

H O H M A N M A Y B A N K L I E B

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BETTY 'S READY

By

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FADE IN:

INT. LA QUINTA HOTEL - BANQUET ROOM #12 - NIGHT

A projectile spew of HOT PINK SWAG clashes with rust-colored carpet. Mylar balloons, eight tons of crepe paper and hand-me-down Christmas tree lights put some low-rent flair on this bargain-basement shindig.

BETTY (V.O.)
Prom. A la Barbie's Whorehouse.

A sagging paper banner across the entrance reads: 'A NIGHT TO REMEMBER.'

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Gag me with a box of cocks.

Girls in sparkly dresses wince in pinchy heels, bumping elbows with shiny-faced boys in rented tuxes who stretch the shoulder seams of their rented tuxes.

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But who cares about the cheese-ball decor? Or the fact that this whole room smells like day-old twat? Not me.

The room is hot with nervous energy, testosterone, cleavage.

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Because this is it. The night.

Music blares. A disco ball twirls.

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Time to get some serious ass.

Under a tinsel-draped trellis stands BETTY WHIRLEY in a white dress that is too big for her. Like a girl playing dress-up.

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Time to get plucked.

Pretty, yes. But a hard sell. Shave off twenty IQ points and she's on the cover of 'Seventeen.' America's Cupcake.

Next to her, TYLER SCHACKNIES (jock-in-a-box) fusses with his hair, fiddles with his satin cummerbund.

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Finally.

Betty pulls him close as they SMILE for the camera.

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sweet, sweet penetration.

A FREEZE FRAME of the photo. And, of course, Tyler BLINKS. Next to him, frozen for eternity, Betty's strained smile. Her smeared lipstick. Fingers clenched around his in a death grip.

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Tyler Schacknies. My hero.

In the crowded room, Betty finds her best friend, XAN MONROE. They air-kiss. Tyler and JEFF KLOTZ, his football buddy, slap shoulders over a punch bowl.

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've waited two years on this jack-ass.

On the packed dance floor, STUDENTS get down to a funky beat. Bright faces, bad hair, the glitter of rhinestones, sequins and waaay too much lip-gloss. Yep. It's Prom.

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Two precious, cellulite-free, perky-titted, handjob-only high school years that even I, at my tender age, have the wherewithal to recognize will never swing around again.

Betty and Tyler sway to a slow dance. She looks up at him, the lights twinkling across her face, dewy-lipped, eyes full of sweet glistening innocence and anticipation.

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
All I've got to say is, his dick better deliver. I mean, rolling blackouts all up and down the Eastern Seaboard, I might need medical attention in the aftermath deliver.

They slip out, DOWN THE HALL and into the elevator.

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Tyler. His delicate sensibilities.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

He nervously grabs her hand. She anxiously looks over at him.

BETTY (V.O.)
His nightly mantra: 'Let's wait, let's make it special, Betty.'

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Outside the room, Tyler fumbles with a key card. She snatches it away, shoves it in the lock and swings the door open.

BETTY (V.O.)
It has to be freaking magical.
Supercalifragilicious. Fred Astaire
and Ginger Rogers under moonlight
and roses and all that horseshit
and Hallmark craptasmagoria he's
inexplicably into.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rose petals are strewn across the bed, candles flicker on every surface. A Martha Stewart tableau. The only thing missing are the onion tartlettes.

She turns to Tyler, flashes an incandescent smile.

BETTY (V.O.)
And I'm like, balls, tits --
snatch, pecker. Let's go boom.

Tyler moves in for an awkward kiss. Screw that. Betty shimmyes out of her dress to reveal a black lace teddy.

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm the freaking guy here.

Betty takes a flying leap onto the bed. Hooyah!

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Please. Let's just do it already.

Tyler eases down on the edge. She yanks him back, straddles him, whips off his cummerbund with a flourish.

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I can't go to college a virgin.

She pins his arms over his head, devouring his mouth.

BETTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Not an Ivy League college.

But something isn't right. She stops.

BETTY (CONT'D)
What's wrong? Did you forget the
condoms?

Tyler rubs her shoulders, her arms.

TYLER
Nothing. It's good. Really good.
It's great.

She reaches down.

BETTY
Then why don't you have a hard-on?

TYLER
You want a beer or something?
Jeff's brother got us some
Heinekin. I'm super thirsty.

A horn-dog chick straddling him on Prom Night and he wants a
brew-break? This boy has lost his cotton-picking mind.

BETTY
No, I don't want a beer. We came
here to fuck, Tyler.

TYLER
It's just, it's a lot of
responsibility, you know. Being The
One for you. It's a lot of
pressure, Betty.

BETTY
Pressure? To have sex with me? It's
not a Calc final.

Tyler pushes her off of him, turns away. The douche.

TYLER
What do you want from me? Damn!

BETTY
Ohmigod. If we have this fight
again, I swear, I'm going to get
your mother's chihuahua to shit in
every pair of shoes you have.

Tyler gets up, shoves his shirt back into his pants.

TYLER
Don't worry. We're not.

Betty leaps off the bed, snatches up her dress.

BETTY
I'm ready. Really, really ready.
You said you were ready, too. It's
senior prom. The closest we're ever
going to get to attaching it to
something we can always remember.
It's our last chance, Tyler!

He stares at her. Anger, frustration. And something else. Guilt?

She jams her arms through her dress.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I don't get it. I mean, what are you? Some kind of closeted wad-gobbler or something? Christ.

Humiliated, she starts to zip up her dress. And then, it dawns on her. Her eyes meet his.

The look. On his face. Holy Homo. He's Lance goddamn Bass. How could she not have seen it before?

BETTY (CONT'D)
Ohmigod. You are, aren't you?

TYLER
What?

BETTY
You're gay. You are. You're fucking gay.

Tyler tries to muster up an indignant denial, but it's too late. The mask has fallen.

CLOSE ON -- Betty's stunned face as the truth sinks in.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

A post-Prom soiree at a tree-lined cove overlooking a lake.

The real party.

A semi-circle of cars. Headlights blaring, music thumping, GIRLS squealing, a bonfire raging, everyone knocking back cheap beer and hitting the bongos.

Betty's car screeches down the dirt road to join them.

INT. BETTY'S CAR - NIGHT

Vibrating with rage, Betty clenches the steering wheel. Tyler checks his teeth the passenger seat mirror.

TYLER
I couldn't come out in high school, Betty. I'm on the football team. Do you have any idea what that would do to school morale?

BETTY

You should have told me, at least. My mom's a lesbian. I would have understood. Shit, I would have set you up. And moved on. And not wasted two years of my life waiting on a dick that was never destined for me.

TYLER

Don't act like it was a total hardship. You got to date a quarterback. Way above your social strata. And I bought you stuff!

BETTY

There were other guys who would have waded through a lava trench to get at my snatch.

TYLER

I doubt that.

BETTY

And you made me feel like there was something wrong with me. You used me. For two years! Do you have any idea how serial-killer sociopathic that is?

TYLER

Oh, please. It's not like I made a skin suit out of you and wore you around the garden.

She SLAMS on her breaks, nearly smashing into a wild-eyed HALF-NAKED GIRL being chased into the woods by a BOY who is still wearing his formal jacket and tie, but has somehow LOST HIS PANTS.

BETTY

You robbed me. These two years could have been magical. They were supposed to be magical! And I'll never get them back.

TYLER

Just don't tell anyone. Don't tell my parents.

Still ... ALL ABOUT HIM.

BETTY

You know, gay or straight, you're still a massive, gaping asshole.

TYLER

So, are you? Going to tell?

(no answer)

If you do, Betty, I'm going to spread the word that you gave me gonorrhea. And they'll believe me. Then no one will have sex with you. Not even Band Geeks. So think long and hard about your decision.

EXT. LAKE - LATER

Still in her white dress (it's filthy now, like her psyche), Betty squats in the bed of a truck, chugging a Coors.

Next to her is her best friend Xan, a 45 year old bar-fly trapped in a barely-legal body. She clutches a pint bottle of Dewars and takes a drag on her Virginia Slim.

XAN

You think all those blow-jobs you gave him, he was imagining you were a dude?

Fuming, Betty stares across the throngs of PEOPLE at Tyler. To rousing cheers, he and his football buddy Jeff Klotz unload a fresh keg from an SUV.

XAN (CONT'D)

No wonder he was always ragging you about cutting off all your hair.

BETTY

He told me I'd look like Audrey Hepburn.

XAN

Okay, the fact that he even knows who Audrey Hepburn is should have been a big red 'I LOVE COCK' flag.

Betty cracks opens another beer. Scorned. Plotting.

BETTY

Jeff Klotz came stag, didn't he?

XAN

Yeah. 'Roid rage will tend to keep the fillies at bay.

(then)

I can't believe I didn't see the homo-luscious in Tyler. I'm usually more perceptive than that. To tell you the truth, I disappoint me.

BETTY
Where's Brady?

XAN
Who?

BETTY
Your date, Xan.

XAN
Oh. I turned his dick inside out on
the way over here. He's rehydrating.

Xan points to BRADY, a fresh-faced, but EXHAUSTED boy leaning
over a nearby car. He sips some Gatorade and waves at them.

BETTY
God, Xan. He's a Jehovah's Witness.

XAN
Just cause he can't stand up and
salute the flag doesn't mean he
can't worship The Puss. No man's
exempt from that. Latent gaytards
notwithstanding, of course.

BETTY
You barely know him.

XAN
I know him a little better now.

Xan follows Betty's gaze across to Tyler and Jeff, who are
now attempting to tap the keg with little success. Thirsty
TEENS crowd around them like chimps.

Jeff directs Tyler to get a tool out of his car, which is
parked some distance away. Tyler obediently takes off.

XAN (CONT'D)
What noxious scheme are you
conjuring in that hell hath no fury
heart of yours, Witchie-Poo?

Betty leaps off the truck, hikes up her tits and stomps away.

BETTY
I am not going home tonight a
virgin!

She bounds up to Jeff, glancing around to make sure Tyler's
out of ear shot.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Hey.

JEFF

'Sup?

Betty smiles sweetly at him.

BETTY

I need to talk to you.

JEFF

About what?

Betty sighs, does the girl-twirl with her hair and leans forward to give him the money shot into the top of her dress.

BETTY

It's kind of private.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Now toting a wrench, Tyler hurries back from Jeff's car. The natives are restless to get at that beer. He looks around.

TYLER

Where's Jeff?

INT. THE BACKSEAT OF BETTY'S CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON -- Bare legs. Panty-hose shoved down to the ankles.

We hear the unmistakable grunting, tugging and shuffling SOUNDS of some heavy-action going down.

Betty's dress is hiked above her waist as Jeff plays spanky-mouth all over her face, neck, chest. He comes up for air.

JEFF

We can't tell Tyler.

BETTY

He won't care.

JEFF

Really?

BETTY

We broke up.

JEFF

Oh.

Betty can hear the wheels turning in what passes for Jeff's brain as he processes this information.

JEFF (CONT'D)

So that means, you and Tyler didn't do it tonight?

BETTY
That's right.

JEFF
Oh.

Squeak, squeak. The wheels churn slowly around. Finally ...

JEFF (CONT'D)
Oh!

Jeff dives back in. His arm plunges down. We hear the SOUND of UNZIPPING. He shoves Betty's legs apart.

BETTY
Wait. Can you just ... slow down?

JEFF
And lose my buzz? Uh-uh.

Betty's head is forced at an awkward angle against the seat and she can't get comfortable. She tries to wriggle down, but only succeeds in wedging her shoulder deeper in.

BETTY
I can't breath. You're really heavy. Just hold on a --

At that moment, a VERY DRUNK TEENAGER bangs into Betty's car and SPEWS all over the window.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Gross!

In the midst of his heavy assault on Betty's virginity, Jeff pays no mind as the Boy, right outside the car, continues to heave and gag and choke out far too many shots of tequila, on top of what could only have been a Red Lobster all-you-can-eat-platter.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Ow!
(she jumps)
Did you just ... bite me?

JEFF
Yeah. You like it?

That's the deal-breaker. Betty pushes him away.

BETTY
I can't do this.

JEFF
Yes, you can.

Jeff pulls on her dress and it RIPS, exposing her lace teddy.

BETTY
Stop it, Jeff. I don't want to.

But Jeff doesn't stop. Finally, Betty YANKS HARD on his ear. He squeals like a piglet, then pushes up, red-faced, panting.

JEFF
What the hell?

BETTY
I'm sorry. It's just -- dude, this soooo can't be my story. A grudge-fuck in the back of my car with a bunch of knuckle-dragging gonads sucking down a kegger? Screw it. I'd rather stay a holy vessel.

Betty wriggles from underneath him, and spills out -- right into the puddle of Red Lobster puke.

EXT. BETTY'S CAR - NIGHT

The Drunk Boy slumps against her tire. Manages a feeble smile.

DRUNK BOY
Right on.

As she gets to her feet, Jeff stumbles after her, zipping up.

JEFF
Fuck you, Betty!

BETTY
I'd rather fuck my dead grandfather. Covered in glass.

JEFF
Tyler was right about you!

Those nearby turn their eyes to Betty, who whirls on him, clutching her torn, puke-stained prom dress.

JEFF (CONT'D)
You're just a frigid, prick-tease little cunt who can't even give a good blow-job! That's what Tyler said and he was dead-on.

Ouch. After an excruciating moment of utter, black silence, some in the crowd start to chuckle and whisper.

XAN (O.S.)
That's not true!

Betty turns to see Xan push her way through.

XAN (CONT'D)
My bitch gives a blow-job that'll
turn you into Skeletor,
motherfucker.

Xan throws her bottle of Dewars. It shatters at Jeff's feet.
She's drunk. Really drunk. She wobbles up, gets in his face.

XAN (CONT'D)
Cause I taught her how!

Xan turns to the crowd, slurring.

XAN (CONT'D)
We're getting out of this goat turd
of a town. Ain't we, Betty?

BETTY
God, I hope so.

XAN
Cause we got our inside man, Jonah
Moreland. Thinks we shit rainbows!
Wrote our recommendation letters to
Columbia, you deep-fried, back-
country bitches. And we're getting
in!
(turns back to Jeff)
So why don't you go mack on Tyler's
dick over there, Jeff? He's been
grooming you for it since freshman
fucking year.

Aw. Betty can't help but be touched by her friend's rabid,
albeit somewhat incomprehensible, defense.

XAN (CONT'D)
If you'd take a breather from all
your date-raping, you might be
delighted to discover you're half a
fag yourself. Asshole!

With that, Xan's eyes roll back and she crumples to the
ground. Right next to the Drunk Boy, who is also out cold.

EXT. BETTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A working class neighborhood of small, tidy homes.

Worn out, beat up and ready for bed, Betty slams the car door
and limps toward her dark house, the least tidy of them all.

Something catches her eye. Crouched on a viewing platform ON
THE ROOF of the house next door, she spies a lone figure,
peering through a telescope at the stars.

This is CROWLEY. Sweet and geeky. He sees her.

CROWLEY
How was prom?

BETTY
Pepto Bismol chic. A real 'Night to Remember.'

CROWLEY
Sounds like I missed a winner. But you look really pretty.

