

Virgin

By

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EXT. COLLEGE TOWN, RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's May, and the town is loud with distant live music and raucous students. Everything is lit up, there's a distinct small town feel.

KATE, a petite 22, is walking beside ANTHONY, 22, who is an average height for his age, but looks like a monster compared to Kate.

Glowing with smiles, walking with a little alcohol in their step.

ANTHONY
(yelling)
Graduation, motherfuckers!!

There is a visceral response from all over. Everyone is drunk and everyone is psyched.

Kate rolls her eyes. She's drunk, but never drunk enough to not judge drunker people.

Anthony doesn't notice. He puts his arm around her shoulders, squeezes her tight and lets out another yell.

KATE
You're going to burst my eardrums.

ANTHONY
That last drink really did it. I am
feeling SO GOOD.

He releases another wild yell.

KATE
Your breath smells like PBR.

Anthony stops spontaneously and dips Kate.

It's meant to be grand and romantic. He bends over to try and kiss her, but their height difference makes the maneuver hard to pull off.

Kate tries to move higher and Anthony lower until they finally kiss. A crowd of students sitting on a bar patio all cheer, raising their drinks to the couple.

Anthony waves. Kate is still stuck in the dip.

She straightens up after a minute and receives another enthusiastic cheer from the bar patio drunks. She curtsies.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

Let's take this back to my house,
baby.

KATE

Eugh, baby.

(beat to gag)

Do you still have "Land of the
Lost"? I never saw it, and I could
really go for dinosaurs right now.

Anthony turns back to the patio as Kate walks, still
talking.

ANTHONY

Fifth date, y'all!

The guys on the patio all stand up and roar.

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door swings open. Anthony and Kate stumble inside,
making out. Anthony kicks the door shut.

His two roommates, BOBBY and DERRICK, are sitting on
separate couches, debating politics. They're nerds. They're
also drunk, PBR's abound.

Kate and Anthony break apart at the mouth, but Anthony keeps
holding Kate against him.

BOBBY

What up, Kanthony?

ANTHONY

What the fuck is that?

DERRICK

Your joint name. You get it when
you join. You know. *Join*.

Derrick pushes his palms together, wiggling his fingers.

BOBBY

That's what it looks like when
Derrick does it.

KATE

You would know, Bobby.

(CONTINUED)

DERRICK
Yes, Kate! This girl.

Derrick crawls across the couch to high-five Kate.

ANTHONY
Night's not over yet guys, could
you, uh, go debate outside?

KATE
They can stay, who cares? Do you
guys still have "Land of the Lost"?
I want to watch that shit.

BOBBY
That's a weird movie to get down
to.

DERRICK
I would have pegged you for more of
a romantic fuck-er.

KATE
What?

ANTHONY
Fuck. Guys, leave.

Seeing the look of panic on Anthony's face and the confusion
on Kate's, Bobby gets excited.

BOBBY
No way! My day will only be
complete if I can watch this shit
go down and then remember it every
day.

Anthony and Derrick give Bobby pure, sobering "What the
fuck?" looks.

BOBBY
No, no -- not THAT shit. I mean,
you, telling her...fifth date...not
the sex part!

KATE
Whoa, what?

Kate steps away from Anthony.

ANTHONY
Fuck, Bobby!

BOBBY

Glad I got this rolling.

KATE

Is that what this 'fifth date' crap
has been about all night?

ANTHONY

It's tradition.
(like it's poetry)
"Fifth date...get laid."

KATE

That doesn't even rhyme.

ANTHONY

Poetry doesn't have to *rhyme*, even
I know that.

KATE

I told you a month ago that I don't
do that.

ANTHONY

Yeah, a month ago. Second date, I
wasn't expecting anything.

KATE

No, I told you I don't *do* that.

Anthony can't compute.

The room is silent. Bobby is crouched on the couch, trying
not to laugh. Derrick looks thoroughly confused.

Anthony stares at Kate for a minute, then laughs.

ANTHONY

You...you really almost had me
there, baby.

Anthony bends down for a kiss. Kate ducks out of the way.

KATE

Anthony, I'm not kidding. I'm not
having sex until I'm married.
(beat)
And stop calling me baby, it makes
me want to barf.

Anthony steps back. He is panicked.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

I don't understand.

KATE

Baby is incredibly demeaning to women! Didn't you learn anything from that Women's Studies class?

ANTHONY

I didn't, but that's not...I meant...the...no sex?

