the raised surface of the jewels.

ELLIE

This is cool. Did you do it?

TAYLOR moves over and joins ELLIE on the floor by the suitcase.

TAYLOR

(said nonchalantly)

Yeah. That's my super star bag.

TAYLOR darts her eyes to the T.V, sees a bikini clad woman smoking a cigarette. TAYLOR pantomimes smoking with her eyes still on the T.V. ELLIE laughs.

ELLIE

Super star bag?

TAYLOR

(she brings her attention back to ELLIE)

Yeah! For when I leave here so I can *be* a super star.

ELLIE

Where you gonna' go?

TAYLOR

Anywhere...everywhere!

(CONTINUED)

ELLIE

What are you gonna' do?

TAYLOR

Be a super star, duh!

ELLIE

No...what are you gonna' do to become a super star?

TAYLOR

Being glamorous isn't enough?

TAYLOR strikes a pose again. ELLIE laughs.

ELLIE

What do you wanna' do?

TAYLOR

You first.

ELLIE

Well, I guess when I get of school, go to college, fall in love, get married, have kids, and be one of those super high powered, beautiful mom's that goes on romantic vacations to Hawaii every year...with my husband of course.

ELLIE and TAYLOR giggle together.

TAYLOR

Me too, I guess.

TAYLOR says this noncommittally.

TAYLOR

I mean, I want to leave here definitely. But I'm gonna' miss a lot of stuff 'bout this place.

ELLIE

Your Mom and Dad?

TAYLOR rolls her eyes and looks significantly at ELLIE.

ELLIE

Ok, not them...who then?

TAYLOR

The geese.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIE

You could follow them. Where do they go?

TAYLOR

Canada...it gets too hot for them here in the summer.

ELLIE

So...go with them! You could be like Jane Goodall! You know, the chick with the hairy legs who hangs out with monkeys!

TAYLOR

Only I'll be a lot prettier, and less hairy...

They giggle again together. While they're still laughing, we begin to hear CHASTITY and LONNIE from the next room.

CHASTITY

(OFF-CAMERA, said plaintively)

Honey...I don't bend that way...here put your foot right here.

We hear LONNIE grunt a few times off-camera. A quick pause passes, the girls are smiling and listening. When they hear what sounds like the LONNIE and CHASTITY falling to the floor they break out laughing again.

CHASTITY

(OFF-CAMERA, said angrily)

I *told* you that ain't gonna' work.

LONNIE

(OFF-CAMERA)

Baby, come back...they got more positions in the book!

ELLIE and TAYLOR, still laughing, fall back to the floor, bent over with their stifled guffaws.

6

EXT. BUS STOP. MORNING

TAYLOR IS SHOWN STANDING AWKWARDLY WITH TWO OLDER GIRLS. AWKWARD GLANCES ARE CAST AND SNICKERS ARE MADE FROM THE OLDER GIRLS. TAYLOR SHRINKS IN EMBARRASSMENT AS SHE BEGINS TO RUB HER BIRD NECKLACE BETWEEN HER FINGERS. CAMERA PANS TO A CLOSE UP SHOT OF TAYLOR WITH A BLURRED FIGURE OF A BOY COMING UP BEHIND HER.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY
Well *damn*, hot mama!

TAYLOR spins around to face RICKY.

TAYLOR
Umm...hey.

RICKY
Hey yourself.

TAYLOR
How come you haven't been in
Daddy's shop in a while? You don't
like me anymore?

Said in a whiny, babyish voice.

RICKY
No way. It's just that my parents
took a one way ticket to
splitville and I been living with
my Ma in Baker for a while,
looks like it's going to be
permanent soon.

TAYLOR
I heard 50% of marriages end in
divorce...

Said awkwardly, she doesn't know what else to say.

RICKY
Yeah, well...it doesn't really
matter anyways.

More awkward silence.

RICKY
Well, I'll be at the shop today,
you gonna' be there?

TAYLOR
Yeah! I got a spy kit for my
birthday...you gotta see these
glasses that came with it you
can...

Cut off by RICKY

RICKY
Naw...that's kids' stuff. I'm sure
we can find something better to do.

RICKY puts his arm around TAYLOR'S shoulders, she's kind of disappointed at his rejection of her idea but mollified by the attention.

7 EXT. CALIENTE K-12 SCHOOL. MORNING

CLOSE UP: THE SIGN IN FRONT OF TAYLOR'S SCHOOL. IT READS "CALIENTE PUBLIC SCHOOL: SERVING OUR COMMUNITY'S K-12 FOR 36 YEARS! HOME OF THE FIGHTING COCKS!"

ZOOM:OUT FROM THE SIGN, WE SEE OLDER STUDENTS FILE OUT OF THE BUSES PARKED IN THE LARGE CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY TO THE SIDE OF THE SCHOOL WHILE YOUNGER STUDENTS LEAP FROM CARS IN A LONG STRING OF MINI-VANS AND SUV'S THAT SNAKE UP TO THE FRONT OF THE SCHOOL.

8 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. AFTERNOON

It's halfway through the school day and RICKY and some of his buddies are leaning against the wall of lockers, watching and commenting on the girls that pass by. TAYLOR walks by, RICKY gives her a smile and a wink, to this, TAYLOR tries to duck her head to hide her sudden grin while she passes the group.

BUDDY #1

Really man...TAYLOR BORNE? You gonna' settle for anthills when there's the fucking Appalachians over there?

Cut to TIFFANY CALLOWAY by the group, bending over to pull books out of the lower part of her locker, exposing a generous amount of cleavage.

RICKY

Whatever man, a Wonder bra'll fix that.

BUDDY #2

Yeah, an' when it comes off you'll wonder where her tits went!

RICKY throws a pulled punch at BUDDY #2 while the rest of the group laughs.

9

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD. LATE AFTERNOON

TAYLOR and RICKY are walking toward "Lonnie's Auto Haven", her father's auto garage, after school. RICKY is carrying TAYLOR'S book bag for her. The scene obviously begins mid-conversation.

RICKY

Hell yeah, I been there. Vegas is like nothing you ever seen. The chicks there really know how to drive a man wild. I must'a seen 3 or 4 boobs...just in that first night!

TAYLOR is looking disappointed and slightly jealous at this remark

TAYLOR

They let you into the clubs?

RICKY

Well...uh...yeah, of course they did, they don't ask questions down there. But these were just the showgirls, they had these tiny little tops, and oh man...

Trying to act nonchalant and pretend he is a "worldly" kind of guy.

TAYLOR

And you like that sorta' thing?

RICKY

Well...yeah! Hold on, C'mere.

Turns TAYLOR around to face him, pulls the shoulders of her top down and rolls the bottom of her shirt up

RICKY

There, now you're a real Vegas showgirl!

TAYLOR

Really?

Obviously pleased at the idea, she strike a pose.

RICKY

Oh, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY whistles before delivering the line. TAYLOR is just eating all this up until her attention is suddenly averted to flying geese overhead. RICKY looks at her, realizing he has lost her attention then directs his eyes toward the sky.

RICKY

What?

TAYLOR

Oh. Um. Nothing. It's just that the geese are flying back home this month.

RICKY

So?

Said raising an inquisitive eyebrow.

TAYLOR

It's nothing. Forget it.

10

INT. "LONNIE'S AUTO HAVEN" LOBBY. LATE AFTERNOON

CUT TO LOBBY OF "LONNIE'S AUTO HAVEN." RICKY'S BACK IS TOWARD US AND HE'S HOLDING SOMETHING AT CROTCH LEVEL, WE CAN SEE TAYLOR STARING WIDE EYED AT THE AREA

TAYLOR

I've never seen one that big! Daddy says he's gonna' give my Mom something that big one of these days.

RICKY

You wanna' hold it?

TAYLOR

(said reverently)

Can I?

RICKY

Sure, just be careful with it.

We see RICKY hand TAYLOR a piece of fool's gold. She fondles it in awe. LONNIE walks into the lobby. TAYLOR and RICKY spring apart. TAYLOR palms the fool's gold and holds it behind her back guiltily. She plays with her bird necklace, wringing it around in her mouth.

LONNIE

Yo' JESSIE!

(CONTINUED)

JESSIE
(OFF-CAMERA)

Yeah?

LONNIE
Jus' got a call from ERNIE, he's
broken down out by Ranchers Drive.
Bring the truck 'round front and
we'll go get'im!

Starts to leave, then as if he's just remembered
them, turns back to look at TAYLOR and RICKY.

LONNIE
Ya'll be ok here?

TAYLOR
Yesssssss.

RICKY
You bet.

Said in unison, TAYLOR'S line delivered petulantly. LONNIE
exits. TAYLOR brings the fool's gold out from behind her
back and continues to stare at it.

TAYLOR
Where'd you find it?

RICKY
Don't worry 'bout that. You want
it?

TAYLOR
Duh!

TAYLOR starts to put it into her pocket when RICKY snatches
it away.

TAYLOR
Hey!

RICKY
Yeah, well, you think I'm gonna'
give something like this up for
free?

TAYLOR
Well, what do you want?

Starts pulling things out from pockets.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
I have gum...it's cotton candy
flavored!

RICKY
(Slapping the gum out of her
hand)
Naw, I don't wan'cher gum. You just
gotta answer a question for me.

TAYLOR
Like...?

RICKY looks around the lobby.

RICKY
Not here. C'mon.

11 INT. GARAGE OF "LONNIE'S AUTO HAVEN". LATE AFTERNOON

RICKY leads TAYLOR into the garage and looks around to make
sure there is no one else around. He sits on the cement
floor, patting the space opposite him. TAYLOR sits down.

TAYLOR
So...?

RICKY
(questioning TAYLOR
inquisitively)
You gotta' tell me. You're like a B
cup now, right?

Said while leaning back supporting himself with his arms.
TAYLOR looks at the fool's gold placed on his lap

TAYLOR
Yep.

She reaches for the fool's gold, RICKY pulls it out of
reach.

RICKY
No way. You think I'm just gonna'
give it to you?

TAYLOR
Hey! I answered your freakin'
question!

Holds it delicately between his thumb and pointer finger
while looking at it leading TAYLOR to believe it's worth
more than it is.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

Like I'm gonna' trust that, you
gotta' show me.

TAYLOR eyes the fool's gold once again, sighs, and clumsily takes off her shirt, revealing a cup bra where tissue paper is just barely visible around the edges. RICKY sits up from his non-chalant pose, his body suddenly tense. He stares at her chest with wide eyes and gulps.

RICKY

You're beautiful.

Said in a breathy voice. He looks up to her face for validation, she is smiling embarrassingly, kind of enjoying the compliment though her discomfort is evident.

RICKY

You win.

Camera zooms to a close up of RICKY folding TAYLOR'S hand around the fool's gold. He moves in for a kiss. At first, TAYLOR holds her head to the side, but slowly she turns into the kiss, responding awkwardly. They kiss for a brief moment. RICKY slides his hands up to her breasts, she pushes his hands away, they come back again, and again, she pushes them away.

TAYLOR

RICKY...come on. Cut it out.

RICKY topples her onto her back; she begins struggling while he wrestles with the buttons of her shorts.

PAN OUT

TAYLOR

(OFF-CAMERA)

RICKY...STOP!

Said in a near panic. A brief moment of silent black screen then opens to brief, dramatic scenes of TAYLOR attempting to scrub her genital area, look at herself quivering in the mirror while attempting to rub off running mascara, holding her hands to her mouth, then taking her hands away from her face to stare at her trembling hands. These small scenes are shown through jerky camera movements and is set against TAYLOR'S frantic breathing and cut in and out between sounds of an anxious heartbeat. Then black.

12 INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM. MORNING

TAYLOR is sitting on the edge of her bed both staring blankly at her soiled under panties and clutching her bird necklace tightly.

CHASTITY
 (OFF-CAMERA. Said while
 banging loudly at TAYLOR'S
 bedroom door)
 TAY! You gonna' be late for school.

TAYLOR
 (said dully)
 I'm sick...can't go.

CHASTITY
 (In an exasperated tone)
 Come on...let's not do this today.
 You're goin'.

CHASTITY begins to open the door, TAYLOR hurriedly looks for a place to stash the underwear but it's too late CHASTITY has seen them. CHASTITY breaks into a wide grin and comes toward TAYLOR hugging her enthusiastically.

CHASTITY
 Oh, TAY baby! You started! Your
 just like your Momma, I got mine at
 your age too!

CHASTITY tries to begin leading TAYLOR to the bathroom.

CHASTITY
 Come on, let's get you set up.

CHASTITY notices TAYLOR trying to disengage, looking despondent and as if she's trying to say something

CHASTITY
 Now, TAY, really. It don't hurt.
 Think of it like a cork or
 something...you just sit down on
 the potty and shove...

TAYLOR cuts her off.

TAYLOR
 (Yells)
 MOM!

TAYLOR composes herself a bit.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
It's not that I...I...

TAYLOR trails off. Camera follows CHASTITY'S glance at the underwear as CHASTITY notices the lack of blood. CHASTITY raises her eyebrow as if to ask "what's going on?" and notices TAYLOR is upset. CHASTITY's face fills with disbelief as she realizes that her daughter has lost her virginity.

CHASTITY
You didn't!?

TAYLOR says nothing.

CHASTITY
You did? You did...it?

TAYLOR'S face begins to crumple.

CHASTITY
Oh honneyyyyy! No No No No...I'm
ain't mad, I ain't mad. I just
figured you'd be a bit young is
all. No biggie!

She sees TAYLOR is still upset and misunderstands it as TAYLOR being worried about her reaction. She sits on the bed and pats the space next to her, silently asking TAYLOR to sit. She does.

CHASTITY
I had my first time around your age
too. Johnny Parker, that's the guy,
he had the cutest little
birthmark...shaped like a bunny
rabbit, and he...

TAYLOR cuts her off again.

TAYLOR
Mom, he...he...it was bad, like
really bad.

CHASTITY gives TAYLOR a knowing look and nod, holds her daughter close and says the following in a sympathetic way.

CHASTITY
Well of course it was, Sugar! First
time always is. It'll get better
though.

TAYLOR

I just didn't want it to be like that.

CHASTITY

Honey, it ain't never like you thought it was going be like. My first time was in my Daddy's shed! All my friends were so jealous, we was all just waiting to lose it.

TAYLOR

Really? They were jealous?

CHASTITY

Positiveley green with envy! A "V card" was something we was all just waitin' to cash in.

TAYLOR

How come I don't feel proud? I just feel...dirty.

CHASTITY

Now don't start that shit! There ain't nothing to feel dirty or ashamed about. You gotta' learn to embrace that inner sex kitten girl! That's what Oprah says.

CHASTITY nods wisely.

TAYLOR

No, it's not like that. I can't get the smell of gas outta' my hair!

TAYLOR begins to break down, on the verge of tears.

CHASTITY

Gas? NO! Don't tell me you did it at Daddy's shop?

To this, TAYLOR is silent. CHASTITY takes her lack of reply for a yes.

CHASTITY

Well, let's just keep it our little secret huh? Your dad'll have field day if he knows that.

CHASTITY begins rubbing soothing circles on TAYLOR'S back.

(CONTINUED)

CHASTITY

Listen, honey they're not always going to be Prince Charming and you ain't always gonna' feel like Cinderella after.

CHASTITY takes a quick pause, giving time for her words to sink in.

CHASTITY

Oh wait! It was that ETHAN kid! The one with the nice pecs! I could always tell he was sweet on you! Well, look at'chu. You got yourself a boyfriend! Way to go TAY!

At this point CHASTITY's just trying to cheer TAYLOR up and is grasping at straws, luckily, she grasped the right one.

TAYLOR

Yeah, I guess I do. Not even TIFFANY CALLOWAY's got a real one yet!

TAYLOR starts to get excited at the prospect. CHASTITY looks at her watch.

CHASTITY

Alright, you're going to be late. Up and at'em!

CHASTITY begins to exit, as she's closing the door, she pops her head back in and says...

CHASTITY

Oh, and make sure to look extra perdy and all sexy-like today when you see him! Like Oprah said, you gotta' embrace the inner sex kitten! Meow!

