

pictures of you

by
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INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The smallest bedroom in a quaint "Old Florida" style house. It looks like a hurricane blew through here and no one bothered to clean up.

SAWYER BLOOM (17) sleeps. An eclectic collection of books and posters adorn his shelves and walls.

Among the posters are several beautifully illustrated mock-ups of comic book covers. They feature a character who looks much like Sawyer and they seem to take place at a high school.

They have titles like "Dr. Puppy Love or How I learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Prom by Sawyer Bloom" and "My Slow Descent into Madness and Other Funny Things That Have Happened to Me by Sawyer Bloom."

The clock radio clicks on. Sawyer slowly sits up on the edge of his bed and, after a long beat, shuts off his alarm. He rubs his eyes and struggles to his feet.

Sawyer pulls back the blinds, opens the window, and takes in the morning air.

Then without warning, he proceeds to empty his bladder on the bushes outside.

After a moment, he casually looks at the CAMERA.

SAWYER

You might be curious why I'm urinating out the window... It's because of Rebecca. She's my twin sister. She wakes up at six o'clock every morning, locks herself in the bathroom, and doesn't come out until five seconds before we have to leave for school. Why do my parents let her get away with that? I don't know - Could be that they like her better.

INT. BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT

REBECCA (17, beautiful and happy) blow-dries her hair.

SAWYER (V.O.)

We're only juniors and she already has class valedictorian pretty much locked up. She's head of the varsity cheerleading squad and president of the student council. She obviously got all the good DNA.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sawyer picks out his clothes and gets dressed as he talks.

SAWYER

By the way, my name is Sawyer. That's my first name. My last name's Bloom. My parents named me Sawyer because my father's a big Mark Twain fan. He actually wanted to call me Huckleberry - as if I don't have enough problems. Luckily my mom put her foot down. There's really isn't much else to say about me. In a perfect world I'd write and illustrate my own graphic novels. Not superhero stories. Fuck superheroes. Real life is way more interesting. Not my real life but somebody's.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

As Sawyer continues talking he prepares his breakfast. First he gets a glass of milk. Then he pours a bowl of Cap'n Crunch and soaks them in Hershey's chocolate syrup.

SAWYER

Anyway I don't actually write any comics. Because if I wrote them they would suck. So I just draw the covers.

Sawyer eats a spoonful of Cap'n Crunch and chocolate syrup.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

I live in the town of Crystal Bay.

NOTE: Periodically, still photographs will be superimposed over a portion of the screen, much like the "picture in picture" function on a television. The photos will only remain on screen for several seconds and will serve to punctuate elements of Sawyer's stories. Here's how it will be used...

PICTURE: A postcard of a sunset on a tropical beach. It reads "Crystal Bay, Florida - Wish you were here!"

SAWYER (CONT'D)

It's a small resort community on the west coast of Florida. Back in the 1920s rich people started coming here to escape the cold winters up north. My parents own The Bait Bucket, a bait and tackle shop down by the marina. It's a little weird, because I'm pretty sure neither of them has ever been fishing.

CHUCK BLOOM (40, unshaven) shuffles in, half awake.

CHUCK
Morning kiddo.

SAWYER
Morning dad.

CHUCK
I'm glad to see you're enjoying a
healthy breakfast.

Chuck eyes the coffee maker, distraught that it's empty.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
There's no coffee in the coffee maker.
(yelling)
Laura, there's no coffee in the coffee
maker.

LAURA BLOOM (40, obviously where Rebecca got her looks) enters
in her bathrobe.

LAURA
It's not magic, honey. You've gotta
put the grounds and the water in there
before the coffee will come out.

CHUCK
Why did we have to buy the one with
the timer?! What good is the timer
to me if no one prepares the thing
the night before? Sawyer, I'm
declaring this your responsibility.
Would you *please* make sure we have
coffee every morning?!

SAWYER
(to us)
I don't even drink coffee.

Rebecca enters and heads for the coffee maker.

REBECCA
You don't have to take me to school.
I just talked to Kim. She and Rachel
are gonna come pick me up. There's
no coffee.

LAURA
Is it alright if Sawyer gets a ride
with you and your friends?

REBECCA
Be realistic mom.

LAURA

Sawyer, your father and I have a hundred pounds of cubed squid being delivered to the store in twenty minutes. Would you mind riding your bike to school so that he and I can be on time to meet the shipment?

SAWYER

So when Becky needs a ride, no problem. When it's just me - I'm on my own.

LAURA

Becky doesn't have a bike.

SAWYER

(disbelief)

She has a car! How 'bout if I take that?

LAURA

You can't take her car.

SAWYER

Why not?

REBECCA

Because it's mine.

LAURA

You're not insured to drive it. What if you kill somebody?

EXT. SAWYER'S HOUSE/NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MORNING

A '68 Volkswagen convertible sits in the driveway. Sawyer pulls his bike out of the garage.

SAWYER

My parents bought my sister this car to celebrate her perfection. But it turns out the one thing she can't do perfectly is operate a vehicle. She's failed her test three times. So now this classic German automobile just sits here. I have my license.

PICTURE: Sawyer's driver's license. His photo looks like he was caught completely offguard.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

You'd think my parents might offer to let me use the car. But you'd be wrong.

INT/EXT. CRYSTAL BAY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

It's a small town school but every variety of teenager is here: Jocks, Goths, Geeks, Skaters, Stoners. They hang out in the parking lot, the library and the commons area.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sawyer is at his locker collecting books before the first bell of the day. His friend ANDREW comes over. Andrew seems slightly beaten down by the whole teenage experience.

ANDREW

Do you ever wonder how cool your
parents were in school? I mean are
you gonna be honest with your kids
and tell them how unpopular you were?

SAWYER

We're not unpopular, Andrew. We're
just... unnoticed.
(pointing o.c.)
That's unpopular.

Andrew looks and sees a KID getting "pantsex" by two jocks who yell, "Check me out!" The KID drops his books trying to pull up his pants and underwear...

SAWYER (CONT'D)

You've gotta look at high school
like prison. As long as you're not
getting raped in the shower, things
are okay.

Sawyer's other friend, MICKEY, rushes over. Mickey is slightly perverted and eternally optimistic.

MICKEY

I learned something this morning that's
going to change my entire life.

SAWYER

We just got here. We haven't even
been to class yet.

Mickey is holding a print-out from the internet.

MICKEY

I didn't learn it in school. I read
about it online. It's called subliminal
foreplay. It's all about using certain
words to seduce a woman without her
knowing it. Check this out.

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Pretend you're a girl and I'm telling you a story. Listen to the magic words. Ready?

SAWYER

(halfheartedly)

Yeah.

MICKEY

I'm not fucking around here. This is serious. Are you ready or not?

SAWYER

I'm ready.

MICKEY

(glancing at the printout)

Okay: It was really hot in sex education class. The girl with the locker below me... See how below me sounds like blow me? Anyway. The girl with the locker below me started breathing heavy. She had to go down to the nurse's office. The nurse put a wet towel on her head. By the time she came back, class was over. She was excited cause she had missed a really hard quiz. Or you could say it was a really long and hard quiz. Is that amazing or what? It's like guaranteed to work. The girl will be tongue tickling your sack before she knows what came over her.

ANDREW

I don't know, Mickey, that seems like cheating. I want a girl who wants me cause she really wants me.

MICKEY

Yeah but that's never gonna happen. This is science, man. There are words that just naturally have a sexual flavor to them, and-

(reading from the printout)

"-if you can sneak those words into a seemingly mundane conversation then your target will be caught offguard by the unexplained urges she's feeling." Hey, I only told you guys about this cause I'm your friend. If you don't wanna use it, fine. More poon for me.

As Mickey walks away, Sawyer and Andrew exchange a look. They're used to this kind of stuff from Mickey.

ANDREW
I'll see you in Algebra.

Sawyer turns to us as he walks toward his class.

SAWYER
I have a grand total of two friends.

PICTURE: Sawyer, Mickey and Andrew at seven years old.

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Mickey, Andrew and I have been tight since third grade. I used to have three friends.

NEW PICTURE: Sawyer, Mickey, Andrew and MARCY (chubby) at seven years old.

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Marcy was always like one of the guys. But over last summer she got her braces off, her skin cleared up, she lost weight in some areas and...
(miming breasts)
Gained it in others, and she came back looking like a completely different person.

TWO PICTURES: Polaroids labeled "BEFORE" and "AFTER." The first shows Marcy (16) as a plump, pimply, metal mouth. In the second, Marcy (17) is trim, stacked and super cute.

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Two days into the school year Eric Ryerson asked her out. He didn't even know who she was. He thought she was some new girl who just moved to town. The thing with Eric Ryerson is he's blonde, blue eyed and he can throw a football like seventy yards. If it wasn't for his personality he'd be perfect. I'm happy for her, but since they started dating she hangs out with his friends and I never see her anymore. Well, I see her in class, but we never talk.

INT. CLASSROOM - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer enters his history class. STUDENTS mill about and chat. The teacher hasn't arrived yet.

SAWYER

That's Marcy over there.

MARCY jokes with ERIC and some other POPULAR KIDS. Sawyer sits down, and quickly starts doing his homework.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

My sister is in this class and the teacher makes us sit alphabetically.

Just then Rebecca takes the seat in front of him.

REBECCA

Why don't you do your homework at home? It's not like you have anything better to do. You're lucky I don't tell mom about this kind of stuff.

SAWYER

(deadpan)

Thank you. I feel lucky.

MISTER FOLEY strides into the room.

FOLEY

Good morning. Pass your homework forward please.

(the class complies)

Let me tell you an interesting story about how I spent my afternoon yesterday. I spent two hours in the principal's office. You guys know that I can send you to the principal's office but I bet you didn't know that you could send me to the principal's office. Apparently a number of you have been complaining to your mommies and daddies that my tests are too hard. I find this fascinating because my tests are based entirely on the lectures I give and the reading from your text book. It's not like I'm pulling this stuff out of my ass. But, God forbid I prepare you for how hard college is, let alone real life, so here's the deal: You guys are gonna make the semester exam. It's twenty five percent of your grade and I'm gonna let you create it.

The class looks confused.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

You look confused. I'll explain. It works like this: Each one of you is gonna make your own version of the test. Multiple choice, true/false, short answer, it's up to you. Next Monday you'll turn that in. I'll pick the one that I think is the best exam and that's the one you'll all take. The person who made the exam will hopefully get an 'A' and the rest of you, no matter how poorly you do, you won't be able to blame it entirely on me. Any questions?

Ninety-five percent of the kids quickly raise their hands. Mister Foley looks completely defeated.

EXT. SCHOOL COMMONS AREA - DAY

Sawyer, Mickey and Andrew eat lunch at a picnic table. SEVERAL DOZEN STUDENTS eat and talk around them.

SAWYER

How's the subliminal foreplay going?

MICKEY

The problem is, if I get some girl all juiced up here at school what am I gonna do? I can't bang her right there in front of the whole class.

SAWYER

Why don't you save it for the Sadie Hawkins dance?

MICKEY

Yes! That's perfect. That dance is like a pussy smorgasbord.

ANDREW

I hate the Sadie Hawkins dance. At least when we go to regular dances without dates people might think we're just keeping our options open. You go to Sadie Hawkins by yourself it's obviously because no girl asked you.

MICKEY

What are you guys doing after school? Let's go to the beach and see if there are any French girls who don't realize it's illegal to go topless here.

SAWYER
I'm always up for that.

INT/EXT. ANDREW'S CAR/BEACH DRIVE - DAY

Andrew is behind the wheel. Mickey's shotgun and Sawyer is in the back. They're cruising toward the beach.

MICKEY
Have you heard of axillary intercourse,
also known as bagpipng?... That's
when you fuck a girl in the armpit.

ANDREW
That's disgusting.

SAWYER
You know what really bothers me about
stuff like that? We can't get laid
at all, yet there are guys out there
that are so bored with pussy that
they're inventing places to stick
their dicks. You've got a perfectly
good vagina a foot and half lower,
why are you fucking her armpit?

They roll up to a stoplight next to the beach. Mickey spots a HOT GIRL on rollerblades standing across the street, adjusting her bikini top.

MICKEY
Oh shit, look at her.

ANDREW
Don't do it.

MICKEY
I have to.
(yelling at the girl)
I have a ten inch penis!

Mickey and Sawyer quickly duck down. When the Hot Girl looks over she sees Andrew alone in the car. He smiles sheepishly. She flips him off.

ANDREW
Thanks a lot guys.

The light changes and Andrew drives on.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The guys walk onto the sand with their towels and a frisbee. The area is rife with UGLY TOURISTS. Sawyer spots two very tan BIKINI-CLAD BLONDES speaking in a foreign language.

SAWYER

Right there. Check that out.

MICKEY

Are they French?

ANDREW

I think they're Nordic.

MICKEY

What if they don't speak any English?
How am I gonna practice my subliminal
foreplay?

SAWYER

You can just sit and stare at them
like I plan on doing.

MICKEY

How about we try something different
today? How about if you don't act
like such a pussy? Let's do the
frisbee thing. Act like we're playing,
I'm gonna toss it in their general
direction and you go say hello.

SAWYER

I don't know.

MICKEY

C'mon.

Two handsome NORDIC GUYS jog up and join the girls.

ANDREW

Abort. The Nordic Girls have tan,
muscular Nordic boyfriends.

MICKEY

Dammit. Alright, lets keep moving.
There's gotta be some hot, single
ass on the beach somewhere.

The guys walk between sunbathers, scanning the area, until
they come upon THREE COLLEGE GIRLS...

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Side boob. Side boob.

A CUTE ASIAN GIRL (19) talks on her cell. A CHUBBY REDHEAD
(19) packs up like they're getting ready to leave. The THIRD
GIRL lies on her stomach. Her bikini top is open, revealing
side boob as her breasts press against her towel. Her face
is turned away from the guys.

SAWYER

I guess we found our spot.

MICKEY

God, I love visible boob meat. They know that drives us insane, right?

Sawyer and Andrew remove their T-shirts but Mickey always keeps his on because he's embarrassed by his love-handles and man-boobs. Mickey looks to Sawyer and motions as if he's going to throw the frisbee toward the college girls.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Ready, dude? I'm gonna aim near the side boob girl.

Sawyer thinks about it for a moment, steels up his courage.

SAWYER

(psyches himself up)

Okay.

