



thirteen

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AN EAR-SPLITTING KORN SONG PLAYS OVER A
TEENAGE GIRL'S FACE.

TRACY
Hit me! I'm serious, I can't feel
anything. HIT ME!!!

SLAP! A hand connects with her cheek.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Again! Harder!

SLAP! SLAP! Increasing force. Wild laughter.

TRACY (CONT'D)
I can't feel anything!!! It's great!!!

TRACY FREELAND (13), cute brunette, eyes dilated, careens
back onto her desk, holding a can of computer Dust Off. Her
bedroom has lavender walls and a daisy bedspread.

Another 13-year-old, EVIE, a pale blond beauty, wrestles for
the Dust Off. She takes a deep hit -- her eyes widen.

EVIE
I hear a little wa-wa-wa inside my head-

TRACY
(squealing with laughter)
That's your brain cells popping!

EVIE
Do it!!!

Tracy smacks Evie hard. Evie laughs, rubs her bruised jaw.
Tracy grabs the can and takes another deep snort.

TRACY
Hit MEEE!!!

Evie socks her hard.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Harder!!!

Evie punches her again, even harder. Tracy reels back,
laughing hysterically, falling backwards in her chair,
slamming her face into the side of her desk.

RAMP UP TO SLOW MOTION, moving in

CLOSE ON Tracy'S LIP -- split, bleeding...

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Nasty purple welt forming on her chin.

Tracy squeals. Evie grabs the can, takes a huge hit.

EVIE

Hit me really hard. Really.

Tracy's eyes widen. She balls up her fist and punches the shit out of Evie.

Evie's head knocks back into a mirror, opening up a CUT above her eyebrow. Evie looks at the blood.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Yeah!!!

She reels back and knocks over a lamp, plunging the room into BLACKNESS.

White titles crawl across the screen:

T H I R T E E N

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE PARK -- DAWN -- TWO MONTHS EARLIER

A pair of lime green Keds. One pink sock, one blue sock. Running past a merry-go-round, chasing a fluffy black dog trailing a leash.

Tracy laughs, brown hair in two pigtails. Long-sleeved striped shirt, flood-water overalls.

Tracy checks her Roxy watch -- she snatches the dog's leash and runs him down a street swaying with tall Chinese elms.

EXT. FREELAND HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Stucco bungalow -- well-lived-in, well-loved. Paint is peeling but the yard is crowded with gorgeous unruly flowers, the porch jammed with boogie boards and basketballs.

Leaning against an old blue Toyota is MELANIE (35), slim and sexy, dressed in funky patched jeans with an interesting little braid snaking through her long hair. She's got a cup of coffee in one hand and a Marlboro Red in the other, holding her cigarette between beautifully manicured nails.

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She smiles, watching Tracy and the dog run around the corner and approach the yard.

TRACY
It's 7:15, Mom.

MELANIE
I'm ready, baby...
(calling into the house)
Mason...

Melanie fixes Tracy's hair, straightening her pigtails. They climb into the car.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
You look great, honey. Where's the new backpack?

TRACY
Already in the backseat... MASON!

MASON (14), stumbles out the door. Gouge skate t-shirt, spiked hair, rail-thin -- he looks like he grew ten inches in the last three months.

MASON
(just waking up)
Wassup?

EXT. VENICE MIDDLE SCHOOL

The Toyota pulls up to the impressive campus as a Janitor raises the flag. There are only a couple of cars in the parking lot.

INT. VENICE MIDDLE SCHOOL -- HALLWAY

Wide tile floor, shiny lockers, no students.

MASON
And this is the main hall...

Mason walks around the corner, bored, leading the way.

Tracy follows him, dragging along her best friend NOEL ORTIZ (12). Noel is plump but kind of cute -- she's dressed nearly identical to Tracy except that Noel's socks match. Both girls carry brand new flowered backpacks stuffed with books and color-coordinated Josh Hartnett lunchboxes.

TRACY
Wow, this school is empty.

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MASON

Duh... we're an hour early.

TRACY

I know. I want to be prepared, okay?

Near the stairs, Tracy consults her schedule, then points to a locked classroom door.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(to Mason)

That's your third period biology class, right?

MASON

I think you got it down.

TRACY

So, we'll meet you here after nutrition.

MASON

No problem.

TRACY

Promise to wait for us?

MASON

I said, no problem.

INT. VENICE MIDDLE SCHOOL HALL -- LATER THAT MORNING

BRRING. The school bell rings. TIME LAPSE DISSOLVE from the same hallway -- now jam-packed with kids of every description -- lots of young gangsters. Hard core urban mix.

In the thick of it all, Tracy and Noel walk to class, nervous and excited.

NOEL

The teachers look mean.

TRACY

I've promised myself I won't get anything lower than an "A." Watch out-

Tracy pulls Noel out of the way -- two tough CHOLAS shoulder-butt her as they move down the hall. Shaken, Tracy points to the stairs -- Mason's hanging with a group of skater guys.

Tracy rushes over to her brother, but he backs off.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Mason!! Guess what just-

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RAFA, dark curly hair, playfully punches Mason's shoulder.

RAFA

Yea! What's up? Who got laid?!

All the guys dogpile Rafa -- shoving, high-fives. The girls get jostled to the side -- blending into the wall.

TRACY

(impatiently)

Mason-

Mason glances at the girls, then looks over at Rafa and the guys -- they're laughing at the younger girls.

MASON

Guys, this is my little sister...

But now the guys aren't listening, they're crowded around the newest arrival, an INDIAN KID, checking out his chin stud.

RAFA

Tight! That is so dope-

Rafa shoves the Indian Kid, who is staring at a group of sexy-looking girls in low-rise jeans.

MASON

There's Evie Sykes...

Tracy catches sight of an eighth grader with a peaches and cream complexion, silky blond hair, loads of eyeliner and a killer bod -- EVIE SYKES. Her friends, ASTRID (dark-skinned, exotic), a couple of BLONDE GIRLS, and a BLACK EVIE-LOOK-ALIKE follow along. None of them carry backpacks or books, just bright little purses.

Mason disappears with the skaters. Tracy and Noel are left alone. They look at each other, scared but excited.

TRACY

Shit.

INT. NOEL'S HOUSE -- AFTER SCHOOL

Tracy, Noel, and another diligent little girl -- YUMI (Japanese-American) study together at the dining room table near the picture window. The house is very Central American Catholic decor by way of KMart. Noel's hovering MOTHER brings out chips and guacamole for the girls -- they dig in.

TRACY

Gracias, Rosa.

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NOEL
(glaring at her mother)
She needs to learn English...

Tracy shoots her a look.

TRACY
Noel, quiero aprender Espanol... I wanna
visit Machu Picchu and the Inca Ruins...

INT. FREELAND HOUSE -- MELANIE'S BEDROOM -- DUSK

Run-down rental house -- cluttered but stylish. At one end of Melanie's bedroom is a salon-style hair cutting station, complete with hair-care products and fashion magazines and photos of Tracy and Mason. She's a work-at-home mom.

Melanie cuts a little neighborhood BOY's hair. He's got a streak of blue down the middle. His little BROTHER (with a matching streak) and MOTHER sit on the bed.

MELANIE
(calling out)
Hair gel, baby...

Tracy walks in with a jar, hands it to Melanie.

TRACY
You can borrow mine... again... Hey,
Rodney -- love the blue.

The Boy looks down, embarrassed but pleased. DING!

MELANIE
You guys hungry? I did Italian tonight.

EXT. FREELAND HOUSE -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

The Mother hands Melanie a check as her sons carry big, drippy pieces of lasagna out on paper plates. Melanie waves good-bye then looks at the check in her hand.

MELANIE
A two dollar tip?! They ate half the
lasagna.

TRACY
Mom... You're too generous. Did Dad send
you the check this month?

MELANIE
He says they owe him a big commission-

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TRACY

Call him.

Tracy turns away, takes a plate of lasagna, and walks right past Mason without acknowledging him. She sits at the desk, starts writing in her English notebook. Melanie follows her.

MELANIE

We're fine. I'm booked all week... Ooh, you'd look great with a honey tone highlight, right through here...

Melanie starts playing with her hair.

TRACY

That's not fair -- I can't be mad at you when you do that...

Melanie leans down and kisses her cheek. Tracy smiles. She clears her throat and starts reading from her notebook.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Listen to this:

"He was crippled but only his body was
cracked
It's not simple--"

DING DONG. The doorbell rings and BIRDIE (30) -- frazzled dreads, borderline homeless -- blasts into the house with KAYLA (5). Kayla is dressed as a ragamuffin Britney Spears -- one-shoulder top, smeared lipstick, toy Karaoke microphone.

BIRDIE

Sorry -- the fuckin' bus was late. Lil' Munchkin hasn't eaten yet, Trace.

Tracy's face falls -- she shuts the notebook.

MELANIE

Birdie -- give me a second. Tracy, I'm sorry, I just haven't been to a meeting all week. But I really wanna hear your poem. C'mon, start over.

TRACY

It's okay.

MELANIE

I really wanna hear it.

Melanie shoots Birdie a look. Birdie grabs Kayla's hand -- they straighten up, attentive. Tracy takes a deep breath.

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e.

TRACY

"He was crippled but only his body was
cracked
It's not simple
Nor is it an easy matter to explain
Let's just leave it at that, she says
And closes the holy book of lies
She covers her eyes
Denying to herself what she thought
happened."

Melanie pauses for split-second, then bursts into applause.

MELANIE

I love it -- it's mysterious... You're
amazing, baby... Oops -- Mario's cake!
He's twelve years clean...

Melanie races into the kitchen and grabs a bakery box. Kayla
takes Tracy's hand, pulling Tracy away from the desk.

KAYLA

(singing into her mic)
I'm not a girl, but not yet a wo-man...

TRACY

Mom! I can't baby-sit. I told you I had
an I-search project due tomorrow.

Melanie stands up stiff and speaks in a mechanical voice,
tongue in cheek, reciting an AA mantra.

MELANIE

Keep coming back -- it works.
(back to normal voice)
You know I need to go...

Melanie kisses Tracy, then follows Birdie outside. Tracy
stares out the window as the Toyota lurches down the
driveway. Mason and his buddies are skateboarding in the
street. Tracy leans out the door.

TRACY

THANKS AGAIN!

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Tracy and Kayla eat. Tracy serves her a second helping of
lasagna -- the kid scarfs down everything in sight.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Tracy sits on the sink writing in her English notebook while Kayla, in her bathing suit, plays in the tub with Midnight Tuxedo Barbie and a plastic shark.

Tracy leans over and takes Barbie for a ride on the shark's back. The girls giggle. Tracy accidentally drips water on her notebook -- she wipes it with a towel -- the ink smears.

Tracy sinks against the wall frustrated and watches Kayla blow bubbles under the shark.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Lights out -- Kayla asleep on the couch, Tracy at the computer, in her pajamas. Mason walks past into the kitchen.

TRACY

Dad never answers his Instant Messages-

MASON

Tracy, don't bug him on weekdays.

TRACY

Sor-ry.

Tracy clicks off the computer -- her screen saver is a hunky shot of Josh Hartnett. She kisses the screen and heads for her bedroom.

INT. CAFETERIA -- THE NEXT DAY

Tracy, Noel, and Yumi eat macaroni and cheese, chatting away about teachers. Tracy looks up, hearing a food fight in the back of the cafeteria. Some of the gangsta boys are throwing pizza crust at the "hotties."

Zoom in on Evie Sykes, the ringleader. Today she's wearing a tube top, studded jeans, and glitter makeup.

NOEL

Evie Sykes has really pretty skin.

YUMI

I heard she's got a huge scar on her back from when she tried to save her baby brother from a fire-

TRACY

You guys, she's not Wonder Woman.

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Evie and Astrid break away from the fight, laughing and strutting past. They are slim, sexy, smooth...

Tracy is returning her tray -- Astrid stares down at Tracy's Capri pants and flowered socks.

ASTRID

Who let you outta the cabbage patch?

A hot gangbanger guy laughs and blows past Tracy, knocking her shoulder, chasing Evie. Astrid saunters off giggling.

Tracy stares after them, stunned. As Evie sashays out of the cafeteria, she passes Mason's skate gang. They totally lose their cool over Evie. Even Mason.

After Evie exits, Tracy looks back to her table of friends -- they suddenly look very childish.

INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Tracy pulls off her flowered socks, stuffs them into the trash. She's storming around, upset, throwing Barbie dolls and stuffed animals off her bed.

Melanie steps into the room with a grilled cheese sandwich.

MELANIE

You hungry, baby?

TRACY

I'm not your baby.

Melanie pulls the socks out of the trash can.

MELANIE

Are there holes in these? Just sew them-

TRACY

I'm not wearing them any more. I need new clothes.

MELANIE

Why?

TRACY

I look stupid. Hello!?!

EXT. DRESS SHOP-- LATE AFTERNOON

The Toyota pulls up out front -- Melanie and Tracy jump out just as the lights shut off inside the store. There's a "closed" sign in the window, but Melanie pounds on the door.

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MELANIE
Hello! Hello!

Tracy stares at her reflection superimposed on the sexy mannequins in the store window.

TRACY
I'm not going to school tomorrow...

But Melanie has caught the attention of the SALESGIRL -- she unlocks the door. Melanie smiles at Tracy, triumphant.

INT. DRESS SHOP -- TEN MINUTES LATER

Melanie counts out fives and singles to pay for a purchase while the Salesgirl waits impatiently.

MELANIE
I know I have another dollar in quarters
... hey, is this enough?

Grinning at Tracy, Melanie digs out a nickel and two grungy Altoids from the bottom of her purse. The Salesgirl doesn't smile.

Tracy grabs the shopping bag and storms away. Melanie makes a face, then dumps her purse out on the counter.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALL -- MORNING -- THE NEXT DAY

Tracy rushes down the hall, late for class, wearing lipstick, a new Superman T-shirt, and a tight pair of jeans.

Evie Sykes steps into the hall and clocks Tracy. Tracy struts past her.

Evie flashes a half-smile -- a hint of approval -- then disappears into a classroom.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOSH. Tracy turns around.

There is no sound. There is no movement.

Only the space where Evie was...

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA -- LATER THAT DAY

Tracy eats pizza with Noel and her group. Tracy picks at her food, silent in the midst of their heated conversation about the English exam.

She keeps an eye on Evie, across the room. When she heads to the restroom, Tracy follows her.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL RESTROOM

Tracy "happens" to be walking in just as Evie exits the stall. Evie looks Tracy up and down.

EVIE

Cute shirt.

TRACY

Thanks. Cute belt.

EVIE

Call me after school -- we'll go shopping on Melrose.

TRACY

(trying to play it cool)

Okay -- write your number here.

Tracy pulls out a little Hello Kitty notepad and a pen. Evie scribbles her number with a flourish.

Quick cuts as Tracy stares at:

Evie's pierced belly button.

Evie's tight tube top.

Her thick eyeliner.

Evie hands her the number, then she's gone. Wow.