CHASTITY seems to exit. TAYLOR gets off the bed and stares at herself in the mirror. She puts on some lipstick and fluffs her hair, then, getting exasperated with her reflection utters disparagingly...

TAYLOR

Meow?

TAYLOR does not know that CHASTITY has not left but is watching her through the partially open bedroom door with a worried look on her face. CAMERA pans away from TAYLOR to show CHASTITY in the doorway.

13 EXT. BUS STOP. MORNING

TAYLOR stands at the bus stop nervously looking over her shoulder for RICKY. The two snobby older girls are staring her up and down and continue to whisper snide remarks to one another. Being occupied in her own anxiety, TAYLOR continues to look around for RICKY. As the bus rolls up, TAYLOR gives one last quick look around to make sure he isn't in sight. Her expression changes from nervousness to relief and she boards the bus.

14 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. MORNING

ELLIE is putting her books away in her locker. TAYLOR approaches ELLIE in a suppressed panic, attempting to "not obviously" look over her shoulder.

TAYLOR
Have you seen Ricky?

ELLIE
Nope, he moved...well he's
move-ing.

TAYLOR
What?!

ELLIE
Yeah, today. He's gonna' live with
his Mom in Baker.

TAYLOR
Oh...

TAYLOR is alternating looks of disappointment and relief.

ELLIE
He didn't mention any of that when
ya'll went on ya'll's "date"
yesterday?

ELLIE uses her fingers as quotation marks when she says "date".

TAYLOR
Well, yeah. I mean, of course he
did. I just forgot.

Other friends of theirs meet up with them at the lockers. TAYLOR'S demeanor instantly changes as she takes one a whole new persona of a confident young woman.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

It's just that so much has happened
in the last day.

TAYLOR leans on the lockers dreamily, shooting looks at
ELLIE, waiting for her to rise to the bait.

ELLIE

Like?...

ELLIE looks excited and leans in confidentially, the rest of
the group follows suit.

TAYLOR

Well...yesterday at Daddy's shop,
he told me he loved me...and...and
he couldn't stand the thought of
leaving me!

ELLIE

No way...Really?! Did he kiss you?

TAYLOR

(said in a superior tone)
He did a lot more than kiss me!

TAYLOR begins to walk away from the lockers, putting an
extra sway into her walk, knowing that ELLIE and friends
will follow. They run to catch up with her. When they do,
the group's chatter is excited and fascinated, shooting
questions at her left and right, all at the same time.
However, ELLIE is no longer amused.

LAURA

Did it hurt?

RACHEL

Was he big?

SARAH

Oh my god, that's so romantic!
Confessing, like, his love and all!

ELLIE

What do you mean by that, ya'll
didn't...well you know?

TAYLOR

Well of course we did, sweetie.
That's what people do when they're
in love.

ELLIE pulls her away from the group, they try to hang back and listen in but ELLIE shoots them a scathing look and they depart, giggling to one another. TAYLOR is watching them, smiling.

ELLIE
Why'd you do it? I mean really?

TAYLOR
I did it because he
wanted...I...I wanted to.

ELLIE
Did you really? I thought we were
gonn'a wait till it felt right. Did
it?

TAYLOR
(in an exaggerated sultry
voice)
Oh, yeah...it felt more than right,
it felt so...

ELLIE cuts her off.

ELLIE
Why you acting like this? Stop it.

TAYLOR
(said snottily)
But why? We can't all be as goody
goody as you. I mean
really...saddle shoes.

TAYLOR looks down at ELLIE's pristine saddle shoes as ELLIE bites her lips, tears brimming in her eyes. ELLIE begins to walk away.

TAYLOR
Hey!

TAYLOR catches up with her, grabbing her arm, instantly contrite.

TAYLOR
Look, I'm sorry, I didn't mean
it...really. I like your shoes,
they're...retro.

ELLIE
(beginning to smile, and
looking down at her shoes, she
says casually)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELLIE (cont'd)
Yeah, that's why I got them.

TAYLOR and ELLIE pause to admire the shoes.

ELLIE
Look, it's fine, just don't treat
me like a Gladys, okay?

TAYLOR and ELLIE look over at GLADYS PHILMAN, who is standing across the hall at her locker, relentlessly lint-rolling cat-hair off her sweater that has a picture of a cat and the slogan "Talk to the tail" on it. TAYLOR and ELLIE giggle together.

TAYLOR
Deal.

ELLIE
Look...I think you're secret's out.

ELLIE nods in the direction of a group of guys who are bustling around TIFFANY CALLOWAY. LAURA is with them, whispering while everyone's eyes dart over to TAYLOR. The boys begin to pull away from TIFFANY and gravitate toward TAYLOR.

TAYLOR
It's just like Oprah says, you
gotta' release that inner sex
kitten!

TAYLOR begins to walk backwards away from ELLIE

TAYLOR
Meow!

As she says this she hooks her hands into claws and makes a playful swipe in the air toward ELLIE. She turns around and starts walking down the hallway, putting an extra swing into her walk. The group of guys that had formerly been admirers of TIFFANY CALLOWAY stand up straighter and puff their chests out as she walks by, some even daring to wink. The rest of the people she passes look at her differently than before: girls with apparent envy, and guys with renewed interest. The school hallways are filled with whispers.

15

INT. CLASSROOM. AFTERNOON

TAYLOR is sitting at her desk with her legs crossed in what she thinks is a sexy position while MR. ROLLINS is reading a passage from Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Two male classmates sit in the desk to her left and right. She is sucking on her pen while shooting glances at the boys. The teacher is barely audible, droning in the background. The boy to her right leans in toward her.

MALE STUDENT #1

So...you still dating RICKY? You know he moved right.

TAYLOR

(said coyly)

Duh! We're just *casually* dating anyways.

MALE STUDENT #2 leans in toward the conversation.

MALE STUDENT #2

I heard there wadn't nothing casual 'bout it.

TAYLOR

(said defensively)

What do you know?

MALE STUDENT #2

I heard he slipped it to ya' in your daddy's garage. Or was that just bullshit?

MALE STUDENT #2 says this like a challenge. TAYLOR rises to it.

TAYLOR

Well...RICKY was...mature. I only go for mature guys.

MALE STUDENT #1

You mean you like older men?

MALE STUDENT #2

Whaddya think about MR. ROLLINS then? He's certainly *mature*.

The three of them look at MR. ROLLINS. The boys snicker at the prospect. He is about 45 years old. He has a strong body and salt and pepper hair, however from their perspective he is deemed ancient.

(CONTINUED)

MALE STUDENT #1
Don't tell me you'd go for the
fucking crypt keeper?

TAYLOR looks at MR. ROLLINS closely. She notices that he is not unattractive but mainly wants to show the boys she's not all talk.

MR. ROLLINS
Okay, the next 20 minutes are
independent study. I want to to
read the next 2 chapters carefully.
I expect you to be ready to discuss
them after.

The class falls into a near silence, there is a little whispering that he chooses to ignore. TAYLOR grabs her book and walks over to MR. ROLLINS desk, swinging her hips. She addresses MR. ROLLINS as he sits at his desk in front of the class.

TAYLOR
MR. ROLLINS?

MR. ROLLINS looks up at TAYLOR.

MR. ROLLINS
TAYLOR. You have a question?

TAYLOR
Yeah, how old was Juliet?

MR. ROLLINS
Well, if you had read the
play...you'd see that she was
almost 14.

TAYLOR
So she was 13 when she fell in
love?

MR. ROLLINS
Correct.

TAYLOR bends over the desk opening her book to a page in the pretense of asking a question while she is clearly trying to show her body off to MR. ROLLINS to her best advantage. MR. ROLLINS eyes are drawn to her barely there cleavage. He clears his throat and looks at the book.

TAYLOR
Okay, so they were married right?
Then they spend the night together
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (cont'd)
right? Well, did they...did
they...you know.

The classroom has gone silent as everyone watches the exchange between TAYLOR and MR. ROLLINS.

MR. ROLLINS
Have sex?

The classroom erupts into giggles. MR. ROLLINS straightens in his chair.

TAYLOR
At thirteen right?

MR. ROLLINS
Yes, Ms. Borne. Now please take
your seat.

TAYLOR walks back to her seat, making eye contact with MALE STUDENT #1 AND MALE STUDENT #2. She winks at them. The two boys look at each other shocked, yet smiling.

FREEZE FRAME ON MALE STUDENT #1 AND MALE STUDENT #2.

VOICE OVER:
You see that. That right there. You don't get that kind of respect from being an honor roll student. Sure, they were more interested in my cup size than my GPA, but seeing how they're both low...best to go with my strong suit.

RELEASE FREEZE FRAME: SHOOT TO TAYLOR WALKING BACK TO HER DESK

TAYLOR sits down at her desk, crosses her legs, and resumes sucking on her pen; smiling discreetly in victory.

16 INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM. NIGHT

TAYLOR is in bed. We can see that her alarm clock read 12:15 A.M. She is reading through one of her composition notebooks, every now and then writing in a few notes when we begin to hear the squeaking of bed springs coming from her parent's bedroom. TAYLOR rolls her eyes and buries herself deeper into the covers. The moaning grows louder.

(CONTINUED)

CHASTITY
 (OFF-CAMERA, in a breathy
 voice)
 Come on, my little grease monkey.
 Yeah just like
 that...right...right...there. Oh,
 Ohhhh...ohhhh!ohmygod...ohmygod...
 HARE KRISHNA!!!

TAYLOR is muffling her laughter in her hand. There is a short pause before we hear CHASTITY'S next line.

CHASTITY
 (OFF-CAMERA)
 So, whadd'ya say, baby? Can we?

LONNIE
 (OFF-CAMERA, wheezes the line
 out)
 What do I say to what.

CHASTITY
 (OFF-CAMERA, in a pleading and
 sultry voice)
 The satellite dish? Come on. baby,
 I been wanting one sooooo long.
 And...I'll break out that sexy lil'
 nurse outfit for ya'.

LONNIE
 (OFF-CAMERA, breath catching
 in his throat)
 God, I love it when you touch me
 like that.

CHASTITY
 (OFF-CAMERA, still in a
 pleading baby-ish voice)
 So...?

LONNIE
 (OFF-CAMERA, in a strained
 voice)
 Of course, baby, just don't stop.

CHASTITY
 Yes, DR. BORNE.

TAYLOR has quieted her laughing. She smiles to herself and whispers...

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
Way to go, Mom.

17 INT. "LONNIE'S AUTO HAVEN" LOBBY. LATE AFTERNOON

TAYLOR is seen slouching over the counter in the office; staring up at the clock which seems to tick by oh so slowly. She is tapping her pencil on the counter in in boredom.

LONNIE
(OFF CAMERA, over the intercom
that is stationed at the
counter)
TAY, go in the break room and grab
Jess and I some Cokes, will ya?

TAYLOR depresses the button on the intercom to answer. She says the next line into the microphone in a sugary sweet voice.

TAYLOR
Shouldn't that be a diet?

LONNIE
(OFF-CAMERA, over the intercom
again)
Don't be a smart ass! A real one.

TAYLOR begins to walk out to the break room but pauses when she hears LONNIE'S voice again.

LONNIE
(OFF-CAMERA, over the intercom
in a more gentle and pleading
voice)
Hey..uh, don't tell "CHESTY" 'kay?

TAYLOR rolls her eyes and begins to walk into the break room again, when she is stopped by LONNIE'S voice yet again.

LONNIE
(OFF-CAMERA, over the
intercom, enunciating each
syllable in a menacing way)
OH-KAYYYY?

TAYLOR
(forgoing the intercom this
time, simply screams)
OKAY!

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR walks into the back toward the break room. Passing through the garage section, she stops to take notice of the grease spot on the floor that RICKY had toppled her onto that afternoon. She gives it a wide berth, going out of her way to walk as far away from it as possible. She trips over a stray tool and lands hard on her hands and knees in yet another greases spot. She raises her hands, palms up to look at the grease, hands shaking slightly. As she begins to pull herself up, she notices a yellow glint coming from under the work bench close by. She bends down lower, snaking her hand under the narrow space to pull out the fool's gold that had been swept under the bench with a smattering of other loose articles and trash. She looks at it closely, fondling it roughly, smearing the grease that was on her hands into the grooves of the stone. She slams it against the cement floor of the garage in anger, then inspects the stone again. The stone is now covered in grease and no longer looks like gold. It looks ruined, she gives the stone a grim smile and puts it into her pocket. She pulls herself up and wipes her hands off on a cloth nearby. She goes off camera into the break room where the sound of falling cans from a vending machine is heard. TAYLOR re-enters the office holding a can of soda in each hand and one under her chin, she is halted by a pang in her lower abdomen. She doubles over in pain, dropping the beverages. They puncture when they strike the ground and spray loudly. TAYLOR hobbles over to a ratty couch nearby, clutching her abdomen. She collapses on the couch, rolling onto her back and staring up at the ceiling while she attempts to blink away the tears brimming in her eyes. JESSIE enters the office cleaning his hands with an old rag. He notices TAYLOR on the couch doubled over and, seemingly, crying. JESSIE kneels down next to her.

JESSIE

TAY, TAY, TAY! What's wrong honey?

TAYLOR

I don't know I...

TAYLOR is cut off by another cramp. The fool's gold tumbles out of her pocket and she grabs at it quickly. She holds it tightly. JESSIE sees this and gives a sad smile.

JESSIE

We got that on the trip to Vegas.
He begged and begged me to get 'im
that fool's gold.

TAYLOR

Fool's gold?

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR'S faces begins to crumple as she realizes that the stone is worthless. Another cramp hits her and she lets out a small moan. JESSIE jumps to his own conclusion and nods wisely and sympathetically.

JESSIE

Now I know you miss RICKY, but he's only in BAKER. Plus I gots custody on some holidays...

TAYLOR grimaces in pain.

JESSIE

I know you're worried about him, but trust me, TAY...Lori has a nice pad, and it's really not that far.

TAYLOR

(yelling exasperatedly, in pain)

No! It *hurts!*

JESSIE lays an arm across her shoulders.

JESSIE

I know it does sweetie. I know. I'm hurting too here.

Two other employees enter the garage raucously laughing, JESSIE turns to them and yells.

JESSIE

Hey! Hows about a little sensitivity here! Geez!

JESSIE turns back to TAYLOR apologetically

JESSIE

Some guys you know, they just don't have a damn clue. Come on honey, I'll take ya' home.

TAYLOR IS SHOWN PEERING OUT OF THE RAIN STREAKED WINDOW ON THE PASSENGER'S SIDE OF JESSIE'S PICKUP TRUCK. SHE PASSES THE TINI-MARTINI, THE BAR HER MOTHER, CHASTITY, WORKS AT AND SEES HER LEANING ON THE WALL OUTSIDE, STARING OFF INTO SPACE WHILE SMOKING A CIGARETTE.

NEXT SHOT, THE TRUCK IS PULLING UP TO TAYLOR'S HOUSE.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR thanks him and drags herself into the house with her hand over her stomach; hunched over in pain. JESSIE'S still yelling encouragement at her. The camera follows TAYLOR but we still hear JESSIE until TAYLOR is inside and closes the door, cutting JESSIE'S voice out.

JESSIE
(OFF-CAMERA)

You could write letters! My counselor said it's good to, you know, write all your feelings down and shit. It'll help! Yeah, go on inside. Rest, that'll make you feel better, thatw what everyone's always telling you to do when you feeling low. Rest...yeah...

18 INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM. MORNING

TAYLOR wakes up looking rough and is still somewhat squinting in pain. She shuffles to the bathroom and, half asleep, pulls down her pajama bottoms. She sits on the toilet and looks down. Wide-eyed, she gasps at what she sees. She begins looking around the bathroom; reluctant to move.

TAYLOR
(whispering nervously to herself)
Pads. Ok..pads, pads. Ohhhh...where the hell are they?

TAYLOR does an awkward shuffling duck walk to the cabinet and pulls out a box of super large tampons and unwraps one. She becomes wide-eyed at the sight of it, looking at it's circumference in disbelief. She begins to try to figure out the mechanics of it, pushing the cotton wad out of the chamber and watching it fall the the floor. She picks it up by the string and says.

TAYLOR
Um...definitely not.