Sawyer jogs away from Mickey so it looks like they're playing catch. Mickey tosses the frisbee. Sawyer fakes a half hearted attempt to grab it and it lands in the sand less than a foot from the boob.

Sawyer almost goes for it but he psyches himself out. Mickey waves him toward the girls but Sawyer can't budge, so Mickey rushes over to his friend.

MICKEY

Just act like you're picking up your frisbee and say 'hi.'

Deep down Sawyer wants to do it.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

C'mon dude, we get one toss. One chance to throw the frisbee over there and act like it's an accident so we can strike up conversation.

The Chubby Redhead spots the frisbee. She picks it up...

CHUBBY REDHEAD

Hey. Here ya go.

... and tosses it back over to them.

MICKEY

See that. You waited too long. We can't do it a second time. It'd be obvious. We'd look like schmucks. I wasted those girls on you.

SAWYER

I'm tired of your fucking frisbee pick-up maneuver. This is what I think of it.

He launches the frisbee into the ocean.

MICKEY

Go get it, you nutless wonder.

SAWYER

Get it yourself, man-boobs.

A half-playful fight ensues. Mickey goes after Sawyer, chasing him around.

MICKEY

I'm gonna break you in half, you skinny albino fuck.

SAWYER

Whatever, B-Cup. You could jerk off to those tits. If you were a little more limber, you could probably tit fuck yourself.

Mickey bristles as they splash into the water and wrestle in the waves. Mickey finds the frisbee floating in the surf. He uses it to beat Sawyer about the head and shoulders.

Andrew sits on his towel and smiles. He glances over at the College Girls as the Redhead is fastening the third girl's bikini top. He lies back on his towel.

Sawyer and Mickey continue to play fight. Mickey pounces on him and they roll around under the water. Sawyer surfaces a moment later, holding Mickey's bathing suit above his head like a trophy. He's delighted with himself.

MICKEY

Give me back my swimsuit. That's not funny. I will hold you down and tea bag you in front of all these people.

SAWYER

You gotta catch me first.

Sawyer quickly wades out of the water. He lands on his chest in the sand, right where the College Girls had been lying a few minutes earlier. They're gone now, but in front of his face is...

A WATERPROOF DISPOSABLE CAMERA.

Sawyer stares at the camera. His curiosity allows him to briefly forgets his small victory over Mickey.

Intrigued, he glances around to see who the camera might belong to. Andrew is the nearest person.

Sawyer grabs the camera and just then, Mickey, wailing like Braveheart, storms up the beach with the frisbee covering his genitals. He dives on Sawyer.

EXT. SAWYER'S HOUSE - MORNING

A stream of urine sprays out of Sawyer's window, surprising his OLD NEIGHBOR who is gardening nearby.

SAWYER (O.S.)
Sorry, Mrs. Ferguson.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer finishes emptying his bladder and turns to us.

SAWYER
At least once a week I almost pee on the old woman who lives next door. I keep hoping that she'll complain to my parents and they'll be forced to tell my sister to let me use the bathroom. But Mrs. Ferguson never says a word. She secretly likes it, I think.

Sawyer shoves the found camera in his backpack.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sawyer sticks the disposable camera in his locker while Mickey and Andrew wait for him.

MICKY
What are you gonna do with the camera?

Before he can answer...

NATALIE (O.S.)
Hi Sawyer.

Sawyer turns to see NATALIE and GRETCHEN. They are the enigmatic hot girls that any good high school should have.

SAWYER
Hi.

GRETCHEN
I'm Gretchen. This is Natalie.

NATALIE

He knows who we are. Sawyer, could we talk to you in private?

SAWYER

Well, I... First period is...

NATALIE

Meet us in the parking lot in five minutes.

The girls walk away.

MICKEY

Holy shit.

SAWYER

What do you think they want?

ANDREW

Maybe they're gonna ask you to the Sadie Hawkins dance.

SAWYER

Seriously what do you think they want?

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

Sawyer heads for the parking lot, a little nervous.

SAWYER

Okay, here's a story about Natalie and Gretchen. No one's ever proven this really happened. And they've never admitted to it, but supposedly last Spring Break, they snuck out with Gretchen's dad's car and went to the beach to party with some college guys.

PICTURES: A "SLIDESHOW" OF DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATE THE STORY THAT SAWYER TELLS. EACH DRAWING IS LABELED "ARTIST'S RENDERING."

SAWYER (CONT'D)

When it was time to go home, they realized they had parked in a no parking zone, and her dad's car had been towed. It costs like two hundred dollars to get a car out of the impound. They were fucked.

(MORE)

SAWYER (CONT'D)

So they decided to raise the money by going around to guys and offering to show their tits for a price. Anyway, supposedly they almost had enough cash when a cop caught them. They were about to be arrested for indecent exposure and possibly prostitution. They realized there was only one way out. They told the cop they'd do *anything* if he'd help them. Anything. So they went to a secluded area and tag teamed him until the sun came up. No charges were filed and they got the car back. Did that really happen? I don't know, but it has created a mystique.

GRETCHEN (O.S.)

Sawyer!

Sawyer turns to see Gretchen and Natalie peeking out the open side door of an ugly 1970s conversion van. They wave him over. With some trepidation Sawyer looks around and then enters the van. Gretchen closes the door.

INT. VAN - THAT MOMENT

Wood paneling and brown shag carpet. Natalie and Gretchen sit on the bed. Natalie motions for him to sit between them.

NATALIE

Sit down. It's okay.

Sawyer complies. There's a distinct sexual vibe.

SAWYER

Isn't this Kyle Sugarman's van?

GRETCHEN

He's okay with us using it.

NATALIE

I know we don't know you very well, but we were wondering if you'd do something for us. If you decide to do it you can't tell anyone. It has to be a secret between the three of us.

GRETCHEN

And Kyle.

NATALIE

We don't have to tell Kyle.

GRETCHEN

He let us use the van. He's gonna ask.

NATALIE

It'll be *our* secret, Sawyer. Can we trust you?

SAWYER

(cotton mouthed)

I think so.

Natalie leans in and puts her hand on his knee.

NATALIE

We need to be sure that we can trust you.

SAWYER

(swallows hard)

You can.

Natalie's hand inches higher up his thigh. Long beat.

NATALIE

Okay look, we all know that Mister Foley's gonna choose your sister's test to be the semester exam. It's obvious. She's the best student in the class.

GRETCHEN

Teacher's pet, the bitch. No offense.

NATALIE

It's twenty-five percent of our grade Sawyer, and you live with her. You're gonna have access to it before she turns it in. You could just go on her computer and print us out a copy.

GRETCHEN

There's no harm in it really.

NATALIE

We know it's a big thing to ask, but it truly would mean a lot to us. And we would repay you... somehow.

GRETCHEN

I'd do anything to keep from going to summer school. Anything.

Sawyer looks at us, wide-eyed.

EXT. SCHOOL COMMONS AREA - DAY

Sawyer, Mickey and Andrew look for a table to eat lunch.

MICKEY

Don't leave out any details. I wanna hear exactly what happened.

SAWYER

Nothing happened. They want me to steal my sister's exam for Foley's class.

ANDREW

Are you gonna do it?

SAWYER

I don't know.

MICKEY

What did they offer to do in return?

SAWYER

They just said they'd repay me somehow.

MICKEY

They were leaving you room to negotiate. You shoulda thrown your arms up and yelled "THREESOME." These are the girls who submitted to a police gangbang to get out of a parking ticket.

SAWYER

That's a rumor. That isn't even the rumor, that's your demented version of the rumor. There's no proof that they're willing to exchange sex for personal favors.

MICKEY

You could be the one to find out.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sawyer, pulls the disposable camera from his locker. Classes are in progress and the halls are empty.

INT. JOURNALISM CLASSROOM - DAY

Marcy is alone, sitting at a computer. She's consumed by her work. Sawyer slowly opens the door marked "Journalism - Crystal Bay High Gazette" and eases in.

SAWYER

Marcy.

MARCY

(startled)

Sawyer. How are you?

(she hugs him)

I feel like we never talk any more.

He smiles, glad for the warm reception.

SAWYER

That's probably because we never talk anymore.

MARCY

I hope you don't think I avoid you.

Sawyer can't help but to stare at her chest.

SAWYER

No. You have a boyfriend now. I'm happy for you. You always liked Eric.

MARCY

I don't know if I always liked him. I mean, I didn't know him. I always thought he was cute.

SAWYER

The way I remember it, you used to day dream that he would take you to prom.

MARCY

And you'd take Renee Lovaglio.

SAWYER

Yeah, too bad she moved away before I got the chance to tell her how I felt.

MARCY

(self conscious)

Sawyer, you keep looking at my boobs.

SAWYER

I'm sorry. It's just that they're new. I'm not used to them.

MARCY

I didn't buy them or anything. They're real.

SAWYER

I know.

(MORE)

SAWYER (CONT'D)

I just meant... You... blossomed.
I'm sure I'm not the only one who's
noticed.

MARCY

(smiling; awkward moment)
So, what's up? Are you skipping
English?

SAWYER

No. I got a bathroom pass. I came to
ask you a favor. I know that you
know how to use the darkroom and I
found this camera on the beach.

MARCY

(taking the camera)
You found it?

SAWYER

Yeah, and I'm curious about the
pictures. Do you think it would be
unethical to maybe develop them and
take a look?

MARCY

Well it could be somebody's really
private personal stuff. Could be
like compromising sexual photos. Did
you consider that?

SAWYER

I did consider that. It's a big reason
why I'm curious.

MARCY

I don't know. I wouldn't want some
stranger looking at my private
personal moments without me knowing.

SAWYER

C'mon, Marcy. What kind of a journalist
are you gonna be if you have so much
respect for people's privacy?

MARCY

(disappointed in herself)
I know. I have to get over that.

SAWYER

Besides it's just one of those
disposable waterproof cameras.

(MORE)

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Tourists usually buy them to take pictures of themselves snorkeling. If we're lucky there might be some underwater sex, but it's most likely just pictures of sea urchins and fire coral.

MARCY

Alright, I'll do it. Meet me back here after school.

SAWYER

Excellent. I'll see you later.

MARCY

(inspecting camera)

Wait. There's two pictures left. Might as well use them.

She stands next to him and holds the camera out, pointing back at them. She puts her arm around him.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Okay, ready. Serious.

They both make stern faces. She snaps a picture.

MARCY (CONT'D)

And goofy.

She fish hooks his mouth with her free index finger and he sticks his finger in her nose. She takes the last picture.

INT. DARKROOM - DAY

Marcy is in the process of developing the pictures on four by six photo paper. Sawyer messes with some equipment he probably shouldn't be touching.

SAWYER

How's it coming?

MARCY

We've got one with nipple.

SAWYER

Female nipple?

MARCY

Why would I mention male nipple?

Marcy hangs a few pictures on a clothesline. Sawyer steps over and begins to inspect the pictures. He sees the Cute Asian Girl, from the beach.

She's in a beachfront gift shop, pulling her bikini top aside and flashing a breast.

SAWYER

I'm already glad we did this.

MARCY

Seems like they're just pictures of some girls on vacation.

Another picture is of the Chubby Redhead and the Asian Girl standing in front of a charter boat at the marina.

Interested, he looks over Marcy's shoulder at the picture in the solution. Before Sawyer's eyes, the image on the photo paper takes shape. It is the most beautiful girl he's ever seen.

Sawyer's **DREAM GIRL**. She's a little older than Sawyer. Maybe nineteen. She has kind eyes and a smile that makes him feel like the world is a perfect place.

SAWYER

That girl is incredible.

MARCY

She's pretty.

SAWYER

Pretty? She's spectacular.

Marcy pulls the photo out of the solution and hangs it on the line. Sawyer never takes his eyes off of it. He stares at his Dream Girl in awe. Completely transfixed. Mouth agape. Marcy goes back to work.

MARCY

You're overreacting a little bit.

SAWYER

(didn't hear her)

What?

Marcy continues to work while Sawyer stares at the photo.

MARCY

Sawyer can I talk to you for a minute?

SAWYER

Yeah.

MARCY

Could you stop drooling over the girl and look at me?

SAWYER
(complying)
Is something wrong?

MARCY
(beat; unsure)
No.
(deep breath; blurts out)
I'm not ready to have sex yet but I
wanna give Eric a blow job.

SAWYER
Oh. Well, I... I think that would be
a nice gesture.

MARCY
Yeah, the thing is, I've never given
a blow job before and I'm not exactly
sure what to do.

SAWYER
Well, Marcy, just between us, I've
never had a blow job. I can't really
offer any advice. I've seen a few in
porno movies but I wasn't watching
with an eye on technique.

MARCY
See, I've barely even seen a porno.
I'm completely at a loss. I mean I
understand the concept, but...
(beat)
I was thinking, maybe I could *practice*
on you...

Sawyer has no idea what to say. He's suddenly nervous.

SAWYER
Uhhh...Uhhh... bu... wo...wo...

MARCY
Just a couple of times until I get
the hang of it.

MARCY (CONT'D)
(confused)
Yeah. You're right. I don't know why
I even brought it up. I'm sorry.
It's ridiculous...

Sawyer feels like he dodged a bullet.

MARCY (CONT'D)

(flustered)

...but, you know, I don't wanna be bad at it. And you're my friend. I can trust you. You're not gonna tell anybody. I know Eric's gonna tell everyone. That's what guys do. I don't want a reputation for giving lousy head. I have enough pressure on me, already. I know he's gotten blow jobs before. It's not like I can fake my way through it.

SAWYER

Wouldn't it be cheating though, technically?

MARCY

Technically, you could say that. But you and I have always been close and the way I see it, I'm doing it for Eric's benefit.

SAWYER

That's one way of looking at it.

(beat)

Couldn't you just rehearse on a banana or something?

MARCY

I tried that. But a banana can't tell me if I'm doing it right. It's not like I'm asking you to give me one of your kidneys. I just wanna... forget it! You've gotta be the only guy on the planet who'd try to talk his way out of a blow job!

SAWYER

I'm not trying to get out of it. I just wanna make sure that you're thinking clearly. When would you wanna do this?

MARCY

I wanted to do it to him Friday, after the Sadie Hawkins dance.

SAWYER

(shocked)

Friday?! This is Tuesday! That's not very much time.

MARCY

That's why I brought it up. I mean
I'm not doing anything now.

SAWYER

Now?!

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sawyer closes and locks the door. Marcy paces.