Tracy sweeps her arm across a stack of paper towels, sending them flying into the air.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Yes, yes, yes, YES, YES!!!!

EXT. NOEL'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Tracy, Noel, and Yumi walk up to the house, carrying full backpacks, chattering up a storm. Tracy stops.

TRACY

Damn. I have gymnastics today.

Lots of "oh, sorry", "love ya", "call me", and "bye" as Tracy crosses the street to her house.

A good-looking jock neighbor, LUKE (21), helps Mason build a skateboard ramp. They barely acknowledge Tracy.

INT. FREELAND KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Tracy races inside, grabs the kitchen phone. Hyper-real, candy-colored images FLASH past her face as she pulls out the precious piece of paper and dials.

FLASH. Tracy and Evie run down a grassy hill ... smiling ... bathed in soft golden light. RRRING.

FLASH. Tracy and Evie recline by a lake ... silhouetted against the sun. RRRING.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

The number you have dialed is not in service... please check the number and dial again.

She redials the number, much more carefully.

FLASH. Tracy and Evie feed a perfect white swan. RRRING.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

The number you have dialed-

Tracy slams down the phone -- she kicks over the trash can. Frozen food containers and coffee grounds spill on the floor.

TRACY

Crap.

Mason and Luke stumble into the kitchen -- grabbing cokes out of the fridge. They laugh at the mess.

LUKE

What happened here, Cockroachio?

Tracy picks up a piece of trash and throws it at Luke.

TRACY

Nothing, Lifeguard Boy.

Luke throws the trash back at her as she exits.

MASON

You're cleaning this shit up, TRACE.

INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM

Door shut, Tracy puffs on a cigarette. She stares out the window, eyes widening as she sees her mom's Toyota approach.

INT./EXT. FREELAND HOUSE

Carrying her purse, Tracy casually walks past the guys into her Mom's room. She climbs out the back window.

EXT. MELROSE BUS STOP

Tracy jumps off the bus -- she's bewildered for just a moment.

INT. URBAN OUTFITTERS

Tracy walks into the store, hyperventilating. In the back, near the sales rack, she spots Evie and Astrid. She takes a deep breath and approaches them. They look up, surprised.

TRACY

I tried calling you, but I was coming here anyway...

EVIE

My phone didn't ring.

Astrid and Evie giggle. Tracy shrugs, checks a price tag.

TRACY

Wow! I only brought ten bucks.

Evie and Astrid laugh at her.

TRACY (CONT'D)

What?!?

Evie drops a rhinestone hairclip into her purse. Tracy looks over at the salesclerk, then walks out of the store.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I'm getting a drink of water...

ASTRID

Loser.

EXT. MELROSE

Tracy sits outside on a bench, watching the girls jack merchandise inside. They're pretty skillful.

VOICE (O.S.)

Scoot over.

Tracy looks up as a BUSINESS WOMAN with gold jewelry and tons of shopping bags, sits down next to her. The Woman takes off her shoes while screaming into a cell phone.

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Tracy slides over, but the packages are spilling all over as the woman gets more and more worked up.

BUSINESS WOMAN

How many times do I have to explain this?
YOU work for ME!

Tracy kicks the Woman's Gucci handbag under the bench. She grabs it and walks off -- terrified.

IN THE ALLEY

Tracy joins Astrid and Evie. They are showing off stolen toe rings and thongs. Tracy casually opens up the Gucci handbag, slides out an expensive wallet, and removes a roll of bills.

Tracy fans out the money. Astrid and Evie's jaws drop.

INT. STARBUCKS -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Tracy pays for three lattes. She grabs a stack of CD's.

TRACY

Are these for sale, too? I'll take them.

Evie and Astrid laugh as the startled sales clerk rings up the CDs. Encouraged, Tracy picks up a coffee maker.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Add this on.

She peels off four more twenties. They all scream hysterically.

EXT. MELROSE BUS STOP -- HALF AN HOUR LATER -- LATE AFTERNOON

Tracy walks past a couple of punky German tourists studying a street map. She presents them with the coffee maker.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(in a deep Santa voice)

Merry Christmas!!! Feliz ano nuevo!

Tracy races down the street, screaming, handing out CDs. Evie and Astrid catch up with her at the bus bench.

EVIE

That was cool...

Tracy pulls out a pack of Marlboro Reds -- she lights up expertly, then offers cigarettes to the girls.

Evie and Astrid look at each other... Holy Shit.

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Tracy is INNNNN.

The world turns candy-colored as Evie hands her a walkie-talkie, Astrid passes her a pistol. They snap into the classic Charlie's Angels pose -- Tracy in the middle, beaming ear-to-ear.

INT. TRACY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tracy draws a heart around Evie's "phone number" with purple glitter. Her bulletin board is jammed with sports medals, academic awards, goofy photos of herself and Noel. She tacks the phone number right on top, then struts down the hall, striking a pose in Mason's doorway.

INT. MASON'S ROOM

Mason types on his computer screen -- he doesn't look up.

TRACY

Just out of curiosity, who do you think
is the hottest girl in school?

MASON

I guess Evie Sykes.

TRACY

Guess who I hung out with today?

Mason finally looks up -- he gives her a look of disbelief.

MASON

Bull.

TRACY

(dangling a new pair of earrings)
Melrose Avenue... Is it that hard to
believe?

Tracy saunters into the kitchen.

INT. FREELAND KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Melanie is buttering a tray of garlic bread. Tomato sauce
simmers on the stove -- Tracy sneaks a taste.

TRACY

Why are there four places tonight?

Tracy registers her outfit -- low-rise jeans, slinky blouse.

TRACY

Mom.

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CONTINUED:

MELANIE
Honey, he just got back. He's only coming
for dinner.

TRACY
And tomorrow he's just going to tune up
your car, right?

MELANIE
It needs it.

TRACY
Why are you doing this to yourself?

DING DONG. Melanie lights up -- she races for the door,
flings it open. Tracy watches from the hallway.

BRADY (28) -- muscular, Irish, soulful eyes -- stands there
in a clean shirt holding a new Automotive Buffer.

Melanie and Brady look at each other for a beat ... then
break into smiles. They start to hug, but the buffer is in
the way.

BRADY
Can I keep this in the garage?

Tracy shakes her head in disgust and walks into her room.

INT. KITCHEN -- FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Brady, Mason, Tracy and Melanie eat spaghetti. Tracy breaks
the silence.

TRACY
By the way, how was the half-way house,
Brady?

Mason chokes. Melanie looks down at her plate.

BRADY
(grinning big)
It's great to be back among friends,
Trace.

EXT. VENICE MIDDLE SCHOOL/VENICE STREETS -- NEXT AFTERNOON

Noel and Yumi walk past Tracy and Evie. Tracy doesn't seem
to notice them as she and Evie climb into Melanie's car.
Melanie smiles at Evie.

TRACY
Evie -- this is my mom.

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EVIE
No way! You're like the hot big sister!!

Wow. Melanie perks up.

MELANIE
I started young...

TRACY
Can Evie spend the night? Can you drop
us at Melrose?

Tracy zaps Melanie with a million-kilowatt smile. Melanie
pulls into traffic.

MELANIE
(to Evie)
You mean drop you girls off alone? ...
I'll have to check with your mother.

Evie's face tightens as she writes out the phone number.

EVIE
Brooke is just my guardian..

EXT. MELROSE INTERSECTION -- TOYOTA

Melanie stops at the light. Evie jumps out of the car.
Tracy starts to follow, but Melanie catches her arm.

MELANIE
Wait a minute, doll baby, I haven't
talked to her guardian.

Evie stares at Tracy. Tracy panics -- she sees it all
slipping away.

TRACY
Please don't do this, Mom.
(under her breath)
This is the best day of my life.
I'll kill you if embarrass me.

Melanie stares at her daughter, startled. She sees how much
this means to her.

MELANIE
Okay, I'll catch up with you at Urban
Outfitters...

Tracy beams at her mother, then chases after Evie. Melanie
dials the number as the light changes.

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MELANIE (CONT'D (CONT'D))
(into the phone)
Hello, I'm Melanie, Tracy's mom...

INT. URBAN OUTFITTERS -- FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Melanie walks back to the dressing rooms -- she hears the two girls giggling inside a stall.

MELANIE
Evie, Brooke said you're not allowed on
Melrose without adult supervision.

EVIE
Well, you're here, aren't you, Mel?

Melanie is caught off-guard. Tracy flounces out of the dressing room in a pair of skin-tight jeans with leopard fur cuffs, modelling in the three-way mirror. She looks amazing, very grown up.

Melanie catches a glimpse of herself, sucks in her stomach.

TRACY
How do I look?

Melanie checks the price tag.

MELANIE
Seventy-five dollars!

Tracy rolls her eyes and unzips the jeans.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE

Melanie and girls in line at the counter.

EVIE
I'm not hungry -- can we go to Barklay
Hope?

TRACY
For ten minutes, Mom. "Items for a
Princess..."

The girls split before Melanie can stop them.

MELANIE
(to the cashier)
Make that one falafel and one coke...

INT. BARKLAY HOPE - CLOTHING STORE

Evie and Tracy are trying on bikinis, modeling for the salesboys.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE

Melanie sits alone, finishing her falafel crumbs, totalling up her checkbook, frowning.

Tracy and Evie rush up, laughing. Melanie quickly puts her checkbook away. Tracy's wearing a new leather belt with a big rhinestone buckle.

TRACY

Look what Evie bought me.

Before Melanie can react, the girls squeal and run off to flirt with a cute hot dog vendor.

EVIE

Nice weenie!!!

EXT/INT. FREELAND HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Melanie's Toyota pulls into the driveway. Evie and Tracy fly out the back, heading toward the house. Their POV: front door is open, MTV on inside the living room.

TRACY

My brother's home.

Tracy looks in the window: Mason, Rafa, and a couple of skater guys are sprawled on the couch, fixated on "Crips": a teenage rapper is touring a mansion decorated in black.

RAPPER (ON TV)

And see, the colors in the painting tie in with my jacuzzi tile...

Evie fixes her hair and struts up to the door. She stands posing in the doorway for just a second, then strides past the boys, barely looking at them.

EVIE

(glancing at the TV)
I can't wait til I'm rich...

The boys nod, playing it cool. When the girls exit, they exchange glances, eyes bugging. Mason punches Rafa's arm, the guys dogpile on top of Mason.

INT. HALLWAY/TRACY'S BEDROOM

Tracy leads the way.

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TRACY

That's Mason's room and ... promise you won't laugh? ... This is my room -

She opens the door -- Evie steps in -- she can't help but smile. It's pretty cute -- all purple fabric and glitter.

EVIE

Sweeeeet!

She opens the closet and checks out Tracy's clothes, pouncing on a pair of overalls with pink stitching.

EVIE (CONT'D)

You cannot be serious about these!

Evie tosses them dramatically out the window into the flower bed. Tracy looks around to see if her mom saw.

EVIE (CONT'D)

We can save some of this stuff... gimme the scissors-

Tracy's eyes widen as Evie starts snipping off collar of a new-looking shirt.

MASON (O.S.)

You guys want some pizza?

They look at each other.

EVIE AND TRACY

Grub!!!

Evie steps right on top of the clothes and struts out of the room. Melanie pokes her head inside.

MELANIE

Tracy, I need a pair of your jeans.

TRACY

Good luck finding them...

EXT. FREELAND HOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON

Evie, Tracy, Mason, Rafa, and some skater kids eat pizza on the front porch, listening to Marilyn Manson.

RAFA

Only way that movie woulda been decent was if Britney was naked in every scene-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASON

With a car blowing up in the background-

The guys grab their skateboards and start doing tricks on the new ramp. Noel walks out of her house and waves to Tracy. Tracy looks away, but Evie waves. Noel crosses the street.

EVIE

Your little friend is coming over.

Noel sits down next to Tracy. Evie shakes her hand.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Evie Sykes.

NOEL

Yeah, I know... I'm Noel.

Noel stares at the pizza. Tracy says nothing. Evie hands Noel a slice. Noel takes a bite, smiling big.

NOEL (CONT'D)

We love Domino's -- don't you Evie?

Evie shrugs -- Tracy turns away, embarrassed.

Mason and a couple of guys do crazy skateboard tricks, trying to get Evie to notice. Rafa and a couple of the tougher guys head off toward the park. Evie stands up.

EVIE

Let's go, Tracy.

TRACY

You can't go to the park anyway, right Noel?

NOEL

You can't go either after dark.

Tracy shrugs and follows Evie, leaving Noel alone on the stoop.

EXT. VENICE PARK -- DUSK -- CONTINUOUS

Rafa and his pals slam beers. Evie struts up.

EVIE

Wanna get high? It's four bucks a hit.

She pulls out a pack of re-wrapped Wrigleys gum. Money is exchanged. Evie chews a stick of gum, then hands Tracy a piece. Tracy hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVIE (CONT'D)

Pay me back when we get home.

Tracy nods and chews the gum, acid dissolving into her mouth.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VENICE PARK -- NIGHT -- HALF AN HOUR LATER

Tracy joins the gang at the merry-go-round. A Community Service Kid hands out Dayglow orange vests. They start spinning -- faster and faster.

Tracy's POV: the merry-go-round liquefies into a pool of swirling colors -- acid green fluorescent park lights flip on -- spinning -- looming distorted faces -- spinning -- Evie making out with a skater guy ... long tongues...

The merry-go-round tilts way up -- becomes a wave of water -- Tracy surfs down the red -- up the blue -- down the green...

And she's rolling on the grass with Rafa -- the Milky Way swirling above her -- Rafa swirling above her, snake-dancing. Tracy rolls over laughing, bumping into Evie.

TRACY

I see spiders!!!!

EVIE

I see naked people!!!

Evie pulls up Tracy's top. Tracy jerks her top back down, staring at Evie. Evie bursts out laughing and starts making out with her skater guy again. Tracy looks up just as Mason's face floats in ...

MASON

Tracy! Mom wants you back, now.

He's pulling her up, Rafa's pulling her down -- Mason's dragging her out of the park, pissed. She squirms free.

MASON (CONT'D)

Don't hang out with my friends.

TRACY

(hopping along like a frog)
You wanted to hang out with MY friend-

MASON

Your friend is a drug dealer-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY
(revving up an invisible motorcycle)
Evil Knieval doesn't do drugs...

MASON
You tell Mom what's going on, or I will.

Tracy laughs at Mason. Evie breaks away, follows them back.

INT. FREELAND HOUSE -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Candles, Lucinda Williams on the stereo, a fancy bottle of non-alcoholic cider on the coffee table, Melanie in a gauzy peasant blouse, setting up a game of GUESSTURES with Brady. Mason enters the living room.

MASON
I found her, Mom.

Tracy and Evie breeze into the house. Mason slips into his room, upset.

BRADY
Hey, Tracy -- I bought you the game-
Tracy snatches a game card, reads it.

TRACY
Ro-o-o-ar! I'm a lion!
Tracy rears up and knocks over the game. Evie cackles as the girls duck into the hall. Brady is pissed. Melanie jumps up and follows Tracy into the hall.

