



Written by

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INT. GRECO HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

NAT GRECO (19), an anti-establishment punk with a mohawk and nose ring, rinses fire-red MANIC PANIC hair dye out of her hair.

SUPERIMPOSE: "June 17, 1999 - 9:00 PM"

BANG.

IN THE MIRROR - The door behind her breaks in half. Nat whips her head around, spraying little CRIMSON DROPLETS across the wall.

Another BANG.

GEORGE GRECO (50), in his wife-beater undershirt and cheap gold-plated chains tangled in his salt-and-pepper chest hair, enters through the wrecked bathroom door.

GEORGE
I DIDN'T RAISE NO FUCKIN' DYKE.

FLAMES BURN behind Nat's glassy stare. Keep it cool, Nat.
It's not worth it. She turns to face her father.

NAT
I gotta work early tomorrow.

She pushes past him.

THROUGH THE DOOR

ROMEO and ARCHIE (30s), tough guys in silk embroidered button-up shirts and Nike track pants, block her from leaving.

BACK IN THE BATHROOM

NAT
EXCUSE ME. This is a fucking bathroom.

GEORGE
Tell her what you seen, boys.

ROMEO
We witnessed you engaging in a romantic embrace...

ARCHIE
With a chick.

George spits on Nat's SHITKICKER BOOT.

GEORGE

All due respect, your grandmother
would be sick.

George chucks the jar of Manic Panic at Nat. She ducks.
CRACK. It hits the wall, then tumbles to the floor.

Nat kicks the Manic Panic at Archie and Romeo. It SHATTERS,
splattering them in red. They go to grab her, but George
waves them off. They step back to let her by.

GEORGE

Pack your shit and get the hell out
of my house. You ain't my little
gangster girl anymore.

NAT

GOOD WITH ME. This whole family's
all fucked up anyway.

INT. GRECO HOUSE - NAT'S ROOM - NIGHT

ON THE DRESSER - An ACCEPTANCE LETTER from Ohio University.
Nat grabs it and shoves it in her backpack, along with some
clothes, chains, and hair glue.

EXT. GRECO HOUSE - NIGHT

A really nice house, for Ohio. The evening fog rolls in.

Nat slams the door open. She kicks over the trashcans by the
mailbox because FUCK HIM. George and his boys run out behind
her.

GEORGE

I saw that, you little cafone punk.

NAT

You say punk like it's a bad thing.

Nat pulls a cig out from behind her ear, lights it, then
stomps down the empty street and disappears in the fog...

CUT TO:

TITLES: "Kids Like Us"

EXT. POSTAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nat takes one last drag off her ciggie, then puts it out with
her SHITKICKER BOOTS. She KNOCKS on the door.

CYNTHIA POSTAL (60), a tough-as-nails black grandma in silk pajamas, opens the door.

CYNTHIA
Did my baby bring me some mincemeat?

Cynthia's face falls.

CYNTHIA
Natalie? Sorry. I thought you were Ramona. She ran out to get us some pie.
(sniffs the air)
Is something on fire?

Nat's tough exterior fades. She lets out a DEEP SOUL SIGH.

CYNTHIA
You're crying. Shit. I may be a decorated veteran, but I'm underqualified to deal with emotional matters like this.
(back into the house)
PETER! YOUR WEIRD FRIEND IS HERE.

INT. POSTAL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nat whimpers in the armchair. Cynthia fluffs some flowers in a vase so she doesn't have to acknowledge it. PETER POSTAL (22), a mixed-race skinhead in a sleeveless undershirt, runs up from the basement.

POSTAL
(in a bad working-class British accent)
Oy, Nat!

CYNTHIA
Peter, I wish you'd stop it with that accent. You're American. Speak like it.

Postal sees Nat's tears and runs to her, concerned.

POSTAL
What the bloody hell happened, love?

NAT
Dad found out.

Postal sits down with a heavy SOUL SIGH. Nat rests her head on his shoulder.

POSTAL
Shit.

CYNTHIA
Found out what?

POSTAL
Nat's gay.

Cynthia's cold exterior melts. She puts her arm around Nat.

CYNTHIA
You should have seen how this town treated us when Ramona moved in.

Nat shakes off Cynthia's arm.

NAT
I don't need sympathy., I need a place to crash... For tonight, at least.

POSTAL
Sleep in the basement... If that's okay with you, Gran.

Cynthia pulls some extra blankets from a closet.

CYNTHIA
One night is fine. More than that... Every soldier has to pull their weight around here. Understood?

She hands Nat the blankets. Nat offers her a proper salute.

NAT
Yes, ma'am.

CYNTHIA
And don't break anything. I know how you punks are... Violent and angry.

INT. POSTAL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A floor model television, a stained twin mattress loose on the floor, a ratty old couch, and not much else. Nat and Postal sit on the couch, tapping away on their PLAYSTATION CONTROLLERS.

ON THE SCREEN: A heated game of Tekken 3. Yoshimitsu stabs Julia Chang with his sword.

Nat jumps up and SPIKES her controller off the couch.

NAT

HAHA, BITCH. Take that.

(singing)

Who is the Tekken master? I am the Tekken master. Who kicked your sorry ass? I kicked your--

POSTAL

SHH. My gran'll kick yer sorry arse out.

NAT

Drop the rude boy accent, Postal. It's just us.

Nat chuckles as she flops back on the couch.

NAT

Man, fuck this town. I gotta get outta here.

POSTAL

(he drops the accent)

How much you have saved up for OU?

NAT

Not enough.

POSTAL

If you want to crash here for a while, WHICH I GET, Gran'll want you to chip in. I chip in. Her military pension only goes so far.

NAT

Dude, I work at The Koffee Shop. I'm not exactly rolling in it.

POSTAL

Ask them to make you a manager. I hear Chester makes ten bucks an hour.

NAT

Holy shit, really? Bastard. Sure. Yeah. I'll talk to them tomorrow. We'll have mad downtime with everybody going to Punk Fest.

POSTAL
 (with the bad accent)
 Speaking of, I'll need me beauty
 rest if I'm gonna last in the pit.
 Bed is yours. G'night, luv.

Nat lays down on the funky mattress. Postal kicks off his boots, swings his WEIRD FEET up on the couch, then CLICKS off the lamp.

NAT
 Tonight was a shitshow.

POSTAL
 Well here's to a brighter tomorrow.

INT. CHESTER'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE: "8:45 AM"

CHESTER WEST (26), an artsy young guy with glasses and a mop of insanely curly hair, sits at his computer.

ON THE SCREEN: An AOL e-mail reads WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU WE WON'T BE MOVING FORWARD WITH YOUR MANUSCRIPT.

CHESTER
 Damn it.

He looks at the clock. Shit. He's late. He scoops up his notebook, covered in TRIANGULAR DOODLES.

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

JEREMY HAUN (18), in a tight DOGBOY ADVENTURES t-shirt and non-prescription horn-rimmed glasses, spikes up his hair in the mirror. He shakes his head to tame it. Not too punk. A newspaper SMACKS the window. Jeremy looks outside...

EXT. JEREMY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A HACKY SACK KID in JNCO jeans kicks a beanbag as he delivers papers door-to-door. He tosses a paper onto POSTAL'S PORCH. Grandma Cynthia picks it up and waves.

CYNTHIA
 Thank you, son.

HACKY SACK KID
 Whatever.

She yells to an open window on the second floor.

CYNTHIA
PETER! PETER, REMIND NATALIE SHE
NEEDS TO CHIP IN.

INT. POSTAL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nat sits on the toilet. Postal's shaving her head.

POSTAL
SHE'S SLEEPING, GRAN. LET HER BE.
(to Nat)
You gotta get out, lass.

NAT
But my head--

POSTAL
Finish it at work.

Postal pops open the window. Nat climbs out, shaving cream dripping behind her. Postal wipes off the razor blade, shoves it in his back pocket, then pokes his head out the window.

POSTAL
SHIT. SHE ALREADY LEFT, GRAN.

EXT. POSTAL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nat ducks down as she sneaks around the house.

She looks into the neighbor's kitchen window where ANGELA CRAIG (17), patches safety-pinned to her stylistically tattered clothes, sits at the kitchen table. Across from her sits her mother ELLEN CRAIG (35), smoking in her bathrobe.

Nat shakes her head and walks away.

INT. ANGELA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ANGELA
Ma, can I get a smoke?

Her mom tosses her a Virginia Slim.

ELLEN
I still can't believe my daughter
is dating an actor.
(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You saw how dating an artist worked
out with me and your dad...
Wherever the hell he is now...

Angela lights the cigarette and rolls her eyes.

ANGELA

You leave Daddy out of this. You
always hated his paintings anyhow.
(takes a thoughtful drag)
Jeremy's nice, but he's no fun.
Besides, I'm not getting too comfy.
He's only--

ELLEN

Mr. Right Now?

ANGELA

Yeah.

ELLEN

Take it from me... Ain't nothing
worse than being alone. Keep him
until something better comes along.

Angela takes a slow drag and considers the advice.

OUT THE WINDOW

A RED PICKUP TRUCK drives down the street. We follow it to...

EXT. THE PANCAKE - CONTINUOUS

The pick-up drives by a two-story bar built out of spit and mud back in the thirties or something. After stints as a VA Hall, dance club, and cigar shop, The Pancake rock club has served the alternative youth of Everly Heights since 1994.

CRAZY EDDIE (25), the club manager with frosted tips and a little goatee hiding a noticeable double chin, changes out the letters on the sign.

INSERT - A funky faded sign: THE PANCAKE - "PUNK ROCK THAT FLIPS YOUR FLAPJACK" - PUNK FEST - SOLD OUT

INT. MEGAN'S DEN - EARLY MORNING

MEGAN WEIS (17), a Riot GRRL with a shaved head, pulls FIVE PUNK FEST TICKETS out of an envelope. A friendly 'HEY!' blasts out of some cheap computer speakers.

C/U: An old 486 computer with an IM convo in real time.

JoSiEXX: hey

Megan slips the tickets into her messenger bag, then types:

MaterialGRRL: they r sold out

JoSiEXX: fuk. lets go get new patches at spensers

MaterialGRRL: i dunno... let's talk at the koffee shop

Megan picks up the phone to disconnect from the internet before JoSiEXX can respond. BRZZZTTTT... She snarls, slams the phone back in its cradle, then closes the chat window.

INT. BENJAMIN'S BASEMENT - EARLY MORNING

BENJAMIN AINSLEY (21), your prototypical slightly overweight computer nerd, closes the last few windows on his laptop and snaps it shut. He shoves the laptop in his bag and runs

UPSTAIRS

Benjamin barrels through the living room, avoiding eye contact with DONNA AINSLEY (45), his mother.

DONNA

Benjamin, dear. I wish you wouldn't go out to buy drugs every day.

BENJAMIN

I'M NOT BUYING DRUGS, MOM.

He SLAMS the door behind him.

EXT. DIXON PARK - EARLY MORNING

Benjamin edges up to a DRUG DEALER.

BENJAMIN

You got any stamps?

The dealer pulls out a YELLOW ENVELOPE.

DRUG DEALER

If you've got the postage.

BENJAMIN

SHOOT. Hide it. Somebody's coming.

KELSEY ABERNATHY (17), preppy-fit in spandex with a sweatband around her head, runs through the park.

EXT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Kelsey runs past the small beige bistro surrounded by cafe tables. Posters advertising plays and punk shows are pasted on the windows.

SUPERIMPOSE: "THE KOFFEE SHOP, 9:00 AM"

The Hacky Sack Kid walks up, tosses down his newspapers, and kicks around his bean bag.

KELSEY

You like this place? My first shift is at ten.

HACKY SACK KID

Fuck off, scrub.

Kelsey fucks off. She can take a hint. Nat, head still half-shaved and covered in foam, checks Kelsey out as she unlocks the door and goes inside. The OPEN SIGN flickers on.

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - KITCHEN - MORNING

Nat finishes shaving her head in the sink. A CLUMP OF HAIR, SHAVING CREAM, AND COFFEE GROUNDS clog up the drain.

NAT

Gross.

She spits in the sink, then grabs a tray of muffins.

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Chester flips the chairs down off the tables with enthusiasm as he WHISTLES a little tune. The kitchen door SLAMS open. Nat carries in the muffins.

NAT

Get your fucking cancer muffins, stuffed with Splenda.

She tosses the tray down on the counter.

CHESTER

Nat, we've been over this. The FDA gave Splenda the OK. It doesn't cause cancer.

NAT

That's what they said about cyclamate.

CHESTER

What the hell is cyclamate? Nice haircut, by the way. When did--?

A BELL RINGS. Kelsey comes through the door in a layered shag cut, impeccable makeup, and a denim jumpsuit. Much fresher than when she was on her run.

