

Future Reunion
Feature Excerpt

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EXT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - MORNING

Groups of excited high school seniors mill around.

The electronic announcement board on the front lawn reads:
"CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF 2005! COMMENCEMENT CEREMONY
TOMORROW 12PM."

Two figures stand out: ROSIE EVANS (18) petite former tomboy; MADDY SHELDON (18) one of those naturally attractive girls.

MADDY

I totally thought I'd feel
something.

ROSIE

I don't know if I want to kiss it
or flip it off.

MADDY

Don't give them more reason to send
you to summer school.

ROSIE

Why'd you have to bring that up?
Can't we celebrate me miraculously
not being grounded?

MADDY

I wish you were grounded, that way
The Jared's' party wouldn't even be
an option.

ROSIE

And I wish we could fast forward
time, what can you do?

MADDY

Like in *Back to the Future*?

ROSIE

No Mads, that's back.

MADDY

Not in the second one.

BELL RINGS.

In no rush, Maddy and Rosie join the morning crush of students. They push their way through, shoulder to shoulder.

A young freshman (15) walks by briskly, nearly knocks Rosie's binder out of her hands. She whips around to him.

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE
 Watch it! Seniors coming through.
 Class of oh-five!

Rosie barks half-jokingly, scares him off.

MADDY
 Classy.

LIZ THOMPSON (17) tan, broad shouldered water-polo player,
 approaches. She hugs them roughly, holding back tears.

LIZ
 Can you guys believe this is our
 last morning together?

MADDY
 I can, I've been counting down the
 days.

Rosie elbows Maddy, be nice.

ROSIE
 It was just hitting me and Maddy
 now. So heavy.

LIZ
 I thought I heard you barking
 again, Rosie.
 (to Maddy)
 How have you not signed my yearbook
 yet? Humboldt and Oregon aren't
 that far away from each other.
 Spring Break!

MADDY
 I'm pretty sure Rosie and I already
 have plans.

ROSIE
 But whenever I road trip up that
 way, I'll totally crash for the
 night.

LIZ
 Are you guys going to The Jared's
 party tonight?

	MADDY		ROSIE
No.		Yes.	

LIZ

Uh-Okay, see you guys in there.

Liz walks up the steps, into the auditorium.

ROSIE

Is there a particular reason you're hateful this morning, or just regular passive aggressive?

MADDY

Fister Liz-ster? You came up with the colorful analogy, looser than a pair of MC Hammer pants.

ROSIE

First of all, I'm a poet. Secondly, sorry I can't randomly hate everyone on a dime. I might run into them at 7-11 after we graduate.

MADDY

All this sappy, senior crap is getting to you too. You don't want to see these people ever again as much as I do.

ROSIE

I'm being friendly. You can't admit there's literally one person you can stand here, besides me.

(looking around)

And wouldn't you know, here comes your man.

FLETCHER DALTON (18) blond haired, blue-eyed skater, almost saunters past Maddy.

MADDY

(mumbles)

Fletcher, hey...

FLETCHER

Madison, sup. Going to the assembly? Last one, seniors only. Oh-five!

He goes up for a high-five, she returns it enthusiastically.

MADDY

Totally going...in there. Cause a senior...is what I am. Like you. Cause we're the same age and stuff.

(CONTINUED)

FLETCHER

Right.

MADDY

Are you going to The Jared's party tonight?

ROSIE

(to Maddy)

Oh, now we're going?

MADDY

(to Rosie, playing it cool)

We were always planning on going.

FLETCHER

(to Maddy)

Really? Cause I never see you at parties. I thought you were like...one them, book-nerd types.

MADDY

You mean, book worm? Well, I am an only child, so I spent a lot of time...

FLETCHER

(interrupting)

Cool, see you tonight then.

Fletcher turns away to greet a friend, enters the auditorium. Maddy watches him leave, she might as well have cartoon hearts for eyes.

ROSIE

I don't get his appeal. He's like, the poster boy for a retarded Aryan race.

MADDY

You're one to talk. You lost it to a guy with a robot arm!

ROSIE

He made a robot arm. Big difference, book nerd.

MADDY

Please don't make that a thing.

Rosie and Maddy walk inside to...

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

...different senior cliques sprawled out. They talk-yell over each other, text on circa 2005 cellphones, or sign yearbooks.

Maddy and Rosie duck to the back row, look for seats.

ROSIE

I'm glad you came around on the party. We're in the last twenty-four hours of being seniors, let's carpe that diem.

MADDY

I'm still not sure my definition would include going to The Jared's party. It still creeps me out they got popular after getting suspended for a sex tape.

ROSIE

It's not my fault the gross-outs throw the best parties.

MADDY

Why do you care about going so much?

ROSIE

I like drinking and puking at other peoples houses.

They run into a pair of large, altered boobs...

SHELBY MORGAN (18) the pint-sized, third musketeer of sorts, wobbles forward - still adjusting to her new addition.

SHELBY

Ladies! Did you get my S-M-S this morning?

MADDY

Your what?

ROSIE

(to Shelby)
Can I touch them?

SHELBY

Of course! That's all anyone's asking.

Rosie reaches out, feels Shelby up.

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE

Mads, you've gotta try them, they feel super real.

Rosie grabs her own boob, compares them to Shelby's. Maddy shakes her head, looks the other way.

SHELBY

Careful, the left one's wonky. I sat up weird trying to get the remote and it...shifted. Getting it reset after graduation.

MADDY

Just in time for Hooters opening.

SHELBY

How'd you know I was applying there?

ROSIE

We're in for tonight. But don't you think getting a limo is killing it?

SHELBY

The Jared's party is the closest thing I'm getting to prom.

ROSIE

You should have waited till after graduation to get those things.

SHELBY

Ew. I don't want show my grand kids pictures of my high school graduation all...flat chested.

