BESTIES

by

Kelly Fremon Craig

January 3, 2011
EXT. NORFOLK POND - SUNSET

A murky green pond dotted with floating litter.

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

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

VOICEMAIL LADY (V.O.)
Thank you. Your message has been sent.

NADINE
Motherfucker.

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

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

BEEP.

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

FADE IN:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND/RECESS - DAY

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

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

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

NADINE
Nadine Hamidi Yousefa Rostami.

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

NADINE
You think so?

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

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

KRISTA
(shrugs)
Sounds good to me I guess.

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

CUT TO:
B.F.F.S MONTAGE ---

EXT. NADINE'S SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

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

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

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

LITTLE DARIAN
(startling them)
Lesbos!!

They lose their balance and eat it.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME DOORSTEP - HALLOWEEN NIGHT

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

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

SUBURBAN MOM
Aww, you boys make such adorable ogres.

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

Turn to reveal: They found the CINEMAX channel.

Darian suddenly pops up from behind the couch.

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

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. OPTOMETRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

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

KRISTA
(blinking uncontrollably)
Whaddaya think?

NADINE
(sincerely impressed)
Woooooowwwww.

INT. ESTHETICIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

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

INT. SUNNY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL DANCE - NIGHT

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

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

NADINE (CONT’D)
Fuck these people.

Krista nods in agreement. They head for the door.

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

RECORD SCREECHES TO A HALT and we END MONTAGE.

EXT. SUNNY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL QUAD – LUNCH TIME

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

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

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

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

KRISTA
Ehh. I feel like we need a change.

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

Nadine suddenly stops eating her burrito.

NADINE (CONT’D)
(dreamily)
Hot Soccer Dan...
CONTINUED: (2)

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

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

NADINE (CONT’D)
What the hell, idiot?!

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

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

NADINE (wiping burrito off her cheek)
Screw you, tell her your gay self!

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

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

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

DARIAN
I love you, Nadine.

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

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

THREE SOPHOMORE GIRLS approach Nadine.

SOPHOMORE GIRL #1
Excuse me, is that true? You're Darian Rostami's little sister?

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

(CONTINUED)
NADINE
Uh, yeah. Yeah, I am.

SOPHOMORE GIRL #1
Wow! You guys are so different, it's almost like--
(turns to her friends)
What's that old movie where it turns out Arnold Schwarzenegger is twins with that short fat bald guy?
(friends have no idea)
You know! It's on TBS a lot, it's from the 80's? And Arnold's like big and buff and good-looking and cool? And then his twin is just like the leftover waste of genetic shit?
(they still have no idea)
Come on, I know you guys know this!

NADINE
Twins. The fucking movie is called Twins.

SOPHOMORE GIRL #1
Twins! Exactly, exactly!
(realizes)
I mean, but no offense...

Nadine's smidgen of confidence has already been squashed.

EXT. "GOLF N STUFF" MINIGOLF & FAMILY FUN PARK - THAT NIGHT
Nadine and Krista play a round of minigolf.

NADINE
I hate every single person we go to school with.

KRISTA
I'm telling you, those girls are morons.

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

KRISTA
Hmmm.

NADINE
What?

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

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

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

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

KRISTA
Yeah?

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

KRISTA
That's awesome, I love it.

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

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

Nadine grins.

ERWIN (O.S.)
Nadine, is that you?
Nadine spins around to find ERWIN KIM (16), Korean, stoop-shouldered, velcro sandals with socks.

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

ERWIN
It's Erwin. Erwin Kim.

NADINE
Yep, yeah. What are you doing here?

ERWIN
Oh nothin', you know, just hanging with my bros...
(butchers it)
Chillizzillin'...like a bowwss.

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

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

Krista gives Nadine a "toldja" look.

KRISTA
We appreciate the honesty.

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

She's wearing the CANADA SWEATSHIRT.

NADINE
Oh. Thanks.

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

NADINE
Wow. Okay. Thanks.

Erwin turns red, realizing that might have been overkill.
ERWIN
'kay, I gotta get back to my
friends now.

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Nadine and Krista and sprawled out on the couch.

KRISTA
Erwin Kim is your new lover.

NADINE
Shut up.

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

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

KRISTA
Aww, I feel sorry for that guy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NADINE
(not interested)
That's nice.

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

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

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

FLASH TO:

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

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

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

Jerry spots somebody doing something illegal.

JERRY
What's this dipshit doing? Hey
dipshit!

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

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

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

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

(then)

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

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

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

NADINE: Can Krista come?

MONA: You'll have to talk to Darian. Corolla only seats five and he'll probably want to bring Futch.
NADINE
Oh screw Futch. How’s that fair? Darian's out getting wasted with a bunch of dumb sluts, I'm here drinking Diet Sprite with my parents. I'm the good child, I should be rewarded.

JERRY

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

JERRY
(already flipped it)

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

JERRY
Slap it? Why slap it?

NADINE
(walks away)
I'm a winner.

INT. NADINE'S DRIVEWAY - NEXT MORNING

They pack up the car for the trip.

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

NADINE
You lost. Sorry, loser.

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

DARIAN
Mom, let's talk about this, I don't thin--
MONA
Oh give it up, Darian. You've been cut enough breaks in life, let your poor sister at least have this.

