RALLY POINT

by

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FADE IN:

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

A bare-bones car body sits in the center of the cluttered workshop.

KAMMY, twenties, short dark hair, is clad in a pair of dirty coveralls and a welding mask sits in the body welding sections of the roll cage, sparks fly like a fiery rain.

JOSH, twenties, unkempt hair, bad mustache, wears jeans and a colorful polo shirt, holds dark goggles in front of his face. He sits on the workbench.

Kammy puts down the welder, flips up her mask to reveal a face whose beauty is hidden by grease smudges and an absence of make-up.

KAMMY
That'll do it. Well, for the cage anyway.

Josh tosses the goggles on the workbench. He hops off the workbench; goes to the car to inspect Kammy's work.

JOSH
Looks a little cramped in there.

KAMMY
Don't worry, you'll fit.

JOSH
How we looking for time?

KAMMY
We're a little behind, but we'll get it done by race day. You could always pick up a wrench...

Josh looks at his watch.

JOSH
Look at the time. I'm gonna be late for work.

Josh makes for the door.

EXT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Josh jogs out of the workshop headed toward his beat up car. Kammy follows, stopping in the doorway.
KAMMY
Oh, the tires came in. Think you can pick them up? I'm going to be busy painting.

Josh attempts to jump up and slide across the hood of the car. He comes to a stop halfway across; he scoots the rest of the way.

Kammy shakes her head and CHUCKLES.

JOSH
Ok. Hopefully I'll get decent tips today.

He opens the car door with a loud CREAK, he gets behind the wheel.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Josh's car ROARS through the street at break neck speeds. He weaves in and out of traffic.

An OLD WOMAN steps off the curb. Josh downshifts, breaks hard. He comes to a stop beside the old woman, scaring her half to death.

Josh leans out the window.

JOSH
Sorry.

Josh throws up a half wave. The old woman flips Josh off as she makes her way to the other curb.

Josh PEELS OUT leaving tire marks behind.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Josh flies into the parking lot, SKIDS to a stop in a space near the door. The car stops short of a sign on a pole that reads: PIZZA MENAGERIE DELIVERY PARKING ONLY.

He trips, falls flat on his face as he exits his car. He KICKS the car door closed before getting to his feet.

He nearly rips the building's door off the hinges as he enters.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

A time clock is just inside the door, the clock reads: 12:08. Josh pulls a card out of the slot.
A terrible sounding COUGH startles Josh. He looks toward the sound.

The room is small and plain, a table and four plastic chairs are the only furnishings. The head of a Hedgehog costume sits on the table. Behind it is BILL, twenties, wearing the rest of the costume. A name tag is pinned to his chest, it reads: CHUBBY FUNSTER.

Bill is pale and covered in sweat. He takes a long drag off a cigarette, COUGHS loudly; he acknowledges Josh's presence with a nod.

Josh PUNCHES his card, returns it to its slot.

JOSH
You look like shit.

Bill ashes his cigarette and takes a swig off a cup of coffee.

BILL
I threw up on my shoe.

Josh winces.

BILL
What's with the lip?

Josh strokes his mustache.

JOSH
Something new. Chicks dig facial hair.

BILL
You look like a douche... or a pedophile.

JOSH
You're just jealous --

BILL
A douche-o-phile.

JOSH
I think it makes me look kind of macho.

BILL
Yeah, a real macho, macho man.

Josh just shakes his head.
JOSH
Ronny been around? He'd shit a brick if he knew I was late again.

Josh looks around the room.

JOSH
Where's the car top?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
I gave it to Shelly.

Josh turns around. RONNY, forties, fat, balding stands in the doorway holding a time card.

RONNY
You were late... again. I'm putting you in the party room with Bill.

He looks at Bill.

RONNY
Put that shit out.

Bill stamps out the cigarette.

BILL
Do it up.

He downs the last of his coffee, scoops the head up off the table.

Bill pats Josh on the shoulder, brushes past him

BILL
Tough luck buddy.

He walks out the door.

INT. PARTY ROOM, DINING AREA - DAY

Lights flicker at a seizure inducing rate. Annoying, mechanical MUSIC plays.

Josh stands at the head of a table filled with young KIDS. A frazzled MOTHER listens intently to Josh's pitch.

JOSH
... Pepperoni, sausage, roast chicken, canadian bacon, pineapple --

MOTHER
Canadian bacon?
JOSH
Yeah, it's ham. There's garlic,
green pepper --

MOTHER
Why not just call it ham?

JOSH
I dunno... it's more... multi
cultural. You know what, why don't
you just tell me what you'd like and
I'll tell you if we have it.

MOTHER
(to kid)
Chris, what do you want on your pizza?

CHRIS
Skittles!

MOTHER
You can't get candy on the pizza.
You want sausage?

CHRIS
(near hysterics)
I want Skittles!

MOTHER
Christopher Michael! Behave.

Chris begins to SCREAM.

JOSH
You know, there is a vending machine
in the lobby. I could run and get --

MOTHER
No. You can't let them walk all
over you. You gotta nip this behavior
in the bud.

JOSH
I'll give you a minute to decide...

He drops a menu on the table, Chris continues to SCREAM.

INT. PARTY ROOM - DAY

Bill, in costume, stands motionless. Josh approaches.

BILL
I didn't sign up for this shit.
DEVIN, wearing a hat that advertises he's the birthday boy is beating on Bill with a stuffed toy.

JOSH
What are you talking about? This is exactly what you are looking for. Where else can you go to work without pants?

Bill thinks about it.

BILL
Porn star.

Josh CHUCKLES.

JOSH
Did you ever send off that audition tape?

BILL
Don't wanna talk about that.

Josh is interested now.

JOSH
You did, didn't you? Did you get a callback?

BILL
Don't you have shit to do?

JOSH
Spill it. What's the movie?

Bill looks around then covers the ears of Devin.

BILL
Enemy at the Anus.

Josh bursts out LAUGHING. He pats Bill on the shoulder.

JOSH
It's a paycheck.

Josh walks away.

BILL
Wait, no. I'm not doing it. (to the boy)
I'm not gonna do it. I like girls.

DEVIN
Eww, girls are gross... Make me a balloon animal.
BILL
I'm not a clown, kid. I don't do balloons.

The boy stomps his feet.

DEVIN
I want a dinosaur, now!

Bill struggles to squat down to the boy's level.

BILL
What's your name little boy?

DEVIN
Devin.

BILL
Well, Devin, I want piece of tail like your mom...

He looks over at DEVIN'S MOM. She is trying to reel in all the kids.

BILL
...but we don't always get what we want. Do we?

Devin grabs Bill's hedgehog head with both hands.

DEVIN
If you don't make me a balloon dinosaur I'm going to tell my mom you touched me in my secret spot.

Bill quickly pulls away.

BILL
(mumbles)
Damn kids, watching too much Doctor Phil.

He pats himself.

BILL
I don't seem to have any --

DEVIN
(over his shoulder)
Mom!

BILL
Ok. Ok. I'll see what I can find.
INT. PARTY ROOM, DINING AREA - DAY

With little enthusiasm Josh drops off the pizzas at the table, the kids dig in.

INT. PARTY ROOM - DAY

Josh walks over to where Bill is dancing about.

JOSH
I can't wait for this day to be over.

BILL
Some kid just extorted a balloon animal outta me.

JOSH
What does he think you are? A clown?

Devin walks by ROARING. He holds a dinosaur made with different colored condoms. He stops in front of them.

DEVIN
It tastes like strawberries.

Devin runs off. Josh gives Bill a look that seems to say "What the Hell".

Bill changes the subject, points.

BILL
See that hottie over there?

Josh looks at a young woman, twenties, short dyed hair. This is RACHAEL. She is crouched beside a LITTLE GIRL.

BILL
She's been checking you out all day.

JOSH
Seriously?

He looks again; this time the young woman looks up, waves Josh over.

BILL
There's your chance. She totally wants you.

JOSH
Ok, I'm going in.

He adjusts his collar, walks away from Bill.

Josh stands above the young woman, smiling.
JOSH
Hi, I'm Josh.
The young woman looks up.

RACHAEL
Rachael. I've been trying to get your attention for a while now.

Josh's smile gets bigger.

JOSH
I couldn't help but notice you too.

RACHAEL
Do you think you --

JOSH (excited)
I'd love to go out. I know this little place --

She shakes her head.

RACHAEL
Oh. Um, I was going to ask if you could point me in the direction of the rest room.

Josh frowns.

JOSH
Of course. It's around the corner to the left.

RACHAEL
Thanks. And I'm sorry, but you're not my type. I'm more into the bad boys.

JOSH
Oh, that's me.

He strokes his mustache.

The little girl tugs at Rachael's pant leg.

LITTLE GIRL
He looks like the man from the Stranger Danger poster.

Rachael SNICKERS, takes the girl's hand and walks off.
INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

The walls are lined with shelves filled with rolls of paper products and cleaning supplies.

Bill pulls out a cigarette, lights it and takes a long drag. The head of the costume is on a shelf.

BILLY
God damn kids.

Just then the door opens. Devin's mother walks in and shuts it behind her.

Startled, Bill drops the cigarette and stamps it out. He realizes this is Devin's mother.

BILLY
I swear I didn't touch him.

DEVIN'S MOM
Touch who?

He realizes she doesn't know what he is talking about.

BILLY
What? Um, you're not supposed to be in here.

DEVIN'S MOM
And you're not supposed to be smoking in here.

BILLY
(under his breath)
Now I know where the kid gets it.

DEVIN'S MOM
These kids are hellions. I just need a second to myself.

BILLY
Ya should've brought your husband.

DEVIN'S MOM
Divorced. Four months now, thank you very much.

She holds up her ring free left hand.

A smile creeps across Bill's face.
BILL
I know how you feel. Raising a kid alone can be stressful. Here let me...

Bill starts to massage her shoulders with his large, foam hands.

INT. PARTY ROOM - DAY

Kids are running around; Josh is trying to keep things in order. He looks around.

JOSH
Where the hell is Bill?

Just then he sees Devin trying to go after the birthday cake with his hands. He runs up and pulls Devin away.

JOSH
You're not supposed to be messing with that.

DEVIN
Let me go, or I'll tell my mom you --

JOSH
Good, tell your mom. Go find her.

He shoos him off.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Bill has his costume head on once again. Devin's mother is on her knees in front of Bill.

The door swings open and Devin is standing in the doorway.

DEVIN
Mom? Mom!

His mother quickly gets to her feet.

DEVIN'S MOM
You pig!

BILL
Hedgehog, actually.

She SLAPS him, swiveling the head around in the process.

She continues to hit him as he tries for the door; Devin joins in.
INT. PARTY ROOM - DAY

Josh holds apart two kids that are fighting.

Bill runs by, head still askew.

BILL
Run! Don't look back, just run.

Of course Josh looks. Devin, his mother and several other kids are running his way.

DEVIN
Get him!

The two fighting kids look at one another and simultaneously punch Josh in the gut.

Bill runs around the room aimlessly trying to straighten his head. He runs directly into the table with the birthday cake on it. Cake flies everywhere.

Winded, Josh struggles to his feet as a kid jumps on his back. He drags two others with his legs. Finally he gives under the weight and falls to the floor.

The group of kids pick him up over their heads like Lilliputians carrying Gulliver. They toss him next to Bill.