TAYLOR searches the bathroom for something that would suffice. Unsatisfied by her findings she attempts to exit the bathroom in pursuit of a substitute for a pad. She cautiously opens the door and peers down the hall both ways. TAYLOR stiffly and oh so carefully, taking tiny steps, walks out of the bathroom towards the kitchen, unconsciously gripping a giant tampon. She sees LONNIE in the kitchen with his apron on and attempts to sneak past him. LONNIE turns around and both he an TAYLOR stare at each other for a long moment.

(CONTINUED)

LONNIE
Whaddya doin?

TAYLOR
Um. Nothing.

LONNIE looks down at TAYLOR'S crossed legs.

LONNIE
Bathroom's open, TAY.

TAYLOR
I'm just...um..looking for...

LONNIE
For what?

TAYLOR
Ummm....

Looking suspicious and nervous at the same time.

LONNIE
TAYLOR! What are yous lookin' for?

TAYLOR
(squeezing her legs together
with one leg behind the other,
grates out)
I just need to...

LONNIE finally notices the tampon she is gripping, and
blanches.

LONNIE
(Said nonchalantly)
Oh.

LONNIE pauses while staring at TAYLOR, TAYLOR stares back at
him, pleading with her eyes.

LONNIE
(Said in a panic)
OH! You've gotta be kidding me
right you're like...what...9?

TAYLOR
I'm 12 Dad.

LONNIE
Damn it, TAY! This is something for
"CHESTY" not me! Can you hold it
till she gets off work?

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
(getting more panicky)
DAD!

LONNIE
Alright, Alright...geez. What do I
know 'bout ya'll's *female* time?

LONNIE looks at his desperate daughter again. He takes a deep breath.

LONNIE
Okay, right, you need...

LONNIE trails off and begins shuffling around the kitchen, going through drawers. Questioningly, he holds up a homemade pot-holder to TAYLOR for inspection.

TAYLOR
DAD! I made that in the 1st grade.
Plus that's gross.

LONNIE
I'll tell you what's gross! You
women are gross!

LONNIE's voice begins to taper off to a mutter as he rifles through the drawer again, turning away from TAYLOR.

LONNIE
...you "baby makers"...leaking all
over the place with your periods
and...

LONNIE's voice trails off entirely as he renews his search in the kitchen. TAYLOR scrunches up her face in concentration, then looks up even more panicked. She squeezes her legs together tighter and shuffles toward the bathroom again.

LONNIE
(still searching, nervously
mutters)
Jesus, it's like Niagara fucking
Falls.

LONNIE is rummaging through the contents under the sink and exclaims...

LONNIE
Got it!

LONNIE runs to the bathroom door, clutching something in his hand. He knocks on the door victoriously. TAYLOR opens the door a crack, looking furious and desperate.

LONNIE
Here, use this.

Holds an orange dish sponge up for her approval. TAYLOR just looks at him crossly.

LONNIE
No?

19 EXT. BORNE HOUSE. MORNING

LONNIE runs out the door with his keys and his daughter slung over her shoulder. He picks up the morning's paper from the stoop and makes a beeline for his truck.

TAYLOR
(screaming plaintively)
DAD!

LONNIE
It's alright. It's alright! I got this.

He opens the passenger side door of this truck, lays the newspaper down on the seat and unceremoniously dumps TAYLOR onto it.

LONNIE'S CAR PEELS OUT OF THE DRIVE WAY AND SPEEDS DOWN THE ROAD TOWARD TOWN.

NEXT WE SEE THE CAR CAREENING THROUGH THE PARKING LOT OF THE CHAIN DRUG STORE AND PARKING IN A FIRE LANE, NARROWLY MISSING A PEDESTRIAN.

The pedestrian yells at LONNIE.

PEDESTRIAN
Hey, asshole...

The pedestrian is cut off by LONNIE who is running around to the passenger side of the car to grab TAYLOR by the hand. He begins dragging her into the store. He yells back to the pedestrian.

LONNIE
Shove it! We got an emergency here!

20

INT. CVS. MORNING

LONNIE is seen dragging TAYLOR by the hand into the drug store. The sparse number of customers avert their attention to LONNIE and TAYLOR as he continues to drag her by the hand; almost pushing people out of the way as he frantically scans the aisle markers for a "Feminine Hygiene" sign. LONNIE grabs a shopping cart and positions TAYLOR behind it.

LONNIE

Wait here, Sugar. Daddy's gonna'
take care of this.

TAYLOR is left shifting her weight uncomfortably from foot to foot.

LONNIE

(OFF-CAMERA, in the aisle next
to where TAYLOR is standing)
Got it!

We see a package fly over the rack separating them. It lands in the shopping cart TAYLOR is wielding. TAYLOR picks it up and looks incredulously at the package of "Depends" LONNIE'S selected.

TAYLOR

(muttering to herself)
Jesus, Dad! I'm hitting puberty not
retirement.

TAYLOR throws the package of adult diapers over the rack toward her dad again.

TAYLOR

(yelling to LONNIE)
Try again! Pads not diapers!

THE CAMERA IS ON TAYLOR AS SHE CONTINUALLY SCANS THE ITEMS ON THE RACK. WE HEAR A SCUFFLE THE NEXT AISLE OVER WHERE LONNIE IS. THE CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM TAYLOR AND GOES OVER THE RACK SEPARATING THEM. WE SEE LONNIE AND A WOMAN AROUND HER LATE 50'S BOTH HOLDING THE LAST BOX OF TAMPONS.

LONNIE

Come on, Lady. Give 'em up.

FEMALE SHOPPER

I saw them first, what do you need
'em for anyway?

(CONTINUED)

LONNIE

What do *I* need 'em for? What do you
need 'em for? Here, try these.

With, one hand on the tampons, he grabs the Depends and tries to give them to her. She looks aghast and begins hitting him with her purse. TAYLOR enters the scene, standing at the end of the aisle.

TAYLOR

(in a questioning yet
desperate voice)

Dad?!

LONNIE and FEMALE SHOPPER look over to where TAYLOR is standing with her legs crossed. The adults drop the box, embarrassed, and compose themselves. FEMALE SHOPPER takes note of TAYLOR's crossed legs and pained expression.

FEMALE SHOPPER

Your first time?

TAYLOR

(looking down, embarrassed)

Yeah.

FEMALE SHOPPER begins to move toward TAYLOR, leaving the tampon box on the ground. LONNIE quickly snatches the box up and exclaims.

LONNIE

HA!

TAYLOR and FEMALE SHOPPER just look at him blankly, LONNIE'S victorious grin slips a few notches and he is left standing there, defeated anyways.

FEMALE SHOPPER

(to TAYLOR)

Okay...

FEMALE SHOPPER turns to look at the feminine hygiene.

FEMALE SHOPPER

(said while looking for a
particular brand)

Hold off on the tampons for now,
sweetie, despite what the
know-it-all over there might think.

CAMERA CUTS TO LONNIE WHO IS WRINGING THE BRIM OF HIS HAT AND CRANING HIS NECK TO SEE WHAT FEMALE SHOPPER AND TAYLOR ARE DISCUSSING.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE SHOPPER picks a particular brand of pads off the shelf.

FEMALE SHOPPER
(handing TAYLOR the box of pads)
Go for these until your a bit older.

FEMALE SHOPPER leans in to whisper to TAYLOR so no one will hear.

FEMALE SHOPPER
(whispering as not to embarrass TAYLOR)
Change them every 4 hours or whenever they feel....squishy.

FEMALE SHOPPER glares at LONNIE once more, still annoyed by his presence. She turns back to TAYLOR and gives her a quick squeeze of the hand.

FEMALE SHOPPER
You're going to be just fine.
Welcome to womanhood, honey.
Sometimes it's squishy.

FEMALE SHOPPER exits the scene. LONNIE gives an appraising look at the brand FEMALE SHOPPER has pointed out, trying to look like he knows what he looking for. He pulls two boxes from the rack and holds them, side by side, up to TAYLOR for inspection.

LONNIE
So, uh...Freesia scented or gardenia?

TAYLOR just looks at him.

21 INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM. MORNING

EXTREME CLOSE UP: TV SCREEN SHOWING: AN EPISODE OF "SEX AND THE CITY" IS PLAYING. IN THE SCENE SAMANTHA, MIRANDA, CARRIE, AND CHARLOTTE ARE SUNNING ON A ROOFTOP SOMEWHERE. A COMMERCIAL CUTS IN FOR "WONDER BRA," SHOWING A FLAT CHESTED WOMAN DISPARAGING OVER HER CHEST SIZE. WHEN SHE GETS A WONDER BRA AND LOOKS AT HER REFLECTION IN A MIRROR, SHE IS SMILING. THE TV THEN SHOWS HER WALKING WITH A RENEWED CONFIDENCE DOWN A BUSY SIDEWALK, AS SHE PASSES, MEN STOP AND STARE AFTER HER. NEXT COMMERCIAL IS FOR SOME KIND OF DIET PILL. A WOMAN WHO MAYBE WEIGHS NO MORE THAN 130 POUNDS IS LOOKING AT A BIKINI THAT IS ON A RACK IN THE CLOTHING

(CONTINUED)

SECTION OF A DEPARTMENT STORE, THE WOMAN LOOKS SAD. THE COMMERCIAL SHOWS THE WOMAN INGESTING THE PILL HAPPILY, THEN, IN WHAT IS ASSUMED WEEKS LATER, BUYS THE BIKINI AND LAUGHS GAILY.

CAMERA PULLS AWAY FROM THE SCREEN TO REVEAL THE BACK OF TAYLOR'S HEAD. SHE IS KNEELING BY THE VANITY, WATCHING THE SCREEN RAPTUROUSLY.

CHASTITY

(OFF-CAMERA, from downstairs,
yelling up to TAYLOR)

TAY! Your butt better be down here
in 5 minutes! I'm serious! Move it!

TAYLOR stands up and reveals that she has not dressed yet. She is in denim shorts and a training bra. She steps in front of her full length mirror and inspects her reflection. She sucks her flat tummy in and turns to see her reflection in profile. Then, letting the air out and standing normally, she pinches some baby fat around her stomach, grimacing in distaste. TAYLOR throws on a robe and opens her bedroom door cautiously, peeking around the door jamb, making sure her parents are nowhere in sight. Satisfied no one is around, she tip-toes to her parents room. She peeks around their door to make sure so one is in there. Once verifying that it's clear she goes into their room and rummages in her mother's underwear drawer, occasionally glancing around to make sure she is still undetected. She finally pulls out a red push up bra, much too large for her. She scrunches the padded bra into her robe pocket and makes a bee-line for her room.

22 INT. BORNE BATHROOM. MORNING

TAYLOR is still in her robe, she is holding a pink disposable razor, looking at it reverently. She rifles through the medicine cabinet and pulls out a tube of "Astroglide." She uncaps it and squeezes a small amount onto her palm. She rubs it into her hands, testing the feel. She begins rubbing it onto her legs. CHASTITY walks in and sees her. She gets a look at the bottle in TAYLOR's hand and looks at TAYLOR, flabbergasted.

CHASTITY

TAY, honey, no! Thats for...well
never mind.

She grabs the bottle away from her daughter, blushing. CHASTITY reaches into the shower and pulls out a bottle of shaving cream.

(CONTINUED)

CHASTITY

Use this, honey. Be quick about it though, gotta' catch the bus in 20 minutes.

CHASTITY begins to walk out of the bathroom, shaking her head and muttering...

CHASTITY

Geez Louise Pepper Cheese.

23

INT. BORNE KITCHEN. MORNING

CHASTITY is assembling a bag lunch for TAYLOR when TAYLOR walks into the kitchen. TAYLOR is wearing a low scoop neck knit top and a short denim skirt with shiny red wedge shoes. Some tissue paper is visible around the cleavage line and her legs are covered in bloody nicks from shaving. Camera follows CHASTITY's view of TAYLOR, starting at her legs and going up to her face, then quickly, as if it was just noticed, to the tissue paper around the neckline.

CHASTITY

Snow on the mountains, honey.

TAYLOR

Huh?

CHASTITY nods in the direction of TAYLOR's cleavage. TAYLOR blushes and tucks the tissue paper back in. CHASTITY is still trying to stifle her laughter.

CHASTITY

Don't worry, honey. If you're anything like me, they'll come... and with a vengeance.

TAYLOR

Yeah, well, they're taking their sweet time.

TAYLOR sits down at the kitchen table sullenly.

TAYLOR

What'cha making?

CHASTITY

Fluffer-nutters! They're you're favorite, right?

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

Um...actually we're cookin' in Home Ec. today so I don't really need lunch, I'll just grab a snack.

CHASTITY

But- Well, we'll just save it for tomorrow then.

CHASTITY hastily finishes the sandwich and sways it enticingly under TAYLOR'S nose. TAYLOR'S eyes follow it hungrily.

CHASTITY

You're sure...last chance.

TAYLOR sticks her chin up.

TAYLOR

(enunciating each word
haughtily)
No, thank you.

CHASTITY

(said in a sing-song voice)
Well, okayyyy.

CHASTITY wraps the sandwich up in aluminum foil and puts it in the fridge. TAYLOR, meanwhile is putting a small pack of raisins and a Diet Coke in her lunch sack. CHASTITY then pulls out a box of Count Chocula.

CHASTITY

Breakfast?

TAYLOR

Not hungry. Gotta' head out anyways.

TAYLOR grabs her lunch sack and backpack and heads out the door. CHASTITY stares after her and shrugs.

24

INT. CLASSROOM. EARLY AFTERNOON

TAYLOR is sitting at her desk, doodling geese on the brown paper bag text book cover. She glances up and begins staring at TIFFANY CALLOWAY'S perfectly shaved legs enviously when her tummy rumbles loudly. She looks around quickly, hoping no one heard. The bell sounds and she quickly gathers her belongings.

25

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA. AFTERNOON

TAYLOR is sitting at the lunch table with a group of friends. ELLIE is sitting beside her. Everyone begins to pile out heaps of food from their lunch boxes and trays. TAYLOR is staring at the copious amount of food laid out on the table. Her tummy rumbles again. ELLIE pulls out some milk, a sandwich, a pear, and a bag of chips. She is about to bite into her sandwich when she notices TAYLOR'S lack of food.

ELLIE

Where's your lunch?

Everyone looks over at TAYLOR'S lunch sack. TAYLOR sees that she is the center of attention and attempts to draw it out.

TAYLOR

Right here.

TAYLOR pulls out her pack of raisins and Diet Coke.

ELLIE

That's it?

TAYLOR

(said importantly)

I'm on a *diet*.

The group of girls nod encouragingly at TAYLOR. Letting out a collective and knowing "ahhh." ELLIE just rolls her eyes. The girls take a hard look at their lunches and start to nit-pick their selections except for ELLIE who is tearing into her meal unphased.

LAURA

It *is* almost bikini season.

ELLIE

You can have some of mine, Mom
always packs too much anyways.

ELLIE pushes half of her sandwich toward TAYLOR. TAYLOR picks it up and nibbles on the end. She chews slowly, then, with wide-eyes, looks up at ELLIE and accuses...

TAYLOR

Does this have *mayonnaise*?

TAYLOR says the word "mayonnaise" with distaste. The group of girls, excluding ELLIE, gasp as if ELLIE has made a serious faux pas.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIE
Well...yeah. I like it.

TAYLOR puts the sandwich down and pushes it back toward ELLIE.

TAYLOR
ELLIE, do you know how much fat
mayonnaise has in it?

ELLIE
She didn't put a lot on it...

RACHEL
You on that South Beach Diet?
That's what my Mom and Dad are
doin'.

SARAH
Me too! Y'know what I do? I only
eat, like, half my lunch. I'm
trying to train my brain to think
it's fuller sooner. It was on Oprah
last week.

TAYLOR
Yeah. The first step is cutting out
condiments...*like mayonnaise*.

Said condescending toward ELLIE. ELLIE shrinks in
embarrassment.

RACHEL
I hear after the first week it's,
like, super easy.

TAYLOR
(said importantly, as if from
experience)
It's true, I don't even think about
it anymore.

While the girls continue to chit-chat, TAYLOR looks at the
remainder of her already sad lunch and pushes it away so the
girls would see it.