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

MONA
Sorry. I thought you went inside.

INT. JERRY'S TOYOTA COROLLA - LITTLE LATER
They're all piled in the car, on the way.

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

NADINE
Oh, change of plans.

KRISTA
What? No more Santa Barbara?

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

NADINE
(cuts to the chase)
Casino Morongo.

KRISTA
We're going to an Indian Casino?

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

KRISTA
No.

NADINE
No.

JERRY (CONT’D)
Then they've got a hell of a swimming pool.
EXT. CASINO MORONGO SWIMMING POOL – A LITTLE LATER

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

JERRY
Whoops, maybe shoulda called first.

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

NADINE
Who's Gallagher?

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

NADINE
And that's funny?

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

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

They head off, leaving them. Darian starts laughing.

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

NADINE
Oh shut up.

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

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

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

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

Nadine just stares at him a beat. Then:

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

INT. CASINO MORONGO LOBBY - A LITTLE LATER

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

KRISTA
So how are we doing this again?

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

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

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

DARIAN
Oh yeah, I'm real lucky.

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

KRISTA
So after we stroll in?

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

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

KRISTA
We have husbands? Are they hot?

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

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

MAN IN SUIT
Excuse me, ladies, can I--

NADINE
(immediately)
We're underage, I'm so sorry!!!

MAN IN SUIT
(trails off)
...get...you a drink...

NADINE
Shit.
(then, why not)
Two Vodka Gimlets?

INT. CASINO MORONGO SEAFOOD BUFFET - A LITTLE LATER

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

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

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

DARIAN
You hope it wakes up? It's dead, not sleeping.
NADINE
I hope that crab miraculously comes back to life and claws the fucking shit out of your face and pokes out your eyeballs and then takes a big dump on your head.

DARIAN
That's pretty elaborate for a crab, wow.

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

NADINE
We're not playing Spoons.

KRISTA
What's wrong with Spoons?

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

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

NADINE (CONT'D)
Hold on. I have an idea.

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

NADINE (CONT’D)
Excuse me, sir, that lady is choking! Please, quick, you've gotta help her!

BUSBOY
Who? What lady?!

NADINE
The elderly woman with the oxygen tank!

He turns to look, and the entire restaurant is elderly women with oxygen tanks. As he runs off to find the victim, Nadine quickly snakes a couple of bottles.
INT. CASINO MORONGO HOTEL ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Nadine does a dance, sloshing booze into their cups.

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

   DARIAN
   Okay, you did good, shut up.

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

   NADINE
   Not me, I have gum.

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

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

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

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

   KRISTA
   Nadine, you better pace yourself.

   NADINE
   (pouring herself another)
   Thanks, mom!

INT. CASINO MORONGO HOTEL BATHROOM - LATER

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

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

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

KRISTA
What's going on in your head?

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

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

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

KRISTA
Okay.

Nadine leans over and pukes.

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

KRISTA
What?

But when Krista looks over, Nadine's passed out cold. She rolls up a towel, wedges it under Nadine's head as a pillow.
INT. CASINO MORONGO HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

KRISTA
What are you doing?

DARIAN
I'm boning a Pygmy goat.

KRISTA
Um, okay.

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

KRISTA
Yeah?

DARIAN
That was hilarious.

KRISTA
It was pretty good.

DARIAN
Come're.

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

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

KRISTA
I think she had too much.

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

KRISTA
Ew, no.

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

(CONTINUED)
KRISTA
I'm not touching your gross socks, Darian.

DARIAN
I'll give you a million dollars.

KRISTA
You don't have a million dollars.

DARIAN
I'll rob a bank.

KRISTA
You'll go to jail.

DARIAN
Then I'll-- OH SHHHHIT!

KRISTA
What?

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

KRISTA
What?

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

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

KRISTA
You need peanut butter.

DARIAN
Where am I gonna get peanut butter?

KRISTA

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

DARIAN
(re: her sudden close proximity)
Well, okay then.
KRISTA
Oh stop it.

DARIAN
I'm not saying anything.

KRISTA
Shhh. Hold still.

She applies an ice cube to the gum.

DARIAN
Did it work?

KRISTA
It's been one second.

DARIAN
(one more second)
Did it work now?

KRISTA
I'm gonna kill you.

He smirks.

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

KRISTA
(feeling exposed)
Oh god, jeez.

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

KRISTA
Thanks a lot.

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

(CONTINUED)
KRISTA
It's amazing you're not in glee club.

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

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

DARIAN (CONT'D)
Ouch, Jesus, you just ripped out half my scalp!

KRISTA
(still laughing)
Sorry sorry sorry!

He watches her laugh, liking this side of her.

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

KRISTA
(laughs more)
No I do not!

DARIAN
No, you really do though.

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

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

KRISTA
Open your hand.

Krista deposits the HAIRY PIECE OF GUM into it.

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (4)

DARIAN (CONT'D)
I'm going to keep it for the rest of life.

KRISTA
Shut up.

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

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

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

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

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

INT. JERRY'S TOYOTA COROLLA - NEXT DAY


NADINE
Something's weird.

KRISTA
Hmmm?