KELSEY

This place is so CUTE.

Chester runs behind the counter and mans the register.

CHESTER

Welcome to The Koffee Shop. What can I get you? We have a special on Hardly Dangerous Cream Sodas today.

KELSEY

I'm Kelsey, the new barista. Mr. Matheson said he'd tell you I was coming.

NAT

Another high school chick? Aren't there child labor laws?

KELSEY

I'm seventeen.

Chester runs over to shake Kelsey's hand.

CHESTER

Don't mind Nat. She hates everybody. Bill told me about you. I'm Chester, the assistant manager.

NAT

Chester's a writer. Tell her about your novel. The superhero story.

CHESTER

Oh, I'm sure Kelsey doesn't want to hear about 'The Peculiar Adventures of The Whirling Dervish.'

Kelsey sits. Puts her bag on the table. Crosses her legs.

KELSEY

I don't really "read" or whatever, except for travel guides. So what's with the 'K'?

CHESTER

The 'K'?

Kelsey points to the KOFFEE SHOP sign.

KELSEY

The 'K' in "Koffee Shop." That's not how you spell coffee.

CHESTER

What an interesting question. There might be a story there. Help Nat put up the umbrellas while I see if I can find out.

KELSEY

Umbrellas?

CHESTER

Nat will show you.

EXT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - DAY

INSERT - A signboard: NEW SUGAR-FREE BREAKFAST MUFFINS - BUY TWO GET ONE FREE!

Nat cranks up a table umbrella while Kelsey takes notes.

SUPERIMPOSE: 11:45 AM.

NAT

You'll want to get these cranked up before noon when the sun hits.

Kelsey jots it down on her notepad. When she looks up, her smile falls flat.

KELSEY

Uh... Do you know those guys?

Romeo and Archie, George Greco's goons, run up the sidewalk. They grab Nat by the arms. She struggles against them.

KELSEY

Should I call the cops?

NAT

Nah. I got this.
(to Romeo and Archie)
THE FUCK OFF.

She shakes them off.

ROMEO

Your father requests your presence
at his restaurant immediately.

NAT

Shit. Bad timing, guys. I have a
trainee today.

ARCHIE

I don't care if you got a fucking
train. We're taking you to Mr.
Greco.

KELSEY

Listen here, you creeps...

NAT

KELSEY. Go help Chester.

KELSEY

You're sure?
(whispers)
I think they're crooks.

NAT

No shit. GO.

Kelsey goes.

Archie and Romeo CRACK their knuckles. Nat CLENCHES her fists
as the goons close in on her.

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Chester tightens a screw on the bottom of a chair as Kelsey
watches Nat out the window.

KELSEY

Nat's in trouble.

Chester shrugs and goes back to his work.

CHESTER

Nat's always in trouble. She'll
figure it out. Look busy. The boss
is on his way.

EXT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

FOOTSTEPS. Romeo and Archie grab Nat and turn her around to
see MR. MATHESON, a nebbish man in a K-Mart dress shirt and
tie. He COUGHS.

MR. MATHESON

My goodness. Is Cornerstone rehearsing for Goodfellas: The Musical already? If so, those tracksuits are a bit "Sopranos" for my liking.

Archie and Romeo let go of Nat and crowd Mr. Matheson.

ROMEO

Who the devil are you?

Mr. Matheson puts out his hand.

MR. MATHESON

Name's Matheson. I own this establishment. Can't say I've seen you around.

NAT

These are my dad's... personal assistants. They were just leaving.

ROMEO

We promised your father we wouldn't return without you in hand.

NAT

FINE. Tell Dad I'll stop by the restaurant on my break.

ARCHIE

Fine. We'll give ya' till three o'clock to get your ass over to Greco's. Don't fuck it up, comprende?

Archie pulls up his shirt and flashes his gun. They leave.

MR. MATHESON

Are things okay at home?

NAT

Fuck no. Oh, I wanted to ask you something. Come in and I'll heat you up a muffin for lunch.

MR. MATHESON

LUNCH? What time is it?

Nat looks down at her watch.

NAT

Eleven-fifty.

The blood runs out of Mr. Matheson's face. A beat-up PLYMOUTH RELIANT pulls up hauling PUNK ROCKERS.

MR. MATHESON

Oh, dear. Oh my. I need to get to
The Pancake. I'm running the box
office for the Arts Board.

(beat)

What did you need?

NAT

It can wait. Go. I'll be fine.

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Nat peeks her head in.

NAT

Get ready. The punks are here.

CHESTER

Make sure you charge them a quarter
for water.

The YOUNG PUNKS bust in and storm the counter.

KELSEY

Oh. My. God.

MONTAGE

-- A hand slaps a quarter on the counter.

-- Lukewarm tap water flows into a plastic cup.

-- A punk walks away sipping.

-- Quarter down. Cup filled. Punk walks. Again and again and
again...

END MONTAGE

EXT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - LATER

The punks sit at a table by the door sipping water. Hacky
Sack Kid kicks his sack with two friends by the payphone.

Nat pops her head out the door.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Noon"

NAT

You cheapskates gonna buy coffee?

Postal snaps his suspenders.

POSTAL

OY. Yer one to talk. My Gran--

NAT

Oh, lose the accent, Postal.

POSTAL

It's the accent of the working class.

Jeremy tosses a balled-up napkin at Postal.

JEREMY

It's the accent of Dick Van Dyke.

Postal LAUGHS and punches Jeremy in the arm.

POSTAL

See? This is why we love ya', Jeremy. You always have some daft reference in your back pocket.

JEREMY

It's surprising how much time you have to soak up the zeitgeist when you grow up as a huge nerd with no friends. Well, one friend.

Megan tousles Jeremy's hair.

MEGAN

I don't buy it. You're, like, hot, man. And you killed in Little Shop. No way were you ever a nerd.

Jeremy blushes. Angela seethes beside him... She's not jealous, just possessive of what she considers hers.

ANGELA

Get your own nerd, bitch.

MEGAN

Oh, you can have him.

Benjamin shuffles up to the table with a laptop bag tucked under his arm. He's shifty. Paranoid. Looking everywhere.

ANGELA
(rolls her eyes)
Speaking of nerds...

BENJAMIN
Jeremy, I have something incredibly
exciting to share with you.

Benjamin taps his laptop bag.

Nat picks up the muffin signboard and puts it under her arm.

NAT
Somebody needs to buy something
besides water before I have to kick
your asses out.

POSTAL
No need, love. We're leaving.

Megan pulls THE TICKETS out of her messenger bag and waves
them in the air.

MEGAN
Time for PUNK FEST, FUCKERS. Let's
hit the pit.

The Koffee Punks let out a round of OYs.

BENJAMIN
You couldn't get me in a mosh pit
for anything less than a T1 line
running directly into my parent's
garage.

Megan gets up in Ben's face and sizes him up. He shrinks
back.

MEGAN
I would straight-up murder you in
the pit.

BENJAMIN
I'm sure.

MEGAN
See? THAT'S a nerd.

BENJAMIN
You kids have fun. Me and Jeremy
will hold down the fort.

Jeremy winces.

JEREMY

About that... Angela had an extra ticket.

BENJAMIN

Dude. Don't flake on me again.

JEREMY

Can we talk for a sec? Over there?

POSTAL

Watch out. It's a lover's spat.

BENJAMIN

Shut up, Postal.

Jeremy and Benjamin walk down the sidewalk a bit.

JEREMY

Don't get all pissy in front of everybody.

BENJAMIN

Don't flake on me.
(holds up the laptop case)
I spent my own money on these supplies, man.

JEREMY

Why can't we just do the drugs tomorrow?

TRAVIS HAGEE (19), a redneck in cheap jeans and a baggy flannel shirt, swats Jeremy and Benjamin in the nuts as he squeezes by them.

BENJAMIN

HEY!

JEREMY

OUCH!

TRAVIS

Pardon me, y'all. Enjoy the drugs.

Travis continues on his way.

BENJAMIN

Fucking hicks, man.

JEREMY

You know how much I like Angela. If I play my cards right, I can seal the deal before the Drunken Monkeys hit the stage.

Benjamin grabs Jeremy's arm and looks him in the eyes.

BENJAMIN

Be careful. If she breaks your heart--

(looks over at the table)

DUDE. She's macking on that hick.

Travis and Angela compare the size of their hands. Angela links her fingers around his and GIGGLES. Jeremy stomps over. Benjamin follows him, a shit-eating grin plastered on his face.

JEREMY

That's my chair.

TRAVIS

I don't see your name on it,
friend.

ANGELA

He needed somewhere to sit.

(to Travis)

Sorry about Mr. Nosy Butt. You can tell me about your ATV in the car.

JEREMY

He's coming with us now? Who the hell is he?

Travis offers his hand. Jeremy doesn't take it.

TRAVIS

Name's Travis Hagee. I drove up to get my truck looked at, then this cute little sack of sunshine said y'all have an extra ticket to the music show.

ANGELA

Isn't that fly? A new friend.

Jeremy clenches his fists.

JEREMY

If we have a spare ticket, let's give it to Benjamin.

POSTAL

Your mate ain't no punk.

MEGAN

Yeah. He's a total pussy.

ANGELA

Eww. Don't use that word.

MEGAN

(stands)

You're a pussy too. Come on,
assholes. Let's head to Pancake.

Jeremy pats Benjamin on the shoulder.

JEREMY

We'll take your supplies to the
walking bridge tomorrow.

BENJAMIN

(sighs)

Angela, you treat my buddy Jeremy
here right, okay?

Travis shows Angela his CALVIN PISSING ON A TOYOTA LOGO
TATTOO. She runs her fingers along his arm.

ANGELA

That must have hurt.

TRAVIS

Naw. Not for a rowdy boy like me.

Benjamin nudges Jeremy.

BENJAMIN

Before the Drunken Monkeys hit the
stage, right?

JEREMY

Shut up.

Benjamin sits back down at the table, pulls his laptop from
its case, and SIGHS as the punks pull away in Postal's beat-
up Plymouth Reliant.

INT. PLYMOUTH RELIANT - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy wears a sour expression as he watches Angela and
Travis tickle each other next to him in the back seat. Postal
sees the mounting hormones in the rearview mirror and BEEPS
the horn.

POSTAL

OY. You two. I don't want no fluids
that ain't mine on the upholstery.

Megan turns around in the passenger's seat.

MEGAN

You fuckers better not try a triple
kiss back there. This ain't The
Real World.

JEREMY

HA. I... No... We...
(puts his arm around
Angela)
We're a couple.

Travis brushes a lock of hair out of Angela's eyes, the
bastard.

TRAVIS

I figured a hot slice of heaven
like you was single.

Angela loses herself in Travis's eyes. Jeremy COUGHS. Angela
looks at Jeremy, all wheezy and weak. She looks back at
Travis, strong and virile with a perpetual wink, then moves
Jeremy's arm off her shoulder.

ANGELA

We're kids. No need for labels.

Jeremy holds up his hand.

INSERT - Jeremy's hand, with ANGELA'S BOYFRIEND written in
purple ink.

JEREMY

You wrote this an hour ago.

Angela scoots closer to Travis.

ANGELA

YOU'RE SMOTHERING ME.

JEREMY

Sorry.

Megan flicks a straw wrapper at him from the front seat.

MEGAN

Don't be such a pussy, man.

ANGELA

EWV.

Postal HONKS the horn.

POSTAL

HERE WE FUCKING GO.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Postal pulls into a spot. The punks hop out.

POSTAL
You wankers ready for PUNK ROCK?

MEGAN
OY! OY!

JEREMY
YEAAAAAAH!

Angela and Travis are too busy comparing heights to chime in. Angela is shorter. She can fit her whole head under his chin, in fact. She does, then burrows her face into his chest.

POSTAL
I said ARE YOU READY?

TRAVIS
I reckon.

JEREMY
Postal? You might want to park somewhere else.

He points at a sign.

INSERT - The sign: ONE-HOUR PARKING - VEHICLE TOWED AT OWNER'S EXPENSE - PAY FINES TO RECLAIM CAR AT EVERLY HEIGHTS POLICE DEPT.

POSTAL
The pigs know better than to fuck with Peter Postal.

MEGAN
Because you'll fuck 'em up?

POSTAL
Nah. They're afraid of my Gran.

JEREMY
Fine. If you get towed, don't blame me.

Postal slings his arm around Jeremy and messes up his hair.

POSTAL
Like I'd blame you... Could stand to lose a little hair, but you're great. Ain't Jeremy great, Ang?

Angela doesn't hear him. She's busy whispering sweet nothings into Travis's ear.

Postal points at the two flirts.

POSTAL
You okay with that, mate?

Jeremy shakes him off.

JEREMY
Let's get in line. I'm ready for
the pit.