MADDY

(quietly)
You plan on having grand kids? Terrifying.

ROSIE

(loud)
Alright, limo it is.

Shelby smiles, reaches into her giant designer purse. She presents two gift wrapped jewelry boxes.

SHELBY

Happy Graduation, bitches!

Maddy and Rosie open them, sterling silver tennis bracelets.

(CONTINUED)

SHELBY(CONTD)

I know, I shouldn't have. But
nothing is too good for my girls.

Shelby jerks them into a three-way hug, Maddy struggles to avoid it.

ROSIE

Thanks Shelby.

SHELBY

That's how much you guys mean to me. Like, I don't know how I would of made it through high school without our friendship. We're like, sisters!

MADDY

(dry)

Yeah.

PRINCIPAL JORDAN (40s), stern Hispanic man, takes the stage.

He clears his throat into the mic, minimizes the student chit-chat.

PRINCIPAL JORDAN

Alright, seniors! We're about to start commencement rehearsal. Why don't you show me you're adults by finding a seat and settling down. You have two minutes.

Principal Jordan sets the timer on his watch, walks off.

SHELBY

I'll pick your asses up at 9.

Shelby backs out of the aisle, blows Maddy and Rosie air kisses.

ROSIE

Did you save us seats?

SHELBY

Not exactly. I told The Jared's if they brought me Jamba Juice, they could see my surgery scars. 9 o'clock. Be ready, sluts.

Shelby clears a path through a cluster of seniors, leaves.

Maddy and Rosie take the seats closest to them, settle in.

(CONTINUED)

MADDY

I like how she jokingly calls us sluts, even though she's the one with nickname porch girl.

ROSIE

Banging. Porches. There's a joke there, come back to me.

Rosie grabs the Sharpie from her pocket, starts to doodle on the person in front of her.

MADDY

I don't think I can come to tonight, I'm not feeling good.

ROSIE

Don't you pull that on me, hosebag.
(turns to Maddy)
We are going to this party. You are going to look hot. And you are going to bang Fletcher before you leave for college. Possibly in a limo.

Rosie goes back her sketch with purpose. Maddy throws her bracelet back in the box, shuts it in a huff.

MADDY

These bracelets are faker than her new rack.

ROSIE

(distracted)
Harsh, I'll get Shelby some burn sauce.

MADDY

Going to this party with her defeats the purpose of going, to forget these last four years.

ROSIE

You told that beautiful idiot Fletchy-Poo you were gonna be there. You're gonna have to let sleeping dogs lie, dude.

MADDY

What does that mean?

Loudspeakers suddenly blare basketball half-time music, the whole auditorium turns toward the stage.

(CONTINUED)

Out walks ASB president, ERIN LIPPMANN (18). Frizzy haired and earnest, she grabs the mic off its stand.

ERIN

What's up, seniors? As your A-S-B president, this is officially my last announcement. I want start it off by saying, thanks for voting for me again, making it a truly remarkable year for us mighty Rajahs.

(chokes up)

Most importantly, the votes are in, the 2005 senior present to the school will be...

Erin unfolds paper carefully, she starts a drum roll on thigh with her free hand. No one joins her on the drum roll.

ERIN(CONTD)

...Floor mats! Alright, please line up alphabetically, in your assigned rows. Go class of oh-five!

Erin scurries away. Students grumble and stand.

Maddy and Rosie remain seated, tuck in their knees for people to pass.

ROSIE

If I ever look back and say, these were the best days of our lives, kill me.

Rosie leans back, finished with her canvas.

INSERT - ROSIE'S DRAWING:

A cartoon hand giving the finger to the words, "Class of 2005"

BACK TO SCENE

It's crass but clearly, she has a gift.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Rosie drops a gigantic stack of long forgotten, stained books on the library counter.

ROBERT DOYLE (18) dressed like he's in for a day at the office in pressed slacks and starched polo; his ennui is palpable.

(CONTINUED)

He can't hide his disdain for Rosie and her pile of blatantly overdue books.

ROSIE
Better late than never, right
Doyle?

ROBERT
Like I tell you every unfortunate
time we must interact, I prefer to
be called Robert.

Resentful, Robert slowly scans each of the books on the counter.

ROSIE
I know, Robert. I'm just getting my
last digs in.

ROBERT
Don't get ahead of yourself,
Rosalind. We'll be seeing each
other in summer school.

ROSIE
How'd you find that out, Bob?

ROBERT
Being the year round office TA has
its perks.

ROSIE
Like what? Free labor for the
school district and a diverse group
of teacher-friends?
(beat)
Besides, I could pass that econ
final, you don't know my life.

ROBERT
That's true, thankfully, I don't.
But I do know two things without
question. One: summer school is
mandatory.

ROSIE
(interrupts)
It hasn't been the last three times
I was mandated to go.

ROBERT
And two: I know what you did my
senior photo. And you will pay
dearly for it.

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE

I told you already, Doyle, it's why yearbook staff tells everyone not to wear shirts with graphics on them.

ROBERT

You put that semen drawing on there on purpose! I saw you!

ROSIE

You didn't see me do anything because I didn't put semen anywhere. Damn dude, try going outside every once in a while.

ROBERT

No! I will not. Not until I gather the sufficient evidence needed to take you down.

ROSIE

Take me down? Look around, Doyle. It's over, baby. Let it go.

Rosie knocks some books over on the counter, turns to leave. Doyle watches her, glares, continues to her put away books.

INT. ROSIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Distinct teenage girl clutter. Heaps of clothes, discarded plates with leftover food, school textbooks, band posters on the walls.

TV on mute, Rosie sits behind her iMac desktop, headphones play loud rap music.

Rosie intermittently types, leans back to read.

INSERT - ON THE COMPUTER:

"Dear Guys (Mom, Dad, Maddy, & I guess Gus):

The only thing worse than school is summer school. So, I regret to inform you, I will be leaving town directly following graduation.