The room is trashed: tables turned over; food everywhere.

BILL
We are so...

INT. BAR - EVENING

The bar is dark and small. Bad music plays from an old jukebox. Peanut shells are freely thrown on the floor.

The clientele consists mainly of middle-aged MEN.

Josh, Kammy and Bill sit at a corner table. A pitcher of beer sits in the middle, a full mug in front of each of them.

KAMMY
Fired?

BILL
Can you believe that? After the blood, sweat and tears I put into that place?

He takes a swig of beer.
JOSH
More like semen and vomit.

Kammy nearly CHOKES on her beer.

KAMMY
Well, at least you guys will have more time to work on the car.

JOSH
Yeah, about that...

Josh fidgets with his glass.

JOSH
We had to pay for the damages.

BILL
You should have seen it. Josh looked like Deacon Dan Towler dragging a gang of midgets into the end zone.

JOSH
Come on, this is serious. We don't have any money.

KAMMY
No, tell me more. I love hearing about you beating up kids. It sends shivers up my spine.

Bill gets up.

BILL
I'll give you love birds a moment.

She LAUGHS. Josh isn't humored; he takes a half-hearted swing at Bill.

BILL

Bill walks to the bar. Josh turns back to Kammy.

JOSH
I suppose I could ask my dad for a loan.

KAMMY
Think he'd give it to ya?
JOSH
Doubt it, he hates the fact that I'm more interested in driving than in following in his footsteps.

KAMMY
Can't hurt to try.

Josh shrugs.

JOSH
Maybe he's right. At least I could count on a paycheck working for him.

KAMMY
That's crazy talk.

She finishes off her beer.

JOSH
Yeah. I'll ask.

Bill shows up with three shots, PLOPS them on the table.

BILL
Drink up boys!

Kammy CLEARS her throat.

BILL
What? I'm making you an honorary dude.

They each grab a shot glass.

KAMMY
To race day.

ALL
To race day!

All three down their shot. Josh COUGHS, nearly chokes.

INT. METZGER HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is large and pristine. Copper pots hang above the counter. This is a professional kitchen. This is where the magic happens.

DOUG METZGER, mid-forties, is in front of the stove cooking breakfast in his pajamas.

Josh, no longer sporting a mustache, sits at the table poking at his breakfast. BRIT, ten, sits across from Josh.
DOUG
Let me get this straight. You got fired and you want me to give you money?

Brit sticks her tongue out at Josh; he threatens her with a backhand.

JOSH
Well, it's more of a loan.

DOUG
What do you need it for?

JOSH
(mumbles)
Tires.

Doug puts down his spatula.

DOUG
Excuse me? Tires? You're still dicking around with that car? Why don't you get a real job?

Josh tries to get a word in, but fails.

DOUG
Even your girlfriend has a real job.

He turns back to his cooking.

JOSH
She's not my girlfriend.

BRIT
(sings)
Joshiie and Kammy sittin' in a tree...

Josh glares at her.

BRIT
(sings)
K-I-S-S-I --

Josh throws his fork at her. She runs off.

BRIT
Mom!

DOUG
At any rate. You need to get off your ass --
KATY METZGER, forty, wearing a business suit, walks in, rummages through the cupboards.

KATY
Douglas! Language.

DOUG
Sorry dear.
(to Josh)
Here's what I'll do. We're a little short handed, so you can work for me today. A graduation party.

JOSH
Fine. Can Bill come? He needs work too.

DOUG
That fuck up?

KATY
Douglas!

DOUG
Fine. But you keep him in line.

Josh nods.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

The room is beautifully decorated with flowers and streamers. A live BAND plays on a raised stage. Tables are scattered around the room.

WELL-DRESSED PEOPLE mill about, a few COUPLES are on the dance floor.

INT. BALLROOM, BAR - DAY

Josh and Bill, dressed in shirts and ties, carry trays of hors devours and drinks.

BILL
Look at these people. How can anyone function with a stick up their ass while looking down their nose at us peons?

JOSH
Don't forget who signs your paycheck.

BILL
I liked the pizza place better.
JOSH
You preferred the anonymity of the costume.

Bill can't argue with that.

BILL
Oooh.

Josh follows Bill's gaze. He sees a beautiful woman, thirty, in a red dress. This is Nessa. She stands alone nursing a drink.

BILL
Man, I'd love to plow that field.

He starts toward Nessa. Josh grabs his arm, pulls him back.

JOSH
No way! You promised, no screwing around.

Bill SIGHS.

BILL
Fine. But we can't let a fine piece like that go to waste. You go get her.

Josh wrinkles his brow.

BILL
No really. Go on.

He grabs Josh's tray; gives him a little shove.

JOSH
I don't know.

He looks back, Bill is gone.

Josh SIGHS, straightens his tie.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Josh approaches Nessa.

JOSH
(tentatively)
Crazy party isn't it?

No response. Josh CLEARS his throat.

JOSH
Crazy party --
NESSA
I heard you.

JOSH
Well, I was wondering if I could --

NESSA
Vodka Gimlet.

He's confused.

JOSH
Excuse me?

NESSA
My drink. I'll have another.

JOSH
Actually, I'm on break. I was wondering if you were available to --

She downs the last of the drink in one GULP, hands Josh the glass.

NESSA
I'll need a few more of these first.

JOSH
Um, okay. I'll be right back.

He turns to walk away. She calls after him.

NESSA
Belvedere vodka. None of that cheap shit.

Josh looks back, confused, dejected.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

The open air balcony is deserted save for a lone young woman, she wears a sexy black dress and smokes a thin cigarette. This is CASSIE.

Bill BURSTS through the doors, MUSIC spills out for the brief moment they're open. He approaches Cassie, looks her up and down, sets his tray on the railing.

He takes a drink from the tray and offers it to her.

BILL
Trade ya. Champagne for a smoke.

She glances his way.
CASSIE
The state of California says I'm not allowed to drink that.

Bill pulls another drink off the tray.

BILL
In that case, have two.

She smiles, shakes out a cigarette, offers it to Bill. Hands full, he seductively pulls it out of the pack with his mouth.

She takes a glass, downs the drink in one GULP and takes the other. She offers Bill a light.

CASSIE
I'm Cassie.

Bill takes a long drag, blows the smoke over the ledge.

BILL
Bill.

She smiles.

INT. STAGE - DAY

The band finishes their song. A man in his seventies, wearing a tux walks out on the stage, grabs the microphone. This is GRANDPA. He gestures toward the band.

GRANDPA
Let's hear it for Gum On Shoe.

He CLAPS, the gathering PEOPLE follow suit.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Nessa stands in the back of the group, two women at her side. The younger is CRYSTAL, twenties. The elder is GRANDMA, seventies.

GRANDPA
Thank you all for coming to celebrate my granddaughter's graduation. My little business woman.

More CLAPPING.

GRANDPA
Crystal, I'm so proud of you. Why don't you come closer so I can see you.

Crystal leaves Nessa's side, rushes up to the stage.
INT. STAGE - DAY

Crystal joins her grandfather on stage, hugs him.

GRANDPA
I always knew this day would come. Even when you were little you were a shrewd business woman. Remember when you were six? The lemonade stand?

CRYSTAL
Oh stop, you're embarrassing me.

GRANDPA
No, no. This is good. If another kid would put up a stand she'd set up shop across the street and undercut them. She sent so many kids home crying.

People LAUGH. Embarrassed, Crystal buries her face in her hands.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Nessa rolls her eyes.

NESSA
Here we go. Little miss perfect.

GRANDMA
Vanessa, behave.

Grandma lightly smacks Nessa's shoulder.

INT. STAGE - DAY

Grandpa moves closer to Crystal.

GRANDPA
So many angry fathers. But that's life. And now you are better prepared for it.

He hugs her.

GRANDPA
Where is that boyfriend of yours? Scott! Get up here.

SCOTT, twenties makes his way to the stage, approaches Grandpa.

Grandpa gives Scott a firm handshake.
GRANDPA
Scott. You've been here from the start. You're like a son to me. We'll, grandson. I'm no spring chick.

Everyone CHUCKLES. Scott kisses Crystal.

GRANDPA
I've talked too much. Scott, do have a few words?

He hands Scott the microphone.

SCOTT
Thanks Gramps, I certainly do.

He pats Grandpa on the back as he leaves the stage.

SCOTT
Crys... Crystal. We've been together since before I even got over my Girl Germs phase.

Crystal's face lights up, she knows what's coming.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Nessa's jaw drops, she knows too.

NESSA
Sonofa--

GRANDMA
I think I'm going to cry.

She dabs her eyes.

INT. BALLROOM, BAR - DAY

Josh leaves the bar, drink in hand.

INT. STAGE - DAY

Scott digs in his pocket.

SCOTT
I'd say the past twelve years have been the best of my life. I hope you'd agree.

Crystal's eyes are welling up, she nods frantically.

SCOTT
When you're on a roll I say let it ride.
He drops to one knee.

SCOTT
Will you make the next twelve and
the following twelve and every year
after that the best of my life...
Our lives?

The tears are flowing now, she practically tackles Scott.

CRYSTAL
Yes, yes, yes.

Everyone CLAPS, WOLF-WHISTLES.
The microphone drops to the floor as they kiss.
The band begins to PLAY.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - DAY
Josh works his way through the crowd looking for Nessa.
Josh gets bummed, nearly spills the drink, notices Nessa
across the room.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY
Nessa turns her back to the stage, rubs her temples. Grandma
hugs Nessa.

GRANDMA
So beautiful. Aren't you excited?

NESSA
Ecstatic.

GRANDMA
I suppose I can tell you now. Your
grandfather and I are going to give
your sister the condo in Santa Barbara
for their wedding gift.

Nessa spins around, a fire in her eyes.

NESSA
What? I was supposed to get the
condo. I'm the oldest...

Grandma is taken aback.

NESSA
And I've slaved away at the restaurant
for the past six years. For what?
GRANDMA
Well, she's getting married now. They'll be starting a family soon and there's no better place to raise a child.

Still fuming.

NESSA
So you mean to tell me she gets the condo just because some lowlife gave her a ring?

GRANDMA
I don't like your tone. Scott is a very nice gentleman. But since you put it that way, yes.

Nessa fumes, thinks about it a moment.

NESSA
So then you have forgotten that I am engaged as well. Have been for some time.

Grandma's face wrinkles in thought, confusion.

GRANDMA
You never told--

NESSA
I sent you an email about it months ago. Don't tell me you've forgotten.

Grandma opens her mouth to speak.

NESSA
Well, nevermind that now.

GRANDMA
You know how I am with technology. I don't know anything about these Black Tooths and Blueberries the kids are using these days. So who is the lucky guy?

NESSA
Well, you haven't met him yet. He's been out of the country--

Just then Josh walks up to Nessa, holds out the drink.

JOSH
Your drink ma'am.
A smile spreads across Nessa's face.

NESSA
Thanks sweetie.

She takes the drink from him and plants a long, wet kiss on Josh's mouth.

NESSA
(whispering to Josh)
Go with it.

GRANDMA
So this is he? He's a cutie.

Josh is confused, he looks to Nessa for answers.

NESSA
Don't be rude. Introduce yourself.

Josh sticks his hand out toward Nessa. She motions toward grandma with her head. He turns toward her.

JOSH
Um, hi. I'm Josh.