BOBBY

She doesn't want any manhood in her chamber.

DERRICK

The gates are locked until you put a ring on it.

BOBBY

Not even that. You've got to put a band on it.

DERRICK

(to the tune of "Single Ladies")

"If you wanna fuck it, buy her a wedding band."

ANTHONY

This isn't going to work, Kate.

KATE

This feels like a break up.

ANTHONY

We're going different places.

KATE

We're literally going to live a block away from each other.

ANTHONY

In the largest city in the world, it's practically like living in Oregon and Florida.

KATE

That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard.

Anthony walks her over to the door.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

What I'm trying to say is...I need
to fuck someone, you prude.

BOBBY

Yikes.

Kate angrily glares at Anthony, then palms him in the Adam's
Apple. He gags for a second and she shakes her hand in pain
before leaving.

KATE

(to herself)

That was much more painful on a
real human!

She takes a few steps, then returns. Anthony stares at her,
looking worried.

KATE

And I'm not a prude, you fucking
asshole.

Kate pauses, then stomps on his foot with her heavy wedges.
Anthony groans in pain.

She turns and tries to slam the storm door, which won't
slam, then walks off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kate sits on a love seat squeezed into a small living room.
She wears a large sweatshirt over the dress from earlier,
and her hair is pulled up on top of her head.

The room is college-chic. A lot of ironic stuff on the
walls. Christmas lights. Mismatched furniture.

In her lap is a pint of Cold Stone's Cotton Candy ice cream
and a bag of gummy bears.

This is the break up decomposition.

The television is glowing. The '90s cartoon "Doug" is on.

On the TV, Doug turns to look out, straight at Kate.

DOUG

What the hell, Kate?

(CONTINUED)

PATTY MAYONAISE

Yeah, Kate, are you too good for sex?

DOUG

It's just human physicality. It's not something special. There's no emotion.

PATTY MAYONAISE

When you deny it, you should think of cartoons like us. We can't have sex, me and Doug. People drew us. And it's not acceptable to draw two teenagers doing it.

DOUG

We've tried to make it happen. The sexual tension in this 2D universe is hell.

PATTY MAYONAISE

You prude. You should be--

Kate's phone rings. She shuts the TV off, takes a spoonful of ice cream into her mouth, then picks up.

KATE

(with a mouthful of ice cream)

Hello?...Reagan, I'm fine, why are you calling me?...No, I'm not eating an entire container of ice cream...I'm still wearing them, I'll bring them back when I change...Okay. Bye.

Kate hangs up. She tosses her phone onto the other side of the couch.

A moment later, REAGAN --also 22, dark hair, rolled up Soffee shorts-- walks into the room.

She puts her hands on her hips and stares at Kate.

KATE

Reagan, I'm fine! I'm fine. I just want ice cream.

LAURA

This is ridiculous.

INT. KITCHEN BREAKFAST BAR - NIGHT

Kate and Reagan sit at the breakfast bar. There is a large bottle of white wine and a large container of cranberry juice.

They each have sharpies and are drawing on pictures and pieces of paper.

REAGAN

I told you he was a prick.

KATE

Yeah, after he called your boobs flotation devices.

REAGAN

I'm very protective of my boobs!

Kate shrugs.

REAGAN

Well, I wasn't wrong. He's a prick.

KATE

Yes, he is a prick.

They silently draw for another minute. Then, Kate picks up her paper -- a printed out picture of Anthony from his high school prom that she has maturely decorated with heavy facial hair.

KATE

Is it weird that I printed this one from Facebook?

REAGAN

(shakes her head)

This is 2013, no one has actual pictures anymore.

KATE

I'm hoping that I can send this back in time to warn his date.

REAGAN

I bet he pricked her, if you know what I mean.

KATE

Augh.

(CONTINUED)

REAGAN

I've been waiting for that opportunity since I first called him a prick a month ago.

KATE

Does it feel good?

REAGAN

(nods)

It does. A much needed weight lifted off my massive chest.

Kate sets the picture aside and pulls over another. She begins to draw on Anthony's face.

REAGAN

I didn't think this vow thing would actually stop you once the opportunity arose.

KATE

Like I was just saying it because no boys liked me in high school?

REAGAN

Basically. It's admirable that you're sticking with it.

KATE

Even now that boys want to stick me.

Reagan holds up a hand to high five Kate as they continue to draw. Neither breaks their concentration. 'Tis sweet.