Mads, I'm mainly sorry to you. You'll do great at Oregon State. Me peace'ing to Taos Art is for the best."

Cursor blinks

BACK TO SCENE

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE

At least it stopped sounding like a
suicide note.

Rosie holds down the delete button, puts her fingers back on
the keys, stops.

She moves to a stack of disorganized papers, begins
shuffling them with purpose.

Rosie pauses on two official-looking letters addressed to
her.

INSERT - ON THE LETTERS:

Acceptance to "Taos, N.M. Arts Academy: Summer Program"

The other, "Rajah's Mandatory Summer School: Remedial Math"

Both start "June 30th, 2005"

BACK TO SCENE

Rosie closes her eyes, throws both letters in the air, holds
out a hand to catch one.

She opens her eyes, her hand holds onto "Taos Art Academy".
Rosie smiles, resumes typing.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Rosie doesn't hear Maddy enter, scares the crap out of her.

Frantically, Rosie shuts down her computer, quickly crumples
the letter in her hand.

Maddy skeptically eyeballs her, staring down Rosie's ratty
sweatpants.

MADDY

You're bailing, aren't you?

ROSIE

What-no. I don't bail. What'd you
see?

MADDY

I see you totally not ready to go
to The Jared's party. Shelby's
outside.

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE
Oh, that. I'm still down.

MADDY
Why does it look like you're going
to world's most depressing
sleepover?

ROSIE
(defensive)
I'm about to change. You could of
knocked.

MADDY
I did. We don't have to go, I
rented "Mean Girls" again, just in
case.

ROSIE
Give me five minutes.

Maddy playfully sticks her tongue out, leaves. The door
closes, Rosie slumps over, relieved.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSEHOLD - SAME

Dressed up by her standards, Rosie meets Maddy on the porch.

MADDY
Last chance to turn back, she
hasn't seen us.

The limo idles curbside, speakers reverberating terrible
house music.

The sunroof opens, out pops Shelby, sing-shouting made up
lyrics.

ROSIE
And like that, the night has
officially begun.

SHELBY
Come on bitches, the party is here!

Rosie drags Maddy down the walkway to the limo, pushes her
inside.

INT. THE JARED'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Party in full swing, teenagers hold red cups around the dance floor/DJ set-up.

At the center, holding various parts of an intricate beer bong, FOOTBALL PLAYERS (18).

FOOTBALL PLAYERS
(chanting)
Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!

Shelby interrupts the football players.

SHELBY
My turn boys.

Fletcher hands Shelby the funnel, his gaze on her chest.

FLETCHER
You might need a hand, it gets
overpowering when it starts.

SHELBY
I've spent the last two weeks
eating through a feeding tube. You
can watch what I've learned.

Fletcher straightens up. He signals to the football players to get the beer bong ready.

Shelby becomes engulfed by dudes, Maddy and Rosie groan at the spectacle.

ROSIE
Jesus.

MADDY
I hate you so much right now.

ROSIE
How long till she actually loses
her top?

Maddy scowls at Rosie.

ROSIE (CONTD)
Drink?

INT. THE JARED'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

At the sink, Maddy and Rosie belligerently knock back shots. They're green, coughing, nearly puking.

Rowdy party goers force them to scoot down to rack up a line of wasabi.

PARTY GOER #1
Don't pussy out, Jacob.

JACOB LANG (18) keen to please, Ginger kid, puffs out his chest.

JACOB
You're the pussy, fag. Give me the money first.

Party Goer #1 hands him a wad of cash, Jacob counts it.

JACOB(CONTD)
(shouts)
Nagasaki.

Jacob does the line, stands up red-faced.

ROWDY PARTY GOERS
Sick! You're the man, Jacob!

Quickly, he pushes Maddy out of the way - pukes into the sink.

ROWDY PARTY GOERS(CONTD)
Oooooohhhh! Ahhhhh! You're not the man, Jacob!

ROSIE
(to Jacob)
How much did you get?

JACOB
(retches)
Twenty-eight bucks.

ROSIE
Hope it can buy you a blowie cause no one will touch you tonight, otherwise.

Rosie stiffly pats his back, her and Maddy turn to leave.

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE

Waste of money. I got him to do a line of paprika two weeks ago, free.

MADDY

That makes you part of the problem.

ROSIE

You think so?

One of the Jared's, JARED HARRIS (18) enters, crowd swarms him.

Jared quiets applause, grabs liquid soap, overfills the nearby dishwasher.

Bubbles begin to spill out, everyone goes nuts.

Maddy and Rosie grab booze, scramble to leave, Jared blocks them.

JARED HARRIS

Where's Shelby? She has to get in on this.

MADDY

Oh, hi Jared. Nice to see you, too.

JARED HARRIS

Don't give me shit. I want all of us to have an equally good time.

ROSIE

Then get out of the way.

JARED HARRIS

I see how it is.

MADDY

You do? Rosie, that's why he insists on wearing sunglasses inside!

ROSIE

It was the mystery of our generation, really.

Jared stands between Rosie and Maddy, he slides an arm around their waists.

(CONTINUED)

JARED HARRIS

That's good. Why don't the three of us tell each other some jokes upstairs.

ROSIE

Is this all part of the joke?

MADDY

I've got one.

ROSIE

Stop us if you've heard this before, Jared.

Maddy and Rosie systematically peel Jared off of them.

MADDY

Knock, knock.

JARED HARRIS

Who's there?

ROSIE

Never gonna happen.

Maddy and Rosie triumphantly squeeze past him to...

INT. THE JARED'S PARTY - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...the party bumping and grinding to top 40 hits.

Shelby dances closely with JARED WOODS (18), dressed similarly to Jared Harris: sunglasses, collar of his polo popped; it's their douche uniform.