GRANDMA
Oh come now. Family don't shake hands.

She pulls Josh in for a big hug nearly smothering him.

GRANDMA
So, when's the big day?

Josh looks confused.

NESSA
Um, next month. The um, sixth.

GRANDMA
I'm going to go tell your grandfather the good news!

She hugs Nessa then strolls off. Josh smiles and waves.

JOSH
What's going on?

Nessa's face gets solemn.

NESSA
She's dying.
JOSH
Oh my God. She looks pretty spry for a woman her age.

He looks to the dance floor and sees Grandma and Grandpa dancing the Twist.

NESSA
She's a trooper. She always wanted to see me with a good man before she... she...

Nessa SNIFFLES.

JOSH
And you think I'm that good man?

NESSA
You're so kind and generous. You brought me this drink.

JOSH
Well, yeah. But that's my job --

NESSA
You don't think I'm good looking? That's it, isn't it?

JOSH
Oh, God no. You're turbo hot!

She gets serious.

NESSA
So what's the problem?

JOSH
Well, nothing. I guess.

Nessa fishes for something in her purse.

NESSA
Great. Take this...

She pulls out a business card, hands it to him.

NESSA
...And come see me tomorrow.

She doesn't give him time to respond. She turns on her heel, enters the dance floor and joins her grandparents.

JOSH
It's a date!
He flicks the card and puts it in his pocket.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

There is no doubt this is a bachelor's pad. The furniture is ratty, the beanbag chair seems to be the newest item. The TV is sitting on a homemade shelf as is the sound system.

Kammy and Bill sit drinking beer watching Rally racing on TV.

Josh enters the room, drops a bowl of chips on the coffee table, PLOPS into the beanbag chair.

BILL
So let me get this straight. The hottie in the red dress gave you her number?

Josh is proud, he hands Nessa's card to Bill.

JOSH
Yup! In fact she introduced me to her grandma. And we've got a date tomorrow. I think this could be the one.

Kammy snatches the card from Bill, turns up her nose.

KAMMY
Oh come on. You guys just met. Besides, she gave you her business card. You're more of a client than than a potential mate.

JOSH
And jealousy rears its ugly head...

Kammy SCOFFS.

KAMMY
What's there to be jealous of? She sounds like one of those fake chicks from the valley.

BILL
Those are the best kind. I got with a valley girl once. You wouldn't know it by looking at her, but she was into some of the freakiest shit.

KAMMY
For cryin' out loud.

She gestures to the TV.
KAMMY
We're missing the race.

Josh struggles to get out of the beanbag chair.

JOSH
You're gonna have to tell me about it. I need to go to the folks' for dinner.

KAMMY
Did you pick up the tires yet?

JOSH
Oh crap, not yet. I'll get some cash from my dad tonight.
(to Bill)
B-T-W he's happy you behaved yourself today.

BILL
(into his beer)
As far as he knows.

Josh heads to the door.

INT. METZGER HOUSE, DINING ROOM - EVENING

Josh, Doug, Katy and Brit sit around the table, a large meal before them, heads bowed.

DOUG
...And thank you for a great day filled with opportunities.

ALL
Amen.

They dig into the food.

DOUG
So Josh, I saw you talking to that woman today.

JOSH
Yeah, sorry about that. I didn't let that interfere with my rounds.

DOUG
Do you know who that was?

Josh shrugs.

JOSH
Just some woman.
DOUG
Not just any woman. That was Vanessa Grimble.

Josh looks clueless.

DOUG
Of Grimble's Bistro. Only the most exclusive bistro on the west coast. The family has a sister Steakhouse in New York.

Doug looks to Katy for help.

DOUG
Are you sure this is our son? (to Josh)
Where have you been?

Josh shrugs.

DOUG
And you call yourself a restaurant connoisseur?

JOSH
No, you call me that.

He shovels some food into his mouth.

DOUG
At any rate. I hope you got her number. She could be my way into the big leagues.

JOSH
Well, I'm glad you like her so much.

DOUG
I'm thinking of you too, son. You can't just go on drifting through life aimlessly.

JOSH
I've got my racing --

DOUG
Racing was fine when you were a kid. But now? It's a hobby. Something for fun on the weekends.

Josh's mom pipes in.

KATY
Like your father and his gardening.
DOUG
Exactly. You need something substantial. You need direction. You can still play with your cars. You just need more.

JOSH
Yeah, maybe.

DOUG
Not maybe. You're going to see her again.

JOSH
Yeah, you're right. I deserve this. I'm going to go see her tomorrow!

He POUNDS his fist on the table.

DOUG
When you do you can put in a good word for me. I've got some good ideas. They could expand on their lunch menu --

JOSH
Aw, come on.

DOUG
Hear me out. I've been thinking. This Palin chick has created a buzz around moose meat. I want to capitalize on that, so I came up with... picture this: The Moose Knuckle sandwich.

Josh GROANS.

DOUG
It has my own mix of seasoning so it packs a real punch.

He throws a fist out in an awkward punch.

JOSH
I don't think you understand what you are saying.

Doug looks confused.

JOSH
Moose knuckle...

DOUG
I don't follow.
Josh just shakes his head.

DOUG
Don't forget to mention it.

JOSH
Ok, ok.

Josh scoops another helping of food on his plate.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

The rally car sits on a rack, it's now painted black. Kammy, in her coveralls is working under the car.

Josh comes in the open bay doors rolling two tires. The tires roll to a stop next to the other two in the set.

JOSH
Lookin' good.

From under the car:

KAMMY
Thanks. I've been working out.

She comes out from under the car, wipes her greasy hands on her legs, her forehead is adorned with a grease smudge.

JOSH
(cheeky)
I meant the car.

Kammy SIGHS.

KAMMY
I know.

Josh grabs a rag from the bench, wipes her forehead.

She gestures to the tires.

KAMMY
Gimme a hand with these?

JOSH
Sorry, can't get dirty. I'm going to head to that restaurant.

KAMMY
Still gonna go through with it?

JOSH
Yeah, dad was pushing for it. I promised.
KAMMY
So it's all his fault.

Josh smirks.

JOSH
Well, no. She is pretty hot.

KAMMY
If you're into that sort of thing.

JOSH
Something you wanna say?

KAMMY
Nope. You go have your fun. I have work to do.

She brushes past him, picks up a tire and lugs it to the car.

INT. BISTRO, FOYER - DAY

The restaurant is ornately decorated with velvet tapestries and oil paintings.

The tables are filled with well dressed BUSINESS MEN and WOMEN.

Nessa stands behind a podium on the phone. Josh approaches her, she holds up a finger.

NESSA
(into phone)
I'll put you down for four on Saturday... of course it's no problem, there is always room for you... Thank you Mr. Campbell.

She hangs up the phone, turns to Josh.

NESSA
Can I help you?

JOSH
It's Josh. Remember?

No response.

JOSH
From the party yesterday.

NESSA
Ah yes. The good man.
JOSH
I figure if were going to go out we should get to know one another better.

She looks out over the crowded dining room.

NESSA
I know you can carry a mean drink tray.

Josh CHUCKLES.

JOSH
Well, that was just for my dad. Kind of a one time --

NESSA
Here's the deal. There is a Dermatology Association convention in town and I'm short staffed. Give me a hand.

She picks up some papers, shoves them at Josh.

NESSA
Take these, study the menu. Your tables are marked in yellow. Go to the kitchen and Gerald will get you set up. Just be pleasant and professional.

The phone RINGS.

JOSH
But --

NESSA
If you help me out with this you can take me out tonight.

Josh smiles.

JOSH
You got it!

She answers the phone.

NESSA
Thank you for calling Grimble's...

She gives Josh a little wave, he scurries off.

INT. BISTRO, MONTAGE - LATER

SFX: IMAGE IS SPED UP
Josh, now wearing a white dress shirt, black tie and apron navigates the maze of tables.

He brings plates of food to one table and takes the order from another. PATRONS come and go as Josh hustles about.

He is still getting the hang of it, his movements are awkward and he nearly collides with other members of the wait staff.

SFX: IMAGE SLOWS TO REAL TIME

INT. BISTRO - DAY

Four MEN are getting up from their table. They've had a little too much to drink.

    MAN #1
    ...So then I say: Nurse, I said to prick his boil!

All the men LAUGH boisterously as they head to the front of the restaurant.

Josh approaches the table, picks up the tab, opens it.

Josh looks up, goes after the men.

    JOSH
    Excuse me sir. You forgot your change...

    MAN #1
    No we didn't. You earned it, kid.

He CLAPS Josh on the back. They walk off.

Josh looks at the tab again - there are two hundred dollar bills.

    JOSH
    Sweet.

He claps it shut.

INT. BAR - EVENING

Josh and an over-dressed Nessa sit at a table, a glass of wine sits in front of Nessa. She has a disgusted look on her face, she rubs at a smudge on her wine glass.

    JOSH
    Sorry about the glass. They don't serve much wine here.
Nessa looks around and the people throwing darts and playing pool.

NESSA
I can tell.

She pushes the wine away from her.

NESSA
So, as I was saying. We met in Catalina. I was vacationing and you were on the island studying the Fauna for an Eco-Journal or something.

Josh looks confused.

JOSH
But I don't know anything about deer.

Nessa SIGHS.

NESSA
Fauna. The animals in general. Not just deer.

JOSH
Can't I just be me? I race cars.

NESSA
Not anymore. You have to project a certain image if you are to be with me. That's what you want, right?

He nods unconvincingly.

NESSA
How much do you make racing your little cars?

JOSH
Well, nothing... yet.

NESSA
And how much did you make today at the restaurant?

JOSH
Like a couple hundred, just in tips.

NESSA
So it's settled.

Suddenly Bill appears behind Josh, punches him in the ribs.
BILL

What up?

Out of breath:

JOSH

Bill, this is Nessa. Nessa, this is my jerk of a roommate, Bill.

Bill wipes his hand on his pants, extends it to Nessa.

She gets up from the table.

NESSA

I need to find the restroom.

She heads off though the bar.

Bill slides into the chair next to Josh.

BILL

Score one for the little guy. You definitely out punted your coverage on this one.

JOSH

Yeah, she's great. She has the looks, money, ambition.

Nessa returns to the table.

NESSA

I didn't think anything could get dirtier than the floor in this place. Guess I was wrong. I'm leaving.

JOSH

Leaving? So soon?

NESSA

I have to take the grandparents to the airport early. You can get a ride from...

BILL

Bill.

NESSA

Yeah. Well, we'll have to continue the pleasantries another time.

She leaves. Every guy in the place is undressing her with their eyes.

Kammy comes to the table with four beers.
KAMMY
That was her wasn't it? And here I brought her a beer as a goodwill gesture.

BILL
Can't have it go to waste.

He pulls two beers toward him and CHUGS one of them.

BILL
So, you two do it yet?

Josh LAUGHS uncomfortably. Kammy rolls her eyes.

JOSH
Come on. We just started dating.

BILL
That doesn't matter. Gotta find out if you're compatible. Tab 'A', Slot 'B' sort of thing.

JOSH
It's not like that, I dig her. She likes me.

KAMMY
Oh yeah? What did you guys do today?

JOSH
I met her at the restaurant. Helped her out a bit. Then we came here.

KAMMY
Yeah, for all of ten minutes. Sounds like she's employing you not dating you.