Betty's hair is a tangled mess. Her face streaked with dirt. Her dress shredded, covered in caked-on vomit. Boy's rocking some serious love-goggles.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)
Heard from Columbia?

BETTY
Not yet. Have you decided?

CROWLEY
It depends.

BETTY
On what?

CROWLEY
On whether you get into Columbia.

BETTY
Crowley, you can't go to Columbia just because I'm going there.

CROWLEY
I'm not.

BETTY
You got admitted to every school you applied to so far.

CROWLEY
Still a few to be heard from.

BETTY
You have to decide soon or you'll piss them all off and get stuck at State.

CROWLEY
Well, how far is MIT from Columbia?

BETTY
Pretty far, I think. Yeah. It's a really long way.

Crowley frowns, then squints back into his telescope. Shit. Now she feels bad. It's like bitch-slapping a puppy.

BETTY (CONT'D)
How's Alpha Centauri tonight?

CROWLEY
Actually, I'm looking at the galaxy fields of Virgo. About four finger widths east-southeast of Beta Leonis.

Um ... yeah. Betty moves toward her front door.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)
They're ellipticals. Quite beautiful. Want to take a look?
(holds up a bowl)
My mom made caramel popcorn. Your favorite.

BETTY
Honestly, Crowley. I don't think my heart can hold any more beauty tonight.

CROWLEY
Made some memories, huh?

BETTY
To cherish for a lifetime.

Betty glances down, then flicks a piece of regurgitated linguine off her chest.

INT. BETTY'S ROOM - MORNING

MUFFLED SHOUTING can be heard as Betty's eyes pop open. Mascara smeared, still in her prom dress, she lies spread-eagled on her futon.

She sits up -- and pulls a twig from her hair.

The walls of Betty's room are covered in paintings. Mercurial, ambitious, sprawling. Nearby, an easel holds a canvas out of which emerges an expressionless white mask, the beginnings of what will eventually become a woman's face.

Her latest work, not yet finished.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Dressed now, Betty stands at the fridge, chugging OJ. The VOICES from the other room are louder, more distinct.

KASEY (O.S.)
Give me my keys, Adelaide.

ADELAIDE (O.S.)
I don't know what you want from me!

KASEY (O.S.)
I want you to give me my keys so I
can crawl out of this steaming pile
of crazy you've built for us and
leave you to get right with the
Lord.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

KASEY (late 30's), dykey, but pretty, stands in the living room, clutching her suitcases. So. Fucking. Done.

Betty's mother, ADELAIDE, blocks her path. Blood-shot eyes. Ratty bathrobe. A bible clutched to her chest. Religion? Hardly. This woman needs a straight jacket and fistful of horse tranquilizers.

ADELAIDE
God loves you, Kasey.

On the couch painting her nails, completely ignoring the fight, sits HARLOW, Betty's older sister. Two years out of high school, an Applebee's waitress. Bottle blonde.

KASEY
Next time he's up for chatting, you
be sure to tell him I love him,
too. Can I leave now?

ADELAIDE
But he hates what you're doing.

KASEY
Then we're even, cause I for damn
sure hate what he's done to you.

EXT. BETTY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Kasey kicks open the door. Betty trails after her to her car, which is already stuffed with boxes.

BETTY
You're leaving? Like, for good this
time?

Kasey heaves her suitcases into the trunk, slams it shut.

KASEY

Well, Betty. It's kind of hard to stay married to a woman who's decided being married to a woman is a sin against God.

BETTY

She'll get over it. It's just a phase. Like the egg diet thing. Or all those Guatemalan kids she wanted to adopt. Remember when she started drinking her own piss because she read online that it could cure depression? That only lasted like, two months.

KASEY

Betty, I haven't had sex in over a year. I've got to go.

BETTY

You're the only one who's ever been able to handle her, Kasey.

Kasey slips into the driver's seat. She sits there, frowning. She knows in leaving, she's dropping the bag of shit into Betty's lap, but what can she do?

She looks up at Betty's resigned face.

KASEY

We were going to take you to New York for graduation. To go look at those paintings and stuff you're always talking about.

Kasey turns the ignition.

KASEY (CONT'D)

Sorry, kiddo. Good luck at Columbia.

BETTY

I don't even know if I got in yet.

KASEY

You will. And Betty? Once you get out of here, never come back.

As Kasey's car disappears down the street, Betty looks over at Crowley's driveway. He and his PARENTS stand by their car. They heard the whole conversation. Crowley gives her a sympathetic wave as his mother hurries them all inside.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Still on the couch, Harlow air-dries her nails. *E! True Hollywood Story* blares from the TV.

BETTY

Mail?

Harlow points to a pile of it on a nearby desk. Betty flips through, finds a letter. Not from Columbia, but from Yale.

She snatches it up, rips it open.

CLOSE ON -- The letter. "... sorry to inform you that we will not be able to accept your ..."

Betty's face falls. She starts towards her room.

HARLOW

How many is that now?

BETTY

Five.

Harlow flips the channel to *The Woman with the 200lb Tumor*.

HARLOW

You are such a retard, Betty. Who applies to every Ivy League college except like, Asian kids and trust fund assholes that go to boarding schools and shit?

BETTY

Forgive me for aiming higher than shift-leader at Applebee's, Harlow.

HARLOW

What did you think? They were going to get a look at your collages, fall down on their knees and beg you to grace them with your tortured, artistic genius? You think even if you do get in, they're going to give you a full-ride? Cause ain't no college fund for you in this fun-house.

She starts in on her second coat of nail polish.

HARLOW (CONT'D)

And if I'm not getting out of here, you're not getting out of here.

INT. ADELAIDE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Holding a glass of milk, Betty enters her mother's room, now emptied of Kasey's things. She tosses the pile of mail on the bed and starts out -- but pauses by the closet door.

INT. ADELAIDE'S CLOSET - DAY

Betty pokes her head in to see her mother kneeling on the floor of the closet, praying fervently. She sets the glass of milk down next to her.

BETTY
You should drink this.
(then)
Electric bill's overdue.

Betty turns away, then stops, a sudden realization hitting her. She looks back to her mother, who has stopped praying now and sags against the wall, exhausted, staring into space.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I'm going to turn out just like
you, aren't I?

Adelaide doesn't seem to hear her over the many voices rattling around in her head.

BETTY (CONT'D)
How long do you think I have before
the crazy kicks in?

Adelaide looks up, eyes hot and piercing, as if she can see into her daughter's soul.

ADELAIDE
Maybe it already has.

INT. BETTY'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON -- Betty's corkboard. FOUR other Ivy League REJECTION LETTERS already hang there, like squirrel pelts.

Brown. Dartmouth. Harvard. Cornell.

Pale, blood-stained little skins of dead hope.

She pins up the letter from Yale and slumps down on the bed.

INT. SUPER-FOOD-WORLD - NIGHT

Wearing a shiteous green vest, Betty stands behind her register in the check-out lane, scanning the peaks and valleys of food as they churn towards her on a conveyor belt.

Behind her, Xan sits on the counter, legs-crossed, sipping on a Big Gulp.

BETTY
I can't believe you didn't have a hangover.

XAN
You only get a hangover after you stop drinking.

Xan holds out her Big Gulp. Betty takes a sip from the straw.

BETTY
I got my reject from Yale.

XAN
We know we've got Columbia, Betty. That's our safety.

Betty is not as convinced as Xan.

BETTY
Yeah. Safe as hungry babies at a tit convention.

XAN
Jonah doesn't fuck around. Not with us. I'm telling you. They love him there. The Dean of Fine Arts licks his ass till it's shiny as Sunday ghetto shoes. He told me so. And if he wants us, we're getting in.

An OLDER WOMAN in the check-out lane scowls at Xan's crude language. Xan ignores her.

XAN (CONT'D)
The far more important issue at hand, my flower -- and as soon as you can clock out of this soul-crushing shit-hole, we can really get started on it -- is, what are we going to do about your troublesome virginity?

BETTY
I don't know. I've come this far. Maybe I should just save myself for marriage.

Betty and Xan look at each other, considering it. Then both erupt in giggles.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Seriously, though. With Tyler out
of the game, I'm in murky waters. I
have no idea what to do.

The BAG BOY, a pimply-faced youth of 17 going on 12, stands
there in slack-jawed astonishment as Xan thinks out loud.

XAN
Well, there's the cut to the chase
route of walking outside, standing
there and yelling, 'Who wants to
fuck a virgin?' I guarantee you,
you'll be deflowered in five
minutes flat.

BETTY
If not gang-raped by truckers.

XAN
But that lacks subtlety and,
honestly, I'm better than that,
even if you're not.

Betty hands a receipt to the Older Woman.

BETTY
Thank you for shopping at Super
Food World. Please come again.

OLDER WOMAN
You girls should be ashamed of
yourselves. Talking like that.

XAN
Oh, we are. But I was molested at
ten by my half-uncle and Betty
comes from a sexually-ambivalent
broken home. We can't help
ourselves. Have a nice day.

Xan stares the Woman down as she hurries away with her
groceries, then turns her death-ray vision to the Bag Boy,
who folds like an accordion and scurries off.

XAN (CONT'D)
He has to be older, that's a given.

BETTY
Why?

XAN
Cause high school guys don't go
down.

BETTY
Urban myth.

XAN

Did Tyler ever go down?

BETTY

Point taken. But he clearly has a genetic fear of snatch, so he doesn't count.

XAN

Whatever. Even when they do, they can't find the C. Remember Billy Collins from English class sophomore year, with the dreds, moved to Indiana? I got him drunk after homecoming and talked him into it. He was down there for forty-five damn minutes and never did find it. He traveled all the way to my asshole and back like fucking Magellan and he still couldn't hit on it. How does that happen? It's like driving west and missing California. So I'm like, dude, it looks just like a penis, only smaller. Of course, that freaked him out. Then he spewed eight shots of Captain Morgan in the floorboard all over my geography homework.

OUTRAGED SHOPPERS flee as Xan's rant reaches its climax. Finally, the manager, GARVEY (40's, balding), stomps over.

GARVEY

Betty! What in the hell do you think you're -- Oh! Hello.

Garvey skids back on his heels as Xan whirls on him.

XAN

Garvey.

He hesitates, unsure what to do. He's clearly furious, but something about her is holding him back.

XAN (CONT'D)

How's the wife?

Garvey pales, swallows hard.

GARVEY

You're off the clock, Betty. Go home. Now.

Xan unfolds her legs and hops down from the counter.

XAN
Thank god. This place is so boring.

EXT. SUPER-FOOD-WORLD - NIGHT

In the parking lot, Xan and Betty walk to Betty's car.

BETTY
You're going to get me fired.

Xan lights a cigarette as they hop in.

INT. BETTY'S CAR - NIGHT

XAN
Not a chance. I busted him open
while his wife was in the hospital
last year having a hysterectomy.
Now every time he looks at me, he's
filled with crushing remorse.

BETTY
Gross. He has a comb-over.

XAN
Not on his dick.

EXT. MALLORVILE HIGH SCHOOL - STUDENT PARKING LOT - DAY

STUDENTS crowd the parking lot before class. Xan and Betty
sit on the hood of her car, scrutinizing.

XAN
You could slam any one of the
circle jerks at this school,
including half the teachers. Just
pick one so we can get to work on
our master plan for getting our
victim in the sack with you.

Betty's discerning eye lands on various GROUPS OF BOYS.
Jocks, Goths, Emos, Dred-Heads, Preps, Stoners, Freaks.

BETTY
I don't want any of them.

XAN
You're in love with the puss,
sweetheart. That's your problem.
You give it too much power.

BETTY
I do not.

XAN

Don't get me wrong, it has power,
but it's not The Precious, know
what I mean? It's just a puss.
Every girl's got one, Betty. And
yours ain't worth forging the
Fellowship of the Ring over.

BETTY

It doesn't have to be special-
special. It's just ... symbolic.
We're artists. It has to mean
something, right? At least like, a
story I can tell when we get all
ancient and skeletal.

XAN

And have to roll the stretched-out
folds of our old lady snatches into
our Depends?

BETTY

Just before we crawl into our
hospice beds.

Betty cracks open a snack-bag of Cheetos.

XAN

I can do it, you know.

BETTY

Do what?

XAN

Pluck your precious flower. My
mom's totally vegan these days. I
have fourteen varieties of zucchini
in my Frigid-Aire as we speak. And
we are BF, Betty. Is that not
special enough for you?

BETTY

Deflowered by a butternut squash?
Hmm. Pass.

Xan gulps down a Honey Bun, licking her fingers.

XAN

I popped my maraschino when I was
thirteen.

BETTY

I know.

XAN

In the alley between my grandma and
cousin's trailers.

BETTY

I know.

XAN

With my cousin.

BETTY

Ah. That, I did not know.

(then)

But that's exactly what I mean. A disturbing story, but a story.

Crowley, Betty's next door neighbor, hurries by. He gives her a little wave. She ignores him. Xan follows him with her gaze, scowling.

XAN

What's his hitch? He knows he's not allowed to acknowledge you on school grounds.

BETTY

We were best friends, Xan.

XAN

Yeah. A fuck-tillion years ago.

Betty watches Crowley as he tries to maneuver his slide trombone case in through the main door, but it's crowded with so many STUDENTS that he can't wedge it and himself through at the same time.

BETTY

He'd be alright, you know. If only puberty would kick in.

XAN

Do you think he even has pubes yet? What is that, like, a glandular deficiency? Pituitary tumor?

JOCKS fuck with him now, their CHEERLEADER GIRLFRIENDS giggling. It's like watching a wolf pack eat the runt.

BETTY

He's probably going to grow up to be a rock star because of all this teen trauma he's living through. He'll get on stage and Emo girls will squeal and squeak and spread their anemic little legs for him all over the world. He'll get to reinvent high school for the rest of his life, humping all the cheerleaders that only live now in his gooey little Kleenex fantasies.

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)
(then, thinking about it)
Fuckhead.

XAN
Or ... in a more likely scenario,
he'll stay the gamer geek-n-freak
he is and end up stocking tampons
at Wal-Mart and rubbing his
mother's feet every night before
bed.

BETTY
No. He's going to Columbia. He got
an early admit there.

XAN
That stalker! He did not!

BETTY
He did.

XAN
I can't believe he got an early
admit and we didn't. Fuckhead.
Totally.

BETTY
It doesn't matter. Either way,
right now, if I fuck him, it'll be
HIS story, not mine. I don't want
to be somebody else's awesome
virgin lay. I want my own knock-out
punch.

Betty takes a sip out of Xan's ever-present Big Gulp. Her
face wrinkles in disgust.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Jesus, Xan. It's seven-thirty in
the morning.

XAN
That's why I put OJ in it.

Betty stares at her for a long moment.

XAN (CONT'D)
What?

BETTY
I am so on the cusp of saying
something cautionary and After
School Special-ish to you right
now.

She considers it long and hard ... then takes another sip.

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

Xan and Betty sit with their feet up on a desk while the rest of the STUDENTS sketch a blue statue of a NUDE WOMAN.

JUDY KILGORE (30's) passes by. Their art teacher. A trying-too-hard World Market sweater. Eager hipster glasses. Combat boots a la Goodwill. Wholly oblivious to the crushing reality that she has never been cool a single day in her life.

JUDY KILGORE
Excited for the art show, girls?

XAN
For sure, Judy. Betty and I are going to rape and pillage that place and take home every prize.

JUDY KILGORE
That's what I want to hear. Oh, Betty. I went ahead and entered all seven of your pieces.

Betty looks up, confused.

BETTY
What? Why? I thought we decided on the three.

JUDY KILGORE
I know, I know. But they're a set, petals from the same flower. I just couldn't help myself. And that's seven chances to win the scholarship money.

BETTY
What about the entry fees?

JUDY KILGORE
Taken care of.
(she winks)
Now you two rock stars keep it down.

As Judy moves away to help a STUDENT, Xan watches her go.

XAN
She is so codependent on you. She'd cage you in her basement and feed you through a slot in the door.

Betty ignores Xan's comment. She leans in, talking low.

BETTY
Maybe it would be better if it was a stranger bang.
(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)

The circumstances would have to be right, though. I couldn't do some loser hook-up in a bar. Maybe he's a businessman just passing through town. He's wearing an expensive suit. A little gray in his temples. He has sad eyes.

XAN

No. This is a rite of passage we're talking about here. Your only rite of passage that will have any significance whatsoever until you get your first DUI.

Xan whips out a sheet of paper and a pen.

XAN (CONT'D)

What this situation calls for is absolute, tyrannical control. We need to make a list.

BETTY

Of what?

XAN

Likely candidates, locations, music. Oh! And wardrobe.

BETTY

Well, I can tell you this much. I have no hot cousins, so that puts a damper on the incest scenario.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK FIELD - DAY

Xan and Betty run laps. Or, more accurately, the REST OF THE KIDS IN CLASS run laps while Xan and Betty pretend to, dodging COACH MUSKEY'S dirty looks.

XAN

I know!

Xan limps to halt, catching her breath.

XAN (CONT'D)

You can sell it on E-bay!

BETTY

No.

XAN

No, no. This is totally a great idea. It's brilliant.

BETTY

No, Xan.

From across the field, Coach Muskey blows his whistle.

COACH MUSKEY

Whirley, Monroe! Move your asses!

Xan crouches down, pretending to tie her shoe.

XAN

Betty, female virginity is highly prized by the patriarchy. You shouldn't just give it away. I read about this one chick who got like, a hundred grand for hers. Bing. College tuition. Done.

BETTY

Number one, that would make me a prostitute. And number two through ten ... fucking ewwwwwwww.

XAN

It's a lot of money.

BETTY

Especially for a prostitute.

A PACK of ass-hauling RUNNERS lap them, kicking up dust. Betty and Xan pretend to start jogging again.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Some sixty year old sex-pred with lizard tongue and dirty fingernails? No thanks.

XAN

You don't know that. Maybe it'll be Bill Gates or a Saudi prince.

BETTY

Bill Gates doesn't need to buy virgins on E-bay. Bill Gates already owns a whole entire island full of virgins.

(then)

Besides, if I take first place at the show, that's ten grand.

XAN

Who cares about the scholarship? Jonah knows you have no money. He's going to take care of it, so just stop the clucking.

BETTY

Easy for you to say. Your grandfather got his toes chopped off by street-sweeper. Lucky bitch.

XAN

Yeah. Poor you.

BETTY

Even if mine had, no way my parents would have put the settlement into a college fund for me.

XAN

Okay, you win the fucked-up family award, Betty. Can we move on?

BETTY

Thank you.

Huffing and puffing, Xan slows it to a walk.

XAN

I am about to go so alpha on your ass if you don't start working with me here. Give me a name. Any name.

At last, they hobble to the finish line, Xan hanging onto Betty for support. The rest of the students have finished their laps and trudge inside.

Coach Muskey stands there. A bull dog, scowling. They look up at him like Ethiopian refugees, pleading with their eyes.

COACH MUSKEY

That's one.
(a shit-eating grin)
Four to go.

Fucker. Must think fast. Aha! Ye Olde Faithful.

BETTY

Xan got her period.

Hands on knees, Xan nods, hacking and gagging.

XAN

I have poly-cystic ovaries, Coach Muskey.

BETTY

It's about to look like a double-homicide out here if I don't get her a tampon out of my locker.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Betty sits at the back of the class as STUDENTS read quietly. Waaaaaaaaaaaaay on the other side of the room sits Xan.

You get the feeling it wasn't their idea.

Betty's jerks up as her cell vibrates.

CLOSE ON -- Betty's cell. It's a text from Xan.

XAN'S TEXT MESSAGE
Danny Schwartz?

Betty looks up at Xan's expectant face. She mouths the word: 'No.' Xan mouths back: 'Why?'

Betty's fingers fly across her phone.

ACROSS THE ROOM, Xan checks to make sure the DOUR ENGLISH TEACHER is still occupied grading papers. She hides her phone behind her book and peers down.

CLOSE ON -- Xan's cell.

BETTY'S TEXT MESSAGE
He has the ass of a woman.

Xan lets out a snort, causing the teacher to look up. After a moment, she turns back and mouths the words: 'He does not.'

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

As the BELL RINGS, Xan and Betty spill out of the classroom into the crowded hallway. Betty points to DANNY SCHWARTZ, who walks ahead.

BETTY
See! There's Danny right there.
Look.

Sure enough, the poor boy is indeed saddled with the soft, rounded, upside-down-heart-shaped ass of a woman.

XAN
God, you're so picky. His dad owns a cabin at Lake Erie. You could get him to take you there and make sweet, sweet love in front of the fireplace. It would be so Desperate Housewives.

BETTY
He's freaking Jessica Alba, Xan. No way I can get past that.

XAN
But you're half-lez on your mom's
side.

BETTY
Being straight is my way of
rebellling, okay?

XAN
Fine. What about Andrew Boyle?

Betty stops dead in her tracks.

BETTY
Boyle? Andrew Boyle?

XAN
What?

Betty throws out her arm, pointing to ANDREW BOYLE, who is standing at his locker nearby. He turns to say hello to a passing FRIEND and we see that his face is one gruesome, pustulating, oozing ZIT FARM.

BETTY
Those things are big enough to have
their own SAT scores.

XAN
What the fuck, Betty?

BETTY
I don't want my first time to be
with Mr. Acne Factory over there.
Forgive me for succumbing to the
Dark Side.

XAN
You know I can't hear you when you
speak Star Wars, Betty. Besides,
who gives a soggy turd about his
face? Have you seen his package?
It's huge.

Betty looks down at the bulge protruding from Andrew Boyle's jeans. Truer words never spoken. It's massive.

BETTY
Jesus. I need someone to pop my
cherry. Not dig the Suez Canal.

XAN
(still looking at it)
The universe gives with one hand,
takes with another.

BETTY
He'd rip me in half.

Xan is MESMERIZED by it.

XAN
Oh, yes. Yes, he would.

Andrew finally notices the two girls staring at his bulge. He quickly brings his chemistry book across it and moves off.

INT. LUNCH ROOM - DAY

Betty and Xan sit in the crowded lunchroom, eating tacos.

XAN
What about Fin Nicholson?

BETTY
He moved to Philadelphia. And he never even liked me, anyway.

XAN
Lie! He was so totally in love with you except you were always tied to Mr. Swish-Hips McGoo over there.

Xan points to Tyler Schacknies, who is sitting next to Jeff Klotz -- both of whom, at that moment, unfortunately happen to be taking HUGE BITES out of their hot dogs.

The boys see them and scowl.

XAN (CONT'D)
Okay, since Fin's in Philadelphia, we need someone more geographically convenient. Who else?

Betty rolls her eyes. She almost doesn't say it.

BETTY
Kelly Jones?

Xan's jaw drops.

XAN
You big fat herpes whore.

BETTY
It doesn't matter. He's been with Tamara Gigliotti since seventh grade. I think they're engaged.

XAN
No, no. They broke up, right before
prom. How did you not hear that?
OMG. Kelly is perfection.

Xan and Betty look over and spot KELLY JONES among the crowd.
He's tall, lanky, broad-shouldered, devastatingly gorgeous.

XAN (CONT'D)
There is nothing on earth like a
swimmer's body. All that lean
muscle mass. All that --

BETTY
Flexibility.

XAN
He is beyond succulent. I've wanted
to bounce him since ninth grade
History.

BETTY
He's trying out for the Olympics
this year.

XAN
Which means his dick is Olympic
caliber, too. Squeak! If he gets a
gold medal, you can always tell
people he was your first. He'll be
on a fucking Wheaties box.

BETTY
Uh, fine print. How do I get Mr.
Universe to even pay attention to
me, much less lure him into my
boudoir?

XAN
Betty, you're on the swim team. You
have your in.

BETTY
JV. He's talked to me once. And
that was to tell me my flip-turns
were sloppy.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Xan takes a drag on a cigarette outside the dressing stall.
MUSCULAR GIRLS IN SPEEDOS pass by shooting her dirty looks.
She blows out a plume of smoke, refusing to scare.

XAN
What's the hold up?

BETTY (O.S.)
Is it supposed to fit like this?

XAN
Yes. Kelly Jones has never seen you
in anything but a Speedo, Betty,
which, trust me, is about as sexy
as a yeast infection.

BETTY (O.S.)
I can't wear this.

Xan looks around for a place to stub out her cigarette butt.

XAN
Yes, you can. Just tell the coach
your swim bag got stolen and this
was all you had for today.

She finally flicks it into an open shower stall.

BETTY (O.S.)
No. I mean, I can't wear it. It's
too small.

XAN
It's not too small.

Silence from inside the dressing room.

XAN (CONT'D)
Hello?

BETTY (O.S.)
My pubes are hanging out.

XAN
Jesus Christ. Your bush is like a
70's porno. No wonder you can't get
laid. Guys look at that thing and
think an Ewok is going to eat their
dick.

BETTY (O.S.)
Ohmigod! You just spoke Star Wars.

XAN
Fuck me. Geek is contagious.

Xan digs in her bag and withdraws a razor. She dangles it
over the door of the dressing room. Betty's hand grabs it.

BETTY (O.S.)
You got some lotion?

XAN
Dry-shave that fur bag and get the
hell out here. Now!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Face twisted in pain, Betty limps out of the dressing room. A robe wrapped tight around her, swim cap on her head.

BETTY
That so fucking burned. I'm not
going to walk right for a week.

XAN
Let's see it.

From behind, we see Betty open her robe, flashing Xan, then tightly close it again.

BETTY
This is not going to work.

Xan laughs as she dabs Betty's lips with sparkly gloss.

XAN
Sometimes I forget how naive you
really are.

BETTY
What do I do?

XAN
Sweetheart, this is ho-mancing, not
romancing. Let the suit do the
talking. Just stay out of its way.

BETTY
I don't know.

XAN
You want your hymen whacked or not?

BETTY
Whacked. Definitely. I want it
whacked.

XAN
Okay.

Xan rips the swim cap off Betty's head with a POP.

BETTY
Ow!

XAN

You will not desecrate my one-hundred percent, full-proof guaranteed to get-you-some bikini with that fucking beanie on your head. Go.

Xan pushes her out the door.

INT. INDOOR SWIMMING POOL - DAY

SWIMMERS grind through the water. Shirtless now, a golden god, Kelly Jones stands pool-side, talking with a COACH.

Betty approaches them, kicks off her flip-flops, takes a deep breath, lets the robe fall, and ... nothing.

We see now that she is wearing what looks to be an ordinary string bikini that is a rather bland shade of tan.

She clears her throat, hoping to get Kelly's attention. He and the Coach turn to her, annoyed at being interrupted.

BETTY

I lost my swim bag. This was all I had.

SWIM COACH

Fine. Hop in, Whirley. We're working on starts today.

Kelly turns back without giving her so much as a once-over. What the hell? Another closet case?

If there's a way to fuck up the wearing of a bikini, Betty has surely found it. She sees Xan poke her head out of the locker room door and give her an encouraging wave.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Betty steps up on the block, lowering her goggles. She dives in, then comes up for air and swims to the ladder.

As she climbs out, the room goes silent. It's as if the air has been sucked out of the room. ALL EYES TURN TO HER.

She lifts her goggles off. Across the water, somebody WHISTLES. Somebody else WOOFs.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- now that the tan swimsuit is wet, it has turned the exact shade of her skin.

Wet and clinging to her body, she looks completely naked. Nipples. Snatch. Right down to her ass-crack.

The Coach leans past Kelly, who is standing in front of him. Betty looks down at herself and gasps in shock. Her hands go to her boobs.

Kelly turns. His eyes go wide. Well, well. A breeder, after all.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Xan leans back in Betty's car, smoking and texting. She raises up, alert, as Betty exits the gym, Kelly Jones on her heels like a puppy.

She smiles. Toots the horn, giving her the thumbs up.

XAN
Told her. Full proof.

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

CLOSE ON -- A BOOGER. Dangling out of a nostril. But it's no bashful wisp of nose muck peeking out for a brief hello. This is a bold and audacious sheep's leg. A dare-devil of snot.

KELLY JONES
I've been working on my four-hundred IM, that's my toughest event, so I really need the extra carbs.

Betty sits across from Kelly, who is wolfing down a Big Mac. She nibbles on a fry, trying desperately not to focus on the big white honker clinging to his upper lip.

KELLY JONES (CONT'D)
But Coach thinks my turns off the breaststroke are slow so I'm going to have to shave off a few tenths if I have any hope at all of making it past the qualifying rounds. I mean, I'm for sure going to take Northern Sun in IM and backstroke, but as far as the Olympics, that's a whole different story. I'll be competing against college athletes.

Throughout his entire painfully uninteresting monologue, Kelly has continued to stuff his face with bite after bite of Big Mac. And that booger is still there; clinging, resolute.

Somewhere between swallowing disgust and stifling a yawn, Betty throws down her fry.

BETTY
Would you excuse me for a sec?

Kelly nods through a mouthful of meat.

INT. MCDONALD'S BATHROOM - DAY

On her cell, FRANTIC, Betty paces, chewing her fingernail.

BETTY

Ohmigod. He has to shut up. He must shut up! He's ruining my whole fantasy of him.

XAN'S VOICE

(on phone)

Why are you at McDonald's?

BETTY

He said he was hungry. And he wasn't kidding. He's had like, four Big Macs already and he's not slowing down. And he has a fucking booger hanging out of his nose, Xan. I think I'm going to puke.

Ever wary of life's cruel ironies, Betty lifts her chin to do her own quick nostril check in the mirror. All clear.

BETTY (CONT'D)

What should I do?

XAN'S VOICE

(on phone)

You've got to take charge of the situation, Betty. Give him a napkin and get him out of there. Get his tongue in your mouth. That will shut him up.

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

Betty pushes out of the bathroom clutching a wad of toilet paper. Kelly stands there, rubbing his belly. The booger has, thank the snot gods, abdicated for parts unknown.

She heaves a sigh of relief. Maybe this is going to work out, after all. Kelly smiles at her.

Then lets out an INHUMAN BELCH -- deep, lasting, guttural. He pounds his chest.

KELLY JONES

Ah, man. That was tasty. I hope I don't have to pinch a loaf once we get back in the car. You think I should go now or wing it?

BETTY
I want you to stop talking.

KELLY JONES
What?

BETTY
Right now. I want you to stop talking.

KELLY JONES
Okay.

BETTY
And then I want to go have sex with you. In the pool.

INT. INDOOR SWIMMING POOL - DAY

CLOSE ON -- two piles of discarded clothes, pool-side.

UNDERWATER, Kelly and Betty swim naked. He grabs for her ankle, but her leg flutters away.

They come up for air, kissing. He leans into her, rubbing her shoulders, kissing her neck. She mouths the words: *'This is so awesome.'*

Kelly stops, his face suddenly tense.

KELLY JONES
Can you, um, turn around?

BETTY
What?

KELLY JONES
You know, so I can come at you from behind?

BETTY
In my ass? No freaking way?

KELLY JONES
No, no. It's not that.

BETTY
I don't want to do it from behind.
I want to be able to see you.

KELLY JONES
Please. Just try it. It's sexy.

BETTY
Fine.

She flops around, grabs hold of the side of the pool and spreads her legs like a drug dealer about to get frisked.

BETTY (CONT'D)
How's that?

KELLY JONES
Can you like, arch your back a little more?

BETTY
Dude, I had scoliosis as a kid. Are we going to do this or not?

KELLY JONES
(he sighs)
All right, then.

Kelly comes up behind her. Betty closes her eyes, readies herself for the big moment. And then she hears -- the sound of WEeping.

She cracks an eye, turns around. Kelly's face is twisted in pain. Tears stream down his cheeks. He heaves out an AGONIZING SOB.

KELLY JONES (CONT'D)
I can't. I'm ssss-sorry. I can't.

BETTY
What's wrong? Why?

He drags his arm across his tear-streaked face.

KELLY JONES
This ... this is where ... we did it ... the first time. Me and Tamara.

Betty sags back.

BETTY
Oh, for fuck's sake.

Kelly is falling apart in front of her eyes.

KELLY JONES
And she and I always ... from behind. That's how she likes it and I kind of got used to it and now I ... her ass and your ass. I can't.

He stands there shivering, hip-deep in water, more the lost little boy now than the golden god of her dreams.

She sighs, holds out her arms. He puts his head on her shoulder and lets out a PIERCING WAIL.

KELLY JONES (CONT'D)
I miss her so much!

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Betty looks on as TAMARA GIGLIOTTI escorts a shaken, traumatized, still weeping Kelly to her car.

KELLY JONES
I'm so sorry, Tamara. I almost made
the biggest mistake of my life.

BETTY
(to herself)
That would be me.

KELLY JONES
I love you so much.

TAMARA
It's okay, honey. I'm here.

Tamara peels his fingers from her arm and turns to Betty.

TAMARA (CONT'D)
Thanks for calling.

BETTY
I didn't know what else to do. Is
he always ... like that?

Tamara slips into the driver's seat.

TAMARA
He's been under a lot of pressure
with the trials coming up.

BETTY
Sorry. I didn't know.

TAMARA
You shouldn't have taken advantage
of him, Betty.

BETTY
What?

TAMARA
Not everybody's like you, you know.
For some people, it's about more
than just sex.

EXT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Betty checks the mail box and withdraws another letter. This one from Princeton. She rips it open and scans it.

Next door, from his rooftop perch, Crowley calls down to her.

CROWLEY
Is that your Princeton letter?
(she nods)
Did you get in?
(off her look)
Oh. Sorry.
(then)
I heard you and Tyler broke up.
What happened?

BETTY
We're just, you know, moving in
different directions.

CROWLEY
You're too much woman for a guy
like him. He didn't deserve you.

BETTY
That's one way to put it.

CROWLEY
Hey, how far is Princeton from
Columbia?

BETTY
Far, Crowley. Really far.

INT. BETTY'S ROOM - DAY

Betty tacks the Princeton rejection letter onto her corkboard next to the others. That's six now.

She pulls open her laptop and brings up MySpace, clicking on FIN NICHOLSON'S page. All his Top Friends are GORGEOUS GIRLS. All his comments, GORGEOUS GIRLS.

She clicks through his photos. Some with his band. Some on vacation in exotic places. He's dark-haired and lanky. Mysterious. Sexy.

She lets out a gasp as she sees a PIC of herself and Fin hanging out AT THE LAKE. He has his arm draped around Betty, grinning, as she looks up at him in girlish adoration.

Betty hops up and pulls something out of her desk drawer. It's a PHOTO ALBUM. She flips it open and WE SEE -- it's full of photos of Fin Nicholson. In all of them, she has drawn a squiggly little heart around his face.

She turns to the last page of the album to reveal the EXACT SAME PICTURE of her and Fin that's on his web page.

Her cell rings and she shoves the album back in her drawer.

BETTY

I don't want to talk about it.

She hangs up. Two seconds later, the phone rings again.

BETTY (CONT'D)

You took my car. I had to walk two and a half miles to get home.

She hangs up again. Again, the phone rings.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Apparently, the mere idea of penetrating me was enough to trigger post-traumatic-stress disorder in Kelly. He had a mental breakdown -- while he was holding my tit in his hand. How's that for an ego boost? But you'll be relieved to know he's now recuperating under the supervision of his one true love, the doggie-style diva.

INT. XAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

XAN

Fuck him. He's not going to win a gold medal with that attitude anyway.

Xan's bedroom is as dark as she is. Across her walls are posters of FAMOUS PEOPLE flipping the bird. Her canopy bed is draped in black fishnet. She stands at the open window, cigarette in hand, blowing her smoke out of it.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BETTY AND XAN

XAN (CONT'D)

So it's back to Fin Nicholson. Your one true love.

Betty slams shut her laptop on Fin's page.

BETTY

No. Absolutely not.

XAN

I know you've been crushing on him for years, don't even deny it. I mean, he grew up in Cairo.

(MORE)

XAN (CONT'D)

He speaks Russian. His mother's a freaking diplomat. He's in a band. Definitely a knock-out punch.

BETTY

I always thought you two had something going on.

XAN

God, no. He craves them young and innocent. I'm way too gamy for him.

BETTY

No. Forget it. He's a man-whore. He'd screw a bowl of Jello if it wiggled right.

XAN

Yes, yes he would. He is a total man-whore. But what are we talking about? You don't want to marry him and have his babies. You just want a fuck to remember. And Fin Nicholson is totally that fuck.

BETTY

It's about more than that.

XAN

What?

BETTY

Forget it. I'm done. I can't take another rejection.

XAN

Jonah's coming into town for our show. Maybe you can get him to fuck you.

BETTY

No way.
(then)
You think?

XAN

Of course not. I only torture you because I love you.

INT. BETTY'S ROOM - DAY

Betty hangs up. She flips open her laptop again and stares at Fin's MySpace page. After a moment, she types a comment in his box.

BETTY

'Hey, Fin. How's Philly? Xan and I have our big art show coming up. As threatened, we're about to explode onto the scene!'

(reading it over)

Witty, yet breezy. Short. Perfect.

Pleased with her cleverness, she hits send. Then does a double-take as the page reloads.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

What Betty has actually written is: *'Hey, Fin. How's Philly? Xan and I have our big fart show coming up. As threatened, we're about to explode onto the scene!'*

BETTY (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Fart show?! No! No fart. No fart! Oh, god. Delete. Where the fuck is the delete? Ohmigod. There's no delete.

She slams her laptop shut and falls back on the bed, burying her head underneath her pillow, kicking her legs like a toddler having a fit.

BETTY (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Fuuuuuuckkkkkkk!

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Betty enters the kitchen to see her mother slumped in front of the fridge. On the counter, on the floor, dozens and dozens of food items: canned veggies, all open; cereal boxes, cheese, bread; all open, all pawed through.

Adelaide, still in her bathrobe, holds up a carton of milk.

ADELAIDE

Does this milk smell poisoned to you?

Betty takes it from her and CHUGS what's left in the carton. She wipes her mouth, stands there a moment, half-hoping, perhaps, that it really is poisoned.

BETTY

Nope.

INT. ART INSTITUTE - DAY

CLOSE ON -- A LARGE PAINTING. Muted tones mix with bold dark slashes to create a swirling, hypnotic image of an EMPTY BOAT crashing into rocks while a GIGANTIC SEA GODDESS rises from the furious waves, looming over the wreck.

CLAPPING can be heard as a BLUE RIBBON is placed on the picture frame.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- Betty stands in front of the painting, looking like she just swallowed a turd.

PULL BACK A LITTLE MORE TO REVEAL -- Xan stands next to her as she is congratulated by the JUDGES and her fellow ARTISTS.

HEAD JUDGE

Our 2009 Western Pennsylvania Young Artists Institute winner and the recipient of our ten-thousand dollar scholarship, Miss Alexandra Monroe of Mallorville High School, for her painting, mixed media and acrylic, *'Love on the Rocks.'*

Betty swallows the bitter pill and manages a genuine smile of happiness for her friend. Xan looks over at her and rolls her eyes, as if it's all too silly for her.

INT. ART INSTITUTE - LATER

Betty stands in front of her seven canvases. They are hybrids: part collage, part painting, part sculpture.

Protruding out of the canvases are the faces (and in some, also the hands) of WOMEN. Some grimacing in pain, some angry, some joyful, some inscrutable. They are titled: "Ophelia," "Hatshepsut," "Dangerosa," "Theodora," "Desdemona," "Eleanor," and "Helen."

Garnished with bones, feathers, beads, leather, they're tribal, hot and frenetic.

On one of them, a RED RIBBON has been secured. Second place.

Judy Kilgore approaches, Betty's art teacher. She drapes an arm around her, rubbing her shoulder.

JUDY KILGORE

You deserved first place.

BETTY

No, I didn't.

JUDY KILGORE

Your work is tactile, relevant.

BETTY
She's better than me.

JUDY KILGORE
No.

BETTY
Not a lot better, but enough.

Judy holds out a plate of cookies.

JUDY KILGORE
Sorry, kiddo. I know you needed the money.

Betty looks across the room to see JONAH MORELAND approach Xan and her first place painting. Xan lets out a squeal and jumps into his arms. He swings her around, laughing.

Jonah has the scent of NYC on him, the sheen, the glamour. In his clothes, his walk, his bearing. Mid-20's. More charismatic than handsome. Eyes that dig deep and miss nothing.

Betty glances down at herself. Suddenly, the clothes she's wearing seem ridiculous, girlish. Not cool. Not like Xan's.

JONAH
Xan, it's amazing. It really is.
It's a whole new evolution for you.
The palette, the context, the questions it's asking. I'm speechless.

Jonah and Xan approach Betty's cubicle, arm in arm. Xan is positively beaming.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Betty!

He enfolds her in his free arm and hugs them both tight.

JONAH (CONT'D)
My girls! I couldn't be prouder.

Judy Kilgore looks on, not exactly annoyed. Mindful, maybe?

JUDY KILGORE
My girls, actually. For a few more weeks.

JONAH
Judy! How are you?

Old friends or old foes? It's hard to tell.

JUDY KILGORE
Good, Jonah. Xan and Betty won
first and second place. What more
can a teacher ask?

XAN
What did you win, Betty?

Betty holds up a pair of tickets.

BETTY
Tickets to the Caravaggio exhibit.

JUDY KILGORE
Quite the leap down from first to
second, I must say.

BETTY
Isn't it always?

Jonah turns to Betty's work, looking it over with a
discerning eye. Betty holds her breath.

JONAH
Interesting, interesting. These are
all new this year?

BETTY
Yes.

JONAH
It's like they're shackled,
imprisoned, trying to break free,
you know, but can't. Like
Michaelangelo's Slaves. But
something's holding them back. I
see that. I definitely see it.
(turns back to her)
Not bad, Betty. You've really come
a long way since last summer. If
you keep at it, Xan's going to have
to start looking over her shoulder.

Betty smiles, hiding her utter devastation.

JUDY KILGORE
We were sorry to hear you're not
coming back to teach at the
institute this summer, Jonah.

JONAH
Yeah. I got a grant to go to Paris.

BETTY
Paris?

JUDY KILGORE
And what will you be studying
there?

JONAH
Light installations.

XAN
Jonah's moved away from hard art
and canvases, Judy. He's doing
digital pieces now. Isn't that
right?

JONAH
It is the twenty-first century.

As Judy, Xan and Jonah move off, leaving Betty behind to
gather her things, she turns to see Crowley standing there,
gazing at her work.

BETTY
What are you doing here, Crowley?

CROWLEY
I came to support you, of course.
They're beautiful, Betty.

BETTY
Thanks. I mean, they're not
supposed to be beautiful, you know.
But, thanks.

Betty watches Jonah and Xan make their way across the room.

CROWLEY
I don't think they're imprisoned or
shackled, or anyone's holding them
back.
(after a moment)
I think they're being born.

An OLDER MAN standing next to Crowley nods his head.

OLDER MAN
I agree. They're exquisite. They
show real maturity in one so young,
Ms. Whirley. Real maturity.

The Man steps back to snap some photos of the paintings.
Barely listening, Betty looks past them as Xan and Jonah push
out the exit door.

BETTY
Glad you like them.

She grabs her things and hurries off.

EXT. ART INSTITUTE - DAY

Betty bursts outside to see them slip into Jonah's car.

BETTY

Hey!

They turn, Jonah waves Betty over.

JONAH

Are you coming?

BETTY

Where are you going?

XAN

To get shit-faced!

Betty glances over her shoulder, where she sees Judy coming towards her. She shoots out the door, races across the lot and hops into Jonah's car.

INT. JONAH'S CAR

Betty wriggles into the backseat as they pull out of the parking lot. Xan looks back.

XAN

OMG.

Betty turns to see Judy trot after them, waving the car down.

BETTY

Shit. I told her I'd help her break down the pieces and load them up.

Xan lights a cigarette.

XAN

Fucking co-de's. The more you give, the more they need.

JONAH

You want to go back?

Xan and Jonah look at her expectantly.

BETTY

God, no.

Jonah grins and guns it out of the parking lot.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

A downtown warehouse apartment, stuffed with SCENESTERS IN BLACK. If there is a bohemian art scene in Erie, Pennsylvania at all, this is it.

HOWLS of laughter erupt through the room as techno-trance plays in the background. This is an older crowd. Post-grads. Jonah's friends.

Betty sits alone on a lop-sided couch watching Xan nearby, who stands in a circle of adoring OLDER GUYS. She throws her head back and downs a shot of tequila, delighted to be the center of attention.

It is not lost on Betty as Jonah's hand comes to rest in the small of Xan's back, as Xan leans into him with the anticipation of a lover.

JONAH

I take all the credit, of course.
It's true. I've known Xan since she was, what? Fourteen? When I started teaching at the summer art program, after my freshman year at Columbia. I've molded and melded her pliant little artist brain with my own two hands and whispered black promises into her ear.

XAN

That he has no intention of keeping, of course.

SCENSTER IN BLACK

Is that how you two got together?

XAN

Hah!

JONAH

Oh. We're not together.

XAN

Not yet!

Jonah looks around, spots Betty on the couch.

JONAH

Betty, too. She's my creature. I taught them both.

XAN

And we've worshipped him like pagans ever since.

He waves her over, but Betty stays put.

JONAH

Betty took second place today. Her work has really come a long way since last summer.

XAN

Hey, Betty. You get the gold star for most improved.

ANOTHER SCENESTER walks by and holds out a tray of egg rolls. Betty looks at them.

BETTY

I'd rather eat cat shit.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - LATER

Betty, Jonah and Xan stand on the roof looking out over the lights of downtown Erie. Xan smokes a cigarette. Betty takes a Tootsie Pop out of her bag and sticks it in her mouth.

JONAH

You two are going to love Columbia. We'll have to figure out a way to get you out of Professor Coltrane's first year still life studies class, of course. He's a wretched little man. He won't let you work in anything but charcoal.

Xan passes a bottle of champagne to Jonah, who takes a swig and offers it to Betty. She shakes her head.

XAN

Yuck! I hate charcoal. It's so pre-millennium. You really think you can help us get out of it?

JONAH

I've got a little pull. We'll see. Oh, there's this great pizza place up on a hundred and third and Broadway. Cardo's Pizzeria. I'll take you two there. It's the best pizza you've ever had in your life. It's so good, they even open for breakfast.

(then)

You know, I'm actually jealous of you two.

XAN

Why?

JONAH

Because when I got to Columbia, I
would have killed to have someone
like me there to show me around New
York.

And then, as if this were not already the most shiteous day
of her entire life, the worst happens. Jonah turns to Betty
and actually ruffles her hair -- like a kid sister, like a
fucking puppy.

XAN

If I don't get out of here soon,
I'm going to fucking die.

BETTY

If I don't get out of here soon, I
hope I fucking die.

JONAH'S FRIEND pops his head out of the rooftop door.

JONAH'S FRIEND

Hey, Jonah! Andre's here.

JONAH

Andre Andre?

JONAH'S FRIEND

Yeah! And, dude, he brought his
mail order bride.

Jonah turns back to Xan and Betty.

JONAH

I've got to go see this.

As Jonah leaves, Xan turns to Betty.

XAN

What the fuck do you think you're
doing?

BETTY

What?

XAN

You're just sitting there all night
like some rat's twitching ass.

BETTY

What are you talking about? I told
you I have cramps.

Xan stares at her hard for a moment. It dawns on her.

XAN
Oh, Betty. You didn't really think
Jonah was going to be The One, did
you? Tonight?

Xan flicks her cigarette off the roof and walks over to the
rooftop door. She turns around.

XAN (CONT'D)
He's so completely wrong for you.
Virgins bore the shit out of him.

BETTY
He told you that?

XAN
He wants a girl with a little
bojangle. Not every man out there's
a great white hymen hunter.

She pauses at the rooftop door.

XAN (CONT'D)
You've got to grow up, Betty.
Seriously. Or you're going to get
left behind. Things sort out fast
in college and I won't always be
there to make sure you're shoes are
tied.

The door falls shut behind her. Betty finally recovers.

BETTY
I didn't think he wanted to! I
don't!

Betty moves after her. She pulls on the door.

And, of course, it's LOCKED.

She bangs on the thick metal door, but no one hears her. She
pulls out her cell and dials Xan's number. It goes straight
to voice-mail.

Betty pounds on the door with both fists now.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Hello! Somebody help!

A fat drop of rain hits her square in the face.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Breathless, soaked to the bone, Betty climbs the last few
rails down from the building's rusted fire escape.

Her shoes hit the wet ground with a splat.

As the rain pelts her, she looks up at the lights of the party in the apartment above. The laughter, the happy people.

A DRUNK DUDE pushes outside. He holds the door for her.

DRUNK DUDE
You want to go up?

Betty shakes her head. He lets the door close and wobbles down the street, disappearing into the rain.

EXT. BETTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Betty's car rattles to a stop in the driveway.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She opens the front door and comes to a screeching halt.

Save for a single lamp on the floor, the living room is COMPLETELY EMPTIED of furniture. Have they been robbed?

BETTY
Hello?

She looks into the kitchen. Other than the kitchen table, it too is empty. The cabinet doors yawn open like empty mouths.

She runs to her mother's room, throws open the door.

It was a quick getaway. The floor is littered with trash and empty boxes.

INT. HARLOW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She opens the door to her sister's room -- which is still completely furnished -- to see Harlow zipping up a suitcase.

BETTY
What the fuck?

On Harlow's bed sits a GREASY LITTLE MAN with dirty boots and even dirtier jeans.

HARLOW
She moved back to Grandma's.

BETTY
That's like, a hundred miles. Why?

HARLOW
She said we weren't capable of
caring for her in the manner to
which she has become accustomed and
that God intends for her.

BETTY
Motherfucker.

Betty sags down on the bed.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

HARLOW
Vegas.

BETTY
What for?

HARLOW
To be a cocktail waitress.

BETTY
Ah. Dreams really do come true.

Harlow heaves her suitcases up and moves out of the room.

HARLOW
Fuck you, Betty.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Betty follows her into the living room, Harlow's mute
boyfriend in tow.

BETTY
Is she coming back?

Before Harlow can answer, a JOLT shudders through the entire
house and the LIGHTS GO OUT.

Harlow and Betty stand there for a moment in the dark.

BETTY (CONT'D)
She didn't even pay the light bill?

Harlow opens the front door, letting a little light back in.

BETTY (CONT'D)
That heinous twat. I gave her the
money for it out of my paycheck.

Betty follows Harlow and her boyfriend out the door.

EXT. BETTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

HARLOW
Look at it this way, we're finally
free. She let us off the hook.

BETTY
That's one way to spin child
abandonment.

HARLOW
If I were you, I'd run as fast and
as far as you can, in case she
falls into a brief moment of
lucidity and suddenly remembers
she's a mother.

Harlow hops in her boyfriend's muscle car.

BETTY
Where am I supposed to go?

HARLOW
Who cares?

BETTY
A path to sure success.

Harlow looks her sister over. These two have absolutely no
connection to each other. Never have. But Harlow gives it one
last shot -- in her own bitchy, yet pragmatic way.

HARLOW
Your problem is you've never wanted
to see the world for how it really
is, Betty. You look around and you
don't see the truth. You see how
things should be, or how you want
them to be and you think that makes
it real. Like a child. But that's
not how it works. This house is
dead. Mom's gone. Dad lives under a
bar stool. It's over. Whatever you
think you had here, it doesn't
exist anymore. Listen to me. You
have to move on.

Harlow's loser boyfriend starts up his car with a roar.

BETTY
Well, thanks for the cheery
farewell, Sis.

Harlow's eyes narrow back to their usual homicidal angle.

HARLOW

You didn't create the world, Miss Artiste. The world created you. And that makes you its bitch. Not the other way around.

The car eases out of the driveway.

BETTY

All right. I'll just contact you care of the Bunny Ranch in case of emergency?

HARLOW

Grow up.

BETTY

Yeah, I'm working on that.

Harlow leans out the window as the car picks up speed.

HARLOW

It doesn't matter that the game is rigged against us, Betty. We all still have to play.

And with that icy dagger of advice, Harlow disappears down the black street and out of Betty's life.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Blackness. SHUFFLING SOUNDS can be heard. Finally, a flashlight clicks on. Betty stands in the living room. Alone.

She sags down against the wall, pulls her knees up and drops her head into her hands, devastated at her abandonment.

After a moment, she glances down to see a pile of mail on the floor at her feet.

INT. BETTY'S ROOM - NIGHT

In the now candlelit, but still shadowy room, Betty holds up her latest college letter.

This one is from the University of Pennsylvania. She takes a deep breath, rips it open.

A MOMENT as she reads it, her face transforming from wild hope to utter desolation.

She crumples it into ball and throws it across the room.

Then, she yanks the rest of her rejection letters from the corkboard, clawing at them with her fingernails, tearing them to shreds.

INT. BETTY'S ROOM - LATER

Betty flips through her photo album of Fin Nicholson, idly glancing at the pictures.

She opens her cell phone and dials a number.

BETTY

Hey, Fin. You're not answering.
Probably out at some party fighting
the chicas off with a bloody stick.
I just wanted to give you a shout,
see how things are going. I don't
know if you heard, but Tyler and I
broke up. He's gay, actually. Big
shocker, I know. So, you know, I
was dating a latent homo for like,
two years and had no idea. I can't
say that speaks well to my keenly
honed feminine instincts. He
wouldn't have sex with me, not even
on prom night and then I tried to
seduce his best friend, but that
turned pukey. Then I gave Kelly
Jones a shot because he broke up
with Tamara Gigliotti, but that
went south and now they both think
I'm some kind of sex maniac, even
though I'm still a virgin. Wow. I
can't believe I just told you that.
Anyway, you're, you know, really
cool and stuff. I always thought
you had nice hands. Hope things are
going well in Philly. Call me, you
know, sometime. As long as you're
not gay. I mean, it's okay if you
are, but -- never mind. Wow, I'm
rambling now. That's a sexy trait.
Oh. It's Betty, by the way. Betty
Whirley. From Mallorville. Xan's
friend. Right. Okay. Bye.

Betty slams her cell shut and sags back on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. That went swell. Why didn't she just fart right into the phone while she was at it?

She JERKS UP at a sudden NOISE in the otherwise silent house.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Flashlight in hand, Betty moves through the dark room.

BETTY

Harlow?

She points the flashlight down the hall and starts towards her mother's room -- then stops.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Fuck this spooky shit.

CLOSE ON -- Betty's hand as she sets a LAMP down on the kitchen table.

EXT. BETTY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Betty stands at the fence separating her house from Crowley's. Her hands move along the stiles, feeling their way, until she finds what she's looking for. A loose plank.

She shifts it aside and squeezes through, dragging a long orange extension cord behind her.

INT. CROWLEY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Betty's flashlight lands on an exterior socket on the outside wall of Crowley's house. She pushes the cord's head into it then trots back to the fence and peeks over, but the lamp on the kitchen table is not lit.

BETTY

Fucker.

CROWLEY (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Betty whips around to see Crowley peering down at her from his star-gazing platform on the roof.

BETTY

Committing petty theft.

CROWLEY

You have to flip the switch inside the back door to turn the outside socket on.

BETTY

What are you doing up there? It's too cloudy for Alpha Centauri tonight.

CROWLEY

Thinking about UPenn.

BETTY

You got in? Of course, you did.

CROWLEY
How far is UPenn from Columbia?

BETTY
I don't know, Crowley. Far, I guess.

CROWLEY
What's the extension cord for?

BETTY
Our power's out.

CROWLEY
Our power's not out.

BETTY
The fuse box is blown or something.

CROWLEY
You haven't been in my backyard since the summer between sixth and seventh grade. When we had our last camp-out. Remember?

BETTY
Not really. Can you go down and turn the switch on for me?

EXT. CROWLEY'S PATIO DOOR - NIGHT

Inside, Betty sees Crowley flip the switch. She runs to the fence and sees that her lamp is now on. But before she can slip back through the loose plank, he slides open the patio door and steps outside.

CROWLEY
I'm sorry you didn't win today. You should have. You're the best artist I know and if I had a million dollars, I'd buy every one of your paintings.

BETTY
Thanks.

Betty glances through the fence at her lonely lamp on the kitchen table, her dismal, empty house. She turns to Crowley.

BETTY (CONT'D)
You still got Terminator on DVD?

INT. CROWLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Crowley and Betty lie on his floor, elbows propped, eating caramel popcorn and watching a cyborg Arnold Schwarzenegger terrorize Sarah Connor.

CROWLEY
That was the night.

BETTY
What night?

CROWLEY
Our last camp out, the summer
between sixth and seventh grade.

BETTY
What about it?

CROWLEY
The night we stopped being best
friends.

Betty sighs. She hits pause on the remote, freezing Arnold Schwarzenegger in mid-punch through a windshield.

BETTY
It's not that simple. Things
change. It's just part of life. We
can't stay kids forever huddled in
your dad's pup-tent eating Cheetos.

Betty grabs a handful of popcorn and shoves it in her mouth.

CROWLEY
What changed?

BETTY
I got tits. And you know it, so
don't even think about denying it.

CROWLEY
What are you talking about?

BETTY
You looked at them.

CROWLEY
What?

BETTY
That night. In the tent. You looked
at them.

CROWLEY
I did not.

BETTY

I saw you. You were looking at them
and you had lust in your eyes. And
then you tried to kiss me.

CROWLEY

I did?

BETTY

You were the one who ruined it,
Crowley. Not me. I was perfectly
happy to go along ignoring the fact
that I'd suddenly sprouted these
alien looking, fleshy orb-creatures
on my chest. At least until the end
of the summer.

The truth hits him.

CROWLEY

I can't believe I did that.

He's genuinely crushed. This poor kid has been in misery for
the last five years over Betty's rejection of him and now
she's told him that it was all his fault.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

I guess you grew up faster than me.

BETTY

I didn't have much of a choice.

She brings her arm around him.

BETTY (CONT'D)

It's okay. It's not your fault I
got tits.

He looks up at her, their faces close.

CROWLEY

I'm sorry for looking at them.

BETTY

Crowley ...

CROWLEY

I would never hurt you, Betty.

And then, Betty makes a great big honking mistake. She leans
forward and KISSES HIM.

At first, it's tender, sweet. The kiss of children playing at
real kissing. But it swiftly turns feral, greedy.

In a flash, she rolls on top, straddling him. Crowley is wide-
eyed, unsure what's happening.

She rips off her shirt, exposing her bra, through which Crowley can now spy her much mulled over tits.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

Betty!

She unzips his pants and yanks them down.

BETTY

Shut up, Crowley.

She bears down on him, like a cheetah bringing down a baby gazelle.

CROWLEY

Betty, wait!

BETTY

I've been saving myself for you.

She brings each of his hands up to her tits.

BETTY (CONT'D)

It's the first time for both of us.

Her hand plunges into his underwear.

BETTY (CONT'D)

We'll treasure it forever.

He tries to wriggle away from her, but she pins him down and arches up, poised to push him inside her.

CROWLEY

No! I don't --

His body betrays him and, too quick, Crowley lets out a gasping, full-body shiver of pure, undiluted O.

Now Betty's the one who's unsure what's happening. She pulls her hand out of his underwear. It's covered in goo.

BETTY

What the fuck? What did you do that for?

Horrificed, humiliated, Crowley yanks up his pants as Betty looks around for a place to wipe her hand.

CROWLEY

What did I do that for? What the hell did you do it for? I told you I didn't want to.

BETTY

You didn't want to? With me?

A wounded animal, Crowley scoots away from her, as if she might turn and attack him again.

CROWLEY
I've never done it before!

BETTY
Me, either. That was the whole point!

CROWLEY
I wanted -- I want it to be special.

BETTY
That's what I was trying to do.

CROWLEY
This isn't special.

BETTY
This was sweet and spontaneous. How much more special do you want it?

CROWLEY
Special. With the right girl. The right time. When I'm ready.

BETTY
Well, my hand is covered in about twelve and a half seconds of all the special you can muster, Crowley.

She wipes her hand on the quilt covering his bed. He makes a grab for it.

CROWLEY
Ah! Stop it. My grandma made me that blanket!

BETTY
What? You think your grandma never got down? Jesus. I was giving you a chance here. The chance you said you've been wanting ever since your dad's pup-tent. And what do you do? You pre-jac all over my hand and then act like I raped you.

Betty throws on her shirt and jams her feet into her shoes.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Xan was right about you. You're nothing but a gamer geek-n-freak with a pre-pubescent mind and a pre-pubescent dick.
(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)
You'd rather jack-off to your
stupid X-box cartoon-chick
fantasies than fuck a real woman
standing right in front of you.

She slams open his bedroom window and scoots outside onto his roof with what once must have been practiced ease, then grabs onto a tree limb to climb down.

BETTY (CONT'D)
You're pathetic, Crowley. Just ...
grow the fuck up.

Betty skitters down the tree, across the yard. She turns to see Crowley looking out the window at her, rage in his eyes.

CROWLEY
I'm officially over you now!

BETTY
Good! Let me know when you get
engaged to your lifelike Asian sex
doll. I'll buy you a toaster so you
can hop in the tub and kill
yourself with it.

She slips through the loose plank on the fence, runs across the yard into her own house and slams the patio door shut.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She stands there, her chest heaving. Humiliated, enraged. Utterly abandoned. As much as she tries to fight it, a tear finds its way out and slides down her cheek.

And then, the light in her one, lone lamp goes out.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Draped over the kitchen table, a white sheet.

UNDER THE KITCHEN TABLE

Betty has made a fort of sorts out of the sheet. She sleeps on the floor, curled in a blanket, gripping a butter knife in one hand, a baseball bat in the other.

Her cell phone RINGS and she jerks awake.

XAN'S VOICE
(on phone)
What happened to you last night?

Betty wipes the sleep from her eyes.

BETTY
I got stuck on the roof. I banged
on the door.

INT. XAN'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Xan wears a pair of pink panties and matching bra with
cherries on them as she squats in the tub, shaving her legs.

XAN
I was lost in the promise of
Jonah's glorious cock. By the time
we went back to check, you were
gone.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BETTY AND XAN

Betty crawls out from under the table, rubbing a crick in her
neck.

XAN (CONT'D)
Well, aren't you even going to ask?

BETTY
Ask what?

XAN
Whether we did it or not.

BETTY
I know you didn't do it.

XAN
How?

BETTY
Because if you had, you would have
already started telling me about it
in excruciating and wholly
inappropriate detail.

XAN
You're right. But he wants me. Bad.
He just doesn't want to fuck a high
school chick cause it will make him
feel like a total Pervasaur. He's
waiting for graduation.

Betty surveys the disaster that is her house.

BETTY
I've got ever so slightly more
important issues to deal with right
now.

XAN
More important than Jonah's cock?
Blasphemy.

BETTY
My mom split and they shut off the
electric.

Xan winces as she nicks her shin bone.

XAN
That hideous cunt. I swear, Betty,
a bull shark is a better mother
than her.

BETTY
It's spooky here at night. Can I
crash with you for awhile?

XAN
You know you can't. My parents
despise you with a fascist passion.

BETTY
Only because you've used me as your
excuse the last four years every
time you almost got busted humping
some Cro-Mag on a school night.

Xan grabs a bottle of Peppermint Schnapps from the counter.

XAN
Yeah, well. Turd-pie's been cooked
on that one. No way they'll let you
stay here.

She cracks it open and swishes her mouth with it, swallows.

XAN (CONT'D)
You're a bad influence on me, Betty.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A KNOCK on Betty's front door. She pokes her head into the
living room and opens the door on her teacher, Judy Kilgore.

BETTY
What are you doing here?

JUDY KILGORE
I brought your paintings by.

She peeks past Betty into the empty living room.

JUDY KILGORE (CONT'D)
Where's your furniture? What's
happened here, Betty?

INT. JUDY KILGORE'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

Judy helps Betty heave her suitcase onto the bed. The room is homey, light, airy. And filled with a DOZEN MEWLING CATS.

Betty sneezes.

BETTY
It's only through graduation. I can
go stay at my grandma's after.

Judy shoos the cats outside.

JUDY KILGORE
You know you can stay here as long
as you need. I have plenty of room.
You can stay here forever, if you
want!

BETTY
Nothing is forever.

Judy closes the door behind her. But a LONE SIAMESE still perches at the foot of her bed, staring at her. Betty HISSES and it darts away.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Heads down, pencils scratching, Betty, Xan and the rest of the STUDENTS in class sweat over their final exam.

INT. LUNCH ROOM - DAY

Betty and Xan sit at a table. Stressed, Betty pours over a large book as Xan pops a tater-tot in her mouth.

XAN
What do you have left?

BETTY
Chemistry.

XAN
I told you, you should have taken
Typing with me.
(Xan holds her fingers up)
A-S-D-F-J-K-L-semi-colon. That's
all you need to know.

BETTY
Heard from Columbia?

XAN
No. You think I should text Jonah
and ask him what their hitch is?

BETTY
It might ease my mind some to know
that my eyes are bleeding over this
chemistry book for a future more
promising than fry-girl at Burger
King.

XAN
How's life at Judy's B&B? Does she
force you to drink chamomile tea
and play Jenga every night with her
herd of cats?

BETTY
There isn't enough Benadryl in the
world. One more final and I'm done
with the long dark hell of high
school for good. And Judy. And her
cats.

XAN
And yet, still clinging resolutely
to your maidenhood.

BETTY
I don't care. I'd rather be raped
by wolves than endure the
humiliation of another no-go.

XAN
The butternut squash offer still
stands. I'm that good of a friend,
Betty.

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS - DAY

Betty enters and sees Crowley across the room. She offers him
a little 'good-luck' smile, but he frowns and turns away.

She sighs and takes her seat as a STERN TEACHER enters, stack
of exam papers in his arms.

STERN TEACHER
Let's go, folks. We're burning
daylight here.

INT. JUDY KILGORE'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

Betty sits on the bed, her computer in her lap, while the evil Siamese studies her from across the room, plotting murder. She sneezes, then takes a swig of Benadryl.

CLOSE ON -- the computer screen as E-BAY loads. We see a PHOTO of Betty. Cute, smiling, wearing a tight pink sweater. All innocence and sugar plums.

Betty SCROLLS DOWN to see her advert.

*'18 Year Old Virgin Needs College Tuition Money
All Reasonable Offers Considered'*

Starting Bid: \$0.00

Betty hits ENTER and the page reloads. She watches the BIDDING BOX with growing apprehension as it remains at ZERO.

Judy enters the room, toting towels, extra blankets, trailed by a cat or two. Betty slams the lid on her laptop.

JUDY KILGORE
I thought I'd make us a nice
homemade meal tonight. Do you like
salmon?

BETTY
I'm meeting Xan at the museum.

Judy drops the towels on the bed, disappointed, annoyed.

JUDY KILGORE
What for?

BETTY
To see the Caravaggios. The tickets
I won, remember? They're only good
for today.

JUDY KILGORE
What time will you be back?

BETTY
I don't know.

JUDY KILGORE
Well, I suppose it's alright. Not
too late, though.

As Judy pulls the door closed, Betty frowns.

BETTY
Mother hen much?

She opens her laptop again. The first bid has come in.

At a whopping \$14.75.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I guess we really are in a
recession.

But then, HER EYES GO WIDE as she sees --

-- a \$4000 bid. It quickly ticks up to \$4500. A few more seconds and it jumps from \$5000 to \$5500 to \$6500.

Before she knows it, the bidding goes wild.

It passes \$10,000. \$15,000. \$25,000. Terrified, Betty's fingers fly across the keyboard and she DELETES THE AD.

Ashen-faced, she closes the lid on her computer and pushes it away from her, like it's infected.

She turns over on the bed and comes face to face with a throw pillow covered in cat hair, on which the cross-stitched face of a WIDE-EYED KITTEN peers out at her.

She grimaces in disgust and hurls it across the room.

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Betty stands outside the museum, cell phone to her ear.

XAN'S VOICE
(on phone)
*'I can't talk right now, but no
matter what else I'm doing, you
know I'm thinking about you ...'*

A BEEP and then ...

BETTY
Where the hell are you? It's going
to close in an hour. Fuck it. I'm
going in.

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Betty stands in front of Caravaggio's 'Medusa.' Her decapitated head floats in a circular frame, blood spurting from her neck. Snakes twist in on themselves, forming her hair. Her mouth is frozen in horror, her eyes are wide -- sad, angry, surprised.

PAUL ANDREAS (O.S.)
She's beautiful, isn't she?

Betty turns to see a handsome man standing next to her. PAUL ANDREAS, late 30's, clad in an expensive suit.

BETTY
Not beautiful, beautiful, but I
know what you mean.

Betty glances at him and catches his dazzling smile.

PAUL ANDREAS
I first saw her in Italy at the
Uffizi Gallery in Florence. That's
where they keep the permanent
collection. See how she's looking
down there? I always wondered what
she was looking at.

BETTY
Herself.
(off his look)
I don't know. I mean, I always
imagined she was looking at herself
in the mirror. Like for the first
time, she actually saw what she
really looked like, just as she was
dying. And it scared her, but it
made her sad, too.

PAUL ANDREAS
What mirror?

BETTY
You know, the mirror that Perseus
used so she couldn't turn him into
stone before he whacked her head
off.

Paul turns to Betty with surprise. This is one smart cookie.

PAUL ANDREAS
I'd say that's a very perceptive
interpretation. I wish I'd thought of
it myself back in Professor Mackay's
Art History class. I imagine I would
have gotten an A instead of that
dismal C that's been hanging over my
head all these years.

Betty meets his eyes. She smiles shyly.

PAUL ANDREAS (CONT'D)
I'm Paul Andreas.

BETTY
Betty.

PAUL ANDREAS
Are you an art student?

BETTY
Something like that.

Paul continues to stare down at her. His eyes are warm, inviting. There's heat between these two.

PAUL ANDREAS
How old are you, Betty?

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON -- a rocks glass half-full of tequila. Inside, floats an oyster, gray and glistening.

At the bar, sitting next to Paul, Betty stares at the oyster, face twisted in disgust. Paul grabs his own glass and holds it up -- a challenge.

After a moment, Betty takes hers and tips his rim. She pinches her nose, closes her eyes and downs it.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER

A little closer to each other now, Betty and Paul sit at the bar, which is now lined with a dozen empty glasses.

She is utterly shit-faced.

BETTY
You look familiar. Are you sure I haven't seen you before?

PAUL ANDREAS
This is my first trip to Erie. Ever been to New York?

BETTY
No. But I'm almost positive. You look really familiar.

Paul hands her another oyster cocktail. Betty swallows it in one gulp and slams the glass on the bar.

BETTY (CONT'D)
After the first four or five, they're not so bad. Really.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Paul and Betty stumble into his hotel suite, kissing. He lifts off her shirt and throws her down on the bed. As Paul rips off his tie, his shirt, Betty wriggles out of her jeans.

BETTY
You have to go back to New York
tomorrow?

PAUL ANDREAS
Yes. I'm sorry. I fly out first
thing in the morning.

BETTY
No. That's perfect.

Paul crawls up her body, taking in every inch of her.

PAUL ANDREAS
You are a rare and beautiful
creature, Betty.

Betty closes her eyes and smiles, drinking in every seductive word. 'Yes. Yes, I am.' He comes down to kiss her again and she meets his mouth with hot anticipation.

His hungry lips move from her ear to her neck.

BETTY
This is so much better than
LaQuinta.

He slaps out a NEON PINK condom.

PAUL ANDREAS
Strawberry flavored.

It's really, really pink. Betty's eyes it, unsure.

BETTY
It's not going to give me a glow in
the dark snatch, is it?

PAUL ANDREAS
No. But you are unbelievably
adorable for thinking so.

Betty bends down to help him slide it on. Her nose wrinkles up. She stifles a gag.

BETTY
Oh, dude. I think it's spoiled or
something. It's gone kind of
rotten.

Suddenly, Betty's face registers something odd. Something curling deep inside her. Something very painful. And very inevitable. She swallows a belch.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Uh-oh.

Paul raises his head.

PAUL ANDREAS
What's wrong?

Before Betty can answer, she HURLS a projectile VOMIT CONE of tequila and oysters with such force that it literally ARCHES across the length of the bed and splats onto the floor.

Holy Exorcist. Paul scrambles back, horrified. Betty wipes her mouth, turns back to him, shaken. Offers a weak smile.

BETTY
I'm okay. It's good. I'm fine.

She moves to kiss him again, but he slithers off the bed. Is the head-spin next? Will she start cursing at him in Latin?

PAUL ANDREAS
I'm, uh, just going to get something to clean that up.

As he slips off the bed, Paul catches a whiff of the vomit. The blood drains from his face. He slaps his hand over his mouth and races to the toilet.

Betty sits there, white-lipped. In the other room, she hears Paul's vomit hit the toilet with a splash.

BETTY
Oh, God.

She SPEWS AGAIN. This time all over the sheets.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Oh, it hurts.

She holds her stomach, writhing in agony.

BETTY (CONT'D)
You better bring more towels!

Just then, Paul's cell phone BEEPS. It's on the bedside table and Betty can't help but see --

-- it's from XAN MONROE.

BETTY (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

With trembling hands, she picks it up and reads the text.

XAN'S TEXT MESSAGE
'Has the dirty deed been done or is my virgin filly bucking you?'

Paul staggers out of the bathroom, holding a wad of towels. He sees the look on Betty's face.

PAUL ANDREAS

What?

Betty throws his cell phone at him. It glances off his head, shatters against the wall.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Still sick, Betty limps down the corridor, shrugging on her clothes. Blood oozing out of the gash on his forehead, Paul trails after, zipping up his pants.

PAUL ANDREAS

Betty, wait!

She hits the elevator button.

PAUL ANDREAS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Betty. I am. You're so beautiful. You really are. So young, so innocent -- and young. Please come back to the room. I can make it special for you. I can.

Betty jumps into the elevator, causing an ELDERLY COUPLE inside to stumble back. She chokes back a gag and shoots Paul the finger.

BETTY

Fuck off, pedophile. I'm calling Dateline on your ass.

The Elderly Couple's eyes go wide on Paul as the doors close.

EXT. XAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Betty bangs on Xan's front door.

BETTY

Get out here, you pimp.

The porch light comes on and Xan appears. Betty pulls on the screen door while Xan clings to it, trying to keep a barrier between them.

BETTY (CONT'D)

How much did he pay you?

XAN

Betty ...

BETTY
How much?!

After a long pause ...

XAN
Three thousand dollars.

BETTY
You twat. You bitch-hog, beat-up,
ass-ragging twat!

Betty kicks the door.

XAN
I was going to give the money to
you! It seemed like such a waste.
It wasn't working out with anyone
else and you need the money. I was
just trying to help. Seriously.

BETTY
Who is he?

XAN
A friend of my dad's. He works with
him at the bank.

BETTY
He's not even from New York?!

XAN
Is that what he told you? Fuck, no.
He lives over in the Acreage with a
fat wife and three fat kids.

Xan cracks the screen door, holds something out to Betty.

XAN (CONT'D)
I made the cocksucker pony up in
advance.

Betty glances down. It's an envelope stuffed with cash.

BETTY
It's filthy child molester money.

XAN
Yes. Yes, it is.

Betty snatches it out of her hand.

EXT. JUDY KILGORE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Betty's car screeches to a halt in front of Judy's house. She looks up to see Judy in the doorway, arms crossed, looking very unhappy, cats writhing between her legs.

She glances at her dashboard clock. It reads 4:00 a.m.

BETTY

Shit.

She throws the car back into drive and floors it.

EXT. BETTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An unfamiliar car squats in her driveway. Betty pulls up and cautiously approaches it, where she finds FIN NICHOLSON dozing in the front seat, waiting for her.

A little Goth. A little Punk. Double-dipped sex on a stick.

He wakes with a start, then smiles. Yawns.

FIN

Betty.

BETTY

Fin? What are you doing here?

FIN

I got your message.

BETTY

My message?

FIN

Well, there's a family thing going on here this week. I flew out with my mom. Who is, I must admit, a bit bewildered at my sudden interest in attending Great Aunt Shirley's sixty-seventh birthday party.

He slips out of the car, closes the distance between them.

FIN (CONT'D)

You look like you need something.

BETTY

I do?

Gently, he folds her in his arms, hugging her tight. She did need it. She really needed it. She lets out a deep sigh, closes her eyes and puts her head on his shoulder.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I'm covered in oyster vomit.

FIN
Oyster vomit be damned. I've been
waiting two years to do this.

He tips her chin up and brings his lips to hers. Could be the
tequila still roiling, but her knees literally give way.

FIN (CONT'D)
And now, I have to go.

BETTY
What? Why?

FIN
Well, I've been waiting here since
midnight, texting you every half
hour or so.

Betty pulls her cell out of her bag and turns it on.

BETTY
Shit. It's been off all night.

FIN
Aunt Shirley's birthday soiree
commences bright and early. And the
pretense must be given face, lest
Mommy Dear discover my true purpose
for coming.

BETTY
True purpose?

Fin hops back in his car and smiles.

FIN
I came for you, Betty.

Yum. Gasp. Lick. He could take her right now on the lawn.
Like two horny poodles.

FIN (CONT'D)
How about I pick you up at three?

BETTY
Okay.
(then)
Wait! No. I have to work. I get off
at seven.

His engine purrs to life and he pulls out.

FIN

Seven, it is. Don't eat. I'm taking you out for a steak.

She stands there watching his car disappear. Stunned. Fin Nicholson. He came all the way from Philly. For her.

This is the sexiest, most romantic thing she's ever heard of.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- Crowley crouches on the roof next door, spying down. He's heard every word.

He's grief-stricken. The weight of absolute and utter heartbreak transforms his face, aging him instantly.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - UNDER THE KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

Flashlight in hand, Betty wriggles into the blanket under her makeshift fort, flipping through her Fin photo album.

BETTY

Thank you, God. Now I can almost start to forgive you for Tyler.

Her cell RINGS. She looks down. It's Judy Kilgore. Ugh. She switches it off and rolls over, smiling from Erie all the way to Philadelphia.

EXT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Betty scurries outside, phone to her ear. It's a voice-mail from Judy.

JUDY'S VOICE

(on phone)

Betty, it's Judy again. I'm really worried about you. I want you to call me as soon as you --

Betty flips it shut and shrugs on her green work vest, noticing the MAIL TRUCK as it pauses in front of her house.

She bounds up, all smiles.

BETTY

Anything for me?

The MAIL CARRIER hands her a letter. It's from Columbia.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

From his rooftop perch, Crowley watches Betty's car screech out of her drive and tear down the street.

EXT. XAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Holding the now open letter in one hand, Betty bangs on Xan's door with the other. No answer.

BETTY

Shit.

She kneels down and scoots a heavy cactus pot to the side, revealing a key, and slips it into the lock.

INT. XAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Betty twists open the knob and races inside.

BETTY

Xan?

Breathless, she takes the stairs two at a time, bursts into Xan's bedroom to see --

-- Xan on the bed, naked, on all fours. Behind her, caught in mid-thrust, Fin fucking Nicholson. That piece of shit.

XAN

Betty!

FIN

Betty!

The Columbia letter falls to the floor. Betty back-steps out of the room.

BETTY (CONT'D)

You weren't ... answering your phone. I, uh ... just came to tell you, I got my letter. From Columbia.

(then)

They rejected me.

XAN

Betty, I --

BETTY

Don't you dare.

Betty runs down the stairs, flings herself out the door.

EXT. XAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Betty stumbles out. But she drops her keys and they slide under the car.

BETTY

Fucker.

Out of breath, half-dressed, Fin catches her.

FIN
I'm sorry, Betty.

She squats down, desperate to find them.

FIN (CONT'D)
I do like you, Betty. I always did.
Do. I do. A lot.

BETTY
Some joke. Come to town, take
Betty's virginity and then sit
around laughing about it with Xan.
It was always a joke to her.

FIN
No, it wasn't like that. I came
here for you, I really did. Things
just took a truly bizarre turn
about ten minutes before you got
here. After she opened that letter
from Columbia. She got really upset
and --

BETTY
So of course, you stuck your dick
in her because that's the solution
to all of life's problems, right?

Betty spies her keys and snatches them up.

FIN
I'm sorry, Betty. I'm an asshole. I
don't even know why I did it. You
deserve someone better than me.

She hops in her car, slams the door.

BETTY
Yeah. I do.

INT. XAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Fin pokes his head in the door. Xan lies on her side under
the covers, staring at the wall, her own Columbia rejection
letter clenched in her hand.

She's blown it. Big time. And she knows it.

Fin sits on the edge of the bed, puts a hand on her shoulder,
leans in to kiss her. She shakes him off.

FIN
Shit.
(he sits there for a sec)
(MORE)

FIN (CONT'D)
Can't you at least give me a hand-
job?

XAN
Get the fuck out of here.

INT. JUDY KILGORE'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM

Betty's open suitcase lies on the bed as she throws her clothes into it. Judy stands in the doorway.

JUDY KILGORE
Well, you can at least tell me
where you were all night! I deserve
that much.

BETTY
Is this how real mothers act? Fuck
me. I'm starting to appreciate the
fact that I never had one.

Judy approaches Betty, puts an arm around her.

JUDY KILGORE
I'm sorry, Betty. I don't want to
be your mother. I want to be your
friend.

Betty sags down on the bed, cradling her head in her hands.

BETTY
I heard from Columbia. They
rejected me.

Judy sits down next to her.

JUDY KILGORE
Oh, I'm so sorry, Betty. I am.
Really.

BETTY
What am I going to do?

JUDY KILGORE
Erie State has a very good art
program. And you can stay here.

BETTY
I can't stay here.

JUDY KILGORE
You can. I want you to.

Judy takes Betty's hand.

JUDY KILGORE (CONT'D)
I care for you. Very much. It hurts
me to see you in so much pain.

Betty leans into Judy. She's at her breaking point. Judy
wraps her arms around her.

JUDY KILGORE (CONT'D)
I love you, Betty.

Betty's eyes pop open.

BETTY
What?

Judy brings Betty's hand to her lips and kisses her palm.

JUDY KILGORE
I've loved you for so long. So long
and I couldn't say. You're almost
eighteen now, about to graduate ...

Betty jerks her hand away.

JUDY KILGORE (CONT'D)
I just want us to be together. I
want you to be happy. And I could
do it, if you'll only give me a
chance. I know I can.

Betty's face is the blank mask of a trauma victim. Someone
who's survived fires, floods, the sinking of the Titanic.

Across the room, the eyes of Judy's homicidal Siamese cat
narrow on Betty. *'One of us. One of us. One of us.'*

INT. AMTRACK TRAIN STATION - DAY

Betty stands at the ticket counter. She withdraws the
envelope full of Pedophile Paul's cash and pushes a wad of it
to the agent.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The train pulls out of the station with a JERK. Betty turns
up the volume on her iPod and closes her eyes.

LATER, Betty watches the green rolling hills of western
Pennsylvania give way to pasture land, and then, to the sharp
gray angles of industrial warehouses and sky-scrapers.

INT. PENN STATION - DAY

Betty steps off the train into Penn Station. It's crowded. PEOPLE jostle past her as she turns in circles, staring in awe at the architecture above her head.

New York.

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - FINE ARTS BUILDING - DAY

Betty sits under a tree, licking an ice-cream cone, watching STUDENTS pass by on their way to and from class.

Nearby, she sees a GIRL who looks much like her, lying in the grass, art pad in front of her, sketching.

BETTY
Professor Coltrane? Still life
studies?

The Girl nods.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Nothing but charcoal.

ART GIRL
I know. It sucks.

BETTY
Yeah. He's a total fascist.

ART GIRL
I haven't seen you in class.

BETTY
I had him last semester.

This is the most pathetic thing ever.

JONAH (O.S.)
Betty!

Betty turns to see Jonah approach her across the green. He smiles and wraps her in his arms.

JONAH (CONT'D)
I can't believe you're here.

BETTY
You got my message?

JONAH
Of course. Congratulations! I'm so
excited for you. You did it. You
got in! I couldn't be prouder.

No. This is the most pathetic thing ever.

BETTY
I know. I can hardly believe it
myself.

JONAH
Sorry to hear about Xan, though.
How's she taking it?

Up the ass?

BETTY
She'll get over it.

JONAH
I'm taking you out to celebrate.
Whatever you want. Tonight, I'm all
yours.

INT. CARDO'S PIZZERIA - NIGHT

Betty and Jonah enter Cardo's Pizzeria at 103rd and Broadway.

JONAH
I can't believe you just hopped on
a train and came all this way.

BETTY
Oh, well. I guess I just did it for
the LOLs.

They grab their pizzas and sit down.

JONAH
No. That's not it. I know exactly
why you're here.

Betty nearly chokes on a bite of pizza.

BETTY
You do?

JONAH
You just couldn't wait another
second, could you?
(then)
To see the school.

BETTY
Oh! Yeah. You know, this pizza
really is amazing. You were right.
It's the best I've ever had.

JONAH
Hey, you want to go to a party?
Lots of Columbia people will be
there.

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

QUICK CUTS as Betty is ushered into the Columbia art scene, a world that she will never be a part of.

JONAH (V.O.)
It was always you, Betty.

She bumps elbows with the GLAM CROWD -- musicians, artists, writers, intellectuals.

JONAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I waited for you to come to me.

Jonah steps up, offers her a glass of wine, smiling warmly.

JONAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I had to. To be sure.

He brings his hand to the small of her back as she talks with an OLDER MAN and his MODEL girlfriend, who sip absinthe.

BETTY (V.O.)
Of what?

Betty leans into Jonah with the anticipation of a lover.

JONAH (V.O.)
That you were ready.

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT

Jonah and Betty tumble out of the party and hail a cab.

JONAH (V.O.)
Xan told me. That you've never been
with anyone before.

BETTY (V.O.)
Bitch.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

With the lights of Manhattan streaking past them, Jonah brings his hands to Betty's cheeks, pulls her close.

JONAH (V.O.)
It's okay. I already knew.

BETTY (V.O.)
How?

JONAH (V.O.)
It's in your eyes.

Jonah looks deeply into her eyes and kisses her. Betty melts.

INT. JONAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JONAH (V.O.)
I wanted you so much, but I didn't
want to scare you.

Jonah throws open the door and pulls Betty inside.

JONAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Are you scared?

BETTY (V.O.)
No. Yes. A little.

It's a closet. A dingy little place, long and narrow.

JONAH (V.O.)
I don't want to hurt you, Betty.

INT. JONAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scared shitless, Betty lies naked under Jonah, who perches over her, at the precipice of The Big Moment.

BETTY
You won't.

As he readies to enter her, Betty's eyes land on --

-- his nose hair. Funny. She never noticed it before. They're long and black, like spiders' legs. She grimaces in disgust.

JONAH
Are you sure about this?

Uh ... trim those scraggly bad boys and maybe then we'll talk. But before she can answer --

BETTY
Ow!

Betty's face twists up in a spasm of agony.

JONAH
Just relax.

She bites her lip as he moves inside her.

JONAH (CONT'D)
It's okay. You need to relax.

As Jonah buries his head in the stained pillow next to her, Betty squints up at the dingy ceiling. And sees a MONSTROUS COCKROACH scuttle across it.

ON THE TABLE, Jonah's cell phone rings.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Ignore it.

It rings. And rings. And rings.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Ignore it.

His rhythm intensifies. Betty's fingers clench his shoulders.

JONAH (CONT'D)
It's good. Can you feel it? Betty?

He moves faster and faster, banging her skull against his headboard now. She's stiff with agonizing pain.

BETTY
Yeah. It's good. Great.

Where'd the little fucker go? Betty scans the ceiling for the now vanished cockroach. Did it fall into the sheets?

As Jonah climaxes, Betty squeezes shut her eyes -- please, God, make this mistake go away -- until finally, with one last, boar-like grunt, he finishes.

He rolls over, catching his breath.

JONAH
Wow. That was --

BETTY
Fast.

Betty turns away from him and is confronted with his dirty underwear lying on the floor. Streaked with a shit-smear.

Jonah puts a hand on her thigh.

JONAH
That was incredible. I want to thank you for sharing it with me. It was very precious and I'll treasure it always.

BETTY
Yeah. Me, too.

Jonah hops out of bed and, unbelievably, slips the filthy underwear back on. He smiles at her.

Betty sits up, covering herself with the sheet.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Your toenails are dirty.

Jonah looks down at his feet.

JONAH
What?

BETTY
Your toenails. They're dirty.

Before Jonah can answer, his cell phone rings again.

JONAH
Hey! Where are you? When? Oh! Okay.
No, it's fine. Of course. No, it's
not a problem. I can leave now.
Right now.
(he hangs up)
Shit.

BETTY
What?

JONAH
This is delicate, Betty.
Embarrassing, actually.

BETTY
What's wrong?

JONAH
That was Gabrielle.

BETTY
Gabrielle?

JONAH
My girlfriend. Well, fiance. She
was supposed to fly in tomorrow,
but she's at the airport now. I'm
sorry. I have to go.

Jonah throws on his shirt, his jeans.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Look, I'll be a couple of hours.
Man, I feel like such a shit-heel.

Betty pulls her shirt on.

BETTY
That's because you are one.

She's right. He knows it.

JONAH
I'm really sorry, Betty. Do you
need some ... money or something?

Betty just stares at him.

JONAH (CONT'D)
You can clean up in the bathroom
and then let yourself out. It's
just ... you can't be here when we
get back, okay?

BETTY
Fine.

JONAH
You're not going to be weird about
this, are you?

BETTY
It's fine.

JONAH
Text me when you're out. So I'll
know. When you're out. She's
waiting. I've got to go.

INT. JONAH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Betty sits on the toilet, peeing. She hears Jonah close the door in the other room. She reaches out for some toilet paper, but the roll is empty.

BETTY
This just keeps getting better.

Pants down, she waddles to the cabinet and opens it to find a dozen or so rolls there. Big fat ones. She gets an idea.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Betty leans her head against the window as the train passes out of Penn Station, heading west.

INT. JONAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonah and GABRIELLE enter his apartment to find --

-- the entire place has been TP'd. It's swaddled in toilet paper. Floor to ceiling, wall to wall.

Gabrielle looks at Jonah, her eyes narrowing. He shrugs, and tries to look as innocent as possible.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Betty kicks up the volume on her iPod and grins. But looking out the window as the landscape unfolds around her, her smile slowly fades until her face is suffused with a deep and abiding sadness.

That's it. The last gasping vestige of her childhood, utterly obliterated. A cockroach on the ceiling and shit-streaked underwear. That's the memory she'll carry with her forever.

Her childhood is gone, and now she can't quite figure out why she was in such a hurry to let it go in the first place.

A BUSINESSMAN sits down next to her and she quickly wipes her tears away, steeling herself for the long ride home.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Betty stands in the middle of the disaster that is her house. This is bullshit. Something has to be done.

INT. ELECTRIC COMPANY - DAY

At the counter, Betty doles out some bills to a BORED CASHIER, who hands her a receipt.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

On hands and knees, Betty scrubs the kitchen floor, cleans the dirty dishes, throws out the trash.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Betty heaves her mattress into the now brightly lit living room, where the rest of her furniture now resides.

With the few pieces her mother didn't take, and what was left in Harlow's room, Betty is fashioning a nest for herself.

EXT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Betty pauses at her car, looking up at the roof next door to see if Crowley is on his perch. It's empty.

INT. SUPER-FOOD-WORLD - NIGHT

Betty mindlessly drags foods items across her scanner.

FAT LADY
You scanned that ground beef twice.

Betty looks up to see a VERY ROTUND WOMAN scowling at her. You can tell she was a beauty once. Next to her are three FAT KIDS, demolishing the candy rack.

FAT LADY (CONT'D)
The ground beef. You scanned it twice.

Betty turns to her register, checking to see if the Woman is right. When who should appear ...?

PAUL ANDREAS (O.S.)
I couldn't find the Super
Overnights. Just the regular maxis.

Paul Andreas, bandage across his forehead, holds up a package of feminine napkins as the Woman turns on him -- his wife.

FAT LADY
Well, that does me no good. Take them back. You can run to the drug store for me later.

Paul sees Betty behind the register. He pales, swallows hard.

BETTY
I knew I recognized you from somewhere!

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Betty stands before her unfinished canvas, now propped against the living room wall. The white mask protruding out, a blank stare. White hands reaching for nothing.

She holds her paint brush, peering at it. After a moment, she dips the brush in a gob of dark green paint and slathers it across the canvas.

EXT. MALLORVILLE GRADUATION - DAY

Clad in her black graduation robes, Betty pushes through a crowd of identically dressed SENIORS.

XAN
Betty!

Betty sails past Xan without so much as a glance and takes her place in line to march in.

LATER, Betty sits in a fold-out chair, waiting for her name to be called. She twists around to look at the PARENTS who have all come to see their children graduate.

There is no one there for her.

PRINCIPAL
Elizabeth Ann Whirley.

Head high, Betty walks across the stage to the sound of polite applause. Suddenly, a WILD CHEERING can be heard from the stands. She looks up -- and sees Kasey, her mother's ex-girlfriend. Betty flashes her a smile.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Kasey hugs Betty tight.

KASEY
I'm proud of you, kiddo. I guess
your mom didn't make it. But
where's Harlow?

BETTY
Exactly where she belongs. Vegas.

Kasey laughs.

KASEY
So?
(off Betty's confused
look)
Don't keep me in agony. Did you get
in or not? Columbia.

BETTY
Oh. Yep. Sure did.

KASEY
That's so great. I knew you would.
Never doubted it. Are you excited?

BETTY
Yeah. It's going to be great. I'm
really looking forward to it.

A PRETTY BRUNETTE approaches Kasey and smiles at Betty.

KASEY
Well, we've got to get going. I
just wanted to ... you know. It's a
big day. Rite of passage and all
that. Keep in touch, Betty.

BETTY

I will.

KASEY

And don't look back.

BETTY

I won't.

As Kasey and her new girlfriend disappear, Betty spies Crowley in the crowd, walking alongside his parents.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Crowley!

But he doesn't hear her. She pushes through elbows and shoulders, trying to reach him. But by the time the crowd spits her out, all she sees are the tail lights of his car.

XAN (O.S.)

Betty!

Betty turns to see Xan making a beeline for her.

BETTY

What do you want?

XAN

I'm sorry, Betty. He wasn't worth it. I was mad at Jonah for screwing us over. I was mad at everyone. Fin showed up. All he wanted to talk about was you, how much he was looking forward to seeing you that night, how sweet you are. I mean, total gag, right? I just ... I don't know why I did it.

BETTY

Because you constantly have to have a dick inside you?

XAN

I was the bowl of Jello, Betty. I know that. I was the bowl of Jello.

A hint of a smile from Betty. Forgiveness looms.

BETTY

And you wiggled right.

Xan senses it. Goes in for the kill.

XAN

I did. And I'm a stupid whore. I'm one big, soul-sucking, needy fucking twat and I can't stand it if you don't love me anymore cause you're the only one who ever has.

Betty just stands there as Xan tries to hide her tears.

XAN (CONT'D)

So, what? Are you giving me a life sentence, you whiny bitch? What do I need to do? Community service? An eighteen month stint in county? I'll do it. I'll douse myself in vodka and ram my mother's car into Tyler Schacknies' SUV right now. You know I will. I'd go to fucking prison for you, Betty.

Betty laughs.

BETTY

It's okay.

XAN

So you forgive me?

BETTY

Yeah. I mean, you were molested by your half-uncle at ten. You can't help yourself, right?

XAN

I don't have a half-uncle, Betty.

BETTY

I know.

Xan throws her arms around Betty's neck and pulls her tight.

XAN

If you had a ten inch cock, I'd fucking marry you and fill our trailer with white-trash babies. I swear I would.

Betty peels Xan's arms off. Xan cocks her head, noticing something different about Betty for the first time.

XAN (CONT'D)

Wait a minute ...

BETTY

What?

Xan peers closer, deep into her eyes.

XAN

Did you ...? Ohmigod! You did! You fucking did!

BETTY

Did what?

XAN

Don't lie to me, you Girl Gone Wild. You finally got whacked, didn't you? It's all over your face.

Betty just smiles. She can't deny it.

XAN (CONT'D)

With who? When? Details, my freshly plucked flower. Confess and all your filthy little deeds will be washed clean.

BETTY

I don't think so.

XAN

Well, can you at least tell me if it was any good? Did it live up to all our hopes, dreams and wild flights of fancy?

After a long moment, Betty shrugs.

BETTY

Eh.

Every woman alive understands that one little word.

XAN

Yeah.

BETTY

Yeah.

A horn HONKS and Xan turns to wave down her PARENTS.

XAN

I've got to go. Text me later?

BETTY

Okay. Have fun tonight. Turn someone's dick inside out for me.

XAN

I will. Just for you, Betty!

EXT. CROWLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Betty stands outside Crowley's house. She props a large package on the porch and turns to go.

CROWLEY (O.S.)
What's that?

She looks up at Crowley, who is perched on the roof.

BETTY
I heard you decided to go to UPenn.
You're going to do great there.

CROWLEY
They have a really big telescope.

BETTY
Columbia rejected me.

CROWLEY
What are you going to do?

BETTY
I don't know. I was thinking maybe
I'd just crawl into the forest and
start casting spells.

CROWLEY
You could move to Philadelphia with
Fin Nicholson.

How does he know about Fin?

BETTY
Do you sleep on that damn roof?

Crowley frowns down at her.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Fin's a pustulating ass-canker.

CROWLEY
So, you didn't ... with him?

BETTY
No.

They stare at each other for a long moment.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for raping you, Crowley.
I really am. And thank you for not
pressing charges. I'm going to just
go.

She turns to leave.

CROWLEY
Hey! Something came for you from
FedEx.

BETTY
What?

CROWLEY
I don't know. I had to sign for it.

BETTY
Can you bring it down?

CROWLEY
Why don't you come up?

She moves off the porch.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)
Wait! Bring your package of guilt
up with you.

EXT. CROWLEY'S ROOF - NIGHT

They sit on the viewing platform. Crowley tears open her
package and holds it out, his eyes taking it in.

CROWLEY
It's ... beautiful.
(off her smile)
Not beautiful, beautiful.

BETTY
Beautiful and terrifying.

CROWLEY
Yeah. At the same time.
(then)
Just like you.

He holds it up to catch the light from inside his bedroom and
we see the finished painting for the first time.

It's a variation on the Caravaggio Medusa that Betty saw in
the museum. In her version, Medusa is holding a mirror up to
look at herself, while tenderly brushing her snakes -- out of
which can be seen to emerge a head full of long, golden hair.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)
She's being born?

BETTY
Reborn.

CROWLEY
I love it. Thank you.

Crowley ducks inside and carefully props the painting against his wall. He reemerges with a FedEx envelope.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)
It's from Yale.

BETTY
I already got my reject from there.
What are they doing now, just
rubbing it in?

Betty tears it open and withdraws a letter.

CROWLEY
What does it say?

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

That same tree-lined cove overlooking the lake. Cars parked in semi-circle, music blaring. Kegs flowing.

Still in her graduation robes, Xan dances in the bed of a truck, bottle in one hand, cigarette in the other.

She looks over to see Andrew Boyle staring up at her, his acne-ridden face glistening in the gleam of headlights.

She glances down at his package, then back up. A feral smile spreads across her face.

INT. BACKSEAT OF A CAR - NIGHT

Xan throws Andrew down and rips open his shirt.

ANDREW BOYLE
Whoa!

She slithers down to his pants and POPS the button, then takes his zipper in her teeth, pulling down.

XAN
Just so you know, I'm about to ruin
you for other women for the rest of
your life.

She reaches into his pants, her eyes shimmering in anticipation. She draws up short.

XAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this?

Xan pulls out a pair of SOCKS and throws them at him. They hit him in the face.

XAN (CONT'D)
Ohmigod!

She pulls out ANOTHER PAIR of socks.

XAN (CONT'D)
This is ... this is false
advertising, Andrew!

Andrew shrugs, wholly unashamed.

ANDREW BOYLE
I had to do something to
compensate.

XAN
Compensate? For what?

ANDREW BOYLE
For my face. It's okay if you don't
want to. It's just, you know, I've
never done it before and I didn't
want to go off to college a virgin.
And you, you're the ...

XAN
What am I?

ANDREW BOYLE
Well, you're my last shot.

Xan stares at him for a long moment.

XAN
What college are you going to?

ANDREW BOYLE
Erie State.

XAN
Me, too.
(then)
Oh, hell. Why not?

His face lights up like a kid at Christmas as Xan digs in.

XAN (CONT'D)
Let's see what we've got to work
with here.
(after a moment)
Ooh. Ouch.

She looks up at him, face registering disappointment, like a
nurse who has to tell you you've got herpes.

ANDREW BOYLE
Is it that bad?

XAN
 Well, you're not going to be
 slaying any dragons with that
 joker, but it's not a total
 disaster.
 (then)
 I was fucking this guy once and his
 dick was so small, I --

She holds up her pinky finger and wiggles it.

XAN (CONT'D)
 -- never mind. Let's try this from
 a different angle. Let me see your
 tongue.
 (off his look)
 Come on. Out with it.

Andrew sticks it out. It's long. Really long. Gene Simmons
 long.

XAN (CONT'D)
 Ohmigod.

Xan pulls on it with her fingers.

ANDREW BOYLE
 Whath ...?

XAN
 I think I'm in love with you.

She leans back and pushes his head down between her legs.

XAN (CONT'D)
 Now, do exactly as I say.

ANDREW BOYLE
 (muffled)
 Okay.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Windows fogged, car a-rocking, Xan lets out a SHRIEK of pure
 ORGASMIC ECSTASY, rattling the windows.

XAN (O.S.)
 Oh, God! Andrew! You are so my
 bitch for the next four years!

EXT. CROWLEY'S ROOF - NIGHT

Crowley and Betty lie on their backs on his viewing platform,
 staring up at the array of stars in the black sky.

BETTY

I don't see anything.

CROWLEY

Just wait. It's the Lyrid meteor shower, not the big show like the Perseids. You only get about ten an hour, so you have to be patient.

BETTY

I'm not very patient.

CROWLEY

No kidding.

Crowley reaches out and finds Betty's hand in the dark. She grips it tight. Still looking up at the sky...

BETTY

Are you in love with me, Crowley?

CROWLEY

You mean like, in love, in love?

BETTY

Yeah.

CROWLEY

I don't know. It's hard to say.

Betty frowns. Crowley turns to her.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

I haven't slept with you yet.

Slowly, he grins. Their lips meet in a long, deeply romantic kiss. He pulls back, taking her beauty in.

Underneath Betty's shoulder, WE SEE the letter from Yale.

OLDER MAN (V.O.)

'Dear Miss Whirley, as the Dean of the Fine Arts Program at Yale University, it is my pleasure to inform you that you are the winner of our Yale Young Artists prize for 2009.'

Crowley drags off his shirt and Betty is surprised to see the first few tendrils of chest hair sprouting there. It's as if puberty has jump-started Crowley's body overnight.

She helps him wriggle out of his jeans.

OLDER MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I saw your paintings at the Western
 Pennsylvania Art Institute some
 weeks back and said to you then
 that your work showed a level of
 maturity well beyond your years.*

Slowly, Crowley unbuttons her dress, tickling her stomach. She unhooks her bra. His eyes land on her breasts. Not with the wide-eyed gaze of a child, but the hungry gaze of a man.

OLDER MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*While I understand that your
 original application to attend our
 University was not accepted, I am
 happy to inform you that this
 decision has since been reversed.*

His fingers flutter across her skin, raising goose-bumps. She shivers in anticipation, reaching out for him. But he draws back, teasing her.

OLDER MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*In addition, as the recipient of
 the prize, you will receive a four
 year scholarship to attend the
 University.'*

BETTY
 Wait.

As Crowley comes down on her, she puts a hand out.

BETTY (CONT'D)
 How far is Yale from UPenn?

A long moment as he thinks about it. She holds her breath.

CROWLEY
 Not far.

He kisses her cheeks, her forehead, her neck. He rises to look at her again, hardly believing it. His first time. With the girl he has always loved.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)
 Aren't you glad we waited?

This is his story, not hers. It would crush him to know the truth. And she'd die a wretched, cancer-ridden death before she'd tell him. Because that's what grown-ups do.

BETTY
 I am.

As Crowley bears down on her, WE GO CLOSE ON -- Betty's face, tinged with guilt.

CROWLEY

Ready?

It's still special. Not first-time-special. But good enough.

BETTY

Ready.

Then, over his shoulder, Betty suddenly sees --

-- a METEOR streak across the vast sky, alive now with hot, blazing stars. She sees another. And then another.

Her eyes light up.

Crowley pushes into her and SHE GASPS as we --

CUT TO BLACK

THE END