MELANIE
Tracy. You've been hounding me for this goddamn game-
Evie smirks at Tracy.

TRACY
(to Melanie)
No, I haven't.

MELANIE
And you're not allowed out after dark-

TRACY
I KNOW, but at least my nose isn't melting!

SLAM! She and Evie are in her room, door shut.

INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM

Evie bounces on the bed. Tracy leans against the wall, rubbing her temples.

TRACY

Damn. How long is this gonna last?!

Tracy starts changing into her pajamas.

MELANIE (O.S.)

Tracy -- you want me to ground you?! ...
Come out here and apologize to Brady.

TRACY

YOU should apologize to ME.

Melanie opens the door, furious. Tracy turns away, folding her arms over her chest, rushing toward the closet.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Can't I have any PRIVACY!?

Tracy yanks on a sweatshirt.

MELANIE

What!? I'm not allowed to see your body
any more?!

TRACY

No, you're not.

Melanie is stunned. She takes a breath.

MELANIE

After he leaves, we'll talk.

TRACY

IF he leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Melanie walks back into the living room. Brady pulls her onto the couch, starts biting her neck. Melanie glances nervously toward the kid's bedrooms.

BRADY

Roar! I'm a lion...

He kicks over the remaining game pieces. Melanie giggles, struggles, tries to pull him up. He reaches under her blouse, starts to caress her breast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELANIE

We're going in the bedro-

Brady kisses her mouth closed, rolling her over on the couch. Tracy is watching from the hallway -- her skin crawling. She glares hard at her mom, then steps into the bathroom and pulls the door shut.

INT. BATHROOM

Tracy stares into the mirror. She opens the medicine cabinet and searches behind a Band-Aid box to find a carefully concealed pair of manicure scissors.

INT. TRACY'S ROOM -- THE NEXT MORNING

Tracy and Evie are asleep in Tracy's bed. Tracy wears her long sleeve flannels, Evie's in her tube top and jeans.

There's a loud KNOCKING on the glass. Evie pulls back the curtain -- she and Noel are surprised to see each other.

EVIE

Hey!

NOEL

You're here...

Evie looks over at Tracy who appears to be asleep. Her back is turned, so Noel can't see she's faking it. Evie looks back at Noel, shivering outside the window.

EVIE

Yeah, is that a problem?

NOEL

No, I always get dressed with Tracy. She does my hair-

EVIE

Well, Tracy decided that I should get dressed with her this morning.

NOEL

Oh. Well, could you give her these?

Noel passes Evie the overalls.

NOEL (CONT'D)

I found them outside... I gave 'em to her for her birthday.

Evie takes the overalls. Noel heads back to her house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVIE

She's the one that threw them out.

Noel just keeps walking. Tracy rolls over and looks at Evie.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I gotta pee.

The girls burst out laughing.

INT. BATHROOM/ HALLWAY

The girls race to the bathroom and fling open the door. Brady shaves at the sink, wearing only a pair of shamrock boxers.

EVIE

Nice ass...

TRACY

(repulsed, looking from Evie to Brady)
NOOOOO! No. No. No. MOM!

Tracy slams the door. Melanie pops out of the kitchen.

MELANIE

What is it? I'm doing french toast with cinnamon, baby.

TRACY

(growling)

I've got to go to the bathroom. NOW.

MELANIE

Mason's in mine... Can't you hold it for just a minute-

TRACY

That's how you get a bladder infection, you child abuser.

EVIE

Let's just pee outside, wussie.

Evie smiles at Melanie -- Melanie relaxes a bit. Evie grabs Tracy's hand and pulls her out toward the backyard, skipping. As she passes through the kitchen, Evie inhales deeply, appreciating the smell of french toast.

EVIE (CONT'D)

It's so cool that you always have food here, Mel...

EXT. BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Evie is peeing in the bushes. The dog jumps up on Tracy.

TRACY

Shadow ... my baby...

Tracy starts petting the dog, calming down. Evie zips up her jeans and looks at the nearby window.

EVIE

Is that Mason's bedroom?
(flirty rapping & dancing)
Move your g-string down south...

TRACY

That's my brother.

EVIE

I can't help it if he's hot.

Evie turns around and moons Mason's window.

INT. SCIENCE LAB -- MORNING

Noel and Yumi sit around a lab table, taking notes. One seat is empty. The teacher, MR. LASKE, wearing a "Bush is a Loser" button, points to a poster of the Biosphere.

MR. LASKE

Each team will build an 1/8" scale model-

CUT TO:

INT. VENICE MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Evie, Tracy, and Astrid cruise down the hall. No backpacks, no books.

EVIE

This is it, Tracy Freeland. Today's gonna change your life.

Tracy smiles. She's now dressed in Evie's diva-style: low-rise, studded jeans, a tight glittery "bitch" tank top, blow-dried hair and tons of shimmery eye shadow. She looks like J.Lo after three hours in the Hair and Makeup Trailer.

The girls strut past each classroom. Students watch the new goddess through the glass doors: guys stare, girls gossip. Tracy leans into an open classroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY
(super-sassy)
Ex-cuse me, but you have to make an
appointment if you want to talk to me...

Evie and Tracy exchange haughty looks, then crack up.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SCIENCE CLASS

MR. LASKE
(continuing)
...you will be designing a self-
sustaining Habitat for the three of you
to live in for two years. Find creative
ways to recycle the necessary elements...

Tracy slips in the door and slides into her seat next to
Noel. Everyone is staring at Tracy's new look, whispering to
their neighbors. Yumi is shocked, Noel looks away.

MR. LASKE (CONT'D)
And why are you late, Ms. Freeland?

TRACY
Sorry. Can't a girl go to the bathroom?

We're talking ATTITUDE.

INT. MELROSE TATTOO SHOP -- AFTERNOON

Creepy, crowded backroom. Tracy in the corner, on the phone.

TRACY
Mom, Noel and I are working on the
biosphere project in the library after
school -- can you pick me up at 5:30?

Evie whispers in the ear of DE LEON, a grisly old tattoo
artist who's trading stocks on a laptop.

EVIE
You'll give us a good deal, won't you?

DE LEON
Get outta here, esquintle.

He pushes Evie away, continues typing. She just leans in
harder, "accidentally" rubbing her breasts up against him.

EVIE
How about ten dollars, guapo?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DE LEON

Orale, Evie... Does her mom know?

Evie climbs onto De Leon's lap -- he gives up on the computer. Evie motions for Tracy to join in the flirting -- but Tracy avoids eye contact, pretending to study tattoo designs. A POCK-MARKED GUY slinks in and sits in the corner, watching. Evie plays with De Leon's hair.

EVIE

She's eighteen, D. Come on, I know you're a nice guy. *Muy simpatico*.

Evie shifts her weight on his lap. De Leon surrenders.

DE LEON

Chinga su madre! Get in the chair.

Evie jumps up and steers Tracy into the piercing chair. Tracy tries to act cool as De Leon snaps on rubber gloves. Evie pockets a pack of De Leon's cigarettes, smiling at him.

TRACY

Does it hurt?
(she glances at De Leon's mouth)
Oh, you haven't had your tongue pierced...

DE LEON

Si lo supieras, nalgona. I only put it in when I need it...

He looks at Evie -- she winks at him. Tracy looks away.

Evie hands Tracy a cup of Listerine while De Leon unwraps a two inch needle. He clamps her tongue, then wraps a rubber band around the end of the clamp. Tracy's eyes widen.

EVIE

Hold my hand.

Tracy squeezes her hand. De Leon places one hand on her leg and stabs the needle through her tongue.

EXT. VENICE MIDDLE SCHOOL -- DROP OFF ZONE

Evie and Tracy wait on the school steps. Tracy's got a compact out, admiring her tongue ring in the tiny mirror.

EVIE

Just don't open your mouth very wide when you talk... she won't notice-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY
I've got to ask you something.

EVIE
What?

TRACY
Okay... um... You never did anything with
that crusty tattoo guy, did you?

EVIE
Yeah, he ate my pussy...

Tracy's eyes widen in SHOCK. She gasps.

EVIE (CONT'D)
Kidding, idiot!!! I got you!!!

Evie laughs as Melanie pulls up in her Toyota. Evie kicks the "My Child is an Honor Student at Wilson Elementary" bumper sticker. Tracy frowns and gives Evie a "don't you dare say anything" look as they hop into the car. Tracy climbs into the backseat, out of her mother's sight-line.

MELANIE
Hey, ladies. Get a lot of studying done?

TRACY
We were researching, Mom. I'm in charge
of the recyclable grey water module.

MELANIE
Cool. What module are you in charge of,
Evie?

EVIE
I'm not in that class. I'm taking
advanced physics, Mel.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Melanie and a client CYNTHIA (40), foils sticking out all over her head, sit at the table eating sandwiches, painting their nails, talking. Melanie keeps an eye on her timer.

CYNTHIA
I don't give a damn if she wants to stay
home and take care of the new baby --
he's still got to pay your child support,
darlin'. You had to work when you had
TWO babies! Where the hell was-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tracy and Evie prance into the kitchen, dressed in newly ripped and pinned T-shirts. They pose in the doorway and clear their throats, trying to get noticed. Melanie and Cynthia look up.

MELANIE
(overly perky, showing off her
sparkling nails)
Check out my holographic topcoat! ...
Hey, I made you turkey and cheese-

The girls recoil from the sandwiches. They grab glasses out of the cupboard.

TRACY
(ghostly voice)
Evil food.

EVIE
Did you know that if you drink ten
glasses of ice water a day, you'll burn
300 calories?

Tracy disappears into her mom's bedroom. Evie follows.

TRACY (O.S.)
I'm borrowing your Aquanet-

INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Evie tries on hairpieces and stares at family photos. Tracy snatches the hairspray from the salon station, then notices Brady's shoes on the floor next to a grocery bag full of tubesocks. She steps over to her mother's closet and opens the door with trepidation: a rack of X-LARGE freebie T-shirts hangs on the rod.

TRACY
MOM!!!!!!

MELANIE
(running into the room)
What is it? What?!

Tracy rips Brady's clothes out of the closet.

TRACY
Three strikes you're out, Mom. How many
times are you going to let him fuck you
over?

CYNTHIA
I need a cigarette. Is everything okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cynthia rushes in just as the timer goes off. DING!

MELANIE

Cyn -- go to the sink... I'll rinse your color out now.

CYNTHIA

Where's my purse? It was right there...

Cynthia is frantic, digging under Brady's clothes pile.

MELANIE

It's here -- honey -- get Cynthia's purse while I rinse her-

TRACY

His clothes shouldn't be here. You promised Mason and me, Mom.

MELANIE

You know I didn't promise that.

INT. KITCHEN

Melanie leads a reluctant Cynthia to the sink. She turns on the tap, starts to rinse out Cynthia's hair.

MELANIE

Put this washcloth over your eyes-

CYNTHIA

Ouch! Hot!!! You're scalding me!

MELANIE

Sorry... there -- how's that... Oh, your color looks great...

EXT. FREELAND HOUSE

Melanie walks Cynthia outside. Her hair is blow-dried in a short red bubble cut, she's got her purse, she's smiling now.

MELANIE

Sweetie, this length is sexy on you -- it shows more of your neck... I'm sorry about the chaos-

CYNTHIA

It's no problem, Mel... I can imagine what I'm in for when mine get to be that age... if I ever have kids...

Cynthia checks her wallet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Weird... I thought I had a bunch of
twenties... I've gotta give you a check.

Cynthia starts writing a check as Melanie fluffs her bangs.

MELANIE

Put a little mousse on your hand and do
this right before he picks you up...

INT. HALLWAY

Melanie walks back in and pounds on Tracy's door.

MELANIE

TRACY ANN FREELAND. Conference time.
Now. You do not pull a scene like that
in front of a client-

Tracy cracks open the door, holding the phone to her ear.

TRACY

I'm on the phone.

MELANIE

Well, get off the phone.

TRACY

It's Dad -- he's with the baby.

Melanie goes white, backs off. Tracy slams the door.

INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM

Melanie is sniffing, picking up Brady's clothes off the
floor. She lights up a cigarette, then sets the pack of
Marlboros on her dresser. Evie walks in, puts her hand on
Melanie's shoulder, comforting her. Melanie stubs out her
Red.

MELANIE

Don't ever start smoking.

EVIE

Is everything okay, Mel?

MELANIE

Yes ... no. Evie, I'm sorry, but I think
it's time for you to go home.

EVIE

I can't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELANIE

What?

EVIE

Brooke had to go to a convention in Bakersfield -- she said she sent you an E-mail... Didn't Tracy tell you I was gonna stay here this weekend?

Melanie stares at her dumbfounded.

MELANIE

She didn't tell me... I guess I didn't check my E-mail...

EVIE

I'm sorry -- I hope it's okay...

MELANIE

Well, I...

EVIE

(voice cracking)

Her boyfriend hits me, Mel. Look -- he shoved me against the tailgate...

Evie raises her shirt and shows her an ugly cluster of yellow-gray bruises on her stomach.

MELANIE

Jesus... Where's your mother, honey?

EVIE

She ... she passed away.

Melanie reaches out and hugs her close. Evie looks up -- she catches their image in the salon mirror -- she smiles.

MELANIE

I didn't have a mother when I was your age, either. I know how hard it is.

Melanie smooths Evie's hair.

TRACY (C.S.)

MOM!

Melanie turns to see Tracy in the doorway watching the tender scene with disdain. She thrusts the phone at her mother.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Dad wants to talk to you... They moved into the new place...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MELANIE
(into the phone)
How's the new apartment?

TRACY
It's a house, Mom.

Melanie shoots an annoyed glance at Tracy.

MELANIE
(into the phone)
Are you going to take them Saturday night? What?... Yeah, it's your weekend. ...Well, can you bring the check then? ... I guess so... Is it fun? HELLO? You're going digital. Talk to you later.

Melanie turns away, busies herself cleaning up the clothes.

TRACY
We're not staying with him?!? He's such a shit.

MELANIE
He's got some big black-tie event at JPL with Denise, something for NASA... He'll "try" to have brunch on Sunday-

TRACY
Terrific -- he might as well be on the fucking moon.

MELANIE
I'm sorry, Tracy.

TRACY
I know why you're sorry -- you won't get to be alone with your lover this weekend.

Tracy crosses toward the door. Melanie stares at her for a beat, then takes her arm, stopping her.

MELANIE
Tracy... he's changed... Couldn't you just give him a friggin' chance?!

TRACY
What?! Are you going to force me to say yes?!?

Melanie's jaw tightens -- she releases Tracy's arm. Tracy exits. Evie follows, brushing past the dresser.

INT. TRACY'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tracy is shut down, brooding. Evie flops on the bed, pulls out Melanie's Marlboro package, and lights up. Tracy grabs the cigarette, throws it out the window.

TRACY
My mom will kill me.

EVIE
She smokes.

TRACY
No shit. The same brand.

EVIE
No shit.

Evie exhales, then sits back on the bed.

EVIE (CONT'D)
(very matter-of-factly)
Me and your Mom bonded.