JOSH
Whatever, this is a good opportunity. Hell, I made more today than I ever did slingin' pies.

He SLAPS a wad of cash on the table.

BILL
Damn! Next round is on Josh.

Bill lifts his hand in the air.

BILL
Garçon! Three shots!
KAMMY
Make it two. I'm outta here.
(to Josh)
Watch yourself, you're just going to end up hurt.

JOSH
Oh don't leave because of her.

KAMMY
I have to get up early to work on the car. I hope your new outlook on life isn't going to interfere --

JOSH
Nothing is going to change. Race day, I'm there.

Josh mocks steering a car, shifting; makes engine REVVING and tire SQUEALING NOISES.

Kammy SMACKS Josh playfully, they LAUGH.

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING
Nessa stands beside her car, trunk open.

Grandma and Grandpa exit the hotel, Grandpa is weighed down with bags.

Nessa rushes to them.

NESSA
Let me take those.

She grabs the bags, tosses them into the trunk.

GRANDPA
Thanks sweetie.

NESSA
This it? Where are your bags, Grandma?

GRANDMA
Your grandfather is going on to New York without me.

NESSA
What? Did you have a fight?

She puts her hands on her hips.
NESSA
Gramps, were you getting frisky with the coat check girl? I saw you making eyes at her...

They LAUGH.

GRANDMA
Nooo. I figured with your mom and dad gone you could use a little help with the wedding.

NESSA
There's no need for that. We're just going to have something small. Maybe just the Justice of the Peace --

GRANDPA
Nonsense! We're going all out. End of discussion.

GRANDMA
I hope I won't be imposing on you and that sweet young man if I stay at your place.

Nessa bites her lip.

NESSA
No... of course not.

She slams the trunk.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Josh is dragging a couple of bags to the front door.

Bill sits in the chair watching television.

JOSH
I could use a hand.

BILL
Sure thing Judas.

He doesn't move.

JOSH
Did you just compare yourself to Jesus?

Nothing.
JOSH
Come on man, you'd do the same. I'm still covering my part of the rent --

Bill leaps from the chair.

BILL
It's not about the money. It's about turning your back on your friends for a piece of tail.

JOSH
Not everyone is just looking to get laid. We've really hit it off. She's looking out for me. When else am I going to get an opportunity like this?

BILL
So it is about the money... Kammy's right. Something doesn't feel right. How does a guy like you land a dame like that? Moving in less than a week later.

Josh drops the bags, moves in toe to toe with Bill. He looks as though he could either throw a punch or cry.

JOSH
So I'm just some sort of loser to you? Josh'll never get a quality woman to go out with him.

Bill steps back.

BILL
On the contrary. I think you're too good for her. Chicks like that don't go for the good guy. They usually end up with dicks like me.

Josh grabs his bags.

JOSH
Dicks like you is right.

He storms out, SLAMS the door.

INT. NESSA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nessa lies in bed propped up by a large pillow. Glasses on her head, book in hand.

Josh fumbles about the room pulling on his pajama bottoms.
JOSH
This is so great. Living together. We are clicking so well. My last girlfriend... Wendy Jo Meuller. It took like four months before we even kissed.

Nessa is too involved with her book to pay attention to Josh.

JOSH
Granted that was in the seventh grade. Come to think of it I never saw her after that. Someone said Kammy broke Wendy's nose and she changed schools after that. But you know how rumors are.

No response.

JOSH
Right?
Without glancing up.

NESSA
Uh, yeah. Rumors.

JOSH
So, which should we use for the first time?

Josh pulls out a long roll of colored condoms.
Nessa looks up.

NESSA
I thought i had made it clear before. I'm honoring my grandmother's wishes and waiting until marriage.

JOSH
What? I thought that was a joke. So... you're a virgin? Me too!

He hops into the bed.

NESSA
Hell no.

JOSH
But I thought you just said --
NESSA
Well, what we have is something special. I don't want to let sex get in the way of that.

Josh looks bummed.

JOSH
Yeah, I guess.

He slowly turns to lie facing away from Nessa, SIGHS.

Nessa slowly closes her book and sets it aside.

NESSA
But, I'll let you go down on me.

Without missing a beat, Josh flips over and dives under the covers.

The bedspread flails and lurches around like a rabid animal trying to escape from a potato sack.

Nessa sits expressionless. Then suddenly an eyebrow raises. Then her eyes roll back in her head and she lets out a soft MOAN.

INT. NESSA'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is deserted. MOANS and SQUEALS come from behind a closed door.

A toilet FLUSHES.

A door at the opposite end of the hallway opens. Grandma, wearing a nightgown exits, makes her way down the hallway and stops in front of the Nessa's Bedroom.

A smile spreads across Grandma's face.

GRANDMA
Ah, love is in the air.

She continues on down the hallway.

INT. BISTRO - DAY

Josh stands over a table with a YOUNG COUPLE, menus open.

Josh looks up to see his father at the front of the restaurant. Nessa is blocking his way.

JOSH
Excuse me one minute, I'll be right back with your iced teas.
Josh heads to the front.

INT. BISTRO, FOYER - DAY

Doug wears baseball cap and a flowered shirt; he holds a small nylon cooler.

NESSA
Sir, we have a dress code here. While it is rather lax it doesn't allow...
(dripping venom)
...Baseball hats and flip flops.

Doug looks past her, at Josh approaching.

DOUG
That's my son. Josh!

Josh arrives.

JOSH
It's ok hon, that's my dad.

Nessa steps aside.

NESSA
While we are at work you will address me by name.

She leans in close to Josh.

NESSA
(whispers)
But you were a tiger last night.

Doug lifts an eyebrow. Josh smirks.

JOSH
Sorry. Vanessa. Can you ask Stella to bring two iced teas to eight. I'm going to talk to my dad a sec.

Nessa SIGHS, walks into the dining area.

Josh grabs Doug by the arm, guides him off to the side.

JOSH
What are you doing here?

DOUG
Just trying to conduct a little business.
JOSH
Dressed as Magnum P.I.?

DOUG
I was working in the kitchen and I came up with some light desserts.

He sets the nylon cooler on the podium, UNZIPS, opens it.

DOUG
Little Kanten desserts. I call them fruit poppers... let's see, we have...

He pulls out a dark purple shot glass.

DOUG
...Boysenberry popper...

Then a green shot glass.

DOUG
Lime popper. And my favorite...

Finally a red shot glass.

DOUG
A cherry popper.

Josh SIGHS.

JOSH
Do you even listen to the words that come out of your mouth? You can't sell these things here.

DOUG
Well, let's do a little market research then...

He gathers up the three shot glasses, rushes past Josh into the dining area.

JOSH
Wait, get back here.

He hurries after his father.

INT. BISTRO - DAY

Doug rushes up to the table with the young couple at it. He drops the shot glasses on the table.
DOUG
Sorry to bother you two, but I'm trying to get a line on my new desserts.
(to the woman)
How would you feel about a delicious cherry popper?

YOUNG WOMAN
Oh that ship has sailed already.

YOUNG MAN
I'll give it a go.

He reaches across the table, grabs the shot glass, downs it in one GULP. A bit of the red Kanten dribbles out of the corner of his mouth.

YOUNG MAN
Delicious!

Josh rushes up, grabs Doug.

DOUG
See? It's a hit!

JOSH
Not the point. I'm trying to make a good impression here.

Doug fumbles over himself trying to scoop up the shot glasses.

JOSH
I'm getting you out of here before Nessa sees this and fires me.

Josh tries to usher Doug toward the front of the restaurant.

INT. BISTRO, FOYER - DAY

Josh shuts the front door behind his father, turns find himself face to face with Nessa.

NESSA
I heard there was some sort of disturbance.

JOSH
Oh that? It was nothing. All taken care of.

NESSA
Good. Table fourteen is ready for their check.
JOSH
I'm on it. Oh, tonight I was thinking we could go hang out with my friends a bit. They seem to have this misconception about you and our relationship.

NESSA
Our relationship? Aren't you happy?

JOSH
Happy as a clam. Speaking of which, I'm starting to get feeling back in my jaw.

Josh rubs his jaw, winks.

NESSA
Alright, I'll come out with your friends tonight. If for no other reason than to shut them up.

JOSH
We're going to have so much fun.

He pumps his fist.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill and Kammy sit in front of the television drinking beers.

KAMMY
So why is this chick coming over?

BILL
Josh seems to think we'll all get along if we just share each other's interests.

He brackets his words with air quotes.

KAMMY
That chick is such a bitch. And controlling. Makes me want to punch her in the nose.

She clenches a fist.

The doorbell RINGS.

BILL
Here's your chance.

Kammy gets up to answer the door.
BILL
Show her your stuff Laila Ali.

He shadow boxes in his chair.

Josh, Nessa and Kammy enter the room.

KAMMY
...And this is the living room.

Kammy goes to sit down.

BILL
Why don't you offer our guests a seat?

KAMMY
(through clenched teeth)
Why don't you?

BILL
Because yours is the better chair. This one is broken in, the cushion conforms to the contours of my ass.

He looks back at Nessa.

BILL
And she would get lost in my contours.

Nessa looks down at the ratty chairs.

NESSA
I think I'll just stand.

Kammy PLOPS down in the chair.

KAMMY
You heard the lady. She'll stand.

She turns her attention to the television.

KAMMY
Five minutes till the green flag.

BILL
Woo Hoo!

Josh CRACKS open a beer and offers it to Nessa.

JOSH
Beer?

She turns up her nose.
NESSA
Have any wine? Maybe a nice Pinot Noir?

BILL
No wine, but we have some Boons in the freezer. We were planning on saving that for the end of the race, butt...

JOSH
That's ok. I think I left some vodka here. How about a Vodka cranberry?

NESSA
Sure, whatever.

Josh leaves to get her drink.

The three look at each other in an awkward silence. Nessa stands behind Bill's chair.

KAMMY
So, Nessa. Big race fan are ya?

NESSA
No. I don't really see the point of Nascar. Driving around in a circle.

Bill SPITS out his beer in a fine mist.

BILL
Don't ever say that word in this house again.

Nessa looks confused.

NESSA
What word?

KAMMY
Nascar. What we are watching...What we do is Rally. A far superior form of racing.

BILL
Comparing Nascar to Rally is like comparing Paint by Numbers to a Van Gogh.

KAMMY
What we do has finesse.
NESSA
Yeah, well. It's all the same to me.

Kammy and Bill GROWL, turn their attention back to the television and ignore Nessa.

Josh returns with Nessa's drink, hands it to her.

JOSH
What were you guys chatting about.

BILL AND KAMMY
Racing.

JOSH
Great! So we're all getting along.

Bill GROANS.

BILL
Like Gatti and Ward.

KAMMY
Holmes and Moriarty.

BILL
Kerrigan and Harding.

KAMMY
Punch and Judy.

BILL
Itchy and --

Bill lifts the chair lever to recline his chair. He flies back hitting Nessa, and spilling her drink all over her.

Nessa SCREAMS. Kammy LAUGHS.

BILL
Sorry.

Josh frantically dabs at Nessa's chest.

NESSA
Stop it! Get off me.

JOSH
Sorry. Sorry.

NESSA
Where's the bathroom? I need to get this out before it stains.
Josh points.

JOSH
Down the hall, to the left. Want me to help?

She STORMS off without answering.