SAWYER

(nervous)

Are you sure about this?

MARCY

(scared)

No.

(he unlocks the door)

Yes.

He locks the door again.

SAWYER

(awkward)

How do you wanna start? Do you wanna
take my pants off or should I do it?

MARCY

I'll do it.

SAWYER

Should I stand, sit, lie down?

MARCY

What's better?

SAWYER

I don't know. I think I'd like to
sit.

MARCY

Okay, but you can't look at me.

(beat)

This is crazy. I can't do it.

SAWYER

I understand.

MARCY

(convincing herself)

No, I can do it! I can!

SAWYER

Okay. Relax.

She sits him back on the edge of the bed. Hesitant, Marcy kneels in front of Sawyer, and then, from between his legs, she looks up at him.

MARCY

Are you sure you're fine with this?
You're not gonna think less of me?

SAWYER

Noooo.

She takes her time. She slowly undoes his pants and pulls them down. Her eyes go wide.

MARCY

Oh! It's hard already. I wasn't
expecting that.
(eyeing it; nervous)
I thought it'd be more scary looking.
It's actually kinda cute.

SAWYER

Cute is not a word that...

MARCY

Sorry. Alright, here goes.

She opens her mouth wide and cautiously lowers her head into his lap. Almost immediately he lets out a yell.

SAWYER

Don't chew!

MARCY

I wasn't.

SAWYER

I thought I felt teeth.

MARCY

I thought nibbling was good. I thought
some guys find that kinda sexy.

SAWYER

Not this guy.

She tries again, making loud sucking noises.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Okay. I think you're sucking too
hard.

MARCY

Maybe I should stop.

SAWYER

It's up to you. I'm just here to help.

She goes back down. Suddenly his body tightens as Sawyer scrunches up his face.

MARCY

Am I hurting you?

SAWYER

No.

MARCY

Then why are you making that face?

SAWYER

Because I don't think this is gonna take very long.

After about ten more seconds Sawyer has the look of release and Marcy gags.

MARCY

Oh my god, that was so gross.

(beat)

Is it alright if we do it again?

EXT. SAWYER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door opens and Marcy exits followed by Sawyer. They both look a little dazed.

MARCY

Maybe I can practice one more time later in the week.

SAWYER

I'll be here.

Marcy waves and gets in her car. Sawyer turns to us.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Six times. I went from absolutely no sexual contact ever in my life to half a dozen blow jobs in a four hour period. Including a break to have dinner with my family... It's been a good day.

PICTURE MONTAGE

The pictures show the Dream Girl, the Chubby Redhead and the Cute Asian Girl enjoying Crystal Bay. Chronologically we start when they bought the camera at a gift shop.

Then they're out on a chartered boat where they do some snorkeling (fun underwater shots.) Sunbathing. Jetskiing. Partying at a local beach bar, etc. The Dream Girl appears in most of the pictures.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The pictures are lined up on Sawyer's bed. Sawyer removes the photos that don't feature his Dream Girl, and puts them in a drawer. He's completely MESMERIZED by her. His gaze moves from picture to picture.

EXT. UPPERCLASS SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Andrews's car pulls up in front of a large house. Sawyer, Mickey, and Andrew climb out. Sawyer holds the pictures of his Dream Girl.

MICKEY

(annoyed)

So you brought twenty pictures of the same girl and left the one with the nipple at home?!

SAWYER

You've seen nipples before, Mickey. I wanted you to see how incredible this girl is.

MICKEY

She's hot. But what the hell do you mean I've seen nipples before?! Like once I've seen a pair of tits the wonder is gone. Do you understand that one of the few things that makes life worth living is the infinite variety of breasts and nipples? The fact that it's impossible to look at a girl with her clothes on and have any idea what she looks like naked. Say something Andrew.

ANDREW

I think she's very pretty.

MICKEY

About tits, Andrew, I meant say something about tits. Pay attention.

Andrew begins to unload pool cleaning equipment from the trunk of the car. Sawyer and Mickey stand by.

SAWYER

Look at this picture. You're telling me this girl is not perfect?

Mickey flips through the pictures. He holds up a photo of Sawyer's Dream Girl and the Asian friend, all wet, coming out of the ocean in bikinis.

MICKEY

I bet you spanked it to this one.

Sawyer grabs the pictures away from him.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You realize that these are the girls we saw on the beach? This is the side boob girl. If you would've gone and gotten the frisbee like a man, you could've talked to her.

ANDREW

We could go to the beach after this. Maybe they're still around.

SAWYER

They're out of town girls on vacation. We'd never find them.

MICKEY

You are such a pussy. You've got a perfect opportunity here. You walk right up to them. "Hi, ladies. I found your camera on the beach yesterday. I just wanted to be a good samaritan and return your pictures." Next thing you know you're getting a thank you fuck.

SAWYER

(dry)

A thank you fuck, really? I had no idea it was that easy to get laid.

MICKEY

I bet you didn't know there are only five reasons why a girl will have sex with you. One - sympathy - you only have six months to live and she feels sorry for you. Two - revenge - her boyfriend pissed her off and she uses you to get back at him. Three - random drunken horniness - that's self explanatory. Four - gratitude - e.g. you return her cherished vacation photos and your nobility must be rewarded.

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Or five - you trick her - meaning you either use subliminal foreplay or you lie to create a sense of sympathy, gratitude or desire for revenge. Those are the only known reasons.

ANDREW

What about love?

MICKEY

Don't be so naive, Andrew.

Sawyer grabs two jugs of chlorine and heads around the side of the house by himself.

SAWYER

When we were in eighth grade, Mickey saw some movie on *Skinemax* about a pool boy.

MOTION PICTURE: 80s style softcore. The POOL BOY cleans the pool. A BUSTY HOUSEWIFE exits her house, smiles, and drops her robe. The flustered Pool Boy loses his balance and falls in the water.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Every time the guy went to a house to clean a pool he'd get seduced by a lonely housewife or stumble into the middle of an orgy. Mickey showed up at school the next day and demanded that we start our own pool cleaning service. We've been doing this four years and haven't once been invited to an orgy. Although we did catch Reverend Fulsom jerking off while he drank his morning coffee. Mickey swears he had his rosary beads in his ass but Andrew and I didn't see that.

INT. BIG BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Sawyer puts the jugs down. Andrew, carrying a bunch of pool cleaning equipment, walks ahead of Mickey as they round the corner into the yard.

Mickey uses the leaf skimmer on the pole like a butterfly net, dropping it onto Andrew's head.

Andrew, caught completely off-guard, is pulled backwards off his feet and drops everything he's carrying.

ANDREW

Very funny.

LATER.

Mickey cleans the pool filters. Across the yard, Sawyer skims leaves from the water as Andrew watches him.

ANDREW

Sawyer, you ever think you might be gay?

SAWYER

(confused)

No. Why? Do you think I might be gay?

ANDREW

No. I think I might be gay.

SAWYER

Oh. Well I've thought before that you might be gay. But I don't seem gay, do I?

ANDREW

No. But you're saying that I do seem gay?

SAWYER

Not obviously gay, but the possibility had occurred to me. Does Mickey call me a pussy because he thinks I'm gay?

ANDREW

No he calls you a pussy because he thinks you have no gonads.

SAWYER

I have gonads. Just because I'm not willing to make a fool of myself, trying to have sex with every girl I see, that doesn't mean I don't have gonads.

ANDREW

You don't even try to have sex with girls who are throwing themselves at you. Remember that girl who gave you her number at the Halloween party?

SAWYER

I doubt that was her real number.

ANDREW

You didn't even ask for her number. She offered it to you. Why would a girl offer you a fake phone number?

SAWYER

You're one to talk. I've never seen you try to hook up with any girls at school.

ANDREW

True. And I have dreams about Jude Law. Graphic dreams. Because I'm probably gay. That's what I was trying to tell you but you're too busy worrying about yourself.

SAWYER

I'm sorry, Andrew I didn't mean to--

ANDREW

It's okay. I mean I'm not saying I am gay. I'm just saying I might be. I just don't know. It's possible that I am. Look at Mickey. There's no grey area. He's clearly not a homo.

SAWYER

Don't use Mickey as a role model. He's so heterosexual it's ugly.

ANDREW

So you're saying most people are at least a little queer.

SAWYER

(thinks about it)

No.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Framed pictures of the Bloom family decorate an antique hutch near the front door. Sawyer picks up an old picture of himself. He slides the picture out of the frame and replaces it with his favorite picture of his Dream Girl.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The framed picture of the Dream Girl rests on the nightstand. Sawyer is in bed, the other pictures spread out before him. He's getting sleepy as he studies the pictures.

He stares for a long time at an underwater photo of his Dream Girl in a string bikini, posing with a school of fish. Suddenly she starts to move. She swims away.

The next thing Sawyer knows, he sees himself in the picture, swimming after her. PUSH IN on the picture and MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN/BEACH - DAY - DREAM SEQUENCE

Under the water. Sawyer follows the Dream Girl as she swims around the reef and then heads for shore.

He trails her as she glides up the deserted beach to the shower, where she rinses off the sea water.

Sawyer gazes over every inch of her, marveling at the way her bikini is clinging to her wet body. Sawyer thinks he's invisible. Then she slowly turns to look at him. She speaks but SAWYER'S VOICE COMES FROM HER MOUTH.

DREAM GIRL

Hi Sawyer.

SAWYER

(surprised)

Hi.

DREAM GIRL

Do you wanna participate Sawyer or
do you just wanna watch?

SAWYER

Why do you sound like me?

DREAM GIRL

Answer the question, Sawyer. Do you
wanna participate or do you just
wanna watch?

SAWYER

(hesitates)

I'd... I'd like to participate.

DREAM GIRL

Then why are you just standing there?

She unties her bikini top and removes it. Sawyer looks at her breasts but they're BLURRED OUT. He rubs his eyes and looks again. Her breasts are still blurry.

She unties the string on the side of her bikini bottom and it falls to the ground. Her crotch is BLURRED.

SAWYER

Why are your parts blurry?

DREAM GIRL

Because you've never really seen them.
You don't know what they look like.

(MORE)

DREAM GIRL (CONT'D)

(beat)

You'll never know the true sound of my voice. You'll never really know what my naked body looks like. Because you're afraid.

SAWYER

But this is my dream. I can imagine them.

DREAM GIRL

Then why don't you?

The Dream Girl licks her finger seductively. She rubs her hand over her blurred breasts and then slowly down her stomach. She closes her eyes, enjoying her own touch.

Sawyer is in awe. The Dream Girl's hand makes it's way down to her pubic region. We can't see through the blur but she's definitely stimulating herself.

Sawyer is transfixed. Mouth agape. As her pleasure increases, so does his. As she climaxes...

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sawyer awakens with a start. The picture is stuck to his cheek. He peels it off and then with a look of disgust he peeks into his underwear. Sawyer grabs a tissue, reaches into his shorts and proceeds to clean himself off.

EXT. MARCY'S BACKYARD - DAY

Sawyer sits at a table under a big umbrella, with the pictures of his Dream Girl in front of him. Mickey vacuums the pool while Andrew checks the chlorine level. Marcy exits the house carrying a tray of pretzels and iced tea.

ANDREW

You're the only customer who brings us refreshments when we clean your pool.

MICKEY

Now, if you would just sunbathe topless, you would be perfect.

MARCY

I do sunbathe topless... when you're not here.

MICKEY

Don't say that. Why would you say that?
(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Out of respect for our long standing
friendship I have used all my will
power trying not to picture you naked.
And now you've ruined it.

MARCY

You brought it up.

(munching pretzels)

Some of the popular crowd are going
out on Dara Cumber's parent's boat
next Friday night. Eric wants me to
go. He says everyone gets drunk and
then they skinny dip in the ocean.

MICKEY

Fuck. Not only do we not get invited
to the those kinds of things, we don't
even know that they're happening. Fuck.

ANDREW

I'd rather not know.

Marcy notices the pictures in front of Sawyer.

MARCY

Sawyer, are you still staring at
pictures of that girl?

SAWYER

I want you guys to see that she's
more than just physically perfect.
Look at this picture right here.
She's got a vanilla shake and an
order of steak fries from Swirly's,
and she's dipping the fries in the
shake. Who do you know who does that?
And you guys are always giving me a
hard time for it.

ANDREW

Fries are hot and crispy. Shakes are
cold and soggy. They don't make sense
together.

SAWYER

They do to me. And they do to her.
Okay, exhibit 'B'...

(shows another picture)

She's wearing a They Might Be Giants
T-shirt.

MICKEY

That's impossible. No hot girls like
They Might Be Giants.

MARCY

Hey. I like They Might Be Giants.

MICKEY

Yeah, but you're only recently hot.
You're not gonna like them for long.

Mickey comes to the table and grabs his iced tea.

MARCY

So have you tried to find her?

MICKEY

(mocking)

Look, in this picture she's reading
an issue of Cosmopolitan. Isn't that
your favorite magazine?

SAWYER

Don't mock me.

MICKEY

Let me tell you why you're obsessed
with her. It's because you don't
ever have to talk to her. She's safe.

ANDREW

He has a point.

MICKEY

If you continue on this path, you're
gonna be one of those guys who's
thirty years old and never had sex
with a real woman. You're gonna come
home from work everyday, eat dinner
by yourself, and then fuck one of
those fake latex porn star vaginas.
You'll probably give your porn star
vagina a name. Something sweet like
Cindy or Annabel. And you'll take
her on vacation with you.

MARCY

You're being a jerk, Mickey.

(sympathetic)

Sawyer, if you have any chance to
talk to this girl you should. You
don't want her to be another Renee
Lovaglio. Renee is gonna haunt you
forever because you didn't have the
guts to ask her out. She moved away
and you never got a chance to see if
she liked you.

Sawyer quietly considers Marcy's words.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sawyer sits on the couch, still staring at a picture of his Dream Girl. He's oblivious to the fact that Rebecca is standing over his shoulder.

REBECCA

Who is that?

SAWYER

I don't know.

REBECCA

Then why do you have a picture of her?

Marcy enters, saving Sawyer from having to answer the question. She's carrying her backpack.

MARCY

Hi. Hi Becky.

REBECCA

Hey, Marcy. You guys studying together?

Sawyer and Marcy exchange a look.

MARCY

Yeah, sort of. Did you start working on the test for Foley's class?

REBECCA

I finished it already.

SAWYER

(surprised)
You finished it?