Bristling, Tracy pulls a bottle of Tylenol out of her purse and pops a handful of pills, swallowing them dry. She rummages deep into her bag and finds a belly ring.

TRACY
Look what I got from the tattoo shop.
Tracy pulls out a big embroidery needle from her sewing kit.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Let's do it now.

EVIE
Take off your shirt.
Tracy pulls up her shirt. Evie uses her lighter to sterilize the needle.

EVIE (CONT'D)
It's gonna hurt. Maybe worse than your tongue.

TRACY
I don't give a shit. Do it.

Tracy lies down on her bed. Evie stabs the needle into her belly. Tracy grabs a pillow, stuffs it into her mouth, tries not to scream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tracy stares down at the blood. Her eyes roll back.

INT. HALLWAY/BATHROOM

Evie dashes into the bathroom, grabs a roll of toilet paper, then runs back into the bedroom.

MELANIE (O.S.)
Is everything okay, Evie?

EVIE (O.S.)
Just spilled a coke, Mel...

INT. TRACY'S ROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Tracy and Evie lay in bed. Tracy pulls up her pajama shirt and admires her belly ring.

TRACY
I love it! Thank you...

Tracy kisses Evie's cheek. Evie plays with Tracy's hair.

EVIE
It's cool that you're not scared of
needles... We can get tattoos and-

KNOCK KNOCK.

MELANIE (O.S.)
Can I come in?

The spell is broken. Tracy shoots Evie a look of disgust.

EVIE
(sweetly, to Melanie)

Sure.

Tracy pulls down her shirt and pulls up the covers. Melanie leans in the door.

MELANIE
I've got a surprise for you!

She holds up a pair of jeans.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
I sewed on the leopard fur...

TRACY
The fur was thicker at Urban Outfitters.

Evie takes the jeans, admiring them. She smiles at Melanie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVIE
These are tight.

MELANIE
Thanks. It only cost three bucks...
Tracy, tomorrow you've got to sit down
and do all your homework. Maybe you can
go to Noel's. She's called a couple of
times, you know.

TRACY
I know, Mom, I know. I'm calling her in
the morning, okay?

MELANIE
Well, goodnight, my little beauties.
Melanie leans over to kiss Tracy -- she turns her cheek.
Evie sits up and kisses Melanie on the mouth.

EVIE
Love you.
Melanie smiles and tiptoes out of the room.

EVIE (CONT'D)
I love your mom.

TRACY
Why don't you marry her?!

BANG. BANG. A tall black kid, KK, pounds on the window.
Tracy bolts upright -- terrified. Evie laughs.

EVIE
I'm going to the park with KK.
Evie blows a kiss at KK, then jumps out of bed and changes
her clothes, pulling a tube top down to wear it as a skirt.

EVIE (CONT'D)
What? Do you wanna come?

TRACY
Well, yeah...

EVIE
It's just gonna be me and KK, you know?
She grinds her hips in an obscene stripper move.

TRACY
Forget it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Evie flips Tracy off, laughing, then slams the shade closed.

Tracy tosses in bed, thrashing with the covers. Intensely frustrated, she leaps out of the bed and rips Evie's phone number off the wall.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MELANIE'S BEDROOM

Tracy tiptoes up to her mom's door. She starts to knock, but hears Brady laughing inside, then her mother squealing. Her face darkens. She turns around, retreats into the bathroom, and shuts the door.

INT. BATHROOM

Tracy rolls up her pajama sleeve -- revealing a series of fine scars and cuts on the inside of her forearm.

Angry, concentrating intensely, she slices her manicure scissors across her arm, ripping into the skin, making a fresh shallow cut. She meticulously makes another cut, then another and another. She's done this before -- lots of times.

Tracy's clenching her teeth, wincing, but more relieved with each new cut.

INT. TRACY'S ROOM -- MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT

Tracy is sound asleep. Evie crawls in the window and slips into bed beside her. Evie notices blood stains on Tracy's pajama sleeves. Evie pulls the bedspread up over Tracy, tenderly tucking her in.

EVIE

I love you...

INT. TRACY'S ROOM -- MORNING

Tracy sits up in bed -- Evie isn't there. She hears chattering in the kitchen. Tracy starts to walk out of her room to join them when she notices the blood on her sleeves.

She pulls off her shirt, balls it up, and stuffs it in the back of her closet. She pulls on another long sleeve shirt and walks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Tracy stops short when she sees the kitchen table.

Melanie, Brady, Mason and Evie sit around the table, eating oatmeal, laughing. They look like a big happy family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY
Well, excuse me...

MELANIE
Scoop up some oatmeal. You gotta get
your protein in the morning-

TRACY
I'm on a diet.

BRADY
Put chocolate chips in it -- it's good.

TRACY
Don't tell me what to do. Evie, let's go.

Evie rinses her plate in the sink. Melanie notes this --
Tracy clocks her Mom's approval of Evie. Tracy grabs a Pop
Tart as the girls exit.

INT. SCIENCE LAB -- MID-MORNING

Smiling mischievously, Noel slides into her seat next to
Tracy. Noel wears a tight glittery T-shirt, dark red
lipstick and thick eyeliner.

NOEL
Hey, Tracy, what's crackin'?

TRACY
Well, that look isn't working...

Noel is crushed.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Isn't it better that I tell you the
truth?

INT. TRACY'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

Astrid crushes an assortment of pills into a bowl. Tracy sits
at her desk highlighting her science textbook, filling out a
worksheet. Restless, Evie combs the dog's hair.

EVIE
Kiss me, Shadow, kiss me. I've always
wanted a big lab like this. You're so
lucky -- let's take Shadow to the park!

Evie tickles Tracy -- Tracy tries to continue working.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASTRID
(snorting her drugs)
Tracy, models don't need to know shit
about hydraulic pressure.

EVIE
Look, I have this plan for us but I think
you're too chicken.

TRACY
What is it?

EVIE
You're too chicken... right, Shadow?
She's too chicken-

TRACY
Just tell me.

EVIE
Fuck high school! My uncle owns this
ranch in Idaho. When we're sixteen we
can run away and live there... It's up
in the mountains ... and there's a log
cabin and horses... We can chop our own
wood...

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD -- LUNCH -- THE NEXT DAY

Tracy, Evie, Astrid, and the hotties are posing, hanging out
on the graffiti-covered steps. Bright new red tags read:
"Spook". A BLOND GIRL walks past in tight studded jeans.

TRACY
All the sudden Cynda has a ghetto booty?

EVIE
I think she stuffs...

ASTRID
That bitch don't have shit compared to my
double-cheeseburgers.

Astrid slaps her ass, laughing, as a CHUBBY KID walks up with
a clipboard.

CHUBBY KID
Wanna sign my petition for class
treasurer?

ASTRID
Doubt it. And you know, you might try
pushing away from the trough sometime!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUBBY KID

Fuck you.

The Chubby Kid scurries off. Tracy stares at Astrid.

EVIE

Potty mouth! Why should we be nice to people that don't deserve it?

Evie and Astrid crack up. Tracy joins in the laughter.

JAVIER, a bald eighth grade gangsta, approaches. He is meticulously dressed -- bleached laces, creased pants carefully tacked to the rubber part of his shoe so they won't drag the ground. Evie and Astrid give him a hug. Evie points to the new "Spook" Tag, giving Javi the "thumbs up." He smiles, proud of his tag, then turns to Tracy.

JAVI

Tracy, can I talk to you?

Evie and Astrid look surprised. Tracy acts cool.

TRACY

Yeah, sure.

Shy, Tracy walks a few steps away with Javi. Evie and Astrid are in the background flirting with RUBEN, Javi's homey.

JAVI

I was just wondering if maybe you wanted to go out sometime.

WHOOOOOSH. Tracy tries to stay cool.

TRACY

Sure, that sounds great.

JAVI

Okay, could I have your number?

EVIE

(butting in)

Here's my cell. We'll be hanging out...

Evie hands Javi her number. Javi nods and walks off with Ruben. Tracy turns to Evie and Astrid and screams.

EXT. VENICE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DROP OFF ZONE-- AFTERNOON

Tracy, Evie, and Astrid head out. Tracy is jumping out of her skin excited.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY

I don't want him to come to my house and see Mason and the loser.

EVIE

Then let's all go to mine. Oh, sorry, my mom says only one friend at a time.

TRACY

Oh, okay then.

Tracy starts to walk away, but Evie takes her hand.

EVIE

Sorry, Astrid.

Tracy is delighted. Astrid spins away, avoiding their gaze.

ASTRID

Fine.

TRACY

Lemme go tell my mom.

(running up to Melanie's car)
Mom, I'm going to Evie Sykes' house to do homework.

MELANIE

Do it at home today. I'll help you.

TRACY

Do you know the difference between pointslope form and slopeintercept form?

MELANIE

I'm sure I used to know it...

TRACY

Doubt it. Thanks, Mom, love ya, bye.

She's gone. Melanie starts to follow, then changes her mind.

EXT. EVIE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX -- AFTERNOON

Tracy and Evie pass two GOATEED MUSICIANS (20s) lounging by the pool, strumming vintage Fenders. They check Tracy out. After they walk up the stairs, she swoons.

TRACY

Please, don't tell me they live here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVIE
They're old news.... You know she's not
my real mom, right? She's my aunt.

TRACY
Don't tell 'em I like 'em, okay?

Evie leans over the railing and shouts down to the guys.

EVIE
My friend wants to suck your DICK-
Tracy shoves Evie, covers her mouth. Evie laughs and
wrestles away. She approaches the door to an apartment.

EVIE (CONT'D)
Here's my pad... ta-da!

Evie flings open the door.

INT. EVIE'S APARTMENT

BROOKE (30's), sexy blond, sits on the couch in a leotard,
watching MTV, stapling headshots, laughing on the phone.

BROOKE
... sure, sure, that'll make it a lot
more tolerable ... Ciao.

Brooke hangs up the phone as Evie and Tracy enter.

EVIE
Tracy, meet her royal majesty -- Brooke
LaLaine.

Brooke stands up and takes a bow, then kisses Tracy's hand.

BROOKE
Enchante... Hey, sweetie, your mother
just called -- we're going to Parent's
Night together... she's a hoot.

Brooke stands up, crosses to the fridge, grabs a Corona.
Evie and Tracy each take one. Tracy grins and takes a gulp.

TRACY
You do have a cool mom, Evie.

Evie shoots Tracy a look. Brooke laughs.

Tracy looks around the apartment -- big Stairmaster, big TV,
shabby furniture, dozens of framed headshots of Brooke in
various "striking" poses. Tracy is impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY (CONT'D)
You're a model?

EROOKE
Yeah, I just left Elite... I mostly act
now... Don't you have any homework, Evie?

EVIE
We couldn't have gym because they're
removing asbestos from the locker room,
so they gave us the whole gym period to
do our homework... C'mon, Tracy...

Evie pulls Tracy into her bedroom.

INT. EVIE'S BEDROOM

Tracy checks out the room -- it's much smaller than hers. An
entire wall is covered with magazine shots of Angelina Jolie.

Tracy puckers up and kisses a photo of Angelina.

TRACY
I love you, Angelina!

EVIE
OHMYGOD!!! You're going with Javi!!!

Tracy screams, then hops onto the bed and starts flying
around messing up the covers. She pops up with a sheet
wrapped around her head.

TRACY
I'm an Indian princess!

The phone rings. Evie answers and covers the phone.

EVIE
It's Javi!...Yeah, you wanna talk to her?
(covering the phone)
Breathe, calm down.

Tracy takes a deep breath and puts on a "bored" voice.

TRACY
(into the phone)
Hey...well... I don't think I'm too busy.
(covering the phone)
Evie, can we do something tonight -- if
Ruben comes?

Evie whispers "yes, yes" in the background.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVIE
(snatching the phone)
Come over!
(hanging up the phone, turning to Tracy)
You're lucky! You get to make out with
Javi!

Tracy is thrilled, terrified. Evie sets down her beer, goes to the closet and fishes a bottle of Absolute Vodka out from under her shoe rack. She takes a swig and passes it to Tracy.

EVIE (CONT'D)
You don't know how to kiss, do you?!?!?

TRACY
(taking a big gulp of Vodka)
Oh, yes I do. Noel and I practiced along
with Cruel Intentions like fifty times.

EVIE
Right.

TRACY
What?! Do you want me to prove it,
lesbo?

EVIE
Hell, no.
Evie turns away. Tracy wets her lips and pulls Evie toward her. Tracy gives her delicious little kiss, tongue included.

EVIE (CONT'D)
I barely even felt that...

TRACY
See if you feel this one, then...
Determined, Tracy pushes Evie onto the bed and strokes her hair. She leans down and kisses her -- using her tongue, her lips, making out with her passionately -- then Tracy springs off the bed.

Evie is stunned -- she can't move.

EVIE
Well, o-kay...

Tracy smiles, playing it cool.

EXT. APARTMENT ROOF -- NIGHT

Boombox on the parapet playing some weird Esquivel alien music. Tracy, Evie, Javi, and Ruben are drinking and passing around a fattie. The girls are dancing all sexy-kooky-I-Dream-of-Jeannie-style, ad-libbing about the Josh Harnett movie "The Faculty."

EVIE

Girl, you jumped all up on me when that teacher got a pencil stabbed through her hand... that wasn't even scary-

Javi changes the radio to Power 106.

JAVI

I'm gonna bust out.

Javi hits the deck and starts break-dancing. He's good. Tracy, a little drunk, bounces to the beat, holding her beer up, stirring it around. Looking good in low-slung pants.

Ruben pulls Evie onto his lap. They start making out. Tracy looks nervous, she takes a big swig off her beer.

Javi stops dancing -- everyone claps. He leans back on a plastic lawn chair, super-cool, and takes a long drink. He motions Tracy over. Giggling, she stands close. He slides her onto his lap -- nice and smooth.

Tracy sits there a bit stiff, then Javi starts to kiss her. After a beat, Tracy closes her eyes and starts kissing Javi passionately. He helps her adjust her legs so that she's straddling him, then slides his hands down to her ass.

Tracy looks over at Evie -- her shirt is on the ground, Ruben's hands are moving over her bra.

TRACY

(whispering to Javi)
It's hot out here.

Javi smiles and starts unbuttoning her blouse. He's having a hard time so Tracy helps him, practically ripping it off. She looks down at her purple leopard print bra -- she's proud of her stuff. Javi is smiling big. He starts kissing her neck. Tracy giggles.

She grabs her Corona, takes a big gulp, and pours some down Javi's throat. Ruben turns around and looks admiringly at Tracy. She's beaming ear to ear. Javi reaches down for his belt, starts opening the buckle.

INT. EVIE'S BEDROOM -- TWO HOURS LATER

Evie and Tracy lying in bed, lights off. Tracy cuddles up to Evie, spooning her from behind.

TRACY

We're perfect for each other ... You know, if everyone married someone from a different race, then in one generation there would be no prejudice...

EVIE

So you had a good time, huh?

TRACY

Yeah ... but it tasted nasty-

EVIE

What?!? We didn't go over that one...