REAGAN

Aren't you curious though?

KATE

No, I'm a robot.

REAGAN

Orgasms are kind of incredible.

KATE

I don't want to talk about orgasms while drawing a boy peeing on my ex-boyfriend's face.

REAGAN

Seriously, though.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

I'm not a nun, I know what they're like. And Cosmo has probably said they're better without the horny man involved.

REAGAN

Is that why you started taking all of those baths recently?

KATE

No! Reagan, that's gross.

REAGAN

Because that's my tub, too.

KATE

Nothing is happening in the tub! I just like baths. It's like returning to the womb.

REAGAN

I wonder what it's like when a pregnant woman is in the bath. The baby is double wombed.

They both sit thoughtfully for a moment.

Then Reagan shakes the thought from her head; she sets her marker down and turns the look to Kate.

REAGAN

Kate, can we be real for a second?

KATE

I was really thinking about infinite wombs.

REAGAN

Okay, but...what are you going to do?

KATE

In the tub?

REAGAN

In New York. It seems like a tough place to be moral and hunting for a spouse.

KATE

Every place is tough to be moral and hunting for a spouse.

(CONTINUED)

REAGAN

They're all going to leave you high and dry if you don't do them.

KATE

And I will someday. After he weds me in a lavish ceremony at St. Patrick's.

REAGAN

No, Kate! He isn't going to wait for you.

KATE

Then he isn't the right guy.

REAGAN

You can't think like that, this isn't a Disney movie.

KATE

Those Princesses were looser than Angelina Jolie in Ethiopia.

REAGAN

Exactly! Even the Princes weren't going to blue balls themselves.

KATE

I don't want to talk about it if you're going to belittle me.

REAGAN

Men are actually *the* worst creatures in the world, they aren't going to respect you. Don't let your ninth grade idealism hold you back!

Kate patiently finishes her doodle, then caps her marker.

KATE

Meditate on how idiotic and offensive that was. I'll be back to finish this penis drawing in a minute.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

It's morning. College morning, which means it's probably 11:30. The sun peeks through pastel curtains. The room looks so comfortable. Kate will never get out of bed.

A clock radio buzzes with music. After a song finishes, Gotye's "Somebody That I Used to Know" plays. Kate is lying on her bed, holding her pillow against her.

At the chorus, she starts belting the song, slightly pitchy from sleep-voice and general lack of talent.

Then the door bangs open and Reagan enters in pajamas, her hair piled on top of her head. She is not pleased. 11:30 is early for this one.

REAGAN

This song doesn't even make sense
in your situation!

Reagan bangs the radio off and turns to Kate.

REAGAN

Get some Boys 2 Men, or suck it up,
you were only together for a month.

Reagan leaves, shutting the door with force.

Kate is taken aback, feeling bad. She sits up, clears her throat, and then calls out.

KATE

I just wanted to take advantage of
the opportunity...at hand.

Kate waits for a response.

KATE

Rea?

She gets out of bed, flips her head over and wraps her hair into a messy bun on top of her head. It's what you do when it's humid and you have a lot of hair.

She walks to the door and starts out into the hall.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY, CONTINUOUS

Kate walks down the unlit hallway that is dimly lit by the sun. She peeks into Reagan's room. She's sitting on her bed with an eggo, watching E!

REAGAN

You've got mental problems, man.

This "Anchorman" quote is not lost on Kate. In imitation:

KATE

Yeah, mental problems.

REAGAN

Man.

Kate walks in and sits down on the bed next to Reagan. Reagan moves in to make room for her.

REAGAN

You're okay, right?

KATE

He's a prick, remember? Not a heart-breaker.

Reagan nudges Kate.

REAGAN

Good.

Kate smiles and lays her head on Reagan's shoulder.

REAGAN

What am I going to do without you to worry about?

KATE

You never worry about me.

REAGAN

Oh right. I'll be fine.

KATE

Yep. You've got a man friend and a senator to worry about.

REAGAN

I hope she doesn't engage in any sexual activity with the intern.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

That would make you both lesbians or experimenters, and I know that you, at least, are neither.

REAGAN

I certainly hate experimenting.

KATE

I think that Daniel would hate that, too.

REAGAN

He'd get that wounded puppy look usually reserved for when we go to Wendy's for dinner.

Both Kate and Reagan imitate exaggerated wounded puppy faces.

KATE

If they get to be too much, give me a call and I'll create a better problem for you to worry about.