MARCY

C'mon, Sawyer. We better get to work.

She pulls him off the couch.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sawyer locks the door and sits on the edge of the bed. Marcy removes a packet of paper from her backpack.

MARCY

Look what I downloaded off the internet.

She holds up the pages which are stapled in the upper left hand corner.

The cover has big bold letters that read: "How to Give the Ultimate Blow Job."

MARCY (CONT'D)

I think you're going to notice a huge improvement.

She drops the booklet on Sawyer's messy floor and kneels in front of him. Before she can get started, Marcy spots the framed picture on the nightstand.

MARCY (CONT'D)

You framed one of her pictures?

SAWYER

I'm pathetic.

MARCY

It's not pathetic. It's romantic. I really think you should try to find her.

SAWYER

Even if I wanted to look for her, I have no idea where to start.

MARCY

Come on, we can figure out a way to find her, Sawyer... We'll do it together.

SAWYER

Don't you think it's impossible that a girl like that would have anything to do with me.

MARCY

The only thing that makes it impossible is the fact that you won't try.

We can see that this resonates with Sawyer...

MARCY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I've gotta go pick up my dress for the dance, so if we could get started...

She motions to his crotch.

SAWYER

Oh, yeah, sorry.

He reaches over and tips the framed picture of his Dream Girl face down on the nightstand so she can't see what's about to happen.

He lies back on the bed as she undoes his pants. We hold on the look of intense pleasure on his face.

PICTURES: Diagrams from the blow job manual reveal what Marcy's doing off screen.

As he finishes, Sawyer tenses up and then relaxes completely. As he basks in the afterglow he takes several deep breathes and, *in this moment*, comes to a startling realization...

SAWYER (CONT'D)

I have to try and find her...

A moment later Marcy, upon hearing this, comes up into frame, a genuine smile on her face.

MARCY

I'll help you...

They stare each other in the eyes...

SAWYER

(genuine)

You're a good friend...

MONTAGE

SAWYER'S BEDROOM - Sawyer posts an ad under Missed Connections on Craig's List.

KINKO'S - Mickey prints up flyers with a picture of the Dream Girl. They read: "If you've seen this girl Call Sawyer 555-9718."

JOURNALISM CLASS - Andrew draws a map of Crystal Bay on a dry erase easel. Sawyer and Marcy hang pictures at the corresponding locations on the map.

SWIRLY'S - Sawyer goes to the Burger place, where the Dream Girl dipped her fries in her shake. He asks the staff if they remember seeing her. No one does.

BEACH, SHOPS AND RESTAURANTS - Mickey and Andrew hang the flyers of the Dream Girl on light poles and in store windows and show pictures of the Dream Girl to locals and tourists. No one recognizes her.

MOTEL ROW - The kids all pop into different motels to see if the managers recognize the Dream Girl. No one does.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sawyer and Marcy walk the hall.

MARCY

Did you check your voicemail? Maybe someone saw one of the flyers and called.

SAWYER

No one's called.

MARCY

We've gotta give it some time. See you in class.

Marcy veers off and Sawyer joins Mickey and Andrew.

MICKEY

I'm fucked. My jackass neighbor was trying to plant a tree or something and he cut our cable line. They're not coming out to fix it until next week. I have no internet. That means no porn. Nothing to wank to.

ANDREW

I'm surprised you don't have a lifetime supply of porn on your hard drive.

MICKEY

You know my policy. Never spank to the same porn twice. Always keep it fresh.

ANDREW

You may have to adjust your thinking on that.

MICKEY

Never.

Gretchen and Natalie sidle up to Sawyer.

NATALIE

Hey, we were wondering if there's been any progress with our... "arrangement."

SAWYER

Oh, well, I don't think--

MICKEY

We're on it. You girls are gonna get what you want. So just let your minds go wild as you try to think of ways to return the favor.

Sawyer is nonplussed but the girls smile appreciatively. Gretchen gives him a peck on the cheek as they walk away.

SAWYER

What are you doing? I could give a shit about Gretchen and Natalie right now. I'm not gonna steal the test.

MICKEY

I was afraid you were gonna say something stupid like that. That's why I jumped in. Look, if you wanna focus on your fantasy girl, that's fine, but this Gretchen/Natalie thing is too good to pass up. Get me the test. I have no problem taking advantage of their weak morals.

ANDREW

Even if there's no chance of Mickey getting any play, we could benefit from it socially.

MICKEY

(practically begging)
Please. Don't cockblock me on this.

Sawyer acquiesces.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Sawyer edges out of his room. His mom is ironing clothes in the living room. His sister's room is empty. He knocks on the bathroom door.

REBECCA (O.S.)

I'm in here.

SAWYER

I have to get ready for the dance too you know. How long will you be?

REBECCA (O.S.)

As long as I want.

INT. REBECCA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sawyer sneaks into the room, USB drive in hand, and carefully closes the door. He darts over to her laptop and wakes it up.

He double-clicks through well organized folders and is about to open the file labeled "Midterm History Exam" when...

LAURA (O.S.)
Beck, I'm gonna put some of your
laundry away!

As the door opens, Sawyer dives on the floor behind the bed.

Laura enters with a laundry basket of neatly folded clothes. As she heads toward the dresser, sure to spot Sawyer, he manages to slither under the bed. It's dusty and crammed with old magazines and clothes.

Sawyer is praying that he doesn't get caught when he realizes that he's holding onto a "BACK MASSAGER." Disgusted, he drops it and wipes his hand on a teddy bear.

He watches his mom who is just about done with the laundry when she drops a pair of socks right in front of him. He cowers as she bends down to pick them up.

She exits. With a sigh of relief he climbs out from under the bed and heads back over to the computer. He connects the USB drive, right clicks and chooses "Send File to Removable Disk." He gets a "Drive full error."

Shit. He quickly erases a file, then copies Becky's file. Before he can relish the victory, the door starts to open again. Sawyer throws himself under the desk. Rebecca enters, in her robe, with big curlers in her hair.

REBECCA
Mom, can I borrow...

Rebecca realizes her mom isn't there and walks away.

REBECCA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mom, can I borrow your eyelash curler?

Sawyer gets out from under the desk. He heads for the door. Just as he reaches for the handle it begins to open. Sawyer runs into the closet and pulls the louver door closed. Becky comes in, holding the eyelash curler, and closes the door.

IN THE CLOSET

Sawyer briefly peeks out through the louvers. He's trapped like a rat in a cage.

INTERCUT

Becky checks herself in the mirror. She squeezes the one tiny little zit on her otherwise flawless face and then heads over and turns on her stereo, loud.

Sawyer shakes his head, annoyed that he's gotten himself into this predicament.

Suddenly and without warning, Rebecca pulls off the robe and lets it drop to the floor.

Sawyer pulls back from the louvers and cringes. He got a split second full frontal of his sister. She proceeds to examine her body in the mirror.

Hoping she's gone he takes another quick look. He rubs his eyes as if that might erase the image.

SAWYER

(to himself)

Go back to the goddamn bathroom.

Rebecca begins to remove the curlers from her hair. Disgusted, Sawyer is afraid he'll be stuck like this forever. She starts dancing to the music.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Put some fucking clothes on already.

He stands there for a good long time and then peeks again. There's no sign of her. He strains to see the parts of the room that might be out of view.

Then suddenly she steps right in front of the closet, still naked as a jay-bird.

She pulls the closet door open. Sawyer closes his eyes and braces himself. Rebecca SCREAMS at the top of her lungs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sawyer sits alone on the couch, talking to us.

SAWYER

The second she opened the closet I knew I was fucked. If I tell my parents the truth, that I was there to steal the test, then I'm a thief and a cheater. They'll never trust me again. If I don't say anything, they're gonna think I'm a perv. I could bullshit them, but I'm bad at it. It takes me at least an hour to come up with a decent lie; so chances are the lie won't work and they'll just think I'm a liar and a perv.

Chuck enters, looking really distraught.

CHUCK

Your mother is in the bathroom
vomiting up her heart! I was a
seventeen year old boy once, Sawyer.
I know what goes through your sick
little mind. But this is a whole new
level of depravity. Your sister will
quite possibly be scarred for life.

SAWYER

She wasn't too upset to go to the dance.

CHUCK

You think she'll have a good time at
that dance. She's putting on a brave
face. This is the kind of thing that
could turn her off men completely.
She could very easily become a lesbian
because of you.

SAWYER

Dad, I wasn't trying to see her naked.
That's twisted. Don't you think I
know that's twisted? Maybe you and
mom are the ones with the sick minds
for even thinking I would do something
like that.

CHUCK

Don't try to make us the bad guys on
this one, Sawyer. This scenario is
so off the charts fucked up they
don't even contemplate it in any of
your mothers goddamn parenting books.
If you think that you have a good
explanation for invading your sister's
privacy, I'm ready, let's hear it.

There's a long beat as Sawyer considers his options.

SAWYER

Can't you just trust that there was
nothing demented going on?

INT. MICKEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

As Mickey strips down to his boxers, he dials Andrew's cell.

MICKEY

Andrew, I need to rub one out before
I go to the dance. I've been over
every sector of my hard drive. I've
got no fresh porn here. Bring me
some stroke material.

ANDREW (ON PHONE)

I don't have any stroke material.
Besides I'm almost at school already.

MICKEY

It doesn't have to be hardcore, just
a lingerie ad.

ANDREW

Sorry. I'm sure you'll find something.

Mickey hangs up. He checks under his mattress for a magazine.
No dice. He rifles through his CD-ROMs. Nada.

MICKEY

Shit!

INT. MICKEY'S BATHROOM - EVENING

Now wrapped in a towel Mickey skulks in, turns on the shower.
Dejected, he looks at himself in the mirror. Slowly, he
notices his plump, hairless, man-boobs.

With the tiniest bit of shame and apprehension, he holds up
his left hand so that it obscures his face in the mirror.
The faceless breasts before him don't look half-bad.

He admires them. Bounces up and down a bit, to watch them
jiggle. It does the trick. Mickey reaches down the front of
his towel and gets to business.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sawyer lies on his bed. Chuck and Laura collect up his TV
and his video game system.

LAURA

You're grounded indefinitely. No TV,
no video games, no cell phone.

(she takes the phone)

Straight home from school, in your
room. No hanging out with your
friends, no going out on the weekends.

They march out and slam the door.

SAWYER

This is only the second time I've
ever been grounded. The first time
was for convincing Andrew that he
could get superpowers by drinking cat
pee - when we were eight years old.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Several TEEN COUPLES hang out in the hall. Andrew, embarrassed that he's alone, slinks past them, toward the gym and the Sadie Hawkins Dance. TWO GAY STUDENTS stand near the gym entrance with a petition in hand.

GAY STUDENT

Will you sign our petition?

ANDREW

What's it for?

GAY STUDENT

The whole concept of this dance is biased. It assumes sexual preference. It's all about girls asking boys. It's discriminatory. It's not fair to people like us.

ANDREW

(flustered)

What do you mean us? Why are you asking me to sign the petition?

The Gay Students exchange puzzled looks.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I've gotta go.

Andrew turns tail and bolts out of the school.

INT. JOURNALISM CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and Marcy leads Eric into the empty room. She closes the door. He doesn't quite get what's happening.

ERIC

Marcy, if we don't go with Devin now, all the MadDog is gonna be gone.

She starts kissing him. His hand goes right for her boob. After a moment, she takes a step back, readies herself, and then drops to her knees. Eric smiles. Marcy stares nervously at the zipper on his jeans.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights dimmed, a shirtless Sawyer checks Facebook, and the "Missed Connections" section on Craigslist.

Meanwhile, as he looks through the listings we see him turn on a flashlight and glance O.S. at his bedroom wall, admiring *something*. Once he finishes looking through all the listings he turns his full attention to the wall.

When we reverse the angle we see that he is naked and that he is using the flashlight to make a giant shadow of his penis on the wall. He admires his "work".

EXT. CRYSTAL BAY HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Sawyer is chaining his bike to the bike rack when Andrew approaches. Andrew seems more depressed than usual.

SAWYER

How was the dance?

ANDREW

I didn't go. Didn't you go?

SAWYER

No, I got grounded.

ANDREW

What for?

SAWYER

I don't wanna talk about it. Why didn't you go?

ANDREW

I kinda went, but I didn't actually go in. Anyway, I came early this morning to talk to my guidance counselor. He said it was normal for kids my age to be confused about their sexuality and to have weird fantasies. Then he said a lot of kids know that they're gay but they're afraid to face it. Often because they think their family won't approve. Which could be my case. My dad is a huge homophobe. My mom has a gay brother and until I was twelve I thought his name was Uncle Rope-Sucker. Then it's also possible that I'm trying to convince myself that I'm gay because it's the one way I could really get back at my father. Did you know that there's a school club for homosexuals?

SAWYER

Isn't that called Drama?

ANDREW

Very funny. It's a real support group. I'm gonna go to a meeting. Would you come with me?

SAWYER

(sympathetically)

Andrew, I'm not gay. I don't have a lot going for me. Please let me hold on to the fact that at least I'm still perceived as heterosexual.

ANDREW

Is it that horrible for people to think that you're gay?

SAWYER

Not if you are gay. But if you're not, it really hurts your chances of ever getting a date with a member of the opposite sex.

ANDREW

What if I go to the meeting and then it turns out I'm not gay? Maybe I should try to have sex with a guy and see if I like it.

SAWYER

You could do that, but maybe, if you're on the fence, you should try to have sex with a girl and make sure you don't like it.

ANDREW

If I could get a girl to have sex with me I would have done it already.

SAWYER

Well that's not a very gay thing to say.

ANDREW

I know. I'm so confused.

Sawyer is suddenly hit in the chest by a ROCK. Hurt, he looks around to see who threw it and sees Mickey hiding behind some bushes. He waves them over.

SAWYER

You hit me with a rock. What the fuck is wrong with you?

MICKEY

(to Sawyer)

I can't believe you have the nerve to show your face around here.

SAWYER

What are you talking about?

MICKEY

You don't know? Everyone at the dance heard what you did. That's some sick shit Sawyer, even by my standards. It's your twin sister, man. You've gotta draw the line somewhere. She is incredibly hot though. How did she look?

SAWYER

(mortified)

She told everyone?

MICKEY

I heard from Larry Finkelstein. He said she caught you inside her closet, watching her and whacking off with a pair of her panties.

SAWYER

No?! C'mon! That did not happen! I was trying to steal the fucking history test. She came in the room, I had to hide, and she caught me.