Megan swings her arms around.

MEGAN
FUCK YEAH, MAN. LET'S FUCK SHIT UP.

JEREMY
Everybody has their ticket, right?

Everybody nods, except Postal...

POSTAL
I don't need one. Me an' Crazy
Eddie's like brothers.

EXT. THE PANCAKE - DAY

Mr. Matheson stands behind a table with a giant ARTS COUNCIL logo. He collects admission fees, punches tickets, and stamps the hands of young punks flowing in.

MR. MATHESON
There you go, friend. Enjoy your
mosh dancing. NEXT.

Postal waddles up to the table.

MR. MATHESON
Ticket, please.

POSTAL
I don't need no bloody ticket. Ask
Crazy Eddie. He'll vouch for me.

Mr. Matheson opens the door and shouts inside.

MR. MATHESON
Crazy Eddie? Come out for a minute.

Crazy Eddie pokes his head out. He sees Postal and grimaces.

MR. MATHESON
This young man says he knows you.

CRAZY EDDIE

I know him alright. "Mr. Working Class" over here stole a sixer of Mickey's last week.

Postal clutches his chest, offended.

POSTAL

It was expired. I saved you from a lawsuit, bruv. You owe me.

MR. MATHESON

He doesn't even have a ticket.

CRAZY EDDIE

Good.

Postal reaches into his pocket.

POSTAL

Look, I know when I'm whipped. Here's yer pound 'o flesh.

He pulls out a ten-dollar bill.

CRAZY EDDIE

We're sold out.

POSTAL

Are you fuckin' serious? I waited all year for this, mate.

CRAZY EDDIE

Go home, Postal.

Postal yells a STRING OF EXPLETIVES as Crazy Eddie walks back into...

INT. THE PANCAKE - CONTINUOUS

A dingy, dark club with neon signs advertising cheap liquor.

MONTAGE

-- Crazy Eddie smiles and waves at two ARTSY PUNKS drawing anarchy symbols with BIC pens on their CONVERSE ALL-STARS.

-- On the stairs, he breaks up a young PUNK COUPLE a little too into in their make-out session.

-- Upstairs, he jams out in front of the stage while the band does a soundcheck.

-- He walks behind the bar and stocks the coolers.

END OF MONTAGE

RYON PAISLEY (15), a Korn kid straight out of Hot Topic with a beanie and the widest pair of jeans you've ever seen, waddles up to the bar.

RYON

C'mon, Crazy Eddie... Let me play.
This could be my last shot to get
tail in this town before--

CRAZY EDDIE

You were shit when you played
Battle of the Bands last year, kid.

RYON

I'm a lot better than I was, man.
(begs)
One song. That's all I want.

Crazy Eddie goes back to his work.

CRAZY EDDIE

Open mic is Sunday afternoon.

RYON

Fuck this, man. I need a drink.

Ryon slams cash on the counter. Crazy Eddie slides it back.

CRAZY EDDIE

You're what, fifteen? Fuck off.

Ryon takes his money off the counter.

RYON

I thought we were friends.

CRAZY EDDIE

I'd say that was an overestimation,
kid.

EXT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - DAY

Nat and Kelsey stand on the stoop. Nat's smoking. Kelsey nurses her bandaged left hand while she sips a latte.

SUPERIMPOSE: "1:45 PM"

NAT

The key is to not underestimate how hot those pans can get.

KELSEY

I suck. You make it seem so easy.

NAT

It's not rocket surgery.

The light hits Nat's face at a certain angle. Kelsey sees something familiar she hadn't seen before.

KELSEY

Aren't you the girl who flipped off the principal at graduation?

FLASHBACK - A VHS recording: Nat flips off the principal at graduation.

BACK TO SCENE

NAT

Yeah. Good times.

KELSEY

Shouldn't you be in college?

NAT

Should, yeah. I'm saving up for OU.

KELSEY

Can't your parents help?

NAT

My dad gave me a choice between running the restaurant or getting knocked up. Hell of a choice, that.

KELSEY

You could do FAFSA.

NAT

I won't get shit. I'm under twenty-one and my dad is fucking loaded.

KELSEY

From owning a restaurant in Everly Heights?

NAT

That's not all he does.

KELSEY
What do you mean?

Nat leans close to Kelsey's ear.

NAT
(whispers)
I could tell you, but then I'd have
to kill you.

Kelsey twists her head. The whisper tickles, in a good way.
She's embarrassed.

KELSEY
Ha. HAHA. That's kinda hot...

Nat arches her eyebrow. Their eyes lock. Electricity flows.

NAT
Are--?

Chester peeks out the front door, breaking the moment.

CHESTER
You gonna smoke all day? We have
shit to do.

KELSEY
Sorry, sir.

Nat field strips her ciggie and drops it in the trash.

NAT
Finish your latte. Chester's wound
too tight.

She tussles Chester's hair.

NAT
Too much stress and you're gonna go
bald, man.

Nat goes inside. Chester follows her in.

CHESTER
Wait. Really? Is this from the
cyclamate?

Kelsey watches Nat through the window as she takes another
sip from her drink.

EXT. THE PANCAKE - ALLEY - DAY

A filthy backstreet. Postal sits on a trash can and cracks open a can of MICKEY'S MALT LIQUOR. A rusty door leads into The Pancake. It's labeled EMPLOYEES ONLY.

POSTAL

That wanker thinks he can keep out
THE WORKING CLASS?

(takes a sip)

Thanks for the suds, mate.

Ryon CLINKS bottles with Postal.

RYON

They can't keep you out, man.

NATE BATISTA (17), a rude boy in navy blue coveralls, pulls a can off the six-pack.

BATISTA

Just 'cause you didn't have a
ticket? Pricks.

RYON

That's the fucking man for you.

They tip back their cans and slug down the cheap booze. Batista coughs. Postal pats him on the back.

POSTAL

You okay, bruv?

Batista leans back on the wall.

BATISTA

This is piss.

POSTAL

It's the brew of THE WORKING CLASS.

Postal puts down his bottle, then pulls a STRAIGHT RAZOR out of his back pocket. The two boys jump back. Postal smiles and lowers the razor.

POSTAL

Easy, chaps. I just want to know if
you'll say "damn the man" and
become a S.H.A.R.P. like me.

RYON

What the hell is a S.H.A.R.P.?

POSTAL
SkinHeads Against Racial Prejudice.

BATISTA
Skinheads are racists, dummy.

Postal gestures for them to come close, like an ancient shaman sharing tribal history over malt liquor.

POSTAL
Nah, mate. The original skinheads were Jamaican factory workers of all shapes and shades. They fought for the people... Black or white, it didn't matter.

RYON
No fucking way, man. Have you ever seen American History X?

POSTAL
Yeah, yeah. The whole movement got taken over by a bunch of Nazi fucks. We S.H.A.R.P.s are the last relics of the original working-class rude boys.

Batista and Ryon look at each other. They're considering it. Postal pulls a fifth of PEACH SCHNAPPS out of his back pocket and lifts the razor in the air.

POSTAL
Tell you what... You let me shave ya' sharp, I'll give you the rest of the bottle.

Ryon and Batista look at each other again. A BELL RINGS in the distance.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

MR. MATHESON
SHOW'S STARTING, FOLKS. PUT OUT THOSE CANCER STICKS.

BACK IN THE ALLEY

RYON
RxPx is going on.

Ryon and Batista toss their beers in the trash can. CLINK.

BATISTA
We'll think about it. Later, sir.

The boys run down the alley. Postal WHISTLES after them, pissed and getting pissier.

POSTAL
ENJOY YOUR POP-PUNK BULLSHIT. I'll
stay in the alley like a proper
scuzzbucket.

He kicks over the trashcan as PUNK MUSIC starts inside.

EXT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - DAY

The Hacky Sack Kids are at it again, taking advantage of the light crowd. They stand as far apart as possible, kicking the sack over the empty tables.

SUPERIMPOSE: "2:00 PM"

The bean bag flies into the street.

HACKY SACK KID
Got it!

He darts out into traffic. A car brakes just in time. He waves to the driver, then goes back to the game.

Benjamin looks up from his laptop.

BENJAMIN
Keep it down. People are working.

HACKY SACK KID
Yeah. Old people.

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - DAY

Chester scribbles in his notebook at a table. Nat twists knobs on the ESPRESSO MACHINE like she's done it a million times, because she has. Kelsey thumbs through a MANUAL.

NAT
Now we just POP off the portafilter
and give it a rinse.

KELSEY
Portafilter? The little pipe?

Nat rinses the portafilter in the sink.

NAT
That's the steam arm. Are you even
listening?

Chester leans back, removes his glasses, and rubs his tired eyes. He GROANS through his nose.

CHESTER
Can you keep it down? I'm writing.

NAT
God, no one cares.
(to Kelsey)
Try making a cup yourself.

KELSEY
I'm not ready.

NAT
Go on. I believe in you.

Nat smiles at Kelsey. A SPARK. Kelsey smiles back.

KELSEY
Okay. First, I grind the beans...

NAT
Nice. Keep going. I'll be back.

Nat wanders over to Chester.

NAT
Hey, John Grisham. You got a sec?

Chester SLAPS his notebook shut.

CHESTER
Sure. Why not?

She sits.

NAT
Is Matheson hiring any managers?
Postal's grandma wants rent money.

CHESTER
You could always just move back in
with your dad.

NAT
You could always shove that pencil
in your fucking eye.

CHESTER
Noted. I think we're good between
me and Lucy.

NAT
So I need to take out Lucy...

CHESTER
What? No. I'll talk to the boss.

The espresso machine catches fire.

KELSEY
Is it supposed to do that?

Chester rips the fire extinguisher off the wall.

CHESTER
STAND BACK.

He sprays the hose, but only a few drops plop out.

NAT
Aren't there sprinklers?

CHESTER
Yeah, but they're busted too.

Chester grabs the broom and WHACKS the flames.

NAT
Man, screw The Koffee Shop.

A COUGH from the front door.

LUCY HOLLIER (35), with a personality as constricted as the bun on the back of her head, stands by the door.

LUCY
What if I was a customer? Bill will
not be happy about this.

Chester tosses the burnt broom behind the counter.

CHESTER
LUCY. Sorry about all this. We're
training the new employee.

Lucy stomps over to Kelsey. Leans in. Stares her down.

LUCY
So you're to blame. What's your
name, young lady?

KELSEY
Uh, Kelsey?

Lucy relaxes.

LUCY

I ADORE that name. I had an Aunt Kelsey. Don't worry about the fire. Chester here flooded the kitchen on his first day--

CHESTER

(whispers to Nat)

At least I didn't shave my head in the rinse sink...

LUCY

--and he became a manager. Well, once he stopped writing his silly novel at work. Some people fight the Everly Heights magnet. Chester here had enough sense to give in to it.

Nat shudders at the thought. Chester eases over to the table, scoops up his notebook, and stashes it behind his back.

CHESTER

Sure did. Won't catch me writing. That's for rich people.

LUCY

I need my check.

Chester pulls a stack of checks from under the register drawer. He passes out checks to Lucy and Nat.

Nat's eyes bug out.

NAT

Bigger than I expected.

CHESTER

You earned it. OH! Kelsey had an interesting question. Do you know why there's a 'K' in our name?

LUCY

Who cares? Look it up online or something.

NAT

So where are you off to?

LUCY

I have to drive my son and his friend to the music festival downtown.

NAT
Punk Fest?

LUCY
 Yeah. How'd you know?

NAT
 Everybody's going. Everybody who
 isn't us, anyway.

INT. THE PANCAKE - MAIN STAGE - DAY

The mosh pit swirls. Ryon gets kicked in the face. Batista crowd surfs. Jeremy stands to the side watching Travis and Angela fool around with each other. RXPx plays.

LEAD SINGER
 (singing)
 I DON'T WANT THIS CELEBRITY / WHY
 CAN'T FANS LET ME BE? / I DON'T
 WANT TO THINK ABOUT YOU THINKING
 'BOU ME THINKING 'BOU YOU / I'VE
 GOT A LOT TO SAY

The crowd GOES WILD.

LEAD SINGER
 Okay, this is a new one we wrote in
 the van on the way over. It's
 called BROKE MY TOOTH OFF IN THE
 PIT. It is political. A 1-2-3-4!

The band PLAYS. Jeremy taps Angela on her shoulder. She rolls her eyes at him as Travis hugs her from behind.

JEREMY
 Can we talk?

She leans back into Travis.

ANGELA
 Just let me and my new... friend
 have a good time.

JEREMY
 Yeah, well maybe I'll hit the pit
 and find my own country bumpkin to
 grind on.

Travis steps between them.

TRAVIS
 Maybe you should, friend. The lady
 doesn't want you around no more.