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

KRISTA
Maybe you're car sick.

NADINE
That's not it.

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

(CONTINUED)
NADINE
My bacon was outstanding. My bacon's never been anything short of it.

KRISTA
I have no idea then.

Darian just stares straight ahead, not saying a word.

INT. SHHHS GIRL'S BATHROOM / HANDICAPPEDSTALL - MORNING

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

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

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

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

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

KRISTA
It wasn't that far, I promise.

NADINE
How far is not far? Second base?

KRISTA
Uhhhhhhh.

NADINE
Nooooo! You went all the way to third base?

KRISTA
Oh god, I'm so sorry!

NADINE
A handjob?! You gave my brother a handjob?!
KRISTA
It was a really quick one though!
Like the fastest I've ever rubbed
one out in my life, I'm serious!

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

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

Nadine gets a hold of herself.

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

KRISTA
What? Nooooooooo. I was drunk. I was
out of my mind.

NADINE
Because he's a gigantic asshat,
Krista.

KRISTA
I know.

NADINE
Like, the gigantic-est.

KRISTA
I know.

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

KRISTA
He does?

NADINE

Krista looks horrified.

KRISTA
I don't like him, okay? Trust me, I
don't like him one bit.
INT. SHHS / DARIAN'S LOCKER - BETWEEN CLASSES

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

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

DARIAN
What are you talking about?

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

DARIAN
Oh Christ, are you kidding me?

She turns to Futch.

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

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

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

FUTCH
(immediately)
Totally kidding, Nadine.

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

She turns and walks off.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

NADINE (CONT’D)
Hey, watch where you're--

But it's HOT SOCCER DAN.

NADINE (CONT’D)
Uh --
   (immediately fluffs up her hair)
Hi.

HOT SOCCER DAN
Sorry. I'm late to my class.

He picks the book up, hands it to her.

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

He keeps walking.

NADINE (CONT’D)
Oh, and um, my name's--

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

NADINE (CONT’D)
Daaaah! Quicker, you have to be quicker!

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

NADINE
Nothing. Crap, I just remembered I forgot to do my Chem homework.
ERWIN
You can copy mine.

NADINE
Are you serious?

ERWIN
Yeah, why not?

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

ERWIN
Okay, then you can't then.

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

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

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

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

NADINE
That's true.

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

NADINE
Did you just use the word "dumb-dumb"?
ERWIN
No.

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

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

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

She holds up his homework.

ERWIN
I guess not.

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


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

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

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

KRISTA
Oh yeah right, in your dreams!

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

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

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

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

DARIAN
Well I wanted to, but it was weird!

Krista exhales. They just stand there a beat.

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

KRISTA
Are you serious?

DARIAN
Maybe.

KRISTA
What kind of burger.

DARIAN
Cheese. No cheese.

KRISTA
Um... okay.

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

INT. NADINE'S BATHROOM - THAT EVENING

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

DARIAN
I need to get in the shower.

NADINE
Nope.

She keeps teasing her hair, eyeing herself.

DARIAN
'Kay.

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

NADINE
(inching away from it)
Whoa whoa whoa!

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

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

The DOORBELL RINGS.

INT. NADINE'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Nadine opens it to find Krista at the threshold.

NADINE
Hey, what are you doing here?

KRISTA
Uh, well--

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

KRISTA
I think maybe more the second one.

NADINE
Crap, I kinda thought so.

Krista steps inside. Nadine heads up the stairs.

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

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

NADINE
Love it. Genius.
(realizes)
Why are you still standing there?
Come upstairs.

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

Nadine freezes.

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

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

NADINE
Okay...

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

Nadine says nothing. Absolutely nothing.

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

NADINE
Like...like a date?

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

NADINE
That sounds like every date I've
ever imagined being on.
Darian comes down the stairs, all spruced up for the date.

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

DARIAN
See you later, Nader.

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

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

Nadine just stands there. Wordless, awestruck.

DARIAN
Eh, she's fine.

He shuts the door.

EXT. SHHS HALLWAY - MORNING

Nadine eats breakfast as Krista tentatively approaches.

NADINE
Hey. How are you?

KRISTA
Fine. You?

NADINE
Good. Hashbrown square?

She takes one, eyeing Nadine.

KRISTA
You're being weird.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
NADINE
Eat your brains? When does the
Terminator eat anyone's brains?

KRISTA
Stop bullshitting me, Nadine.

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

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

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

KRISTA
The circumstances were a little
different this time!

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

KRISTA
It was one date.

NADINE
So it was a date!

KRISTA
Oh my god, Nadine.

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

KRISTA
So what do you want me to do then?

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

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

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

KRISTA
Fine.

NADINE
(beat)
Seriously?

KRISTA
Yes. Seriously.

NADINE
Sweet.
(beat)
'nother hashbrown square?

EXT. SHHS QUAD / PENIS TREE - LUNCH TIME

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

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

KRISTA
I take it back.

NADINE
You take what back.

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

NADINE
What? That's the worst analogy I've ever heard. First of all, my brother isn't a scrumptious chocolate snack, and second, how can peanut butter cups make you uncomfortable?
KRISTA
Lots of ways. Maybe I have a peanut allergy. Maybe I just have nightmares about them jumping down my throat and clogging up my arteries.

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

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

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

Krista rubs her temples, sighs.

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

NADINE
Are you fucking kidding me?

KRISTA
No. I'm not.

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

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

KRISTA
Are you seriously being this dramatic?

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

Krista hangs there a moment. Then:

KRISTA
Fine. I will.

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

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

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

NADINE (CONT’D)
Dahhh!!!

She immediately grabs her stuff, runs after Krista.

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

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

KRISTA
You okay back there?

The wind is tearing through the windows, whipping Nadine's hair all over the place and stirring up the B.0. stink.

NADINE
I'm wonderful.

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

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

DARIAN
Mmm hmm.

INT. JACK IN THE BOX - A LITTLE LATER

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

CARLY
Well, look who's here...

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

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

Darian raises his eyebrows. Carly smiles at him.

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

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

DARIAN
This... would be Krista.

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

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

NADINE
(pops out from behind him)
Hellooooo Miss Lady.
(no response)
From Step Brothers? No?
(beat)
Congratulations on your pubes.
INT. JACK IN THE BOX BOOTH - A LITTLE LATER

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

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

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

NADINE
I'm impeding your conversation then?

DARIAN
Maybe.

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

Darian lifts his eyebrows, looks at Krista conspiratorially.

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

KRISTA
Pretty much word for word.

NADINE
Don't be sarcastic right now.

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

(acting the same)
Hey, Krista?

KRISTA
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)
Darian
You've got some sauce on your chin.

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

Nadine

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

Nadine stands up, done.

Nadine
I'm waiting in the car.

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

NADINE

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

Nadine pauses, thinking about that.

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

MONA
What?

NADINE
You're not beautiful unless somebody thinks you are.

Mona turns around, faces her daughter.

MONA
I think you're beautiful, Nadine.

Nadine just looks at her.

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

MONA
Why?

NADINE
Because I -- nevermind.

Nadine gets up, leaves the room. Mona frowns.

INT. NADINE'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

NADINE
Nadine, just relax, okay? You're getting all worked up and crazy. This whole thing is going to pass. (MORE)
CONTINUED:

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

She exhales, feeling better.

NADINE (CONT’D)
You're gonna be okay.

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

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

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

NADINE
What's all that stuff from Rite Aid for?

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

DARIAN
Move, you're in the way.

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

DARIAN
Move or I'll do it for you.

His CELL PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

DARIAN (CONT’D)
Oh hey, Krista, what's up.

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

NADINE
What?! That's her? She's calling you?
She tries to stop him, but he's already closed his door and locked her out.

NADINE (CONT’D)
No. Uh-uh. No way.

She pulls out her own PHONE and dials Krista.

KRISTA (O.S.)
Oh how funny, I just called your bro, can I call you right back?

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

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

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

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

Mona walks up just in time to observe this.

MONA
Hey watch it, that's nice wood.

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

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

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

There's no answer.
EXT. SHHS / FLAGPOLE - LUNCH TIME

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

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

KRISTA
Thanks. Forever 21 I think?

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

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

NADINE
So where are we going to lunch today, kiddos?

KRISTA
You're in a good mood.

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

DARIAN
(Dream on)
All the time?

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

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

NADINE (CONT'D)
Don't be embarrassed. A lot of people have IBS. I bet a ton of your friends do, too.
CONTINUED:

DARIAN
You better shut your mouth right now, Nad--

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

Nobody raises their hand.

NADINE (CONT’D)
Huh. I guess I stand corrected.

Darian wants to die.

SMASH CUT TO:

ANNOY THE SHIT OUT OF DARIAN MONTAGE --

INT. JACK IN THE BOX - DAY

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

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

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

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

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

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

NADINE
Care for a Milk Dud?

It totally kills the moment. Darian grits his teeth.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

KRISTA
She's my best friend.

INT. MALL - DAY

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

EXT. NADINE'S HOUSE - EVENING

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

DARIAN
You seriously have to do that right now?

NADINE
Yeah, like the low precipitation is my fault.

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

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

Nadine fights a smile. It's working.

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS - DAY

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

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

NADINE
It's a long story.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

A GOSSIPY GIRL in front of them turns around.

GOSSIPY GIRL
Yesterday at 11:45 by the flagpole.

NADINE
I can't believe this.

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

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

ERWIN
What stupid slutty girl?

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

The GOSSIPY GIRL spins around again.

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

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

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

Erwin thinks a sec.

(CONTINUED)
Okay, but what if tonight you did something really cool to just, you know, get your mind off things? Like we could go to the La Habra Corn Festival where they have rides and games and probably maybe corn? Or we could play mini-golf again? Or go to Souplantation and eat like 45 bowls of soup and just be like, "wooo0000, we're eating so much soup, we're having so much fun, la la la la!"

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

I don't think so.

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

INT. NADINE'S ROOM - FRIDAY NIGHT

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

Krista stands at her door.

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

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

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

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

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

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

KRISTA
Is he okay?

NADINE
I think that's just how he sleeps.

She taps on his tank. Nothing. Maybe not.

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

He heads for the stairs.

KRISTA
Sure you don't wanna come?

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

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

Something about it makes her feel like absolute shit.

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

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

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

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

NADINE
Thanks, Jerry!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

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

Nadine thinks about it, not so sure.

NADINE
What are you guys gonna do?

INT. SUPER K-MART - A LITTLE LATER

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

MONA
(holds up ticket)
Oh my god, I won 2 dollars!

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

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

NADINE
This is where you guys hang out on weekends?

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

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

NADINE
Can you just drink that here, mom?

MONA
Not really. I brought a thermos.

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

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

Total madness. Kids passed out on the lawn, a dude peeing in a BIRD FOUNTAIN.
As Krista and Darian make their way through the party, people eye her up and down, checking out Darian's new catch. If he likes her, she must be hot.

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

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

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

SOPHOMORE GIRL #1
You're so beautiful, your hair's so awesome!

SOPHOMORE GIRL #2
I know, and I love how you own your freckles and just said screw it to orthodontia!

KRISTA
Uh, thanks...

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

INT. CARLY CORVETTI'S HOUSE PARTY - CONTINUOUS

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

HEATHER
Come on, come dance with us!

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

INT. SOUPLANTATION - A LITTLE LATER

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

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

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

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

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

NADINE
Mmm, clam chowder.

ERWIN
Ooh, I love clam, I could eat clam all night long.
(eyes bulge, realizing)
No! I didn't mean it like that. I seriously meant the real clam, not the other clam! No, I mean the other one is fine, too, it's great!
(beat)
What I'm trying to tell you is that I like shellfish and I also like the other shellfish -- at least hypothetically -- but only one of those things would I announce at full volume in the Souplantation.

Nadine just looks at him.

NADINE
Erwin?

ERWIN
Yes?

NADINE
Let's not have anymore caffeine tonight.

ERWIN
(nods)
Just water.

EXT. LA HABRA CORN FESTIVAL - A LITTLE LATER

Erwin munches on a GIANT EAR OF CORN while Nadine eats CHOCOLATE COVERED BACON. They wait in line for the FERRIS WHEEL. Erwin's relaxed a little.
NADINE
You know, I thought chocolate bacon
would be bad, and I’m surprised to
say: It’s actually worse than that.
It’s just a total miss on every
level.

ERWIN
I'm sorry.

NADINE
It’s not your fault. Unless you
invented it?

ERWIN
No. That was not me.

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

ERWIN
Okay.

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

ERWIN (CONT’D)
Here we go...

NADINE
(as it takes off)
Woooooool!

They reach the top.

ERWIN
Wow, look at that view...

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

NADINE
I think I can see Catalina...

Erwin smiles. They settle in.

NADINE (CONT’D)
So, tell me something while we're
on the ferris wheel. What are your
hopes and dreams, Erwin? What do
want out of life?
ERWIN
Oh, I don't know. I'm just an average guy I guess.

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

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

NADINE
Yeah? Like how?

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

Beat.

NADINE
As in... you play the flute?

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

Another beat.

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

Erwin shrugs. Yeah, maybe not...

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

She sighs, looks off.

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

ERWIN
A monkey?

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

ERWIN
That's terrible. I'm so sorry.

NADINE
It's okay.

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

NADINE (CONT’D)
(pushing him off)
What the hell are you doing?!

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

NADINE
Oh. My. God.

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

NADINE
We gotta get off this thing.
ERWIN
(as they near the bottom)
Excuse me, sir, can you let us off?
She'd like to be let--

But they keep going around for another turn.

NADINE
It's fine. It's okay.

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

(beat)
Maybe I should pay you.

NADINE
You're not paying me.

ERWIN
Not. No I am not.

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

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

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

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

KRISTA
Hey...

Carly backs off a little, fake-smiles.

CARLY
Oh hi.

DARIAN
Tearin' it up out there.
CARLY
I know, your forehead-sweat is like hello.
(fake laughs)

Krista wipes her face, self-conscious.

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

KRISTA
Sure.

CARLY
Seriously? It's barely lam.

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

CARLY
So that was the problem?

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

DARIAN
Thanks for the party.

EXT. NADINE'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

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

ERWIN
I had a good time.

NADINE
Me, too. Thanks again. See you Monday?

ERWIN
(smiles, thumbs up)
Monday funday.

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

ERWIN (CONT'D)
You're an idiot and you're going to go kill yourself now, okay? Okay.
INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. NADINE'S BACKYARD - NEXT DAY

Jerry teaches Nadine to play CROQUET. Mona sunbathes nearby.

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

NADINE
(sooooo nonchalant)
Oh hey Krista...

INT. KRISTA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

KRISTA
So I saw you changed your profile picture.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

KRISTA
He's wearing a tuxedo.

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

KRISTA
Nadine.

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

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

KRISTA
Okay...?

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

KRISTA
What are you trying to say right
now?

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

KRISTA
Space?

NADINE
Space.

Beat.

KRISTA
Well, I don't want space.

NADINE
I know, it'll be very rough.

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

NADINE

KRISTA
I feel like it is.
Krista sighs.

EXT. SHHS / PERFORMING ARTS HALL - LUNCH TIME

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

EXT. SHHS / PENIS TREE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

INT. SHHS / PERFORMING ARTS HALL - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

They just stare blankly at her.

NADINE (CONT'D)
Interesting how much better that joke was in my head.

ERWIN
We can go somewhere else if you want.
NADINE  
No, no, practice. I brought my burrito.

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

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

ERWIN  
Uh... alright.

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

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

NADINE  
Holy shit, are you kidding me, Erwin?!

He kicks the ground, bashful.

ERWIN  
Oh, be quiet... 
(them)
Wait, you mean that in, like, a good way, right?

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

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

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

Erwin smiles ear to ear, he could receive no bigger compliment.
EXT. SHHS PARKING LOT - AFTER SCHOOL

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

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

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

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

INT. NADINE'S GARAGE - LATER

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

NADINE
Krista has dandruff!

DARIAN
What?

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

Darian sets down the weights, sensing what this is.

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

NADINE
In the 7th grade, she had chronic bacne.

He starts pushing her out of the garage.

DARIAN
Get out.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

DARIAN
Nadine--

He's forcing her out the door.

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

He's got her out of the garage.

DARIAN
G'bye!

NADINE
FRESHMAN YEAR SHE POOPED IN A TUPPERWARE CONTAINER!

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

INT. NADINE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

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

She finally throws a BOOK at the wall.

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

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

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

INT. SHHS/HALLWAY - MORNING

Nadine finds Krista at her locker.

(CONTINUED)
I need to talk to you about something.

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

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

Okay.

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

It might involve pig's blood?

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

What the hell are you talking about, Nadine.

Have you ever seen the movie, Carrie?

I've never even heard of that movie.

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

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

KRISTA
And so you're saying?

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

Krista just looks at her.

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

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

Krista's conflicted.

NADINE (CONT’D)
I'm sorry. Seriously. You don't deserve this and I'm so sorry.

Krista swallows, suddenly feeling sick.

INT. SHHS HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER / BETWEEN CLASSES

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

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

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

DARIAN
Considering what?
KRISTA
The way Carly acts all in love with you and is always such a huge bitch to me!

DARIAN
And you think that means I like her?

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

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

KRISTA
They aren't?

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

Krista's not in the mood.

DARIAN (CONT'D)
No, you know what? I'm taking care of this right now.

He shuts his locker, angry.

KRISTA
But the bell already rang.

DARIAN
Just follow me.

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

INT. NADINE'S HEALTH CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Darian marches right past MR. PERRY (40's) who's writing something on the chalkboard. Nadine studies a PLASTIC UTERUS.
NADINE
What are you doing? You can't just walk in here and interrupt our learning!

DARIAN
(to the teacher)
I'm borrowing her for a second.

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

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

EXT. NADINE'S CHEMISTRY CLASS - CONTINUOUS

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

NADINE
(noticing Krista)
What the hell is this?

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

NADINE
I'm not telling her crap!

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

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


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

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

(CONTINUED)
Krista's eyes bulge. What did he just say?

NADINE
Stop it, let go of me!

He finally lets go.

DARIAN
I'm going to class.

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

NADINE
Thanks a lot for the help there, my neck's about to be snapped and you're like--
(imitates, eyes her nails)
Wow, I should really get my cuticles cut...

KRISTA
You told him about the tupperware?!

NADINE
What? I'm sorry...

KRISTA
Why would you tell him that?!

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

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

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

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

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

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

NADINE
Oh right, get over yourself!

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

NADINE
Good, you think I give a crap?! I'm done, too! D - O - N!
   (realizes)
   E!

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

INT. ERWIN'S PARENTS' MINIVAN - LATER

Erwin nervously fusses with the radio, adjusting the volume.

ERWIN
Is my talk radio too loud for you?

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

NADINE
It's fine.

Erwin eyes her anxiously, not sure what to do.

NADINE
No.

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

NADINE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry you have to deal with me, Erwin. You're always so nice.
   (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

NADINE (CONT'D)
It makes me feel like a horrible person.

ERWIN
You're not horrible.

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

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

Nadine looks off, heaves a sigh.

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

Erwin looks concerned.

EXT. STARBUCKS - A LITTLE LATER

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

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

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

HEATHER
Hmmm.

Krista shakes it off, tries to focus.

EXT. NADINE'S ROOF - A LITTLE LATER

While Mona and Jerry make dinner, Nadine is splayed out on the living room floor, hollow eyes gazing hopelessly at the popcorn ceiling.
MONA
I'm not sure you want to lay on the carpet, I haven't vacuumed up the cat hair in a while.

NADINE
Uh huh.

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

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

Mona shakes her head.

MONA
You're so sensitive lately.

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

EXT. NADINE'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

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

NADINE
(Mad Men voice)
Good afternoon, Draper residence.

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

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

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

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

Nadine softens, drops the act.

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

    KRISTA
    I don't know if I want to know.

    NADINE
    Probably not.

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

    NADINE
    I'd really like that.

    KRISTA
    How about this weekend?

    NADINE
    Great. Sounds like a dealio.
    (beat)
    Punch me if I ever say "sounds like
    a dealio" again, 'kay?

Krista laughs.

    KRISTA
    'kay.

EXT. SHHS HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Nadine and Erwin walk and talk.

    ERWIN
    Well, that's really positive.

    NADINE
    Yeah, I think so.

    ERWIN
    It's like the saying, "Sometimes it
    takes a big fight to move along and
    repair things and get all better
    and stuff..."
That doesn't sound like a saying.

It's...a Korean proverb.

He's the worst liar ever. Absolutely terrible.

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

Erwin grins.

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

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

Well, here we are.

Here we are...

Just you and me.

You and me.

So... what's new with you?

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

I guess not much either then.

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

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

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

Since when?

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

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

Krista laughs.

Your hair looks good by the way.

Really? I'm wearing a Bump-it.

Your head looks amazing. Huge and amazing.

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

Krista laughs.

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

Um, yeah.

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

(hesitates a sec)
Yeah, well, uh --
CONTINUED: (2)

Before she can finish, the WAITRESS roll over.

    WAITRESS
    So what are we having, ladies?

    NADINE
    Dos tuna melts and Dr. Peppers please.
    (clarifies)
    Dos is Espanol for two.

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

    NADINE (CONT'D)
    Oh. And Espanol is Spanish for Spanish.

    WAITRESS
    (beat)
    Thank you.

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

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

Krista laughs at how weird this is.

    KRISTA
    I've missed you, dude.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - A LITTLE LATER

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

    NADINE
    Awww yeah, take a sip of this.

    KRISTA
    (takes a sip)
    Woah, how'd you...?

    NADINE
    (smiles big)
    I made friends with the bartender.

    KRISTA
    That guy?

    (CONTINUED)
Krista eyes the CREEPY-LOOKING BARTENDER. He waves.

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

KRISTA
Sounds perfectly safe to me.

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

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

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

KRISTA
Hhhhhoooooorrrrryyyyy!!!!

NADINE
(victory arms)
Double rainbow across the sky!

They high-five each other, dance around.

CUT TO:

HAPPY BOWLING MONTAGE

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

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

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

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

--Krista throws a spare. She and Nadine lock arms, doing a
square-dance jig.
--Krista and Nadine pretend to ice skate in their slippery bowling shoes.

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

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

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

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATER

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

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

KRISTA
And next time we're all getting matching tattoos.

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

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

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

KRISTA
Oh, what a night.

NADINE
(sings)
Oh what a night! Da da da da back in '63!

KRISTA
(sings along)
What a very special time for me!

NADINE
KRISTA
AS I REMEMBER, WHAT A NIGHT! AS I REMEMBER, WHAT A NIGHT!

(CONTINUED)
NADINE
Gayest song ever.

KRISTA
How do we even know that song?

NADINE
Because we're humongous gaylords.

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

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

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

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

Nadine smiles awkwardly, suddenly feeling very uncool.

NADINE
Hola...

They all wave and say hi.

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

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

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

Jen nods. That's right.

KRISTA
Oh good. Great.

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

(CONTINUED)
KRISTA
Yeah, have fun.

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

NADINE
Dress...? Limo?

KRISTA
Well, uh --

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

KRISTA
Nadine, I--

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

Nadine starts speed-walking away, pissed.

KRISTA
Nadine. Wait! NADINE!

Nadine walks faster, then turns around, adds--

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

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

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

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

EXT. NADINE'S STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Nadine wanders up to her house. He feet are completely blistered from the long walk. Ouch, ouch, ouch, ouch.
INT. NADINE'S HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

She drags herself down the hallway, into --

INT. NADINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

    NADINE
    Ew. That was creepy!

    KRISTA
    Give me a chance to explain.

    NADINE
    I don't want hear it.

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

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

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

    NADINE
    What?

    KRISTA
    And then--

    NADINE
    And then what, Krista?

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

This hits Nadine where it hurts.

    NADINE
    Get out.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

KRISTA
I didn't mean it like--

NADINE
GET OUT OF MY ROOM!!

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

DARIAN
What the hell's going on?!

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

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

Nadine fights back tears.

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

Darian pauses. He never thought of it like this.

DARIAN
Nadine...

She runs back to her room, shuts the door.

FADE TO:

EXT. NORFOLK POND - DAY

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

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

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

He takes his CELL PHONE out, starts dialing.
CONTINUED:

NADINE (CONT’D)

Ah, crap.

She quickly shoves it all back in the bag.

INT. NADINE’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

EXT. SHHS HALLWAY - DAY

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

INT. NADINE’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

NADINE
Ah, make it stop!

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

INT. SHHS / PERFORMING ARTS HALL - LUNCH TIME

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

INT. NADINE’S ROOM - AFTERNOON

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

EXT. SHHS FLAGPOLE - LUNCH TIME

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

EXT. SHHS - LUNCH TIME

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

(CONTINUED)
That's it -- there's no going back now.

FADE TO:

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

Erwin smiles, super proud of himself.

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

NADINE
Wow, that's amazing!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NADINE
What?! She did?!

LAB PARTNER
Why?!

GOSSIPY GIRL
I don't know, something about a girl!
(into phone)
What girl? Who's this girl?
(beat, announces)
She forgets her name but she's hairy and kinda looks like a human-version of Alf?

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

GOSSIPY GIRL
Whatever.

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

Erwin can't say a word, still flattened from her rejection.
EXT. SHHS HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

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

NADINE
Hey... I heard what happened.

Krista wipes her nose, trying to hold it together.

NADINE (CONT’D)
I - I'm sorry.

KRISTA
Are we friends again then?

NADINE
Krista, of course, I...

KRISTA
(bursts into tears)
Good.

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

NADINE
God, I think she's really upset.

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

NADINE (CONT’D)
What's wrong with you?

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

NADINE
Erwin--

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

He shuts his locker, walks off. Nadine swallows.
INT. MONA'S BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

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

Mona pokes her head in.

MONA
What are you doing in here.

Mona notices the tears in her eyes, comes in.

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

Nadine looks off, heaves a sigh.

NADINE
I feel awful...

Mona walks over to the tub.

MONA
Mind if I join?

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

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

NADINE
Not like this...

Beat.

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

She shakes her head, thinking.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

Mona puts an arm around Nadine, pulls her close.

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

NADINE
Pretty sure that one's done.

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

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

NADINE
I love you, mom.

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

EXT. DARIAN'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

REM's "Everybody Hurts" wails from Darian's room. Nadine knocks.
After a moment, he opens the door, turns down the music. He's eating a BEEF STICK (he's already eaten like 12) and looks like a wreck.

NADINE
I'm sorry I was an asshole.

Darian sits down on the edge of his bed.

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

NADINE
Darian --

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

Nadine can tell how sincere he is.

NADINE
You've gotta take her to prom tomorrow.

DARIAN
She doesn't want to go.

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

DARIAN
What do you need?

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

DARIAN
(are you kidding me?)
No.

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

Darian laughs, throws her a beef stick.

(CONTINUED)
DARIAN
Let's do it.

INT. MALL - AFTERNOON

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

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

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

DARIAN
You can't tell anyone about this.

Nadine locks her lips, throws away the key.

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

DARIAN
Exciting, huh.

NADINE
Smells like taco seasoning.

Darian approaches a STORAGE CLOSET labeled "FIELD MAINTENANCE."

DARIAN
Pretty sure it's in here.

EXT. PARTY CITY - EVENING

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

EXT. ERWIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

DARIAN
(whispers)
You think that's necessary?

He's just walking normally.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

EXT. HABIBI RESTAURANT & DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

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

DARIAN
This is it?

NADINE
That's what mom told me...

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

INT. NADINE'S HALLWAY - LATER

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

FADE TO:

EXT. ERWIN'S FRONT PORCH - MORNING

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

ERWIN'S DAD
(in Korean)
Erwin! Get out here right now!

Erwin comes to the door in his pajamas to behold:

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

A huge smile spreads across his face.

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

Nadine driving Darian's pick-up when her phone rings. Intercut between her and Erwin.
ERWIN (O.S.)
Did you happen to decorate my mom's van with a bunch of streamers and stuff?

NADINE
Maybe. Do you like it?

ERWIN
It's pretty amazing.

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

Erwin clears his throat.

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

(beat)
That voice was kinda weird, sorry.

NADINE
(laughs)
I can't wait.

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

NADINE (CONT’D)
Show time.

Nadine swallows, nervous.

INT. KRISTA'S BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**KRISTA**
I can't believe you did all this.

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

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

**NADINE (CONT'D)**
We have an appointment at the salon in 10 minutes.

Krista grins.

INT. HAIR SALON - A LITTLE LATER

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

1. Nadine's nails are painted fire engine red. She makes a little claw with her hand. Arrrggh.

2. Krista lets out a series of yelps as her eyebrows get waxed.

3. Nadine's hair is flat-ironed, plumes of smoke coming off it. "Smoke is normal, right? Smoke is fine?"

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

5. Nadine puckers her lips for lipstick application.

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

INT. HAIR SALON - LATER

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

   NADINE
   Holy crap, you look hot.

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

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

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

   DARIAN
   Who's ready for prooooooommmnnn niiiiight?

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

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

   DARIAN
   Wow, sis.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ERWIN
Bullseye.

KRISTA
You look amazing.

Nadine smiles.

NADINE (V.O.)
All in all, prom night turned out to be pretty big success.

INT. SHHS PROM - LATER

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

NADINE (V.O.)
The food was good. Lotta white guys got drunk and thought they could breakdance.

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

NADINE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Erwin's friends seemed to be having fun, too.

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

CARLY
Is that a foot long?

He smiles huge.

Nadine turns to Krista.

NADINE
I'll be right back, 'kay?

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

NADINE (CONT’D)
(freezes, flushed)
Oh. Hi.
The moment has finally come. He looks her right in the eyes.

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

NADINE
(beat)
Thank you so much.

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

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

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

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

ERWIN
Whoa...what?

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

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

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

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

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

TIME CUT --

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

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

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

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

TIME CUT--

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

BAND’S LEAD SINGER
Last song, party people!

TIME CUT--

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

NADINE (V.O.)
Some chicks cried.

As they sing along, several girls weep. “School’s almost over...” Even Nadine & Krista fight a tear.

TIME CUT--

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

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

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

TIME CUT--

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

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

INT. NADINE’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

A small, almost undetectable smile comes across her face.

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

As Nadine’s eyes flutter shut, we---

FADE OUT.

THE END.