Tracy smiles mischievously. The Camera spins around Tracy's head -- she's radiant, beaming, crazy-happy.

FLASH. Tracy and Javi, gaze into each other's eyes, rowing on a lake, sun glinting on the water.

FLASH. Tracy in a long white wedding dress, shimmering under an arbor. Javi lifts her wedding veil and kisses her passionately.

FLASH. A radiant Tracy and Javi push a stroller along the lake, cooing to their beaming baby.

EXT. FREELAND HOUSE -- FRONT YARD -- THE NEXT AFTERNOON

Sunny Saturday -- Melanie works in her rose garden, tossing weeds into a wheelbarrow. Tracy practices back handsprings. Evie squirts sunscreen on her shoulders.

EVIE

Tracy -- do my back.

Evie rolls up her tube top, revealing her burn. Fascinated, Tracy carefully rubs sunscreen on her scar.

Melanie wheels the barrow around to the back alley as a red Corvette pulls into the driveway next door. Luke climbs out of the car. He's dressed in gym shorts, sweaty and buff. Evie adjusts her tube top, tosses her hair.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Who is that?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY

Luke -- or "Lifeguard Boy." His parents moved away and gave him the house.

EVIE

(calling across the yard)
Hey, Luke, got any beer?

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE -- REC ROOM

Bachelor pad pig-sty chic. Big-screen TV, fancy stereo. Luke is shooting pool, listening to hip hop. Evie rummages through the bar, pours tequila shots. Tracy is awkward -- she's never hung out with Luke like this before.

EVIE

You're so lucky! I want your house!

Evie serves Luke and Tracy shots -- they drink up. Evie starts dancing with Tracy -- super-sexy-stripper-style. Distracted, Luke drops his pool cue.

LUKE

I gotta call some friends to come over-

EVIE

LUKE SANDWICH!

Evie pulls Tracy in front of Luke and she starts dirty-dancing behind him. He pushes her away.

LUKE

Uh-huh, Miss Jailbait.

EVIE

(pressing up behind him)
You know I'll never tell.

LUKE

Yeah, right.

EVIE

I wouldn't, would I, Tracy?

TRACY

No, cuz Ruben would kill you.

EVIE

Come on, Luke... That's better... yeah...

Evie steers the threesome toward the couch and pulls them down. Evie rolls on the sofa, laughing and tickling Luke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUKE
Danger, Will Robinson-

EVIE
(straddling him)
It's not illegal to kiss....

Luke goes with it -- they start making out. After a few minutes, Evie rolls off and pulls Tracy down.

EVIE (CONT'D)
Check out his ghetto lips! They're so big for a white boy! You gotta try it.

She shoves Tracy on top of Luke. Luke and Tracy stare at each other. This is weird -- they grew up together.

Evie shoves them closer.

EVIE (CONT'D)
Come on...

Tracy tentatively kisses Luke. He kisses her back. Tracy laughs. Evie slaps Tracy's ass. Tracy and Luke gradually start to get into it. Tracy pulls off Luke's wife-beater.

EVIE (CONT'D)
Go, girl. Where's your bong?

Luke motions toward the bar. Evie grabs the two foot high bong and lights up.

Tracy pulls Luke back into her kiss. Evie, wanting attention, starts unbuttoning her top, swinging it around her head, throwing it across the room. She struts around in a little turquoise bra.

LUKE
Get over here, girl.

Evie jumps back onto the couch, starts rubbing up on Luke. He moans -- getting some love from both sides.

EVIE
(unzipping his pants)
Feels good, huh, Luke? You know you want it...

Evie's got his pants off... he's down to his boxers. He glances at Tracy -- she's kissing his nipple.

LUKE
Whoa, Tracy... SHIT...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Luke shoves the girls off. He stands up, zips his pants, searches around for his shirt.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Get the fuck outta here... you guys get out. Shit!

EVIE
What the fuck! Jesus! What's your fucking problem!?!

Luke pulls up the girls, tries to get Evie's clothes back on.

EVIE (CONT'D)
Get your hands off me!!! Get away from me, you pervert-

Evie swings at Luke. He ducks.

LUKE
Just get outta here-

TRACY
Chill out, Luke, we're leaving already.
Tracy pulls Evie toward the door, buttoning her blouse. As the girls exit, Luke bangs his head against the wall -- over and over.

EXT. STREET -- LATE AFTERNOON

The girls rush out of Luke's house. Melanie's back is turned, she's weeding another flower bed. Beside her is a tray of glasses.

MELANIE
Hey, I've got fresh lemonade. 25 cents.

TRACY
Not thirsty.

Evie scoops up a glass, but Tracy charges past, dragging Evie into the house. Tracy cups her hand over her mouth, checking her breath.

MELANIE
It's really good. The lemons are from our tree-

TRACY
I said NO, Mom.

The screen door SLAMS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Melanie stares daggers at Tracy's retreating form. She chases her into the house, knocking over the lemonade.

Luke's red Corvette rips out of the driveway and shoots down the street.

INT. BATHROOM/ HALLWAY

Tracy slams the door before Melanie catches up. Evie stashes a baggie of pot she swiped from Luke, Tracy digs the mouthwash bottle out of the trash -- it's empty.

TRACY

Give me the toothpaste-

MELANIE (O.S.)

(pounding on the door)

Open this door, NOW!!!

Evie eats a bite of toothpaste, Tracy shoves it into her mouth, then swings open the door.

TRACY

What, Mother?

She radiates an intense hostility -- Melanie steps back.

TRACY (CONT'D)

What do you want?

MELANIE

I want you to be civil to me. This is not how I raised you-

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Tracy runs past Melanie into the living room.

TRACY

I wish you and your stupid boyfriend would get out of my fucking life-

MELANIE

Tracy!

Melanie grabs her shoulders -- Tracy shoves her away. Mason charges out of his room.

MASON

Get away from her, Tracy!

MELANIE

I can handle it-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY

Both of you get the hell away from me!

MASON

She's been drinking-

TRACY

Like you never have!?!

EVIE

Guys... look...

Evie points to Kayla, standing in the front door, staring. She is filthy, wearing a glowing green "raver" necklace.

Everyone gets quiet. Kayla starts crying. Mason runs over to the child.

MASON

It's okay, Kayla-

MELANIE

Everything's fine, Kayla, c'mon in...
Thank you, Mason.

Tracy stares daggers at Mason. He gives it right back to her, then breaks her gaze and gallantly ushers Kayla inside. Tracy is even more disgusted with him.

Birdie is trudging up the walk, arms full of gymbags and pillows and a hamster cage. She's sniffing and hacking.

BIRDIE

I thought maybe we could crash in the garage a few days until my check comes in. I think I'm fuckin' coming down with something like diptheria or something.

Tracy stares at her mom -- this has happened before. Melanie takes a deep breath.

MELANIE

For a couple days, sure... Mason, get your sleeping bag.

TRACY

Why not open a hotel, Mom? At least you'd get paid for all this.

Birdie glares at Tracy -- Tracy exits. Mason collects Birdie's stuff, starts carrying it to the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MASON
(loudly)
I'll take care of everything, Mom.

MELANIE
I'll be there in a minute, Mason.

INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Troubled, Melanie perches on the edge of the bed. Tracy writes furiously in a notebook while Evie brushes her hair.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Tracy, this temporary -- I'll find her another place...

Tracy doesn't look at her mother. Melanie tries to stroke her hair. Tracy shrugs her away.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Baby, we need to have a real talk-

TRACY
You need to talk to a therapist, Mom.
I've got homework to do.

Tracy ushers her out the door, then slams it.

MELANIE (O.S.)
Look, I'll take you out somewhere special this weekend... we'll do something fun together...

Tracy grabs her curling iron and dumps out the batteries.

TRACY
Evie, how many batteries do you have to swallow to kill yourself?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- FRIDAY NIGHT

Melanie, Brady, Tracy and Evie stand in line to buy movie tickets for the latest World War II movie. Tracy's wearing a new hairstyle: a tight J.Lo ponytail. Melanie is decked out in retro tie-dye, high-spirited, happy for them all to be out together. She puts her arms around Tracy and Brady, staring at the movie poster featuring Johnny Depp.

MELANIE
That's the only man I'd leave you for, Brady...

Tracy starts to crack a smile. Evie elbows Tracy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY
Mom, it's a war movie? You know I can't
see a gross, bloody war movie. I'm a
pacifist... You know, Ghandi?

EVIE
(reading a poster)
Can't we see the Ben Stiller movie, Mel?

TRACY
It looks funny, Mom. A giant pig...

BRADY
Mel, I'm not gonna see that.

MELANIE
This is supposed to be family night...

Everybody stares at her.

BRADY
We can meet 'em in front at 10:15.

TRACY
Yes, Brady! You're awesome!

Tracy hugs Brady exuberantly. He smiles, surprised. Melanie
cheers up. As they walk into the theatre, Melanie hands the
girls a shopping bag full of homemade popcorn.

MELANIE
Look, I put butter in a separate foil
packet 'cuz I never know if you guys are
on a diet.

EVIE
Thanks, Mel. It smells great.

MELANIE
Well, it saves like eight dollars...
Love you.

Melanie gives the girls a hug. Evie and Tracy smile and walk
into the theatre.

After a beat, they shoot outside, dumping the popcorn into
the trash.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- CONTINUOUS

A bunch of rowdy out-of-town Frat Boys watch appreciatively
as Tracy and Evie unzip their sweaters to reveal crop tops,
belly-rings, and glittery stomachs. Evie hooks Tracy's arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVIE
Come on, my little hooch.

TRACY
(rubbing her hands down her body)
Mothers, lock up your sons!

They turn on the attitude as they weave into the crowd around the break-dancers.

Evie pulls out a pack of cigarettes -- both girls start smoking. A SKANKY RUNAWAY whispers into Evie's ear. She passes something to him -- he hands her some wadded-up cash.

Tracy smiles at Javi, standing in the center in his Spook Crew T-shirt, waiting for his turn to break. He walks over and hugs Tracy, tugging her ponytail.

JAVI
Hey, ladies, having fun tonight?

EVIE
I got my ass beat for what happened the other night on the roof...

Tracy gives Evie a strange look.

SPOOK CREW BREAKER (O.S.)
Javi, you're up.

JAVI
Later.

Javi slaps Tracy's ass, then dives into the crowd. Tracy is glowing, watching her man.

TRACY
We definitely should get married.

EVIE
(handing her some cash)
Here - go get us some sodas. And get Conrad to come down here on his break.

TRACY
(winking)
No problem.

Tracy takes the wad of bills and heads down the street.

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOR

Tracy leans over the counter, showing her tongue ring to a sexy-looking pierced black kid CONRAD (23). Mason, Rafa, and some skater guys cruise past the open doorway, drinking from bottles in brown paper bags, checking out the "hottie" with the ponytail.

Tracy's back is facing the guys, her crop top is riding high, her jeans riding low, revealing a "Lil' Angel" t-bar thong. Rafa lets out a wolf whistle.

MASON

Back that ass up-

RAFA

I'd like to see how that thong looks on my bedroom floor-

TRACY

Too bad you'll never know...

Tracy whips around, but her attitude drops when she sees MASON. He stares down at her belly-ring.

T h e H o r r o r .

RAFA

Tracy?!?

Tracy freezes and tries to pull her crop top down over her belly ring. It rides right back up her stomach, exposing the glittery jewel. The guys crack up.

TRACY

Fuckit!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Tracy runs away from the shop, Rafa and the guys follow with her cokes. Mason stands back in the door, shocked.

RAFA

Here's your cokes-

TRACY

I didn't pay for them anyway.

RAFA

You probably didn't have to...

The guys laugh. Tracy flips them off and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AT THE BREAKERS CIRCLE

Tracy searches for Evie. She walks up to the SKANKY RUNAWAY.

TRACY

You seen Evie? What time is it?!

SKANKY RUNAWAY

10:10... She went to the candy store.
Wanna smoke some weed?

TRACY

No, I gotta find her.

She notices the bottle he's holding in a brown paper bag.
She grabs it and takes a big gulp. She makes a weird face.

TRACY (CONT'D)

What was that?

SKANKY RUNAWAY

Just some cool stuff my friend made.

She grabs the bottle and finishes it off.

INT. CANDY STORE

Tracy and Skanky Runaway look through the store. No Evie.

INT. SEPHORA STORE

Tracy and Skanky Runaway jog through the aisles -- dozens of girls testing lip-gloss, getting make-overs.

TRACY

Evie!

Tracy gets wobbly. Skanky Runaway hooks his arm through hers -- she holds on tight. Skanky smiles, pulls her close.

SKANKY RUNAWAY

Wanna suck my cock, baby?

Disgusted, Tracy shoves him away.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

Mason and his gang walks past, watching her.

INT. CLOTHING STORE

Tracy stumbles inside. Skanky Runaway chases after her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY
Evie!! Evie!!!

In the back corner, Evie steps out of a dressing room, giggling, wiping her mouth on a scarf, throwing it on the display table. Javi follows, grinning, zipping up his pants.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Evie!

Evie turns around and waves at Tracy.

EVIE
Hector spilled a coke all over Javi's pants and he couldn't perform and we had to get him a new pair of pants-

TRACY
What the fuck is wrong with you?! Do you know what time it is?!

Tracy glares at Javi, then Tracy grabs Evie's arm and starts pulling her upstairs. The Skanky Runaway winks at Tracy.

SKANKY RUNAWAY
Call me...

EXT. STREET/PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT

Melanie, Brady, Tracy, and Evie walk toward the Mustang. The girls have their sweaters zipped up, they're chewing gum, avoiding eye contact. Tracy leans on Evie.

TRACY
The movie ran late-

MELANIE
Bullshit, Tracy. We checked the theatre-

EVIE
The times were late -- but it got out early. So we got something to drink at Starbucks. What's wrong with that?

TRACY
And I got you something, Mom.

Tracy pulls out a pair of Urban Outfit earrings and presents them to her mom. Melanie refuses them.

MELANIE
No, baby. You're grounded for a week.
That's it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tracy and Evie crack up.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
I mean it this time, Tracy.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Melanie, Brady, Evie, and Tracy walk into the house. Mason sits on the couch, watching MTV with Birdie, looking agitated. Brady ducks into the bathroom. Evie waits behind him in line.

MASON
Mom, I've got to talk to you. In private.

MELANIE
Come in my room.

Melanie heads toward the back. Tracy shoots a look at Mason.

TRACY
(very loud)
Should we talk about how you get STONED every night with Rafa?

MASON
She knows I smoke pot.

Mason heads back toward Melanie's room. Tracy grabs Mason, trying to stop him. He shoves her away, staring at her eyes.

MASON (CONT'D)
Look at your pupils -- you are so busted.

Tracy can't take it. It all happens fast: she swings at Mason -- Birdie ducks away. Mason grabs Tracy -- wrestling her to the couch.

TRACY
I'm gonna kill you-

Tracy reaches back and grabs Mason's hockey stick, tries to slam his head.

MASON
Go ahead and hit me. You'll go to jail -- you little slut!!