Josh turns to Bill.

JOSH
What the hell was that?

BILL
Webster's Dictionary defines that as an accident. I said I was sorry.

JOSH
I want you all to get along. She's my girlfriend and you are just going to have to deal with that.

KAMMY
Yeah, we're sorry. It really was an accident. She's just being uptight. She needs to loosen up a bit.

BILL
Chick needs to get laid...

Josh begins to smirk.

BILL
You dog! You did it, didn't you?

JOSH
Well, sort of.

BILL
Sort of? Either you danced the mattress jig or you didn't.

Kammy shifts uncomfortably.

KAMMY
Come on guys. There is a lady present.

BILL
Shush. Guys are talking here. (to Josh)
So, did ya drill for oil? Give the ol' dog a bone? Spill.
JOSH
Ok.

He looks around sheepishly.

JOSH
I went down on her.

Kammy throws her hands up.

KAMMY
I'm going to the kitchen, want anything.

BILL
Yeah, I'd like a bit of that loose meat sandwich Josh is chowin' on.

JOSH
Hey now.

Kammy leaves the children to gossip.

BILL
Too far? Ok...what was it like?

Josh smiles as he laments.

JOSH
It was a thing of beauty. I really felt like we connected. It was like brushing rose petals across my face.

BILL
You are such a girl. Get down and dirty.

JOSH
It was a little weird at first. I was nervous, so I was pulling out all the tricks: Motorboat... the carpet bomb...

BILL
No way. That's so junior high.

JOSH
The alphabet. But I wasn't getting a response. Finally I was getting desperate...

Bill starts shaking his hand back and forth as if to say stop talking. Josh is too into his story to notice.
JOSH
So I was going all humming bird on her flower.

Josh pokes his neck out in every direction as if he were a humming bird searching for nectar.

JOSH
Then boom! Right in the face. At first I was taken back, but then I thought: I did --

A throat CLEARS. Josh looks back to see Nessa.

JOSH
...That. Hey honey. I was just um...

NESSA
We're leaving.

Bill hustles from the chair.

BILL
I'll show you to the door.

He walks with Nessa trying to keep up.

BILL
(to Nessa)
A squirter huh?

Nessa shoves Bill. He TUMBLES to the floor.

BILL
If things don't work out... I like it rough.

Nessa STORMS out the front door.

JOSH
I'll hit you up later.

Josh follows Nessa out the door, shuts it behind him.

Kammy stands over Bill, offers her hand. Begins to help Bill up.

KAMMY
What the hell happened?

BILL
I think I'm in love.

Kammy lets him go, he falls back to the floor.
INT. NESSA'S CAR - NIGHT

Josh and Nessa sit in silence. Nessa grips the steering wheel tightly, a scowl sets the mood.

JOSH  
I have to apologize for Bill. He's an idiot, but his hearts in the right place.

NESSA  
And where is that? His boxers?

JOSH  
He is more of a brief type of guy.

Nessa shoots him and icy glare. Josh drops his eyes.

NESSA  
You need new friends. Ones that better reflect you.

Josh begins to protest.

NESSA  
It's not up for discussion. I'm hosting a dinner party next weekend. I'll introduce you to some people. People with a future.

Josh hunkers down. He knows better than to argue.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Kammy toils away on the car. She is covered in grease and sweat.

Josh stands over her, hands in pocket.

JOSH  
Looks like the car is coming along nicely.

KAMMY  
Uh huh.

JOSH  
Sorry I haven't been around. Things have been crazy.

KAMMY  
Bill has been picking up the slack.

JOSH  
Really?
Kammy steps away from the car, wipes her hands on her legs.

KAMMY
No, not really. What's going on with you?

Josh shrugs.

JOSH

KAMMY
That's what I'm talking about. This isn't you.

JOSH
I'm trying something new. The old stuff didn't seem to work.

KAMMY
This was supposed to be our project. We started this together and I wanted us to finish it together.

JOSH
I'll be there for the race. I'd just get in the way here anyway...

KAMMY
That's beside the point. I feel like I'm losing you... as a friend.

Josh averts his eyes.

JOSH
I feel bad about not being around.

KAMMY
So pick up a wrench.

She holds a wrench out to him.

JOSH
I can't stay. I need to pick up a new set of duds. Nessa is having a party at her place tonight.

KAMMY
Fine.

She turns her back, resumes work on the car.
I've been making some serious ching lately.

He pulls some bills out of his pocket.

Kammy is POUNDING at something on the car.

I don't want your charity.

Bill stumbles into the workshop, he carries a box.

Soup's on! Oh, Josh. I didn't think you were gonna be here. Want part of my sandwich?

He can't stay. He has to get ready for his little party tonight.

She goes back to BANGING away at the car.

A party? Great. When should we show up?

This is Nessa's thing so... you aren't allowed to come.

Fine, leave us high and dry. We won't come.

Seriously, don't show up.

Ok. Ok. We're not gonna show.

Josh heads to the door.

So I'll see ya later.

Bill gives a partial wave.

Kammy?

The BANGING gets louder.

Josh hangs his head an leaves.
Kammy stops working on the car, grabs a sandwich from Bill's box.

BILL
We're totally going tonight. You know that?

KAMMY
I was afraid of that.

She takes a big bite off the sandwich.

INT. NESSA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is exquisitely decorated. The walls are adorned with beautiful paintings; a mini fountain BUBBLES in the corner. Classical music PLAYS SOFTLY.

Groups of PRETTY PEOPLE mill about drinking wine. Josh stands alone twirling his finger in the fountain, glass of wine in hand.

Nessa buzzes about the room, from couple to couple until she reaches Josh.

NESSA
Come with me. I'd like you to meet Mark.

She grabs him by the arm, he stumbles along behind her as she navigates the room.

They come to a stop in front of MARK, late twenties, well dressed.

NESSA
Mark. So glad you could make it.

Mark hugs Nessa, kisses her on both cheeks.

MARK
This is a lovely party, thank you for the invite.

NESSA
That wine you're drinking...

JOSH
Yeah?

MARK
It's Mark's. His family owns a winery in Santa Barbara. Once we get into Grandma's condo we'll practically be neighbors.
Both she and Mark CHUCKLE. Josh doesn't see the joke.

NESSA
I need to attend to the other guests. You two talk. I have a feeling you'll be seeing more of each other.

She twirls away.

Mark's smile fades.

MARK
So, how long have you known Nessa?

He doesn't wait for a response.

MARK
I've known her since we were kids. We went to school together, and I don't recall her ever being involved with anyone. Not that we didn't try.

He nudges Josh with his elbow and winks.

MARK
Where did you two meet?

Josh CLEARS his throat.

JOSH
Well, we met in Catalina. She was vacationing and I was researching an article on the fawn, er... animals.

Mark perks up.

MARK
Ah, interesting. I minored in Environmental Studies in college. I was looking at the impact of agricultural pesticides on the Long-Toed Salamander. Very interesting stuff.

Josh nods as he sips his wine.

MARK
So, where do you write for?

JOSH
Um. I'm more of a freelance.
MARK
Yeah? Where might I have read your stuff?

JOSH
Well, a lot of it is still in the works, but... um --

The doorbell RINGS. Saved by the bell!

JOSH
Oh, sorry. I need to get that.

He quickly retreats to the front door.

INT. NESSA'S HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT

Josh opens the door to reveal Bill standing with a huge grin on his face. Kammy stands behind him, face solemn.

Panic appears on Josh's face. He quickly steps outside.

EXT. NESSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Josh SHUTS the door behind him.

JOSH
What the hell are you guys doing here?

KAMMY
I told you he wouldn't be happy to see us.

JOSH
You guys are going to fuck everything up.

BILL
We'll be on our best behavior. I just wanted to come and apologize to Nessa. I feel terrible about spilling wine on her shirt. I brought her a gift...

He holds up a box of wine.

BILL
I hope she likes merlot.

He pronounces the T.

JOSH
Come one guys. Get out of here.
BILL  
I spent like twelve bucks on this. It'll just take a minute. We'll say sorry, chow on a couple of those mini sandwiches they always have at these fancy parties. Then we'll bolt.

KAMMY  
Besides, I need to piss.

Josh is getting nervous.

JOSH  
She'll kill me. Can't you hold it?

KAMMY  
Not a chance. I could just go here on the front steps.

She begins to unbuckle her pants.

JOSH  
Ok. Ok. In and out. Don't talk to anyone. Please.

Kammy muscles her way past Josh.

INT. NESSA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Kammy and Bill barge into the house. Bill looks around in awe.

BILL  
It's like a museum or something.

JOSH  
And like a museum don't touch anything.

KAMMY  
Where is the can?

JOSH  
Upstairs. Please hurry.

Kammy takes off in search of relief.

Mark walks up to Josh and Bill.

MARK  
Hello. You must be a friend of Josh's.

He extends his hand, Bill shakes it.
Mark's gaze falls upon the box of wine.

MARK
Oh, wine... in a box. How delightful.

BILL
Yeah, it's the good stuff too. Twelve bucks.

Bill is proud of himself, he hands the box over to Mark.

MARK
I'm going to go and... um, decant this.

Mark leaves them.

BILL
He's kind of a dick.

JOSH
He's alright. A different class of people.

Bill is distracted.

BILL
Oh, little sausages.

He leaves Josh.

INT. NESSA'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kammy comes out of the bathroom. She is about to head down the stairs when she hears Nessa talking.

NESSA (O.S.)
I'm glad you could see me on such short notice.

She moves silently toward the source of the voice, the bedroom. The door is open only a crack.

INT. NESSA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nessa paces the room, talks into her cell phone.

NESSA
I'll head up to you tomorrow morning... Yes, that way I can get back to town before I'm missed.

INT. NESSA'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kammy leans in closer to the door.
NESSA  (O.S.)
No, it doesn't matter what he wants.
This is for me.

Kammy leans closer, she bumps into the door, it CREAKS.

INT. NESSA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nessa spins around, goes to the door, looks out, shuts it.

NESSA
So, I'll see you tomorrow. I'm putting everything into your hands...
Thanks.

She hangs up the phone.

INT. NESSA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kammy rushes down the stairs. Bill approaches, his face stuffed with food.

BILL
You need to try this --

KAMMY
Where's Josh?

Bill shoots a thumb over his shoulder. Josh heads their way.

KAMMY
Josh, we need to get out of here. I need to tell you something.

JOSH
I can't leave. All these people are here.

KAMMY
Nessa is cheating on you.

Josh is taken aback.

JOSH
You're crazy. We're getting...

He shakes it off.

JOSH
She's not cheating.

KAMMY
I heard her on the phone. She was setting up a rendezvous.
JOSH
That? No, she's going out of town. Business.

KAMMY
That's not what it sounded like to me. Let's get out of here.

Josh shakes his head.

JOSH
You're going to have to go without me. She's the best thing that's happened to me.

Kammy scowls.

KAMMY
You're hopeless.

Kammy yanks Bill toward the door.

BILL
Hey! Can I get another plate --

She yanks harder.

They bolt out the front door, SLAMMING it behind them.

INT. KAMMY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Kammy stares straight ahead on the verge of tears.

BILL
What the hell was that all about?

KAMMY
He is being a fuckin' tool. That chick is bad news and he's too blind to even see it.

BILL
What are you talking about?

KAMMY
She was on the phone. I heard it. She is meeting some dude tomorrow.