REAGAN

You'd get pregnant for me?!

KATE

"I was roofie'd on a Subway and now I'm carrying the Jewish messiah!"

REAGAN

You da best.

KATE

Thanks, Drake.

Kate hops off her bed and leaves the room.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Montage of Kate's move to New York:

TITLE: "LATE JULY"

-Kate sits in the back of an SUV with a girl who looks about 19. This is her little sister, MAYA. She has headphones on. Probably Beats. Kate's MOM and DAD are in the front, singing along with the radio.

-A highway, surrounded by green on a sunny day.

(CONTINUED)

-They cross through the Lincoln Tunnel and emerge into the city.

-They drive through the streets of Queens. Long Island City.

-Dad closes the U-Haul attached to the back of the car and walks inside a house that has been split into apartments.

INT. QUEENS APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

Kate and Maya --very pretty, fairly made up, hip-framed glasses-- lounge on a couch. Their DAD emerges from the door with a sigh.

DAD
Where's the bathroom?

KATE
That way.

Dad turns to go.

KATE
(calling after him,
sarcastically)
Don't get lost!

MAYA
(also calling after him)
This place is a maze of luxury!

KATE
Shut up.

MAYA
I like it! Can I stay when my
roommate gets annoying?

KATE
The couch is yours.

MAYA
No sleepovers?

KATE
Nope. This is an adult space, we
don't share beds.

MOM
(entering the room)
I'm glad to hear that. Don't you
let any strange men in here.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

(re: Maya)

Glad you're worried about me, she's the one without a moral North.

MOM

I'm worried about both of you.

MAYA

Aw, mom, don't worry about us! We're independent ladies making positive decisions.

MOM

Speak for your sister, Maya, I don't trust your judgment.

MAYA

Mom! I'm in college now!

KATE

Here it comes.

MAYA

I wouldn't have gotten into an Ivy League school if I didn't have logic, now would I?

Kate leans over and checks the time on her phone.

KATE

That took...about 5 minutes. Where's dad, he owes me money.

MAYA

I'm sorry that I'm proud of my achievements.

KATE

You're not proud, you're bragging.

MAYA

Sorry you're not proud of your public school, stop being so uptight.

KATE

I'm not uptight.

MAYA

You're definitely not loose, that's for sure.

(CONTINUED)

MOM

Maya. Stop. You're adults.

MAYA

Don't you think she'd be much more pleasant if she just opened up her legs and got laid?

Dad walks into the room and stops short. Mom stands up. An awkward silence hangs in the air.

DAD

No.

MAYA

It was just a joke.

MOM

I'm going to get the cake. Bryan, you get the plates.

Dad glares at the girls as Mom walks toward the kitchen. Then he follows.

Kate hits Maya on the arm.

KATE

What's wrong with you?

MAYA

This whole family needs to loosen up! It's just sex.

KATE

Where did you come from?

MAYA

See, this is what I mean, you don't even know where babies come from!

Kate takes a deep breath.

KATE

Maya, they don't talk about sex.

MAYA

I know, thank God for the Spice Girls or we'd be ignorant disasters.

Kate nods.

MAYA

It's unhealthy to be all bottled up. Talking about it is good! Doing it is better.

KATE

Why is this such a thing? I don't want to do anyone right now!

Mom and Dad reenter the room, both carrying two plates of cake.

MAYA

I believe the proper terminology is "get done."

DAD

Christ.

Things are uncomfortable.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT, A COUPLE DAYS LATER

Kate sits alone at her kitchen table with wine, an empty dinner plate and a notebook.

She takes a sip of wine, staring at the blank page.

She writes her name in tall skinny letters at the top. Drops the pen. Thinks about it.

Sets down the glass, leaves the table for a moment.

When she returns, she does so with a magic 8 ball.

Kate clears her throat and shakes the ball.

KATE

What should I write about?

The ball reads: "Ask again."

Kate rolls her eyes like it's the ball's fault. She shakes again.

KATE

Should I write about murder?

The ball reads: "No way!"

She shakes.

(CONTINUED)

KATE
Should I write a comedy?

The ball reads: "Maybe."

Not helpful. She shakes again.

KATE
Should I write about love?

The ball reads: "Yes."

She sighs. One more shake.

KATE
You want me to write about sex,
don't you?

The ball reads: "Absolutely."

Kate throws the ball gently across the room. Downs the wine.

KATE
Pervert.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING, LATER.