Jeremy pokes his head around Travis. Angela still won't look at him. It's embarrassing.

JEREMY
 Ang, come on. I'm... I'm helping
 your dad with the fucking garage
 sale next weekend. GAH. I need to
 punch something.

Jeremy runs into the mosh pit. Angela pulls Travis close.

ANGELA
 He's gonna get ripped apart in
 there.

TRAVIS
 You ain't wrong!
 (flirty)
 But who gives a hoot about him?

She doesn't. They kiss.

IN THE MOSH PIT

Jeremy swings his arms around like they are two out-of-sync rotors. Megan spots him and weaves through the pit until she's in range. She SLAMS her shoulder into his chest.

MEGAN
 YOU LOOK PISSED, DUDE.

Jeremy leans close.

JEREMY
 WHAT?

MEGAN
 YOU LOOK PISSED!

Jeremy doesn't understand, so he says his own thing.

JEREMY
 I WANT TO FUCK SHIT UP.

MEGAN
 WHAT?

JEREMY
 FUCK SHIT UP.

Megan scrunches her nose, confused, which Jeremy finds cute.

MEGAN
FUCK YOU UP?

Jeremy smiles. FINALLY.

JEREMY
YEAH. FUCK SHIT--

Megan slams into Jeremy like he's a wall and she's the Kool-Aid Man. Her fists and feet slap his torso like a whirling dervish. Her elbow HITS him in the nose. He grabs his face.

JEREMY
FUCK!

Megan stops and pulls him over to the edge of the pit.

MEGAN
You okay, dude?

JEREMY
I'll be fine. I--

Batista, high on mosh pit, SLAMS into Jeremy. Megan goes to catch him. She doesn't. He CRACKS his head on the ground. The room gets wavy. Time slows.

JEREMY
Fuuuuuuuuuuuuccckkkk.

Megan waves Batista away and helps Jeremy up.

MEGAN
Come on. They have a nurse downstairs.

JEREMY
I'm fin... My fin... My is fine.

Jeremy, whose my is clearly not fine, wobbles back and forth.

MEGAN
C'mon. Your brain's all fucked up.

JEREMY
Your fucked up brain is.

He flips her off, then goes with her down the stairs.

EXT. GRECO'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - DAY

A classy Italian restaurant across the street from a cheap car dealership.

INSERT - A sign: GRECO'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - THE BEST CALZONES IN TOWN.

SUPERIMPOSE: "2:30 PM"

Nat flips the bird at the sign, then walks in.

INT. GRECO'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

RALPHIE FARINA (14), a scruffy host, pulls out a menu.

RALPHIE

Just one? Oh, you'll have to put out your cigarette. This place is made of flash paper. A warm breeze would burn it down.

Nat takes note, then drops her ciggie in a water glass resting on the host station. Ralphie GAGS.

NAT

I'm just blowing through to talk to your boss... My dad?

RALPHIE

(panicked)

Oh, gosh. Your Mr. Greco's daughter? Sorry I made you put out your cigarette. He's in his office. You just go--

Nat walks over to the SALAD BAR and tosses a couple cherry tomatoes in her mouth.

NAT

I know where it is.

INT. GRECO'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - OFFICE - DAY

Nat sits across from George and munches cherry tomatoes.

GEORGE

So you ready to admit my boys caught you dyking out?

Nat leans back and pops another tomato in her mouth. CRUNCH.

NAT

Let's say they did. I'm an adult.
Why should I give a shit what you
think about it?

George drums his fingers on his desk.

GEORGE

You going pazzo, Natalie? Ya' gotta
be pazzo. Do you know who the fuck
your papa is? I could send a lot of
trouble your way, if you make me.

Nat stands up and kicks the chair over behind her.

NAT

DON'T FUCKING THREATEN ME. Don't
forget. I'm your daughter, and I'll
hit you right fucking back.

George lights a cigar and CHUCKLES. Sparks shoot out the end.

GEORGE

Go for it. You won't be the first
member of the borgata I've had to
burn.

INT. THE PANCAKE - DAY

In the downstairs lobby, a nurse SLAPS an ice pack on
Jeremy's head. He winces.

JEREMY

It burns!

NURSE

No more mosh pit, kid. We don't
want you falling again.

JEREMY

Yes, ma'am. Meg, give me a hand.

Megan helps Jeremy upstairs.

MEGAN

You aren't gonna listen to her,
right?

JEREMY

Fuck no. It's PUNK FEST. OY OY!

MEGAN

OY OY!

She throws her arm around him and leads him into the pit.

EXT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - DAY

Benjamin sits alone at the table, working on his laptop.
Chester pops his head out the front door.

CHESTER
Want another Highlander Grogg?

BENJAMIN
(yawns)
I can get it.

Chester runs over and scoops up Benjamin's cup.

CHESTER
Stay put, man. I need to show the
new girl how to do a sidepour.

BENJAMIN
Solid.

Chester goes back inside. Benjamin gets back to work.

A car pulls up. TINA INFANTINO (17) and JOSIE SWAYNGIM (18),
"skater girls" in baggy pants and shirts that show off their
belly rings, climb out.

They pull up some chairs.

TINA
Dude, have you seen Megan?

JOSIE
We were going to Spencer's. Wanna
come?

BENJAMIN
Sorry, guys. Megan went with all
the cool kids to Punk Fest.

TINA
Punk Fest? That ASSHOLE.

JOSIE
That SLUT. She told us they sold
out.

BENJAMIN
Guess we all got left behind. Even
Jeremy went.

JOSIE

She took that poseur Jeremy, and not us? Megan didn't even listen to punk until she met you, Tina.

TINA

Total poseurs.

Benjamin grabs his laptop bag and puts his stuff away.

BENJAMIN

Screw them. You want to go on an adventure?

JOSIE

We like adventures.

TINA

Where are we going?

BENJAMIN

The walking bridge.

TINA

OH, SHIT.

Chester kicks open the door, carrying a steaming hot mug.

CHESTER

I got your Grogg.

Benjamin reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a wad of dollar bills. He tosses it to Chester.

BENJAMIN

It's yours, man. We've got something going on.

CHESTER

Okay. Well, have fun.

Chester takes a sip of the coffee as he opens the door.

CHESTER

That's some damn fine pour-over,
Kelsey. Next, we'll--
(eyes wide)
Shit, this was his cup.

He spits on the ground a few times and dumps the coffee.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Benjamin, Josie, and Tina wander down the middle of the street. WATER FLOWS nearby. Josie reads a FLIER.

INSERT - The flier: A PUNK FEST ad, with a list of bands.

JOSIE

...and More Than Music and RXPx and
Nosloo's Staff and fucking SINGLE-
CELL PARAMECIUM.

TINA

Dude, we're missing Nosloo's Staff?
This is BULLSHIT.

They walk through a gap in the trees onto--

EXT. THE WALKING BRIDGE - DAY

Green guardrails and cement stretch over the lazy creek. The trees block everything outside the mystical glen, save the faint outlines of houses on either end.

BENJAMIN

Trivia: This bridge isn't
technically in Everly Heights. The
local cops can't touch us here, and
the staties are too busy to bother.

They walk out and look over the water.

TINA

Where's the booze?

BENJAMIN

Booze? How *boring*. Let's kick it up
a notch.

Benjamin pulls out a PLASTIC BAGGIE with a sheet of CARTMAN STAMPS inside.

JOSIE

What the hell is that?

BENJAMIN

It's blotter.

JOSIE

Like an ink blotter?

BENJAMIN

Blotter. LSD? On paper. Each little picture of Cartman is a hit.

Josie and Tina look at each other.

JOSIE & TINA

Hell yeah.

Benjamin uses tweezers to extract hits from the bag. He places them on the girl's tongues, then takes one himself.

BENJAMIN

Now... We wait.

Tina looks at her watch.

TINA

Man... We're missing Nosloo's Staff right now...

EXT. THE PANCAKE - ALLEY - DAY

BAND MEMBERS (20s), dressed like punk wizards, unload gear from a fantasy logo painted on the side -- NOSLOO'S STAFF. WILLY (19), the Buddy Holly-esque guitarist, pulls a drum case out of the back.

Postal runs up, a man with a plan.

POSTAL

OY. Don't break your hands, gents.
You gotta play, in'nit?

Postal tanks the drum case away from Willy. He turns to take it inside when NOSLOO, a short wizard in a troll mask, steps in front of him.

NOSLOO

And who the hell are you, mack?

Postal smiles a crooked smile.

POSTAL

I'm with the venue?

A beat. Nosloo thinks. Postal sweats.

NOSLOO

Oh, nice.

Postal relaxes and follows the band through the back door.

INT. THE PANCAKE - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Postal holds the drum and jams to the band on stage as they wrap up. Crazy Eddie runs up to Nosloo.

CRAZY EDDIE

Okay, boss. You guys are-- POSTAL?!

Postal waves the drum case, like it explains everything.

NOSLOO

This mook said he works for you.

CRAZY EDDIE

Don't make me have Chief Duplas
drag your ass outta here again.

Crazy Eddie rips the drum from Postal's hands and drags him to the back door.

POSTAL

I'm working-class. I see a bloke
carrying something, I help him.

Crazy Eddie stops and looks Postal up and down.

CRAZY EDDIE

That shows real initiative, Postal.
Maybe I was wrong about you.

POSTAL

You serious?

CRAZY EDDIE

No. Get the fuck out.

Eddie kicks the back door open and throws Postal out into the back alley.

CRAZY EDDIE

Sorry, boss. Postal's just another
loser caught by the Everly Heights
magnet. He'd rather bitch than get
up off his ass and build something
like we did, ya' know?

NOSLOO

I'm a high muckety-muck. I get it.

The band on stage plays their last chord.

CRAZY EDDIE

You're up.

INT. THE PANCAKE - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Nosloo's Staff runs out and plugs in. Nosloo lowers the mic stand and leans into it like a total rock star.

NOSLOO

Thank you. We're Nosloo's Staff,
and we're taking you assholes to
another realm.

The crowd CHEERS as the song kicks on. It's quick and peppy.

NOSLOO

(sings)

WE'RE GONNA HAVE A PARTY IN MY
REALM / AS SOON AS I FIND A WAY
HOME / YOU'LL COME ALONG / WE'LL
PLAY THIS SONG...

IN THE MOSH PIT

Jeremy and Megan link arms. He lifts her up on his back and spins her around, legs swinging. They are having a fucking blast. Angela watches from the back.

ON STAGE

Nosloo pulls a GLOWING ORB from his cloak.

NOSLOO

(singing)

IN THE LAND OF FEE-NEE / WE'LL SET
MY PEOPLE FREE / MY BRENDA IS
WAITING / MY BROTHER, BERATING /
WHEN I MAKE IT HOME...

Nosloo holds the mic out to the audience.

CROWD

WE'LL SET MY PEOPLE FREE.

The song ends. The crowd cheers. Jeremy puts Megan down. They smile at each other.

NOSLOO

Give me a beat, mack.

The drummer starts drumming.

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - DAY

Nat kicks open the door. DING DING.

SUPERIMPOSE: "3:05 PM"

NAT

Chester, lend me your beater.

Chester puts down his pad and pen, then scoffs in Nat's direction.

CHESTER

The Rolling Dervish? No way. I paid for that piece of shit with my own money.

NAT

I'll bring it right back.

CHESTER

Where are you taking it?

NAT

I'm going to drive it through the front fucking window of Greco's.

Kelsey stands up from behind the counter.

KELSEY

Greco's? I love that place. Almost as much as Square's Pizza. Those calzones...

NAT

I'll make sure to tell my dad before I shove one down his throat.

Nat lets out a DEEP SOUL SIGH. She stares at nothing, locked up. Chester guides her into a chair.

CHESTER

Calm down. We can--

Nat jumps out of her chair and kicks it over.

NAT

DON'T FUCKING TELL ME TO CALM DOWN.

KELSEY

Yeah, boss. Never do that.

CHESTER

You're my friend, Nat. I don't want you getting arrested... Again.

KELSEY

Prank him. Like Tom Green.

Chester shakes his head. Nat hugs Kelsey.

NAT
FUCKING GENIUS. I love the new kid.

Kelsey blushes.

KELSEY
Really? I--

Nat puts her in a headlock and gives her a noogie.

NAT
She's great.

Nat lets her go and picks up the phone. There's a LOUD BUZZ on the line.

NAT
What a piece of crap.

She dials.

INT. GRECO'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - SAME TIME

The waitress picks up the phone.

WAITRESS
Greco's Italian Kitchen, where we treat you like family. Pick-up or delivery?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

NAT
Hi, I'd like to order... heh...
THREE HUNDRED large pepperoni pizzas. Oh, and antipasti for one hundred.

WAITRESS
Oh, wow. When do you need it? I'll have to check--

NAT
Tonight by six, at the Scottish Rite.

WAITRESS
And who is it for?

NAT
GLAAD, you HOMOPHOBIC PRICKS.

Chester, Nat, and Kelsey LAUGH. Kelsey gives Nat a LOOK.

WAITRESS

I don't know-- Who is this?

The waitress looks at a box on the wall, the CALLER ID.

INSERT - The LCD reads THE KOFFEE SHOP.

WAITRESS

The Koffee Shop? Natalie? Do you want to talk to your dad or--

CLICK. The waitress looks at the phone.

END INTERCUT

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - DAY

Nat slams the phone back into its cradle.

NAT

SHIT. She knew it was me.

KELSEY

You should use star-six-seven.

NAT

Star-six-seven?

KELSEY

It's a code you punch in before you dial a number to hide who you are.

NAT

Really? Sick. Where'd you learn that?

KELSEY

The front flap of the phone book.

EXT. THE WALKING BRIDGE - DAY

Benjamin thumbs through a booklet labeled THE ANARCHIST DRUGS COOKBOOK. Tina and Josie sit across from him, bored.

TINA

You guys feel anything?

BENJAMIN

It says here it can take up to an hour.

JOSIE

I'm bored. Want to play Truth or Truth?

BENJAMIN

Truth or Truth?

JOSIE

It's Truth or Dare without the sexual bullshit.

BENJAMIN

Thank God.

JOSIE

I'll start. Benjamin, you ever had a girlfriend?

TINA

Good one.

Benjamin puts his booklet down.

BENJAMIN

No. Well, there was this girl at church camp once. Jolene. She was my sister's friend, but we got along. We'd talk about all sorts of stuff. Not just the bible. Then my sister told everybody I was gay. Southern Baptists really don't like it when they think you're gay.

TINA

Dude, that's rough.

JOSIE

Are you gay?

BENJAMIN

No. I mean, whatever. Who knows? Maybe? I need someone willing to kiss my ugly ass before I make a determination.

Tina freezes. Her pupils dilate into infinity. She pokes her head through the railing to look at the PSYCHEDELIC WATER.

TINA

DUDE. Have you looked at the creek?

Josie and Benjamin join her.

BENJAMIN
It's like water, but wetter.

JOSIE
Holy shit.

TINA
Dude, this is beautiful.

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - DAY

Nat changes bags in the trash can. CHIEF DUPLAS (35), in full uniform, walks in and slaps a five on the counter.

CHIEF DUPLAS
One Highlander Grogg, please.

SUPERIMPOSE: "4:00 PM"

NAT
Chief Duplas? I'd like to talk to you about somebody threatening me.

CHIEF DUPLAS
I'm busy. Take it up with my son Danny. He's always willing to help you kids with your little spats.

Nat goes to the display case and pulls out a STICKY BUN.

NAT
There's a sticky bun in it for you.

Chief Duplas squints at her. She backs down.

CHIEF DUPLAS
Do I look like a man who can be bribed?

NAT
Sorry, sir. I--

Chief Duplas snatches the sticky bun out of her hand. He smiles and takes a bite.

CHIEF DUPLAS
(chewing)
I do love a good sticky bun. You got two minutes.

Nat pours his coffee, then breathes in. You can do this.

NAT
My dad... George Greco...

Chief Duplas stops chewing.

NAT
He threatened me.

CHIEF DUPLAS
Why would an upstanding businessman
like George threaten his daughter?
What did you do?

NAT
NOTHING. My dad's the crook. He has
his hands in everything...
Gambling, weapons... Did you know
he runs drugs to Steubenville for
the Quakers?

Chief Duplas smiles, but his body's tense. He takes a few
steps back and sips his coffee, looking out the window onto
the street. Nobody watching.

CHIEF DUPLAS
Drugs? Quakers? These are serious
accusations. I'll look into it.

NAT
Please don't tell him I ratted on
him. I've already got a fucking
target on my--

Chief Duplas spits out his coffee.

CHIEF DUPLAS
LANGUAGE, young lady. I'll be in
touch.

Chief Duplas ducks out the door. Nat flips him off as Kelsey
comes in from the back.

KELSEY
Rude customer?

NAT
Cop. He probably had to go beat up
a stoner or something.

EXT. THE WALKING BRIDGE - DAY

The trio hangs out under the bridge, down by the water,
passing a JOINT around as they work. Benjamin and Tina stack
stones in a little pyramid. Josie collects a smooth round
stone from the creek.

JOSIE
Ben-child, I found it, a perfectly
round stone.

TINA
The circle of life.

BENJAMIN
The wheel of fortune.

JOSIE
The sparkle. It's perfect.

Benjamin wipes a tear away, then places the new stone on the pile.

INT. THE PANCAKE - MAIN STAGE - DAY

Nosloo climbs up on a speaker and JUMPS into the crowd. Jeremy wags his finger at the band. Megan hangs back and laughs at him. A SKA BOY (17) skanks up beside her and tips his fedora.

SKA BOY
(above the din)
YOU SPARKLE FITS.

MEGAN
WHAT?

He leans in, lecherous.

SKA BOY
YOU HAVE NICE TITS.

Megan PUNCHES him square in the jaw. He falls back on the hard sticky floor. A hand to his face. Blood. Shit. A TOOTH!

SKA BOY
THIT. THIT. I NEETH TO GOTH TO THE
HOTHPITAL.

Megan takes a knee and offers him her hand.

MEGAN
HERE, I'LL TAKE YOU. MAYBE WE CAN
MAKE OUT LATER.

He takes her hand.

SKA BOY
REALLY?

MEGAN
IN YOUR FUCKING DREAMS.

She pulls him off the floor and flings him into the swirling chaos of the mosh pit.

ON STAGE

Nosloo climbs back on stage and starts the next verse.

NOSLOO
(singing)
I DON'T WANNA BE KING / WANNA FUCK,
DRINK, LAUGH, AND SING / IF MY
BRENDA...

Ska Boy is woozy, but standing. Jeremy SLAMS into him, launching him onto the stage. He CRASHES into Willy, the guitar player. The music SCREECHES to a halt.

WILLY
FUCK. My hand.

EXT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - DAY

Nat pulls down the umbrellas on the tables. The Hacky Sack Kids kick their sack back and forth.

NAT
Guys, you gotta buy something.

HACKY SACK KID
What are you gonna do, scrub? Call
the cops?

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS light up the little smartass's face.

HACKY SACK KID
Shit, man. HAUL ASS.

The Hacky Sack Kids take off.

NAT
I DIDN'T... Never mind.

A cop car pulls up. Lights off. Chief Duplas gets out the driver's side. Nat's dad George gets out the passenger's side and waddles over to her.

GEORGE
I gotta say, I'm disappointed.
Never thought my little gangster
girl would turn fink.

Nat shoves a finger in Chief Duplas's chest.

NAT
YOU FUCKING TOLD HIM?

CHIEF DUPLAS
Of course. Your dad does a lot for
this town. He deserved to know.

He swats her hand away and puts his other hand on his gun.
Nat backs off. She might be foolhardy, but she's not stupid.

George puts his hands on Nat's shoulders and squeezes.

GEORGE
Natalie... You know what I always
say: "Family is family, but
business is business." I tried to
be nice about the lesbo shit--

NAT
You're being a total asshole.

GEORGE
Trust me, sweetie. This is Daddy
when he's trying. If you can't keep
your trap shut, maybe it's time I
have Romeo and Archie prune the
Greco family tree. And maybe after
they're done I have them throw the
trimmings in the fucking creek, ya'
get me?

DREAM SEQUENCE

Nat RIPS an umbrella out of a table and STABS it into
George's chest. She pulls it out, swings it in a circle
around her head, then clocks Chief Duplas in the jaw. She
lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM as blood squirts everywhere.

BACK TO REALITY

GEORGE
Natalie? HELLO? Ya' get me?

NAT
Sure, Dad. I see how it is.

George rubs Nat's bald head.

GEORGE
I knew you was smart. Get a wig.
Ya' look like Mr. Fucking Clean.

Nat smiles and turns, a fiery plan rising in her eyes.

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Nat peeks her head in. Chester looks up from his work. Kelsey looks excitedly at her from behind the counter.

NAT
I need a break.

CHESTER
You've had three.

NAT
It'll take twenty minutes, I swear.

Nat ducks out the door. Kelsey looks a little sad about it.

CHESTER
I should've known today would be
like this when she shaved her head
in the sink.

INT. THE PANCAKE - MAIN STAGE - DAY

Nosloo helps the injured guitarist bandage his hand as Crazy Eddie pulls Ska Boy off the stage and takes him away.

NOSLOO
SHOVE THAT DICK'S HEAD IN THE JOHN!
I knew we shouldn't have played
this dump. You okay, man?

WILLY
My hand is fucking broke, dude. MY
HAND IS BROKE.

NOSLOO
CURSES!
(into the mic)
Sorry, but we're fucking done. That
goblin over there took out Willy.

RYON (O.S.)
I CAN PLAY.

The crowd parts. Ryon pulls a pick from his pocket. Nosloo looks him up and down and chuckles.

EXT. GRECO'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - DAY

From across the street, Nat chuckles as patrons come and go.

SUPERIMPOSE: "4:10 PM"

Nat FLICKS her ZIPPO once... twice... then she flips it closed and crosses the street to the restaurant.

NAT
You want to play, Dad? Let's play.

INT. THE PANCAKE - MAIN STAGE - DAY

Crazy Eddie kicks the Ska Kid down the steps and turns his attention back to the stage.

CRAZY EDDIE
Don't do it, boss. This kid sucks.

NOSLOO
Can't be worse than nothing. Come on up, dude. Let's rock.

Crazy Eddie shrugs and waves Ryon on.

Ryon hits the stage and takes the guitar. He looks out in the crowd, a pulsing blob of silhouettes. This is his time.

NOSLOO
This song's going out to my Brenda.
It's called FUCK THIS TOWN.

The crowd goes wild. This is a local favorite. The bass player plucks his part. Ryon looks lost. Sweat beads on his forehead. He watches for the changes and prays a little.

EXT. GRECO'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Nat flirts with a BUSGIRL next to the dumpsters who is out on her smoke break.

NAT
Yeah. I'm from here too. So, you bus tables? That must take...

Nat sees a SET OF KEYS hanging from the Busgirl's belt. She takes a seductive step closer and gives her keys a JINGLE.

NAT
Talent.

The Busgirl is clearly uncomfortable.

BUSGIRL
Huh? No. You throw the dishes in the bus pan and wipe things down.

Nat reaches out with one hand and squeezes her bicep.

NAT

Don't shit on yourself. It takes a strong woman to lift a bus pan.

BUSGIRL

Nah. I empty it after every table.

Nat grabs her belt.

NAT

Is this happening?

BusGirl blushes and pulls away. Nat slips the keys off her belt. A twist. A turn. The keys go in Nat's pocket.

BUSGIRL

Is what happening?

INT. THE PANCAKE - MAIN STAGE - DAY

Ryon leans against the amp, catching his breath. Nosloo shoots him a dirty look. One deep breath, then after the next round Ryon joins in with the chords. The pit begins to swirl.

NOSLOO

PEOPLE WILL TELL YOU THESE ARE THE
DAYS / BUT THEY DON'T REMEMBER WHAT
IT'S LIKE...

EXT. GRECO'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - BACK ALLEY - DAY

BusGirl stumbles inside, swooning. Nat pulls the keys from her pocket, unlocks the cage on the ladder, then climbs up...

EXT. GRECO'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - ROOF - DAY

Nat finds a cardboard box filled with DRY LEAVES.

NOSLOO (V.O.)

THE DRAMA / THE MOSH PIT / THE SELF-
DOUBT AND TRAUMA / WHAT THE HELL DO
WE GOT TO BE NOSTALGIC FOR?

She shoves the leaves inside a BIG VENT in the center of the roof, then pulls out her zippo and LIGHTS IT UP with a big shit-eating grin. The flames dance in front of her eyes.

INT. THE PANCAKE - MAIN STAGE - DAY

Nosloo is at the edge of the stage. He takes a gulp of fuel and SPITS FIRE out over the crowd then starts the chorus...

NOSLOO
FUCK THIS TOWN / FUCK THIS TOWN...

Ryon plays a slick RIFF on the guitar, then pushes his way to the mic. He knows this part.

RYON
 SO, IN SUMMATION, HAVE WE MADE
 OURSELVES CLEAR? / EVERY SMALL-TOWN
 KID THINKS THEY'RE LIVING THEIR
 BEST YEARS

Nosloo leans in.

NOSLOO
 BUT IN A DECADE YOU'LL LOOK BACK
 AND WONDER WHAT HAPPENED...

RYON
 THE BOOZE, DRUGS, AND TRAUMA...

NOSLOO
 WITH HOT TOPIC FASHION.

Nosloo and Ryon smile at each other, then go in for the kill.

INT. GRECO'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - KITCHEN - DAY

A COOK stirs sauce on the stove. He takes a BIG SNIFF, then looks up.

IN THE VENT - FIRE FALLS and nearly hits the cook in the face. He runs away SCREAMING as the kitchen catches FIRE.

EXT. GRECO'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Nat giggles as smoke pours out of the building.

RYON & NOSLOO (V.O.)
 YOUR ANGER'S A RESOURCE / THIS SONG
 IS AN AD...

Nat gets serious, then feels the roof with her hand.

NAT
 SHIT.

RYON & NOSLOO (V.O.)
 WHO KNEW OUR BEST YEARS / WOULD BE
 THIS FUCKING BAD...

She runs to the edge, grabs the ladder, slides down to the street, and skitters off as FIRE SIRENS ring in the distance.

RYON & NOSLOO (V.O.)
FUCK THIS TOWN!

INT. THE PANCAKE - MAIN STAGE - DAY

Nosloo spins around the stage. Ryon performs a WICKED GUITAR SOLO. The crowd SCREAMS. Nosloo gestures for them to join in.

CROWD
 FUCK THIS TOWN!

EXT. GRECO'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - PARKING LOT - DAY

Fire trucks surround the smoldering building. A dozen employees mill around while George Greco hangs back with Romeo and Archie. A fat stogie bobs up and down in his mouth as he speaks.

GEORGE
 This stinks of Dick Armstrong. Why
 don't you boys go give that little
 rat a visit...

ACROSS THE STREET

Nat watches from behind an oak tree. She can't stop smiling.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Archie points across the street.

ARCHIE
 Hey, ain't that your brat?

George locks eyes with Nat. The flames shimmer in his eyes.

ACROSS THE STREET

Nat takes off down a hill. She smiles as she runs.

NAT
 I'm gonna miss this shit.

INT. THE PANCAKE - MAIN STAGE - DAY

Nosloo takes a swig from his fuel bottle and SPRAYS fire over the crowd, then waves Ryon down with a piece of dirty cardboard. The drummer hits the last beat. CHEERS from the pit. Ryon looks out, beaming.

NOSLOO

Thank you, Everly Heights. I'm
NOSLOO THE GREAT, and we've been
NOSLOO'S STAFF. MERCH DOWNSTAIRS!

AT THE BAR

Ryon waves to get Crazy Eddie's attention.

RYON

Bottle of water, please?

Crazy Eddie tosses him a bottle.

CRAZY EDDIE

It's on the house. You fucking
rocked it, boss.

RYON

I told you I got better.

CRAZY EDDIE

I can admit when I'm wrong. We just
had a Tuesday night slot open up on
the main stage. You got enough
material to fill an hour?

Ryon runs around the bar and hugs Eddie.

RYON

HELL YEAH, man. Well, I can play
for you this summer anyway. I'm
moving in August.

CRAZY EDDIE

Damn it. Where to?

RYON

(smiles)
Fucking Nashville.

Crazy Eddie smiles, but he's a little pissed too.

CRAZY EDDIE

Of course. Good luck. Be here
Tuesday at eight. We'll put you up.
(rubs Ryon's head)

(MORE)

CRAZY EDDIE (CONT'D)
 And get a haircut... You've got a
 rat's nest growing up there.

EXT. THE PANCAKE - ALLEY - DAY

Ryon sits on the trashcan as Postal gleefully chops away at his hair with a razor.

SUPERIMPOSE: "6:30 PM"

As Postal pulls the razor back for another cut, Ryon bops his head to the music from inside. Postal SMACKS his ear.

POSTAL
 Stop moving, bruv. Wouldn't want me
 to take your ear, ay?

RYON
 You're sure this doesn't make me
 racist? That wouldn't look good to
 my fans.

Postal smiles big enough to expose his silver bottom tooth. He moves the razor along Ryon's skull with care and precision.

POSTAL
 What fans? Ya' played one fucking
 song. Have faith in the cause,
 mate. TO THE WORKING CLASS.

Batista pops out the door. He puts his backpack down and pulls out a six-pack of ROLLING ROCK.

BATISTA
 Salutations, sirs. Want some beer?

POSTAL
 Fuck yeah.

RYON
 YES.

Batista hands out drinks. Postal takes a sip, one so long he drains the bottle. The other punks admire his fortitude.

POSTAL
 Fuck yeah, man. Thanks for the--

A SIREN echoes down the alley. POLICE LIGHTS hit them.

BATISTA
 SHIT. Dad can't find out I drink.

Ryon drops his bottle. SMASH.

RYON

RUN.

The boys run off. Postal waves his razor after them.

POSTAL

OY. WAIT UP. I need to finish yer'
hair. You look like a big hairy--

Chief Duplas jumps out of the car and pulls out his taser.

CHIEF DUPLAS

POSTAL. What have I told you about
your little "recruitment" drives?

Chief Duplas sees the broken bottle.

CHIEF DUPLAS

Oh, look. Contributing to the
corruption of a minor. Littering.
Cutting hair without a license...

POSTAL

Is that a crime?

CHIEF DUPLAS

IT SHOULD BE!

Postal flips off Chief Duplas.

POSTAL

EAT IT, PIG.

Postal turns tail and runs. Chief Duplas starts after him,
but then he remembers he has a bum knee.

CHIEF DUPLAS

STOP. Damn it.
(on his radio)
Jenkins? Find Peter Postal's car
and bring it to impound. I need to
have a little chat with him. Again.

JENKINS (V.O.)

Right away, sir.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

POSTAL

WAIT UP, LADS.

Postal catches up to Ryon and Batista. Ryon offers him a
cigarette. He takes it and lights up.

POSTAL

Shit, boys. You can run.

BATISTA

Yeah, but we left our beer.

POSTAL

Don't sweat yer head off. I got some Mickey's back home I can bring down to the walking bridge tonight. Celebrate yer new haircuts.

Postal reaches over and lops off the last chunk of Ryon's hair.

RYON

As long as we stay on the bridge. That creek water will kill you.

EXT. THE PANCAKE - NIGHT

Jeremy and Angela stand out front and share a cigarette. She passes it to him.

JEREMY

Thanks for the death stick... I'm leaving soon. I was looking forward to... us this summer, but I can't hang around while you cheat on me.

ANGELA

We're kids, dude. Kids can't cheat. Live before you get old, right?

JEREMY

You hurt me, Ang.

He hands the cigarette back, but before Angela can take it Travis swoops it and grabs it. He takes a puff.

TRAVIS

You're just a big ol' pussy, ain't ya, boy?

He blows smoke in Jeremy's face.

ANGELA

EW. Don't say that. Give us a sec.

TRAVIS

I'll be over here if ya' need me.

Travis moseys off, puffing away on the cigarette.

ANGELA
We had fun, right?

JEREMY
Sure.

ANGELA
Then maybe we just leave it there.

Jeremy smiles at Angela, who looks like she might regret her choice until...

JEREMY
I get it. I do.

She gives him a big hug, then they let each other go.

ANGELA
No hard feelings?

JEREMY
I didn't say that...

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Chester and Kelsey sit up on the counter paging through Chester's notebook.

SUPERIMPOSE: "8:00 PM"

CHESTER
...and then the Whirling Dervish
gets seduced by a mummy but it
turns out it was his co-worker the
whole time.

Kelsey smiles, out of equal parts pity and politeness.

KELSEY
Cool?

CHESTER
You really think so?

Kelsey hesitates to answer. Luckily, Nat runs in so she doesn't have to.

NAT
(panting)
I'm back. I'm back. Sorry.

CHESTER
Don't worry. I clocked you out.

He hands Nat a crumpled-up receipt.

CHESTER

You know this isn't management-level behavior, right? Dipping out like this?

NAT

I said I'm sorry. Don't be a dick.

CHESTER

(sniffs)

Do either of you smell a campfire?

Kelsey puts her hand on Nat's shoulder.

KELSEY

What happened? You're all sweaty.

Nat smiles a wicked smile and pulls up a seat.

NAT

Well...

INT. THE PANCAKE - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

Jeremy sits at the bar, fresh from the pit, drinking a VANILLA CREAM SODA with a photo of a PUNK ROCK BABY printed on it. Megan hops up next to him and slaps him on the back.

MEGAN

What the hell happened? You've got blood on your shirt.

JEREMY

Angela just broke up with me.

Megan punches his arm, playfully.

MEGAN

Fuck her. You're a cool dude, dude. It takes a lot of guts for a musical theater nerd to come to a punk show dressed like an American Eagle employee.

Jeremy finally smiles.

JEREMY

Thanks?

MEGAN

I'm just saying, fuck what she thinks about you... What anybody thinks about you. That's what punk is all about, right? Fuck them.

Jeremy holds up his cream soda to toast. Megan does the same with her Gatorade.

JEREMY

Yeah. Fuck them.

They toast and drink their drinks. A beat. Neither is sure what to say. Megan looks over, a little flirty, although you can barely tell with her.

MEGAN

You don't deserve to be treated like that.

JEREMY

Thanks. You don't have to say that.

He's not getting it. She grabs his bloody shirt. Pulls him close. Breathes in his ear.

MEGAN

Wanna make that bitch jealous?

The blood runs to Jeremy's face, and to *other areas*.

JEREMY

What? Oh. Wow. Uh, thanks? THANK YOU. I... I don't think I'm ready for-- Want to be friends?

Megan throws her Gatorade across the bar.

MEGAN

FUCKING SERIOUSLY? Why do I try? Go cry yourself to sleep, nerd.

She storms off. Jeremy reaches out, but it's too late. He messed up, and he knows it.

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Kelsey, Chester, and Nat commiserate around the table, drinking the last of the coffee and nibbling on the last of the cancer muffins.

SUPERIMPOSE: "8:15 PM"

CHESTER

Wow. You really took it to him.

KELSEY

So that's like, arson, right?

NAT

He had it coming. Point is, his goons saw me.

Chester picks up the phone.

CHESTER

I'm calling the police.

NAT

Don't bother. Dear old Dad has them on his payroll. Might be time for me to get the hell out of Everly Heights.

Kelsey puts her arm around Nat, who lays her head on Kelsey's shoulder. It's nice.

KELSEY

NO. Then he wins. At least let us walk you back tonight. I want you to make it back to your friend's place safe and sound.

NAT

I can't ask you guys to do that.

Chester puts his arm around Nat. She's less receptive to his arm, for obvious reasons.

CHESTER

We're here for you, whether you think you need us or not.

KELSEY

I know it's my first day, but we girls have to stick together, right?

NAT

Yeah...

KELSEY

Besides, you're pretty... Cool. Pretty cool.

Nat hugs Chester and Kelsey. Chester tolerates the hug. Kelsey gets lost in it.

NAT

You guys are pretty cool too. Even you, Chester.

CHESTER

Was there ever any doubt?

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The car is gone. Angela and Travis make out while the other punks harass Postal. Jeremy shoves Postal.

JEREMY

...and this prick doubted me. I fucking TOLD YOU they'd tow it.

Postal gets in Jeremy's face. He's already had a bad day.

POSTAL

You'd do well to calm the fuck down, chap.

Megan steps between them.

MEGAN

We're all having a shitty day. Especially Jeremy. Don't take it out on him.

POSTAL

FUCK.

He punches and kicks the NO PARKING SIGN until it falls over.

POSTAL

That felt bloody nice.

MEGAN

Now apologize to Jeremy.

POSTAL

Sorry I doubted you, Jeremy.

JEREMY

Thanks. Megan, you didn't have to--

Postal picks up the parking sign and looks at it.

POSTAL

SHIT.

INSERT - The sign: RECLAIM CAR AT EVERLY HEIGHTS POLICE DEPT.

POSTAL

Chief Dumbass strikes again.

Travis breaks from Angela and points down the road.

TRAVIS

Looks like we gotta mosey on
downtown. Hope y'all brought your
walking shoes.

The punks all look down at their taped and tattered boots.

EXT. THE WALKING BRIDGE - NIGHT

Now back up on the bridge, Tina and Josie sit on either side of Benjamin and give him a comforting hug.

BENJAMIN

Jeremy was just like me. A little younger, yeah, but just like me. We were losers... Total nerds. Ever since he got cast in Little Shop he's MR. POPULAR. In a year he'll be away at college and I'll be in Everly Heights, stuck to the magnet like all the other losers.

JOSIE

Ben-child, you'll get out of this town. We all will.

TINA

Hell yeah, dude!

BENJAMIN

That's the thing. I don't want to leave Everly Heights. I like it here. Yeah, I could move to San Francisco and get a job at Yahoo!, but then life gets all competitive and confrontational. Give me a boring life in a boring town. I'm nothing like Jeremy anymore. He can't wait to leave.

Tina takes his hand in a platonic, spiritual way. Benjamin is either about to crumble or bust out laughing, but he's locked on his friend with all the distracted focus LSD provides.

TINA

Say Jeremy becomes the next Seth Green.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

Do you want your last memory to be some dumb fight over him ditching you for a chick? Or do you want some kickass adventures you can tell the townies down at The Koffee Shop stories about in five years?

BENJAMIN

Kickass adventures. You guys...
(tears up)
You're great friends. Thanks.

They hug.

TINA

Thank you for the acid, dude. This stuff is... Well, ask me tomorrow, but I feel like tonight's THE BOMB.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Jeremy, Megan, and Postal trudge down the road, weary. Travis jogs by them, carrying Angela piggyback. She waves at Jeremy as they pass.

JEREMY

This sucks.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Everybody but Postal waits outside, exhausted.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Postal pounds his fist on the counter.

POSTAL

Where the bloody hell is my car?
I'm due to meet some blokes for a nightcap.

Chief Duplas walks out of his office, smiling.

CHIEF DUPLAS

Ah. Mr. Postal, I was hoping you'd come see me.

POSTAL

(winks)
Yer fond of me, ain't ya'?

Chief Duplas reaches over the counter and grabs Postal by his undershirt.

CHIEF DUPLAS
Stop recruiting kids into your
weird skinhead cult.

POSTAL
It's no cult. It's a way of life.
We're champions of the working
class.

CHIEF DUPLAS
You skinheads are all a bunch of
racist creeps.

Postal swats the Chief's hand away.

POSTAL
Says the pig. Besides, me Gran's
black.

Chief Duplas smirks.

CHIEF DUPLAS
She's a couple other things too,
from what her ex-husband tells me.

Postal wants to defend his Gran's honor, but he also wants to get his car back.

POSTAL
What's yer price?

Chief Duplas reaches under the counter and pulls out a form.

CHIEF DUPLAS
Pay me eighty bucks, get the hell
out, and stop corrupting the youth
of America, huh?

Postal signs the form and hands it back.

POSTAL
Good luck saving them, mate.

He reaches in his pockets and turns them out. Empty.

POSTAL
One tick.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

POSTAL

OY. Any of you fucks got eighty bucks?

Travis steps forward, credit card in hand, the hero. Jeremy covers his face with his hand. UGH.

TRAVIS

Y'all think they take plastic?

EXT. THE WALKING BRIDGE - NIGHT

Josie waves her hand in front of her face.

JOSIE

My hand isn't plastic anymore. It must be wearing off.

BENJAMIN

We should head back to The Koffee Shop. I could use something.

TINA

Oh. Orange juice.

BENJAMIN

No. Raspberry iced tea.

JOSIE

That is fucking brilliant.

TINA

I can already taste it, dude.

They stand and walk down the bridge.

BENJAMIN

I never asked you guys about your problem with Megan.

JOSIE

Eh. She's a bitch sometimes.

TINA

That's why we love her. Plus, you needed to air your grievances. It's not healthy to hold that stuff in.

BENJAMIN

When you only have one friend and he keeps flaking on you, you don't get to vent much.

Tina punches his arm.

TINA
Hey asshole, we're your friends.

BENJAMIN
Aww, friends.

They link arms, then skip down the street toward The Koffee Shop, there in the distance. Postal's Plymouth Reliant blows by them and HONKS the horn.

INT. PLYMOUTH RELIANT - CONTINUOUS

POSTAL
Bloody drug addicts, hogging the road. I need a drink.

Postal takes a quick sip from a bottle of Mickey's, then sticks it back in the cupholder.

Angela and Travis make out in the backseat, pushing Jeremy up against the window like a weird zoo/cuck fetish video.

ANGELA
Oh, Travis...

TRAVIS
Hell yeah. That's nice.

Jeremy pokes Travis with his elbow.

JEREMY
Guys? A little space?

Angela nuzzles into Travis's neck.

ANGELA
He always crumbles under pressure.

TRAVIS
What a--

ANGELA
Save it for the chicken coop.

She jumps Travis, who crushes into Jeremy, whose face smooshes against the window as they drive on.

EXT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Nat stacks the chairs out front. The Hacky Sack Kids kick their sack over by the payphone.

SUPERIMPOSE: "9:22 PM"

NAT
You gotta go.

HACKY SACK KID
You guys are open till ten.

NAT
Yeah, but it's nine-thirty if we're
dead, and you slackers aren't
buying, so SCRAM.

OTHER HACKY SACK KID
We'd better go, guys. That chick's
dad owns Greco's.

HACKY SACK KID
Oh, snap. The mob joint?

NAT
Yeah. The mob joint, so get the
hell out of here before I call
Dad's boys to come play hacky with
your sackys.

They run off down the street.

NAT
Joke's on them. Dad won't do shit
for me now...
(sad)
Hmm.

Postal's Plymouth Reliant pulls up.

NAT
Damn it.

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Chester CLICKS the portafilter back on the espresso machine.

CHESTER
There. All fixed.

KELSEY
I'm so sorry. Gunther makes this
look so easy.

CHESTER
Gunther?

KELSEY

He works at the coffee shop on Friends. I read in Teen People he got hired because he knew how to work the machine. Easy way to get on TV, right?

CHESTER

Kelsey, Kelsey, Kelsey. We all landed this gig, thinking a job at a hip coffee shop would lead to fame and fortune. Lucy's a painter. Nat wants to be a philosopher or an actor or both? I thought the atmosphere would inspire me to write my first best-seller. Let's just say it hasn't worked out.

He's knocked the wind out of Kelsey's sails.

KELSEY

Oh.

A BELL. Nat runs in, out of breath.

NAT

Customers... coming... Couldn't... stop...

CHESTER

SHIT. We were almost out of here. MAN the register. HOIST the steamer. HOLD THE LINE. The punks are back.

EXT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The punks stumble up to the door beaten, bruised, and muddy.

Megan pulls at Jeremy's shirt.

MEGAN

Can we talk for a minute?

JEREMY

Yeah. Sure.

They take a seat at the table as the others go inside.

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Nat holds the door open for them with a painted-on smile.

NAT

Welcome to The Koffee Shop,
assholes. You have ten minutes.

CHESTER

What happened to you guys?

POSTAL

Oy! It was a mess, man. When we
came out the car was gone. We had
to walk three miles to get the
fucker back. Which reminds me, I
ain't had naught but booze all day.

Postal struts over to Kelsey, who shakes behind the register.

KELSEY

Uh... Hi! Welcome to The Koffee
Shop. What can I--?

Postal whips out a quarter and SMACKS it on the counter. He
slides it over with a wink.

POSTAL

Cup of water from the tap, luv.

EXT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy and Megan sit close to each other at the table by the
door. She hands him her water bottle. He takes a sip and
hands it back.

JEREMY

Thanks for looking out for me
today.

MEGAN

Thanks for making that three miles
with Postal bearable.

They LAUGH. There's something here.

JEREMY

We should hang out sometime. You
know, without everybody else.

Megan gives him a friendly punch in the arm.

MEGAN

You should put some ice on that
head because you're fucking
delirious.

Jeremy smiles at her. She melts a little.

JEREMY
See? You act all tough, but there's
a heart in there.

Megan smiles back.

MEGAN
If you tell anybody I'll fucking
kill you.

JEREMY
Your secret's safe with me.

They stand together and walk back into...

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy and Megan get in line behind Postal. Kelsey nervously puts down Postal's water. He MAKES A MOVE at her.

KELSEY
AHH!

POSTAL
(to Nat)
Oy, the new girl's cute.

NAT
She's seventeen, Postal.

POSTAL
Perfectly legal, but naw, mate. She
ain't my type.

He rubs his head.

POSTAL
Got a bit too much on top, if ya
catch my meaning.

Benjamin, Josie, and Tina enter. They squint in the light.

JOSIE
My eyes!

BENJAMIN
Ah!

TINA
Can you turn down the lights?

Chester turns a dial on the wall. The lights dim.

Tina sees Jeremy, then pokes Benjamin with her elbow.

TINA
 (whispers)
 Dude, go talk to him.

BENJAMIN
 (whispers)
 Okay, okay.
 (yells)
 Hey, Jeremy!
 (normal voice)
 Want to go outside for a sec?

Jeremy looks over at Angela and Travis making out.

JEREMY
 Please.
 (to Megan)
 Give me a minute.

EXT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Jeremy and Benjamin walk down the sidewalk, out of the streetlights and into the shadows.

JEREMY
 You were right about Angela. Once that hick showed up, it was over.

BENJAMIN
 So much for Drunken Monkeys.

JEREMY
 Then on the way home, they were making out on top of me.

Jeremy makes a smooshed expression.

JEREMY
 I'm like this against the window, meanwhile, he's grabbing her butt behind me. This is what I get for trying to move up in the world, right? Screw it. I'm bringing my computer to your house and we're having a LAN party like old times. We'll go back to being nerds. It was a lot easier.

BENJAMIN
 What are you talking about, man? Don't let a little girl trouble force you back down in the basement with me.

(MORE)

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

If you aren't careful, you'll get trapped by the Everly Heights magnet.

JEREMY

So? We could start up a comic book shop and hold LAN parties and shit. How awesome would that be?

BENJAMIN

That would be awesome, but your dreams are too big for Everly Heights, or me. I'd rather never hear from you again than look across a moldy old comic shop in twenty years wondering what the hell happened to my cool friend who knew what he wanted his life to be.

JEREMY

What do you want your life to be?

BENJAMIN

I want to enjoy the summer and make some kickass stories.

Jeremy pats Benjamin on the shoulder.

JEREMY

Brilliant. Let's do that acid.

BENJAMIN

I... I'm good for tonight, man. You aren't in the right mindset anyway, considering. Maybe in a couple days? The girls would be down.

JEREMY

Girls?

BENJAMIN

Josie and Tina.

Jeremy smiles.

JEREMY

You old rascal.

BENJAMIN

No, no, no. We're just... We sort of became best friends today. They're nice. Besides, I... I like somebody else.

Jeremy smiles bigger.

JEREMY

No shit, dude? That's awesome. Who is she? Maybe I can talk to her for you. Grease the wheels.

BENJAMIN

It's an old friend. To be honest, I don't even think they're my type.

Benjamin looks away, embarrassed.

JEREMY

But I'm you're only-- Oh. Oh, wow, Benjamin, I--

BENJAMIN

Shut up. Let's forget this happened. I need some raspberry iced tea...

Benjamin turns to go inside. Jeremy grabs his arm.

JEREMY

Dude, wait... I-- I guess I always had a feeling. I'm flattered, man. Unlike most of the people in this town, we theater folk don't give a shit. It's just--

BENJAMIN

You aren't like me.

Jeremy's face falls. He's disappointed in his answer because he knows it'll hurt his friend.

JEREMY

A little less every day, buddy.

Benjamin steels himself. Holds back the tears.

BENJAMIN

I figured. I-- It's gonna be hard here without you around.

JEREMY

You don't have to stay.

BENJAMIN

I'll be fine. Let's go make some kickass memories, buddy.

JEREMY

C'mon...

BENJAMIN

You have never called me "buddy" in your life.

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Tina and Josie spot Megan. They wave.

JOSIE

What's up, bitch!

TINA

Looks like you had fun.

MEGAN

You should see the other guys.

Jeremy and Benjamin walk in.

JOSIE

Ben-child!

Jeremy sits next to Megan.

JEREMY

I heard your friends made friends with my friend. That makes us, what, the fourth AND fifth wheels?

MEGAN

Fuck that. We're wheels one and two.

She hands Jeremy a bottle of CREAM SODA.

MEGAN

I got you a Cream Soda.

JOSIE AND TINA

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOH.

MEGAN

Shut up, bitches.
(to Jeremy)
Want to get out of here?

JEREMY

Sure. I'll call you tomorrow, Benjamin.

BENJAMIN

Thanks, "buddy."

JEREMY

Shut up.

Jeremy and Megan trot out the door to go get into trouble. Benjamin looks after Jeremy, a little wistful. Josie and Tina run over to him.

JOSIE
How did it go?

TINA
Did you tell him?

BENJAMIN
He wasn't into it.

TINA
Oh, dude, I'm so sorry.

Nat rings a bell by the register.

NAT
LAST CALL. If any of you degenerates are buying anything, you'd better do it before we KICK YOUR ASSES OUT.

BENJAMIN
RASPBERRY ICED TEA!

EXT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The last few punks head out. Nat flips the lock, flips the switch on the OPEN SIGN, then flips off the customers.

SUPERIMPOSE: "10:22 PM"

INT. THE KOFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

NAT
Fucking punks, man.

Kelsey counts the register. Chester whispers into the phone, his back turned.

KELSEY
Quiet! He's on the phone with Mr. Matheson.

CHESTER
Gotcha... No, I don't think we should change... No... It's quirky... Okay. We're closing... I'll tell her. Have a good night.

Chester hangs up the phone.

CHESTER

That's one mystery solved.

KELSEY

You found out what the 'K' stands for?

CHESTER

Get this. It was a dumb mistake. The guy who built this place back in the fifties legitimately thought coffee was spelled with a K. Simple as that. People told him to change it, but he insisted it was right because that's what he learned growing up.

NAT

Riveting. Did you ask about my promotion? I need an answer. Kinda weighing my options...

Chester puts a hand on Nat's shoulder and braces for impact.

CHESTER

Nat, this is one of those "good news, bad news" situations. Bill said he doesn't have an open management position right now.

NAT

Screw it. I was thinking about fucking off anyway. There's nothing here for--

DING DING. Kelsey shuts and locks the register.

KELSEY

And the drawer is stocked and ready for tomorrow. Hey, Chester?

CHESTER

What's up?

KELSEY

Can I read your novel? This Whirling Dervish thing seems interesting. It reminds me of Chandler.

CHESTER

Raymond Chandler? Oh my god, thank you. I'd be lying if I said he isn't an inspiration. What a--

KELSEY

No. Chandler from Friends. It's like... He's a nerd with computers. You're a nerd with books. You're both into nerdy stuff. Nerds!

CHESTER

Oh. Well, it's not ready yet.

KELSEY

How long have you been working on it?

CHESTER

(grumbles)

Four years. But I'm this close.

Chester pats Kelsey on the back.

CHESTER

You did good today, kid. Only one major fire with hardly any damage. Nat said you'd burn the place down.

NAT

If she doesn't, I will. Or it'll burn on its own since the building is old as shit.

CHESTER

Or the cancer muffins will kill us.

NAT

Seriously. Screw The Koffee Shop.

Chester flips off the lights.

CHESTER

Ready for us to walk you back to Postal's?

NAT

Sure. And thanks again. It means a lot.

Kelsey looks at Nat with eyes that say Nat's gratitude means a lot to her. Nat smiles back. Another SPARK.

EXT. THE WALKING BRIDGE - NIGHT

Nat steps onto the walking bridge. She looks behind her. Chester and Kelsey follow at a distance. Halfway across the bridge, she spots Benjamin's copy of THE ANARCHIST DRUGS COOKBOOK on the ground. She picks it up to thumb through it.

NAT
Interesting.

When she looks up, Archie and Romeo are blocking her.

NAT
Shit.

ARCHIE	ROMEO
Where you going?	Your father tires of your bullshit.

Nat flings the book at the thugs, then runs for the gap between them.

NAT
Get the HELL out of my way.

Romeo grabs Nat by her shirt, then lifts her up until she's eye-to-eye with him.

ROMEO
Hey, Archie, this little "kitty puncher" thinks she--

Nat spits in his face.

NAT
Assholes like you need to learn kids like us aren't going anywhere.

Chester and Kelsey pull on Nat as she struggles to escape Romeo's grip.

KELSEY
Kids like us...

CHESTER
We've got each other's backs.

Archie pulls out a gun and aims it at Nat.

ARCHIE
Fat lotta good that'll do you when Mr. Greco--

A rock SMACKS Archie in the temple.

HACKY SACK KID (O.S.)
GOT 'EM.

Archie drops the gun and sways back and forth. Romeo lets Nat go and looks over the railing.

UNDER THE BRIDGE

The Hacky Sack Kid and his pals take another stone from the stack Benjamin and the girls made earlier.

ROMEO
WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU CHILDREN--?

The Hacky Sack Kid kicks another rock up...

BACK ON THE BRIDGE

The rock hits Romeo in the throat. He GASPS for air. As he flails around, Archie comes up behind him, still woozy. Romeo can't breathe and leans on his partner.

NAT
Now, while they're stunned!

Nat, Kelsey, and Chester rush Romeo and push him over the railing. He grabs Archie. No good. Romeo pulls him over the edge.

UNDER THE BRIDGE

The goons SPLASH into the creek. Their heads SMASH against some floating logs. They lay still in the shallow. The Hacky Sack kids look on from the creek bed with fear in their eyes.

HACKY SACK KID
Holy shit. HAUL ASS.
(to Nat up top)
YOU OWE US CREAM SODA TOMORROW!

CHESTER (O.S.)
You got it, twerps.

The kids take off down the creek.

BACK ON THE BRIDGE

Nat, Kelsey, and Chester are doubled over, laughing.

CHESTER
Did we win?

Nat looks over the handrail at the boys in the creek.

NAT
They aren't hurting anybody
tonight. I'd call that a win.

KELSEY
That was awesome.

NAT
For sure.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nat, Kelsey, and Chester head back down the street.

Two STRANGERS approach in silhouette. They stop. Nat puts up her guard. The strangers step into the streetlight. It's Jeremy and Megan, holding hands.

NAT
HA. Look at the fucking love birds.

MEGAN
You're just jealous.

Megan squeezes Jeremy's hand. He blushes.

NAT
I'm gay.

MEGAN
(winks)
I know.

Megan pulls Jeremy down the street.

CHESTER
So you're safe now?
(holds up notebook)
Because I have some new pages to
type up.

Nat gives him a hug. He looks awkward about it, like always.

NAT
Sure, Chester Cheeto. Thanks.

CHESTER
Kelsey, remember... Ten tomorrow.

KELSEY
Yes, sir.

Chester toddles off. Kelsey and Nat stare at each other while trying not to stare at each other.

NAT

You should probably get home too.
Hell of a first day, huh?

KELSEY

Can you walk me to my car? I'm
kinda freaked out. Tonight was--

NAT

Intense. Yeah. I'm pretty sure
those goons are dead.

KELSEY

Let's hope!

They laugh, maybe a little too hard.

EXT. THE WALKING BRIDGE - NIGHT

Postal, Batista, and Ryon turn onto the bridge. Postal has a sixer of Mickey's tucked under his arm.

POSTAL

And this is where our quest ends,
lads... The only piece 'o land in
all of Everly Heights where the
cops can't hassle us.

RYON

You sure, man? Pretty sure they
can...

BATISTA

LOOK. THEY'RE MAKING OUT.

Batista points to the center of the bridge, where Jeremy and Megan enjoy each other's warm embrace. Their faces flush with embarrassment.

MEGAN

Hey, Postal.

JEREMY

Hi, guys.

Postal wraps his arms around the two lovebirds.

POSTAL

Look at you. This deserves a toast.

Postal passes out beers to everybody.

POSTAL
You wanna become skinheads?

JEREMY
No. People will think I'm racist.

POSTAL
S.H.A.R.P.s ain't racist. We're for
the working class!

He CLINKs bottles with Batista and Ryon.

RYON
The working class.

BATISTA
To the working class.

Suddenly, RED/BLUE LIGHTS flash them from behind.

POSTAL
Bullocks. You lot run. I'll hold
'im up.

BATISTA
Thanks, sir. S.H.A.R.P.S FOR LIFE.

The four of them run off, leaving Postal alone with his six-pack, which he tosses over the side of the bridge.

ARCHIE (O.S.)
WHO THREW THAT? Where'd the brats
go? Mr. Greco's gonna be PISSED.

Postal moves to the railing.

POSTAL
What the bloody...

Chief Duplas steps out of his vehicle and walks across the bridge, gun drawn. Postal puffs out his chest.

CHIEF DUPLAS
Mr. Postal, you were giving those
kids alcohol. Again. You're coming
with me.

Postal puts up his hands. Chief Duplas cuffs him. Postal cracks a smile. He's got him now.

POSTAL
You've got no authority on the
bridge, ya' bloody wanker.

CHIEF DUPLAS
HA. You kids actually believe that
shit? I started that rumor.

(MORE)

CHIEF DUPLAS (CONT'D)
 Now let's see what you tossed in
 the-- Oh, shit.

UNDER THE BRIDGE

Romeo and Archie sit up in the cold water, shaking their heads. Romeo sees Chief Duplas.

ARCHIE
 HEY, CHIEF! STOP THOSE PUNKS!

BACK ON THE BRIDGE

CHIEF DUPLAS
 Those are George Greco's boys. HEY!
 I GOT 'IM RIGHT HERE!

Postal is FREAKING OUT. He takes a step back. Chief Duplas grabs his arms and cuffs him.

POSTAL
 I swear on me Gran's life I don't
 know who the bloody hell those
 wankers are.

CHIEF DUPLAS
 Bad news for your "Gran..." I'm
 taking you in.

BY THE POLICE CRUISER

Chief Duplas lowers Postal into the back seat.

POSTAL
 FUCK YOU. I didn't do shit.

CHIEF DUPLAS
 That's what they all say.

The police car drives off...

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The police car drives past Nat and Kelsey, who giggle to each other as they walk through the rows of cars.

KELSEY
 Did the Principal ever catch you?

NAT
 Hell no. We Grecos have a knack for
 getting out of trouble.

KELSEY
Unbelievable.

Cynthia Postal, out walking her pit bull, notices the girls and stops.

CYNTHIA
 Natalie! I figured you'd be home with Peter. I know punks don't have much, as policy, but if you want to stay with us it's time to pull up your bootstraps and chip in.

Nat takes a step back and lights up a smoke.

NAT
 Actually, I don't think I'm going to need a place after all. I've got some plans.

Kelsey's brow furrows with concern.

KELSEY
 Plans?

CYNTHIA
 (smiles a mischievous smile)
 Oh, I see. You're staying with your new girlfriend. Nothing wrong with that.

Kelsey blushes.

KELSEY
 Oh, gosh... I mean...

Nat steps in front of Kelsey and pets the dog.

NAT
 Nah, we just work together...
 (scratches the dog's ears)
 Don't we, boy?

CYNTHIA
 Well, I hope you get things sorted out with your family.

Cynthia leans in close in so Kelsey can't hear her.

CYNTHIA
 Or that your mission is productive.
 (full volume)
 (MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Everybody needs somebody.
Don't you think?

KELSEY
Me? Sure.

Cynthia walks in one direction while Kelsey and Nat walk in the other in awkward silence until Kelsey stops.

KELSEY
Oh, this is me. The Honda.

Kelsey stops in front of a cheap Honda Civic.

KELSEY
It's my mom's, but you know how that goes.

NAT
Not really. My dad never let me get my license.

KELSEY
You don't deserve the crap he's put you through. You're nice.

NAT
Really? People tell me I can be an asshole. It's kinda my whole deal.

Kelsey punches Nat in the arm, playfully.

KELSEY
I think you're nice.

NAT
No shit? Umm... You're nice too.

Nat brushes Kelsey's bangs back to look in her eyes. She leans in for the kiss...

KELSEY
OH, GOD.

Nat backs off and lights up a cigarette.

NAT
Jeez, way to make a girl feel fucking awesome about herself.

KELSEY
No, no. My church... My parent's church... They'd crucify me.

NAT
Stick with what you know, right?

They LAUGH again. Kelsey relaxes. This feels easy.

NAT
Truth is, I'm getting on a
Greyhound first thing in the
morning. I'd love one good memory
from this shit day to take with me.

KELSEY
So just tonight?

NAT
Just tonight. One night for you to
throw up your middle finger and be
who you really are.

Kelsey thinks for a beat, then throws up two middle fingers.

KELSEY
FUCK IT.

She grabs Nat's shirt and pulls her in for a kiss. It's
rough, dirty, like a mosh pit. Kelsey pulls back. They smile
at each other. Kelsey nods at her car.

KELSEY
Get in. I know a place we can go.

Kelsey opens the driver's side door.

INT. HONDA - NIGHT

Nat slams the passenger's door shut.

KELSEY
The Overlook.

NAT
Up at the top of the cemetery? The
hospital looks awesome up there...

KELSEY
Just like the Titanic in that
shitty movie.

Nat kisses Kelsey. SPARKS.

KELSEY
To ADVENTURE.

NAT
To making good memories on shitty
days.

EXT. EVERLY HEIGHTS - NIGHT

INSERT - A sign: FAREWELL FROM EVERLY HEIGHTS.

As the Honda drives by, Nat flips off the sign and LAUGHS.
Kelsey BLARES the horn as she turns into...

EXT. THE CEMETERY - NIGHT

They drive up the steep hill and park. Kelsey takes Nat's hand as they look at the hospital in the distance. Tomorrow, Nat will scream "FUCK THIS TOWN" behind her as she leaves on a Greyhound bus. Tonight, on a hilltop with Kelsey, infinite possibility stretched out before them, she's right where she wants to be.

THE END