TAYLOR
I'm done with eating today.

LAURA
(seeing TAYLOR'S attempt)
Me too! I'm, like, *really* full.

Said while pushing her lunch away as well.

SARAH

Oh my god. Do NOT let me eat anymore!

RACHEL and SARAH join in pushing their lunches away. TAYLOR'S stomach can be heard grumbling in the background and she tries to conceal her starvation.

RACHEL

(said in attempt to divert the conversation.)

So speaking of "bikini season", I saw the cutest bikini the other day when Mom took me shopping. It was pink and white with these little...

Cut off by an incredibly loud grumble from TAYLOR'S stomach. Girls collectively shift their attention to TAYLOR.

RACHEL

You ok?

TAYLOR

Yeah. Yeah! I'm fine.

Said with one hand clutching her stomach and the other waving off their comments.

TAYLOR

I'm just...you know...Aunt Flo's kicking my ass right now.

The girls simultaneously offer a sympathetic "aww", except for ELLIE who can see past TAYLOR'S facade. ELLIE offers nothing more than an inquisitive eyebrow in the middle of her bite of pear.

LAURA

I had mine SO bad last month. Mom says I might have to go on birth control.

RACHEL

Good. I was worried about you getting knocked up anyways, Slutface McGee.

LAURA

Oh my god! Whatever. We haven't even done it yet. The only person here getting knocked up would be TAYLOR.

(CONTINUED)

The whole table laughs except for ELLIE. TAYLOR offers a nervous laugh.

TAYLOR

I doubt RICKY was able to Preggo my Eggo anyways, but...if he did... I guess RICKY and I would have to get married.

ELLIE

TAYLOR!

Said under her breath, coaxing TAYLOR to stop talking in a such a way.

TAYLOR

What? It's true. I mean...Jenna Davis got preppers last year, had a kid then had to move in with Grant. Parents kicked her out.

LAURA

Oh my god, TAYLOR. You would be, like, the *coolest* mom!

RACHEL

Oh my gosh, you so would!

TAYLOR soaking in the "compliments" that should have been awkward.

TAYLOR

Aw. That's so sweet. Yeah. I mean. We've talked about it. You know, the "what if's"...

LAURA

(Said in excitement while interrupting TAYLOR)

Can I be an aunt?!

All the girls giggle except for ELLIE, who has met her breaking point. ELLIE grabs her stuff shaking her head. She gets up from the table and walks off. The girls look at her and then at each other in disbelief.

RACHEL

(said looking at the other girls.)

Virgin.

Said in a condescending way that implies ELLIE just doesn't understand womanhood. The table erupts in laughter. TAYLOR tries to rise to ELLIE's defense.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

Maybe. But she *does* have that whole "girl next door" thing going for her.

The girls look at each other inquisitively, wondering why TAYLOR is trying to defend someone, who in their eyes, is a rung lower on the popularity ladder.

LAURA

Your point?

TAYLOR

I mean...guys *really* get into that sort of thing. Y'know, like, the whole "catholic school girl" thing. Made Brittany Spears explode.

Girls nod their head with simultaneous "ahh's" and "oh yeah's," their confidence in TAYLOR restored.

LAURA

Yeah...well. What do *I* have?

TAYLOR studies her friend, her features scrunched up in mock concentration.

TAYLOR

I dunno', like a Renee Zellweger type. You know, like the kind of girl that looks sweet but is a total bombshell in bed!

LAURA

Oh my god...I love her!

RACHEL

Who's that?

LAURA turns to RACHEL while placing her hand over her heart and says in a melodramatic tone...

LAURA

"You had me at hello."

RACHEL

Oh! Yeah...I can totally see Renee Zellweger, 'cept she has smaller boobs.

LAURA proudly pushes out her chest.

LAURA

Ya' think?

SARAH

Ok! Ok! What about me?

TAYLOR

Um...Ellen Degeneres?

SARAH pouts while everyone else laugh.

26 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. AFTERNOON

TAYLOR is at her locker, most of the students are hurrying to class. The bell rings. TAYLOR is lingering at her locker, waiting for the halls to clear. Her stomach grumbles louder than before. TAYLOR'S eyes dart to the vending machine. Looking around cautiously, she gravitates toward the machine as if it were the Holy Grail. She looks greedily at the selections. Looking around once more, she quickly inserts the coins and punches the code for her choice. A King Size Snickers candy bar falls. The noise it makes seems louder than it actually is to TAYLOR. She winces as the candy falls with a bang. She snatches the candy and runs into an adjacent bathroom, clutching the Snickers possessively.

27 INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM. AFTERNOON

TAYLOR has locked herself in a stall in the empty bathroom. She is unwrapping the candy reverently. We see the look of relief and enjoyment on her face as she tears into the Snickers bar; making sounds of euphoria that could be construed as almost orgasmic. Outside the stall, ELLIE enters. ELLIE sets her bag down by the row of sinks and begins flossing her teeth. ELLIE pauses as she hears the loud noises coming from the stall behind her. She peeks under the door and sees TAYLOR'S red shoes. ELLIE stands up and looks back at the mirror, floss hanging from her mouth. She is looking at the reflection in the mirror, focussing on the red shoes seen visible underneath the bathroom door.

ELLIE

TAYLOR?

TAYLOR is loudly trying to swallow the last of the candy, and replies with her mouth still full.

TAYLOR

ELLIE?

(CONTINUED)

ELLIE
(talking over her resumed
flossing)
Um. Are you ok?

TAYLOR picks up her belongings and exits the stall, wiping her mouth as she emerges to meet ELLIE in front of the mirror; TAYLOR fluffs her hair and re-applies her cherry lip gloss.

TAYLOR
Yeah! I'm fine. Gotta run. See you
after Algebra, sweetie!

TAYLOR exits the bathroom, leaving ELLIE standing alone in the bathroom, dumbfounded.

28 INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S LOBBY. AFTERNOON

ELLIE sits nervously on the tacky couch, waiting to speak to a counselor. A bored secretary, a typical plump 30 something, is flipping through an issue of "Cosmopolitan" nearby. The cover reads "Brilliantly Naughty Bed Tricks That Will Double His Pleasure- And Yours!" A woman, with looks reminiscent of Kathy Bates enters through an adjoining door. She leans over the SECRETARY'S desk to get a closer look of the headlines on the "Cosmopolitan" she is reading.

MS. RICE
(whispering to SECRETARY)
Ohhh, gonna' have to borrow *that*
one when your done!

The secretary is absorbed in and article and doesn't look up.

SECRETARY
Mmmhmmm. Will do.

MS RICE smiles broadly and wiggles in excitement.

MS. RICE
Excellent.

MS. RICE looks over to ELLIE.

MS. RICE
(To ELLIE, nodding in the
direction of her office.)
ELLIE, come on back.

ELLIE wordlessly follows MS. RICE back to her office.

29

INT. MRS. RICE'S GUIDANCE OFFICE. AFTERNOON

The office is small and cluttered with her cow collection and inspirational posters like "Shoot for the moon, no matter what you'll land among the stars." ELLIE pushes over a stuffed cow with a t-shirt that says "UTTERLY adorable" and sits down in front of MRS. RICE'S desk. As MRS. RICE sits down, she holds out a candy dish with chocolates covered in cow print foil, offering a piece to ELLIE.

ELLIE

No thank you.

MS. RICE

Suit yourself. Can't get enough of these little things. Gotta import them from Japan. Thank God for Amazon.

Said while unwrapping a chocolate. She pops one into her mouth then leans back in her reclining desk chair, folding her hands over her protruding stomach.

MS. RICE

So, what's going on ELLIE? Is this about the honors class?

MS. RICE begins to reach for the file cabinet where student records are kept.

ELLIE

No...I...I heard something.
Something not good.

MS. RICE's face lights up at the prospect of some juicy gossip. She leans toward ELLIE conspiratorially.

MS. RICE

Not good, huh. Those McCallister brothers you know...

MS. RICE brings her forefinger and thumb together and raises it to her lips, pantomiming the act of smoking a joint.

ELLIE

No...nothing like that.

MS. RICE lowers her hand and and looks disappointed, she leans back in her chair.

MS. RICE

You sure? Cuz I would love nothin' more than to skin both their hides...

(CONTINUED)

ELLIE

No. It's not...

MS. RICE

(cutting ELLIE off)

Then what is it, EL?

ELLIE

Well, my best friend-

MS. RICE

TAYLOR BORNE?

ELLIE

Yeah. Well, I mean...I'm sure it's not a big deal. It's just that she didn't eat much today at lunch. She said she was on a "diet".

MS. RICE

(said sitting up and leaning over her desk; raising an inquisitive eyebrow)

Go on.

ELLIE

Well, this seemed like more than a diet. She barely ate, then, well, I went to the bathroom, y'know to floss and all, and well...

MS. RICE motions her hand in "get on with it" movement.

ELLIE

Well, I think I heard her throwing up.

MS. RICE

And you're sure she was throwing up...?

ELLIE

I mean...no. But it sounded like it.

MS. RICE

(said matter-of-factly, leaning back in her chair again)

Well it seems that we have an eating disorder on our hands, EL.

MS. RICE rubs her hands together, excited to have a real problem for once.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIE

I mean, I don't know, I'm just worried. She's been acting weird.

MS. RICE

Well, you have every right to be worried. Eating disorders are a scary thing. All you girls watch that "MTV" and "Fashion Week" and think ya'll can live offa' rice cakes and...

MS. RICE, with a herculean effort, hoists herself out of her chair. ELLIE stands as well. MS. RICE places her arm around ELLIE's shoulders as she begins to escort her out of the office.

ELLIE

(attempting to protest)

Listen, just don't say anything yet. It might be nothing.

MS. RICE

You did the right thing, EL. I will handle this.

MS. RICE is still leading ELLIE out of the office, the arm around the shoulder is a little more forceful now, forcing her out rather than merely escorting her. Once MS. RICE has led her past the threshold, she quickly disengages from ELLIE and closes the door. ELLIE whips around.

ELLIE

Hey!

ELLIE, knocks on the door frantically.

ELLIE

BUT MS. RICE!!!

ELLIE gives up and lightly bangs her head against the office door. The secretary has looked up from her magazine and is looking at ELLIE curiously. When the secretary's intercom buzzes, she gives a small jump in her seat, startled by the noise. She straightens herself and depresses the button to reply.

SECRETARY

(said into the microphone of the office-to-office intercom)

Yeah, BETTY?

(CONTINUED)

MS. RICE

(her voice is heard over the intercom on the secretary's desk)

Get me TAYLOR BORNE's home contact number.

30 INT. BORNE KITCHEN. DUSK

TAYLOR and LONNIE walk into the kitchen. TAYLOR deposits her bookbag near the door. LONNIE leans in and kisses CHASTITY on the cheek. CHASTITY leans in to the kiss but keeps her eyes on TAYLOR.

CHASTITY

(to LONNIE)

Hey, hon. Can us girls have a minute?

TAYLOR looks toward CHASTITY when she hears this, her eyebrows raise querulously. LONNIE simply agrees, however he is obviously curious.

LONNIE

Uh...yeah, sure. Gotta' grab a shower anyways.

LONNIE exits.

CHASTITY

TAY, honey. Sit down please.

TAYLOR sits, looking suspicious.

CHASTITY

Got a call from school today.

TAYLOR

Two minutes, Mom! I was two minutes late! Seriously...not a big deal.

CHASTITY

It wasn't 'bout that, baby. They asked me if I had noticed anything weird 'bout the ways you was eatin'.

CHASTITY looks at TAYLOR questioningly. TAYLOR tries to avoid her gaze. All of the sudden, CHASTITY rises from her seat and goes over to TAYLOR, kneeling by where she sits and hugging her.

(CONTINUED)

CHASTITY

Oh, baby. There ain't no problem with watching your weight. Hell, I did the same thing when I was in school.

TAYLOR thinks she is talking about her scarce lunch, when CHASTITY is actually talking about bulimia.

CHASTITY

Jus'...well, jus' don't get caught up in it is all.

TAYLOR

I won't, I'm not doin' it again anyway. It sucked, I was so dizzy by the end of the day.

CHASTITY has tears in her eyes, she believes TAYLOR has just admitted to bulimia and is now in recovery.

CHASTITY

Oh, TAY...I'm jus' so proud of you.

CHASTITY stands up, brushing the tears away from her eyes. She smiles to herself at her superb parenting skills.

CHASTITY

Well, glad you've seen the light. Now, you hungry?

TAYLOR

Duh!

CHASTITY and TAYLOR smile at each other. CHASTITY begins to pull out a blue box of Mac-n-cheese for dinner.

31 EXT. BORNE HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON

We hear the screen door open and slam behind TAYLOR and she starts down the stairs.

CHASTITY

(OFF CAMERA to TAYLOR)
Where ya off to again, TAY?

TAYLOR

(Turning on her heels, yells back)
For a walk! Be back soon.

TAYLOR looks under the porch for the composition book and Sunbeam bread loaf she keeps stashed there. She grabs them and sets off.

32

EXT. SUMNER'S CREEK. SUNSET

TAYLOR approaches the creek and sees all the geese. She kneels to set down the composition book and bread. She keeps an eye on the geese to make sure they don't run away (knowing that they won't anyway) as she opens the bread bag to tear off pieces to give to them. Accustomed to her ritualistic feedings, the geese perk up when they see her opening the bag and start to waddle closer. TAYLOR smiles at their responsiveness.

TAYLOR
(to geese)
Here ya go, guys.

TAYLOR starts handing out the pieces of bread and settles into the ritual peacefully. One of the geese, Annette, doesn't seem to be as responsive to the feeding.

TAYLOR
Annette. Here ya go.

Annette turns her head and looks away as TAYLOR coaxes her to take the spongy white bread.

TAYLOR
Hm. You must be watching your weight, too.

TAYLOR offers a half smile at the thought of a goose watching her weight; still attempting to coax Annette to eat.

TAYLOR
Alright, Annette. Suit yourself.
Just between us girls, don't touch mayonnaise. It goes straight to your thighs.

After feeding the birds, TAYLOR closes the bread bag. She then sits Indian style, grabs her notebook, scribbles a few sentences, then looks up at the geese, letting her mind wander.

VOICE OVER:
Not too many people know about the magic of Sunbeam and a composition notebook...how crisp a fresh page
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VOICE OVER: (cont'd)
feels or how your fingers sink into
the spongy flesh of the white
bread. The honking of the geese
supplied the perfect soundtrack. I
wish I could tell people about
those simple things. I wished I
could tell people about a lot of
stuff. But did you see how everyone
was looking at me...looking up to
me? There I was, first of my
friends to have been with
man...well an almost man. I left
the garage that day
feeling...hurt...in all kinds of
ways but weirdly triumphant. I
thought was a woman with a real
woman's problems: Diets,
Dating, Birth Control, Bikinis,
Panty lines, Pads...and I reveled
in all of them.

Hear a school bell ring. "2010" fades in at the bottom of
the picture.

33 INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM. MORNING

An older looking TAYLOR (about 14) is trying on different
outfits before she gets ready for school. The T.V is on in
the background, showing a music video with scantily clad
women gyrating around. TAYLOR puts on a frayed denim
mini-skirt and a yellow tank top. She looks at her reflection
in the mirror, turning every now and then to look at herself
from every angle. After a moment of this, she pulls the
bottom of the tank top up and folds it into the neckline,
making it look more like a bikini top. She picks her cell
phone up from the bed and begins snapping pictures of
herself. One arm is raised above her head to take a
"myspace" kind of picture, the other is pushing up her left
breast. She pouts into the camera. After a few shots she
looks at them.

OVER THE SHOULDER: WE SEE TAYLOR SCROLL THROUGH 2-3 OF THESE
GRAINY PICTURES.

Satisfied, she puts her cell phone into her backpack and
straightens her shirt. TAYLOR picks up the book bag and
slides her feet into a pair of sandal wedges. TAYLOR, with
one last look at herself in the mirror, exits the room.