KATE sits on the couch in pajamas eating an Eggo waffle piled with strawberries and whipped cream. The Today show is on.

SFX/Key in lock.

The door opens and a woman, CORA --22, easily beautiful, enters-- laden with bags.

Cora, in sweatpants and an old v-neck that she is pulling off sublimely, drops her things on the floor and holds up her arms.

CORA
Let's hit this city, bitch!

TITLE: "AUGUST"

KATE
It's 10 a.m.

CORA
(obviously)
Mimosas.

Kate nods. She stuffs her waffle into her mouth as she gets up, flashing Cora a thumbs up as she passes.

EXT. QUEENS - DAY

Kate and Cora, both now dressed, walk down a somewhat busy street in LONG ISLAND CITY. They're both looking around like tourists.

CORA
We should have looked something up first.

KATE
I figured this would be more fun.

CORA
You were mistaken.

KATE
I really was.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Kate and Cora are sitting in a booth at an old-style restaurant. A waitress brings by two mimosas. Cora sighs happily.

CORA
A morning toast: to our new life here in the burrough of Queens, with the Mets somewhere around and a lot of people who will ask us, perhaps threateningly, why we don't live in Brooklyn.

KATE
Cheers.

They tap glasses and both take a sip.

KATE
What's your week looking like?

CORA
I told the boss that I just couldn't possibly start until Wednesday and she seemed to buy it.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

I also told mine Monday was completely out of the question!

CORA

We're really starting this adulthood thing out right!

KATE

So we have three days to party it up before our lives begin.

CORA

To partying!

KATE

All night, every night.

CORA

Watch out, New York.

Cheers.

INT. QUEENS APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

TITLE: "SATURDAY"

Kate and Cora sit on their couch. The living room is decorated warmly with twinkle lights. The furniture matches; it's a step above thrown-together college chic.

They are watching the great and powerful "Friday Night Lights" on a small TV, each holding a mug of ice cream. This show is incredible and these two are invested.

JUMP CUTS:

CORA

This show makes me so emotional.

to:

KATE

Where is my Matt Seracen?

to:

CORA

I just want Tim Riggins to be happy.

(CONTINUED)

KATE
I just want Tim Riggins.

CORA
Yes. Yes, all of that.

to:

KATE
That man is NOT seventeen. Look at those thighs!

CORA
He is at least 30.

KATE
I'll take him.

INT. QUEENS APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

Cora sits at the small table in the kitchen, eating a piece of crisp bacon.

Kate walks in.

KATE
Morning.

CORA
And to you, m'lady.

Kate takes a piece of bacon from the stove and bites. She leans against the door frame.

KATE
This is going to sound crazy, but we should go to a bar tonight.

CORA
Instead of "Friday Night Lights?"

KATE
We've got every other night to watch "Friday Night Lights," right? It's our last night to go out without running the risk of going to work with hangovers.

CORA
Coach Taylor would probably say that.

(CONTINUED)

KATE
(in a southern twang)
Clear eyes, full hearts, get drunk.

CORA
No, that's definitely Riggins.

KATE
(Riggins' twang)
Texas forever.

CORA
I'll call Miles and find out what's
good out here. We might have to go
to Brooklyn.

KATE
Fucking Brooklyn.

CORA
It'll be fun?

KATE
Have you watched "Girls?" Those
parties are scary.

CORA
(Riggins' twang)
Brooklyn forever.

KATE
Barf.

EXT. QUEENS - DAY

Kate walks down the street. The day is pleasant and sunny.
She walks into a coffee place that is mostly deserted.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY, CONTINUOUS

Kate stares at the menu. It's written in cutesy names that
tell nothing about the drink.

There is one guy behind the counter. This is BEN. He's about
25, and tall-dark-handsome in a subtle way.

He watches Kate as she makes her coffee decision. A moment
later, Kate steps forward and he smiles.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

What can I brew for you?

KATE

I don't know what anything on your menu is.

Ben looks over his shoulder at the menu, then back at Kate, confused.

BEN

Uh...

KATE

Okay, like what is a "Roasty Toasty Drum Beat?"

BEN

That's a house blend Moroccan roast.

KATE

It's just a regular coffee?

BEN

It's a house blend.

KATE

It's coffee.

BEN

People like the names.

KATE

Do they?

BEN

The locals do, yeah.

KATE

I'm a new local, and I think your business may suffer from names that make all of your drinks sound like kids songs.