ROSIE(CONTD)

(to Maddy)

Wouldn't it be funny if one of her boobs exploded all over him?

MADDY

I thought you liked Shelby.

ROSIE

I said, what if.

MADDY

Have you seen Fletcher around again?

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE

No. But do I see Big Tits-No Neck
about to transmit some sexual
disease to T-Rex arms Kyle.

LIBBY SHARP (18) buxom blond, is wrapped around KYLE
HAZELWOOD (18), gangly baseball player.

On an armchair, he makes every effort to find her neck,
gives up and sucks on her ear, hard.

MADDY

She better switch up her angle
before he full on mouth-rapes that
side of her face.

ROSIE

I'd pay twenty-eight bucks to see
that.

MADDY

Gross. I feel drunk enough to
dance, maybe he's over there.

ROSIE

God's speed, young one horny one.

Maddy hands Rosie her alcohol, makes her way to the dance
floor.

Rosie people-watches the dance floor. RACHEL LARSON (18),
hippie chic with dreadlocks and trendy outfit, taps her on
the shoulder.

RACHEL

How funny, I just saw your brother
outside.

ROSIE

Gus? He sold you weed.

RACHEL

Yeah! Do you want to smoke?

ROSIE

I'm good.

RACHEL

Are you walking tomorrow? I heard
you weren't graduating.

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE

I am, I don't get my diploma until I finish summer school.

RACHEL

Oh, that's too bad. I was really looking forward to seeing you around at Taos Art.

ROSIE

Well, I got in and haven't graduated yet. I'm weighing my options.

RACHEL

Exciting! If you go, we should head down together, save on gas money. Does Maddy still have that Subaru?

ROSIE

Yeah. Could you hold off on mentioning that to her? She's like, stressed out with moving to Oregon, ya know?

RACHEL

No worries, I'm not even sure she likes me anyway.

ROSIE

She hates everyone, don't feel special. Get super high, we're graduating tomorrow, Rachel.

RACHEL

Have fun tonight, see you later.

Solo, sweaty Maddy returns in time to wave good-bye to Rachel.

MADDY

What was that about?

ROSIE

Dreams and goals and shit. Find Fletcher at the end of your dance-ploration?

MADDY

He's probably hooking up with someone else already.

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE

Or maybe, he's buying what Gus passes off as weed to drunk kids outside.

MADDY

Stop trying to cheer me up.

Maddy follows Rosie through sliding doors to...

EXT. THE JAREDS' HOUSE - POOL SIDE - CONTINUOUS

...more high school seniors smoking, drinking, swimming partially clothed.

By himself, feet propped up on the patio furniture, GUS EVANS (21) lurks alone. Maddy and Rosie spot him easily.

ROSIE

Remember this morning, when I said I can't believe we're related sometimes. This would fall under one of those times.

Adorable in a scumbag way, Gus whips out rolling papers.

GUS

(to Rosie)

Take it all in Rufus, this is what your future is going to look like.

ROSIE

Selling oregano to wasted high school kids?

GUS

I brought beer, I am of age. And not a savage.

ROSIE

If I was sober-er, I'd debate that.

GUS

Do you guys have a ride home?

MADDY

Shelby got us a limo.

Gus pauses, excitedly looking around.

(CONTINUED)

GUS
Where is Shelby?

ROSIE
Ew. I thought you were kidding when you said you wanted to, "take a closer look".

GUS
I never joke about tits.

ROSIE
I'm leaving.

GUS
I'm still kidding, sort of.

Rosie flips him off, switches to a different, nearby group.

Maddy and Gus are quiet a beat, Gus goes back to his joint.

MADDY
I'm leaving for Oregon in September, think you could look at my car before then?

GUS
No sweat, just remind me cause I smoke a lot weed.

MADDY
I've known you for ten years, I'm aware, Gus.

GUS
Ha, right. You're basically the most successful relationship Rosie's ever had.

MADDY
Tell me about it.

GUS
She's gonna miss you.

MADDY
No she won't. Rosie doesn't miss...stuff.

GUS
Pssh. You're like her wife. She's already moping around about it.

(CONTINUED)

MADDY

I'd pay twenty-eight bucks to see Rosie actually upset over something.

GUS

That's it?

Gus lights up. He passes the joint to Maddy, she takes a rookie hit, passes it back.

MADDY

I'm good.

GUS

You're gonna do well out there...in the world. My sister on the other hand...

...he nods towards Rosie who shot guns a beer with TEDDY BRITTON (18), gentle giant type. She giggles, touches Teddy's massive arm.

GUS (CONTD)

Look at her wasting her time, flirting with that big oaf baby over there.

MADDY

It always works out for Rosie. She's like a cat with a drinking problem, unsteadily landing on her feet.

GUS

You just blew my mind right there, Maddy.

MADDY

See you later, Gus.

GUS

Hey Mads, con-grad-ulations. Get it?

Maddy halfheartedly laughs, goes over to Rosie.

MADDY

(to Rosie)

Fletcher's not out here.

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY

He's letting Chad Day shave 2005 on the back of his head.

ROSIE

Does that make you want him more or less, Maddy?

Maddy blushes, swats down Rosie's beer.

ROSIE

What the shit?

MADDY

Now you have to go inside with me.

ROSIE

No I don't, Teddy has more.

Teddy reaches into the twenty-four pack, hands one to Maddy. She doesn't take it.

ROSIE(CONTD)

We were talking about what a bitch that Econ final was.

TEDDY

Rosie and I copied off each other.

MADDY

That sounds...foolproof.

TEDDY

My scholarship's on lock, doesn't matter what I get on that final.

ROSIE

And it doesn't matter for me cause I'm fucking done with this place too.

MADDY

Okay, time for water. I think I have crackers in my purse.

ROSIE

Maddy, you are a beautiful, responsible person. Teddy, tell her!