34 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. MORNING

We see the back of TAYLOR'S head and a noticeably older teenage crowd in the classroom she's in from the last time we saw her at school, indicating the time jump. After the bell stops ringing, students begin to collect their belongings and file out of the classroom. Skirts are shorter, legs are longer, and heels are beginning to make an appearance. The camera zooms out as TAYLOR begins walking out of the classroom. She's slowed down by the bottleneck funneling through the classroom door, she throws a wink to the stereotypically nerdy chemistry teacher, he looks away flustered and turns away to look busy, picking up a his grade book and studiously begins reading it...upside down. She flaunts her social popularity in the hallway by seductively waving to all her male friends, grabbing her girlfriends' hands playfully. She reaches her locker and starts changing out her books. She pauses to answer the beeping of her cell phone, sending a quick text reply. She slams her locker and, as soon as she turns to walk away, ETHAN, a good looking upperclassman (Senior) comes up and suggestively "pins" her, his palms resting against the lockers to both sides of TAYLOR'S shoulders. He is wearing a letter jacket. Patches denoting various sports pepper his jacket like a general's uniform. With one palm still resting on the lockers to TAYLOR'S left he lowers the other hand and plays with the tips of her hair.

ETHAN

So TAY. I hear you're free tonight.

TAYLOR

(annoyed)

And where did you hear that?

ETHAN

(said seductively and
condescendingly)

Oh you know, from your last fuck.

TAYLOR

(said in an equally
condescending tone)

Aw...is TONY still peddling his wet
dreams to ya'll? Fuck off, ETHAN.

TAYLOR pushes ETHAN'S arm away and storms off down the hall with her books in hand.

ETHAN

(calls down the hall)

Whoa-ho! Just wait a minute there,
baby. All I wanna do it take ya
out.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

(Stops and turns on her heel)
And why would you want to take me
out? Won't TIFFANY get upset.

Said condescendingly. ETHAN strides up, looks around to make sure TIFFANY isn't around, and looks back to TAYLOR.

ETHAN

We're on the outs right now, Okay?
And besides, who's gonna' tell her?

TAYLOR steps back to meet his gaze with a raised eyebrow; pleased with the idea of going out with one of the most popular guys at school. ETHAN begins playing with TAYLOR'S hair again.

35 INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA. AFTERNOON

TAYLOR, LAURA, SARAH, RACHEL, and ELLIE sit at the lunch table, their normal eating habits have resumed, seen by the bologna sandwiches and Dorito's that litter the tabletop. GLADYS PHILMAN is sitting by herself a few seats down the long table, eating silently. TAYLOR is fiddling with her phone.

OVER THE SHOULDER: TAYLOR IS PLAYING WITH HER PHONE. WITH A WICKED GRIN, SHE SENDS ETHAN THE PICTURE SHE TOOK OF HERSELF THAT MORNING IN A PICTURE MESSAGE, ACCOMPANIED BY THE MESSAGE, "CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU TONIGHT!". TAYLOR SNAPS HER PHONE SHUT. CAMERA PULLS OUT TO INCLUDE THE GROUP OF GIRLS AGAIN.

TAYLOR

(leans in to whisper)
So. Check this out, but first
promise not to tell
anyone...especially TIFFANY...got
it?

LAURA, SARAH, and RACHEL look at each other, then at TAYLOR and lean in with open ears. Simultaneously they nod their heads and mutter a few "well, yeah's" and "sure's". ELLIE doesn't lean in but turns in to hear better.

TAYLOR

OK. Well! This morning, on my way
to Bio, ETHAN VAUGHN asked me out
on a date...for *tonight!*

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Oh my god! *ETHAN VAUGHN!*?

LAURA

He is, *like*, seriously fine.

RACHEL

But isn't he still with TIFFANY? I mean. I know they were, *like*, on a break or something last week.

SARAH

He said something 'bout her cheating on him...with a *freshman*.

SARAH says the word with distaste.

LAURA

SARAH, you are a freshman.

LAURA, RACHEL, and TAYLOR giggle.

SARAH

Yeah, but you date up! Especially someone like TIFFANY CALLOWAY. Why would she date a freshman?

LAURA, RACHEL, and TAYLOR raise their eyebrows at one another, smiling. RACHEL brings her hands up in a measuring motion, setting her hands far apart to suggest that the freshman must be very well endowed. LAURA, RACHEL, SARAH, and TAYLOR break up into laughter while ELLIE looks on disapprovingly. GLADYS PHILMAN makes a snort, shooting them a dirty look.

GLADYS

Ya'll are just gross.

GLADYS grabs her belongings and leaves the table in a huff.

TAYLOR

Virgin.

LAURA, RACHEL, SARAH, and TAYLOR laugh. ELLIE begins to get angry.

ELLIE

(to the group)

Really? Is that like the new insult? Loser ...yes...freak ...definitely...but *virgin*? And how can you even use it when ya'll are virgins?

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR opens her mouth to say something, raising her hand.
ELLIE cuts her off.

ELLIE
Yeah, yeah, you and RICKY, I
remember but...

ELLIE is cut off by RACHEL.

RACHEL
and Johnny and Travis and...

ELLIE cuts RACHEL off.

ELLIE
(turns and says to TAYLOR)
Travis? When did that happen?

TAYLOR
(to ELLIE)
Last Friday.

ELLIE
Last Friday?

TAYLOR
Well, yeah. We just kinda' ended up
at his place and..

ELLIE
(said quietly to TAYLOR)
You were supposed to hang out with
me last Friday. You said you had to
babysit.

TAYLOR raises her shoulders in an exaggerated shrug.

TAYLOR
ELLIE, it's not a big deal, I mean
what was I supposed to do, he asked
me out?

ELLIE
Say no?

TAYLOR, RACHEL, SARAH, and LAURA just look at each other as
if to say "yeah, right". TAYLOR just shrugs at ELLIE again.
RACHEL, still bothered at being called a virgin, won't let
the topic drop.

RACHEL
And by the way, we're only
technically virgins, we do
everything but sex.

TAYLOR, SARAH, and LAUREN begin to laugh.

LAURA
(still laughing)
Everything *butt* sex.

SARAH
(still laughing)
Butt sex.

The whole group laughs even harder at this with the exception of ELLIE who, by this time, has reached her tipping point. ELLIE stands up and slams her lunch tray on the table. The girls immediately silence their laughter and look open-mouthed at ELLIE.

ELLIE
Ya'll are ridiculous! You three...

ELLIE points to SARAH, LAURA, and ELLIE

ELLIE
It doesn't work like that...it's not freaking algebra...x number of blowjobs will never equal sex. Ya'll are virgins...get over it. And you...

ELLIE points to TAYLOR

ELLIE
No matter how many new "friends" you get...you'll still be TAYLOR BORNE...the school slut.

ELLIE says the word "friends" with a sneer. After her tirade, ELLIE storms off. The girls sit bewildered at what just happened. LAURA lets out a nervous laugh and they all stare at each other and lean into the table except for TAYLOR who sits cross armed watching ELLIE walk off.

RACHEL
Did that *really* just happen?

LAURA
(in a cruel tone)
She just needs to get laid.

RACHEL, SARAH and LAURA giggle. They turn to TAYLOR as they realize she is not sharing in their amusement.

CAMERA PANS CLOSE IN ON TAYLOR

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
(said maliciously)
Like you said: virgin.

PAN OUT TO SHOW LAURA, RACHEL, AND SARAH LAUGHING TOGETHER.
TAYLOR SITS STARING AFTER ELLIE ANGRILY.

BELL RINGS.

36 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. AFTERNOON

ELLIE is collecting books from her locker. Right when ELLIE is in the process of tucking a book under her chin, TAYLOR comes up and slams ELLIE'S locker door closed. ELLIE looks up in surprise. TAYLOR glares back at her.

TAYLOR
(said angrily)
What the hell was that!

ELLIE retains her composure. Her voice is almost provokingly calm.

ELLIE
I was just pointing out the obvious. A lot of people wouldn't have put it even that nicely.

TAYLOR
Oh, yeah! Like who?

ELLIE
People talk, TAYLOR.

TAYLOR
Oh yeah, well you wanna' know what they say about you?

ELLIE just looks at her, uncomfortable with the confrontation. She doesn't want to know what people say about her, but can't help being curious so is unable to say no.

TAYLOR
Everyone always asking who's that freak I'm always hanging out with. Who's that girl who acts so high and mighty all the time. Who's that girl that dresses like she's 10 but acts like an old hag!?

(CONTINUED)

ELLIE has angry tears brimming in her eyes. She retorts with what she hopes is a strong tone, though her cracking voice betrays her.

ELLIE

Yeah? Well everyone knows RICKY wasn't really your boyfriend, just another guy you let stick it to you. He didn't care about you! None of them do!

TAYLOR is taken aback at her mention of RICKY.

TAYLOR

(said quietly, hurt by ELLIE'S comments)

Shut up. Just shut up.

ELLIE

You prance around, thinking everyone just loves you. You don't hear what they say behind your back. I do! And I hate it! I love you, TAYLOR! This isn't you!

TAYLOR

You just stay away from me, you got it.

TAYLOR begins walking away. She turns back to ELLIE and yells to her...

TAYLOR

You're obsessed with me you, fucking stalker!

TAYLOR walks away. ELLIE stands by her locker, biting her lips as she tries to hold back her tears.

37

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM. EARLY EVENING

TAYLOR stands front of her vanity, applying lipstick, every now and then shooting her eyes to the clock positioned on the wall behind the mirror. As her eyes move back to her reflection, she sees the picture of ELLIE and herself, both about 7 years old, smiling and happy. She pulls the picture out from where it's wedged between the glass of the mirror and the wood of the frame. She stares at it for a second, eyes tearing up. TAYLOR shakes her head quickly and violently, throwing the picture to the floor. TAYLOR turns back to her reflection and wipes carefully around her eyes, trying not to smear the heavily applied eyeliner. She sniffs

a few times, blinks away what's left of the tears, stand up, and exits the room.

38

EXT. BORNE HOUSE. NIGHT

ELLIE stands in front of the front door. She rings the door bell and wait a moment. She begins trying to peer into the semi circle of glass on the door. She rings the door bell again. CHASTITY opens it. She is wearing a home-made "Princess Leia" gold bikini costume. She is peeking her head around the door, tryin in vain to cover up even though the front door is mainly glass.

CHASTITY

Oh!...Uh...ELLIIE. What's goin' on?

ELLIE

(awkwardly trying to look away)

Uh...hi Mrs. Borne. Is TAYLOR home?

CHASTITY

Nope, you just missed her.

ELLIE'S shoulders relax in relief mixed with disappointment.

ELLIE

Oh. Well...its it okay if I grab something from her room? I left my iPod here.

Noises come from upstairs. LONNIE voice is heard from somewhere within the house.

CHASTITY

(OFF-CAMERA)

Princess?

CHASTITY

Yeah, sweetie come on in make it quick though. This heres' me and Daddy's date night.

ELLIE

Of course, in and out I swear.

CHASTITY moves to allow ELLIE to pass. ELLIE enters and tries not to look at CHASTITY. As ELLIE begins walking up the stairs to TAYLOR's room CHASTITY runs off toward another room in the house, presumably toward LONNIE.

(CONTINUED)

CHASTITY

(loudly, so LONNIE will hear)
I'm comin' my scruffy little Nerf
Herder!

39 INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM. NIGHT

ELLIE is standing in the middle of the room, looking around, biting her lips as she thinks of the friendship that she fears has been lost. With a shake of her head, she begins to look for her iPod. She finds it on the desk. She picks it up. While she's putting it into her messenger bag, she notices a promo package for "Manitoba University of Zoology" that the iPod was resting on. She picks it up and looks at it. She begins noticing the large number of pictures thumb-tacked on the wall. They are all of geese. During her appraisal, she sees the picture of TAYLOR and herself lying on the floor by the bed. She walks over to it, goes to her knees and picks it up gently. She looks at it, tears coming to her eyes again. She decides to put it back where she left it. While she does, she notices a composition notebook peeking out from under TAYLOR'S bed. Always fastidious, ELLIE bends to push it back under the bed, during which she sees a stack of between 5 and 10 composition notebooks. She pulls one out, opens it and reads a few pages.

CLOSE UP: ON THE PAGE ELLIE IS READING FROM THE COMPOSITION NOTEBOOK. IT IS ALL DETAILS OF THE DAILY LIFE OF THE GEESE TAYLOR HAS BEEN WATCHING.

ELLIE looks around at all the pictures of the geese in the room and just takes in the atmosphere for a quick moment, fearing this is that last time she will be in there. The Star Wars theme songs starts blaring loudly from a stereo downstairs. With a deep breath and a furtive glance out the open bedroom door, ELLIE puts the notebook in her bag. She stands up and exits the room. As she's walking down the stairs she hears CHASTITY yell...

CHASTITY

(OFF-CAMERA)

Oh help me Obi-Wan Kenobi. You're
my only hope!

When ELLIE hears this she moves from a walk to a run. She leaves the house quickly, covering her ears. The Star Wars soundtrack is still blaring.

40 INT. ETHAN'S CAR. NIGHT

TAYLOR is sitting in the passenger seat of ETHAN'S Mustang convertible with ETHAN behind the wheel. TAYLOR keeps her back ram rod straight and crosses her legs, looking over to ETHAN to make sure he sees how this motion shows off a bit of thigh. When she sees he is not looking, she hikes her skirt up higher. ETHAN glances over at TAYLOR, catching her readjusting her cleavage and quietly chuckles to himself at her attempts. They ride awkwardly in silence.

TAYLOR
(breaking the silence)
So are we going to dinner or something?

ETHAN
(Looking TAYLOR up and down)
Naw. I got somewhere better in mind.

TAYLOR tries to hide her smile as she knows exactly where they are headed.

41 EXT. MIMI'S DRIVE-IN THEATER. NIGHT

ETHAN'S Mustang pulls up to a dilapidated drive-in theater that has obviously been vacant for years. ETHAN pulls the car into an empty parking spot. As ETHAN puts the car into park, they both sit in awkward silence for a minute. Sensing that TAYLOR is too shy to initiate the conversation, ETHAN sighs deeply, leaning into the back of his seat.

ETHAN
Sooo..yeah. Here we are.

TAYLOR gives him a half smile as if to question "what next". ETHAN looks around for a minute then opens his car door.

ETHAN
Here. Follow me.

TAYLOR opens her car door and follows. ETHAN is right next to her and TAYLOR reaches out her hand to take his. ETHAN glances down and sees this but just begins to walk faster, ignoring the gesture. TAYLOR lowers her hand, embarrassed by the lack of response. ETHAN finds a clearing where a concession stand was once erected. A dim light from a nearby electric poll flickers, casting their shadows sporadically on the torn projection screen a few yards away. TAYLOR playfully starts making shadow puppets while ETHAN is clearing off the brush from the foundation. ETHAN notices TAYLOR'S charade.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN
(annoyed)
What are you? like 5?

TAYLOR
(shrinks back in
embarrassment)
Sorry.

ETHAN sits on the cemet foundation he's cleared of leaves and motions for TAYLOR to sit next to him. No romanticism is displayed between them, only awkward silence.

TAYLOR
(Said with a nervous laughter,
breaking the silence)
It's, uh...really nice outside
tonight.

ETHAN leans over to play with the a tip of TAYLOR'S hair. A moment of silence develops between them.

ETHAN
Yeah, real nice.

ETHAN leans in to kiss her neck, never letting go of the tip of her hair. TAYLOR looks nervous as she watches his hands play with her hair. ETHAN begins rub against her, moving down to her chest. TAYLOR seems to be completely indifferent, she becomes distracted as she watches their disjointed shadows on the movie screen. ETHAN pauses in his revelry.

ETHAN
(going to remove her bird
necklace)
Here, let's get rid of *this* for a
while...

TAYLOR
(grabbing the necklace to stop
him.)
NO!

ETHAN draws back, shocked by her outburst.

TAYLOR
I mean...I..I'd just like to keep
it on...if that's ok.

ETHAN moves back toward her chest, picking up where he left off.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN

Whatever.

PAN OUT TO SHOW THE MOVIE SCREEN, FLICKERING THEIR SHADOWS ONTO THE SCREEN, SLOW, LIKE A LAZY STROBE LIGHT. WE SEE THEM MOVE OVER EACH OTHER, KISSING AND TOUCHING. FADE OUT.