TRACY
Don't fucking call me a slut. Mom -- Mason just called me a SLUT!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Melanie rushes in and yanks Mason off Tracy.

MELANIE

Stop it! Tracy -- Mason!

Brady roars out of the bathroom, wrestling the hockey stick away from Tracy.

The kids move to opposite corners, panting and glaring at each other. Evie giggles in the hall. Birdie's holding ice on her nose, waving a bloody dishtowel at Tracy.

BIRDIE

Look at this-

MELANIE

Birdie, you know she didn't mean it...

She reaches for Tracy, starts to smooth her hair -- Tracy slings her away.

TRACY

Don't touch me -- don't touch my hair.

Melanie is stung.

BIRDIE

This hurts like a MOTHERFUCKER-

MELANIE

Look, just go to your rooms... I'll bring everyone some lemon tea-

TRACY

Stop with the food thing already, Mom!

MELANIE

Fuck it. You don't want me to cook for you anymore?! Fine -- then don't eat my food.

TRACY

No problem. I hate your nasty Costco food.

MELANIE

Great! I can stop working my ass off for you seven days a week trying to pay for all this shit. Do you think I wanna be here?!

Melanie turns away, exits the living room, leaving everyone stunned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Melanie cuts through the kitchen, heading for her bedroom. She slips on the blood, knocking into the table. A couple of cereal boxes fall to the ground. Frustrated, Melanie kicks them across the floor -- Cheerios flying -- then slams down several more boxes of crackers.

Exploding, she lunges for the spice rack -- Brady rushes in, tries to stop her, but she rips the rack off the wall -- wood splintering, spices clattering, jars breaking.

Very loud.

Mason freezes -- Birdie slips out the front door -- the girls retreat toward Tracy's bedroom. Brady wraps his arms around Melanie, holding her tightly. She grabs her AA keychain, rubbing the emblem. She starts laughing -- it's strained, unsettling.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry... I'm okay... I gotta call Cynthia...

Brady grits his teeth, then hands her the phone.

TRACY (O.S.)

(calling from the bedroom)
MCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCOM!!!!

Melanie's eyes widen. Brady looks at her.

BRADY

Sit here. We'll call her in a minute.

He walks her to a chair, sits her down, kisses her forehead. Brady gestures for Mason to keep an eye on his mother.

Embarrassed, Melanie smiles at Mason and starts picking up cereal boxes off the floor. He leans down and helps her. She reaches over and gives him a hug.

INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brady rushes into the bedroom. Tracy and Evie stare at Kayla and the dog, sprawled over Tracy's bed, sleeping soundly.

TRACY

I can't even sleep in my own room!!!

EVIE

We can all fit in here if we get the dog out... ooh, something peed in the bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY

Moooooooooom!!! You deal with this!

The dog starts barking as Melanie marches into Tracy's room, Mason hovering behind her. Brady tries to quiet Shadow and run interference. Mason picks up Kayla and carries her out.

Tracy rips the sheets off her bed. Melanie notices a pile of new clothes with the tags still on.

MELANIE

Where'd all this stuff come from?

TRACY

Brooke bought it for me because you never have any money.

Tracy violently snatches the clothes away from her mother. Melanie is about to explode -- Brady quickly ushers her out.

BRADY

C'mon, Mel... You've got to return all that, Tracy. Make it right.

Brady walks Melanie down the hall -- Tracy yells after them.

TRACY

Don't talk to me about what's right, you fucking COKEHEAD!

INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Brady leads Melanie back into her tiny bathroom. She's shaking, he seems composed. He goes right for the shower, turns it on, starts undressing her.

MELANIE

(very quietly)

I'm so sorry, Brady... I can't do this with her anymore... I can't. I don't want her here...

BRADY

Get in, Melanie.

Melanie stares in the mirror.

MELANIE

I'm horrible-

BRADY

Get in the shower, Mel.

INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The girls are dressed in pajamas, Tracy is hiding the new clothes. Evie stares at a framed photo of Melanie and Travis, smiling, holding a tiny baby and a two-year-old boy.

TRACY

He already had a new girlfriend then.

EVIE

Your Dad's a player, huh? So is mine.
Big time.

Evie laughs, but Tracy jerks the photo away and slams it into her closet.

INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Brady helps Melanie into the shower. As soon as the hot water runs over her body, she closes her eyes, easing a bit.

Brady sets a clean towel and a bathrobe on the toilet, then exits. Melanie opens her eyes -- she panics.

Melanie rushes out of the shower -- Brady is packing his duffel bag. Melanie opens her mouth, starts to speak... searching for the words to keep him here.

He doesn't look at her.

Melanie stands there ... nude, vulnerable, hair dripping on the floor...

She grabs a pillow and holds it up against her body. She watches Brady put on his coat.

He starts to head out the door, then turns back. He gives Melanie a kiss on the cheek, but she presses close to him.

BRADY

Mel...

Brady looks at Melanie ... she looks down ... the moment hangs...

MELANIE

(whispering very low)
Be nice to me...

Finally he hugs her.

She releases the pillow, starts to unzip his jeans. He stops her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELANIE (CONT'D)

What?

BRADY

This place is fucking with my head...

MELANIE

Brady-

BRADY

(turning away, low voice)
I wanna get loaded.

MELANIE

(hugging him)

Honey-

Brady pulls away, heads out the door.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(following after him)

Go to Mario's -- he'll read the Big Book
in that scratchy voice-

BRADY

I know what to do, Mel.

INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Tracy and Evie lay in bed, listening. The front door creaks open and shut. A car starts up, drives away down the street, and dies in the distance.

INT. KITCHEN -- THE NEXT MORNING

The floor is clean, foils are piled up in the sink. We hear a blow-drier and the muffled sounds of a heated discussion off-screen in Melanie's bedroom.

Evie pulls two frozen spoons out of the freezer and holds them under her eyes.

EVIE

Mom does this every morning and she still
has huge bags.

Tracy reads the label on a bottle of Chlorox.

TRACY

I wonder if you have to drink a whole
bottle-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

NO! Let's deal with this now...

Cynthia charges into the kitchen, a salon cape on her shoulders, a towel wrapped around her wet hair, several "How to Talk to Your Teenager" paperbacks under her arm. She stares at Tracy. Melanie exits the bedroom, dialing the phone. Her eyes are red.

Cynthia plops down at the table.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

MASON, COME IN HERE. We're all gonna talk.

MASON (O.S.)

WHY!?!

CYNTHIA

This family needs some healing.

Evie drops her spoons, starts thumbing through the self-help books, giggling. Mason shuffles in wearing a new wet-suit. He leans against the sink. Tracy narrows her eyes.

TRACY

Did Mom buy you that wet-suit?

Mason glares at her. Tracy shakes her head in disgust.

MELANIE

(hanging up the phone)

Evie, your mother's phone is disconnected.

EVIE

She's not my MOTHER. My real mother was a crack whore. And I don't want to see Brooke again. She beats me.

CYNTHIA

Let's all just breathe for a minute...
Evie, dear, do you have any other friend you could stay with for a couple of days?
I think this family needs some alone time for a while.

EVIE

And who are you?

CYNTHIA

I'm Cynthia, I'm a long-time friend of the family-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DING DON . Rafa is outside with a surfboard.

RAFA
(through the screen door)
Mason, Charthouse is going off!

MASON
Mom, there's finally a swell. You said-

MELANIE
Just go.

Mason sprints for the door as Evie's cell phone rings.

EVIE
Hello?... She's right here. It's CONRAD!

TRACY
(grabbing the phone)
Hey, Spiderman...

Tracy runs into her bedroom, whispering into the phone. Evie stares at Cynthia.

EVIE
Are you a board-licensed therapist?

MELANIE
She's helped a lot of my-

TRACY
(yelling from the bedroom)
She's a psychic.

Tracy waltzes in, still holding the phone. She goes in for the kill.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Cynthia, remember the time you tried to bring back grandma and Shadow ended up humping your leg?

Cynthia stares at Melanie. She shakes her head, gathers up her purse and storms out the door, still wearing the cape and towel.

CYNTHIA
I have to get to the office... I should be selling houses right now.

The door slams after Cynthia. Melanie follows her outside but Cynthia jumps into her Miata and peels out. Evie and Tracy laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TRACY
(purring into the phone)
10:30 at Nona's... I love you...

Tracy kisses the receiver, then clicks off the phone. Melanie walks back inside, upset.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Cynthia can take it, Mom.

Tracy is just getting wound up. She hooks her thumbs into her underwear and pulls it up above her jeans -- wriggling it around. Melanie stares at her daughter.

TRACY (CONT'D)
(even squeakier)
Want me to model my new thong? Perfect
for pooping on the go!

Tracy dirty-dances around with her lime green thong, showing off for Evie. Melanie stares at Tracy's tight shirt -- the outline of her belly ring is showing through.

MELANIE
What's that on your shirt?

TRACY
Stop.

MELANIE
What is that?

TRACY
What is with you and poking me!?!

Tracy squirms away, but Melanie pursues it.

MELANIE
Let me see that.

Melanie pulls up Tracy's shirt and sees the jewel barbell in her stomach.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
What the hell is that!?!

Tracy stands there speechless.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
I'm talking to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TRACY
(very quietly)
A... a... belly button ring...

MELANIE
Speak up. I CAN'T HEAR YOU.

TRACY
It's a belly button ring.
(rapping)
How else can I say it? I don't speak no
other languages.

Tracy looks at Evie, then sticks out her tongue, shoving her
tongue ring right into Melanie's face.

TRACY (CONT'D)
And that's a TONGUE RING.

Melanie is shocked: who is this person?

MELANIE
When did you do all this, baby?

TRACY
(dancing around in a high voice)
2000 years ago. I'm a mummy. I was born
2000 years ago -

MELANIE
Tracy. I am really starting to lose it.
Stop it. I mean it.

Tracy keeps dancing around, taunting. Evie is smiling.

TRACY
(rapping)
No bra, no panties...

Tracy makes a really lewd humping gesture.

TRACY (CONT'D)
No bra, no panties...

MELANIE
STOP IT.

Tracy sticks out her ass and leans over into Melanie's face.

TRACY
No bra, no panties.

Melanie flatlines -- she stares at her daughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Just stares...

All the air seems to leave the room.

Tracy shivers, chilled to the bone.

Finally Melanie steps back, without taking her eyes off Tracy, and picks up the phone. Her voice is toneless.

MELANIE

Travis, you need to come get her...
What?!? FUCK YOU. Get over here or
you're going to have two dead-

Melanie hangs up the phone. She takes a deep breath.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

He'll be here in an hour. Evie, get your
stuff.

EXT. EVIE'S APT. COMPLEX -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Melanie rushes out of the Toyota, chain-smoking, carrying a suitcase up the stairs -- the girls follow reluctantly, a dozen paces behind. Melanie pounds on the door -- there's a pile of newspapers on the mat.

Melanie looks through the windows -- it's dark inside. She writes a note and shoves it under the door.

Tracy watches Evie search for something under the railing at the far end of the balcony.

TRACY

I have to ask you something.

EVIE

Go ahead...

TRACY

What happened in that dressing room with
you and Javi?

EVIE

Nothing, pendeja. He's your guy.

Tracy stares at Evie. Evie finds a prescription bottle under the rail. She smiles wickedly and rattles it under Tracy's nose. She dumps out the contents.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Want some candy, little girl?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The girls each swallow several pills. Tracy tucks the bottle into her jacket just as Melanie brushes past, lumping the suitcase back down the stairs. The girls hurry to catch up.

EXT. FREELAND HOUSE -- FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

TRAVIS FREELAND (37) pulls up in a new Suburban, stopping behind Melanie's rusted Toyota. He climbs out, talking on a cell phone, pager clipped to his belt. He's a sweet-looking guy -- a tall, harried Texan in well-worn cowboy boots.

Melanie steps out on the porch, smoking, rubbing her keychain. Evie watches from the living room window.

TRAVIS

(into the phone)

Call the tenant -- I'll be over in less than an hour. Gotta go.

(to Melanie)

Hey, what's up?

MELANIE

I need you take her for a while.

TRAVIS

I told you I'm leaving for Houston in the morning -- it's just two weeks. No... don't look at me like that... I have to do it, Mel. We just closed a pool of opportunity money. Look, I'm going to talk to her, everything will be okay.

Melanie sinks to the railing as he breezes past.

INT. TRACY'S ROOM

Tracy sits at her desk, scribbling furiously in her notebook. Travis flings open the door, smiling.

TRAVIS

Hi, Tracy!

TRACY

Hi, Travis.

Tracy doesn't look up. Travis stares at his daughter. Stung. He sits on the edge of the bed.

TRAVIS

Okay, I understand you're a little bit mad at me -- I've been working a lot lately. I'm trying to give your Mom more money -- put some cash away for college-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY

Right. Do you even remember the last thing we did together, Dad?

TRAVIS

I took you to my project site. You liked it, honey. You got your own hard hat.

TRACY

How many cell phone calls did you get that day? I spent the whole time talking to the Security Guard. He e-mails me more than you do.

TRAVIS

What? Alejandro is in his twenties!

TRACY

Guess you've missed out on a couple of years-

BRRING -- the cell phone screams. Tracy glares at it.

TRAVIS

Hold on, honey...

(into the phone)

Chris, call you back in two minutes.

(back to Tracy)

Tracy, what's going on here? You gotta talk to me-

The evil BRRING interrupts again.

TRACY

You know if you put twelve cell phones around a turkey and leave it overnight, the turkey will be cooked in the morning.

TRAVIS

(into the phone)

Chris, I said- ... What? That deal went hard. They can't pull out -- I've got a signed lease... No, I'm with a client. I'll be there in ten minutes. Bye.

TRACY

Nice talking to you.

TRAVIS

I don't have to leave yet, I could stay another couple of minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRACY

Just go.

Tracy ushers him out.

TRAVIS

Wait, Tracy. Tell me what's going on.
What happened?

TRACY

You know Mom -- it's nothing. It's
mostly just that Brady moved in again.

TRAVIS

He's not doing coke any more, is he? ...
Look, I'll come back after work and we'll
all go eat at Islands. We'll talk it-

TRACY

I won't be here -- I'm working on a
history project at Noel's.

Tracy turns back to her notebook, starts writing.

TRAVIS

You're still getting all A's, right,
Trace? You know I love you... Give me a
HUG.

Tracy hugs him stiffly. He walks out -- very bummed.

INT./EXT. FREELAND HOUSE

Melanie clutches Travis's arm, stopping him as he exits.

MELANIE

That's it?

TRAVIS

Nobody will tell me what's going on. I'm
frustrated as hell... But Mel, you should
take her to that therapist again. Save
the receipts, I'll give you a check when
I get back.

(he taps her cigarette)

And I'll buy you the patch for your
birthday.

Melanie glares at him in disbelief as Travis walks outside.
Mason is leaning against his Suburban, staring at the baby
seat in the back.

Travis punches his arm, climbs into the car, revs the engine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MASON
Real nice car, Dad.