MICKEY

Yeah, that's not the version that's going around.

ANDREW

I thought I had problems.

SAWYER

She promised my parents she wouldn't tell anyone.

ANDREW

Don't worry, it'll be rough for a couple years, but you can always go to an out of state college.

SAWYER

Save yourselves. Seriously, stay as far away from me as you can.

MICKEY

Did you get the test?

SAWYER

Yeah I got it.

MICKEY

Alright, so then it was worth getting caught.

Sawyer half-seriously goes for Mickey's throat. Andrew tries to hold him back.

EXT. SCHOOL COMMONS AREA - DAY

Gretchen and Natalie sit at a table. Mickey joins them. He puts the USB drive on the table.

MICKEY

Sawyer wasn't perving on his sister.
He was stealing the test for you two.

GRETCHEN

Is this it?

MICKEY

I'll give it to you on the condition
that you let everyone know what
happened.

NATALIE

But then we'll be busted for having
a stolen test.

MICKEY

Good point.
(suggestive)
Well, you're gonna have to do
something for it.

NATALIE

Like what?

MICKEY

I haven't figured that out yet, but
I promise it will take you out of
your comfort zone.

INT. SWIRLY'S - DAY

A funky little beach front burger and shake place. Sawyer sits with Marcy as he types on her laptop and dips a french fry in his shake.

MARCY

I'll tell your mom we're working on
a school project together. She'll be
fine if she thinks you're with me.

SAWYER

Cool. Nothing on Missed Connections,
or Facebook. And nothing helpful
from the flyers.

Nearby, Eric and a few JOCK FRIENDS grab a table. Eric spots Marcy and Sawyer talking. Displeased, he joins them.

ERIC

What are you doing talking to Becky's brother? You shouldn't be seen around him. He's a piranha.

MARCY

(rolling her eyes)
You mean pariah.

ERIC

No I don't. I don't even know what that is.

MARCY

I know him, Eric. He didn't do what people are saying.

ERIC

I know his sister, Marcy. She wouldn't make that up.

MARCY

He's my friend. I'm helping him with something.

ERIC

I'm your boyfriend, right? It embarrasses me for my friends to see you with this freakshow.
(to Sawyer)
No offense, dude.

Marcy looks apologetic.

SAWYER

It's cool. I better get home before I get busted anyway.

Sawyer walks off. Eric heads back to his friends. Marcy watches Sawyer.

EXT. SAWYER'S HOUSE - MORNING

It's a beautiful morning. The sun shines, birds chirp, a bee pollinates a hibiscus flower beneath Sawyer's window. Suddenly a stream of urine disrupts the bee's ritual.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer is yawning and peeing. We hear the BUZZ of the bee and without warning Sawyer lets out a SCREAM.

He stumbles backwards into the room, spraying urine all around as he writhes in pain. Finally, he begins to calm down, breathing heavily he looks down at his crotch.

SAWYER

Stung my dick.

He lays back on the floor. A moment later Chuck walks by...

CHUCK

Why does your room smell like urine?

(beat, shaking his head)

You know what, I don't wanna know.

He walks on.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Mickey's on his knees, inspecting Sawyer's crotch. Andrew bends over, cocks his head, and stares.

MICKEY

A bee sting. How come I never thought of that?

SAWYER

I didn't do it on purpose. It hurts like a bitch.

Mickey pulls Sawyer's pant leg tighter, for a better look. Passing students glare at them like they're insane.

MICKEY

Still, you've got porn dick. Look at the size of that thing. If I were you I wouldn't be hiding it, I'd be doin' the elephant walk up and down the halls.

ANDREW

Do you think it'll stay like that?

SAWYER

Christ, I hope not.

ANDREW

You're lucky your throat didn't close up. You could die from that.

MICKEY

I'm gonna rub some honey on my cock and go hump a beehive.

Mickey pokes it with a pencil. Sawyer catches a couple of CHEERLEADERS giggling at them. He hangs his head in shame.

INT/EXT. TEQUILA BREEZE BEACH BAR - CONTINUOUS

A Female bartender finishes making a daiquiri at this little bar that is half outside/half inside. Sawyer enters, walks up to the bartender...

FEMALE BARTENDER

Hi there. What can I get ya?

SAWYER

Oh. I'm underage.

FEMALE BARTENDER

I can see that, but I appreciate your honesty. 'What can I get ya?' is sort of a catch all phrase. Iced tea, soda, virgin daiquiri?

SAWYER

Uh, I'm really just looking for this girl.

Sawyer hands her a picture of a HANDSOME GUY with his arm around the Dream Girl. They are at this very bar.

FEMALE BARTENDER

(eyes the picture)

She's beautiful.

SAWYER

Have you seen her? It looks like this picture was taken here.

FEMALE BARTENDER

I don't know her. But I do know the guy with her.

SAWYER

You know this guy?

FEMALE BARTENDER

Sure. That's Danny. He's a local. He's in here all the time. You're not a cop are you?

SAWYER

No. I'm seventeen.

FEMALE BARTENDER

I don't wanna cause any trouble for Danny.

SAWYER
I'm not capable of causing any
trouble. I just... Can you tell me
where I could find him?

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A popular dwelling for beach bums and surfers. Sawyer climbs off his bike and drags it up the stairs to Danny's apartment. Through the torn screen door Sawyer sees that the front door is open.

SAWYER
Hello?

DANNY (O.S.)
Hello.

SAWYER
I'm looking for Danny.

DANNY (O.S.)
That's me. Come on in. Careful with
the screen door. It's a little tricky.

Sawyer pulls on the screen door but it seems to be jammed so he pulls a little harder.

BLAM! The whole thing comes off the hinges and Sawyer almost goes with it over the railing behind him. The door lands on some dead shrubs below.

SAWYER
Jesus. I dropped your door over the
side

DANNY (O.S.)
Don't worry about it. Fuckin'
maintenance guy needs to do something
about that thing.

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer steps into the dingy little apartment. DANNY (22) looks even better in person than he did in the picture. Blonde, tan, and muscular. He's in his boxers in the kitchen, staring into the fridge.

DANNY
I overslept. You know what time it is?

SAWYER
Almost four o'clock.

DANNY

Shit, I shoulda gotten up an hour ago. You want a beer.

SAWYER

No thanks.

(Sawyer reconsiders)

On second thought I would.

DANNY

(pops open the bottle)

Last one. We'll share.

SAWYER

That's okay. Never mind.

DANNY

What do you want, like a dime bag?

SAWYER

What?

DANNY

How much weed do you want?

SAWYER

Oh, I'm not here for drugs.

A NAKED WOMAN appears from the hallway.

NAKED WOMAN

Danny there's no toilet paper.

She notices Sawyer but does nothing to cover herself.

NAKED WOMAN (CONT'D)

I didn't know you had company.

DANNY

(confused)

I don't know who the fuck this dude is.

SAWYER

I'm Sawyer.

NAKED WOMAN

There's no toilet paper and I really have to pee.

DANNY

I don't know, use your sock.

NAKED WOMAN

That's gross.

Disgusted, she marches back into the bedroom.

DANNY

Thank god.

SAWYER

For what?

DANNY

I'm sober and she's still hot. What do you want if you're not here for weed?

Sawyer holds up the picture of Danny and the Dream Girl.

SAWYER

I'm looking for this girl.

DANNY

I've never seen her before.

SAWYER

What do you mean?

(re:picture)

That's you. You're standing right next to her.

DANNY

(agitated)

What is she your sister or something? Are you here to throw down?

SAWYER

Throw down? I'm just looking for this girl.

DANNY

I don't want any trouble.

SAWYER

Do you know her or not?

Danny sits on the couch and loads up his pipe.

DANNY

I vaguely remember she came into the Tequila Breeze with a couple of friends: A sweet-lookin' Asian and some tubby chick. We exchanged glances, she bummed a cigarette off me, I bought her a few of drinks and we came back here.

(remembering)

Heather.

SAWYER

Her name's Heather?

DANNY

Isn't it? I was calling her Heather all night.

(beat)

Maybe it wasn't Heather, maybe that's why she started getting a little weird.

SAWYER

What do you mean weird?

DANNY

(takes a hit)

When I kissed her, she started crying and said she wanted to go for a walk. I'm a gentleman, so I tagged along. She didn't say a word for like an hour and then suddenly she was all over me like she was cock starved.

SAWYER

Did you have sex with her?

DANNY

We made out and she tugged my sauziche. Next thing I know she started crying again and said she wanted to go back to her place. Chick was a couple a eggs short of an omelette.

SAWYER

What else do you know about her?

DANNY

I don't remember. It was a couple of weeks ago. She was an out of state college bitch here on vacation.

SAWYER

What college?

DANNY

We didn't talk about that. She was smokin' hot but whacked, we just didn't click, ya know? I dropped her off and that was that.

SAWYER

Where'd you drop her off? Do you remember anything else that could help me?

DANNY

Sorry dude, but I don't even remember half the girls I bang. How am I gonna remember shit about some random prick tease?

INT. SWIRLY'S - DAY

Marcy, Mickey and Andrew are sitting at a table eating when Sawyer arrives.

MARCY

Any luck?

SAWYER

I'm having second thoughts.

MARCY

You weren't able to find anything?

SAWYER

I talked to the guy from the picture.

MARCY

That's great.

SAWYER

You wanna know what I found out? She goes to college in some other state. While in Crystal Bay she met a complete loser in a bar and almost slept with him. He said she was 'weird.' He said she alternated between being sexually aggressive and crying uncontrollably.

MICKEY

How is that bad? Everyone knows that crazy chicks are the best in bed.

ANDREW

I didn't know that.

MARCY

Me either.

SAWYER

Mickey, I'm not going through all this trouble to get laid.

MICKEY

You're not? What the fuck are we doing it for then?

SAWYER

I don't know. I thought I saw something in the pictures that made this girl special.

MARCY

Sawyer, you can't let one guy's opinion change your mind about her. One man's crazy bitch could be another man's dream girl, right?

SAWYER

Her name is Heather for God's sake. There's no way I'm meant to be with a girl named Heather. And she smokes.

MARCY

Now we know her first name and that she goes to college - somewhere. We're getting closer.

SAWYER

(regretful)

I should have talked to her when she was lying right in front of me on the beach.

ANDREW

But you didn't.

SAWYER

An incredibly hot, out of state, college girl. I'm putting all this effort into something that can only lead to disappointment or humiliation.

MARCY

If you wanna quit... whatever. I've gotta go meet Eric.

SAWYER

(thinks about it)

Who said I'm quitting?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Rebecca chats on her cell while she pours herself a glass of juice. Sawyer hides around the corner, waiting for her to leave. As soon as she goes, he quietly enters.

He makes sure the coast is clear before picking up the phone and dialing his cell to check his voicemail. To his surprise there are three new messages.

MALE VOICE #1 (ON PHONE)

I saw your flyer. I don't know who she is, man, but if you find her, I'd like to get her number.

Sawyer quickly erases the first message.

FEMALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

This is Sgt. Lee Dawson with the Crystal Bay police department. Several of our officers have reported seeing a missing persons poster displayed in numerous locations around town. If the woman in the poster has been missing for more than forty eight hours, it's imperative that you come to the station to file an official report.

Spooked, Sawyer erases the message.

MALE VOICE #2 (ON PHONE)

Hello, this is Rudolfo at the Crystal Bay Day Spa. The girl in this picture here came into the spa with a couple of her friends, maybe about two weeks ago. Anyway, I don't know if that's helpful to you but, yeah. Okay. Bye.

SAWYER

Crystal Bay Day Spa.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sawyer rushes up to Marcy at her locker.

SAWYER

Marcy, someone who works at Crystal Bay Day Spa saw her about two weeks ago. Will you go there with me after school?

MARCY

(distressed)

You know I wanna help you, right?

SAWYER

Is something wrong?

MARCY

I'm not used to having a boyfriend. I don't wanna mess it up.

SAWYER

Eric doesn't want you to be my friend.

MARCY

I will never stop being your friend.
But between school and homework and
my responsibilities for the newspaper.
Not to mention yearbook staff and
the debate team...

SAWYER

I get it.

MARCY

I just need to give Eric a little
attention. He could have any girl at
school.

SAWYER

I get it.

MARCY

Promise me you're gonna keep going
until you find her.

SAWYER

(beat)
I will.

She hugs him.

INT. CRYSTAL BAY DAY SPA - DAY

Sawyer enters, feeling very out of place. A 'Nature Sounds'
CD plays a little too loud. Sawyer approaches RUDOLFO, the
slightly effeminate receptionist.

RUDOLFO

Welcome to the Crystal Bay Day Spa.
How may I help you?

SAWYER

Hi. I'm looking for Rudolfo.

RUDOLFO

That's me.

SAWYER

Oh, um, you left a message on my
cell.

(shows Heather's
picture)

You said this girl came in here.

RUDOLFO

She sure did. I remember her well.
Her and two of her friends.

(MORE)

RUDOLFO (CONT'D)

An attractive Asian girl and a
redhead, kinda plump with a cute
face.

SAWYER

I know you're probably not supposed
to do this, but all I know is her
first name is Heather. Do you maybe
have her last name? Or maybe even
her address?

RUDOLFO

I can check the appointment book for
her last name. But I know she didn't
fill out a client card because she was
a one time customer. She had won a wet
T-shirt contest over at Hard Licker
and the prize was two hundred dollars
cash and a spa gift certificate.

SAWYER

(digesting this)

She was in a wet T-shirt contest.

Rudolfo thumbs through the appointment book.

RUDOLFO

Ah. No last name in the book. It
just says Heather, Eileen and Joanie.
3pm massage.

SAWYER

Heather, Eileen and Joanie. Okay.
Thanks.

Disappointed, Sawyer heads out the door. Through the glass
we see him turn and come back in with a sense of purpose.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Could you tell me who gave her the
massage?

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

Sawyer's face is poking through the hole in the massage table
as he addresses us.

SAWYER

Hard Licker is the most notorious
club in Crystal Bay. Three Spring
Breaks ago a few of the bar maids
started blowing guys during a wet
willy contest and someone leaked
cell phone pictures onto the net.

PICTURES: Censored photos taken with a camera phone, showing the Bar Maids getting nasty with the Wet Willy contestants.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

It made national news and the whole place got shut down for six months.

Sawyer is on the massage table and under the towel by the time TRINI enters. She's thirty, attractive and new agey.