MADDY

Thanks a lot, Teddy.

Maddy steers Rosie towards the house.

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE

Thanks, Teds, be cool! See you
next...wait, I won't. Bye forever,
Teddy! Stay tall!

INT. THE JARED'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

At the center of the dwindling bash, with his new hairdo,
Fletcher and musical friends are mid-jam session.

With acoustic guitars, assorted noise makers, Fletcher belts
out his song, "Tattoos of Our Youth".

FLETCHER

(singing)

Take your tattoos of memories, go
start your adult life. Get the
picket fence, the American dream.
You'll forget about me, but I'll
always have the tattoos.

From the couch, Maddy and Rosie sober up, sip water and eat
cracker out of Maddy's purse.

ROSIE

How have you liked him since ninth
grade? He's never said a single
thing that makes sense.

MADDY

When you're that good looking, you
don't need to.

ROSIE

Obviously. You know, this song
isn't about you.

MADDY

I still like listening to it.

ROSIE

Replace the word listen with look
in that sentence.

Liz slaps Rosie's back, jolts her upright.

LIZ

Do you guys have a ride home? I'm
Sober Sally, again.

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE
Shelby got us a limo for tonight.

LIZ
Fancy.

ROSIE
What time is it anyway?

LIZ
Almost midnight, I'm heading out.
See you guys on the field tomorrow!

Liz squeals in anticipation, waves good-bye. Rosie snaps her fingers in Maddy's field of vision.

ROSIE
We'll have to catch The Garbage
Street Boys when they never go on
tour.
(pats the couch)
Shelby, it's time to...

Rosie scans the room, doesn't see Shelby.

ROSIE(CONTD)
(sighs)
Come on, we've gotta lure her out
again.

MADDY
Is it crazy I want to ask Fletcher
for a ride home instead?

ROSIE
(laughs)
Yes.

Rosie gets up, still laughing at Maddy. After a beat, Maddy drags herself off the couch, follows Rosie upstairs.

INT. THE JARED'S PARTY - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

SQUEAKKKK.

Hands over her eyes, Rosie enters.

ROSIE
Shells? We gotta go, do you need
help finding your stuff?

(CONTINUED)

SHELBY

Nope. I'm ready to get fries.

Rosie uncovers her eyes. Passed out on the bed, Jared Woods lays shirtless.

ROSIE

Are you...what's happening?

Out of breath Maddy jogs in, hands on her hips.

SHELBY

(giggles)

My girls are here!

MADDY

Is he dead?

Rosie snickers, points out the chola make up job Shelby did to Jared's face.

SHELBY

You like? Jared told me he wanted me to hear his mix tape.

ROSIE

Mix tape?

MADDY

You fell for that?

SHELBY

Right? I thought he meant hand job, he was serious though! I pretended I was asleep till he was. I was killing time till you guys found me, I can never remember how to get out of here.

MADDY

Great story, the limo's outside.

SHELBY

Yay! Friendship fries.

ROSIE

Wait, I want to draw something.

Rosie digs out a sharpie to add to Jared's face.

INT. ROSIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

CREAKKKKK.

Using their cellphones as flashlights, Rosie and Maddy navigate their way to Rosie's bed. Jump in.

MADDY

Was your brother hot boxing in here? I think I'm getting contact high.

ROSIE

What's weirder, us graduating in six hours or tonight?

MADDY

Tonight, for sure.

ROSIE

It wasn't all that weird you didn't hook up with Fletcher.

MADDY

But it was weird Shelby didn't. With anyone.

ROSIE

I don't think I drew enough heart-shaped jizz on Jared's face.

MADDY

Pretty sure you guys sufficiently ruined any family graduation photos.

Maddy and Rosie roll away from each other at the same time, trail off to sleep.

ROSIE

You still awake, Mads?

MADDY

Really?

ROSIE

I love you.

MADDY

I love you too.

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE
To the moon and back.

MADDY
To the moon.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ROSIE'S BEDROOM - TEN YEARS LATER - MORNING

Sunlight streams through the window, contemporary iPod/alarm clock faintly CHIMES.

Rosie (28) stirs from her deep sleep, bats at the contraption.

She smacks a button, loud music starts to play.

Jolted fully awake, Rosie gropes the iPod to turn it off, makes it louder.

Rattled conscience, Maddy (28) covers her ears.

MADDY
(shouts)
Why would you choose to wake up to
"dying whale sounds"?

ROSIE
Har dee fucking har.

MADDY
I'm serious, turn that shit off.

ROSIE
I would if everything would stop
yelling at me.

MADDY
What is that, graduation present?

ROSIE
(points to ipod)
No. I don't know what this is!

MADDY
It's...just like, your
iPod...obviously.

ROSIE
Yeah, it's so fucking obvious!
Obviously not mine.

(CONTINUED)

MADDY

Kill it, throw it, I don't care.
Turn it off!

ROSIE

Throw it? I said it's not mine!

MADDY

And I said I don't care.

Maddy chucks it across the floor.

WHOOSH!

Rosie and Maddy pause, perplexed.

The bedroom's interior designer decorated, immaculately modern. Rare antiques coexist coolly with top of the line technology.

MADDY

Rosie, didn't the limo drop us back off at your house last night?

ROSIE

Uh huh.

MADDY

And your parents didn't...remodel?

ROSIE

Nah uh. They're therapists, not secret oil tycoons.

MADDY

You're right, an overhaul like this would of woken us up.

ROSIE

Glad you came to your own logical conclusion there.

MADDY

Since you're so full of logic this morning, where the fuck are we?

Rosie tries to remain even-tempered.

ROSIE

Hopefully it's the newest wing of Shelby's house. She does have troublesome taste in music.

(CONTINUED)

MADDY

Shelby's hot tub has been under construction for like, four years.