There is a moment of darkness during which we hear noises of their sexual encounter. We mainly hear ETHAN. Then we hear ETHAN'S long expulsion of breath followed by his exclamation.

ETHAN

(OFF-CAMERA, in the darkness
of the screen)

Goddamn!

FADE IN TO THE MOVIE SCREEN SHADOWS AGAIN. ETHAN STANDS UP.

ETHAN zips up his fly in contentment and lets out a hearty sigh. TAYLOR turns away from him to wipe her mouth with disgust. TAYLOR begins to straighten her clothes and hair.

ETHAN

(said proudly)

Nothin' like you've ever had
before, huh?

TAYLOR

(said sarcastically)

Got that right.

42

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM. NIGHT

TAYLOR is seen pacing back and forth nervously in her bedroom rubbing her necklace with one hand and biting her thumb with the other. During this display she keeps looking back to the calendar on her wall. The 13th of the month has the word "Start" written on it and on the 18th the word "End" is also written in red. She sits down on her bed, thinks for a minute, then continues her pacing. She occasionally stops and silently talks to her self in contemplation.

TAYLOR

(to herself)

Okay...that can't be right...no
way.

TAYLOR rushes to her mirror pulls up her shirt and tucks it under her bra, exposing her flat stomach. She turns to the side and strokes her tummy with her hands. She pushes her

(CONTINUED)

stomach out and cradles the slight bulge with her hands. Exasperated, she pulls her shirt back down and moves again to stand in front on her calendar.

TAYLOR

No way, no fucking way...it was just a blow job.

TAYLOR goes over to her bed and sits down again.

TAYLOR

OK, think... Mom said to make a baby the man takes his hose and he water's the baby garden inside the woman's stomach...what the fuck does that mean?

TAYLOR makes an exasperated noise and pushes her hands to her temples in concentration.

TAYLOR

Well, it definitely didn't taste like water but it is in my stomach so...Dammit! That can't be right.

TAYLOR resumes her pacing, then quickly rushes back to her mirror to give herself a pep talk.

TAYLOR

Okay, today is the 17th, that's only 4 days, no big deal.

TAYLOR smiles at her reflection.

TAYLOR

No big deal

TAYLOR gets in bed and closes her eyes.

DREAM SEQUENCE: THE EDGES AROUND THE SHOT ARE BLURRY

TAYLOR is in a house dress that looks as if it came straight out of "Little House on the Prairie." Her stomach is swollen with her pregnancy. She has curlers in her hair and is barefoot, smoking a cigarette while holding a naked baby. The baby begins to cry. TAYLOR yells in exasperation at it.

TAYLOR

Alright, Alright!

TAYLOR sits down in a chair at the kitchen table, she looks down at the obviously male baby. It looks right back up at her and says.

BABY
(in ETHAN'S voice)
Nothin' like you've ever had
before, huh?

CLOSE UP: TAYLOR'S UPPER BODY AS SHE LAYS ASLEEP.

TAYLOR awakes screaming, looking around the room in fright, grabbing her flat stomach, expecting there to be a large bulge. She looks at her calendar once again.

TAYLOR
(yelled in exasperation)
Alright!

TAYLOR flops back into the pillows, wide awake.

43 INT. BORNE LIVING ROOM. MORNING

CLOSE UP: A FOOT WITH HOT PINK FOAM TOE SEPARATORS SPLAYING THE TOES OUT AT AWKWARD ANGLES. A HAND COMES IN TO DAB ELECTRIC BLUE COLORED NAIL POLISH ON THE BIG TOE. THE SHOT WIDENS AND PULLS BACK TO REVEAL LONNIE AND CHASTITY AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE COUCH.

It is Saturday morning and LONNIE and CHASTITY are sitting on the couch. LONNIE is watching reruns of M*A*S*H while CHASTITY paints her toenails. TAYLOR comes down the steps located behind the couch.

CHASTITY
(without looking up, face
scrunched up in concentration
as she continues to paint)
Mornin' hon.

TAYLOR enters the living room and sits down between them. LONNIE says nothing, he stares unblinkingly at the TV in a zombie-esque manner.

TAYLOR
Mornin'.

TAYLOR pretends to watch M*A*S*H for a while. She clears her throat.

TAYLOR
So, Mom. Is it cool if I could
maybe grab a few bucks from you?

CHASTITY continues painting her nails.

(CONTINUED)

CHASTITY

For what?

TAYLOR

So I can go to the movies with
ELLIE today.

CHASTITY

(still painting)

Haven't seen ya'll two together in
a while.

TAYLOR

Yeah, well, we're supposed to hang
out today.

CHASTITY

That's nice.

TAYLOR

So...?

CHASTITY

So what?

TAYLOR

(becoming annoyed)

Can I have some money so I can go
to the movies!

CHASTITY stops painting her toenails to look up at her
daughter.

CHASTITY

No.

TAYLOR

No?

CHASTITY

No. Last time you asked for money
so's you and ELLIE could go to the
movies you came back with 3 loaves
of french bread for your little
friends.

TAYLOR

They were hungry. You know how far
they fly to get here? Almost 3
thou-

TAYLOR is cut off by CHASTITY

(CONTINUED)

CHASTITY

TAY, honey, they don't need that fancy stuff. 'Shits expensive. 'Sides, I'm sure they can manage perfectly fine without you.

TAYLOR

But, Mom...it's not for that! And anyways...it's not for that anyways!

CHASTITY

Ok then...what's it for?

TAYLOR

Well, it's um...for...Mom! I just really need it okay, I'll do chores, I'll do whatever just-

TAYLOR is cut off again by CHASTITY.

CHASTITY

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! Hand me my purse.

TAYLOR smiles triumphantly and runs out of the room to get her purse. CHASTITY in the meantime, is eyeing her toenails critically, she is leaning down to blow on them when TAYLOR enters the room again carrying CHASTITY'S purse. CHASTITY begins rifling through it. Her hand emerges from it's depth with a few crumpled bills. She hands it to TAYLOR. TAYLOR takes it without looking, giving her mom a quick kiss on the cheek.

TAYLOR

Thanks Mom! Bye Dad!

LONNIE'S eyes have not moved from the screen during the whole exchange. He continues to stare at the TV.

LONNIE

(without looking up)

Mmmhmmm.

TAYLOR runs from the living room. We hear the loud bang of the front door as TAYLOR exits the house.

44 EXT. SWALLOWS DRUGS. EARLY AFTERNOON

TAYLOR is pacing the sidewalk in front of "Swallows Drugs" holding what turns out to be a measly 3 dollars.

TAYLOR
(to herself)
Wow...3 bucks, thanks a lot Ms. Big
Spender.

TAYLOR begins to walk away from the drug store when she hears ETHAN'S/BABY'S voice.

ETHAN/BABY
(heard presumably inside
TAYLOR'S head)
Nothin' like you've ever had
before, huh?

TAYLOR shoves the 3 dollars into her pocket and quickly rushes through the door of "Swallows Drugs".

45 INT. SWALLOWS DRUGS. MORNING

TAYLOR enters SWALLOWS DRUGS and offers the STORE CLERK, an overweight man in his late 50's, a half smile and a little wave. The STORE CLERK smiles at her in return. TAYLOR attempts to nonchalantly browse the aisles of the drug store. TAYLOR picks up a bottle of hair spray and a tube of toothpaste, reading their labels with fake concentration while shooting glances at the STORE CLERK who is stocking cigarettes behind the counter. TAYLOR replaces the items and moves to the next aisle. She sees her target: pregnancy tests. She looks around and begins to approach the family planning products. When she gets there, she looks at them in consternation. Her eyes go from brand to brand. All of the tests cost upwards of 9 dollars. A woman, searching on the opposite side, enters the same aisle during TAYLOR'S "investigation". Out of embarrassment, TAYLOR looks up and squints as if to be searching for a different aisle marker. As the woman leaves the aisle TAYLOR returns to her comparison. With her eyes on the STORE CLERK, she leans in and quickly grabs a box, shoving it into her shorts quickly. She begins to walk stiffly to the front of the store. As she passes the STORE CLERK, she gives him a strained smile, which ends up looking more like a grimace. To this he gives her a confused look. She exits through the front door.

46

EXT. SWALLOWS DRUGS. EARLY AFTERNOON

As TAYLOR steps onto the sidewalk, she exhales a breath of relief, smiling and rolling her shoulders to ease the tension that's built up in them. As she is about to walk away she is halted by a hand falling heavily on her shoulder.

STORE CLERK
Hold on there, Ms. Borne.

TAYLOR turns to look at the hand on her shoulder, then up to the stern face of the STORE CLERK.

TAYLOR
Um...hello!

TAYLOR says this brightly, as if nothing is amiss.

STORE CLERK
I saw you.

TAYLOR
Saw me what?

STORE CLERK
Just hand it over please, don't
make me call yo' daddy.

TAYLOR lowers her head in embarrassment, takes the box out of her shorts and hands it to the STORE CLERK. TAYLOR looks up to STORE CLERK'S face, which is staring wide-eyed at the product she has stolen. TAYLOR begins to confess.

TAYLOR
(said between whimpering)
I...I...I'm so sorry! I didn't have
any...any money! And I didn't know
what else to...I didn't know what
else to do!

STORE CLERK
(observing the box
incredulously)
Aren't you a little *young* to be
using this?

TAYLOR
I know! I know! But I *really*
needed it and...

(CONTINUED)

STORE CLERK
 (feeling somewhat sorry for
 her)
 Have you seen a doc yet? 'Bout this
 problem, I mean?

TAYLOR
 (Head still lowered, still
 whimpering)
 No. I can't! I just can't! I'm
 underage...they would tell my
 parents and...

STORE CLERK
 (cutting TAYLOR off, trying to
 calm her down)
 Ok! Ok! Well... listen honey, this
 ain't nothin' to be ashamed of. You
 just need to get this taken care
 of, ok?

TAYLOR begins to wail loudly at the thought of what she
 thinks the STORE CLERK is suggesting: an abortion.

TAYLOR
 I can't! I just CAN'T!

STORE CLERK
 (said matter-of-factly)
 It's not *that* bad. It's actually a
 really simple procedure...

TAYLOR continues to cry louder at the thought of an
 abortion. She covers her her mouth horrified at the thought
 as the STORE CLERK assures her it's not a big deal.

STORE CLERK
 ...All they do is go up in there
 and "snip-snip" the problem away.

He makes scissoring motions as he says "snip-snip". TAYLOR
 looks at him open-mouthed and terrified. TAYLOR continues
 crying. The STORE CLERK doesn't know what to do except
 continue to try to convince her to get the procedure.

STORE CLERK
 To be honest, I've had the same
 problem. Ain't no big deal! Used to
 use this here stuff for it, too!
 But doctor's today, they can do
 miracles!

TAYLOR ceases crying, ending in a loud hiccup, realizing a
 male cannot possibly have an abortion.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
What did you say?

STORE CLERK
Well, yeah. I was havin' the roids
real bad one summer...the Nevada
heat sure made it worse. Maggie..
that's my wife..she just told me to
go ahead and get it done...

TAYLOR stares downward in disbelief, wondering why the STORE CLERK was telling her about his hemorrhoid surgery. As the STORE CLERK's details begins to get more specific and more graphic, her guilty look turns into a look of disgust.

STORE CLERK
...couldn't sit upright on my tush
for a month. I'll tell you one
thing...

The STORE CLERK leans in and looks around to make sure no one is listening.

STORE CLERK
...*this* doesn't really help.

The STORE CLERK turns around a box of hemorrhoid ointment; what TAYLOR thought to be a pregnancy test box. TAYLOR looks at the box astonished and relieved as the STORE CLERK continues to explain.

STORE CLERK
I mean, sure it works for a while
but after it wears off it feels
like someone's riding a lawnmower
round your ass.

TAYLOR
(interrupting the STORE CLERK
as politely as possible)
Umm...I really appreciate all your
advice and I'm, um, really sorry
about well..you know.

STORE CLERK
(looking at TAYLOR
sympathetically)
It's alright, kid. Jus' get it
taken care of. Trust me, you don't
want something like this gettin'
outta' hand.

TAYLOR

Oh you got it. Gonna' see a doctor first thing on Monday.

STORE CLERK

Tell you what, if I didn't know yo' daddy so well, this woulda' been a helluva bigger problem. Next time you might not be so lucky. Got it?

TAYLOR begins backing away from STORE CLERK as she's talking.

TAYLOR

Oh, yeah! Sure, I got it! Thanks!

TAYLOR waves and turns around. Walking quickly down the sidewalk of the strip mall. The STORE CLERK waves back and shakes his head confused at what just occurred

TAYLOR is walking down the sidewalk, with a hand over her heart as she tries to slow her breathing, when she looks up she sees ETHAN and TIFFANY at a distance walking towards her. The two look as if they had never broken up: holding hands and sharing a slurpee. TAYLOR tries to duck into the nearest between-store crevasse to keep from being seen. TIFFANY and ETHAN pass TAYLOR without seeing her. TAYLOR looks around the corner to make sure the coast is clear. She discretely exits her hiding spot relieved and resumes walking. She gets a pang in her stomach and puts her hand over her abdomen, she ignores it and continues walking. When the pang happens again, she searches for the nearest restroom. From a distance, she spots a port-a-potty at a nearby construction site. Construction workers mill around, eating their lunch and talking with one another. She runs into the port-a-potty. The construction workers watch her go as they continue talking and eating.

WIDE SHOT: THE CONSTRUCTION WORKERS CONTINUE TO EAT AND MILL AROUND WHEN WE HEAR A SHRILL AND TRIUMPHANT SHRIEK FROM THE PORT-A-POTTY. THE CONSTRUCTION WORKERS STOP WHAT THEY ARE DOING AND STARE AT THE SOURCE OF THE NOISE.

TAYLOR

(OFF-CAMERA and echoey from within the port-a-potty, she screams)

Oh, thank god!

TAYLOR exits the port-a-potty with a smile on her face, winking at the construction workers as she passes them. They stare at her open-mouthed, not saying anything.

47 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. MORNING

OVER THE SHOULDER: TAYLOR IS WALKING DOWN THE SCHOOL HALLWAY. WHILE PASSING TIFFANY AND HER "CRONIES" WE SEE TIFFANY GLARE AT HER WHILE THE REST OF THE GIRLS GIGGLE TO ONE ANOTHER.

TAYLOR self-consciously flees, turning the next available corner, causing her to run into RYAN, he is carrying a pink carnation.

RYAN
Oh, hey! I was looking for you!

RYAN gives a chivalrous bow, presenting the carnation to TAYLOR.

RYAN
For you...m'lady.

TAYLOR takes the flower in confusion. An awkward silence ensues.

RYAN
So...uh, we still on for tonight right?

TAYLOR
Oh...yeah. Sure.

RYAN
Great! You know I was really worried you'd back out. I heard about ETHAN and all and...well, a guy can get insecure too y'know.

RYAN gives TAYLOR a disarming smile. TAYLOR blanches.

TAYLOR
You heard?

RYAN
Well...yeah. But hey hey...I don't care. I just wanna' y know...take you out.

TAYLOR
(said sneeringly)
Oh I just bet ou do.

RYAN
I mean, if you don't want to go...?

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

(said contritely, feeling bad
about the hurt look on his
face)

No! No, that'd be great...really.
See you tonight.

RYAN leaves TAYLOR standing there. She looks around to make sure no one is looking and smells the flower.

48 INT. CLASSROOM. AFTERNOON

OVER THE SHOULDER: TAYLOR IS DRAWING SEXUAL PICTURES IN HER NOTEBOOK. CAMERA MOVES AND PASSES SEVERAL STUDENT'S SHOULDERS, LANDING ON ELLIE IN AN OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT. SHE HAS A "MANITOBA UNIVERSITY OF ZOOLOGY" ADMISSIONS FORM LAID OUT IN BETWEEN THE PAGES HER TEXT BOOK. WE SEE HER WRITE IN TAYLOR'S NAME.

CUTAWAY: TO TAYLOR. STIFLED LAUGHING IS HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND. TAYLOR LOOKS UP. SHOOT TO ETHAN WITH HIS FRIENDS.