BILL
Josh doesn't want to hear it. So, what are we going to do?
KAMMY
Were going to have to take matters into our own hands. Check the glove box.

Bill's eyes go wide.

BILL
What's in there? What are we... you going to do.

KAMMY
Open it.

Bill reaches out and slowly opens the glove box to reveal:

A CAMERA

Bill lets out a SIGH of relief.

KAMMY
You're going to follow her tomorrow and we're going to get the proof we need to get Josh back.

A grin spreads across Bill's face.

BILL
Awesome! Some real covert, James Bond shit.

He pulls the camera out, aims it in several directions, all the while he makes CAMERA NOISES.

EXT. NESSA'S HOUSE - DAY

Nessa walks out the front door, briefcase in hand. Josh comes out after her, kisses her.

Nessa gets into her car.

INT. KAMMY'S TRUCK - DAY

Bill slumps behind the wheel, he is wearing camouflage clothes even though there isn't a bush in sight.

He watches Nessa back out of the driveway. He SPEAKS into the walkie talkie.

BILL
The turkey has left the roost. Operation Cheating Bitch is in full effect. Over.
KAMMY (V.O.)
Just don't get caught.

BILL
Copy that. Over.

He puts the truck into gear.

EXT. NESSA'S HOUSE - DAY
Nessa's drives away from her house. Bill follows.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY
Kammy rolls a wheel over to the Rally car, sets it in place on the lugs, TIGHTENS the lug nuts with an impact wrench.

Josh strolls in. Kammy lowers the car.

KAMMY
What's up?

JOSH
I just wanted to apologize for barking at you last night. I've just been stressed out lately.

KAMMY
Yeah, well, I shouldn't have said anything without proof. Anyway, the car's done.

Josh lights up.

JOSH
Awesome! May I?

Kammy steps aside. Josh opens the door and squeezes behind the wheel.

JOSH
Tight fit.

KAMMY
I tweaked the paddle shifters a bit.

She leans in close, her neck near Josh's face.

Josh closes his eyes, inhales deeply.

KAMMY
They are a bit more sensitive now, see?

Josh breathes out on her neck.
JOSH
Uh huh.

Kammy retreats from the car, a smile on her face.

On the workbench, the walkie talkie CRACKLES to life.

BILL (V.O.)
The eagle has landed. Over.

Josh looks at the walkie talkie. Kammy rushes over and snatches it up.

JOSH
What's that?

KAMMY
(tentatively)
Nothing...

She turns her back to Josh, pulls the walkie talkie close to her mouth.

INT. KAMMY'S TRUCK - DAY
Bill sits behind the wheel of the truck, he looks across the street at an outdoor cafe.

He sees Nessa give her keys to the VALET, makes her way to a table, sits.

KAMMY (V.O.)
Keep it on the down low. Osh-jay is isthening-lay.

Bill lifts the camera to his eye.

Through the camera Bill sees a WELL-DRESSED MAN approach Nessa, they embrace, kiss each other on both cheeks.

Bill SNAPS pictures.

BILL
We have contact. Over.

He continues to SNAP pictures.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY
Josh reaches for the walkie talkie.

JOSH
What's going on here?
KAMMY
Nothing. Just messing around.

JOSH
You are a terrible liar. What are you trying to hide?

The walkie talkie CRACKLES.

INT. KAMMY'S TRUCK - DAY

Bill looks through the camera.

BILL
Oh no. It's worse than we thought...

Through the camera Bill sees another WELL-DRESSED MAN approach Nessa, embrace, kiss.

BILL
...It's a threesome. Over.

He SNAPS more pictures.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Kammy attempts to hold the walkie talkie away from Josh.

BILL (V.O.)
Man, Nessa's taking it from both ends. And these two guys are way better looking than Josh.

Josh stops.

JOSH
What the fuck are you guys doing?

KAMMY
We're just trying to help.

JOSH
Help what? Help break us up? What is your problem with her?

KAMMY
She's not good for you. She's cheating and we're getting the proof.

BILL (V.O.)
Shit! I think she saw me.

Josh shakes his head, turns to leave.
Don't go. Hear this out. If I'm wrong I'm wrong. But if I'm right then you should know. Right?

Josh stops.

INT. KAMMY'S TRUCK - DAY

Bill is ducked down below the window.

BILL
I'm going to take a peek.

He slowly raises himself in his seat.

He looks across the street and sees that Nessa is nowhere to be found.

BILL
I don't see her.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Josh just stands there, hands on hips.

BILL (V.O.)
Maybe she went to the bathroom.

Suddenly a high pitched SCREAM comes from the walkie talkie.

INT. KAMMY'S TRUCK - DAY

Bill cowers in the cab of the truck SCREAMING.

Through the passenger side window he sees Nessa. She tugs at the door handle, it doesn't budge. She reaches in, tries to grab Bill.

NESSA
Get your ass over here you piece of shit.

Bill kicks and flails madly.

BILL
This behavior isn't very ladylike.

Nessa catches hold of Bill's pants leg, pulls him toward her.

EXT. KAMMY'S TRUCK - DAY

Nessa pulls Bill out of the truck through the window, he drops to the sidewalk.
Out of breath, Bill slowly gets to his feet.

BILL
Ok. I give. Just let me...

Bill turns to run. N essa catches him by the collar, SLAMS him against the truck.

NESSA
What the fuck are you doing here?

BILL
Getting proof that your cheating on Josh.

N essa LAUGHS.

NESSA
You truly are a moron. I may be a lot of things. A cheater isn't one of them.

BILL
But those two guys. They're --

NESSA
My wedding planners.

Bill's jaw drops.

NESSA
That's right. I've won, you've lost. He's mine and you two are going to be out of the picture soon enough.

BILL
But --

NESSA
If I see you again... I don't care if it's at the grocery store or the DMV... I'll lay you out.

She grabs him by the collar and SLAMS him against the truck again for good measure.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Josh stands stone faced, arms crossed. Kammy paces the floor holding the walkie talkie waiting for news.

JOSH
So, where is this proof?
KAMMY
(into walkie talkie)
Bill? You there? What's going on?

JOSH
I don't have time for games.

NESSA (V.O.)
Josh? Hello?

Josh snatches the walkie talkie from kammy.

JOSH
I'm here, hon. It's me. Everything ok?

NESSA (V.O.)
(on verge of tears)
No. Your friend is here. He nearly ruined my meeting.

JOSH
Why don't you come home? I'll talk to them. We won't have to worry about them anymore.

He tosses the walkie talkie back to Kammy.

KAMMY
I'm really sorry. I just couldn't let you make the biggest mistake of your life.

JOSH
Mistake?

KAMMY
We don't want to lose you. I love ya...

JOSH
I love you guys too, but sometimes you need to let me figure out things for myself.

KAMMY
You don't understand. I love you.

He shakes his head.

JOSH
No. No you don't. You're just afraid to see me happy with someone else.

Kammy's eyes well up.
KAMMY
I always have. I was just afraid to say so. I was afraid of losing you completely.

She shrugs.

KAMMY
Something's better than nothing. Right?

Josh shakes his head.

JOSH
I was trying to find the right time to tell you guys. But, now I know you'll never be willing to accept it.

Kammy looks away, ashamed.

JOSH
We're getting married. Saturday.

Kammy looks up, her eyes are red, swollen.

KAMMY
Saturday? That's race day!

JOSH
Hmm. So it is. I guess I won't be driving.

KAMMY
You promised. You can't leave me hanging like this.

JOSH
Sort of like how you guys turned your backs on me?

Josh makes his way to the door.

JOSH
Call me when you decide to grow up. I have a wedding to get ready for.

Crying, Kammy collapses against the car, slides to the floor.

INT. NESSA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The house is a bustle of activity. A WOMAN fiddles with a large floral arrangement in the corner.
The two men from the cafe, the wedding planners are looking through books.

Grandma is moving between all the people giving her own two cents. Josh is just trying to stay out of the way.

INT. NESSA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

A CATERER is putting together a tray of hors d’oeuvres. Nessa is hovering over his shoulder.

The doorbell CHIMES in the front room.

NESSA
Can you space these out a little bit more? I don't want people to have to stick their fingers in the Pâté.

The caterer rolls his eyes.

CATERER
Of course ma'am.

Doug pokes his head into the kitchen.

DOUG
Hey there Vanessa.

Nessa looks up, smiles, heads his direction.

NESSA
Hello Doug.

He steps into the kitchen.

DOUG
Call me dad.

They hug.

DOUG
So, can we chat?

NESSA
I'm a little busy getting ready for the reception...

DOUG
That's what I want to talk to you about. I had a few thoughts for the reception. A couple of recipes.

Nessa bites her lip.
NESSA
Oh, didn't Josh tell you? My grandma already set up a caterer. They're taking care of everything already.

Doug looks rejected.

NESSA
I'm sorry. She knew some people.

DOUG
Oh, no. Of course. I understand. Perhaps I'll make a dinner for the family instead.

NESSA
That sounds great... I really need to get back to work here.

She backs away.

DOUG
Yeah, ok.

He hangs his head, leaves.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

The car is now off the rack. Bill is wiping it down. Kammy leans on the workbench, flips through a racing magazine.

BILL
So... I should probably take the car out a bit and get used to it if I'm going to be driving.

Kammy doesn't bother looking up.

KAMMY
Yeah, I suppose.

Awkward silence.

BILL
I'm gonna need the keys --

KAMMY
This seriously sucks. I've always been there for him. How can he just desert his friends like this? For what? A girl?

BILL
A really hot girl.
She shoots Bill an icy glare.

KAMMY
He had me.

BILL
But he didn't know it. That's the problem. You pussy footed around the issue and you lost.

KAMMY
Dick.

He drops the rag, walks over to her, puts his hand on her shoulder.

BILL
I'm sorry. You're right. He is an idiot for not seeing what he had.

He begins to massage her shoulders.

KAMMY
What are you doing?

He stops and pulls his hands away.

BILL
I was just thinking --

KAMMY
No.

BILL
But, you could use some --

She pushes away from the workbench, walks to the car.

KAMMY
Don't even try it buddy.

BILL
What? Me? No... of course not... Hey.

She pulls out her cell phone.

KAMMY
I'm going to call him.

She punches in some numbers.

INT. NESSA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Nessa is still hassling the caterer. The phone RINGS.
Nessa looks at the...

Caller ID: KAMMY'S CELL.

She answers it.

NESSA
Yes? ... He doesn't want to talk to you... Fine, I'll ask.

She holds the phone against her chest, HUMS, bobs her head. She returns the phone to her ear.

NESSA
Nope. Doesn't want to talk to you. You're just going to have to face it. We're getting married tomorrow and there isn't anything you can do about it. You lost.

She hangs up the phone.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Kammy looks at her phone, dumbfounded.

KAMMY
He doesn't want to talk to me.

She SNIFFLES.

BILL
What's that saying?

KAMMY
Hmm?

BILL
If you love someone, let them go. If they return to you --

KAMMY
They're yours forever.

He nods.

KAMMY
Yeah, maybe you're right.

BILL
Come on. Let's go get a drink before the big day tomorrow.

KAMMY
You drive.
She tosses him the keys.

EXT. NESSA'S HOUSE - DAY

Josh is packing things into the trunk of Nessa's car. Grandma approaches the car. Josh hurries around to open the door for her.