TRINI

Hi there.
(looks him over)
How old are you?

SAWYER

Sev... Eighteen.

TRINI

This your first time?

SAWYER

Yeah.

She feels him, getting a sense of how tight he is. Her hand goes so far up the back of his leg, she grazes his junk.

TRINI

(seductive whisper)
Do you sell Swedish Licorice?

SAWYER

No.

TRINI

Did you really come here for a massage?

SAWYER

Not exactly.

He turns over, about to show her the picture of Heather.

TRINI

If you want the special, you have to answer the question properly. I ask 'Do you sell Swedish Licorice?' and you reply 'Only in the summer.'

SAWYER

I have no idea what you're talking about.

TRINI

My apologies. Most guys your age only come here for the special. It's just a way that I make some extra money.

SAWYER

Ohhhh. No. Uhhh.

(shows the picture)

I'm here trying to find Heather.

TRINI

Heather! I remember her. She has a lot of yellow in her aura. Very sweet. Very down to Earth.

SAWYER

Really?

TRINI

Does that surprise you?

SAWYER

I've heard some things.

TRINI

She was having boyfriend troubles. Making some tough life decisions. I offered to do a tarot reading for her but she turned me down.

SAWYER

Can you tell me anything about her? I found a camera on the beach with her pictures and I can't stop thinking about her.

TRINI

Wow. That's so cool. I told her not to worry. I told her her soul mate was looking for her. Do you think you're her soul mate?

SAWYER

I have no idea.

TRINI

You're confused, unsure of yourself. Let me share something with you. Once upon a time I wanted to be a rock star. I chased the dream. I moved to LA. I recorded a demo. I offered my body to an A&R guy. I didn't succeed.

(MORE)

TRINI (CONT'D)

Maybe because I didn't have talent. Maybe because Mars was conjuncting Jupiter. Either way, I'm at peace, because I tried. I'm proud of myself when I wake every morning, because I know I did everything I could. I'm comfortable with the fact that I'm supposed to be a massage therapist. The money's good. Particularly when someone wants the special. The special, by the way, is when I rub the parts that are supposed to stay under the towel. You understand what I'm saying?

SAWYER

Hand job.

TRINI

Not about the special. About the girl. I'm saying the only way to find out is to find her.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Sawyer climbs in his window and is immediately struck with a sense of dread. His room is completely CLEAN. He sits on his bed and looks around in disbelief. Chuck and Laura enter, visibly upset.

LAURA

I waited in here for hours to confront you about why you weren't home.

CHUCK

Did you forget that you're grounded?

LAURA

As the hours passed I got more and more upset. You know that when I get upset I clean.

SAWYER

I can explain.

LAURA

Do you sneak out of here to perform oral sex on tourists for money?

SAWYER

What?

She pulls Marcy's "How to Give the Ultimate Blow Job" pamphlet from behind her back.

LAURA

I found this on your floor.

SAWYER

I don't perform oral sex on tourists for money!

CHUCK

(more upset)

Are you performing oral sex on tourists for free?!

LAURA

Who do you perform oral sex on?

SAWYER

No one.

LAURA

Then how do you explain the instruction booklet?

(no answer)

There has to be an explanation. Huh? What is it? They're not handing these out at school, correct?

CHUCK

There has to be some reason why you have to know how to give a blow job.

LAURA

Please don't call it that in front of him.

CHUCK

Him hearing the words blow job are the least of our problems right now.

LAURA

We're on your side, Sawyer. We're just worried about you.

SAWYER

There's nothing to worry about.

CHUCK

How can you say there's nothing to worry about? I was dreading the day I might have to have the blow job talk with my daughter. I never imagined in a million years that I'd be having it with my son.

LAURA

We're making an appointment for you to see a psychiatrist. If you can't share with us, maybe you'll be able to share with a stranger.

SAWYER

Mom, there's really nothing to share.

LAURA

Then why do you have the blow job pamphlet?! Who are you blowing?! Who?! Who?!

SAWYER

(lying)

Myself! Okay, I blow myself!

Laura covers her mouth, almost vomits, and rushes out of the room. Chuck looks dazed.

CHUCK

Where did we go wrong?

He stumbles out of the room. Sawyer looks at us.

SAWYER

(angry)

That went well. I told you I'm a bad liar. Auto-fellatio! That was the best I could come up with? I couldn't tell them it was Marcy's pamphlet. Imagine if it got back to her parents that she was practicing oral sex on me. So now my parents think I spy on my sister when she's naked and then come back to my room and suck my own dick.

EXT. HOGAN BACKYARD - DAY

Sawyer, Mickey and Andrew clean the pool.

MICKEY

"Do you sell Swedish licorice?" "Only in the summer." Perfect.

SAWYER

Forget about that. I'm out of leads. We've been everywhere that we can identify in the pictures. Besides, she and her friends won the spa day at a wet T-shirt contest.

(MORE)

SAWYER (CONT'D)

I just don't see myself with the kind of girl who participates in a wet T-shirt contest. I mean, what kind of girl does that?

MICKEY

The kind of girl with a hot body who wants to win cash and prizes.

ANDREW

My brother once told me that girls in college do things they never would have done before college and they'll never do again after college.

MICKEY

That's the only reason I'm going to college.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Mickey joins a crowd of students checking their mid-term grade on a list outside Mister Foley's class. He scans the list and smiles. Gretchen and Natalie squeeze in the crowd.

MICKEY

You guys aced the test. It's time for us to discuss payment.

INT. VAN - MINUTES LATER

Mickey sits between Gretchen and Natalie on the bed.

MICKEY

Alright, here's the deal. I want you girls to do one of two things for me. Option one, you take me to the skinny dipping party on Dara Cumber's boat.

NATALIE

We can't just invite you. It's Dara's boat. That would be rude.

MICKEY

Okay, fine. Option number two, we have a threesome.

(off their raised eyebrows)

Now it can either be all about me, or if you two wanna mess around with each other -you know, girl-on-girl style- I'd be fine with that...

NATALIE

We'll go with option one.

MICKEY

I thought so.

EXT. SAWYER'S HOUSE - DAY

Sawyer rides up on his bike to find Marcy sitting on the hood of her car.

SAWYER

Hey.

MARCY

Surprise. How's it going?

SAWYER

The usual. Yesterday, my mom found the ultimate blow job pamphlet on my floor.

MARCY

Ooops.

SAWYER

It's not your fault. If my room wasn't such a mess I would've realized you left it there.

MARCY

What did you tell her?

SAWYER

I told her that I had it because I like to blow myself.

MARCY

(laughs)

Sorry... Why did you say that?

SAWYER

I didn't want to get you in trouble and that was the first thing that came to mind.

MARCY

Thank you for looking out.

SAWYER

That's what friends are for.

MARCY

(blurts)

Eric dumped me.

She tries to smile but immediately tears up. Sawyer doesn't know how to respond.

SAWYER

But, yesterday you were...

MARCY

(crying)

I told him I wasn't ready to have sex, that I wasn't going to change my mind and he should stop trying to get me to do it. So he broke up with me. He said I wasn't mature enough for him. I'm not mature enough for a guy who thinks it's entertaining to wipe his boogers on the nozzle of a water fountain and then laugh at the next person who drinks from it.

Sawyer puts his arm around Marcy. She leans on his shoulder.

SAWYER

I'm sure you guys will work it out. He's just feeling a little frustrated.

MARCY

No. I'm finished. You know what getting the chance to be popular has done for me? It's confused me even more. Most of those people are boring.

SAWYER

Really? It looks so exciting from the outside.

MARCY

Boring. I was never bored with you... or Mickey or Andrew.

SAWYER

You can help me find Heather. Maybe that will keep your mind off Eric.

(beat)

You got a little snot on my shoulder.

She smiles, glad to have him.

INT. JOURNALISM CLASSROOM - EVENING

Sawyer and Marcy stare at the pictures on the dry erase board map of Crystal Bay. Sawyer eats a Funyun.

SAWYER

If they're all in college, isn't it weird that there isn't one picture of them wearing a college shirt or sweatpants or something.

Marcy ponders this for a second and then realizes...

MARCY

Wait.

Excited, she grabs a photo of the Chubby Girl wearing a baseball cap with two GREEK LETTERS on it.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Look at her cap.

SAWYER

It looks like it says "OX."

MARCY

No. I didn't think about it before but those are greek letters. That's a sorority hat. Omega Chi.

SAWYER

You think that could help us find her?

MARCY

Yeah. How many Omega Chi sororities could there be?

Marcy does a quick search on the computer.

SAWYER

A hundred and seventeen.

MARCY

Okay, so there are a hundred and seventeen chapters of Omega Chi at colleges all over the country, but how many of those chapters do you think have a girl named Heather?

SAWYER

Conservatively? I would say they each have at least two girls named Heather. We would have to call every sorority house, ask to speak to anyone named Heather and then ask each of them if they came to Crystal Bay and lost a camera.

MARCY

Okay, maybe that's excessive. But we could do it. Even if we don't do it, the fact that we just found that clue, proves that we haven't been looking closely enough at the pictures.

Marcy places a photo in the scanner. An image of the Chubby Redhead at the gift shop appears on the monitor.

MARCY (CONT'D)

We're gonna scan the pictures into Photoshop so we can zoom in and look at them more closely. Any details we haven't noticed could be a clue.

A SERIES OF SHOTS - Sawyer and Marcy scan and inspect the different photos.

LATER - Sawyer has his feet up and he's starting to nod off. Marcy still studies the pictures.

SAWYER

I can't be in love with a girl in a picture, Marcy. I've never been in love. My first time can't be with a photograph.

MARCY

Then don't call it love. You're infatuated, enamored, captivated.

She scans in a picture of Heather and her friends on a snorkeling trip. As she studies the picture, she zooms in on the sail of the boat and sees that it says: "SKIPPER STEVE'S BOAT RENTAL."

MARCY (CONT'D)

I found something.

INT. SKIPPER STEVE'S BOAT RENTAL - DAY

SKIPPER STEVE is a scruffy guy in his early forties. He's sitting behind his desk making a fishing lure. He looks up with a friendly smile as Sawyer and Marcy enter.

SKIPPER STEVE

Welcome to Skipper Steve's Boat Rental. I'm Skipper Steve. What can I interest you in today?

MARCY

My name is Marcy. I spoke to you last night. You said in order to rent a boat you require a credit card deposit and a photocopy my driver's license.

SKIPPER STEVE

You shoulda mentioned to me that you're under eighteen, Marcy. I can't rent to you without an adult present.

MARCY

We don't actually wanna rent a boat.
We just want information about someone
you rented to in the past.

He looks at them confused.

SAWYER

I can explain...

SKIPPER STEVE

You're Laura's kid.

SAWYER

Yeah. Sawyer.

SKIPPER STEVE

How's your mom?

SAWYER

(caught off guard)
Okay, I guess.

SKIPPER STEVE

We went to high school together.
Came this close to asking her to the
prom, but your dad beat me to it.
(regretful)
I blew that one. Things good between
her and your dad?

SAWYER

I guess so.

Skipper Steve is lost in memories of the past. After a moment
he snaps out of it.

SKIPPER STEVE

So what is it you kids want?

SAWYER

I'm looking for a girl...

SKIPPER STEVE

You got an awfully cute girl right
here.

SAWYER

I know I do, but I'm looking for a
specific girl. I found a camera on
the beach.

Sawyer hands Skipper Steve the picture of Heather and her
friends on the Skipper's boat.

MARCY

Sawyer's infatuated with the girl in the middle. Do you remember them?

SKIPPER STEVE

Yeah, I took this picture. They rented a boat from me.

SAWYER

Do you still have their information? An address or a phone number?

SKIPPER STEVE

I do but I can't go handing that information out willy-nilly. What if you murder her? They could trace that back to me. That could be really bad for my business.

MARCY

Does he look like a murderer? We've been desperately trying to find her and you're our only hope.

SAWYER

Please.

SKIPPER STEVE

Okay. Just tell your mom I did you a solid, huh?

Skipper Steve opens a filing cabinet and thumbs through his documents. Sawyer is nervous. Skipper Steve finds the info and looks it over.

SKIPPER STEVE (CONT'D)

Here it is. Heather Logan, 417 Blue Lakes Road, Pinewood, Idaho.

SAWYER

Idaho?

SKIPPER STEVE

That's what her license says.

Sawyer looks at the photocopy of Heather's license.

SAWYER

Do people really live in Idaho?

Marcy finds an 'Emergency Contact' phone number written on the paperwork.

MARCY

There's a phone number. You should call her.

Marcy tries to hand him her cell phone.

SAWYER

Are you kidding me? I'm not gonna call her now.

MARCY

Why not?

SAWYER

I can think of a dozen reasons starting with the fact that I'm a complete stranger and she lives in IDAHO!

SKIPPER STEVE

You can't procrastinate these kinds of things, kid. You can't waste time considering your options and planning what you're gonna say. That'll just make you nervous and then you'll never do it.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sawyer sits at the kitchen table staring at a copy of the information Heather filled out for Skipper Steve. Below the photocopy of her license, under 'Emergency Contact,' it says 'Bill and Carol Logan 208-555-1009.'

He breathes deeply and picks up the wall phone. Almost immediately he hangs up. Another deep breath, he picks up the receiver again and dials several digits before quickly hanging up again.

SAWYER

Just do it, you pussy.

He grabs the receiver and dials the whole number.

MAN'S VOICE

Hello.

SAWYER

Hi, may I speak with Heather?

MAN'S VOICE

Heather is at school.

SAWYER

Oh. When might be a good time to call back?

MAN'S VOICE

She's away at school. At Valdosta.

SAWYER

Where's Valdosta?

MAN'S VOICE

Georgia. Valdosta, Georgia.

SAWYER

Georgia? She's not in Idaho?

MAN'S VOICE

I'm in Idaho. Who is this?

SAWYER

My name is Sawyer. I found Heather's camera in Crystal Bay. I'm just trying to give her her pictures.

MAN'S VOICE

I've got her cell number on the fridge. Hold on a second.

Sawyer waits, mouth agape.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

208-555-1274.

SAWYER

Thanks.

Sawyer quickly hangs up. More nervous.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Okay, fuck. Georgia. That's so close. Fuck. Don't think. Make the call.

Sawyer grabs the receiver and dials Heather's number.

HEATHER'S VOICE

Hello?