ETHAN is pushing his tongue around inside his mouth, miming a blow job while looking at TAYLOR and licking his lips. His buddies laugh and try to turn it into a cough. TAYLOR quickly looks away and looks over to ELLIE. When ELLIE looks up, TAYLOR tries to give a little wave. ELLIE slams her book shut. TAYLOR takes this as rejection. Bell rings. The students exit the classroom.

49 INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM. AFTERNOON

TAYLOR walks into the bathroom. All of the doors are closed, she bends down to peer under the stall. Pairs of feet occupy all stalls. TIFFANY CALLOWAY exits a stall while TAYLOR is still bent over. TAYLOR stands up straight and returns TIFFANY'S stare. TIFFANY gives TAYLOR an appraising once over and sneers. TIFFANY exits. TAYLOR enters the stall TIFFANY has just vacated. Once inside, she puts her bag down and sees scribbling on the wall. It reads "TAYLOR BORNE is a sperm burping bitch!" and is accompanied by a crude picture. TAYLOR gasps and frantically tries to rub away the writing.

50 INT. "LE BURGER". EARLY EVENING

TAYLOR and RYAN are sitting at a window seat inside the cheap restaurant with their food in front of them. RYAN is eating enthusiastically while TAYLOR pulls at her top, trying to show more cleavage. The dialogue begins mid-conversation.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

(between mouthfuls)

So I told my dad...why the hell
would I wanna' go to SMU when I
could go to Nevada State!?

TAYLOR begins rubbing her foot up and down RYAN'S leg. He
shifts uncomfortably away.

RYAN

(clears throat)

So, where you planning on going?

TAYLOR

(TAYLOR brightens when she
hears this and says
seductively)

Your place...my dads' home right
now.

RYAN

(flustered)

No...ah...

TAYLOR

Your car?

RYAN

No...No...where you think you're
gonna' go...to college I mean.

TAYLOR

(makes a derisive noise)

Like I could afford that.

We see that under the table, TAYLOR's foot is moving higher
toward RYAN's groin. RYAN looks frightened. He grabs her
foot and gently pushes it away.

TAYLOR

What's wrong, baby?

RYAN

Uh...nothing. Look, I really like
you.

TAYLOR's foot begins it's climb up his leg again.

TAYLOR

Mmmm...I really like you too.

RYAN grabs her foot again and holds it.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

No, I like you. Not...this.

He pushes her foot away roughly. TAYLOR looks astonished and hurt.

TAYLOR

But...I thought...you said...

RYAN leans in closer to TAYLOR across the table.

RYAN

Look, I totally get the irony of me...the dude...saying this but, I'm not a piece of meat. I didn't take you here to get laid...if I had wanted that I'dve taken you to the drive-in like ETHAN, but no...I took you here. I was hoping...

TAYLOR cuts him off.

TAYLOR

(said coldly)

Hoping what?

RYAN

That TIFFANY was wrong, you weren't just some slut, that you maybe...just maybe...were still what I remembered.

TAYLOR

Yeah? And what do you remember?

RYAN

I remember the girl who used to collect feathers, a girl who rocked the shit outta' kickball, not just some chick who's got date-rape written all over her.

TAYLOR sits back, looking bewildered and on the verge of tears. RYAN stands up and throws money down on the table to cover the bill.

RYAN

I gotta' go.

RYAN exits. TAYLOR sits for a moment in shock. A few tears spill over.

51 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. MORNING

OVER THE SHOULDER: TAYLOR IS WALKING THROUGH THE SCHOOL HALLWAY. WE SEE THAT MOST STUDENTS HAVE THEIR CELL PHONES OUT AND ARE EXCHANGING GLANCES BETWEEN THEIR PHONES AND TAYLOR. THEY GIGGLE TO EACH OTHER IN SMALL GROUPS, WHISPERING. TAYLOR PASSES BY TIFFANY AND ETHAN, THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY TIFFANY'S GIRLFRIENDS, TIFFANY GIVES TAYLOR A CRUEL SMILE, ETHAN AVOIDS TAYLOR'S EYES.

MALE STUDENTS 1, 2, and 3, approach.

MALE STUDENT #2
Well, hello! Nice legs, what time
do they open?

MALE STUDENT #1 puts his arm around TAYLOR'S shoulders.

MALE STUDENT #1
Well hey there, beautiful. Y'know,
I was thinking we should go out
some time.

MALE STUDENT #1 puts on a fake English accent.

MALE STUDENT #1
You enjoy the theater as I recall.

MALE STUDENTS #2 and 3 laugh.

MALE STUDENT #2
Kinda' like Monica Lewinsky enjoyed
the Oval Office...

MALE STUDENTS 1, 2, AND 3 laugh again.

TAYLOR
Just fuck off please, I'm not in
the mood for this shit.

MALE STUDENT #3
Not in the mode for some chode? Why
TAYLOR!?

Said in a "shocked" tone.

TAYLOR
(enunciating each word)
GO...AWAY!

MALE STUDENT #2
Take it easy there, baby. Listen,
I'm not talking now...I'll let you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MALE STUDENT #2 (cont'd)
know later when I'm ready to fire
one across your bow...

TAYLOR
What the...

MALE STUDENT #2 puts his fingers to TAYLOR'S lips, silencing her.

MALE STUDENT #2
Just think about it. I'll talk to
you later.

MALE STUDENT'S 1, 2 and 3 walk away. MALE STUDENT #1 runs back to TAYLOR as the others walk away.

MALE STUDENT #1
By the way, I really liked that
little yellow shirt.

MALE STUDENT #1 mimics the pose TAYLOR struck in the picture text message she sent to ETHAN.

TAYLOR
(nervously)
What are you talking about?

MALE STUDENT #1
All I gotta' say is... thank god
for pix message. You know what they
say...a picture is worth a thousand
wanks!

MALE STUDENT #1 runs off to join the rest of his friends. TAYLOR stands in the middle of the hallway, shocked. She looks around and sees everyone in groups, including her "friends" SARAH, RACHEL, and LAURA with their cell phones out as they laugh with one another. TAYLOR sees her group of friends and tries to walk toward them, they turn away and laugh harder. TAYLOR stands for a moment longer in the hallway looking around before she runs out.

52 EXT. SUMNER'S CREEK. AFTERNOON

TAYLOR runs into the scene at Sumner's Creek, she doubles over with her hands on knees trying to catch her breath. She then falls to her knees out of exhaustion and looks around for the geese.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
(calling out; puzzled)
Henry? Annette?!

She frantically searches in her book bag for her planner. She opens it and it reveals a look at the month, with each day that has passed marked off with a diagonal line. The calendar shows the current day is 2 1/2 weeks before the geese are suppose to fly back on their migratory path.

TAYLOR
(shouting desperately)
Where are you? Please...

Taken aback by all the unsuspecting downturns throughout the day, TAYLOR breaks down in tears.

53 INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM. MORNING

TAYLOR is sleeping in bed, running mascara staining her face. CHASTITY cracks the door open to TAYLOR'S bedroom, creeps over to her bed and sits down beside her.

CHASTITY
(said while gently shaking
TAYLOR)
Baby, it's time to get up.

TAYLOR moans and rolls deeper into a fetal position.

CHASTITY
TAY, let's get up now.

TAYLOR
(moaning behind the covers)
I don't wanna go.

CHASTITY
I know, baby, but it's time to get up. We go through this every mornin'...

TAYLOR
(still under the covers)
I can't go back, I quit!

CHASTITY
You gotta go, baby, you've already had too many absences this year and you...

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
 (cutting CHASTITY off)
 I don't care! I don't fucking care!

CHASTITY draws back at TAYLOR'S reaction, surprised. CHASTITY softens and starts to rub soothing circles on TAYLOR'S back.

CHASTITY
 I know how it feels. I can't say I was the *best* role model, neither. I dropped out when I was your age; right after I was crowned Ms. Georgia Peach 1985. Got that crown and I was out of Lumpkin, Georgia faster than an armadilla' on route 66.

CHASTITY proudly relishes in the memory. Remembering the track she was on, continues to try and soothe TAYLOR'S feelings.

CHASTITY
 All I'm sayin' is it's almost over. Just get through this one last semester. Maybe get one of them cute little boys to tutor you in biology!

TAYLOR sits up and buries her head in her hands and sobs.

TAYLOR
 I can't, Mom! I can't go back. Everybody hates me!

CHASTITY draws TAYLOR into her arms and tries to comfort her; making quiet soothing noises.

CHASTITY
 Shh baby...it's okay, it's okay.

CAMERA PANS OUT AWAY FROM CHASTITY COMFORTING TAYLOR.

54 INT. BORNE KITCHEN. LATE MORNING

TAYLOR enters the kitchen with red, swollen eyes. She looks over at the table and sees a plate of burnt toast with marshmallow fluff, scrambled eggs with ketchup on top drizzled in a smiley face, and some over cooked bacon. Next to the plate is a note folded in half resembling a primitive tent. On the front it reads "TAYLOR. Read me" with a heart drawn around the words. TAYLOR picks up the note

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA: CLOSE UP OF TAYLOR'S FACE AS SHE READS THE NOTE. CHASTITY'S VOICE COMES IN IN A VOICE-OVER, READING THE LETTER.

VOICE-OVER:

(CHASTITY'S VOICE)

"School is hard, but life without it is harder. Take it from me. All high school is is a kicking of the tires; everybody trying to see what you're made of, seeing how long you'll last. Go ahead and show them"

TAYLOR rolls her eyes and plops down to eat breakfast. She notices something where the note from CHASTITY once stood, a large manila envelope with "MS. TAYLOR A. BORNE" typed on it. She looks at it inquisitively as she chews on a strip of bacon. She puts it down to finish her breakfast.

Time lapses and TAYLOR clears her breakfast dishes from the table. She balls up the note from CHASTITY and trashes it. She grabs the letter addressed to her and runs upstairs with it.

55 INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM. AFTERNOON

In her room, TAYLOR throws the letter along with a notebook and a pen into her bag. She throws on some clothes out of her dirty laundry hamper, cleans her face up a bit, and runs out the door grabbing her bag.

56 INT. CLASSROOM. AFTERNOON

TAYLOR sits at her desk, staring dully at her text book, not reading as the other students are doing. A few students look over to her periodically and snicker. TAYLOR seems unmindful of it all and continues to stare at her book.

57 EXT. SUMNER'S CREEK. LATE AFTERNOON

TAYLOR is looking at the empty lake, looking up every now and then, hoping to see the geese come flying back. She begins rummaging through her bag, pulling out the notebook and reaching for the pen, she rediscovers the envelope. Expecting it to be nothing more than another credit card offer, she carelessly opens the envelope.

CAMERA: PANS BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN AN OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT OF THE WORDS OF THE ACCEPTANCE LETTER TO "MANITOBA

(CONTINUED)

UNIVERSITY OF ZOOLOGY" AND HER WIDE-EYED REACTION AS SHE MUMBLES THE WORDS OF THE LETTER.

She lowers the letter slowly and brings her hand to her face. She laughs in disbelief trying to figure out how she got accepted to a college she never applied to. Her attention is diverted to the sky as a storm cloud starts to creep in overhead and a rumble of thunder is heard in the background. It begins to drizzle as TAYLOR hurriedly collects her belongings and runs off.

58 EXT. ELLIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

CAMERA SHOWS A QUICK SHOT OF THE INSIDE OF ELLIE'S HOUSE AS THE DOOR BELL RINGS AND ELLIE GOES TO OPEN IT.

TAYLOR is standing on the doorstep drenched in rain, holding the manila envelope. ELLIE doesn't welcome her in, but instead, crosses her arms and leans against the door frame.

TAYLOR
(looking slightly angry)
You didn't have to, you know.

ELLIE
(copying TAYLOR's antagonistic tone)
Well, you sure weren't gonna..

TAYLOR
(said approaching ELLIE,
pushing the acceptance letter
close to ELLIE'S face)
I'm serious, ELLIE. You really
shouldn't have done this.

TAYLOR and ELLIE are face to face. TAYLOR appears angry and ELLIE squints back in anger. TAYLOR'S face then softens letting ELLIE know it was all a charade.

TAYLOR
But I'm glad you did.

ELLIE'S face softens as well as she looks at TAYLOR and laughs.

TAYLOR
Still mad?

ELLIE
TAYLOR, I wasn't ever actually mad
at you. I was worried.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
Still worried then?

ELLIE
Only about this outfit.

ELLIE motions to TAYLOR'S T-shirt that pictures a pit bull on it with the words "Bad to the Bone" written underneath. ELLIE laughs.

ELLIE
(said while laughing)
I can't believe you left the house like that...where the hell did you get that shirt?

TAYLOR is laughing too now.

TAYLOR
It was yours! I found it in my room last week.

ELLIE
Oh, god...

At this point they're both practically doubled over with laughter, TAYLOR leans in and embraces ELLIE fiercely. TAYLOR pulls back to say.

TAYLOR
(practically screaming)
I'm going to Canada!

The girls jump around happily.

59 INT. BORNE HOUSE. NIGHT

TAYLOR jets up the stairs in the background with CHASTITY and LONNIE sitting on a couch in the foreground with blue, stale lighting from the television shining on their wide-eyed faces.

TAYLOR
(said passingly and ritualistically)
Hi. I'm home.

CHASTITY
(said monotonously)
That's nice, honey.

CHASTITY and LONNIE do not divert their attention away from the television.

60 INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM. NIGHT

TAYLOR dances around her room excitedly. She flips her stereo on and blares a popular song. She starts jumping on her bed. She jumps off and begins to get ready for bed and changing into dry pajamas; dancing all the while.

61 INT. BORNE LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

CAMERA SHOWS DOWNSTAIRS WHERE LONNIE AND CHASTITY ARE SITTING IN FRONT OF THE TELEVISION. THEY HEAR THE MUSIC AND THE JUMPING FROM UPSTAIRS. THEY DIVERT THEIR ATTENTION TO THE CEILING. CHASTITY SMIRKS KNOWING WHAT HAS HAPPENED. LONNIE RAISES AN EYEBROW, SHRUGS, AND CONTINUES TO WATCH TELEVISION.

CHASTITY
(whispering to herself)
You go, TAYLOR.

62 INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM. NIGHT

TAYLOR grabs Ronald, her stuffed elephant, and flops on her bed. She stares up at the ceiling, grinning broadly.

63 INT. CLASSROOM. EARLY AFTERNOON

TAYLOR is sitting in MR. ROLLINS' classroom actually working hard. The skin tight clothing and heavy makeup is gone and replaced with comfy jeans and a plain short sleeve shirt. She glances up to notice the same three male classmates that once prompted her to flirt with MR. ROLLINS are now prompting TIFFANY CALLOWAY to try her hand at flirting with him. One of the male classmates is seen whispering "Romeo and Juliet"; suggesting TIFFANY question MR. ROLLINS about it. TIFFANY unfolds her long legs from underneath her desk and struts over to MR. ROLLINS' desk where he is studiously working on paperwork. When TIFFANY reaches the desk, she looks back at her male conspirators for support. One urges her on with an exaggerated smile and approving head shake, while another make sexual gestures. TIFFANY leans over the desk exposing her cleavage.

TIFFANY
So, MR. ROLLINS...

MR. ROLLINS
(not stopping to look up from
his paperwork)
Yes, MS. CALLOWAY?

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY
I was just wondering...

MR. ROLLINS
(still not caring enough to
look up)
Hmmm?

TIFFANY
So Romeo and Juliet... she...I mean
Juliet was only like, 16 or
something, righ...

MR. ROLLINS
(cutting TIFFANY off, still
not looking up)
No, she was about 14, yes they had
sex, yes the were young.

MR. ROLLINS looks sharply up at TIFFANY.

MR. ROLLINS
Is that all?

TIFFANY
Uh...yeah, thanks.

TIFFANY lowers her head in defeat and walks back to her desk embarrassed. The three male conspirators laugh quietly and snicker. TAYLOR all the while is watching and laughing silently to herself. MR. ROLLINS sees the snickering boys.

MR. ROLLINS
(addressing the three male
classmates)
...and gentleman, you have
permission to grow up at anytime
now.

The boys laugh off the scorn they received from MR. ROLLINS.