Nessa locks the front door of the house, walks to the driver's side of the car.

    JOSH
    Hon. Have you heard from Kammy or Bill?

    NESSA
    Can't say that I have.

    JOSH
    We had an argument when we last talked. I hope they know I still would like to see them.

He fishes his cell phone out of his pocket.

    JOSH
    I should call her...

    NESSA
    I almost forgot, I need to call the florist. Give me your phone?

    JOSH
    I was going to call --

    NESSA
    This is important. Your friends will be there.

He reluctantly hands over the phone.

EXT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Bill backs the Rally car out of the workshop. He maneuvers it onto a trailer.

    BILL
    Race Day!

    KAMMY
    (somber)
    Yeah, Race Day.

Kammy lifts a duffel bag into the back of the truck, gets behind the wheel.
EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Nessa's car pulls into a parking spot at the chapel.

They get out of the car and unload the trunk. Nessa and Grandma enter the chapel. Josh is loaded down with bags.

JOSH
I'll catch up with you guys in a second.

He looks around the lot for his friends.

EXT. COLISEUM - DAY

Kammy's truck pulls into the lot surrounding the coliseum. They drive into the back entrance.

INT. CHAPEL, VESTIBULE - DAY

Grandpa meets up with Vanessa and Grandma. Doug and Katy hug Josh.

DOUG
There's my boy!

KATY
I'm so proud of you.

Nessa's BRIDESMAIDS enter, GIGGLING.

INT. COLISEUM - DAY

Bill backs the car off the trailer. Kammy guides him under the Pit Tent.

Kammy unloads the bags, drop them at Bill's feet.

INT. CHAPEL, VESTIBULE - DAY

The bridesmaids whisk Nessa away. Grandma and Katy hug Josh. Grandpa and Doug shake Josh's hand before they enter the chapel. Mark comes in from the chapel area.

JOSH
What are you doing here?

MARK
Nessa had me come along in case your buddy punked out... looks like he did.

Josh frowns.
MARK
Let's go get you ready.

JOSH
Ok, give me a minute. I need to call someone.

Mark leaves him.

Josh walks to a phone, picks it up, dials.

INT. KAMMY'S TRUCK - DAY
A cell phone sits on the seat of the truck, it RINGS.
ON CELL PHONE: ST. ANNE'S CHAPEL.
It goes unanswered.

INT. CHAPEL, VESTIBULE - DAY
Josh SIGHS, hangs up the phone. Mark pokes his head in.

    MARK
    Come on. It's almost time.

    JOSH
    Yeah, I guess.

He disappears around the corner. Josh follows.

INT. PIT TENT - DAY
Kammy is under the hood of the car making last minute checks and adjustments.

Bill struggles to get his coveralls on.

And inaudible MURMUR comes from the Coliseum's P.A. system.

INT. BRIDE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY
Nessa stands in the middle of the room, her bridesmaids are buzzing about the room attending to her every need.

Nessa suddenly jerks away from the one zipping up her dress.

    NESSA
    Watch the zipper! You almost chewed up my back. Is that what you want? To get blood on my dress?

The bridesmaid finishes zipping her up, goes off to do something else in another part of the room.
INT. GROOM'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Mark and Josh are both in tuxes.

Mark straightens Josh's bow tie.

MARK
Perfect.

Josh nods solemnly.

MARK
Cheer up man. You're getting married.

He playfully punches him in the shoulder. No reaction from Josh.

JOSH
Yeah, but my best buds aren't here.

MARK
I'm your bud.

JOSH
I've know you all of fifteen minutes.
I've known Bill and Kammy all my life.

Mark frowns, hurt.

MARK
Well, I'm going go scope out the crowd. You collect your thoughts.

He SLAPS Josh on the back, leaves the room.

Josh sits in a chair, rests his head in his hands.

INT. COLISEUM - DAY

The stands are filled with SPECTATORS.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Welcome to the seventh annual Edenview Open. We have a strong batch of drivers looking to make a name for themselves. What do you think Travis?

A rally car makes its way around the track.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

Two ANNOUNCERS sit in the booth, headphones on; they speak into microphones.
ANNOUNCER #2
That's right Ken. Many of our drivers in the past have moved up to the pro circuit after this very event. Today is going to be an exciting day.

ANNOUNCER #1
Right now the drivers and their co-drivers are making last minute adjustments and mapping out their course.

ANNOUNCER #2
Planning their attack as it were.

ANNOUNCER #1
Because it is a battle out there and only one team can come out on top.

ANNOUNCER #2
We'll be right back after a few words from our sponsors.

INT. CHAPEL, VESTIBULE - DAY
Josh steals out into the vestibule, he opens the door to the chapel, ORGAN MUSIC spills out, he looks in.

He lets the door close, walks to the phone, dials.
No one picks up. He replaces the receiver with a SIGH.

GRANDMA (O.S.)
Little case of the pre-wedding jitters?

Josh is startled by the sudden presence of Grandma.

JOSH
Something like that. A couple of friends aren't here. I'm afraid I've alienated them or something.

Grandma looks confused.

GRANDMA
Are you sure? I checked everyone in. There weren't any no shows.

She digs into her purse, pulls out a piece of paper, looks it over.

GRANDMA
Nope. Everyone is here.
Josh snatches the paper from her.

**GRANDMA**
Joshua! Manners.

Josh scans the paper frantically, turns it over.

**JOSH**
They're not on here. Is there another list? A part two?

**GRANDMA**
No. That's all Nessa gave me. She made up the list.

Josh fumes.

**JOSH**
I need to talk to her.

He storms off.

**GRANDMA**
Wait, no. You can't see her before the ceremony. It's bad luck.

Josh doesn't hear her.

Grandma hurries into the chapel.

**INT. PIT TENT - DAY**

Kammy sits on the hood of the car, she looks over the map, makes pacenotes. Bill looks over her shoulder.

Kammy's eyes well up, she's on the verge of tears; she lets the map fall to the ground.

**KAMMY**
I can't do this.

Bill puts his hand on her shoulder.

**BILL**
Thanks for the vote of confidence. We can do this.

She jumps to her feet.

**KAMMY**
Not the race. I couldn't give two shits about the race anymore. I can't do this.

She gestures to herself.
KAMMY
I can't just let him go. This was our thing. Racing brought us together.

BILL
It's going to be ok. Once the novelty of marriage wears off he'll come back. And you know what? We'll accept him with open arms.

Bill picks up the map, hands it to Kammy.

BILL
But, until that happens we're going to get in that car and drive the shit out of it.

Kammy can't help but smile a little bit as she chokes back tears.

INT. BRIDE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY
Josh BURSTS through the door. Nessa is startled, the bridesmaids GASP.

NESSA
Joshua! What are you doing here?

He looks to the bridesmaids.

JOSH
Out.

They start for the door.

NESSA
You don't tell them what to do. I tell them what to do.

Josh throws Grandma's paper to Nessa.

JOSH
The R S V P list.

Nessa begins to soften, she turns to the bridesmaids.

NESSA
Give us a few minutes.

The bridesmaids SCUTTLE out of the room like hens leaving the coop.

NESSA
What's the problem?
Josh throws a finger in her direction.

JOSH
Notice anything missing from the that?

Nessa glances at the paper, shrugs with indifference.

JOSH
My friends. They aren't on there.

NESSA
Must have slipped my mind.

JOSH
Bullshit! You've been against them every step of the way.

NESSA
I'm just looking out for what's best for you... for us.

JOSH
That's just it. What is best for me? You've had me lie to fit in with your friends. Lie to... is your grandma even dying?

Nessa averts her eyes ever so slightly, but Josh picks up on it.

JOSH
Oh my god. She isn't is she? Then what the hell is this all about?

He gestures around the room.

JOSH
Why the rush?

She shrugs.

NESSA
My biological clock, I guess.

Josh shakes his head.

JOSH
Is this some sort of sibling rivalry? You can't stand to have your little sister get hitched before you?

NESSA
No. Not exactly.
Josh throws his hands up in the air.

JOSH
I can't do this. I just hope I haven't already lost my friends forever.

Josh begins to loosen his tie, head for the door.

NESSA
Where are you going? You can't do this to me.

JOSH
I have a race to get to.

He storms out the door.

INT. CHAPEL, VESTIBULE - DAY

Doug and Grandma are waiting as Josh enters the vestibule.

DOUG
What's going on here?

JOSH
Wedding's off.

Nessa enters with all the subtlety of a five-ton bomb.

NESSA
You get your ass back here!

GRANDMA
What's going on, Vanessa?

JOSH
She's been going behind my back, sabotaging my friendship.

NESSA
He's exaggerating. They are just jealous and were trying to keep us apart. I was protecting him.

Doug looks back and forth between Nessa and Josh.

DOUG
This true, son?

Josh's eyes are welling up with tears of anger and sadness.

JOSH
I've made a mistake. I can't just give up my friends. Not for anyone.
Nessa SCOFFS.

NESSA
He thinks he can just walk out of here --

JOSH
I am walking out of here.

NESSA
Not without these.

She JINGLES the car keys in her hand.

JOSH
Fine I'll walk.

He turns toward the door.

DOUG
Son!

Josh spins around.

JOSH
What?

Doug tosses him his car keys.

DOUG
I don't like Bill too much, but that Kammy is a keeper.

Josh smiles, turns and runs out the door.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Josh PEELS out of the parking lot.

Nessa runs out of the chapel, gets in her car.

INT. COLISEUM, TRACK - DAY

A rally car ROARS its way around the dirt track amid the CHEERS of the spectators.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Espenoza has gotten off to a great start. He's landed the first jump perfectly...

The car makes its way up the dirt ramp leading to:
EXT. COLISEUM, TRACK - DAY

The car bursts out of the coliseum onto the pavement.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Nice jump coming out on the pavement.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
Indeed. Espenoza is very familiar with this course. He's won three of his last four outings.

The car SQUEALS around a turn.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
He is definitely the one to beat today. I'm sure the newcomers are intimidated by this veteran.

Just then the car slides into wall. It slows the car but doesn't stop it.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
Woah! That's surely going to cost him a few precious seconds.

The car SQUEALS around another turn.

EXT. JOSH'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

Josh's car comes out of a turn, takes the ramp to get on to the highway.

Josh deftly maneuvers the car, all while disrobing.

Nessa's car follows. She can barely keep up.

INT. PIT TENT - DAY

Kammy continues to go over her pacenotes. Bill walks up to her, JINGLES the car keys.

BILL
Gettin' to be that time.

Kammy nods, folds up the notes.

EXT. COLISEUM - DAY

Josh's car comes to a SCREECHING stop outside of the coliseum. He leaps from the car, runs inside.

Nessa's car pulls in behind Josh's car.
She slides out of the car, runs inside, dragging her train behind her.

INT. RALLY CAR - DAY
Bill sits behind the wheel, grips it tightly.
Kammy is in the passenger seat going over her notes.

INT. COLISEUM, TICKET AREA - DAY
Josh runs through the ticketing area, brushes PEOPLE aside.
As Josh approaches a door labeled: STAFF ONLY, a burly SECURITY GUARD steps in front of him.

SECURITY GUARD
I'm gonna need to see your pass, sir.

Josh stops cold in his tracks.

JOSH
Um, I don't have one. I'm one of the drivers. Isn't there a list?

