SCREW YOU TUBE

by

(David Lambertson)
FADE IN

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

SARAH GARCIA, (23), Mexican-American, plump, attractive in a farm girl way, is locked in a passionate kiss with NATHAN JONES (23), thin, with purposely unruly hair - looks the part of a tough guy wannabe.

The porch light flashes on and off.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JULIO, (60), Mexican-American, wears a college tee-shirt and sweat pants. He has the biceps of a boxer but the belly of Santa. He flicks the porch light switch off and on.

JUANITA, Mexican-American, (59), overweight, soft facial features, sits on the sofa foraging through a tray of snacks.

JUANITA
Really? You can't give them a moment?

JULIO
He's had too many moments with her.

As he flicks the light switch, Julio separates the blinds with his fingers - tries to get a shot of the porch.

JUANITA
Stop it, Papi. Comeback and watch your movie.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

The flicking light stops. Sarah smiles.

SARAH
Sorry about that. He means well.

Sarah gives Nathan a peck on the lips.

SARAH (CONT’D)
One hundred and two days. That's a long time to be apart.

NATHAN
You'll keep busy. You got your job and you're going back to night school. It'll be over before you know it.

Another peck on the lips from Sarah.
SARAH
No. It'll seem like an eternity. (pointing at the door) Do you want to come in to say goodbye?

NATHAN
I'd love to, but the ship leaves at five A.M. I still need to finish packing.

SARAH
It'll just take a minute.

NATHAN
And your Dad still kind of scares me.

Sarah gives Nathan a passionate hug and a kiss on the lips.

SARAH
I love you so much. I miss you already.

NATHAN
Love you too.

Nathan looks at his watch.

NATHAN (CONT’D)
Geez, I really got to get going.

SARAH
Wait, I got you a gift.

NATHAN
You really shouldn't have.

Sarah reaches into her pocket and pulls out a small box.

SARAH
Here, open it.

Nathan unwraps the box - pulls out an antique, gold compass.

NATHAN
Wow, this is - um - unexpected.

SARAH
It's inscribed on the back. Read it.

Nathan turns the compass over.
NATHAN
(reading)
"In case you lose your way. All my love - Sarah."

Nathan gives Sarah a kiss on a cheek.

NATHAN (CONT’D)
I've really got to hit it.

SARAH
Go.

Nathan starts off towards his car.

SARAH (CONT’D)
(calling out)
Call me when you get to your first port.

NATHAN
I will.

SARAH
Love you.

Just before Nathan enters his car he turns towards Sarah.

NATHAN
You too.

Nathan drives off. Sarah watches his car disappear down the street.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Sarah enters.

Julio is in a recliner. He has a beer in his hand.

Juanita is on the sofa. She turns towards Sarah the moment she enters the house. Julio stays fixed on the television.

JUANITA
How was your date, Mija?

Sarah pouts for a moment and then tears start down her reddened cheeks.

SARAH
He's gone.
JULIO
(under his breath)
Thank God in heaven.

Juanita sharp raps Julio on the leg.

JUANITA
Behave or I will hurt you.

Juanita goes to Sarah and gives her a hug.

JUANITA (CONT’D)
It'll be okay, baby. He'll be back soon enough. And he'll have started a new career.

JULIO
He's going to serve drinks and clean up vomit on a cruise ship for four months. That's a job - not a career.

Juanita turns towards Julio and gives him a stern look.

JUANITA
I warned you, Papi.

SARAH
He's going to be the Assistant Bar Manager!

Sarah storms off. Juanita watches her down the hall until she hears a door SLAM.

JUANITA
(to Julio)
Por Dios, eres estúpido!

JULIO
What did I say? Oh, come on. You want her settling for him? Why can't she meet someone nice at the bank?

Juanita clears the snacks and glasses off the coffee table.

JUANITA
How can men be so stupid?

JULIO
What?
JUANITA
The more you tell Sarah you hate him, the more she's going to want him.

JULIO
How do you know that?

Juanita starts towards the kitchen.

JUANITA
Because my father hated you. Look what that got me.

JULIO
(calling out)
You could have done worse. Hey, could you grab me another beer?

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Pulsating music overwhelms the place. A crowded dance floor is surrounded by booths filled with young patrons. A strobe light alternates between white, blue and red.

Nathan sits in a corner booth with AARON (23), a bit boyish looking, and JOSH (25), unkempt, wearing a worn T-shirt and a baseball cap on backwards.

Josh is clearly the drunkest of the three.

A very attractive cocktail WAITRESS approaches the table.

AARON
Last round?

NATHAN
Don't know if I can agree that it should be the last one. But another round sounds great.

AARON
Josh, I think it's your turn. The first four were on me.

JOSH
I'm tapped out, bro.

AARON
You haven't bought a single round yet. How the fuck can you be tapped out?
JOSH
Oh - easy. I was tapped out before we came.

AARON
You are such a dick.

The waitress reaches the table. Nathan pulls out his cell phone.

WAITRESS
Are you guys ready for another?

Nathan shows the waitress his phone.

NATHAN
Something's wrong with my cell phone.

WAITRESS
What's wrong with it?

NATHAN
Your number's not in it.

Aaron rolls his eyes.

JOSH
That's so fucking clever, dude. I'm going to use that.

AARON
(to the waitress)
Please, ignore them.

WAITRESS
Amazingly, I think I can manage that.

AARON
Two more beers for them and then please close the tab.

WAITRESS
Nothing for you?

AARON
I'm driving.

WAITRESS
Wise choice. I'll be right back.

The waitress walks away. Nathan's eyes follow her.
NATHAN
I could have totally hit that.

AARON
First, I doubt it. And second, there is the matter of Sarah – your fiance. Remember her?

NATHAN
I don't think that's going to happen. We're breaking up.

JOSH
Good thinking, dude. You're too young to be harnessed.
(looking queasy)
I think I'm going to be sick.

AARON
What the fuck, Nathan? You broke up?

NATHAN
No, not yet. But I'm going to. I'm going to send her a text before I leave tomorrow morning.

AARON
A text? You've been with her for three years and you're going to break-up with her with a fucking text? Wait, didn't you see her tonight?

NATHAN
Yeah, but she was already upset about me leaving and everything. I didn't have the heart to tell her right then.

JOSH
You are so compassionate, dude.

AARON
Josh, just shut the fuck up and drink your beer.
(to Nathan)
Why are you doing this?

NATHAN
We were never right for each other anyway. Sexually she's kind of – what's the word?.... Routine?.... Traditional?
JOSH
Boring.

AARON
(to Josh)
I'm warning you.

The waitress returns with the drinks and hands Aaron his credit card with a slip to sign.

AARON (CONT’D)
Thank you so much.

Nathan gives the waitress what he thinks is a sexy wink. She rolls her eyes as she walks away.

NATHAN
And she's been talking about going back to school - at night. You know Sarah, she gets knee deep in that shit. Not a whole lot of fun.

AARON
(sarcastically)
Yes, you certainly don't want to be burdened by someone trying to better themselves.

NATHAN
And I'm going to be serving drinks on a cruise ship for three months. I'm bound to run across girls that need a little companionship.

AARON
What, you think you're going to be the most interesting bartender in the world? Not to mention, you'll mostly be serving drinks to gray hairs. And, there's nothing wrong with Sarah.

NATHAN
Well, she's putting on a little weight. That ain't gonna work in the long term.

JOSH
Yeah, the girl's got a bit of a backpack going.

NATHAN
Besides, I just know she's better off with someone else.
AARON
After hearing this bullshit, it's hard to argue with that.

NATHAN
Don't be so judgemental, dude. Christ, this is supposed to be my going away party.

AARON
You're not going to break up with someone that you've been with for three years by a text - and especially not Sarah. Jesus Christ, Nathan - she's our friend too.

Nathan takes a long drink from his beer.

NATHAN
An e-mail then?

AARON
No! Face to face.

Josh exits the booth in a panic.

JOSH
I really gotta hurl.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah is in bed, curled up - cell phone to her ear.

SARAH
Thanks, Heather. I just need the moral support. I knew I could count on you.
   (listening)
   Okay, I'll see you tomorrow morning.

Sarah scrolls though her contacts and presses Nathan's number. It goes straight to voice mail.

SARAH (CONT'D)
   (into phone)
Hey, it's me. I guess you're already sleeping. If you get a chance, give me a call in the morning on your way to the port. Don't worry about waking me - love you.
EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Nathan, Aaron and Josh stand curb side as they wait for Aaron's car.

A VALET pulls up with a 2008 Chevy Tahoe, exits the car and opens the door. Nathan goes in the front passenger door. Aaron and Josh go around to the driver side.

JOSH
I'll get the tip, bro.

AARON
I thought you were tapped out.

Josh struggles through his pockets, stumbling a bit from his drunkenness.

JOSH
Well, I got some change here somewhere.

Josh finally manages to pull out some coins and starts counting.

JOSH (CONT’D)
Fifty, sixty, sixty three...

VALET
Really, that's quite alright.

AARON
Jesus Christ, Josh.

Aaron pulls out a five dollar bill and hands it to the Valet.

VALET
Thanks - appreciated.

JOSH
Hey, I was just trying to carry my load.

AARON
(to Josh)
Get in.

INT. CHEVY TAHOE - NIGHT

Aaron drives. Nathan is in the front passenger seat and Josh is in the back.
AARON
So, you'll see her first thing in the morning? Before you leave.

NATHAN
Oh for fucks sakes - for the last time - yes, I'll see her.

AARON
And you'll be kind?

NATHAN
God, when did you become such a fucking nanny?

JOSH
He's a homo.

Aaron looks at Josh through the rear view mirror.

AARON
Really, dude? You're going there?

Aaron can see Josh bring a joint and a lighter to his lips.

AARON (CONT’D)
Not in the car.

Josh gives a sneer then lowers the joint.

AARON (CONT’D)
And how is it that you can afford weed when all you got is small change in your pockets?

JOSH
Because I spent my money on the weed. You know, you're pretty dumb for a guy who went to college.

NATHAN
You guys are really killing my buzz.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

The Chevy Tahoe pulls up alongside the curb. Nathan and Josh come tumbling out.

AARON
(from the Tahoe)
Don't forget to see her. You promised.
NATHAN
Yeah, yeah.

Nathan slams the passenger door. He and Josh walk towards the apartment complex. The Tahoe drives away.

INT. NATHAN AND JOSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nathan and Josh stumble though the door of a very messy apartment. Dishes and debris are spread everywhere. A duffel bag and a small suitcase sit in the corner.

NATHAN
Well, at least I'm all packed.

Josh slumps in the corner of a beat up sofa, lights a joint and forcefully inhales.

Nathan takes a seat on the other side of the sofa. Josh extends the joint towards him.

JOSH
Want some more?

NATHAN
No. Thanks to Aaron, I got to get up extra early now to go break it off with Sarah.

JOSH
I dunno, dude. I thought the texting thing was cool. Everybody does it that way now. You know, that's what technology is for.

NATHAN
Right.

JOSH
I mean, we're not cavemen.

NATHAN
Not to mention that texting probably would have been a lot easier for her anyway. I mean, she's not going to want me to see her crying and everything. The girl's got pride after all.

JOSH
True that.
NATHAN
I wish Aaron wouldn't have gotten
in my grill about that face to face
bullshit.

JOSH
Why don't you You Tube her. That's
practically face to face.

NATHAN
What?

Josh hands Nathan the joint and grabs his notebook computer
from the lamp table.

JOSH
You could send her a personal
video. It's easy.

Nathan takes a drag on the joint as Josh sets up his computer
on a table in front of them - starts entering keystrokes.

JOSH (CONT’D)
First, we set you up with a You
Tube account. You can just use your
Facebook I.D.

Josh hits several keys on the computer. Nathan tokes on the
joint as he waits.

JOSH (CONT’D)
Okay, now just enter your password.

Josh turns the laptop towards Nathan. Nathan hits the keys
and then turns the computer back towards Josh.

JOSH (CONT’D)
Okay, cool. Now, the dot on the
top, that's the camera. Look
straight into it. When you're ready
to roll, I just hit the video
record icon on the right of the
screen and - wala- we're making a
video.

NATHAN
Let me see.

Josh hits the video icon.

INSERT NOTEBOOK COMPUTER SCREEN

Nathan and Josh's faces appear on the screen. Nathan makes a
series of facial expressions as he looks at himself.
NATHAN
This is fucking awesome.

BACK TO SCENE

JOSH
What are you going to say?

NATHAN
I don't know, hello and good-bye? That should work.