BEN

I respect but will not pass on your opinion.

Kate smiles.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

I could just erase the board, I guess. I don't think anyone wrote these down anywhere else.

KATE

Don't rope me into your plans. I'm just here to grab some local-business coffee like a local should.

Ben nods and fills a cup up with coffee. He hands it to Kate.

BEN

I'm Ben.

KATE

Hi Ben.

BEN

Here, it's on the house. For the price of that stimulating debate.

KATE

Thank you. It's been so long since my stimulating debate skills have been aptly recognized.

BEN

That's what I'm here for.

KATE

On a completely unrelated note--

BEN

C minor?

Kate laughs, then nods.

KATE

What's a good place to get a chill drink around these parts?

BEN

It's 1 o'clock.

KATE

It's for later.

BEN

There's a place four blocks down called Cave. It's underground.

(CONTINUED)

KATE
Like a secret?

BEN
No. Like a subway.

EXT. QUEENS - NIGHT

Cora and Kate, slightly dressed up, are walking down the street. Both are looking around in search of the bar.

CORA
Miles said he'd never heard of this place.

KATE
Well Miles is from Long Island, so why would he?

CORA
But he lives here now.

KATE
No, he lives in Brooklyn now. Plus, he only goes to clubs to pick up slutty girls. His taste is questionable.

CORA
Point taken.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Our gals sit at a bar table with their drinks.

KATE
I wonder if any of these gents will someday marry me.

CORA
That's a terrible attitude to have at a bar.

KATE
Just the way my brain works.

CORA
I should call Miles. You think he'd come to Queens?

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Don't call Miles, come on. Nothing good comes from you two being drunk together.

CORA

I don't just want to sit here all night. He's fun.

KATE

I'm not fun?

CORA

You're scared of socializing.

KATE

What!

CORA

If any men came and tried to pick us up, you'd bitch them out like you're too good for a little flattery.

KATE

I don't like being demeaned, I'm not afraid of socializing.

CORA

I'm going to get another drink and mingle, then.

Cora stands up pointedly. Kate looks upset, a little embarrassed, and thoroughly anxious.

LATER:

A handsome, buff MAN is teaching a fairly drunk Cora how to play pool. Cora is giggly.

Kate stands at the bar, waiting shyly to get a drink. She measures up to be about the height of the guys sitting at the bar.

On tip toes, she leans over, cleavage-ing it up to no avail. The bartender glances her way and she waves money. He rushes over.

KATE

Can I get a Blue Moon, please?

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER
Eight fifty.

KATE
What the what?

BARTENDER
Eight. Fifty.

KATE
That's a four dollar beer where I'm
from.

BARTENDER
You're not in the boonies anymore,
kiddo. Eight fifty.

Kate sighs and digs through her wallet for a few more dollars.

HANDSOME (O.S.)
Here, put this one on my tab, John.

Bartender John salutes HANDSOME --about 23, tall, dark,
etc.-- casually.

John quickly fills her a glass of Blue Moon.

Kate turns to Handsome and raises her glass. A loud song
comes on, making it hard to hear.

KATE
Thanks.

HANDSOME
Just moved in?

KATE
It's my first night out.

HANDSOME
What?

KATE
I just moved here.

HANDSOME
(laughs)
I can't hear anything you're
saying.

Handsome nods for her to follow him. As they walk, she taps
Cora and points to the guy. Cora 'woo!'s loudly and gives
Kate a thumbs up.

(CONTINUED)

Kate rolls her eyes and laughs. She follows Handsome to a booth in a much quieter room.

She sits first, then he sits across from her.

HANDSOME
Ah, much better.

KATE
I'm too old for loud bars.

HANDSOME
Cheers to that.

Handsome raises his glass and Kate taps hers against it. He smiles charmingly.

HANDSOME
I'm Dylan.

KATE
Kate. Thanks for the beer.

HANDSOME DYLAN
No worries. I moved from Pennsylvania, I remember how devastating night caps became.

KATE
I mean, eight fifty! That's crazy.

DYLAN
Think of what you'd be paying in Manhattan.

KATE
Living in Manhattan would actually kill me.

DYLAN
Until you're making bank.

KATE
Naturally!

DYLAN
What's your get-rich scheme?

KATE
Befriend Kate McKinnon, become her writing partner, make movies. And/or become Amy Poehler's nanny.

DYLAN

Nice.

KATE

Both options are a long shot.

DYLAN

Anything's better than being an asshole on Wall Street.