(gasps)

Oh my God, graduation!

ROSIE

Shelby wouldn't leave without us.

Maddy gives Rosie a look that says, yes she would.

MADDY

What time is it?

ROSIE

Dude, one loud problem at a time. My head's pounding.

MADDY

We must of gotten wasted last night, you look haggard.

ROSIE

Wow, thanks a lot, best friend. You look shitty too.

Maddy and Rosie get out of bed, tip-toe around for their stuff.

MADDY

Can you call Gus to get us? Maybe we're not too late to sneak on the field and pretend we've been there the whole time.

ROSIE

Look at you being all helpful.

MADDY

I threw the iPod.

ROSIE

Make sure whoever that belongs to knows you threw it too.

Rosie finds her frayed purse, reaches inside.

ROSIE(CONTD)

Mads, is my phone in your bag?

MADDY

I'll let you know when I find it.

(CONTINUED)

Maddy takes an interest in a pile of magazines on the bedside table.

Rosie empties the content of the purse: expensive wallet, unfamiliar car keys, business cards. Rosie digs around more.

ROSIE

I think someone stole my crappy
Razer at the party.

Rosie pulls out an iPhone, peers at it curiously, nearly drops it. She catches it, paws at the screen, it lights up.

INSERT - ON THE PHONE:

"Enter Password!"

Lock screen picture is of a 20 foot mural, rendered in Rosie's art style.

BACK TO SCENE

Maddy flips through magazines feverishly. Her eyes widen in confusion with each celebrity she doesn't recognize.

Maddy stops on the cover with Miley Cyrus, Cyrus' looks a far cry from Hannah Montana.

Maddy's eyes narrow on the corner, the date, goes white. Maddy drops the magazine and marches over to Rosie.

Rosie pokes random numbers on the iPhone, still on the lock screen. Maddy takes the phone out of Rosie's hand, tosses it aside.

ROSIE(CONTD)

You're two for two on your Hulk
mode, relax, would you?

Maddy's purses her lips, like she's going to explode. She takes Rosie's arm, yanks her over to where she dropped the magazine.

ROSIE(CONTD)

Ow! Okay, let's get out of here,
we'll figure everything else out
later. Way later.

Silence.

ROSIE(CONTD)

Mads, what?

(CONTINUED)

Maddy picks up the magazine and holds it cover-side out, over her face.

ROSIE(CONTD)
 (chuckles)
 Who's the skank?

Maddy points repeatedly to the small font in the corner. Rosie leans in...

ROSIE(CONTD)
 May...30th...2015.

Beat.

Rosie takes a step back, wind knocked out of her.

Beat.

Rosie dashes to the discarded purse. She finds...

INSERT - BUSINESS CARDS:

"Rosie Evans
 Artist & Entrepreneur"

BACK TO SCENE

She throws it aside, goes for the wallet. Rosie roots out the drivers license, drops it.

Rosie searches Maddy's face, panic-stricken.

MADDY
 What in the holy fuck is going on,
 Rosie? All those magazines have the
 this year on it. I don't think
 we're in Shelby's house.

ROSIE
 Really, Mads, you think?

Rosie thrusts the business card and drivers license into Maddy's hand.

Rosie runs frantically to the window, yanks it open, then:

ROSIE(CONTD)
 AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

After a moment, Maddy is beside Rosie...

MADDY
AAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!

INT. MCMANSION, BEDROOM - 10 YEARS LATER - LATE MORNING

Andy Warhol-style portrait of Shelby hangs above her, she gently snores in a flashy king size bed.

Unrecognizable, thanks to plastic surgery, Shelby (28) seems unsurprised to wake up in a semi-familiar room.

She judges the deep imprint next to her, someone who's already woken up, Shelby hauls herself out of bed.

She pauses to scrutinize pictures on a vanity where the mirror should be.

INSERT - ON THE PICTURES:

-Class of 2005. Forced smiles, in cap and gown, Maddy and Rosie stand with Shelby.

-College aged Maddy and Shelby, sweaty drunk in a themed nightclub.

-Inappropriately holding a baby; Shelby, various extended family members and Maddy, crowd around a birthday cake.

-Dressed in white on courthouse steps, Shelby is removed from a barrel chested man (40s).

BACK TO SCENE

Shelby smiles dismissively, continues toward the DOOR.

She enters...

INT. MCMANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...the overblown futuristic foyer. Shelby tentatively approaches the floating staircase.

Down the hall is mini-Shelby, KARMEN KESHISHIAN (6). She dances sexually, damaged pair of Google glasses at the end of her nose.

Shelby notices she's unsupervised.

SHELBY
Where are your Mommy and Daddy?

(CONTINUED)

KARMEN

He's downstairs, you're right there.

SHELBY

Who's right here?

KARMEN

You are, Mommy.

SHELBY

Don't want to sound bitchy, but you are smoking crack if you think that.

KARMEN

Your meds make you super funny, Momma.

Shelby peers at Karmen, unable to move her surgically enhanced face to convey doubt, Shelby blinks rapidly.

SHELBY

Let's play a game called, stop calling me Mom cause I'm not.

KARMEN

Okay. Wanna see me twerk?

SHELBY

You what?

KARMEN

Twerk, like you showed me.

SHELBY

I didn't-whatever, fine. Show me.

Karmen unrhythmical twerks.

SHELBY

That's horrible. You shouldn't dance like that.

KARMEN

It's not dancing, Mommy. It's twerking.

Shelby dry heaves at the word 'Mommy'.

SHELBY

Do you know how to tell time?

Karmen seems to poke her eyeball, checks her gadget.

(CONTINUED)

KARMEN

It's eleven twenty-eight a.m. June thirteenth, 2015.

SHELBY

You are...reading that wrong. That sounds super off the mark.

Karmen offers Shelby her Google glasses, Shelby wearily takes them.