JOSH
Dude, you got to give her some reasons for the break-up. You know, otherwise she'll be thinking things can be fixed and everything. You got to sell it.

NATHAN
That makes sense. Give me a minute.

Nathan leans over and grabs a pen and a pad of paper from the table to the left of the sofa. He starts to write.

JOSH
What do you got so far?

NATHAN
(reading from the list)
"We're too young, we need freedom, sex kind of sucks and she's getting fat."

JOSH
That's good shit, but you still got to add something about how this is for her own good.

NATHAN
Oh, that's good.

JOSH
And how it hurts you too.

Nathan scribbles on the note pad.

JOSH (CONT’D)
You ready?

NATHAN
Not quite. Give me another hit.
Josh hands Nathan the last remnants of the joint. Nathan sucks it down and exhales forcefully.

NATHAN (CONT’D)
Okay.

Josh hits the video record icon.

JOSH
Go.

INSERT NOTEBOOK COMPUTER SCREEN
Nathan and Josh's face fill the screen.

NATHAN
Hi, Sarah. It's me. Um, this isn't going to be an easy conversation.

JOSH
Hey, Sarah.

NATHAN (to Josh)
This is kind of personal, you probably shouldn't be in the recording.

JOSH
Yeah, you're right.

Josh waves bye-bye at the screen.

JOSH (CONT’D)
Bye, Sarah.

Josh moves over a foot or so to the right and is now off the screen.

NATHAN
As I said, this isn't going to be an easy conversation.

JOSH (O.C.)
Dude, you already said that.

NATHAN
You shouldn't be talking either.

JOSH
Ooops – sorry.

We hear the sound of Josh FLICKING a lighter followed by a deep INHALE.
NATHAN
So, Sarah. Anyway, some one that I trust -

JOSH
Aaron. The buzz killer.

NATHAN
He told me that these kind of things need to be handled face to face. So here I am. Pouring my heart out.

JOSH (O.C.)
That's so deep, dude.

The screen now shows smoke wafting across Nathan's face. Nathan turns his face to the right.

NATHAN
Will you please shut the fuck up?
(face back to the screen)
Not you, Sarah. Anyway, as I was saying. I wanted to tell you tonight when we were saying good-bye, you know at your house that it was, well...really good-bye. You know, not just, good-bye see you when I get back. But good bye as in we're breaking up. Now I know that this might come as a surprise to you because we were talking about marriage and everything. But deep down you kind of had to see this coming too. So, I hope you have a good life and I'll always have a place for you...

Nathan feigns heartache as he points to his heart.

NATHAN (CONT’D)
Right here.
(beat)
I guess that's all I really had to say.

JOSH (O.C)
Dude, don't forget the reasons.

Another waft a smoke crosses the screen.

NATHAN
Oh, fuck yeah - right.
NATHAN (CONT’D)
I thought that at least I owed it
to you to tell you why we can't be
together anymore. You know, for
closure.

Nathan picks up the note-pad, looks at it and then glances
straightforward at the camera.

NATHAN (CONT’D)
There are a lot of reasons. One,
we're both too young to be tied
down. Our lives are just starting.
Think about it, I'm the only guy
you've ever slept with. Well, I
mean, that's at least what you told
me and, hey, I trust you.

Nathan glances back down at the note pad and then back to the
camera again.

NATHAN (CONT’D)
And speaking of which. The sex we
have isn't really.....God, how to I
put this? The sex we have isn't
really.....uh....

JOSH (O.C.)
Erotic?

NATHAN
(turn towards Josh)
You're making me lose my train of
thought!
(back to camera)
The sex isn't- er - isn't really,
un imaginative! That's the word I
would use. Don't know why I had
such a hard time coming up with
that. So, anyway the sex - it's
boring. I think since I've had a
lot of other experiences and given
that you haven't, it's pretty
predictable that we would have
different, um - sexual desires.
(wiping his brow)
Wow, this harder on the emotions
than I thought it would be.
(deep inhale)
Give me a second.

Nathan turns his head towards Josh.
NATHAN (CONT’D)
I need a hit.

On the screen, we see Josh extend his hand over to Nathan with a lit joint in it. Nathan bends down in an attempt to get out of camera view, the top of his head is still visible.

We hear a deep exhale and then a plume of smoke fills the screen. Nathan pops his head back up.

NATHAN (CONT’D)
That's better. Sorry for the delay. Now, I know you're thinking that all I had to do is ask you to change. You know, experiment a little. But wouldn't that really be selfish of me? I don't want to be that guy. And, I'm sure you'll find someone more, um - more...

Nathan looks down at his note pad again.

JOSH (O.C.)
Compatible.

NATHAN
Yeah, that's it - compatible. But if you're going to find someone else you do need to watch that weight thing. I'm not saying you're fat - well, not yet. But you're not exactly....

Nathan turns towards Josh, so buzzed now that he is oblivious to the fact that the video is still recording.

NATHAN (CONT’D)
How do I say this?

JOSH (O.C.)
Say what?

NATHAN
Well, I don't want to say she's fat. That would be hurtful. But she sure as shit ain't thin. What's the word for you know - not fat, but not thin?

JOSH (O.C.)
Fit. Say she ain't exactly fit.
NATHAN
That's good.
(now facing screen)
You're not exactly fit. That's not entirely your fault. You know, they say that you can always tell how fat a girl is going to be when she's older by looking at her mother and your mother is - well, let's face it, pretty fucking plump. So keep an eye on that for sure and you'll find someone.

Nathan looks back at his note pad again.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Um, this hurts me too.
(beat)
I can't make out this next sentence. My writing is horrible. Something about it's for your own good. Oh, yeah, that's what it was. This is really for your own good.
(beat)
Okay, that's it. Bye.

Nathan turns his head to the right.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
You can turn it off now.

BACK TO SCENE

NATHAN
Now what?

JOSH
Now I upload this to You-Tube like this......

INSERT NOTEBOOK COMPUTER SCREEN

We see the You Tube video upload page. The mouse pointer follows Josh's voice as he speaks.

JOSH (O.C.)
First we hit video upload.
Okay, there it is.

NATHAN (O.C.)
Cool.
JOSH (O.C.)
And then we change the privacy setting to public.

NATHAN (O.C.)
You're sure that's right?

JOSH (O.C.)
Well, yeah. How the fuck is she going to see it if it's private?

NATHAN (O.C.)
Oh, good point.

BACK TO SCENE

JOSH
Got to use your head, dude.

NATHAN
Sorry, I'm a little buzzed.

JOSH
Does Sarah have a Facebook account?

NATHAN
Yeah, of course.

JOSH
Then in order for her to see it I think we need to hit the share it on Facebook button.

Josh leans over - grabs the computer mouse.

JOSH (CONT'D)
There it is, and - done.

BACK TO SCENE

NATHAN
You're sure that Sarah is the only one that's going to see this?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

In quick succession we see:

-- The video hit Sarah's Facebook Page.

-- The video hit the Facebook Page of several of Nathan and Sarah's Facebook friends.
-- A man typing how to break up with your girlfriend in a Google search box. The search results display on the screen, the first result being the video that Nathan posted on YouTube.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

JOSH
Yeah, pretty sure.

Nathan gets up and walks towards the refrigerator.

NATHAN
I think it's time to celebrate.
Want a beer?

JOSH
Thought you had to get up early.

NATHAN
Too late to sleep now. I say we start the bon voyage party.

EXT. LONG BEACH PIER - DAY

A tall clock on the pier reads "5:00 A.M."

Nathan, with a duffel bag over his shoulder, drunkenly stumbles towards a cruise ship docked at the pier.

INT. AARON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Aaron sips a cup of coffee at a small dinette table. A notebook computer is open. Nathan’s video is on the screen.

AARON
Ahhhh, you stupid bastard.

INT. CHEVY TAHOE - DAY

Aaron turns the ignition and puts the car in gear. Just before he starts to drive off he spots the compass in the passenger seat where Nathan had sat the night before.

AARON
What?

Aaron picks up the compass and inspects it closely. He flips it over and reads the inscription on the other side.
AARON (CONT'D)
Nathan, you total and complete dumb fuck.

He puts the compass in his pocket and speeds away.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY.

Sarah is in bed asleep.

There is a knock on the door. Sarah wakes up, groggy. She looks at the clock on the night stand. It reads "9:00 A.M."

SARAH
Crap. Just a minute.

Sarah grabs a robe from the corner of the bed, puts it on and opens the door.

HEATHER, (24), blonde, well endowed, attractive but with a little too much make-up on, enters.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. I overslept. I didn't fall asleep until after three. I was hoping that Nathan would call.

HEATHER
So, you haven't seen it.

SARAH
Seen what?

HEATHER
Oh my God, you really haven't.

SARAH
Did someone die or something?

HEATHER
Worse, I'm afraid. Where's your laptop?

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Juanita stands over the stove as she tends to her fried eggs. Julio enters. He wears worn slippers and an open bathrobe that exposes his boxers.

JULIO
Was that Heather I heard come in?

Juanita doesn't turn around as she is in deep concentration, trying to flip the eggs without breaking them.
JUANITA
Yes, she came to cheer up Sarah.

JULIO
Cheer her up from what?

Juanita slides the eggs on to a plate and turns around.

JUANITA
Oh for crying out loud. Close your robe. I don't want anyone seeing that mess.

Julio closes his robe and takes a seat at the kitchen table as Juanita places his plate in front of him.

JUANITA (CONT’D)
She's feeling down because Nathan left. You do have a memory - yes?

JULIO
Oh yeah, that. I hope the boat sinks.
(with a mouthful)
Can I get some Tabasco?

Juanita goes to the pantry.

JUANITA
So you are as helpless as you are thoughtless.

JULIO
These eggs are great.

SARAH (O.C.)
(piercing scream)
I can't believe he did that!

JUANITA
What in the world?

Juanita removes her apron and tosses it on the counter.

JUANITA (CONT’D)
I'll be back. You stay here.

Juanita darts towards the bedrooms in the back of the house.

Julio takes a bite of his eggs, wipes his chin and then follows Juanita.
INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Juanita enters - closes the door behind her.

Sarah paces frantically around the room. Heather sits on the bed, looking at an opened laptop computer.

JUANITA
What happened?

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Julio stands outside Sarah's bedroom with his ear up against the closed door.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

SARAH
He broke up with me. We're through.

JUANITA
Nathan?

SARAH
(sobbing)
Yes, who else?

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Julio raises his arms and parades around the hall in a mock touchdown dance. He then fake spikes a football and walks back to his breakfast.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

JUANITA
When? How? You just saw him last night.

Sarah points to the laptop computer next to Heather.

SARAH
On You Tube. He posted a video breaking up with me on You Tube. On You Tube!!

JUANITA
(to Heather)
You Tube?

HEATHER
It's a video thing.
SARAH
Do you have any idea how humiliating that is?

JUANITA
Would it really be any less so in person?

SARAH
Yes! Yes, it definitely would.
Heather, how many views on the video now?

HEATHER
You don't want to know.

SARAH
Heather!

HEATHER
One thousand and ninety two.

JUANITA
I don't know what that means.

SARAH
It means that one thousand and ninety two people, mostly complete strangers, have seen a video of Nathan breaking up with me.

JUANITA
How can that happen?

HEATHER
It kind of works like a chain letter. The video was posted on YouTube and then shared on Facebook. So all of Nathan's friends saw it, all of Sarah's friends saw it and then it is shared with people who Sarah and Nathan may not even know. And then those people share it with their friends and so on and so on. Oh, and anyone who is Googling how to break up with someone is going to see it. Sooner or later it goes viral.

SARAH
It's not going viral.
HEATHER
One thousand, four hundred views now.

SARAH
(crying)
Why would he do this? Why would anyone do this?

HEATHER
It's starting to get quite a few comments too. Here’s one... no, I can't read that. Your Mom's here.

SARAH
Just read it.

HEATHER
(viewing the laptop)
It says - "the girl should have put out more." That’s from someone named SEX KING69.

JUANITA
You know someone named Sex King 69?

SARAH
No, of course I don't.

HEATHER
That’s just the screen name someone uses. You can't tell their real name.

JUANITA
You should both stop looking at that. It's not doing anyone any good.

Sarah hits the bed - buries her face in a pillow.

SARAH
My life is ruined.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Julio is at the table. His plate now empty. He finishes the last of his orange juice in one large gulp and then burps.

JULIO
Ahhhhh.

Julio picks a small clump of refried beans off the sleeve of his robe. He smells it to make sure and puts it in his mouth.
The doorbell RINGS.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - FRONT DOOR FOYER - DAY

Julio opens the front door. We see Aaron. He has the compass clasped in his hand.

    JULIO
    Aaron. Come on in.

Aaron follows Julio into the kitchen.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Julio goes to the counter and pours himself a cup of coffee.

    JULIO
    Coffee?

    AARON
    No - no thanks. Is Sarah up?

    JULIO
    I'd say.
        (yelling)
    Sarah, you got a visitor.
        (to Aaron)
    You all finished with school now?

    AARON
    Yes, Sir.

    JULIO
    A degree in engineering. That's very impressive, Aaron.
        (calling out louder)
    Sarah!

    AARON
    Thank you, Sir.

    JULIO
    Sarah said you got an internship with Boeing. When does that start?
        (calling out even louder)
    Sarah!

    AARON
    In two weeks. I could go get her if you want.

Sarah enters the kitchen.
SARAH
(exasperated)
What?

JULIO
You got a visitor.

AARON
Hey, Sarah.

Sarah spots the compass in Aaron's hand – instant anger.

SARAH
Get out.

AARON
I don't understand.

SARAH
Wait outside. Now!

Aaron, with a look of confusion on his face, exits the room. After a few moments, the front door SHUTS. Sarah exits the kitchen. Julio follows.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME – FRONT DOOR FOYER – DAY

JULIO
What did he do?

Sarah opens a closet and pulls out a coat.

SARAH
It's more about what he didn't do.

Sarah wraps the coat around her.

JULIO
Is he coming back in? He has a degree and a job. We like him – right?

Sarah gives her father a piercing stare.

SARAH
I hope you said your good byes.

Sarah exits through the front door, slamming it behind her.

JULIO
Ah, damn it.
EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - PORCH - DAY.

Aaron is at the bottom of three concrete steps that lead up to the front porch. Sarah is just outside the front door.

SARAH
How could you not have told me? We've been friends since sixth grade.

AARON
Because I didn't know.

SARAH
Really? Then why are you here returning that?

Sarah points at the compass in Aaron's hand.

AARON
I found it in the car.

SARAH

AARON
I didn't know. I mean not until last night anyway. And I didn't know about the video. I thought he was going to text you.

SARAH
Text me? Are you kidding? He was going to break up by texting me?

AARON
Well, yes - I mean no, but then he promised me it would be face to face.

SARAH
It's confusing balancing a lie isn't it?

AARON
I'm not lying.

Sarah rubs a tear from the corner of her eye. Her anger fades to heartache.

SARAH
This really hurts, Aaron. I thought you were a good friend.
You didn't even care enough to warn me. I never want to see you again. Leave.

AARON
Sarah, I only came over too..

SARAH
Leave!

Sarah turns towards the door and then jerks back around.

SARAH (CONT'D)
And I'm not too fat.

Sarah goes back into the house - SLAMS the door behind her.

AARON
(to himself)
I don't think you're too fat.

Aaron reads the back of the compass.

AARON (CONT'D)
I think you're perfect.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah lies in bed on her stomach - stares at a laptop computer as it plays Nathan's break-up video.

A TAP-TAP on the door.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Juanita gently raps on the door.

JUANITA
Mija, you've got to come out. You've been in there all day.

TAP, TAP on the door.

JUANITA (CONT'D)
Let me cook you something.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah stares at the screen. Nathan's video reaches the end. In a robotic manner, Sarah clicks the mouse pad and the video starts from the beginning. She will watch this until she becomes numb.
INT. AARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Aaron scrolls through the contacts on his smart phone. Comes to NATHAN and presses call.

    RECORDING FROM PHONE
    The person you called is out of the service area. Please try again later. If you believe you have reached this number in ...

Aaron hits end call.

    AARON
    You moron.

Aaron grabs his car keys from the table - exits the apartment.

INT. NATHAN AND JOSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Josh is slumped in a bean bag chair watching TV. There is pizza in a box near his side. Marijuana smoke fills the room.

A loud KNOCK on the door and Aaron bursts in.

Startled, Josh rolls out of the bean bag chair into the pizza. He sits up - a slice stuck to his shirt.

    JOSH
    What the fuck, dude? I thought you were the cops.

    AARON
    Did you figure out how to take the video down yet?

    JOSH
    No, I told you, dude. I can't do it without Nathan's password.

Josh picks the pizza from his shirt and takes a bite.

    JOSH (CONT'D)
    Want some pizza?

    AARON
    I'll pass. Has he called?

    JOSH
    There's no fucking cell service at sea.
AARON
When was the last time you tried?

JOSH
I dunno - today?

Aaron removes his cell. Scrolls through the contacts and hits call - four rings with no answer.

AARON
Damn it.

JOSH
Chill, bro. You're too fucking zapped. Have some pizza.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sarah is slumped in the sofa. A large bathrobe covers her. Her hair is a mess. She continuously clicks the TV remote, mindlessly surfing channels.

Julio, in dress slacks and a white dress shirt enters.

JULIO
You going to lay there all day?

SARAH
I just might.

JULIO
What about the bank?

SARAH
I called in sick.

JULIO
I don't think that's such a good idea. You're not like that.

SARAH
Uh-huh.

JULIO
Don't you think at least you maybe ought to take a shower - change clothes?

Sarah rolls over - now facing the back of the sofa. An "ah geez" expression comes over Julio's face.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Um, maybe you just need to talk about it?
SARAH
Why are men such idiots?

Julio shifts his eyes back and forth as though he had just been asked to solve a complex math problem.

JULIO
(calling out)
Juanita, Sarah needs you.

JUANITA (O.C.)
I'll be there in a sec.

Julio bends over and kisses Sarah on the cheek.

JULIO
Love you.

Julio exits. Sarah rolls over and hits the space bar on her laptop. The screen lights up. It's Nathan's You Tube video.

Juanita enters. A dismayed look comes over her face. Juanita close the laptop cover.

JUANITA
You should stop watching that. Now, what did you need, Mija?

SARAH
A new life.

Juanita sits on the sofa - places her hand on Sarah's.

JUANITA
You don't need a new life. You just need to resume your old one. Now how about I make you some breakfast?

Sarah rolls back over, buries her face against the back of the sofa.

SARAH
I'm not hungry.

Juanita gently pats Sarah on top of her head then stands up.

JUANITA
Okay, fine. You eat when you're ready.

Juanita sniffs the air.
SARAH
I can hear you.

JUANITA
You need a shower, Mija.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A small establishment. Only one of the ten tables is occupied by PATRONS. A few tables are cluttered with dirty plates and coffee cups and in obvious need of attention.

Heather, wears an apron and stands behind a counter adjacent to the cash register. Sarah sits on the other side of the counter looking at the screen of an IPAD.

SARAH
Three hundred and forty thousand views now.

HEATHER
You really should stop watching that.

Heather refills Sarah's coffee.

SARAH
It's must see TV isn't it?

HEATHER
I just hate seeing you all broken hearted and everything while that little bastard is living the life on a cruise ship.

CUT TO:

INT. CRUISE SHIP - BAR - DAY

Nathan mops the floor. The ship tosses back and forth from the rough seas. He bends over and vomits in his mop bucket.

The ship's BAR MANAGER enters the room - watches Nathan as he heaves. Nathan finally finishes and wipes vomit from the corner of his mouth with his sleeve.

BAR MANAGER
(pointing at the floor)
You missed a spot.

CUT TO:
INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

HEATHER
Are the comments getting any better?

SARAH
(sarcastically)
Oh yeah, the trolls are soooo supportive. Here's one from DEADMAN JOAQUIN.
(reading from IPAD)
"Dude, way to cut the fat."

HEATHER
What a fucker.

Heather's father, MR. SANDERS (60), tired from a long days work, removes a cook's apron as he enters from the kitchen.

MR. SANDERS
Language, Heather. We have customers.

HEATHER
Sorry, Dad.

MR. SANDERS
Sarah, don't you work today?

SARAH
I'm sick.

MR. SANDERS
Hmmm. Heather, there are tables in need of attention.

Heather approaches her Dad - gives him a peck on the cheek.

HEATHER
I'm on it.

Heather takes a tray to an un-bused table and fills the tray with dirty dishes and cups.

HEATHER (CONT’D)
(calling back)
I need to leave early. I got an audition at five.

MR. SANDERS
Another audition? Heather, I need help closing up.
Heather returns with the tray and hands it to her Dad.

HEATHER
It's important, Don't you want me
to be a successful actress?

MR. SANDERS
I want you to start by being a
successful waitress. You can work
up to actress after you've
conquered that mountain.

HEATHER
Pretty please, Daddy?

MR. SANDERS
Ah, geeez. Fine, I'll close up.

Mr. Sanders starts back towards the kitchen.

MR. SANDERS (CONT’D)
(to himself)
God damn divorce guilt.

Heather returns to the counter.

HEATHER
What's the count now?

SARAH
(looking at the IPAD)
Three hundred and eighty thousand.
Hmmmm, this is interesting.

HEATHER
What?

SARAH
A post from someone named ERRAND
BOY.

CUT TO:

INT. AARON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Aaron is at his kitchen table looking at the screen of his
laptop computer. He closes the cover and walks away.

CUT TO:
INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

SARAH
(reading from IPAD)
"No girl deserves to be treated like this. The real loser is the dude that posted this video."

HEATHER
Well, there you go. Your first positive post. Things are looking up. Right?

Sarah gives Heather a look that could kill.

EXT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Heather waits outside two large doors. She scans the street.

Aaron's Chevy Tahoe approaches.

INT. CHEVY TAHOE - NIGHT

Heather hops in. Aaron is behind the wheel.

HEATHER
Thanks for picking me up.

AARON
Not a problem. So, how did the audition go?

Aaron pulls into the street.

HEATHER
Pretty much like they all do. You know, we'll call you if --

Josh pops his head up from the back seat.

JOSH
Hey, Heather.

HEATHER
(startled)
Jesus Christ, Josh. You could have given me a heart attack.

JOSH
You're looking sweet.

AARON
Idiot.
HEATHER
Why is idiot here?

AARON
Look, I've been trying to call Sarah for days. She's blocked my number - same with the texts.

HEATHER
And?

AARON
She thinks I had something to do with this. This video thing.

HEATHER
Uh-huh. And?

AARON
Josh, tell her.

JOSH
What?

AARON
What we discussed, you moron. God!

JOSH
Oh yeah - that. Aaron didn't have anything to do with the video. That was all Nathan's doing.

AARON
Josh.

JOSH
Well, I played a part too.

AARON
(to Heather)
You got to tell Sarah. I can't have her thinking that I had anything to do with this.

HEATHER
She thinks that you did nothing to stop it.

AARON
But I didn't even --

HEATHER
I'll talk to her - but I wouldn't expect much if I were you.
HEATHER (CONT'D)
She's pretty much had it with your entire gender. Maybe you ought to start with some flowers or something. You know, grease the wheels.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY
A sedan pulls up to a curb in front of a BANK.

INT. SEDAN - DAY
Juanita in the driver's seat and Sarah in the passenger seat.

JUANITA
Okay, here you go.

Sarah grabs the door handle.

JUANITA (CONT'D)
It'll get better, Mija. I promise.

SARAH
Yeah, sure. Thanks for the ride, Mom.

Sarah exits.

JUANITA
(calling out)
Love you.

Sarah shuts the door.

SARAH
You too.

Juanita watches Sarah walk towards the bank like a mother watches her child on the first day of school.

INT. BANK - DAY
A small line of people que up for one of three open teller windows. MRS. WINSLOW (55), is next in line.

Sarah is behind the first teller window. She hands a receipt to a middle age, male BANK CUSTOMER.

BANK CUSTOMER
Thank you.

SARAH
You're welcome. Have a great day.
The Bank Customer walks away.

SARAH (CONT’D)
Next.

Mrs. Winslow approaches Sarah's window. She puts a deposit slip on the counter along with several checks.

MRS. WINSLOW
Good morning, Sarah.

SARAH
Oh, Mrs. Winslow - good morning. I didn't recognize you at first. Change your hair?

MRS. WINSLOW
Just some high lights.

SARAH
Well, it looks great.

Sarah takes the checks - starts completing the deposit slip.

SARAH (CONT’D)
How's Janet?

MRS. WINSLOW
Oh, she's fine. You know, she showed me that awful video. Just terrible. The little bastard's name slips my mind right now. It was - I want to say...

Sarah's face reddens in embarrassment.

SARAH
Nathan. Um, do you want this all to go into savings?