Before Sawyer can speak, Rebecca strides into the kitchen. Panicked, he hangs up.

REBECCA

You're grounded, you're not supposed to be using the phone.

SAWYER
I was calling mom.

REBECCA
Is she making dinner tonight?

SAWYER
I don't know. I didn't talk to her.

Rebecca scowls. The phone rings. Sawyer glances at it.

REBECCA
Who is it?

SAWYER
Wrong number probably.

REBECCA
Why don't you look at the caller ID
and see?

Humoring her, he checks the caller ID. It's Heather.

SAWYER
Yep, wrong number.

REBECCA
How do you know? Maybe it's for me.

SAWYER
No, it isn't.

Rebecca quickly picks up the phone. Caught off guard, Sawyer grabs her arm before she can put the receiver to her ear.

REBECCA
What the hell are you doing?

HEATHER'S VOICE
Hello?

SAWYER
(computer voice)
I'm sorry, the number you have reached
is no longer in service. Please
hang up and try your call again.

Rebecca breaks loose and she puts the phone to her ear.
Sawyer's panic level doubles.

REBECCA
Hello?

HEATHER'S VOICE
Hi, this is Heather. Someone just
called me from this number.

SAWYER
(whispers)
Hang up.

Annoyed, Sawyer tries to grab the phone.

REBECCA
That must have been my brother. He
said he was calling my mom but I
could tell something was up.

SAWYER
(whispers)
It was an accident. I mis-dialed.

REBECCA
Is this Heather Lawrence?

HEATHER'S VOICE
No.

SAWYER
(whispers)
Hang up!

REBECCA
Heather Marcus?

HEATHER'S VOICE
No.

SAWYER
(whispers forcefully)
Hang up!!

REBECCA
Do you even go to Crystal Bay High?

HEATHER'S VOICE
No. I vacationed in Crystal Bay. Who
is this?

SAWYER
Please, hang up!

REBECCA
Let me get to the bottom of this.
Why did you call this girl?
(to Heather)
My brother is a little freak. He may
be stalk--

Sawyer tears the phone out of the wall. He and Rebecca both freeze, shocked.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Oh my God. Dad is going to fucking kill you.

Sawyer realizes what he has to do.

SAWYER

I need to borrow your car.

REBECCA

No way. What for?

SAWYER

I have to go see someone.

REBECCA

Yeah right. You better go back to your room and wait for mom and dad to get home.

SAWYER

Why do you have to be such a bitch?

REBECCA

Why do you have to be such a loser?

SAWYER

Becky, seriously, this is important.

REBECCA

Sawyer, seriously, fuck off. You're not touching my car.

SAWYER

Becky, please listen to me. I know that we don't get along very well. And I realize it's probably my fault. But I've always been made to feel inferior. You were born three minutes before midnight. I was born three minutes after midnight. And for my entire life I've had to celebrate my birthday on your birthday. That may seem like a small thing, but it isn't. If you can, for one second, please put yourself in my place. You hog the bathroom. I have to piss out the window. You got a car for your birthday. I got a used XBOX off ebay.

(MORE)

SAWYER (CONT'D)

I didn't even get a cell phone until I got trapped in the elevator at the mall for six hours and mom thought I was dead. You can go anywhere, do anything you want and no one ever asks you a question. I have to justify every move I make. I'm sure you can understand why I might be a little jealous. But at the end of the day, we're family... And right now I really need you. I need you to help me. I have a chance to do something really important for myself. I've never asked you for anything in my entire life. All I'm asking now is if I can please, please borrow your car?

For a second it seems like Rebecca is with him. Then...

REBECCA

No.

SAWYER

Well... I... I'm fucking taking it.

REBECCA

You are not.

He rushes to her bedroom. She trails after him.

INT. REBECCA'S BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer picks up her purse. Rebecca freaks as he empties it onto the bed.

REBECCA

You do not, for any goddamn reason on Earth, go into a woman's purse.

They both spot the keys on the bed and dive for them, smashing their heads together. She grabs her car keys. He grabs hold of her and they wrestle.

He almost gets the keys. She latches onto his nipple and gives him a wicked titty twister.

SAWYER

Ahhhh! Let go of my nipple!

REBECCA

Let go of the keys.

They roll off the bed and hit the floor. Sawyer lands on top of her, still struggling for the keys.

Becky spots the "back massager" on the floor next to her. She reaches for it, turns it on, and proceeds to rub it on Sawyer's face.

Disgusted, he forcefully pushes the "back massager" away and it smacks her in the nose. Blood squirts out. She screams in pain. Sawyer stops struggling with her.

SAWYER

Oh shit! Are you okay?

She responds by punching him full force in the nuts.

EXT. SAWYER'S HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Sawyer bursts out the door, limping from the nad strike.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN - MINUTES LATER

Sawyer, invigorated, drives and dials his cell. Heather's pictures are on the passenger seat.

SAWYER

Meet me at Swirly's as fast as you can. I'm going for it.

EXT. SWIRLY'S - DAY

Sawyer pulls up in Rebecca's car to find Marcy, Mickey and Andrew waiting for him.

SAWYER

Who's coming with me?

Thrilled, Mickey and Andrew jump in the car.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Marcy?

MARCY

I'm really proud of you Sawyer but I can't go. We still have one last midterm tomorrow.

ANDREW

That's right.

MICKEY

Shit. Plus I'll miss the skinny dipping party tomorrow night.

SAWYER

I understand. You guys don't have to come.

Mickey and Andrew exchange a look.

MICKEY/ANDREW

Yes we do.

MICKEY

(war cry)

We're going! Go! GO! GO!

SAWYER

(heartfelt)

Thank you, Marcy.

Sawyer speeds away. Marcy watches with a delighted smile. But as she thinks about Sawyer leaving, the smile slowly turns pensive.

ON THE WAY TO GEORGIA MONTAGE

Sawyer and the guys cruise on the highway with the top down. Eighteen wheelers whiz by them.

In the parking lot of a Walmart, Sawyer carefully places Heather's pictures into a photo album.

Sawyer pulls off the highway and the guys struggle to close the convertible top as rain pours down.

They stop for gas and are approached by a Truck Stop Hooker.

Mickey and Andrew sleep in the backseat.

They speeds past the state line.

EXT. SORORITY ROW - NIGHT

The VW creeps along the street as Sawyer, Mickey and Andrew try to find the right house.

They come upon the OMEGA CHI sorority and find an out of control PARTY. Music BLARES and DRUNKEN COLLEGE KIDS spill out the front door onto the lawn.

Sawyer parks. A NAKED LINEBACKER, wearing only a football helmet, streaks across the lawn. He circles the VW several times, screaming. He looks at the guys and rocks the car.

NAKED LINEBACKER

I'm fucking hammered!

He climbs on the running board and presses his genitals against the driver's side window. Sawyer tries not to look.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Hugging the photo album, Sawyer and the guys squeeze between COLLEGE KIDS and enter the house. They look around.

SAWYER
I guess I'm gonna go find her. I'll
see you guys later.

Sawyer wanders off and eventually spots EILEEN.

PICTURE: Eileen (Heather's cute Asian friend), in a gift shop, flashing a breast.

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Excuse me, I'm looking for Heather.

EILEEN
I think she's upstairs.

SAWYER
Thanks.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

There aren't any revelers up here. It's quiet except for the sound of someone pounding on a door...

HEATHER (O.S.)
Let me in, Brian! I'm gonna--

Sawyer peeks around the corner just in time to see HEATHER double over and VOMIT.

Fall-down drunk, she leans her back against the wall. She slides down until she's sitting on the floor - in the vomit. She looks sad and a little out of it.

Sawyer remains in the shadows, watching her for a moment. She's clearly having a bad night but he decides to approach.

SAWYER
Heather?

HEATHER
Yeah.

SAWYER
Are you okay?

HEATHER
(snippy)
I'm fine.

SAWYER
You're sitting in vomit.

HEATHER
Do I know you?

SAWYER
No.

HEATHER
The party's downstairs. There's
nothing to see here.

Heather looks down. Long Silence.

SAWYER
Are you sure you're okay?

HEATHER
I'm sure I don't wanna talk to you
about it.

SAWYER
Obviously this is a bad time but I
came a long way...

HEATHER
Would it be rude for me to ask you
to please fuck off?

SAWYER
It's a little rude.

HEATHER
How 'bout pretty please? Fuck off!

Sawyer stares at her for a moment and then places the photo album on the floor a couple of feet in front of her. He slowly walks away.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sawyer spots Mickey and Andrew doing shots with a group of SORORITY GIRLS. He doesn't want to ruin their fun.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Depressed, Sawyer exits the house and walks slowly to the VW. He stops and looks back at the house. As he sits down on the curb and shakes his head, the Naked Linebacker runs by.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

TWO DRUNK SORORITY GIRLS are amused by Mickey and Andrew.

DRUNK SORORITY GIRL #1
How old are you two?

MICKEY
Beyond the age of consent in the
state of Georgia.

DRUNK SORORITY GIRL #2
High School boys. What are you doing
here?

MICKEY
Do you want the honest answer? The
same thing every guy here is doing.
Trying to sleep with a sorority girl.

Andrew chooses this moment to blurt...

ANDREW
Not every guy. I think I might be gay.

Mickey is momentarily shocked by the confession, but then...

MICKEY
I knew it!

ANDREW
What do you mean you knew it? Why
didn't you tell me?

DRUNK SORORITY GIRL #1
Andrew, that's really something you
need to figure out for yourself.

ANDREW
I've been trying.

DRUNK SORORITY GIRL #2
If you want, we can go someplace private
and I'll give you the gay test.

ANDREW
What's the gay test?

DRUNK SORORITY GIRL #2
I dated a guy for eight months who
finally realized he was gay--

DRUNK SORORITY GIRL #1
I dated a gay guy for almost a year.

DRUNK SORORITY GIRL #2
After that you realize there are a
few pretty surefire ways to tell.
(MORE)

DRUNK SORORITY GIRL #2 (CONT'D)
 (takes Andrew's hand)
 C'mon.

DRUNK SORORITY GIRL #1
 (takes his other hand)
 I'll come too.

The three of them walk away. Mickey calls after them.

MICKEY
 What's the gay test? I want the gay
 test.
 (dumbfounded)
 What just happened?

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Sawyer and the Naked Linebacker sit on the curb.

NAKED LINEBACKER
 If I were you, I would go back in
 there. Look her right in the eyes,
 strip off all your clothes, and say
 'This is me! Deal with it, bitch!'

SAWYER
 (humoring him)
 Alright. Good talking to you.

Sawyer gets up.

NAKED LINEBACKER
 You gonna go back in?

SAWYER
 I'm gonna go back in. I don't know if
 I'm gonna handle it exactly the way
 you would, but I'm gonna go back in.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Sawyer spots the photo album, still in the same spot on the floor. Heather is gone. He picks up the album and notices Heather through the half open door of her bedroom. He steps up as she drunkenly argues with her ex-boyfriend, BRIAN.

BRIAN
 Why are you doing this?!

HEATHER
 I'm done having this conversation.
 You and I are never getting back
 together.

BRIAN
You don't mean that.

HEATHER
I swear to you if you don't leave
right now, I'm gonna walk out that
door and I'm gonna fuck the first
guy I see!

Sawyer's eyes go wide. Brian hesitates.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Go!

Brian storms out of the room, and slams the door. He bumps
into Sawyer, knocking the photo album out of his hand. Brian
looks down at the open album.

BRIAN
Who the hell are you?!

SAWYER
No one.

Brian is fuming and on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He
grabs Sawyer.

BRIAN
Who are you?!

SAWYER
I'm just here to talk to her.

BRIAN
You're not talking to anyone but me.

Brian pushes Sawyer.

SAWYER
I have to warn you. Summer before
fifth grade I spent two weeks at
Kung Fu Camp. I tweaked a muscle in
my groin and I had to drop out. But
I remember some moves and I've just
been waiting to use them.

Brian takes a couple of steps toward Sawyer and Sawyer backs
off. Brian raises his fist but before he can make a move...

BAM! The Naked Linebacker comes barreling in and TACKLES
him, helmet first.

NAKED LINEBACKER
This is me! Deal with it, bitch!

Brian and the Linebacker hit the wall with an insane THUD.

Surprised, Sawyer quickly scoops up the album and darts into Heather's room.

INT. HEATHER'S ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer closes the door and locks it. He turns to see Heather stumble and fall as she tries to take off her pants.

HEATHER

I'm covered in puke. Goddammit, he
is such an asshole. I've never been
so infuriated in my life.

Lying on the floor she takes off her shirt. Sawyer doesn't know what to do. Heather begins to crawl towards the open bathroom door.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I've gotta take a shower.

SAWYER

I'll wait outside.

Sawyer opens the bedroom door and sees the Naked Linebacker still pummeling Brian.

NAKED LINEBACKER

This is me! This is me!

Sawyer pulls the door closed and locks it again. He turns to Heather. She's in the bathroom, ignoring his presence, about to remove her bra. Ever the gentleman, he rushes over and closes the bathroom door.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mickey sits alone on the couch, looking bored. A CUTE GIRL plops down next to him and smiles.

CUTE GIRL

Hi. I'm Karen.

MICKEY

Hi. Mickey.

CUTE GIRL

My friend Beth thinks you're cute.

She points to a PLAIN GIRL smiling shyly at Mickey. Not exactly what Mickey was hoping for.

INT. HEATHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sawyer rests on the edge of the bed, watching the bathroom door and listening to the running water of the shower.

A loud CRASH emanates from the bathroom. He springs to his feet and puts his ear to the door.

SAWYER

Are you okay in there?

(no response)

Heather, are you okay?

(hesitant)

I'm coming in. I'm averting my eyes.

INT. HEATHER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sawyer eases into the room, staring at the floor. The shower curtain and the entire curtain rod are on top of Heather in the shower. She peeks out.

HEATHER

I fell.

Sawyer shuts off the water and pulls the shower curtain away. Heather's position covers her best parts. Sawyer grabs a towel and helps her out of the tub.

INT. HEATHER'S ROOM - THAT MOMENT

As Heather stumbles across the bedroom, Sawyer holds her up and pats her dry with the towel. It is simultaneously the most exciting and the most terrifying moment of his life. She plops down on the bed.

HEATHER

Who are you?

SAWYER

My name is Sawyer--

HEATHER

Hold that thought. I've gotta close my eyes for a minute.

Heather closes her eyes and curls up on the bed.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mickey stands alone in the corner. There's a picture of the Plain Girl on his cell. He texts it to Marcy, then calls her.

INT. MARCY'S BEDROOM - INTERCUT

Marcy stops studying and answers her cell.

MARCY

Hey, how's it going?

MICKEY

I haven't seen Sawyer for a while. Andrew's off taking something called the gay test. Any idea what that might be?

MARCY

None.

MICKEY

I just texted you a picture.

MARCY

I got it.

MICKEY

I've been talking to her for like an hour. She wants me. I mean she really wants me. She would totally have sex with me right now.

MARCY

Congratulations.

MICKEY

I don't know if I should do it. Isn't she kinda ugly?

MARCY

She's not ugly. She's a little plain.

MICKEY

I don't know if I should hold out. My expectations were significantly higher.

MARCY

Show her some respect. If you're not attracted to her, don't do it.

MICKEY

I'm not saying I'm not attracted to her. I've been sporting wood for the last forty-five minutes. I need to know if I'm good looking enough to do better than her?

MARCY

I have no idea how to answer that question.

MICKEY

You know what? Ugly girls try harder.
Fuck it, I'm gonna do it.

INT. HEATHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sawyer covers Heather with her blanket. He sighs realizing she's out for the night.

INT. HEATHER'S ROOM - MORNING

Heather awakens on the bed and slowly realizes she's naked under the covers. A little foggy, she notices Sawyer asleep on her roommate's bed, with the photo album on his chest.

She tiptoes to the dresser. She slips into shorts and a tank top. Curious, Heather grabs the album and sits on her bed.

She smiles as she flips through the album. Heather gets very close to Sawyer and whispers.

HEATHER

Excuse me.

Sawyer's eyes open. He's stunned by her beautiful and apologetic face.

HEATHER

Hi.

SAWYER

Hi.

HEATHER

I was kind of a bitch to you last night, wasn't I?

SAWYER

Kind of. At first. Before you passed out.

HEATHER

I'm really sorry. I'm usually not a mean drunk. I'm usually a happy drunk. Not that I'm drunk all the time. I was fighting with my boyfriend. Ex. Boyfriend.

(Sawyer nods)

You told me your name right before I passed out.

SAWYER

Sawyer.

HEATHER
Sawyer. Did you find my camera in
Crystal Bay?

SAWYER
Yeah. On the beach.

There's a banging at the door. Heather answers it. Eileen
storms in, really hung over. She grabs her sneakers.

EILEEN
You fucking locked me out all night.

SAWYER
That was my fault.

EILEEN
Who's the jailbait?

HEATHER
This is Sawyer. He found the camera
we lost.

Heather holds open the photo album so Eileen can see.

EILEEN
You didn't put my titty shot on the
internet, did you?

SAWYER
No.

EILEEN
You drove here all the way from
Crystal Bay?

SAWYER
Yeah.

EILEEN
To give us back the pictures?

SAWYER
More or less.

EILEEN
Don't you think it's weird that this
kid came four hundred miles to return
some pictures?

HEATHER
Maybe. A little. Not sure yet.

EILEEN
Did you ask him why?

HEATHER
We're getting to that.

EILEEN
I'm on party clean up, but I wanna
hear all about this later.

Eileen hurries out. Heather looks at Sawyer, wanting to ask him but not wanting to make him uncomfortable. Finally he volunteers...

SAWYER
Renee Lovaglio.

HEATHER
I don't know what that means.

SAWYER
She was the first girl I ever... I
don't wanna call it a crush, cause
that doesn't sound very manly...

HEATHER
Guys can have crushes.

SAWYER
Well, Renee Lovaglio was the first
girl I ever had a crush on.

HEATHER
I'm not following.

SAWYER
Have you ever wanted something, but
you didn't think you could have it,
so you didn't even bother trying?

HEATHER
Not that I can recall.

SAWYER
Well it's happened to me many times,
but I decided not to let it happen
with you. That's why I'm here.

HEATHER
You have a crush on me?

SAWYER
There are only two kinds of people.
People who go after what they want
and people who accept whatever life
offers them. I couldn't stop staring
at those pictures of you.

(MORE)

SAWYER (CONT'D)

I'm infatuated. As pathetic as I feel telling you that, I'd be even more pathetic if I didn't tell you.

HEATHER

(kindly)

It's sweet that you went to so much trouble to meet me--

(beat)

Did you come here hoping maybe I'd be your girlfriend?

SAWYER

No. I just came here to tell you how you made me feel. I felt like I knew you. Like we were connected somehow.

HEATHER

Like we knew each other in a past life.

SAWYER

That's exactly what my friend said.

(beat)

If you decide to be the kind of person who goes after what you want you can't only go after what you know you can get. You have to go after the things you probably can't get. Because the only way you'll know for sure is if you try.

HEATHER

That's true.

SAWYER

Alright, well I guess that's it. It was nice meeting you.

HEATHER

(surprised)

Seriously? That's it?

SAWYER

I think so. I needed to prove to myself that I could look in the eyes of a beautiful girl who is seemingly unattainable and tell her that I'm attracted to her. I did it.

HEATHER

Don't you wanna know if the attraction is mutual?

SAWYER

C'mon, you're an incredibly hot college girl. I'm, at best, average looking and barely passing Algebra 2. But at least I know I took a chance.

HEATHER

Fifteen days ago I broke up with my high school boyfriend. We started dating sophomore year. He's the only guy I've ever been with. College is supposed to be the time you figure out who you are, what you really want. And instead I was stuck. Brian and I had trapped each other because we didn't wanna let go. Fifteen days ago he slept with another girl and it was the best thing that's ever happened to me. I'm free now. The first thing I did with that freedom is get in a car with a couple of my friends and head down to Crystal Bay. It's going to sound melodramatic but these are pictures of the beginning of my new life. Thank you for bringing them to me.

SAWYER

You're welcome.

HEATHER

And thank you for coming here. Thank you for driving hundreds of miles, risking potential embarrassment and heartbreak just to let me know how you feel. You made me feel special. Now I don't wanna mislead you. Even if you're the greatest guy ever, I don't want another boyfriend right now, but...

She kisses him. A long kiss. The kind of kiss you never forget.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Maybe someday. Look me up again if you want.

Heather smiles. Sawyer stares at her for a moment.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - DAY

With a spring in his step, Sawyer strides across the lawn to the Volkswagen. Mickey and Andrew sleep in the car.

SAWYER

Did you guys have fun?

ANDREW

It was amazing.

MICKEY

I met a girl. I did not get laid.
Despite my best efforts. I really
thought she wanted me but she mostly
just wanted to talk. Although I did
squeeze her tit. Bare tit, Sawyer.
Hard nipple touched the palm of my
hand.

SAWYER

Congratulations.

ANDREW

Two sorority girls gave me the gay
test.

SAWYER

What's the gay test?

ANDREW

It's exactly what you'd imagine from
the name.

SAWYER

How did it go?

ANDREW

It's kinda like the S.A.T., I'm gonna
wanna take it more than once to be
safe.

SAWYER

So you still don't know if you're gay?

ANDREW

I think I might be bi. That's
possible, right?

MICKEY

What about you? What happened with
Heather?

Sawyer starts the car and drives away.

SAWYER

Let's just say I proved it's always
worth it to take a chance.

INT. REBECCA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Rebecca sleeps peacefully. Her eyes open as soon as her alarm clock sounds.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Half awake, Rebecca stumbles out of her bedroom and makes her way to the bathroom door. It's closed. She tries the knob but it's locked. She looks confused.

INT. BATHROOM - INTERCUT

Wrapped in a towel, Sawyer brushes his teeth. He casually rinses and spits.

SAWYER

I'm in here.

REBECCA

Sawyer?

(calling out)

Mom, Sawyer's back!

(to Sawyer)

Sawyer, I have to pee really bad.

SAWYER

Sucks doesn't it? I suggest going out the window.

Laura and Chuck arrive outside the door. They seem incredibly relieved that Sawyer has returned safely.

CHUCK

Sawyer?

LAURA

Baby, are you home?

SAWYER

Yes, mom. I'm home.

LAURA

Open the door.

SAWYER

Before I come out, there's a few things I wanna discuss. First, I was not in Becky's room to spy on her. It's disappointing that you would even think that of me. I'm not going to tell you why I was there because I have a constitutional right not to incriminate myself.

(MORE)

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Secondly, I've never sucked a dick. My dick included. Third, and most importantly, I'm tired of Becky getting special treatment.

LAURA

Honey, we don't favor your sister.

SAWYER

How can you say that? We always celebrate our birthday on her birthday. She has a car. She has total freedom from scrutiny.

LAURA

Maybe the birthday thing was a mistake on our part. We certainly have made our fair share of mistakes, but we've never intentionally given your sister any preferential treatment. She earns the things she gets.

CHUCK

Your sister doesn't excel because she's smarter than you, Sawyer. As far as I can tell you're much smarter than she is.

(Rebecca gasps)

Your sister excels because she applies herself. She tries to be the best at everything she does. We want the same for you. And you should want it for yourself.

For the first time Sawyer can kind of see his parent's perspective.

SAWYER

How do you explain that I don't get equal time in the bathroom?

CHUCK

We only have one bathroom. Men don't get equal time. That's a life lesson. You think I like the fact that I have to take my morning dump at the bait shop?

SAWYER

I need ten minutes in the bathroom before school. Becky can get up ten minutes earlier if she needs so much time.

LAURA
That's definitely fair.

REBECCA
What? Let him get up before me.

CHUCK
That doesn't make any sense, Rebecca.
You need to be out of the bathroom
ten minutes before it's time to leave,
from now on.

SAWYER
Thank you. And I think I should be
allowed to use her car.

LAURA
You can have the car, as long as you
agree to give your sister some driving
lessons.

REBECCA
That's my car. I don't understand
this. You guys are rewarding him?

CHUCK
Sawyer, Marcy told us where you went
and I just want you to know that I'm
proud of you.

INT/EXT. VOLKSWAGEN/BEACH BLVD - DAY

The top is down. Sawyer's behind the wheel. Andrew rides
shotgun. Mickey is in the back.

ANDREW
So does your new found confidence
mean you might actually write one of
your graphic novels instead of just
drawing the cover page?

SAWYER
I don't have any new found confidence.
I still think I'm pretty underwhelming.
I'm just not gonna let that stop me.

Mickey stares out the window. He spots a Pretty Girl in a
bikini, with her back to the guys.

MICKEY
Oh, check that out. Hottie at four
o'clock. Not that you care, Andrew.

ANDREW
That's ten o'clock.

MICKEY
Whatever, homo.

ANDREW
Fuck you, hetero.

Sawyer rolls to a stop in traffic. Mickey looks at the girl and then at Andrew, slyly.

MICKEY
(calling out)
I have a ten inch penis!

Mickey and Andrew duck so it looks like Sawyer is alone in the car. The pretty girl turns to look and we realize that it's Marcy. She sees Sawyer and smiles. Sawyer is shocked.

MARCY
(calling out; playful)
I know for a fact that that's not true.

Mickey and Andrew are still ducking down.

MICKEY
What did she say?

SAWYER
Park the car for me.

Sawyer gets out and darts across the street.

ANDREW
But I don't know how to drive stick.

EXT. BEACH WALK - THAT MOMENT

Sawyer joins Marcy. She hugs him. They walk.

MARCY
So how was it?

SAWYER
Best thing I've ever done.

He steals a sip of her frozen lemonade.

MARCY
Was she as amazing as you thought?
How come you're back so soon?

SAWYER
She was exactly what I hoped she would be. And I'm pretty sure I'll never see her again.

They stare at each other for a moment.

MARCY

Sawyer, I have to get something off my chest.

SAWYER

Okay.

MARCY

I used to like you.

SAWYER

You don't like me any more?

MARCY

No, I mean I liked you.

SAWYER

You liked me?

MARCY

Let's not make a big deal about it.

SAWYER

How come you never told me?

MARCY

Same reason you never told Renee Lovaglio. Because I was afraid. I'm still afraid, but if you can drive four hundred miles to do something you're afraid to do, I should be able... To be clear, I'm over you.

SAWYER

So you liked me when you were fat, with bad skin and braces? Now that you're hot and everything, you no longer have any interest?

MARCY

Now that I'm thin and I have breasts are you interested in me?

SAWYER

Just a second.

Sawyer stops and turns to the Camera.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Mark Twain once said, "All you need in this life is ignorance and confidence, and then success is sure."

(MORE)

SAWYER (CONT'D)

I'm not positive what he meant but what I believe he meant is, people who think too much and worry too much don't take chances. And if you don't take chances you've already failed.

Sawyer continues walking. Marcy looks at the Camera.

MARCY

Who are you talking to?

SAWYER

I'll explain later. Where were we?

Marcy catches up to him and they stroll down the Beach Walk.

MARCY

You know where we were. I admitted that I used to like you. And I asked how you feel about me.

SAWYER

Marcy, I don't just like you. I love you. I love you and Mickey and Andrew.

MARCY

So you love me like a friend?

SAWYER

No. I love you as more than a friend. I love you as a friend who gives amazing oral.

MARCY

Be serious. I'm asking you a serious question.

SAWYER

I think you know the answer.

Mickey and Andrew join them.

MICKEY

Why didn't you wait up for us?

MARCY

How would you guys feel if Sawyer and I were a couple?

ANDREW

What would be different?

MARCY

I'm not sure. It would probably involve us having sex.

SAWYER

It would?

ANDREW

I think that would be the best thing ever.

MICKEY

I'm okay with it as long as it doesn't mean I have to have sex with Andrew.

ANDREW

You wish I'd have sex with you.

SAWYER

Are you really ready to have sex?

MARCY

Maybe. But we should probably start with a kiss.

SAWYER

When would you wanna do this?

MARCY

Well I'm not doing anything now.

SAWYER

(feigning surprise)

Now?!

Slowly, cautiously, he goes in for a kiss. It's long and deep and passionate and everything.

INT. SAWYER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

There's a pamphlet on the floor. The cover has big bold letters that read: "Sex: How to Make Your First Time Amazing."

On the nightstand, the picture frame that held Heather's photo now holds the GOOFY PICTURE that Marcy took of herself and Sawyer.

In the bed, Sawyer and Marcy talk and laugh and make love.

PICTURES: Diagrams from the sex manual reveal what Sawyer and Marcy are doing under the covers.

FADE OUT.