Shelby treats them like an alien object, holds them at arms length from her eyes.

INSERT - ON THE DISPLAY:

11:30 AM - SATURDAY, JUNE 13 2015.

BACK TO SCENE

Shelby awkwardly gives them back to Karmen.

SHELBY

You can read, big deal. How old are you?

Karmen sticks out six fingers.

SHELBY

Cool. And these stairs get me out of here?

Karmen giggles, goes back to her dance.

Mystified, Shelby attempts to quickly descend the stairs.

INT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - STAIRS/HALLWAY - LATER

Arms linked, Maddy and Rosie creep down a winding staircase past upscale art, the mounted trophies all bear Rosie's name.

ROSIE

Are we sure this isn't a dream?

Maddy pinches Rosie, she yelps.

ROSIE(CONTD)

Geez, there are other ways to make your point.

(CONTINUED)

MADDY

I know.

ROSIE

What do we say if we see someone?
Hi! I'm Rip van Winkle and this my
dog, Wolf?

MADDY

Why I am the dog?

ROSIE

(loud)
I'm making a point!

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Bonjour, girl!

Maddy and Rosie freeze, deer in headlights.

Rosie mimes at Maddy urgently: what do we do?

Maddy mimes back: rock, paper, scissor.

ROSIE

(whispers)
You're so childish.

MADDY

Fine, go out there.

Rosie stares down Maddy a BEAT then, they start to play
rock, paper, scissors.

INT. MCMANISON - KITCHEN - LATER

Wandering around, Shelby stumbles into RAFI KESHISHIAN
(40s), the barrel chested man from the photo.

Rafi destroys a Pastrami sandwich, but looks up when Shelby
enters. His shirt clings to him for dear life, hair
protrudes from every orifice.

Shelby goes green, repulsed.

RAFI

(thick Armenian accent)
Sleeping princess-beauty, you've
awoken. Sandwich?

Shelby convulses, powerless.

(CONTINUED)

RAFI(CONTD)

Dah, I said last night. Liquor,
your medication, it does not end
well. Are you at calm for your
reunion tonight?

SHELBY

Excuse me a moment.

Shelby turns, runs.

INT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY/KITCHEN - LATER

Rosie loses rock, paper, scissors to Maddy.

ROSIE

That makes you the dog then.

MADDY

Stop stalling.

ROSIE

Make me.

Maddy shoves Rosie into...

...the renovated, upscale kitchen. SAMIR KUMAR (30s) stands
behind the sleek island.

Impeccably dressed, can-do attitude; he raps his nails on
the counter impatiently.

SAMIR

The Keurig is brewing, your stocks
and W-S-J up on the iPad.

(checks his watch)

You've got thirty minutes till your
conference call. Where do you wanna
start?

Rosie glances quickly between an unseen Maddy and Samir.

ROSIE

I uh-do you live here?

SAMIR

Sometimes I feel like I do. Are you
still drunk?

ROSIE

Probably, dude.

(CONTINUED)

SAMIR

(off Rosie's shifty eyes)
Who's back there, did someone stay
over last night? Please tell me
it's not Gabe, you know how I feel
about lawyers.

ROSIE

I don't, actually.

Maddy reveals herself. Samir smirks, amused.

SAMIR

(to Rosie)
Why didn't you tell me you were
back in your experimental phase
again?

ROSIE

I can't believe that's still
everyone's knee jerk response.

MADDY

(to Samir)
Hi, I'm Maddy.

SAMIR

Oh my God! Nice to finally meet
you, I've heard so much about you.
Maddy, the high school friend.

MADDY

I'm the best friend. Who are you?

SAMIR

Alright. I'm Rosie's assistant,
Samir. I've met your husband
before, coffee?

MADDY

I'm sorry, my what?
(to herself)
Please say Fletcher.

SAMIR

(distracted)
Gus, Rosie's brother...your
husband.

Rosie cracks up. Samir pauses, looks at them incredulously.

(CONTINUED)

MADDY

What! No, ew. That can't-
(catches herself)
We're getting divorced.

Rosie's laughter intensifies in volume.

SAMIR

I'm sorry to hear that.

ROSIE

Ah, it feels good to laugh again.

MADDY

Shut the fuck up, Rosie.

SAMIR

(to Rosie)

Jesus, what happened to your "new
leaf" after Barcelona? Just don't
tell me to push this meeting.

ROSIE

No-uh, we...it's fine.

SAMIR

Good, because I already let you
sleep in. I thought you lost the
ability to sleep past 5AM years
ago. At least that's what my inbox
tells me every morning.

ROSIE

I don't-ya know, we. Actually, it's
a funny story.

SAMIR

Save it for later. You've got a
long day today.

ROSIE

There's more?

SAMIR

(laughs)

Aw, were you hoping for leisurely
Saturday?

ROSIE

Well, that's part of the funny
story uh-um, what's your name
again?

(CONTINUED)

SAMIR

For real? We don't have time for this.

He forcefully hands Rosie her coffee mug, ultra thin iPad.

Rosie tries to juggle it all...

Crash!

Samir scowls at Rosie.

INT. MCMANISON - LIVING ROOM - LATER

In her frenzy for an exit, Shelby knocks Karmen over. Shelby tries to step around her, Karmen blocks her.

KARMEN

Where you going, Mommy?

Shelby retches at 'Mommy', but manages to regroup.

SHELBY

(gasps, points)
What's over there?

Karmen doesn't fall for it.

SHELBY (CONTD)

Fine. You wanna play games? Let's play, find my keys.

KARMEN

I'm good at that game!

SHELBY

Perfect.

KARMEN

But why?

SHELBY

Why what?

KARMEN

Why do you need them, who are you gonna see?

SHELBY

I've gotta see some friends of mine.

(CONTINUED)

KARMEN

Are they old, like you?