MR. ROLLINS
(Craning his neck to view
TAYLOR'S desk in the back.)
Oh and, um, MS. BORNE-I'd like to
see you after class.

The boys chime in with collective "ooo's" and snickers, as if TAYLOR had done something wrong. TAYLOR slouches in her desk, embarrassed at all the attention.

MR. ROLLINS
Again, gentleman-pemission is still
granted.

The students continue their work when the bell rings.

MR. ROLLINS
(addressing the class loudly)
Have a fabulous weekend, all! Oh!
And don't forget: assignment 8 is
due Tuesday!

Some of the male students chime in with a sarcastic "yeah,
yeah" as another jumps up to slap the top of the door frame.
MR. ROLLINS rolls his eyes.

MR. ROLLINS
(said in an undertone)
Lord, help them.

TAYLOR is slowly collecting her things as MR. ROLLINS
likewise is getting loose papers together. TAYLOR approaches
his desk cautiously.

TAYLOR
Umm, you wanted to see me?

MR. ROLLINS
Ah yes, MS. BORNE. We need to
discuss these papers of yours. They
are...

TAYLOR
(interrupting MR. ROLLINS)
Look-I am more than willing to do
some extra credit; I think if I
can...

MR. ROLLINS
(interrupting TAYLOR)
...amazing.

TAYLOR
(shocked)
What?

MR. ROLLINS
Yes. Amazing. Very insightful, well
written, original. You've got a
real talent.

MR. ROLLINS hands TAYLOR a stack of her papers; each having
an "A" in bright red marker.

(CONTINUED)

MR. ROLLINS

So I understand you've chosen to attend the Manitoba University of Zoology.

TAYLOR

Yes.

MR. ROLLINS

I went there for two semesters, then switched to Concordia when I switched my major to English. I think you're really going to enjoy it there. Just, uh, try not to eat the Salisbury steak in Langdon Hall.

MR. ROLLINS looks around and leans in to whisper.

MR. ROLLINS

It's really liver in disguise.

TAYLOR

(scrunching her face in disgust)

Eww! I'll remember that.

Both TAYLOR and MR. ROLLINS laugh and squirm at the thought of the food.

MR. ROLLINS

But I think you'll really enjoy your time there. You've come a long way MS. BORNE; you should be proud of yourself. I got you a little something...just, y'know to let you you I'm proud of you too.

MR. ROLLINS hands TAYLOR a small package wrapped in the comic section of the newspaper.

MR. ROLLINS

It's, eh, not the best wrapping job, but it's what's inside that counts.

Both TAYLOR and MR. ROLLINS chuckle at the remark.

MR. ROLLINS

Have a fabulous college experience, MS. BORNE. Keep up the great work. I know you'll go far.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
Thanks, MR. ROLLINS.

TAYLOR walks out of the classroom to an empty hall. School is over. TAYLOR makes her way out of the school, staring inquisitively at her gift. She struggles to unwrap it as she walks.

TAYLOR
(mumbling to herself)
Did you have to wrap it so tight?

She reaches the outside of the school as she finally unwraps the gift. It's a leather bound journal with a sticky note on it.

CAMERA IS OVER SHOULDER SHOT OF TAYLOR HOLDING THE BOOK WITH A STICKY NOTE HIDING THE TITLE OF THE BOOK ON ITS COVER. THE STICKY NOTE READS "DITCH THE COMP BOOKS, TIME FOR THE REAL THING"

TAYLOR runs her hand over the leather reverently. She opens the cover and sees where MR. ROLLINS has written the quote from Romeo and Juliet: "Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done; for thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five."

64 EXT. BORNE HOUSE. NIGHT

CHASTITY is leaning up against the railing of the back porch, smoking a cigarette and staring aimlessly upwards where her smoke puffs go. TAYLOR is seen walking in the kitchen through the screen door and window. TAYLOR grabs a coke from the refrigerator and heads back off screen until she is halted by the sight of CHASTITY on the back porch. TAYLOR goes back to the refrigerator to pull out another coke. She cracks the screen door and snakes her head around the door frame.

TAYLOR
Mom? You ok?

CHASTITY
(slightly startled)
Oh hey, honey! Yeah, yeah! I'm fine.

CHASTITY waves off TAYLOR'S remark and puffs her smoke into the air.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
(accusingly)
Mom, you only smoke when you're
flipping out 'bout something...

TAYLOR sits in a pink lawn chair. CHASTITY looks at the
cigarette momentarily then stomps it out.

TAYLOR
What's up?

CHASTITY
(while putting out the
cigarette)
Oh honey! Nothin's wrong. You just
growin' up and stuff, that's all.

CHASTITY sits down in a lawn chair next to TAYLOR. TAYLOR
offers her a coke. CHASTITY smiles gratefully and takes the
soda.

CHASTITY
(cutting to the chase)
Just didn't expect to wake up and
see you off to college, TAY. I knew
as soon as I saw that big ole
envelope that you was gonna' be
outta' here...but damn. It feels
like only yesterday you were givin'
that little Ricky a tugjob...

TAYLOR spits out her coke at her mother's remark. CHASTITY
ignores TAYLOR'S reaction and continues.

CHASTITY
...and now you're up and leavin.

TAYLOR
Wait, wait, wait! How did you know
it was Ricky.

CHASTITY
Well I may not be "mother of the
year", but I still got a brain and
I know my baby better'n she knows
herself sometimes.

CHASTITY and TAYLOR have a moment of silence between them as
they both gaze up at the sky.

CHASTITY
I tried, baby. I wanted so much to
be a good mom.

TAYLOR
 (looking at CHASTITY. Patting
 her on the leg)
 I know, mom. I know you did. Good,
 bad, either way...you're *my* mom,
 and I love you.

CHASTITY smiles as she and TAYLOR lean in to embrace each other.

65 EXT. SAM'S USED CAR LOT. DAY.

TAYLOR, LONNIE, and CHASTITY are walking through a used car lot looking for a vehicle for TAYLOR.

CHASTITY
 Can we hurry this up, you two? You
 both know how sensitive my
 porcelain skin is...

LONNIE
 This is big decision, CHESTY! It's
 gotta at least get her to Seattle.

CHASTITY
 (rolling her eyes)
 Well it'll be your fault if I end
 up all wrinkly...

CHASTITY pouts for a moment before her attention is drawn to one of the cars in the lot.

CHASTITY
 Hey, what about that one?

CHASTITY points at a chromed-out, pink and gold hydrolic vehicle that has an airbrush painting of a poker hand on the hood. TAYLOR and LONNIE roll their eyes.

LONNIE
 CHESTY! Really?.....

CHASTITY
 (wagging her eyebrows up and
 down at TAYLOR)
 Nice big back seat...

TAYLOR laughs.

TAYLOR
 Jesus, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

LONNIE

Alright...if you two aren't gonna'
take this seriously...

CHASTITY

Come on, baby...

CHASTITY and LONNIE continue to argue inaudibly in the background as TAYLOR starts to look over an old truck.

TAYLOR

(turning around excitedly to
get LONNIE and CHASTITY'S
attention)

Hey, dad! Look at thi....

TAYLOR trails off at the sight of CHASTITY and LONNIE arguing. TAYLOR rolls her eyes in annoyance.

TAYLOR

(said louder and sarcastically
to get their attention)

Hello!?!?

CHASTITY and LONNIE stop arguing and divert their attention to TAYLOR. CHASTITY and LONNIE walk over to look at the car.

LONNIE

Hmm...looks good. Muffler's new.
Might have to replace the...

SALES MAN

(interrupting LONNIE;
addressing the three of them)

Can I help you folks out with
somethin' today?

LONNIE

Er, yeah. My daughter here needs
somethin' to take with her to
college. We were lookin' at this
one.

SALES MAN

This here is a sturdy truck. I was
contemplatin' gettin' it myself if
it didn't sell...

LONNIE

How much you askin'?

(CONTINUED)

SALES MAN
Just a measly six thousand...

LONNIE
Six grand!? For this?

LONNIE turns to the girls.

LONNIE
(said imperiously)
I'll take care of this, why don't
ya'll just go get something to
drink over there.

LONNIE points off to a soda machine a little ways away. When they leave he turns the the SALES MAN and, while kicking the tires, begins to haggle. After they shake hands, LONNIE walks back over to the girls with his chest puffed out proudly.

LONNIE
(to TAYLOR and CHASTITY)
Well, it wad'nt easy, but I got him
down to \$5,800.

CHASTITY and TAYLOR raise their eyebrows at each other and giggle.

TAYLOR
(to LONNIE sarcastically)
Wow, Dad. You gotta' gift.

LONNIE pushes his chest out more and smiles in pride, missing the sarcasm.

LONNIE
You just gotta' know how to talk to
them is all. Now, do I get a hug or
what.

LONNIE opens his arms expectantly.

TAYLOR
Thanks, Dad.

TAYLOR jumps into his arms and gives him a bear hug.

66

EXT. BORNE HOUSE. MORNING

CHASTITY, LONNIE, and TAYLOR are wrapping up packing TAYLOR'S truck for her trip to college. LONNIE is checking the back to make sure everything is secure and tied down. TAYLOR is helping LONNIE. CHASTITY is trying to hold back tears at the sight of her daughter going away.

LONNIE

(pulling tightly at a rope)

Ok. I think that will just about do it.

CHASTITY

You sure you're ready...I mean, the semester don't start for another 2 months? You could stay here for just a little while longer?

TAYLOR

Mom...I told ya', I want to follow the geese. Their migratory path will take me practically to the the University gate.

CHASTITY

I know...I know. You sure you got enough money?

TAYLOR

Oh, yeah...enough to last me up till the semester starts, then the scholarship should take care of the rest.

CHASTITY

(said in a defeated tone)

Okay...okay.

The three of them stand awkwardly for a moment.

LONNIE

So watch out for them cops on 66; one got JESSIE last week for goin 7 over. Can you believe that? 7 over!

LONNIE tries to not only divert the awkwardness of the situation, but to have TAYLOR stay an extra few moments. Both CHASTITY and TAYLOR take the bait and simultaneously agree that JESSIE getting pulled for 7 over was absurd.

(CONTINUED)

CHASTITY

So baby, call us when you stop for the night.

LONNIE

You need some extra cash, TAY? You got enough to...

TAYLOR

(interrupting)

Yeah, dad I...I think I'm good.

LONNIE

Oh. Ok. Well...here's an extra \$50 just in case.

TAYLOR

Dad, you really don't..

LONNIE

(shoving the money in TAYLOR'S hand)

Just take it, TAY. You're gonna need somethin'...

TAYLOR

Um...thanks, Dad.

CHASTITY

You got those directions printed out, baby?

TAYLOR

Yeah.

LONNIE

You goin' 66? If it tells you to go 66, you should go 143. 66 is always flooded with cops and...

TAYLOR

(interrupting)

Dad! I know!

LONNIE

Oh.

Awkward silence breaks out between them.

TAYLOR

(breaking the silence)

Well, I better get on the road before the traffic gets too heavy.

(CONTINUED)

LONNIE
(said reluctantly)
Yeah, better get goin'.

CHASTITY
(said weepily)
Oh baby! Come here!

TAYLOR gives CHASTITY a big hug. LONNIE taps CHASTITY on the shoulder after a moment.

LONNIE
May I cut in?

TAYLOR gives LONNIE a hug.

TAYLOR
Thanks, Dad.

TAYLOR says her goodbyes, gets into the truck and begins to pull out of the driveway, waving out the window. CHASTITY immediately halts TAYLOR.

CHASTITY
Wait!!! Forgot somethin'!

TAYLOR applies the breaks and starts backing up the truck. CHASTITY hurries to the front stoop of the house and scoops something up, then runs to meet TAYLOR in the car. LONNIE follows.

CHASTITY
Your daddy and I wanted to give you this.

CHASTITY opens a box revealing an old 35 mm camera.

CHASTITY
It was your daddy's. He had it when I first met him at the bar.

LONNIE
Yeah, served me well. Had a few rolls of these girls right here...

LONNIE friskily grabs CHASTITY'S breast. CHASTITY sharply and playfully swats his hand.

CHASTITY
Oh, LON! You cool it with that!
Anyway, baby, stop into Swallow's;
I think they have some film for it.

LONNIE

I know it ain't a fancy digital one
but that there takes some damn good
pictures.

TAYLOR

Wow...thanks guys. It's perfect.

TAYLOR looks them both in the eyes.

TAYLOR

I love ya'll.

LONNIE

We love you too sweet pea. Be safe.

TAYLOR drives off waving goodbye.

LONNIE

(yelling to TAYLOR)

If there's already film in
there...DO NOT develop it.

CAMERA shows TAYLOR rolling her eyes at that comment as she
drives off.

67

INT. SWALLOWS DRUGS. MORNING

CAMERA FIRST SHOWS TAYLOR PARKING THE TRUCK OUTSIDE THE DRUG
STORE, GETTING OUT OF THE TRUCK, THEN ENTERING THE STORE.

TAYLOR exchanges awkward glances of the same old STORE CLERK
she encountered before. She makes her way over to the film
aisle and finds the kind she needs. She starts walking
between the aisles, stops, and looks around for the right
aisle. She notices the STORE CLERK is staring at her with a
confused look, as if he's trying to place her. She looks up
and realizes she is in front of the infamous "feminine
hygiene" aisle. She quickly escapes his stare and scans the
store for the correct aisle. She finds the food aisle and
picks up a loaf of Sunbeam bread. She makes sure the STORE
CLERK is not looking before she sneaks into the feminine
hygiene aisle to pick up a pack of pads; the same brand the
FEMALE SHOPPER had suggested to her. When she gets up to the
counter, she grabs a king size Snickers from candy rack and
lays it next to her other items. The STORE CLERK starts to
dart his eyes between the items he is scanning and TAYLOR'S
face. TAYLOR knows he recognizes her and she attempts an
awkward smile, but doesn't get one in return. He continues
his staring and TAYLOR attempts to ignore it.

(CONTINUED)

STORE CLERK
Uh, that will be \$21.76.

TAYLOR looks through her wallet to count out the cash. The STORE CLERK continues to stare. TAYLOR counts faster and quickly puts the money on the counter in an effort to get out of the store as quickly as possible. TAYLOR grabs her things and begins heading out.

STORE CLERK
(calling out to TAYLOR)
Hey! I know you....

TAYLOR
(interrupting and not turning
around to reply)
Nope! Just got one of those
faces...Bye!

STORE CLERK
(mumbling to himself)
Hm. Sure thought I did. Poor kid
didn't even get her change.

The STORE CLERK shrugs his shoulders as if to say "oh well."

68

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT. AFTERNOON

TAYLOR exits Swallows Drugs and breathes a deep sigh of relief. She walks to her truck. She opens the passenger side door to put her items in, slams the door, then starts to walk around to the drivers side. She is halted by a yellow glare that is glinting off a man in the parking lot. The glint reminds her of the glare from the fool's gold. This time, it's the glare off of a chain necklace. She looks in the direction of the glare and notices a somewhat familiar face: RICKY'S. The embroidered name tag on his mechanics jump suit confirms it: "RICK F.". TAYLOR'S is startled and frozen at the sight of the man walking in her general direction, his face looking serious and slightly grim, giving him a menacing appearance. Just then, TAYLOR sees a little girl run up yelling "Daddy!" in the background. RICKY'S demeanor instantly changes as he hoists the little girl up in the air. When the little girl falls back into his arms, RICKY looks over the little girl's shoulder and catches a glimpse at TAYLOR. His eyes go wide and his face crumples in distress. A silent confrontation falls between them as they stare at each other. TAYLOR unexpectedly raises her hand and gives a little wave, giving him a nod and a half smile. RICKY looks surprised but nods and returns her half smile, surprise turning to relief at her acceptance. RICKY'S attention is diverted when his wife comes up to meet him and

(CONTINUED)

the little girl. The woman gives RICKY a kiss on the cheek. RICKY gives one last smile to TAYLOR and takes his wife's hand and begins to walk toward their car, still holding the little girl. TAYLOR gets into her truck. She pulls down the visor, applies a thick coat of red lipstick and blows a kiss to herself in the mirror. A flying "V" of geese fly overhead. She smiles up at them and peels off onto the open road following the birds.