TRAVIS
It's a silly business tool. I gotta go
back to work.

MASON
It's Saturday.

TRAVIS
I'm slammed up against a deadline.
(driving off, smiling big)
We're gonna surf in two weeks -- San C's!

MASON
She needs help, Dad.

Travis's car slows down. He looks at his son: Mason is
serious. Travis backs up.

TRAVIS
Could you just tell me exactly what the
problem is? In a nutshell.

Mason starts to speak, then shakes his head: there's no use.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Look, I'll be back in two weeks... I
promise I'll hang out with you guys
more... I'll have more time... Okay?

Mason turns away. He grabs his skateboard, heads down the
street in the opposite direction. Travis sits still for a
long time, then slowly drives off.

Evie walks up the sidewalk, carrying a small grocery bag.

INT. BATHROOM -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Tracy and Evie stare at a little chart: two plus marks
appear on the tester strip. Evie shakes her head, dashes out
of the bathroom. Tracy panics.

TRACY
Maybe we're reading it wrong-

INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM

Tracy follows Evie into the bedroom and shuts the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVIE
(changing her clothes)
I've done two other kits already.

Tracy is shocked -- at a loss for words.

TRACY
Well... um... I'm sorry... I...

She hugs Evie tightly.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Should we call someone? I mean, is Ruben
the dad?

Evie breaks the embrace.

EVIE
I don't fucking know. You're coming with
me, right? Does this look cute on me?

Evie models a blue sweater. Tracy walks out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MELANIE'S ROOM

Tracy paces back and forth, stressed. She finally knocks on
the door.

TRACY
Mom? Can I talk to you?

MELANIE
Sure... come in.

INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM

Tracy walks in to see Melanie cutting a MALE CLIENT'S hair.

TRACY
Sorry. I'll talk to you later.

Melanie is tense, trying to keep it together.

MELANIE
My last client is finished by 5:30.
We'll talk then, okay?

INT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD CLINIC WAITING ROOM -- THAT AFTERNOON

Tracy and Evie, wearing the blue sweater, huddle over a form,
staring nervously at a fake ID.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY
You definitely look eighteen...

The office door opens and a NURSE steps out with a clipboard.

NURSE
Rochelle Ramone.

EVIE
That's me...

Evie pops up and follows the Nurse into the exam room. Tracy trails along, but the Nurse blocks her way.

TRACY
Can I go with her and hold her hand?
I'll make her feel more better.

NURSE
Sorry.

The Nurse closes the door on Tracy.

TRACY
(to herself)
More better... I've gotten stupider.

Tracy walks over to a table full of literature. She picks up some pamphlets, then slides a bunch of condoms in her pocket.

INT. TRACY'S ROOM -- THE NEXT MORNING

Evie's lying in bed in Playboy pajamas, crying, reading the pamphlet. Tracy, dressed for school, brings her a Pop Tart on a little blue plate. She gently pats Evie's shoulder.

TRACY
It hurts, huh?

EVIE
Uh-huh... and I can't have sex for three weeks.

TRACY
Jesus, Evie...

Tracy stares at her friend -- this is crossing the line even for Evie. Evie studies Tracy, then cracks up and gives her a quick kiss.

EVIE
I love you! You'll believe anything!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tracy chokes out a laugh.

Melanie walks into the room, dressed in her salon apron, jangling her car keys. She is stern, her eyes puffy.

MELANIE

What's going on here?

EVIE

I got food poisoning at In 'n' Out.

TRACY

(stroking Evie's hair)

She's staying home.

MELANIE

Well, I'm booked all day... Honey, you should stay at your own house...

Evie fixes Tracy with a look.

EVIE

Tracy...

Tracy looks kindly at her mother -- it's the first time in a long time.

TRACY

Mom, we've got something important to talk to you about.

MELANIE

Okay.

TRACY

I think you and I will get along a lot better if Evie lives with us-

EVIE

If you adopt me, you'll get \$800 a month from the state, Mel.

MELANIE

What?!

TRACY

She won't be like the other freeloaders-

EVIE

You could really help me if I lived here with you. Maybe even save me...

Melanie stares at Evie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRACY

Mom, please... you always help everybody else... She was abused -- by her uncle. When she was nine.

Melanie drops her head.

EVIE

And ten. He put things inside me. He pushed me into a fire.

Evie lifts up the back of her shirt, showing her scar.

TRACY

He bit off her nipple.

This takes the wind out of Melanie. She sags against the door.

EVIE

Please, Melanie...

MELANIE

I-I-I'll think about it...

TRACY

Yes! You're so cool!!!

Tracy hugs her mother affectionately -- Evie sits up in bed and wraps her arms around both of them.

EVIE

I love you, Melanie.

Melanie is caught.

EXT. DROP OFF ZONE/ MELANIE'S TOYOTA -- DAY

Melanie pulls up at school, distraught. Tracy stares straight ahead, determined.

MELANIE

Why did you put me on the spot like that in front of that poor girl? I can't reject someone like that, to her face...

TRACY

I know, Mom.

KNOCK KNOCK. Tracy turns to see a couple of guys waving at her through the passenger window. Tracy kisses Melanie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY (CONT'D)

Eye, Mom... I love you.

Tracy steps out of the car, dispensing hugs. Melanie stares after her.

INT./EXT. ENGLISH CLASS

MS. FLORES, the teacher, hands out marked-up exam papers. Noel waits for hers at the desk -- she's dressed back in her normal clothes, sans makeup.

Tracy struts out of class with Astrid and the hotties, carrying their exams. With a dramatic flourish, Tracy throws her test into the trashcan.

ASTRID

I got a C+ -- movin' up. What'd you get?

TRACY

I don't know, but let's just say my mom's not getting a bumper sticker this year...

The girls crack up.

EXT. VENICE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DROP OFF ZONE

Melanie and Evie wait in the car, listening to No Doubt and eating Dove Bars as kids stream out of school. There's a loud chorus of good-byes as Tracy breaks away from her posse and climbs in the backseat.

Evie hands Tracy a Dove bar.

EVIE

I'm feeling better...

She winks at Tracy.

INT. TRACY'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

KORN blasts from the boom box. Evie and Tracy bounce on the bed, laughing. Evie's eyebrow cut bleeds profusely. Tracy's only got a small drop on her lip. Tracy grabs the Dust Off can, inhales deeply. **We're back in the opening scene.**

TRACY

I WANNA BLEED! Hit me!

Evie socks her hard, banging her head into the corner.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Make an effort, bitch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Evie whacks her HARD. Tracy bounces down, stumbling on the mattress and WHAM -- smacks the back of her head hard on the floor. She doesn't move.

BIRDIE (O.S.)
Chili's ready, ladies...

EVIE
(yelling out door)
Just a minute!!!

Evie pulls Tracy up off the floor.

EVIE (CONT'D)
We can't go out like this.

Dizzy, Tracy stares at her bruises and blood.

TRACY
Shit.

Evie dumps out her purse, grabs some foundation, applies it to Tracy's bruises. Tracy layers base onto Evie's chin.

The girls top it off with heavy eyeliner, eye shadow, crazy glitter. Too bloody to hide, Tracy sticks a butterfly sticker over Evie's eyebrow cut. Evie grabs a blue feather boa, Tracy pulls on a sequin tube top.

EVIE
Your mom will never notice now.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Melanie is biting her nails, reading a tattered newspaper clipping, stifling tears. Birdie places a bowl of chili in front of her, then sets a bowl down for herself and starts devouring it. Kayla flies her Bridal Barbie around the kitchen in an old skillet.

MELANIE
(tucking the clipping into an envelope)
Her uncle got seven years, Birdie.

BIRDIE
Hell, you've done everything humanly possible. You've fuckin' sacrificed your life for these kids, Mellie. You work at home so they've always got a fuckin' great place to go...

(swallowing a big mouthful)
You're already stretched to the limit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIRDIE (CONT'D)

Damn, you're stretched **beyond** the fuckin' limit-

MELANIE

Birdie, she's been molested and abused by everyone who was supposed to take care of her. I have to help her...

Mason walks in, grabs a bowl.

MASON

No, mom... you don't know-

TRACY (O.S.)

You don't know.

Tracy and Evie teeter into the room on huge plastic platform shoes, looking like they're headed for a drag show in Tijuana. Tracy shoots daggers at her brother as he exits.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(sultry voice, to the women)
How do we look, dah-lings?

Melanie and Birdie are speechless.

KAYLA

(shrieking)

I wanna play!! I wanna play!!!

Kayla snatches at the boa, twining it around her body.

Melanie stares at Tracy's mouth. Tracy drops her hair over her face, blocking her view.

MELANIE

Honey, let me see your lip-

TRACY

It's okay, I just bit it...

Melanie stares at the two girls. Evie starts voguing.

EVIE

Do you have any film? Can you take pictures of us?

INT. SCIENCE LAB -- THE NEXT DAY

Tracy waltzes in, heavy cover-up make-up, late, laughing on a cell phone. She throws Tic-Tacs at some guys in the hall, then slams the door. She looks around the classroom -- everyone is staring at her, especially Mr. Laske.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY

What?!

Noel and Yumi sit at the lab table, their biosphere models in front of them. Noel looks good -- she wears a cute sweater and a touch of lip gloss.

Noel's model is sparkling -- beautifully sculpted chickens and goats. Yumi's module has a clay river with fish, water being pumped across solar collectors. Neat labels explain the systems. Lots of effort has gone into these projects.

Tracy is taken aback.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Today's the due date!? Wow! I left mine at home. You guys could have called to remind me--

NOEL

We left you a bunch of messages...

Noel and Yumi stare at the bruises. Tracy covers her lip -- her voice gets shaky. She turns to Mr. Laske.

TRACY

Our phone got turned off last Tuesday -- we're having family problems...

Mr. Laske stares at Tracy, then hands her a hall pass.

MR. LASKE

(whispering low)

Go to the counselor, Tracy, she'll talk to your mom...

Tracy ducks out of the classroom. There's a smear of blood on her hand where she touched her lip.

INT. GIRL'S RESTROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Astrid leans on the sink, smoking and super-gluing little jewels to her face. Tracy runs in and kicks the trash can.

TRACY

Fuck.

Astrid stares at Tracy's face, then hands her a brownie.

ASTRID

Take a bite, you'll feel better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tracy munches the brownie, then drinks out of the tap to wash it down. She rinses blood off her lip.

TRACY

Wanna go to the boardwalk, sell some
shit?

She looks up and sees that Astrid is gone.

Alone in the restroom, Tracy leans over the sink -- woozy, wobbly. She retches into the bowl, collapsing against the porcelain.

Tracy finally pulls herself up and looks into the mirror. She studies her face -- her bruises, her heavy makeup, her lip still dripping blood.

She takes a deep breath, staring at her image...

INT. TOYOTA -- AFTERNOON

Melanie drives away from school, Tracy and Evie ride in the back seat. Tracy rubs her temples, then laughs uneasily.

TRACY

I can't remember how to spell
photographer.

Melanie glances at the girls in the rear view mirror. Their makeup is smeared, the bruises are starting to show. Melanie makes a quick left turn.

EVIE

Hey, where are we going, Mel?

EXT. EVIE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX

Melanie runs out of her Toyota and climbs up the stairs. The girls follow.

TRACY

She's not here. She would have called.

But the door to Brooke's apartment is wide open.

INT. EVIE'S APARTMENT

Melanie knocks, then storms inside.

MELANIE

I've been calling for two weeks-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Melanie sees Brooke, laying back on the sofa, wrapped in a blanket, surrounded by prescription bottles. She's wearing a skullcap pulled down low. Her chin is bruised -- she looks like shit. One of the Goatee Musicians massages her neck.

Tracy and Evie run in the door. They are taken aback.

EVIE

MOM!!! You fucking junkie-

BROOKE

It's not that, Evie. Shut your mouth... I didn't want you to see me...

The Musician ducks outside, avoiding Evie's gaze. Brooke starts to fall apart.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

THEY CUT OFF MY EARS.

MELANIE

What...

Brooke pulls off her cap: her ears are still there, red and oily, with a seam of hideous purple stitches in front of her ears. Her entire chin and neck are badly bruised.

BROOKE

They cut off my ears...

Tracy screams -- Melanie tries to shove the girls outside.

MELANIE

What's going on!?!... Go out by the pool, Tracy and Evie... Go.

Tracy and Evie clasp hands but they don't leave.

BROOKE

I had that little turkey neck thing, you know... I mean, I've got a kid to support-

MELANIE

You had a face-lift-

TRACY

You were so pretty, Brooke-

BROOKE

Evie knows what I'm talking about -- that little flap of skin... My ears hurt so bad -- look...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Evie and Tracy step forward to look. Tracy gasps, eyes wide. She clutches Evie tightly.

MELANIE

Girls, please go outside... Brooke, is this like a standard procedure or-

BROOKE

Yes... they have to tuck the skin somewhere, I guess. I just didn't realize...

MELANIE

Well, is everything okay, then?

BROOKE

Yeah... I'm sorry... I just don't know if anyone will ever wanna kiss me again...

Brooke wipes her nose, stands up, and stumbles into the bathroom. Melanie takes a deep breath.

MELANIE

Evie, I'll bring your suitcase over later.

EVIE

So you're not going to adopt me, Mel?

Melanie looks at Tracy. Tracy turns to Evie.

TRACY

Well, Evie, your Mom is back.

WHOA.

Evie wasn't expecting that -- the betrayal hits her hard. She flashes a look at Tracy that slices right through her, then rushes out the door.

EXT. EVIE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX

Tracy races down the walkway, turns a corner, and stops still. Her POV: Evie is pressed up against the elevator door, pushing her face into the polished metal. Distraught.

Tracy backs up quietly, leaving Evie alone.

INT. TRACY'S ROOM -- THE NEXT MORNING

RAMP UP TO SLOW MOTION as Tracy pops a handful of pills.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mechanically, she blow-dries her hair. She pulls it back into a J-lo pony tail, yanking it so tight that she nearly winces. She swabs alcohol on her busted lip, then carefully applies dark red lipstick. She layers thick base over the bruises, completing her mask.

FLASH. Tracy climbs up a grassy hill -- gleaming in the sunlight. Her makeup is extra-bright, her skirt extra-shiny.

INT. VENICE MIDDLE SCHOOL HALL -- MORNING

Tracy walks into school with a fabulous frozen smile. Kids move around her -- waving at her, hugging her, passing her notes. She hugs them back, going through the motions.

EXT. MATH CLASSROOM

Kids file into class -- Tracy hustles to catch up with Noel.

TRACY

Noel, I need to-

Yumi steps in front of her.

YUMI

You've already hurt her enough, Tracy.
You don't have to tell everyone she's
been stealing your homework - **you're** the
one that's failing English.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS

Tracy talks to Ms. Flores. She's eating Weight Watchers chicken and green beans, at her desk, grading papers.

MS. FLORES

You made F's on the last three tests and
you haven't turned in any homework. On
that basis alone, you're going to fail.
You'll be held back in seventh grade.

TRACY

What? They can hold me back?