SHELBY

Hey! That guy in there is way older, and grosser, than me.

KARMEN

Are you leaving because you don't like Daddy?

SHELBY

Like, kind of.

Upset, Karmen rips off her Google glasses. Shelby puts them on with confidence this time.

SHELBY(CONTD)

Whoa, creepy.

Karmen's tantrum escalates, Shelby completely unresponsive. She's engrossed with the gadget.

SHELBY(CONTD)

(to Karmen)

Can you use these things to find someone?

INT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Fresh cups of coffee in hand, Rosie and Maddy sit at the breakfast bar opposite of Samir. He is hunched over his laptop.

SAMIR

Since you've gone on social media blackout, it's negatively impacted book presales. You've lost thirty-two percent of followers, across all platforms.

ROSIE

That's...cool, right?

SAMIR

Excuse me?

ROSIE

It-uh, sounds like great news.

(CONTINUED)

SAMIR
Very funny.

ROSIE
If you say so.

SAMIR
Lucky for you, this situation is exactly kind of damage control Kerri Hope specializes in, you're in good hands.

MADDY
(to Rosie)
How can you be in trouble already? We just got here.

ROSIE
I know as much as you, Maddy!

SAMIR
Rosie, the clueless act is too late. We missed the chance to check you into a facility for "exhaustion".

ROSIE
You mean like, Mary Kate Olsen?

SAMIR
What an oddly outdated reference.

MADDY
She loves Passport to Paris.

Samir closes his laptop, comes around the other side of the counter, iPad in hand.

SAMIR
(to Rosie)
Are you ready for today's agenda?

ROSIE
Do I have to?

SAMIR
(reads off the iPad)
After your twelve-thirty, you've got the two o'clock Reddit AMA. Three to three-thirty is lunch and travel to location. Four to five-thirty is the reading and book signing. And you end your day at

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAMIR (cont'd)
seven o'clock at your ten year
Rajah's reunion.

BEAT.

ROSIE
So you sneak my high school reunion
in there last? I thought we were
cool.

Maddy leans around Rosie, frantic.

MADDY
(to Samir)
I'm sorry, you said, ten years?? I
am I hearing you right because I
can't be.

SAMIR
They're one of the few speaking
engagements that hasn't canceled.

ROSIE
Oh gross, I have to speak to them?

SAMIR
You're focusing on the wrong thing.
You should be worried Reddit
trolls.
(whispers)
They hate you.

Samir's smart watch DINGS, Rosie and Maddy jump back,
startled.

SAMIR(CONTD)
(reaches over to Rosie)
Okay my little scandal maker, go
time.

Samir taps his watch, nods to himself. He starts to maneuver
Rosie from her seat, out of the kitchen.

ROSIE
Is that a spy watch? If you're in
the C-I-A, don't you legally have
to tell me?

Samir ignores Rosie, hustling her along. Rosie looks back at
Maddy, mouths: HELP ME.

POOF!

(CONTINUED)

Rosie disappears around the CORNER, gone.

Before Maddy can process, she's alone.

MADDY

Good luck.

INT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Samir flings open the door, immediately straightens the mess around Rosie's large wooden desk. Rosie trails closely behind Samir like a puppy.

The room mirrors Rosie's lack of polish of her teenage self, but is now been upgraded with pricier belong clutter.

Endless shelves of high end art supplies, collector's memorabilia mounted on the wall and on display.

Fascinated by all of shiny stuff, Rosie is kid in a candy store: distracted, overwhelmed, about puke from excitement.

ROSIE

Is all this cool shit mine?

SAMIR

Rosie, I know we've become friends but you told me when I took this job, I wouldn't have to babysit you. Other than that time you did mushrooms at Coachella.

ROSIE

I went to Coachella?!

SAMIR

I need you push through this weird hangover and take this seriously. Kerri is normally booked nine months in advance. The only reason she agreed to this meeting is because I blew her assistant when we were in college.

ROSIE

Do we always talk like this?

Samir sighs, searching Rosie's littered desk.

SAMIR

Where's your phone?

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE

I don't have one. I mean-I think
someone stole it last night.

Samir rubs his temples, takes several deep breaths.

SAMIR

(raises his hands to nose
height)
I was here. And now...
(raises hands higher)
I'm here.

ROSIE

(quiet)
I'm sorry, sir.

In a huff, Samir leaves.

Guilty, Rosie waits a BEAT before she walks over to the wall
by the door.

INSERT - A FRAMED, SUN BLEACHED MAGAZINE ARTICLE:

Rosie cuts ribbon next to MARC HOLT (20s), self-conscious,
diminutive white guy in an ill-fit suit.

Headline reads: "ARTIST ON THE RISE: ROSIE EVANS, HOW HER
STOCK WENT UP. WAY UP".

The would be clinical office they stand in front is
embellished with Rosie's STYLE OF ART.

The banner behind her in the photo reads: "#GAME CELL
ENTERTAINMENT".

BACK TO SCENE.

ROSIE(CONTD)

I don't get it, who's the nerd next
to me?

INT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

INT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - LATER

KERRI POPE is on the phone. has conversation, bullet point
plan for damage control with Rosie's career, suggests the
'enemy's list', gives Rosie the low down on her bad press as
of late. someone she went to high school with ratted her out
to the press that she never actually graduated high school.

(CONTINUED)

now sponsors are dropping her, losing endorsements, no as many speaking engagements, etc. and right before she has a book coming out is very very BAD. has to find out her reunion is tonight at some point, gets the idea to go to try to find out who sold her out.

bring up the question whether or not she knows if she graduated, she says she doesn't know for sure, "i was...so drunk!". "but i got into taos. right?"

there were people who didn't believe oj did it, you need to tap into your oj sympathizers. i'm sorry, did you just compare me to an alleged murdered? because i take umbridge with that. Dorthy umbridge.