SECURITY GUARD
Name?

Josh pulls out his wallet, flips it open.

JOSH
Joshua Metzger.

The security guard flips through his clipboard. Josh shifts impatiently.

SECURITY GUARD
Go on through.

Josh races through the door.

INT. COLISEUM, TUNNELS - DAY
Josh runs down the concrete tunnel, his footfalls ECHO loudly.
The end of the tunnel spills out into the Coliseum track.

INT. COLISEUM, TICKET AREA - DAY
Nessa kicks off her shoes as she makes her way to the turnstiles.
She struggles to make it through. An EMPLOYEE calls out to her.
EMPLOYEE
Ma'am. Please don't do that. You need to insert your ticket.

With fire in her eyes, Nessa turns her focus to the employee.

NESSA
I don't have a fuckin' ticket.

EMPLOYEE
There is no need to swear. You can just purchase a ticket --

NESSA
Does it look like I have pockets in this thing?

The employee puffs out his chest.

EMPLOYEE
You need a ticket to get through.

NESSA
My fiancée is in there!

The security guard approaches.

SECURITY GUARD
Ma'am, you're going to have to step aside.

He reaches out and places a hand on her shoulder.

Nessa spins around and lashes out, catches the guard's nose with a right hook. Blood splatters as he drops to his knees.

Nessa then turns to face the employee. He raises his hands in front of him, backs away.

Nessa leaps over the turnstile, runs into the coliseum.

INT. RALLY CAR - DAY

Bill and Kammy sit in the car, attention forward.

Suddenly, the door is RIPPED open!

INT. COLISEUM, TRACK - DAY

It's Josh! A big smile stretches across his face. Kammy's face lights up, Bill's looks disappointed.

BILL
This mean I'm not driving?
Kammy's tears of sadness turn to tears of joy.

    KAMMY
    Get out of the car, Bill.

Bill struggles to get out of the car. He wiggles out of his racing coveralls.

    KAMMY
    What took you so long?

    JOSH
    Traffic was a bitch.

    BILL
    Wait a minute, what about the wedding?

    JOSH
    Called it off. I realized I was headed down the wrong track. I needed to shift gears.

A voice calls out from above.

    NESSA (O.S.)
    Joshua! Get the hell away from that car.

Josh and Bill look up to see:

INT. COLISEUM, STANDS - DAY

Nessa standing at a railing.

    NESSA
    How dare you leave me on my day.

She leaps over the railing, her dress billows out; she looks like Mary Poppins dropping to the Coliseum track.

She begins to run toward the gang.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

The announcers lean into their microphones.

    ANNOUNCER #1
    Next up we have Joshua Metzger and his co-driver Kammy Kopecki in the black car going head to head with Dave Pavlow and his co-driver Benny Marko in the blue.
ANNOUNCER #2
Given Espenoza's mishap with the wall, either of these newcomers stand a chance here in the final race.

ANNOUNCER #1
Any given Sunday, Travis.

ANNOUNCER #2
Or Saturday in this case.

The first announcer shoots him a dirty look.

INT. RALLY CAR - DAY
Josh gets behind the wheel, leans in close to Kammy - they bump helmets.

KAMMY
We need to hurry.

Josh STARTS the car.

JOSH
Bill, I need you to run interference.

BILL
My pleasure.

Josh pulls away.

INT. COLISEUM, TRACK - DAY
Bill CRACKS his neck and knuckles. He steps forward to meet Nessa.

BILL
Nessa, Nessa, Nessa. Can't we all get along.

Nessa winds up and punches Bill in the mouth. He touches his bloody lip, smiles.

BILL
That's hot.

She swings again, makes contact with Bill's eye. He goes down.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Hold it right there bitch!

Nessa turns to face the security guard, his nose still bloodied. He holds out a taser.
She starts after the guard.

SECURITY GUARD
You're going down!

He squeezes the trigger, the darts fly out at Nessa.

Suddenly, Bill leaps in front of Nessa, he takes the dart in the chest and falls to the ground in convulsions.

Nessa GASPS, kneels over Bill.

NESSA
Oh my god. You took a bullet for me.

Bill just drools.

The security guard takes aim, FIRES another volley of darts.

The darts find their mark in Nessa. She lurches forward, convulses next to Bill.

BILL
I think I'm in love.

A crooked, awkward smile spreads across his face.

INT. COLISEUM, TRACK - DAY

Josh's rally car pulls up along side a blue car. They REV their engines.

Suddenly, they pull away from the starting line. Josh take an early lead. They split off toward separate sections of the track.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Looks like Josh is going to be taking the jump first.

INT./EXT. RALLY CAR, MOVING - DAY

Josh and Kammy jostle about as they drive over the uneven terrain. For the duration of the race, Josh and Kammy's voices are filtered through their helmet microphones.

JOSH
The past month has been a whirlwind, huh?

KAMMY
I'll say. Fifty... Big jump... One hundred... Crest. You were kind of a jerk.
The Josh's car hits the jump, flies over Pavlow's car as it passes on the track below.


JOSH
You know, that "I love you" stuff could have come a little sooner.

The car BURSTS out of the coliseum onto the pavement.


KAMMY
It wasn't that simple. Fifty... Braking left two. I was just one of the guys.

Josh cranks the wheel hard to the left. Tires SQUEAL.


KAMMY
It would have been like Bill asking you out. Right four and right six.


JOSH
Not exactly. When breasts enter the equation all bets are off.

The car SQUEALS around two tight curves.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

The announcers are getting into the race.


ANNOUNCER #2
If you remember, that was the corner Espenoza had problems with. Josh made it flawlessly.


ANNOUNCER #1
We just might be looking at the next Edenview winner.


ANNOUNCER #2
Not so fast. He's only halfway there.

INT. COLISEUM, TRACK - DAY

Josh's car comes over the crest, kicks up dust as it TEARS through the dirt track.

INT. RALLY CAR, MOVING - DAY

Kammy looks up from her notes.

She UNZIPS her coveralls, exposes cleavage.


KAMMY
So, you're a breast man?
Josh glances over; does a double take.

KAMMY
Twenty-five Hairpin right.

Josh is still looking. Kammy quickly ZIPS up.

KAMMY
Hairpin right. Now!

Josh looks back to the track.

JOSH
Shit!

He pulls the handbreak.

INT. COLISEUM, TRACK - DAY

The car slides into the hairpin turn, slides through hay bale barricades.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Woah! He almost missed that one.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
Where was his head?

The car easily rights itself, it loses no time.

INT. RALLY CAR, MOVING - DAY

Josh recovers, doesn't take his eyes off the road.

JOSH
Geez, don't do that again.

He gives it a second thought.

JOSH
Well, not when I'm driving.

KAMMY
Win this thing and I'll show you the rest.

INT. COLISEUM, TRACK - DAY

Josh's car approaches the section of the track that goes under the jump. Pavlow's car approaches the jump.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Now it's Pavlow's turn at the jump. They are neck and neck.
ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
Pavlow looks like he is having a little trouble building speed...

Pavlow's car hits the jump, flies over Josh's car. It comes up short, the rear wheels catch on the lip of the jump.

The crowd GASPS.

The car flips end over end, comes to a rest on its roof.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

Both announcers suddenly sit upright.

ANNOUNCER #1
Oh my god. In all my years here at Edenview I've never seen a crash that spectacular.

ANNOUNCER #2
That was fuckin' awesome!

The first announcer shoots him an icy glare.

INT. COLISEUM, TRACK - DAY

People rush to the over-turned car, help Pavlow and Marko out of the car.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Emergency crew are on the scene. Looks like they're going to be alright.

Pavlow gives the crowd a thumbs-up. They CHEER.

INT. RALLY CAR, MOVING - DAY

Kammy is looking out the back of the car.

JOSH
He ok?

She sits back around.

KAMMY
Looks like it. We're in the clear.

Josh cranks the wheel.

INT. COLISEUM, TRACK - NIGHT

The race is over. The lights have been turned down. Cameras flash throughout the stands, the crowd CHEERS and WHISTLES.
Josh and Kammy stand on a stage, helmets off. A MAN in a tux holds a microphone. A WOMAN in a shiny dress presents Josh with a large trophy.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

The announcers lean over the microphones in front of them.

ANNOUNCER #1
The newcomer team of Josh Metzger and Kammy Kopeki have done the unthinkable. They have unseated Vic Espenoza as the Edenview Open champ.

ANNOUNCER #2
And in record time --

The first announcer turns to him.

ANNOUNCER #1
You're not aloud to speak the rest of the day.

The second announcer hangs his head.

INT. COLISEUM, STAGE - NIGHT

Josh raises the trophy over his head amid the CHEERS. Kammy hugs him, they kiss. The crowd COOS.

Josh hands Kammy the trophy, turns to the man in the tux.

MAN
So, Josh. Your first win here at Edenview.

Josh is out of breath.

JOSH
Yup. But I owe it all to this lady here.
(he hugs Kammy)
If it wasn't for her dedication and determination... I wouldn't have made it here today.

MAN
So, what's next for you two?

JOSH
I'm going to Disney --

Kammy rips the microphone away from Josh.
KAMMY
We're going to the regionals and then who knows where.

MAN
Congratulations! And best of luck.

The crowd CHEERS as they leave the stage.

INT. COLISEUM - NIGHT
The car is now on the trailer, Josh straps it down.
Kammy loads gear into the truck.

KAMMY
Where the hell did Bill get to? He should be doing this.

JOSH
No clue. I hope Nessa didn't hurt him too bad.

He finishes with the car.

INT. NESSA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
A party is in full swing, PARTY GOERS dance about, loud MUSIC plays.
Nessa sits on Bill's lap, feeds him a piece of cake. His lip is swollen, his eye blackened.

BILL
(mouth full)
Let's consummate this wedding!

He SLAPS Nessa on the rear. She GIGGLES.
Nessa leads Bill through the party goers, head up the stairs.

INT. COLISEUM - NIGHT
Josh hops off the back of the trailer, kisses Kammy. A man in a suit runs up to them, this is TED.

TED
(out of breath)
Man, I'm glad I caught you.

JOSH
Can I help you?

Ted extends his hand, flashes a toothy smile.
Ted McCormick. McCormick Powersports. I sponsor a team out on the east coast.

Josh and Kammy's eyes light up. Kammy pats Josh's back with excitement.

Kammy
Yeah, we've heard of ya.

Ted
I was quite impressed with what you did out on the track today.

Josh
Well, I had good direction.

Ted
We're gearing up for the Maine Forest Rally and we're in need of a driver. What do you say?

Josh
Hell yeah! We'd love to do it.

Ted's smile wanes.

Ted
Actually... We're not looking to build a team, only to add to it.

All the excitement drains from Josh's face. He looks back to Kammy; she forces a smile.

Kammy
It's ok.

Ted produces a contract and pen, holds the pen out to Josh. Josh takes it, looks from Ted to Kammy. She nods.

He puts pen to paper, his hand is shaking.

INT. KAMMY'S TRUCK, MOVING - NIGHT

Kammy and Josh bounce around in the cab.

Kammy
I can't believe you didn't sign it.

Josh
I wasn't going to leave you behind. I've learned my lesson.
KAMMY
We'll just have to do this on our own.

Josh leans over, kisses Kammy.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The truck drives off down the road, the red tail lights getting smaller and smaller.

FADE OUT: