

THANKFUL... I GUESS

written by

Steven Sallie

stevensallie55@gmail.com

INT. AMY & DEVON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

A suitcase lies open on the bed, overflowing with clothing.

AMY, 30s, frazzled, double-checks every drawer in the room to make sure she hasn't forgotten anything.

INT. AMY & DEVON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

DEVON, also 30s, relaxed, sits on the couch, searching for something to watch on Netflix while devouring a bag of chips.

Amy enters the room, heading for the couch. She searches between the cushions.

DEVON

What are you looking for?

AMY

I can't find my good earrings.
Have you seen them?

DEVON

Nope. Why do you care anyway?
They're your family, not mine.

Amy stops her search. Takes a few deep breaths, trying to calm down.

It's not going so well.

AMY

Because if I don't look nice, then
I'll have to listen to my sister
all night.

DEVON

She can't be that bad.

AMY

One time-- one time-- I forgot to
put on makeup before going to the
store with her. I had to hear
about it for days.

(high pitched voice)

"Did you not sleep well last
night, Sis? You look exhausted. I
hope you're taking care of
yourself."

(normal voice)

She's such a bitch.

Amy returns to her earring search, huffing and mumbling under her breath.

DEVON

Why don't we just not go then?

AMY

Oh my God, why didn't I think of that? I'd love to, but my parents are still pissed we couldn't make Thanksgiving last year because of quarantine. They really wanna meet you for some reason.

Devon puts his arms behind his head, flashing a smug grin at Amy.

DEVON

Everybody loves me. It's a curse, really.

Amy snorts laughter. A little more sarcastic than necessary to get her point across.

AMY

Right.

Amy lets out a low, guttural moan. Then grabs the cushion Devon is sitting on. Tries to pull it up, extending her free hand beneath it.

DEVON

I promise you it won't be that bad.

Amy stands, giving up her search for good this time.

AMY

Oh, please. You hate your family just as much as I do.

DEVON

True. But if I did care about going to Thanksgiving, I could deal with it better than you.

Amy scowls at him, folding her arms.

AMY

Is that right?

Devon nods.

AMY

You wanna bet?

Devon drops his bag of chips on the coffee table and stands up. He looks Amy in the eye.

DEVON
Yeah. I would.

AMY
Fine with me. Name the terms.

DEVON
All right...

Devon thinks it over for a moment. Finding the right way to do this.

DEVON
I bet you can't make it through dinner without getting in a fight with anyone in your family.

Amy can't believe it. She smirks, not taking him seriously.

AMY
Are you serious? Done.

DEVON
You sure about that?

Amy doesn't have to think about it.

AMY
What do I get when I win?

DEVON
If you win, you can have a whole weekend. You pick everything-- you wanna go on a bunch of dates to fancy restaurants, you wanna watch movies I hate, whatever.

AMY
Okay. What if you win?

DEVON
When I win, I get the weekend. And we get to have sex as many times as I want.

Amy lowers her arms. Deflating a bit.

AMY
Really? You can't think of anything else you'd rather do?

DEVON
Nope.

Amy looks Devon in the eye. Extends her hand.

AMY

Deal.

Devon smiles. Reaches out and shakes her hand.

EXT. AMY & DEVON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Amy watches as Devon lugs her suitcase to the car and struggles to lift it into the trunk.

Devon closes the trunk. Catching his breath.

DEVON

You know we're just gonna be there
for two days, right?

Amy sighs, rolling her eyes.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Amy and Devon's car drives along with the traffic.

INT. CAR - DAY

Devon drives, staring absentmindedly out the window.

Amy rides shotgun, her seat reclined back as far as it will go. Her eyes stare at the roof of the car. Lost in her own world.

A RIGHT-WING PROPAGANDA PODCAST emits from the stereo.

Devon looks ready to drive into oncoming traffic. He glances over at Amy.

DEVON

Why are we listening to this shit?

AMY

I'm building my tolerance for
listening to stupid people.

Devon can't help the smug expression spreading across his face.

Amy shoots him a dirty look.

AMY

What?

DEVON

Just thinking about how much lube
we're gonna need.

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)
Like, should I get individual
bottles, or buy bulk, ya know?

AMY
Eat my ass!

DEVON
Don't worry-- we'll get there.

Amy rolls her eyes. On the verge of detaching her retina. She turns the volume up on the stereo.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Amy and Devon's car drives through the picturesque cul-de-sac. Like something out of a Norman Rockwell painting. Beautifully identical homes, white picket fences.

INT. CAR - DAY

Amy stares apprehensively out her window. With each passing house, she looks more and more stressed.

EXT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - DAY

A nice two-story indistinguishable from the homes on either side of it.

Amy and Devon's car sits in the driveway behind a pair of other vehicles.

Amy and Devon-- mostly Devon-- get their stuff from the trunk, then slowly make their way toward the porch with the gait of someone walking to their execution.

EXT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Amy raises her hand-- hesitates for a moment-- then KNOCKS on the door. Takes a deep breath.

The front door opens, revealing--

MAUREEN and WALTER, 60s. Their faces light up at the sight of Amy.

MAUREEN
My baby!

Maureen pulls Amy in for a tight hug. Nearly squeezing the breath out of her.

Walter eyes Devon with contempt, giving him a once-over.

WALTER
(to Amy)
Glad you could make it.

Walter extends his hand for Devon to shake.

WALTER
(to Devon)
Nice to meet you.

Devon takes it without hesitation.

DEVON
You too, Sir. Amy's told me so
much about you.

WALTER
Wish I could say the same.

An awkward beat. No one sure what to say. They all laugh it off. Uncomfortable.

MAUREEN
Unless you guys want to eat on the
porch, why don't you come in?

Maureen and Walter turn and head inside.

Amy and Devon share a look, then follow.

INT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Maureen and Walter lead Amy and Devon into the room, where on the couch sits--

NICOLE and PATRICK, both around 40, trying to find something to watch on TV.

MAUREEN
Look who made it.

Nicole hops off the couch and embraces Amy. There's a stiffness to the hug-- the way you would do to a new acquaintance.

NICOLE
Hey, Sis. I had a bet with Dad you
wouldn't make it. Thanks for
costing me twenty bucks.

AMY
Glad I could help.

They separate.

Nicole looks Amy over. Smiles.

NICOLE
You look healthy.

AMY
Healthy? What the hell does that mean?

NICOLE
Nothing. Just healthy.

Trying his best to ignore the pair, Patrick shakes Devon's hand.

PATRICK
How's it going?

DEVON
It's going. You the son-in-law?

Patrick holds up his left hand. Points to his wedding ring.

PATRICK
Guilty.
(low)
Not gonna lie, it's nice to have someone to share the burden.

Patrick chuckles, glancing sideways to make sure Walter didn't hear him.

Devon manages a meager laugh, not sure if Patrick is joking or not.

Walter looks at Patrick and Devon. Nods his head toward the hallway leading away from the living room.

WALTER
You boys wanna see my den?

Devon makes eye contact with Patrick-- whose eyes wide like a deer in the headlights.

DEVON
Sure. We'd love to.

Walter doesn't respond. Just turns and heads down the hall.

Devon and Patrick share a look, then meander after him.

INT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Amy, Nicole and Maureen stand around the island, putting the finishing touches on the dinner's side dishes.

NICOLE
Devon seems nice.

AMY
He is. He's funny and sweet. Sure,
I wanna strangle him every now and
then...

MAUREEN
That means you're doing it right.

INT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - WALTER'S DEN - DAY

Devon and Patrick stand in the middle of the room, scanning the walls--

DEER HEADS. One after another. Covering every inch of wall space. One of them wears a GIT-R-DONE hat.

Across from the deer heads, a GUN RACK. Every space on which taken up with one RIFLE or another.

Walter stands beside the deer head wearing the hat. He eyes it fondly, slipping into his memories--

WALTER
This here is Samson. Twelve
pointer. Shot him back in '04.
Still remember the day I got
him... it was six in the morning,
I was freezing my nuts off. Ready
to pack it in. Then I saw him,
standing in the clearing. Didn't
hesitate. Grabbed my favorite
30-06 and BOOM!

Devon and Patrick recoil slightly.

INT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Amy stands at the stove, preparing the stuffing. Maureen removes some rolls from the oven. Nicole prepares a pumpkin pie.

NICOLE
Did Mom tell you me and Patrick
just got a house?

Amy tries to bury the anger and resentment building inside her.

AMY

Really? Wow. That's awesome.

NICOLE

The deal hasn't closed yet, but it will. I know it. Patrick just got a promotion-- they're talking possibly six figures.

AMY

That's great. I'm really, really happy for you guys. I'm sure it'll be nice.

NICOLE

How about you? You still leaving in that God-awful apartment building?

Maureen smacks Nicole in the back with a towel.

MAUREEN

Be nice.

NICOLE

I'm just asking a question.

AMY

It's not that bad!

Nicole cocks an eyebrow.

NICOLE

The last time I visited you, there was some homeless guy jerking off by the dumpster.

AMY

That's Terence. He's nice, really. He doesn't mean any harm. Plus, he keeps the Jehovah's Witnesses away.

Nicole and Maureen stare at her. Nicole stifles a laugh. Maureen struggles for something to say.

MAUREEN

Just keep your children inside and you should be all right.

AMY

Yeah-- that. Not sure I want kids.

Maureen stops dead. Turns to her daughter. She can't believe what she just heard.

INT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - WALTER'S DEN - DAY

Walter is still going on about his deer collection.

Devon and Patrick try their hardest to look like they give a shit. Offering occasional nods and interested looks.

WALTER

This one here put up a fight something awful. Shot the son-of-a-bitch and he took off running. Had to track him down a quarter mile down river and finish him off. Thought he was gonna get away.

DEVON

Really?

PATRICK

That's amazing.

WALTER

It really is.
(then)
You boys like hunting?

PATRICK

Um... I don't really get time. You know, with work and everything.

DEVON

Same.

WALTER

Yeah, yeah. Got work and take care of your wives. You boys are doing it right.

Devon looks at Patrick, really wanting to change the subject.

DEVON

Should we go see if they need our help with dinner?

WALTER

God, no. Then my wife will want to talk to me.

DEVON

Who wants that, right?

Walter doesn't pick up on the sarcasm.

WALTER
Exactly. I'm gonna grab a beer out
of the garage. Either of you want
one?

PATRICK
Yes.

DEVON
Absolutely.

WALTER
Coming up.

Walter leaves.

Devon and Patrick stand in the silence, surrounded on all sides
by weaponry and deer.

Devon tries to ease the tension--

DEVON
You guys visit often?

PATRICK
Not as much as we used to. Don't
get me wrong, I'm not complaining.

DEVON
I hear that. Has it gotten any
easier?

PATRICK
Not really, no.

DEVON
Yay...

PATRICK
They're a little rough, but they
mean well...
(beat)
I think...

INT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Amy now sits on a bar stool. Maureen and Nicole stand in front
of her, arms folded.

MAUREEN

What the hell do you mean you don't want children?

AMY

Sorry, but I'm just not sure I want kids. What's so bad about that?

MAUREEN

Because it's our jobs as women to bring children into the world. It's literally what we were put here for.

NICOLE

You're letting Devon down, you know that, right?

AMY

He doesn't want kids either.

NICOLE

Did he make the decision for you?

AMY

No. I made my own decision.

Amy grips the countertop. It's getting harder by the second to keep calm.

MAUREEN

I just don't want you to look back on your life and realize you made a mistake. I'd like to see my grandchildren before I die.

Nicole smiles from ear-to-ear. Like she just won the huge stuffed panda at the fair.

NICOLE

You will...

Maureen and Amy turn to Nicole.

MAUREEN

Are you serious?

Nicole puts her hand on her stomach. Beaming. She slowly nods.

NICOLE

We were gonna wait until dinner to tell you, but I'm pregnant!

Maureen loses her shit. Pulling Nicole close.

MAUREEN

Oh my God, that's amazing. Baby,
I'm so happy for you.

AMY

Me too. So happy.

She doesn't look it.

AMY

I gotta go to the bathroom.

Amy gets up and heads for the bathroom.

Maureen and Nicole don't even notice she's gone.

INT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Amy closes the door. Pulls a towel off the towel rack and
buries her face in it.

SHE LETS LOOSE A MUFFLED SCREAM.

INT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - WALTER'S DEN - DAY

Walter sits on a small couch, in the midst of a tirade. Devon
sits to his right, Patrick to his left. Both sipping their
beers intermittently to avoid having to speak.

WALTER

Now they're trying to legalize
marijuana. Bunch of bullshit if
you ask me. Last thing this
country needs is more lazy hippie
pot smokers running around. I did
not fight in Vietnam, get trench
foot, and watch my best friend
since third grade-- Tommy Akers--
get blown to hell in front of me.

DEVON

Oh my God, that's horrible.

WALTER

It was. Had his insides all over
me. I was chewing on his
intestines.

PATRICK

That's horrible.

Walter shrugs.

WALTER

Compared to the shit we ate for
breakfast, it was paradise.

Walter stares off into space for a moment. Lost in his
memories. He pulls himself out of it, then takes a generous
swig of beer.

WALTER

Either of you boys smoke
marijuana?

DEVON

Nope. I would never.

PATRICK

Not even once.

WALTER

Good. If you learn nothing else
from me, learn this: don't go
through life leaning on a crutch.
If you can't make it on your own,
that's your problem. You shouldn't
need a foreign substance to do it.

Walter drains the rest of his beer. Savoring every last drop
like a man seeing water for the first time after being trapped
on an island.

Devon and Patrick lock eyes with each other behind Walter's
back. The irony not lost on them.

INT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Amy stands at the sink, draining the water from soon to be
mashed potatoes. She stares blankly off into space. Trying to
ignore the conversation happening behind her--

MAUREEN

Have you two thought about names
yet?

NICOLE

If it's a girl, we want to name it
after you.

MAUREEN

Oh, sweetheart, you don't have to
do that.

NICOLE

No, no, we want to.

Amy silently mouths Nicole's words.

NICOLE

If it's a boy, we're thinking of naming him after Dad, or Patrick's father.

Amy grits her teeth.

EXT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - EVENING

Amy sits on the banister, looking out into the street. She looks ready to scream.

Devon exits the house and joins her on the banister.

DEVON

Your Mom says dinner will be ready any minute now.

AMY

Good, that means it's almost over.

DEVON

That bad, huh? We can drop the bet if you want.

AMY

No. We made a bet, I'm gonna do it.

DEVON

But can you handle it?

AMY

I'm fine.

DEVON

Really? Because you don't look or sound fine.

Amy opens her mouth to speak-- then quickly closes it again. She takes a slow, deep breath.

AMY

Just the normal shit with my Mom and Sister. No matter what I do, it's never good enough for her. My Sister can do no wrong. She could choke a baby in the street, and they'd think it was the best thing she ever did. Like she's so great. You know in high school she blew Jason Healey in the port-a-potty outside the football field?

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)
 He dumped her the next day-- said
 her blowing skills sucked.

Devon just nods. No clue what to say to that.

Amy picks up on this and quickly changes the subject--

AMY
 Having fun with my Dad?

DEVON
 Not as bad as I was expecting. I
 guess as long as I'm not a deer, I
 should be fine. One quick
 question: does your Dad always
 drink like a fish?

AMY
 As long as I can remember, yeah.

DEVON
 Jesus. How the hell does he walk a
 straight line?

AMY
 I don't know. Practice, I guess.

DEVON
 Just seems like he shouldn't be
 handling guns...

Amy climbs off the banister and takes a couple steps toward the front door.

AMY
 Are you doing this or not?

Devon gets off the banister and follows Amy toward the door. He reaches for the doorknob--

--but Amy beats him to it. Desperate to prove she doesn't need him.

Amy pulls the door open. Gestures inside.

AMY
 After you, sir.

Devon pulls both sides up his shirt up like a dress, giving a very convincing curtsy.

DEVON
 Thank you, ma'am.

INT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - DINNING ROOM - EVENING

The family sits around the table, eating, chatting, enjoying themselves.

Then, there's Amy.

Sitting at the end of the table beside Devon, she shovels food down quickly. Any excuse not to have to talk.

Nicole looks across the table at Amy. Notices her "appetite". Being her, she can't help but comment--

NICOLE

Geez, Sis... Sure you're not pregnant.

Amy shoots daggers at Nicole. Stops mid-bite.

AMY

I'm sure. Just hungry.

NICOLE

Careful... don't want it to go to your hips. Not that they could hold anymore.

AMY

Thanks for looking out for me...
(forced)
...Sis...

Amy manages to pull her eyes away from Nicole and looks at Walter. Desperate to talk about anything else.

AMY

So, Dad... how've you been?
Feeling good?

WALTER

Not really. I can't sleep, my back hurts all the time, and I've got a prostate the size of a grapefruit.

Maureen playfully slaps Walter on the shoulder.

MAUREEN

Walter! I keep trying to get him to go to the doctor, but he refuses. He's where you kids get your stubbornness from.

AMY

Thanks.

Maureen turns to Devon.

MAUREEN
How about you, Devon? What do you
do for a living?

Devon swallows hard. Nervous with all eyes on him.

DEVON
I work at Rent-A-Center.

PATRICK
That's cool.

The looks from everyone else around the table say otherwise.

Patrick looks down at his plate and begins cutting his turkey
into smaller pieces.

AMY
He's the manager.

MAUREEN
Well, hey, that's something,
right?

A beat.

Silence. Punctuated by the sounds of forks scraping on plates.

MAUREEN
Guess it's a good thing you two
aren't planning on having
children.

AMY
Mom!

MAUREEN
I'm just saying.

Amy stands.

AMY
Excuse me. I think I'm gonna be
sick.

She makes a beeline out of the room.

Devon looks around the table at the family. He'd rather be
anywhere else in the entire world.

He lays his napkin down, then scoots his chair back.

DEVON
Guess I should go check on her.

INT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING

Amy sits on the edge of the tub, staring at the floor. Dejected and pissed beyond all belief.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

DEVON (O.S.)
It's me. Can I come in?

Amy reaches over and unlocks the door.

Devon enters, closing the door behind him. He sits down on the toilet. Trying like hell to make the situation better.

DEVON
So... how's it going?

Amy just stares at him. *Are you serious?*

Devon hangs his head.

DEVON
That was a stupid thing to say.
Sorry.

He looks back up at Amy. Genuinely pleading with her.

DEVON
Is there anything I can do?

AMY
Can you build a time machine, go
back to before I was born, and
make my parents never meet each
other?

Devon stares at her for a beat. No clue how to respond to that.
He tries to save it with humor--

DEVON
Sorry, but that's out of my
wheelhouse. I've seen enough
movies to know that when you go
back and fuck with time, it opens
up a black hole or some shit. You
don't want me to be responsible
for that... do you?

Amy can't help but smile. Faint, but it's there.

AMY

No.

DEVON

Plus, what if I got caught and sent to prison or something? You know I wouldn't survive in there.

AMY

You would not, that's true.

They share a much-needed laugh.

DEVON

I promise we can stop the stupid bet, okay? Really, it's not worth all this.

AMY

No. We're doing the bet.

DEVON

Yeah, but it was suppose to be fun, not make you miserable.

AMY

I'm not miserable, I'm happy. Honestly.

DEVON

You can lie to them, I don't care. But don't lie to me. I can always tell when you lie.

AMY

No you can't.

DEVON

Yes I can.

AMY

Then why didn't you know I was lying when I said I didn't know who broke your X-Box?

DEVON

Wait-- that was you?

Amy narrows her eyes. Trying to look like a maniacal James Bond villain.

AMY

Or was it?

Devon stands up. Holds his arms out, awaiting a hug.

DEVON
Come on, bring it in. Right now,
let's go.

Amy smiles, then gets to her feet. She embraces Devon.
Devon kisses Amy on the head, holding her close.

AMY
I can do this, right?

DEVON
You can do this.

AMY
Just a couple more hours, right?

DEVON
Right.

AMY
We can do it right? We can survive
putting up with them?

DEVON
Yeah, sure. Okay...

INT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - DINNING ROOM - EVENING

Amy and Devon return to their seats. Trying to act like everything is normal.

MAUREEN
(to Amy)
I'm sorry, honey. I didn't mean to
upset you.

AMY
It's fine.

NICOLE
It's not your fault, Mom. She
needs to stop being so sensitive.

MAUREEN
Nicole--

AMY
It's fine, Mom. I'm used to it.

NICOLE
Used to what?

AMY

To you. To this. You've treated me like crap our whole lives, why would now be any different?

NICOLE

I don't treat you like crap--

AMY

Like hell you don't!

WALTER

Hey-- language.

AMY

Shut up, Dad!

MAUREEN

Don't talk to your father that way!

AMY

You two raised her. You're the reason she's like this!

MAUREEN

Like what?

AMY

A BITCH!

The room falls deathly silent. No one is sure what to say or do.

Amy looks like a huge weight has been lifted off her shoulders. She doesn't care about the bet-- not anymore. This feels too good.

NICOLE

Really? Me? I'm the bitch? You're just jealous I have my life on track and you're still living in some shitty apartment with a loser who works at Best Buy.

DEVON

Rent-A-Center.

NICOLE

Was I talking to you?

Devon opens his mouth to speak--

Patrick passes a bowl of rolls to Devon. Trying to deescalate the situation.

PATRICK

Roll?

Devon takes one.

DEVON

Thanks.

AMY

First: don't talk to my boyfriend like that! Second: I'm jealous of you! Please. Because it's always been my dream to be a condescending no-it-all whose favorite activity is interfering in everyone else's life.

NICOLE

And you're pissed that you'll never amount to anything and you're taking it out on me!

WALTER

Knock it off you two. It's Thanksgiving. We don't get to see each other that much.

AMY

Whose fault's that, Dad? All you want us around for is to listen to your stupid opinion on everything. Every word out of your mouth is about how the country's going to shit because our generation sucks. Boo-hoo, get the fuck over it. News flash: it's not the 50s anymore.

WALTER

Listen here, little girl! I am your father, and you will treat me with the respect I deserve.

AMY

I am!

MAUREEN

Everyone calm down. Everyone is a little on edge here. We need to take it easy. We've all said some things we don't mean.

AMY

No I meant it.

NICOLE

Me too.

Walter reaches for his beer.

MAUREEN

We're not able to do this often,
does it have to be a fight every
time we get together?

AMY

Looks like it.

Amy stands, shoving her plate away from her.

AMY

You guys don't have to worry. I
won't make this mistake again.

Amy storms out.

Nicole stands and hauls ass in the opposite direction.

Patrick and Devon look at each other, trying to act like
nothing happened.

Devon looks across the table at Maureen. Holds up his roll.

DEVON

These rolls are delicious by the
way.

MAUREEN

Thank you, Devon.

INT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - EVENING

Amy angrily repacks her suitcase. Muttering under her breath.

Devon walks in. Takes in Amy's crazed demeanor. He tries to
proceed with caution--

DEVON

Where you going?

AMY

We are going home. Unless you'd
rather stay.

DEVON

Tempting offer, but I think I'm
good. I've had all the family fun
I can handle this year.

AMY

Same.

Amy finishes packing, then zips the suitcase. She sits on the edge of the bed, looking around the room.

AMY

You know, this used to be my bedroom.

Devon looks around the room-- you'd never know it. The whole room has a generic vibe to it. Like something from the pages of Better Homes and Gardens.

DEVON

That's... cool... I guess...

AMY

No it's not. They couldn't wait for me to move out. I don't know if they even waited a full twenty-four hours before getting rid of my stuff.

Amy looks on the verge of tears.

Devon sits beside her. Puts his arm around Amy's shoulder. She lays her head on it.

AMY

Why are people like this?

DEVON

I wish I knew, baby. Some people are just assholes sometimes.

AMY

More like all the time.

DEVON

Fair.

Amy fights the tears. Trying to stay strong. She doesn't want to break down. Not here.

AMY

Congratulations to you... you beat the pants off me. Literally.

Devon gives her a small chuckle.

DEVON

Don't worry about it.

AMY

No. That was the deal. I couldn't stay calm. I lost, you won. A deal's a deal.

DEVON

As tempting as it is, it was worth it just to see you stand up for yourself.

AMY

Seriously?

DEVON

Yeah. You were badass.

Devon regards Amy for a moment. Noting her confused expression.

DEVON

Is that okay?

AMY

Yeah... it's fine. It's just no woman ever in history has been turned down for sex. I don't know how to process it.

DEVON

There's a first time for everything.

(beat)

I love you.

AMY

I love you too. Thank you for being here.

DEVON

I wouldn't make you go through this alone.

A beat.

Devon leans closer to Amy. In a low voice--

DEVON

Did it feel good to almost make your sister cry?

AMY

Oh God, so good.

They laugh.

EXT. WALTER & MAUREEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Devon and Amy stand beside their car. Maureen and Walter stand with them.

MAUREEN

I asked your sister to come say
goodbye...

AMY

It's fine, Mom. Don't worry about
it.

MAUREEN

You don't have to leave. I promise
we'll all behave.

AMY

Thanks. We really should get
going.

Walter shakes Devon's hand.

WALTER

It was nice meeting you.

DEVON

Nice meeting you too, Sir.
(to Maureen)
You too, Ma'am.

MAUREEN

Thanks, Devon.

Devon gets into the car, leaving Amy alone to say her goodbyes.

With some reluctance, she hugs Maureen.

MAUREEN

Call when you guys get home so we
know you made it.

AMY

I will.

WALTER

We love you.

AMY

Love you too, Dad.

Amy separates from Maureen's grasp and gives Walter a quick
hug.

She gives them both a smile, then climbs into the passenger's seat.

The car backs out of the driveway and pulls into the street.

Maureen and Walter watch the car drive down the street, turn right, then disappear from sight.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Amy puts in a CD. Hits play. She deflates, sinking into her seat with a relaxed expression.

Thrilled to be listening to something that doesn't make her want to die.

Devon glances sideways at her--

DEVON

So... are we doing this again next year?

Amy thinks it over briefly-- emphasis on briefly-- before shaking her head.

AMY

Not sure that's a good idea.

DEVON

Yeah. Guess not. Still, it wasn't as bad as I thought it'd be.

AMY

Glad you feel that way... 'cause we're going to your family's house for Christmas.

Devon laughs at the perceived joke. Waiting for Amy to join in with him.

She doesn't.

Just keeps a stern face.

DEVON

You're kidding, right?

Amy doesn't respond. Just turns up the stereo.

DEVON

Babe? Babe... you're kidding...
right?

Amy brings a finger to her lips.

AMY
Shush... this is my favorite part.

As Amy bobs her head along to the beat, Devon stares out the windshield. Eyes wide.

Amy looks over at Devon. The corners of her mouth curling into a smile.

FADE TO BLACK.