MRS. WINSLOW
Yes, that's it - Nathan. I mean, how can any boy do that to a girl? The things he said.

Sarah slips a receipt over the counter back to Mrs. Winslow.

SARAH
Okay. You're all set.

MRS. WINSLOW
How are you holding up, Sarah? Janet was concerned.
SARAH  
(feigning cheerfulness)  
Tell her I'm just fine. Well, still  
a little plump and just a wee bit  
regretful that I reserved my  
virginity for, you know – that  
little bastard. But other than  
that, one fat foot in front of the  
other as they say.

Mrs. Winslow, afraid to speak, just stares at Sarah.

SARAH (CONT’D)  
Oh, my God. I'm so sorry, Mrs.  
Winslow. Please forgive me. I don't  
know where that came from.

Sarah's eyes tear up. Mrs. Winslow reaches over the counter  
and gently holds Sarah's hand.

MRS. WINSLow  
We all know where that comes from.  
There's more than one Nathan. I had  
one of my own. You'll be just fine.

Mrs. Winslow gives Sarah a warm wink and then walks away.

Sarah, looks to her left down the aisle. She spots two of her  
CO-WORKERS, talking in hushed tones, as they look at their  
smart phones.

They quickly turn away as they make eye contact with Sarah.

SARAH  
(to herself)  
Or maybe I won't be.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julio is in the recliner watching TV. Juanita paces back and  
forth - checks her watch over and over.

JUANITA  
Heather hasn't heard from her.  
Aaron hasn't. Aren't you worried?

JULIO  
No. It's only eight o'clock. It's  
not like she hasn't been late  
before.

Juanita picks up a throw pillow and hits Julio on the head.
JUANITA
Get the car. We're going to look for her.

Sarah enters from the front door.

JULIO
Told you.

JUANITA
(to Sarah)
Where have you been? You didn't call.

SARAH
I took the bus home. Then I walked from there. I needed to think.

JUANITA
Okay, but next time call. I was worried sick.

SARAH
Yeah, sure.

JUANITA
Aaron sent you some nice flowers.

JULIO
He's a very thoughtful boy, that Aaron.

JUANITA
I put them in your room. In your favorite vase.

SARAH
I need a trash bag.

JUANITA
For what?

SARAH
Trash.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah has a large, green Hefty bad in one hand. She opens a dresser drawer. Takes out a photo album - drops it in the bag.

She goes to her closet and removes the outfit she wore the last night she saw Nathan - drops it in the bag.
She goes to her jewelry box and removes two necklaces and a ring - drops them in the bag.

In the corner of her room there is a large stuffed Teddy Bear. She picks it up - drops it in the bag.

Aaron's flowers are in a vase on the night stand. She removes them from the vase - drops them in the bag.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julio, halfway under the covers is rolled over on his side of the bed. Juanita sits up, the light on her night stand is on.

JUANITA
I'm worried about Sarah.

JULIO
She'll be fine. Good night - love you.

Juanita takes a pillow and hits Julio over the head with it.

JULIO (CONT'D)
(not moving)
Hey, that's physical abuse.

JUANITA
It was a very messy break-up. You should be concerned too.

JULIO
They're all messy.
(yawning)
I think we should sleep on it.

JUANITA
Hombre estúpido.

JULIO
And that's verbal abuse.
(beat)
She'll be fine Juanita. Let's get some sleep. I'm tired.

JUANITA
How do you know she'll be fine?

JULIO
Because she has your balls.

Juanita smacks Julio with the pillow again.
JULIO (CONT’D)
I just meant she is tough.

Juanita turns off the lamp. She stays sitting up.

JULIO (CONT’D)
Ahhh, thank you, my love.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Julio, dressed in a suit that is far too tight, TAPS on Sarah's bedroom door.

JULIO
Better get dressed. We're leaving in ten minutes.

SARAH (O.C.)
I'll be ready.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY.

Sarah sits on the bed, dressed very nice. She stares at her laptop computer. Nathan's video is playing.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Morning mass - crowded with people. Juanita, Julio and Sarah, looking disinterested, sit in the middle of the church.

A PRIEST is at the alter.

PRIEST
Many people like to fall on the bible when justifying vengeance. They often quote the book of Deuteronomy. It says, your eye shall not pity. It shall be life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth.

Sarah's eyes light up.

SARAH
Of course, that's it.

JUANITA
(whispering)
A little loud, dear. What's it?

SARAH
A Tube for a Tube.
JUANITA
(whispering)
What? That's not what he said - or means for that matter.

PRIEST
But the book of Romans tells us...
(reading from a bible)
"Never take your own revenge, beloved, but leave room for the wrath of God, for it is written, vengeance is mine. I will repay sayeth the Lord."

JUANITA
See?

SARAH
Hell hath no fury, sayeth the woman.

JULIO
How come you two get to talk in church and I don't?

Parishioners around them give them dirty looks.

JUANITA
Hush - both of you.

INT. SUSHI RESTUARANT - NIGHT
Sarah and Heather are at a table - a plate of sushi in front of them. Heather pierces a tuna roll with a fork.

HEATHER
God, I'm starved.

Heather pops the tuna roll into her mouth. Sarah gently picks up a California roll with her chopsticks.

SARAH
I had an epiphany at church today.

HEATHER
Whoa, are you feeling better now?

SARAH
What?

HEATHER
Isn't an epiphany like a seizure?
SARAH
(incredulous)
No. It's a sudden realization.

Heather pops another tuna roll into her mouth.

HEATHER
My bad. You were saying.

SARAH
The Priest was talking about vengeance. I felt energized.

HEATHER
What are you talking about?

SARAH
Pay back. It's the only way to handle this.

HEATHER
They said that in Church? That's not the bible I remember.

SARAH
It's the newer testament.

HEATHER
Well, seeing that Nathan's on a cruise ship, God knows where, how exactly are you going to get vengeance?

SARAH
I'm making my own video. I'm going to tell everyone exactly who Nathan Jones is.

HEATHER
Sarah, come on. You don't want to do that. You just need some time. You know, do a journal, maybe join a support group. You know, normal stuff.

SARAH
I'm going to need your help in putting this thing together.

HEATHER
I don't think so.
SARAH
Come on, Heather. You're practically an actress.

HEATHER
(indignant)
I am an actress.

SARAH
Yeah, sure - of course. What I meant is that you know how to do this stuff. You've had classes. You're quite accomplished you know. Pretty please, make a video with me?

HEATHER
Okay - fine. But I'm going to need you to get some things. We'll need a large black cloth, as big as you can get. I've already got some lettering we can use.

SARAH
Lettering?

HEATHER
For the backdrop. Uh, we'll need some nylon cord too.

SARAH
We're talking about a You Tube video - right?

HEATHER
If we are going to do it, we're going to do it like pros. Just trust me.

SARAH
When can we start?

HEATHER
I'll be at your house tomorrow night. You get pizza.

SARAH
Done and done.

HEATHER
You talk to Aaron? Because I really think.....
SARAH
No. He's done and done.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A folding table is in the center of the room - two chairs on one side. A laptop computer sits on top of the table.

Heather stands on top of a chair on one side of the room.

Sarah, stands on a step ladder at the other end of the room. A nylon cord hangs over her shoulder as she hammers a hook in the wall near the top of the ceiling.

SARAH
That should do it.

Sarah ties the end of the nylon cord to the hook and pulls on the cord to make sure it is secure.

She gets down from the ladder, walks across to Heather and hands her the other end of the cord.

Heather stretches up and runs the cord through a small pulley that has been attached to the top of the wall.

SARAH (CONT’D)
Perfect.

There is a knock on the bedroom door.

SARAH (CONT’D)
Come in.

Juanita enters.

JUANITA
I'm going to do a load of laundry. You got anything that needs to be washed?

Juanita spots the cord strung across the floor of the room.

JUANITA (CONT’D)
What in the world are you doing?

SARAH
We're creating a studio. Watch.

Sarah goes to the closet, removes a very large piece of black cloth and several clothes pins.

Sarah lays the top of the cloth on top of the cord and secures it with the clothes pins.
SARAH (CONT’D)
(to Heather)
Okay.

As Heather steps off the chair, she pulls on the cord. As the cord goes through the pulley, the black cloth rises and unfurls like a theater curtain as it reaches the ceiling.

In the middle of the cloth there are large white letters spelling out: THE PROBLEMS WITH NATHAN JONES.

HEATHER
Pretty cool, huh?

JUANITA
What are you two up to?

SARAH
The short answer is vengeance.

JUANITA
Give me the longer answer.

SARAH
I'm going to make sure that Nathan Jones doesn't have a chance to do to another girl what he did to me.

HEATHER
And I'm going to get some acting experience.

Juanita walks to the corner of the bed and sits down. She pats the space next to her.

JUANITA
Sit down, Mija.

Sarah sits down next to Juanita.

JUANITA (CONT’D)
I know you are hurt. What Nathan did was very, very bad. But we are a proud family. We don't engage in vengeance and we do not air our dirty laundry in public.

Juanita gives Sarah a hug.

JUANITA (CONT’D)
You'll get over this. Don't do something that you'll regret. Don't lose your dignity.
SARAH
Well, I didn't want to have to do this, but I see that it is necessary.

Sarah gets up and grabs her laptop computer from the table. She returns - sits next to Juanita.

SARAH (CONT’D)
Give me a sec.

Sarah brings up the You Tube video that Nathan made and moves the mouse pointer cursor to a specific point in the video.

She hits play.

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

We see Nathan.

NATHAN
...... You know, they say that you can always tell how fat a girl is going to be when she's older by looking at her mother and your mother is - well, lets face it, pretty fucking plump. So keep an eye on that for sure and you'll find someone.

BACK TO SCENE

Juanita, frozen in shock, stares at the screen.

SARAH
Well?

Juanita gently kisses Sarah on the cheek and then stands up. She scans the room - admires the make-shift studio.

JUANITA
Good craftsmanship, girls. I got to go do laundry.
(points at the laptop)
Don't let your Father find out.

Juanita exits.

Heather admires the cloth curtain.

HEATHER
That's a good job. But I still think we should have gone with Screw You Tube.
SARAH
I rather have his name in the title. That way anytime anyone does a search for him --

HEATHER
Got it.

Heather grabs a slice of pizza from a box on the bed and takes a bite.

HEATHER (CONT’D)
So, you ready to roll?

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Julio is slumped in a recliner as he watches TV.

Juanita, holding two dinner plates enters from the kitchen.

Juanita places one plate on a TV tray by Julio and the other on the coffee table in front of the sofa. She takes a seat.

Julio takes a bite.

JULIO
Hmmm - good. So, what are the girls up to? There’s a lot of noise coming from that room.

JUANITA
Um, it’s just a – um – an acting project. You know for Heather.

Juanita takes the TV remote and turns up the volume.

JUANITA (CONT’D)
They’ll be a little noisy.

INT. - RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH’S BEDROOM - NIGHT
Sarah and Heather sit side by side at the table facing the laptop computer. The black cloth with the lettering: THE PROBLEMS WITH NATHAN JONES hangs behind them.

A small easel is on the table between Sarah and Heather.

Sarah picks up a remote, points it at the computer screen and clicks it.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN:

Sarah and Heather images appear on the screen.
SARAH
Ready?

HEATHER
Just a sec.

Heather runs a brush through her hair and then fluffs it up a little bit with her hand.

HEATHER (CONT’D)
Okay.

Sarah points the remote at the screen and clicks it. A "REC" icon appears on the screen.

SARAH
(a bit nervous)
Hi everyone, my name is Sarah.
Welcome to the first edition of the problems with Nathan Jones. With me is my good friend - Heather.

HEATHER
(waving at camera)
Hello everybody.

SARAH
So, who is Nathan Jones?

Heather picks up an 8" by 11" inch framed photo of Nathan and puts it in front of the computer camera so that it takes up the entire screen.

HEATHER (O.C.)
(impersonating a man)
Hey everybody, I'm Nathan Jones. I'm a total dirt bag.

The photo comes down and now Sarah and Heather are both back in full view.

SARAH
Nice impression, Heather - very realistic.

HEATHER
Thank you so much.

SARAH
So, Heather. I know why I think Nathan Jones is scum. How did you come to your conclusion that he's a dirt bag?
HEATHER
Because of this.

Heather leans over and hits a key on the laptop keyboard. Nathan's break-up video comes up on the screen.

NATHAN
Will you please shut the fuck up?
(face back to the screen)
Not you, Sarah. Anyway, as I was saying. I wanted to tell you tonight when we were saying good-bye, you know at your house that it was, well...really good-bye. You know, not just, good-bye see you when I get back. But good-bye as in we're breaking up. Now I know that this might come as a surprise to you because we were talking about marriage --

A CLICK and Nathan's video comes down. Sarah and Heather are now back on screen.

SARAH
You know, Heather, that did come as quite a surprise since just four hours before he said he was in love with me.

HEATHER
I guess a lot can happen in four hours.

SARAH
What else came as a surprise?

HEATHER
That in his video Nathan also said that you were fat, that your Mother was fat and that sex was bad.

SARAH
Yes, that was quite surprising as well. Anything else?

Heather removes an IPAD from her lap. Nathan's video page is on the screen.
HEATHER
Well, you may have been surprised by the fact that Nathan posted this for public viewing on You Tube as well as Facebook. I'm guessing you didn't see that coming.

SARAH
No - no, I can honestly say I didn't think that my fiance would break-up with me on You Tube while calling me fat and sexually unfit. Hmmm. Well, it's not like anyone has seen it have they?

Heather looks at her IPAD.

HEATHER
So far, only 1.4 million people have.

SARAH
Nice. Well, at least have the comments been positive?

HEATHER
I don't think you want me to read these. They're pretty hurtful.

SARAH
No worries. I am emotionally catatonic at the moment. Please, fire away.

HEATHER
As you wish.
(looks at IPAD)
A poster named SURFER JOE21 writes -
(reading)
"Dude, I'm with you, I don't pump the plump."

SARAH
Ouch.

HEATHER
And then there is one from LEO TROLLSTOY.
(reading)
"If she didn't see this coming she's as blind as Stevie Wonder."
(to Sarah)
Should I go on?
SARAH
No, I think we get the picture.

Heather puts the IPAD away.

SARAH (CONT’D)
So, why am I making this video?
Simple. I want to make sure that
Nathan Jones doesn’t have the
chance to do this to another girl.
I think I can accomplish that
mission through a series of videos
that will let anyone know what
Nathan is like in advance.

HEATHER
Like a dossier.

SARAH
Exactly. So what was our first
topic going to be again?

Heather reaches underneath the table and grabs a placard with
the hand written words: "NATHAN JONES, HOW DUMB IS TOO DUMB?"
and places the placard in the table top easel.

HEATHER
Nathan Jones - educational
background.

SARAH
Oh, yes - right. Tonight we are
going to focus on how long it took
Nathan to get his G.E.D.

HEATHER
Are you saying he didn't even
graduate high school?

SARAH
That’s right girls. Nathan Jones
reads at an eighth grade level. But
don't let that get you over
optimistic. He only comprehends at
a fifth grade level.

CUT TO:

INT. CRUISE SHIP, BAR - NIGHT

GIRL 1 and GIRL 2, both in their twenties and attractive are
sipping martinis at the bar counter. Nathan, on the other
side of the bar, rests his elbows on the counter as he talks
to them.
NATHAN
So, I go back for my senior year as soon as we dock back in Los Angeles.

GIRL 1
Where is it you said you went?

NATHAN
USC. Going to graduate soon.

GIRL 2
Bachelors?

NATHAN
Yeah, there are a lot of single guys there.

A SENIOR BARTENDER (30) approaches the bar.

GIRL 2
No, I meant your degree. What's your major?

SENIOR BARTENDER
He's majoring in sanitation.
(to Nathan)
The bathroom needs cleaning. Some one got a bit seasick. Get on it.

NATHAN
Ladies, a pleasure meeting you.

Nathan bows, turns and walks away - the tail of his shirt hanging over his pants.

SENIOR BARTENDER
What a douche. If he's in college then I'm Steven Hawkings.

The girls laugh.

SENIOR BARTENDER (CONT’D)
Now, can I get you another drink?

CUT TO:

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

SARAH
.....and that completes the first installment of the problems with Nathan Jones - educational background.
HEATHER
Stay tuned. We have a very special installment coming next.
(to Sarah)
It's a surprise. You'll like it.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah clicks the remote at the laptop. The video stops.

SARAH
Now what?

HEATHER
I'll take this home, create a You Tube channel and link it to Nathan's video.

A KNOCK on the door.

JUANITA (O.C.)
(through the door)
I really think you girls ought to eat something.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Heather, wearing an apron, and Sarah sit at a corner table looking at an IPAD.

All the other tables are empty. Several of them are in need of bussing.

SARAH
So how many hits did we get?

HEATHER
Around a thousand.

SARAH
(disappointed)
I would have thought more.

Mr. Sanders enters - scans the room.

MR. SANDERS
Hey, you think you could get this cleaned up before the lunch rush?

HEATHER
(not looking up)
We're working on a project, Dad. Don't worry, we've got plenty of time.
Mr. Sanders starts to clean up the tables.

MR. SANDERS
Yeah, kids your age think they got all the time in the world.

Aaron enters the coffee shop. Mr. Sanders now has a tray full of dirty dishes.

MR. SANDERS (CONT’D)
(to Aaron)
You want a job? Apparently I need a waiter.

AARON
Thank you, Sir. But I start with Boeing next week.

HEATHER
Dad, you're so dramatic.

Mr. Sanders exits with the tray.

MR. SANDERS (O.C)
Clean the tables.

HEATHER
Geez, it's not like we're crushed with customers.

Heather gets up from the table. Starts towards the back kitchen.

HEATHER (CONT’D)
Hey, Aaron.

AARON
Hey.

Heather exits. Aaron stares at his feet.

AARON (CONT’D)
Is that your video?

SARAH
You saw it?

AARON
Yeah. You shared it with all you're Facebook friends.

SARAH
I got to fix that.
AARON
Fix what?

SARAH
I forgot to de-friend you.

AARON
C'mon, Sarah. You got to believe that....

SARAH
I don't got to believe anything.

Heather returns. Takes a seat next to Sarah.

HEATHER
Any increase in traffic?

SARAH
Oh my God, we're spiking. We're at eight thousand now.

HEATHER
I think it's from the link I put on Nathan's video. It just takes a little time for folks to catch up.

AARON
Have you tried optimizing your key words? You know, for search purposes?

SARAH
(to Heather)
Do you hear something? Because I'm pretty sure that I asked Aaron not to talk to me.

Heather looks at Aaron sympathetically - shrugs her shoulders. Aaron shakes his head - then exits.

HEATHER
You really are being hard on him.

Mr. Sanders returns from the kitchen.

MR. SANDERS
(sarcastically)
Excuse me, Princess. I was wondering if there was just a slight chance that you might find the time to refill the coffee.
HEATHER
You know, Dad, you could have been an actor.

Mr. Sanders waves his hand at the empty tables.

MR. SANDERS
And give this up? Please, we need coffee.

Sanders starts towards the kitchen.

HEATHER
(standing up)
Okay - okay.
(to Sarah)
Six o'clock again?

SARAH
On the dot.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME – SARAH'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Heather and Sarah sit at the table in the makeshift studio. Heather looks at her IPAD.

HEATHER
You've stalled a bit.

SARAH
What?

HEATHER
Right around twenty thousand views. Don't worry. Tonight's episode is going to be killer.

SARAH
Why won't you tell me what it's about.

HEATHER
Because you probably wouldn't do it. Just trust me. It'll work.

Sarah looks at the foot of the table. There's a basket next to Heather.

SARAH
What's that for?

HEATHER
Props.
SARAH
Welcome to another edition of the problems with Nathan Jones.

Heather picks up the framed photo of Nathan and places it in front of her face.

HEATHER
(feigning a hick's voice)
Hey, I'm Nathan Jones. I done got me a G.E.D.

SARAH
Thank you, Heather. So, last time you said you had a surprise topic for today's show.

HEATHER
Yes indeed. Today's episode is a little personal.

Heather reaches underneath the table and grabs a placard with the hand written words: "NATHAN JONES - THE SIZE OF THE MAN" and places the placard in the table top easel.

Sarah looks confused.

SARAH
He's five nine and a half. How can we do an entire episode on --

Heather reaches underneath the table and grabs another placard with the hand written words: "THE PENIS EDITION" and places the placard in the table top easel.

SARAH (CONT’D)
Oh, I don't think we're going to be talking about that.

HEATHER
We must. Nathan's the one that brought up sexual satisfaction. As you know, my sexual experience is somewhat limited.

Sarah gives an involuntary raise of her eyebrows.

HEATHER (CONT’D)
But penis size is important in that regard.
SARAH
What would the size of his - um....

HEATHER
Penis. It's okay to say it.

SARAH
(reluctantly)
Penis - have to do with his sexual satisfaction?

HEATHER
Nothing. But it might have everything to do with yours.

SARAH
(an epiphany)
Ah. Okay. But how can we --

HEATHER
I think it is best that we start with some scales - models if you will.

Heather reaches down below the table and pulls up the basket - places it on the table.

Heather reaches in the basket and removes a thimble, a small, two ounce bottle of Tabasco sauce, a small bottle of soy sauce, a salt shaker, a candlestick holder and a beer bottle.

In order of size, smallest to largest, Heather spaces them out in a line on the table.

HEATHER (CONT’D)
Okay, we're not dealing with girth yet, just length.

SARAH
(reluctantly)
Okay.

HEATHER
So, when Nathan was soft - you know, limp - which of these objects must closely resembled the size of his penis?

Sarah studies the table as if it was an important science experiment.

SARAH
Well, it wasn't as small as the thimble.
HEATHER
Okay.

Heather takes her finger and flicks the thimble off the table.

SARAH
And definitely not as large as the salt shaker.

HEATHER
Remember, we're only talking about length here - not thickness.

SARAH
I know.

HEATHER
Oh, this is going to be sad.

Sarah picks up the small bottle of Tabasco sauce and examines it closely.

SARAH
This is close, but just a bit too long.

HEATHER
Shameful.

Sarah removes the cap off the top of the bottle.

SARAH
That's closer. I'll go with this.

HEATHER
So, it's safe to say that Nathan must be a grower, not a shower.

SARAH
That's what he said. How did you know?

HEATHER
They all do.

SARAH
They? Who's they?

HEATHER
Men with little penises.

SARAH
Hmmm.
Okay, now the important part. Again, remembering that we're focusing on length here...

Starting with the largest item, Heather very slowly points at each item on the table.

HEATHER (CONT’D)
What object most closely resembles Nathan when he's erect? Beer bottle, candlestick, salt shaker or soy sauce?

SARAH
Easy - soy sauce.

HEATHER
I said when erect. The soy sauce is five inches - tops.

SARAH
Yes, I know.

HEATHER
Are you sure?

SARAH
Sure I'm sure. Why?

HEATHER
Well, the beer bottle here is - well, let's say it's a once in a lifetime size. Unfortunately, so is the soy sauce - just in a bad way. Most men fall somewhere between the salt shaker and the candlestick.

SARAH
Interesting. Nathan told me that he was fairly large.

HEATHER
Yes, I'm sure he did. Maybe it was the thickness. I brought some other models that we can use for girth.

Heather starts to reach under the table.

SARAH
That's not needed. It's still soy sauce.
HEATHER
And he told you that he was big?

SARAH
Yes.

HEATHER

INT. NATHAN AND JOSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Josh - in bed, just awakening, surveys the apartment through blurred eyes. Trash and clothes are strewn everywhere.

JOSH
I'll clean it tomorrow.

A smart phone buzzes. Josh checks the night stand, then under the covers - no luck. He reaches his hand underneath the bed - finds it.

Josh rubs the sleep from his eyes and looks at the smart phone.

INSERT TEXT MESSAGE FROM AARON
"I told you that you should have taken the video down."

BACK TO SCENE

JOSH
Huh?

Josh clicks a link on the message. Sarah's penis video appears.

INSERT SMART PHONE SCREEN

HEATHER
What object most closely resembles Nathan when he's erect? Beer bottle, candlestick, salt shaker or soy sauce?

SARAH
Easy - soy sauce.

HEATHER
I said when erect. The soy sauce is five inches - tops.
SARAH
Yes, I know.

BACK TO SCENE

JOSH
Oh fuck.

Josh scrolls through his contacts. Finds Nathan's name - hits call.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - OUTSIDE DECK - DAY

Nathan, cigarette in his mouth, is at a railing, watching passengers disembark on a pier. His phone rings - he answers.

NATHAN
Yo.

INTERCUT BETWEEN NATHAN ON HIS CELL PHONE ON THE CRUISE SHIP AND JOSH ON HIS CELL PHONE IN THE APARTMENT.

JOSH
Dude, thank God you finally got reception.

NATHAN
Yeah, just for today. We're out of range tomorrow. What's up?

JOSH
Big trouble. I texted you a link to a video. You got to open it. You got problems.

NATHAN
(on his cell phone)
Give me a minute.

As Nathan lowers his phone to read Josh's text, the phone hits the railing. It falls from Nathan's hands, over the railing and SPLASHES into the water below.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Fuck me!

JOSH
Dude, can you hear me? Nathan, you there?
INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah lies on her stomach on her bed as she peruses the comments from posters on her last video.

    SARAH
    Huh? You again?

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

A post from ERRAND BOY that reads: "I hope you've gotten it out of your system. This is not who you are. You're better than this."

BACK TO SCENE

    SARAH
    Do you know me?

EXT. PORT PIER - DAY

A cruise ships is docked. Passengers stream down a gangway.

EXT. PORT CITY STREET - DAY

Nathan walks briskly down a busy street - reaches a CELL PHONE STORE - enters.

INT. CELL PHONE STORE - DAY

A young HUSBAND and WIFE mill about the store checking out the inventory of phones.

A male CLERK is at the sales counter. Nathan approaches.

    CLERK
    Can I help you?

    NATHAN
    Yeah, I need to replace my cell phone.

    CLERK
    Great. Do you have it with you?

    NATHAN
    No, it's in the ocean - long story.

    CLERK
    So a replacement, not an upgrade?

    NATHAN
    Right. You have the new Galaxy phone?
CLERK
Sure. Give me a minute.

The Clerk goes to the back room. Nathan waits at the counter, drumming his fingers.

WIFE
(under her breath)
I think that's him.

HUSBAND
Who?

WIFE
You know. Soy sauce boy.

The Husband eyes Nathan carefully.

HUSBAND
You may be right. Poor bastard.

The Clerk returns - a new Samsung Galaxy phone in his hand.

CLERK
(to Nathan)
Here it is.

Nathan takes the phone - inspects it.

NATHAN
Perfect. How much?

CLERK
Three ninety-nine plus forty as an activation fee. You want to put that on a card?

NATHAN
Uh - no, I don't exactly have a credit card. You know, who wants to get into that kind of debt.

CLERK
Right. So cash?

NATHAN
Can't I just put it on my phone account?

CLERK
What's your number?

NATHAN
323-555-6764
The Clerk enters the number into a key pad on the counter - looks at the computer screen.

CLERK
You're over two months late on your bill. I can't --

NATHAN
Come on, dude, do me a solid here. I got to have a phone.

CLERK
Sorry, dude, but there's no way I can put a four hundred dollar charge on a non current account.

NATHAN
Fuck.

Nathan turns - notices the Husband and Wife staring at him.

NATHAN (CONT’D)
What? You've never been late on a bill?

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Crowded with patrons and noisy. The CLATTER of dishes, conversations and rock music in the background fill the room.

At a table for eight, Sarah, Heather and several of their GIRL FRIENDS sip drinks and munch on appetizers.

Heather looks at her smart phone and leans over to Sarah.

HEATHER
We're almost at a five hundred thousand views now. That's viral.

SARAH
That's a lot more than I thought it would be.

HEATHER
I think it was the penis.

GIRLFRIEND 1
(loudly)
What did you say?

A WAITER approaches the table.
HEATHER
(shouting to be heard)
I said, I think it was the penis!

WAITER
No, it was definitely a burrito.

The girls laugh.

WAITER (CONT’D)
Everybody okay?

HEATHER
We're good. Just the check please.

WAITER
Coming right up.

The Waiter walks away.

GIRLFRIEND 2
He was kind of cute.

GIRLFRIEND 3
(to Sarah)
I really admire what you did. You know, the videos. That took balls.

GIRLFRIEND 2
Yeah, getting your name all out there like that.

GIRLFRIEND 3
You did us all a favor. Guys are now going to think twice.

SARAH
Or girls will.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A maze of cubicles. A large ornate sign with "BOEING" on it hangs on the wall.

Aaron, dressed in a suit that looks like he borrowed it from his father sits in a small cubicle. He stares at a computer screen with the diagram of a plane on it.

Aaron jots down some notes on a pad and hits the enter key and an image of an airplane wing appears.

CO-WORKER (O.C.)
This is classic.
Aaron glances to his right - in the direction of the voice. A male CO-WORKER (mid 20s), nerdy, thick glasses stands up and pops his head over Aaron's cubicle wall.

    CO-WORKER (CONT’D)
    (motioning Aaron over)
    Hey, you got to take a look at this.

Aaron points to his computer screen.

    CO-WORKER (CONT’D)
    It'll only take a sec.

Aaron stands up and scans the room to make sure no supervisors are watching. Reluctantly, he walks to his Co-Worker's cubicle.

The Co-Worker leans over his desk top, causing his tie to dangle over the desk top. He motions for Aaron to move closer. Aaron complies.

    CO-WORKER (CONT’D)
    You're going to love this.

The Co-Worker hits the space bar on his computer. The penis video with Sarah and Heather comes up on his screen.

    AARON
    Not sure you ought to be watching this on company computers.

    CO-WORKER
    Christ, relax - we're interns. What are they going to do?

    AARON
    Replace us with other interns?

    CO-WORKER
    So, this poor fuck dumps this chick and she's railing on the size of his --

    AARON
    Yeah, I get it.

    CO-WORKER
    Not sure what she's got to complain about. Look at her. She's bit of a fat fuck. Christ, eat a salad bitch.
Aaron calmly takes a pair of scissors from the Co-Workers desk top and cuts his dangling tie in half.

AARON
You're going to need a another tie - bitch.

Aaron walks away.

CO-WORKER
What the fuck? I only got two of these you know!

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah and Heather sit at the table in their makeshift studio.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN:
The chorus from Beck's "Loser" plays loudly against a black screen.
"THE PROBLEMS WITH NATHAN JONES" scrolls across the screen.
The picture of Nathan Jones appears and fades out.
An image of a bottle of soy sauce appears and fades out.
Sarah and Heather images appear on the screen.

SARAH
Welcome to the problems with Nathan Jones. I hope you liked the new opening. Heather produced it. Very well done, Heather.

HEATHER
Thank you, Sarah. It's all part of working the craft. So, you picked the topic for today. What do you got?

Sarah reaches underneath the table and grabs a placard with the hand written words: "WEIGHTY ISSUES" and places the placard in the table top easel.

SARAH
Today we are going to talk about weight. In particular, mine and my Mother's.

HEATHER
Why is that important?
SARAH
Well, Nathan thought I was too fat for him. Actually, let me rephrase that. He thought I might be becoming too fat for anyone.

Sarah hits a key on the laptop computer. Nathan's video comes up.

NATHAN
.....You're not exactly fit. That's not entirely your fault. You know, they say that you can always tell how fat a girl is going to be when she's older by looking at her mother and your mother is - well, let's face it, pretty fucking plump. So keep an eye on that for sure and you'll find someone.

CLICK and Sarah and Heather are back on screen.

HEATHER
That's not so nice.

SARAH
I'm glad you think so. I thought maybe it was just me.

HEATHER
You're about five foot four or so - yes?

SARAH
Five three - five two and half

HEATHER
Let me ask you, how much did you weigh when Nathan and you first started dating?

SARAH
Do I really have to answer that?

HEATHER
Yes, I'm trying a scientific approach here.

SARAH
(sheepishly)
A hundred and fifty four pounds.
HEATHER
Okay, that's a little overweight. But, you know, you still look great - very pretty.

SARAH
Thank you, Heather.

HEATHER
Now, how much did you weigh when Nathan broke up with you?

SARAH
One hundred and forty six pounds.

HEATHER
Wait a minute. Are you telling me that you lost weight from the time you first started dating to the time he dumped you?

SARAH
Dumped is a little harsh.

HEATHER
We've all seen the video.

SARAH
Yes, I lost a little weight.

HEATHER
That's odd then. At 154 you were perfect and at 146 you were too fat. I'm beginning to think that this wasn't about weight at all. Although he was concern about your genetics as I recall.

SARAH
He seemed to think that all women will eventually take the shape of their mother.

HEATHER
Let's bring Mom in.

Heather looks off camera.

HEATHER (CONT’D)
We're ready.

Juanita comes to the table - sits in between Sarah and Heather. She appears very nervous.
HEATHER (CONT’D)
Welcome to the show, Mrs. Garcia.

SARAH
Hi, Mom.

Juanita leans in to the screen – making her face appear much larger than Heather and Sarah's.

JUANITA
Do I look at the red dot?

SARAH
Mom, just sit back and relax.

Juanita sits back – pats down her hair.

SARAH (CONT’D)
So, as you know, Nathan had a theory that fat mom equals fat daughter. Your thoughts.

Juanita straightens herself – shoulders back.

JUANITA
Well, Mister Nathan Jones, you are one rude little boy. How dare you call my daughter --

SARAH
Mom, let's stick to the science. Do I need to be concerned about gaining weight for hereditary reasons?

JUANITA
No. My mother was rail thin. Did I become thin? No, I did not.

Juanita puts her hand on Sarah's cheek.

JUANITA (CONT’D)
You will become whatever size you desire, Mija.

HEATHER
Ah, that's so sweet.

JUANITA
(pointing at screen)
And you, Nathan Jones might just be bald. Because that is hereditary.
SARAH
Okay, that's a good spot to close on.

JUANITA
(still pointing angrily)
You'll be bald like a cue ball. A little, skinny, old, bald man.

SARAH
Mom, relax.

Juanita takes in a deep breath – regains her composure.

JUANITA
God willing that is.

SARAH
So, what do we have lined up for the next episode, Heather?

HEATHER
It will deal with the potential career path of Nathan Jones.

SARAH
I look forward to it. Wave goodbye, Mom.

Sarah, Juanita and Heather all wave at the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

SARAH
Good job, Mom.

HEATHER
You could have been an actress.

JUANITA
(blushing)
Stop it. Well, I did have the leading role in a high school musical.

HEATHER
It shows.

Juanita gets up from the table.

JUANITA
So, are you making anymore of these?
SARAH

Just a few.

MONTAGE OF SEVERAL VIDEO CLIPS

-- Sarah reaches underneath the table and grabs a placard with the hand written words: "NATHAN JONES AND THE MINIMUM WAGE and places the placard in the table top easel.

-- Sarah reaches underneath the table and grabs a placard with the hand written words: "NATHAN JONES - KING OF DUTCH TREATS" and places the placard in the table top easel.

-- Sarah reaches underneath the table and grabs a placard with the hand written words: "NATHAN JONES - LAUNDRY TIPS, WEAR IT TILL IT SMELLS" and places the placard in the table top easel.

END MONTAGE

INT. CRUISE SHIP - BAR - NIGHT

The place is over loaded with old folks. Walkers, canes and wheelchairs are everywhere.

A FEMALE SERVER, Ukrainian, (23) approaches the bar counter with an empty tray. The Senior Bartender meets her.

FEMALE SERVER

(slight accent)
Okay, I need two draft beers, a gin martini - no olives, a gin martini - extra olives, a decaf coffee and a prune juice and vodka and anything with an umbrella in it. God it's a zoo.

SENIOR BARTENDER

Bingo Night - grand prize. It's this way every cruise.

The Bartender turns around to make the drinks. He notices that he is out of martini glasses.

SENIOR BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Arrgh, I told him we were out.

(shouting)
Nathan.

Nathan enters from a door behind the bar.

NATHAN

Yo.
SENIOR BARTENDER
The glasses? You get them cleaned yet?

NATHAN
Shit. I forgot.

The Bartender points his thumb towards the elderly crowd behind him.

NATHAN (CONT’D)
Sorry, my bad.

SENIOR BARTENDER
Just get me the glasses.

The Bartender returns to the counter to the waiting Female Server.

SENIOR BARTENDER (CONT’D)
What a moron. I’ll start with the coffee.

FEMALE SERVER
He's not working out?

SENIOR BARTENDER
I don't think so. He's as dumb as the rock he crawled out from under.

FEMALE SERVER
He can't be that bad.

Nathan re-enters with a tray full of glasses.

The boat lurches. Nathan stumbles and drops the tray - CRASH. The bar customers are startled by the sound - some grabbing their chests. Broken glass is everywhere.

SENIOR BARTENDER
(to the crowd)
Sorry, all. Just some dropped glasses.

(to the FEMALE SERVER)
He can't be that bad?

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - POOL DECK - NIGHT

It's late at night, but still very warm out. Nathan sits at a pool side table talking to GIRL ONE and GIRL TWO, both in their early twenties, clad in a bikini tops and jogging shorts. Cocktail drinks are on the table in front of them.
NATHAN
So, I'm really not suppose to be out here with the passengers. It's an idiotic rule. They treat us like cattle.

GIRL ONE
Yeah, everyone needs a break. You guys work real hard.

NATHAN
That's what I tell them.

GIRL TWO
So, how did you decide that you wanted to work on a cruise ship? I mean, it can't pay well and it seems like - well, a pretty lonely thing to do.

Nathan takes a cigarette from his shirt pocket - lights it.

NATHAN
Well, I didn't really plan on it. I mean, who would choose this? It was an escape really. There was this girl in L.A.

GIRL ONE
I knew it.

Nathan exhales - pauses for effect.

NATHAN
Never mind. I don't want to spoil the mood.

GIRL TWO
Go on.

NATHAN
Well, we were supposed to get married. I found out that she was cheating on me. Anyway, I just had to get away for awhile. (misty eyed) I just thought she was the one. Turns out, she thought otherwise.

GIRL ONE
That's horrible.
NATHAN
What are you going to do?
(extends his hand)
I'm Nathan - Nathan Jones by the way.

The Senior Bartender approaches from the distance.

GIRL ONE
Nice to meet you, Nathan. I'm --

SENIOR BARTENDER
Nathan.

NATHAN
Ah shit.

The Senior Bartender reaches the table.

SENIOR BARTENDER
Good evening ladies. Is there anything I can get you?

GIRL ONE
No, we're fine
GIRL TWO
Thanks anyway.

SENIOR BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Nathan, the First Mate needs to speak with you.

NATHAN
Now?

SENIOR BARTENDER
Yes, of course now. I didn't search the entire boat to see if you could take appointment. Please, come with me.

(to the Girls)
Good evening, ladies.

Nathan stands, tucks his shirt in his pants - straightens his collar.

NATHAN
(to the Girls)
It was a pleasure. Hope to see you again.

GIRL ONE
See ya.
GIRL TWO
Bye Nathan.

The Senior Bartender and Nathan walk away. Nathan turns and gives a smile and a wave.
Girl One takes out her smart phone.

GIRL ONE
Google him.

GIRL TWO
I'm already on it.

Girl One's facial expressions go from stoic - to confused - to disgusted as she looks at her phone.

GIRL ONE
Ewwww! What a creep.

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A flat screen TV mounted on the wall is on mute.

Heather and Sarah are sprawled on her bed. Heather is looking at her IPAD. Sarah stares at the ceiling.

SARAH
I'll bet you Nathan's slept with every girl on that boat.

HEATHER
I doubt that, and besides, it wouldn't matter anyway - right?

Sarah doesn't respond - just stares at the ceiling.

HEATHER (CONT’D)
Sarah?

SARAH (CONT’D)
Right. What's the next post?

HEATHER
So, let's see if you want to respond to this one.
(reading IPAD screen)
"DON QUAN 1"
(looks up)
I'm assuming he's Oriental.

SARAH
Asian.

HEATHER
You know him?

SARAH
No. They prefer Asian rather than Oriental.
HEATHER
What about Oriental rugs? They
don't call them Asian rugs.

SARAH
Because they're rugs - not people.
Never mind. What did he post?

HEATHER
He writes...
(reading IPAD screen)
"I think you're beautiful. Hit me
back if you want to be with a real
man."

SARAH
Hit him back? Why in the world
would anyone --

HEATHER
Never mind. That was for me, not
you.

SARAH
Naturally.

HEATHER
Here's one from NOT-PLAIN-JANE.
Hmmm.

SARAH
What?

HEATHER
(reading IPAD screen)
"Thank you for taking a stand
against douche baggery."
(looks up)
I'm not sure that's even a word.
Anyway, she says...
(reading IPAD screen)
"Finally someone is fighting back.
Thanks from all of us."

SARAH
Tell her thanks for being part of
the douche baggery battle.

HEATHER
Well, well - looks like Errand Boy
is back.

SARAH
Another post?
HEATHER
(reading IPAD screen)
"Sarah, don't ruin your character by trying to destroy his. Let it go. It's not who you are."

SARAH
You know, I wonder if that's Nathan trying to get us to stop the videos.

HEATHER
I'm pretty sure it's not Nathan. There were no spelling errors.

Sarah laughs.

HEATHER (CONT’D)
What the fuck? Look!

The flat screen TV has a still image of Sarah and Heather from their first You Tube Video on the screen.

Heather grabs the TV remote from her night stand. Points it at the TV. The sound comes on.

INSERT TV SCREEN
Sarah and Heather's still image is now in the corner of the screen.

A MALE REPORTER (30) and a FEMALE REPORTER (28) are on set.

The banner beneath them reads: "VENGEANCE VIDEOS GO VIRAL."

MALE REPORTER
Well, they say hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. A series of videos entitled the problems with Nathan Jones is now the most viewed channel on You Tube.

The screen fills with a clip from Sarah's first video.

SARAH
So, why am I making this video? Simple. I want to make sure that Nathan Jones doesn't have the chance to do this to another girl. I think I can accomplish that mission through a series of videos that will let anyone know what Nathan is like in advance.
The video moves to the corner of the screen - reporters back on center screen.

FEMALE REPORTER
A word of wisdom to all you fellas out there. Break-up with your girlfriend in person.

MONTAGE
-- Aaron sees the TV report in his apartment.
-- Julio and Juanita see the TV report in their living room.
-- Mr. Sanders sees the video in his living room.
-- Josh sees the video in his apartment.

END MONTAGE
Heather jumps up and down.

HEATHER
(screaming in delight)
We're on TV! We're famous.

Sarah stares at the TV - in disbelief.

SARAH
I need to go home.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Julio and Juanita sit frozen in their recliners having just watched the TV show about Sarah's video.

Julio clicks the remote on mute.

JULIO
I can't believe she did this. This is not what Garcia's do.

Juanita doesn't say anything. She goes to Sarah's bedroom.

JULIO (CONT'D)
(calling out)
I want you to call her and tell her she needs to come home right now.

Juanita returns with Sarah's laptop computer in her hands.
JUANITA
Don't get mad. I need to show you something. Wait, let me get you a beer first.

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - NIGHT

A large passenger plane lands.

INT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - BAGGAGE TERMINAL - NIGHT

Passengers everywhere as they wait for their luggage. Nathan, wearing a baseball cap, unshaven, haggard looking with duffel bag strapped over his shoulder approaches a pay phone.

Nathan dumps several coins into the pay phone. Puts the receiver to his ear.

NATHAN
(into the phone)
God damn it, Aaron - pick up.
(recording a voice mail)
Okay, look. I'm back in town. If you get this message call me back.
Oh fuck - wait - I don't have a cell phone. Never mind, I'll try Josh.

Nathan hangs up, scrambles through his pockets and puts more coins in the phone. He dials another number.

NATHAN (CONT’D)
(into the phone)
Josh - dude, thank God your home.
(listening)
Yeah, I need a favor.

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - CURB SIDE - NIGHT

Nathan, with a cigarette dangling from his mouth, looks down the arrivals street. He hears a HONK.

A 1980 Toyota Corolla, rusted, dented and with only one working headlight pulls up to the curb. Josh sticks his head out the window.

JOSH
Dude, over here.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - 405 FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Corolla creeps down the slow lane of the 405 Freeway. Other cars pull up behind it, honk and then pass to the left.
INT. 1980 TOYOTA COROLLA, TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Josh drives - Nathan is in the passenger seat. The wind hurtles in through the open passenger window blowing Nathan's cap to the back seat.

    JOSH
    Sorry, dude, the window won't roll up.

    NATHAN
    Is this as fast as this piece of shit will go?

    JOSH
    I'm pushing it as it is. If you wanted luxury, you should have tried Uber.

Nathan sneers.

    JOSH (CONT’D)
    I thought you were going to be gone longer.

    NATHAN
    Yeah, me too. The pricks said I lied on my application and then shit-canned me. They put me on a plane home the minute we hit port.

    JOSH
    That's so harsh. So what did you lie about?

    NATHAN
    I didn't - really. For some reason they don't think a G.E.D is the same as a high school diploma.

    JOSH
    Yeah, I saw the G.E.D thing on Sarah's video.

    NATHAN
    What the fuck are you talking about?

    JOSH
    Ah shit, dude - you haven't seen the You Tube videos?

    NATHAN
    No, I haven't had a phone.
JOSH
Man, you got a lot of catching up to do.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julio and Juanita sit in their recliners as they watch TV.

Sarah enters through the front door. She's disappointed to see that her parents are still awake.

Julio picks up the remote, clicks off the TV and turns towards Sarah.

JULIO
You got a lot of splaining to do. We saw the TV show.

SARAH
Yes, I do. Just not now.

Sarah walks towards her bedroom.

JULIO
(calling out)
What, I need an appointment now?

JUANITA
Leave it be, Papi. For a little while anyway.

JULIO
You know, you got a lot of splaining to do too.

JUANITA
Yes, I do. Just not now.

Juanita gets up and heads towards her bedroom.

JULIO
Aye Caramba.

Julio clicks the remote - TV is back on.

JULIO (CONT’D)
Well, at least I get to watch what I want.

INT. NATHAN AND JOSH’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nathan is slumped in a bean bag chair, looking at a laptop computer cradled in his lap.
Josh is on the sofa, feet on a coffee table as he smokes a joint.

NATHAN
(looks up from computer)
You know I tried calling her - number disconnected. Tried e-mailing her - undeliverable address. Christ, she's not even on Facebook anymore.

JOSH
You want me to drop you at her house?

NATHAN
Er - no. I really don't want to take the chance of running into her Dad. Dude's got some guns.
(looking down at computer)
No! She promised me she wouldn't tell anyone about the G.E.D.

JOSH
(exhaling)
Like I always said, dude - you can't trust chicks.

NATHAN
This is horrible.

JOSH
It gets worse.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT
Aaron enters his Chevy Tahoe.

INT. NATHAN AND JOSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT
Nathan still in the bean bag chair. Josh still on the sofa.

NATHAN
Soy sauce? Are you fucking kidding me? I'm at least a salt shaker.

JOSH
I'm a candlestick myself.

NATHAN
Fuck off.

Josh extends his joint towards Nathan.
JOSH
Dude, relax. Have some.

NATHAN
Can't you see what this is going to do to me? I'm fucking ruined. I'm not going to get any for a year.

JOSH
Yeah, plus you'll be flying solo. That'll make it tougher.

NATHAN
What are you talking about?

JOSH
Dude, we can't go out trying to score chicks together anymore. You see how many views those Tubes got? You're like - um - chick kryptonite.

A KNOCK on the door.

NATHAN
I can't look at these anymore.

Nathan gets out of the chair - goes to the door and opens it. It's Aaron.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Aaron, thank God. You'll know what to do. You won't believe what --

Aaron punches Nathan square in the eye. Nathan falls back, trips over the bean bag chair and hits the carpet.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck!?

AARON
Yeah, I knew what to do.

JOSH
Harsh.

AARON
(standing over Nathan)
I don't want you to call me anymore. We're not friends. You're an absolute piece of shit.

JOSH
Even harsher.
AARON
Shut the fuck up, Josh.

Josh nods - takes another deep hit from his joint.

NATHAN
What did I do?

Aaron sneers, turns and exits.

NATHAN (CONT’D)
Fuck!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Aaron's Tahoe pulls up to the curb. He exits the vehicle and walks towards Sarah's front porch.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - PORCH - DAY

Aaron removes an envelope with "SARAH' written on the outside from his pocket. He places it on the welcome mat.

He rings the doorbell and then walks away.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julio, wearing a bathrobe, is in his recliner - dead asleep.

Sarah, hair wrapped in a towel, skin cream under her eyes and wearing a thick bath robe, enters the room.

SARAH
Are you going to get that?

Sarah hears a snore and realizes Julio is out.

SARAH (CONT’D)
I guess not.

Sarah goes to the front door - opens it. No one is there.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - PORCH - DAY

Sarah scans the street. Just before she closes the door, she spots the envelope with her name on it on the welcome mat - bends over and picks it up.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Holding the envelope, Sarah enters the kitchen. She pours herself a cup of coffee - takes a seat at a dinette table.
Sarah opens the envelope - removes a letter and a compass. She looks at the compass - bewildered - it was the one she had given Nathan. She places it on the table and starts to read the letter.

AARON (V.O.)
I don't know what became of the Sarah that I knew. She was a very special woman. One that knew that vengeance was beneath her. I hope she finds her way back one day.

Sarah looks at the compass. She turns it over. The inscription has been changed.

INSERT INSRIPTION ON BACK OF COMPASS

"Hope You Move in the Right Direction. Love Errand Boy."

BACK TO SCENE

SARAH
(staring at the compass)
Aaron?

Juanita enters the kitchen.

JUANITA
There you are, Mija. You got to get moving. You're going to be late for work.

A loud SNORE is heard from the living room.

JUANITA (CONT’D)
I guess I'll take you.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Josh's 1980 Toyota Corolla pulls up to the curb in front of the bank. Nathan exits the car. There's small shiner under his eye - the residue from Aaron's punch the night before.

Nathan stamps out a cigarette on the sidewalk and starts towards the bank door.

Mrs. Winslow exits the bank - spots Nathan.

MRS. WINSLow
Nathan Jones?

NATHAN
What?
Mrs. Winslow takes her handbag – swings it and hits Nathan on the shoulder.

NATHAN (CONT’D)
Ouch – what the fuck, lady.

MRS. WINSLOW
Dirt bag.

Mrs. Winslow proudly walks down the sidewalk. Nathan, holding his shoulder, enters the bank.

INT. BANK – DAY

Sarah is at an open teller window – head down, tending to some paperwork. Nathan approaches.

NATHAN
We got to talk.

Sarah, startled to the point of not quite recognizing Nathan at first.

SARAH
What are you doing? You shouldn't be here.

NATHAN
I tried calling. You changed your phone number.

SARAH
So you wouldn't try to talk to me.

NATHAN
And your email address.

SARAH
So you wouldn't try to message me.

NATHAN
And you took down your Facebook page.

SARAH
So you wouldn't try to stalk me.

NATHAN
Please, I just need five minutes.

Sarah looks toward the back – spots the BANK MANAGER.

SARAH
Can I take break early?
The Bank Manager sees Nathan nervously waiting at the teller window - surmises the situation.

BANK MANAGER

Be back in ten.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Sarah and Nathan exit the bank. She spots Josh's Toyota. She can see smoke through the Toyota window.

SARAH

Ah, I see you brought tweedly dumber.

NATHAN

How could you have done this to me? I mean we had history.

SARAH

History!? Are you out of your mind? I'm serious. Are there dead synapsis in there? You broke up with me on You Tube. You told the world that I was too fat, too sexually boring, too --

NATHAN

I didn't mean to. I mean, yeah - I meant to break up with you, but I didn't know it would go public. Josh taught me how to post the thing. I thought it would be private. I mean, we were both a little buzzed. But the dude kind of fucked it up.

SARAH

So, it's all Josh's fault?

NATHAN

Well, if you really want to blame someone - blame Aaron. If he hadn't stuck his nose where it didn't belong, this would have never happened.

SARAH

What are you talking about?

NATHAN

The night I told him I was going to break up with you. I told him that I was going to send you a text.
NATHAN (CONT'D)
Noooo - he says. You're a friend of his. I got to do it face to face. So, to get him off my ass I told him that I would. And then after he left, Josh came up with the video idea.

SARAH
(bewildered)
And?

NATHAN
And, I would have never made the video in the first place if he just let me send you that text. You know, a private text. Get it?

SARAH
So Aaron didn't know about the video?

NATHAN
No, like I told you, the video was Josh's idea. In fact, Aaron's pretty pissed. (points at his black eye) See this?

SARAH
He punched you?

NATHAN
Yeah. Fucking maniac. Sarah, please, take your video's down. They're ruining my life.

SARAH
If it makes you feel any better, they restored my life.

NATHAN
Why would that make me feel any better?

SARAH
God, you are a stupid man aren't you? I got to go. No, let me rephrase that. You got to go. Don't come here again.

Sarah walks back towards the bank entry.

NATHAN
What about the videos?
EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

A car pulls up to the curb in front of Sarah's house. Heather exits the car and runs like a banshee to the front door.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Juanita opens the front door. Heather is there, looking as if she could burst.

HEATHER
(out of breath)
Oh My God - Oh My God - is Sarah home?

JUANITA
Of course. She's in her room. Did you want to --

Heather bolts towards Sarah's room

HEATHER (O.C.)
(screaming - excited)
Sarah!

JUANITA
Come in.

Juanita closes the door.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah wears a skirt and a bra. She pulls a blouse from the closet.

One loud KNOCK and the door swings open. Heather bursts in.

Sarah - startled - clutches the blouse to her chest.

SARAH
What in the world?

HEATHER
We got a TV show!

Heather goes to Sarah - throws her arms around her and gives her a huge bear hug.

HEATHER (CONT’D)
I can't believe this is happening. And it's all because of you.

Sarah pats Heather on the back of her shoulder.
SARAH
Okay, settle down now. Now tell me calmly. What happened?

Heather takes a couple of breaths.

HEATHER
Okay, so I called the station. You know, the one that ran the story on our You Tube site.

SARAH
Why would you call them?

HEATHER
In case they wanted to do a follow-up on the story. It's not like our phone numbers are the You Tube site. And since they did the story once --

SARAH
Okay, got it.

HEATHER
Anyway, I talked to the station manager and his boss. Seems that some guy with the network saw the story and wants us to do a regular TV show.

SARAH
A regular show about what?

HEATHER
About break-ups.

SARAH
I don't think so. I don't want to be on television. I didn't like it the first time.

HEATHER
Please! You can't leave me hanging here. This is my career.

SARAH
Break-ups are your career?

HEATHER
TV. Please, just come to the meeting.
INT. TV STUDIO OFFICE - DAY

Sarah and Heather sit in large leather chairs. STEWART(40), dressed far too hip for his age and SHANNON (28), hair pulled back tight, black framed glasses - all business, sit across from them.

STEWART
So, it's a reality show. Basically, the horrible break-up of the week. You'll host and interview whatever poor gal got trashed the worst by her boyfriend and then plot the perfect revenge.
(to Shannon)
What are we calling the show again?

SHANNON
The Dumpster.

STEWART
Right - don't know why I have such a hard time remembering that. It's perfect.

SHANNON
And, Sarah, you are the perfect host. You know, the everyday girl.

SARAH
Everyday girl?

HEATHER
I'm in.

Sarah opens her purse. The compass is inside. She turns the compass so the inscription faces her. She rubs her fingers gently over it.

SARAH
I'm not.

Sarah stands up.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I'm sorry to have wasted your time. I can't do this anymore. It's not who I am.
(to Heather)
I'm so sorry.

Sarah - crying - exits the room.
Heather remains in her seat. It's quite uncomfortable in the room.

HEATHER
So, I guess that leaves me.

Shannon stands up - walks to the desk, flips though a folder.

SHANNON
No. Sarah was the one that the focus group liked.
(to Stewart)
What about that heavyset oriental girl?

HEATHER
I believe they prefer Asian.

STEWARD
I liked that girl with the southern accent better.

HEATHER
What's wrong with me?

STEWARD
Nothing. That's the problem.

HEATHER
Huh?

SHANNON
You're gorgeous. You were fine as Sarah's sidekick. But no one's going to believe that you have a lot of experience in the heartache from being dumped department.

STEWARD
You know, we've got that opening on the weekend weather.

SHANNON
Hmmm. Interesting.
(to Heather)
You interested in weather?

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Sarah kneels on a bench facing the silhouette of the Priest behind a darkened window.
SARAH
Forgive me, father for I have
sinned. My last confession was one
month ago. I accuse myself of the
following sins. I have lied on one
occasion. I have taken the Lord's
name in vain – several instances.
I have missed Mass once this month.

There is a pause.

PRIEST
For your penance --

SARAH
There's more.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH – DAY

Juanita and Julio sit in a pew outside the confessional. A
few parishioners are there waiting their turn.

Julio looks at his watch. Juanita slaps his hand.

JUANITA
Stop that, Papi.

JULIO
She's already been in there ten
minutes. That's a bit long. I mean
what kind of sins could she have?

JUANITA
Ssssh.

JULIO
Only takes me a few secs and then
I'm out.

JUANITA
(whispering)
Women take longer because they tell
the truth. You men just make stuff
up. Like it's a job interview.

JULIO
No we don't.

Juanita rolls her eyes.

JULIO (CONT’D)

What?
INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

SARAH
There was this boy - my fiance. He broke up with me in the worst manner imaginable. But that's no excuse.

(beat)
I've done some terrible things. All in the name of vengeance. Some very public things.

PRIEST
The You Tube videos?

SARAH
(aghast)
You know? How?

PRIEST
Altar boys. I caught them watching them when they were supposed to be tending to the altar.

SARAH
I'm so sorry.

PRIEST
Don't worry, they got around to it.

SARAH
No, I mean about the videos.

PRIEST
Ah, yes, of course. They are indeed a problem. For your penance I want you to say ten Hail Marys and an Act of Contrition. And, you must take the videos down. You know that you must put your justice in God's hand, my child.

SARAH
I know.

PRIEST
And you must somehow make amends to this boy.

SARAH
Couldn't I just say another Act of Contrition.
PRIEST
Sarah.

SARAH
I know - amends.

PRIEST
May God give you pardon and peace, and I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

Sarah makes the sign of the Cross.

SARAH
Amen.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sets her laptop computer in the center of the folding table. She takes a seat in front of the computer.

Sarah hits a key on the key pad. The red REC icon appears on the screen.

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

SARAH
This is the first and last edition of the problem with Sarah Garcia. As far too many of you know by now, I was fooled by a young man. My problem was that I acted liked a fool because of that. I became someone other than me. Wait - that's not right. I did it, after all. It was me.

Sarah takes a breath - this is difficult.

SARAH (CONT’D)
I want to apologize to Nathan Jones. Nathan, the videos have all been taken down. Fortunately the internet has a relatively short attention span. Regardless, I am sorry and those videos will never be seen again. I want to apologize to my friend Heather. I talked her in to doing this thing with me and then I abandoned her at a very important point in her career. Heather, I hope you can understand.
Sarah becomes teary eyed.

SARAH (CONT’D)  
And I want to apologize to Errand  
Boy for treating him so badly  
through out this whole thing.

Sarah picks up the compass.

SARAH (CONT’D)  
(crying)  
You gave me a compass. I didn't  
trust you. I should have. Someone  
got the best of me and return you  
got the worst of me. I am sorry.

Sarah takes a big breath - regains her composure.

SARAH (CONT’D)  
That's all I have to say.

BACK TO SCENE

Sarah closes the laptop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The place is about half full - noisy from the table chatter  
and the CLINKING and CLATTERING of dishes.

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

Mr. Sanders cleans the dishes from a vacated table. A  
WAITRESS at the counter rings up a customer at the register.

WAITRESS  
I think she's coming on now.

Mr. Sanders stares at a small flat screen TV hung in the  
corner of the restaurant. It shows the morning news show. A  
FEMALE ANCHOR and a MALE ANCHOR sitting side by side at the  
news desk.

MALE ANCHOR  
Let's see what we have in store  
weather-wise for the week.

Mr. Sanders turns his head back to the customers.

MR. SANDERS  
Ssssh. Just for a minute.

FEMALE ANCHOR  
I hope we can expect a warm up.
Heather appears on the screen - a weather map behind her.

HEATHER
Welcome to Heather’s weather. Time to get the sun screen out.

Mr. Sanders - emotional, teary eyed, turns around to face the customers - raises his hands in triumph.

MR. SANDERS
That's my little girl!

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julio and Juanita sit in their recliners - plates in their laps as they watch Heather complete her first weather report.

JULIO
Damn, she's pretty good.

JUANITA
You know I always thought that I could have been a weather girl. I mean, before I settled --

JULIO
Settled?

JUANITA
Settled down. With you, Papi.

Juanita gives Julio a wink.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - PORCH - NIGHT.

Sarah and Aaron sit side by side on the steps leading up to the brightly lit porch.

AARON
So, they said if I keep it up, they'll probably have a full time position for me at the end of the summer.

SARAH
Boeing's a good company, Aaron.

AARON
Yeah, I'm pretty excited.
INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julio gets up from his chair and walks over to the switch for the porch light. He peers outside at the porch through the slats of the blinds.

JUANITA
What are you doing?

JULIO
Just giving them a little help.

JUANITA
Meddling again?

Julio flicks the porch light to the off position.

JULIO
That ought to do it.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - PORCH - NIGHT.

The light goes out. Sarah gently places her hand on top of Aaron's hand.

SARAH
You're pretty good company too.

Aaron squeezes Sarah's hand.

FADE OUT.