MS. FLORES

And there's the matter of cheating in
your math class. Your name was mentioned
in Impact group today.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD -- GRAFFITI STEPS -- LUNCH

Tracy charges over to the steps -- the former "hangout" location. Ruben and some buddies are there, eating Big Macs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY
You seen Evie?

The boys shrug, turn away smirking.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Well, fuck you.

She's got plenty of attitude, but no volume. The boys don't even hear her.

EXT. VENICE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DROP OFF ZONE-- END OF DAY

Tracy walks out of school alone. She hurries to catch up with Astrid and the Evie Look-Alike. They don't seem to notice her.

TRACY
Hey girlies... Astrid...

Tracy's voice is drowned out before Astrid can hear her.

CAR STEREO RAP (O.S.)
You play the same way, you freak me...

An open top black Jeep roars up, Conrad at the wheel, Evie, Javi, and some of the hotties in the back. Party patrol.

Astrid and the Look-Alike climb in -- Evie waves at Tracy. Tracy steps forward, waving, but the Jeep peels out, trailing laughter and exhaust.

CAR STEREO RAP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
She ain't playing... aftermath... The
last laugh... aftermath...

Tracy laughs, waiting for them to back up for her.... But they never return.

Tracy looks around. No one seems to have been watching her. She turns on her strut and hurries down the street, shoes clicking over the cracked sidewalk.

INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM -- LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Tracy dials the phone and waits. She lights up a cigarette, staring at a gauzy mall "Star Shots" photo of herself and Evie. They're glammed out to the max.

TRACY
Answer the phone, Evie...

The phone keeps ringing and ringing. Tracy slams it down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY (CONT'D)
Fuck caller ID.

She hides her cigarette behind her back and storms out.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- WASHINGTON BOULEVARD

Tracy dials the phone. This time, Evie answers.

TRACY
Evie! That was hilarious... Now, come
pick me up ... what? It's Tracy! Can
you hear me? Evie... call me back...

Tracy hangs up the phone.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Shit... call me back, Evie.

FORTY MINUTES LATER -- SUNSET

Tracy sits on the curb, smoking another cigarette, drinking
from a bottle in a brown paper bag, staring at the long
shadows of the phone booth. She gives up and walks down the
street.

INT. TRACY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Tracy looks at her answering machine. "O" messages. Pissed,
she reaches under her dresser, feeling around for something.
She pulls off a lip balm tin that was taped to the underside
of her bottom drawer. She opens the lid: it's empty.

TRACY
Shit.

Tracy punches her pillow, then flings herself down on the
bed.

BANG BANG. There's a loud rapping on the window.

Startled, Tracy whips around to see a couple of dark gangsta
guys (20's) lurking outside.

TALL GANGSTA
Heard you've got some shit to sell.

TRACY
You must have the wrong house.

Tracy shoots a look down the hall, then tries to pull the
curtain closed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALL GANGSTA
Come party with us, Tra-cy...

Panicked, Tracy rushes out of the room and slams the door.

INT. HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM

Tracy runs into the living room -- Kayla plays Barbies on the couch -- the front door is wide open. Tracy charges past her and slams the door shut, throwing the deadbolt. Heart racing, she pulls the front drapes closed just as the guys appear in the window.

Brady walks into the living room, pumping a hand weight, listening to headphones. Tracy nods at him, glad that he's here. She hears the sound of a car starting and peeling off away from the house. Tracy exhales, relieved.

She approaches the bathroom door, tries to open it.

MASON (O.S.)
Just a minute!

TRACY
Hurry up...

Tracy paces the hall, then kicks the door.

TRACY (CONT'D)
What, are you JACKING OFF in there?

Melanie peeks into the hall, dressed in her salon apron.

MELANIE
I have a client, Tracy.

TRACY
Told you I was having a BAD DAY.

Mason exits the bathroom.

MASON
I can't wait til you move to Dad's.

Mason ducks into his room and shuts the door.

TRACY
What'd you say?!

She pushes open Mason's door. He slams it shut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASON (O.S.)

Nothing. I just heard Mom and Denise
talking about it awhile ago ... Forget
it.

All the color drains from Tracy's face. She flies into the
bathroom and slams the door.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Tracy jerks up her sleeves and searches behind the Band-Aid
box for her manicure scissors -- they're not there. She rips
the medicine cabinet apart, then grabs Brady's razor.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Tracy pulls down a towel. Blood drips down the cabinet. A
lot of blood. She sinks to the floor.

KNOCK KNOCK. Tracy looks at the door, panicked.

TRACY

Just a minute, already!

Frantic, she tries to stop the flow.

EXT. PLAYGROUND -- GYM CLASS -- THE NEXT DAY

Tracy jogs around the track, panting, falling behind. She's
the only girl wearing a long sleeve shirt over her gym
clothes. She ducks behind a portable building, hiding in the
shade, rubbing her temples, closing her eyes.

YVETTE (O.S.)

You nasty...

Tracy looks up to see two tough black chicks towering over
her -- she's trapped, but tries to play it cool. The bigger
girl, YVETTE, leans in.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

I heard that you was used.

Tracy's face tightens -- she tries to cover.

TRACY

By who?

YVETTE

Conrad. On the stairs at Nona's party.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY

It never happened, but think whatever the fuck you want. I gotta go.

Tracy stands up, makes a move. Yvette shoves her.

YVETTE

Bitch, I better not find out you was lyin...

TRACY

Bitch, you better not touch me again.

Tracy shoves her back.

Yvette charges at Tracy, but it ends fast -- a kid yells from the track -- a Security Guard blows a whistle -- Tracy and Yvette run.

YVETTE

This isn't over...

EXT. VENICE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DROP OFF ZONE-- AFTERNOON

Kids are milling around after school. Tracy approaches Astrid and the hotties. They pretend not to notice her. Tracy takes a deep breath, then taps Astrid.

TRACY

Hey, you guys seen Evie today?

ASTRID

How should we know where she is?!

The girls howl with laughter. Tracy shrugs and walks away from school, heading toward a phone booth, ready to flee.

HONK! Tracy looks up to see the Mustang waiting at the curb. She searches for an escape route -- it's too late.

BRADY

Your mom sent me to pick you up.

TRACY

What's going on? I'm supposed to be at study group at Yumi's house-

BRADY

I don't think so, Tracy. Get in.

INT. MUSTANG -- MOVING DOWN THE FREELAND STREET

Brady drives, Tracy rides in the front seat. No one talks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shadows from the elms shift across the windshield, playing over Tracy's face...

She looks at Noel's house as they drive past -- the drapes in the picture window are drawn tight.

At Luke's house, there's a "FOR RENT" sign out front.

As the car approaches her own home, it looks different...

There's an unfamiliar burgundy Cadillac in the driveway behind Melanie's Toyota. Brady parks, turns off the engine. Tracy doesn't move.

Brady leans across and opens her door. Tracy clutches his arm.

TRACY
Come with me, Brady.

Brady shakes his head.

BRADY
I've been there, girl. You'll be okay...

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tracy enters the house. Melanie and **Brooke** sit on the couch, red-eyed, stern. **Evie** sits on the easy chair, looking very uneasy. This does not look good.

Tracy takes a deep breath.

TRACY
Hey, Evie. Hey, Brooke, you healed up great...

Tracy points to Brooke's neck. Brooke glares at her.

MELANIE
Sit down.

TRACY
I have to go pee.

MELANIE
Leave your purse and backpack here.

Tracy looks at her mother, shocked and offended.

TRACY
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She walks into the hall and peeks into Mason's room. He looks at her, then walks over and gives her an awkward hug. He returns to his computer. Tracy nods and disappears into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM/HALLWAY

Tracy looks up at the window -- it's way too tiny to fit through. Tracy stares in the mirror.

TRACY

Fuck.

She sets her jaw, then turns the doorknob and exits. Evie rushes up to her, kisses her cheek.

TRACY (CONT'D)

What the hell-

EVIE

She found my stash... I had to...
(she throws her arms around Tracy,
hugging her tight)
I love you -- more than anyone in the
world. Remember, you're my girl...

Tracy looks at Evie strangely, but Evie squeezes her harder.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Evie drops down onto the easy chair, pulling Tracy onto her lap, wrapping her arm around her waist. Melanie sits hugging her knees, fighting to remain composed.

Brooke empties a shoe box onto the coffee table. Tons of pills, a baggie of cheap weed, re-rolled cigarettes, a half-used box of Trojans, a pile of clothing sensors. Orange ink squirted on a new blouse.

MELANIE

(with real anguish)

Tracy...

TRACY

What? That shit isn't mine-

MELANIE

(holding back tears)

We ... found ... it ...

TRACY

What, Mom? I can't hear you-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Melanie is traumatized. Brooke steps up in front of Tracy.

BROOKE

We found it stashed all around your room,
Tracy. All your little hiding places.

Evie tries to hold onto her, but Tracy breaks away from Evie.
She's blown away by the enormity of her betrayal.

TRACY

Jesus, Evie-

EVIE

They made me do it ... You don't get it-

TRACY

Oh yeah, I get it-

Brooke wraps her arm protectively around Evie's shoulder.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Who the FUCK do you think you are going
into my room?!

BROOKE

Somebody better go in there before the
police come after you.

Brooke throws down a big wad of dirty cash. Twenties,
fifties, hundreds. Tracy stares at the money.

MELANIE

(softly)

How do explain 860 dollars in your purse?

Tracy looks hard at her mother.

TRACY

What do you expect me to say!?! We
jacked it, okay?! It's not like your
broke ass ever has any money to give me,
Mom... When Brady went to the halfway
house, what happened to our cable? Our
phone? You didn't even know how to pay
the bills!... No wonder Dad didn't wanna
be with you -- you didn't even finish
high school-

MELANIE

We don't have extra stuff, but we're
doing okay. Tracy -- you know we're
doing okay ... You don't have to steal-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRACY

Mom, you knew what was going on with all those clothes -- Christ, you're not that dumb, are you?

MELANIE

I didn't know it went that far... I mean, your father is supposed-

TRACY

Dad said you tricked him when you got pregnant-

MELANIE

We've been over this a hundred times! You've seen your birth video... We both really wanted to have you and Mason... I'm always here for you -- always, Tracy... right here in front of you.

Melanie is stricken. Tracy looks around -- suddenly aware of Brooke. Brooke stands up, pulls her coat on.

BROOKE

We're moving away from here. I don't want Evie seeing you any more. Ever. You're a bad influence on her, Tracy. You're cruel. You cheat, you lie, you steal, you party-

TRACY

Are you kidding?! Who do you think I learned this shit from!?

MELANIE

Brooke, Tracy was playing Barbies before she met your daughter-

Embarrassed, Tracy shoots a look at her mother. Furious, Brooke steps up to Tracy.

BROOKE

You hit Evie, I've seen the bruises-

TRACY

What did you tell her, Evie-

BROOKE

You deny you hit her? What about this?

Brooke pulls back Evie's hair to reveal the cut above her eyebrow from the Dust Off party. It's barely scabbed over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TRACY

What the fuck?! We were just goofing-

MELANIE

Tracy didn't hit her-

EVIE

Oh, yes she did-

TRACY

(Incredulous)

I don't believe this. She hit me-

Brooke is getting desperate.

BROOKE

Look at this, Melanie-

She grabs Tracy's arm, starts to pull up her sleeve.

TRACY

Don't you dare!

Tracy jerks away and runs for the back door -- she glances
Birdie watching from the garage.

Tracy runs back into the living room -- heading for the front
door -- dodging Brooke -- running over a chair, shattering a
lamp, trying to open the front door. It's chain-locked --
Brady's sitting outside in his car.

Trapped like an animal, Tracy pounds on the door. Brooke
grabs Tracy's wrist.

MELANIE

Get your hands off her-

BROOKE

She cuts...

Brooke yanks up Tracy's sleeve.

Tracy's ARM IS BADLY CUT -- crisscrossed with thick red
lines.

Melanie screams -- a mother wounded.

Tracy jerks away from Brooke.

TRACY

It's none of your business, you fucking
Frankenstein!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BROOKE

My child is my business, you little cunt!

MELANIE

That is enough. YOU NEED TO LEAVE NOW,
BROOKE.

Melanie is terrifying, forceful.

Brooke pushes Evie toward the back door. Evie stares at
Melanie and Tracy.

EVIE

Gladly. Who would want to hang out in
this white trash shithole anyway? It
fucking stinks in here.

Evie slams the door before she loses her composure.

Melanie rushes to hug Tracy. Tracy turns away, smashing
herself into the corner, pounding her head into the door.

TRACY

Just leave me alone! I hate you. Get
away!

MELANIE

I won't leave you alone. You're my
heart. You're my **daughter**. I love you
and your brother more than anything on
earth and I'll die for you but I won't
leave you alone right now.

Melanie is stronger than we've ever seen her. Tracy is struck
silent. Sensing a chance, Melanie tries to hug her.

TRACY

You don't love me. Mason said you want
me to move in with Dad.

Tracy shoves her mother **hard**. Melanie grabs her arm, pulls
her away from the wall, forcefully wraps her in her arms.

MELANIE

Honey, I want your Dad to be in your life
more...

Melanie turns her face away, searching her soul.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(speaking very softly)

I ... want you here with me. I'll make
it right...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Out of Tracy's sight, tears stream down Melanie's face. She hugs her daughter tightly.

TRACY

It can't ever be right.

Tracy's face compresses into a frozen photograph of rage. Push in tight on her eyes as she tries to find a way out.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Get off me.

But Melanie doesn't -- she holds her tightly. Tracy thrashes.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Stop holding me. LET GO.

Melanie holds onto Tracy. Tracy elbows her, tries to twist away, but Melanie grabs her. She kisses her daughter's wrists, her cuts.

Tracy clenches her eyes shut, tightening her jaw, compressing her emotions into the tiniest volume possible -- not letting anything out...

Melanie carries Tracy kicking into her bedroom. She lays her down on the bed, crawls in behind her and wraps her arms around her daughter. Tracy is coiled, ready to spring. Melanie squeezes her tighter.

Tracy looks down at her mother's arms.

The same olive skin as hers.

She looks at her mother's hands.

Calloused, her perfect polish now chipped.

Her nails bitten ragged.

Tracy touches her mother's index finger -- the cuticle is bloody.

Slowly the sobs start coming. Loud. Horrific. Desperate.

Melanie holds her tighter, rocking her back and forth. Tracy squeezes her mother's arms.

Tracy's sobs finally grow softer, sporadic.

Then silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Tracy watches the sun sink -- the window turns rosy, then darkens.

Tracy is still in her mother's arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Tracy and Melanie sleep in their clothes and shoes, on top of the blankets.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

First rays of sunlight land on Tracy and Melanie. Tracy stirs, sits up, and looks at her mother, still asleep.

MUSIC and CREDITS ROLL OVER

Tracy holding tight to the merry-go-round.

Spinning.

Shadow chasing the merry-go-round, barking at Tracy.

Spinning.

Tracy throws her head back and

Y E L L S

Spinning into a blur of color.

THE END