KATE

Cheers to that.

DYLAN

To the humanities!

KATE

And comedy!

DYLAN

And money!

KATE

And Manhattan!

They laugh and tap their glasses together.

INT. BOOTH AT CAVE - NIGHT

Kate and Dylan are now joined by Cora and BUFF GUY. They're throwing down shots.

CORA

Oh God it's like nail polish remover!

DYLAN

Whiskey.

CORA

Ugh, I want to barf.

Cora lays her head down on the table. Buff Guy seems to fall asleep leaning against the back of the booth.

KATE

Anything's better than tequila.

CORA

(loudly, her head still down)
That shit messes her up a clammy mess.

(CONTINUED)

Dylan glances at Kate with a smile. She nods, confirming Cora's story. Dylan laughs. Adorably, of course.

DYLAN

No tequila. Another round of whiskey?

CORA

(now lying in the booth)
God no. No, no, no.

KATE

I should take her home.

DYLAN

Let me walk you.

KATE

That's okay, it's just a few minutes. Thanks, though.

Kate stands up and Dylan, like a gentleman, does too. The bar-closing classic "Closing Time" comes on for last call. Dylan leans over to whisper in Kate's ear.

DYLAN

I want to take you home.

Kate laughs. It's too corny. Dylan looks valiantly hurt.

KATE

Oh. That was real. Sorry.

Dylan smiles, charm explodes from his face. Pow! Charm!

He leans in again and kisses Kate on the cheek. Kate blushes. Pow! Charm'd!

Kate pulls Cora to her feet and slips her arm through Cora's. She waves to Dylan, and she and Cora walk out the back of the "underground" bar.

EXT. QUEENS - NIGHT

A few steps outside of the bar, Kate is holding Cora by the arm. Echoes of Semisonic ring in the air.

CORA

"I know who I waaant to take me home." His name is Tim Riggins.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

If only.

From behind them, Dylan calls out to Kate

DYLAN

Wait, Kate!

Kate looks over her shoulder and slows to a stop. Cora stumbles.

CORA

Are we being chased?! IT'S LIKE
"GIRLS" YOU WERE RIGHT.

KATE

Shut up, you're not on crack.

Dylan catches up.

DYLAN

Kate. Sorry. I'm not trying to
stalk you--"bah!"

Dylan laughs. Cora snorts. Kate stares.

DYLAN

I, yeah, just wanted to get your
number.

CORA

What the fuuuuck, Kate! He wants to
do you!

(loud gasp, loud whisper)

Or maybe he wants to marry you,
just like you said!!

KATE

Cora. Shut up.

(to Dylan)

You want to just put it in?

CORA

That's what she said.

Cora laugh to herself.

KATE

I mean your number. In my phone.

Kate holds out her Blackberry. Dylan takes it, hits a couple buttons, confused.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN
I don't understand this.

KATE
Nevermind. Ready?

Dylan quickly whips out his phone.

DYLAN
Ready.

KATE
Four one nine, seven oh five, three
three one nine

Dylan mumbles the numbers as he keys them into his phone.
Then he looks up at Kate, smiling broadly.

DYLAN
I'll call you. You owe me a closing
time.

KATE
You should cut the Semisonic jokes.

Kate turns around. She and Cora continue down the street.

CORA
You guys are going to make the
prettiest babies. Can I be a
godmother? At least to one of them.
I'd be super great. Way better than
fucking Maya, she'd suck.

Kate's phone starts ringing. She stops, AGGRAVATED, digging
in her jacket pocket to pull it out.

KATE
Hello?

DYLAN (V.O)
Hi. I needed to call you now.

KATE
Dylan?

DYLAN
Go out with me on Friday?

KATE
Call me back when you're not drunk.

DYLAN

Friday?

KATE

This is harassment, Dylan.

Kate hangs up.

CORA

Kate, girl, you a bitch.

INT. 30 ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAY

Kate is sitting in a small office alone. She looks nervous. Her fingers are woven together, each tapping the knuckles of the opposite hand.

A moment later, a BUSINESSY MAN walks into the office.

BUSINESS

Kate Cafferty?

Kate, surprised, stands up quickly.

KATE

That's me. Hi.

She robotically sticks her hand out. Business shakes it with a slight smirk.

BUSINESS

I'm Mike. I'm going to be your reporting supervisor while you're with us.

KATE

Fantastic, great to meet you Mike.

MIKE

Brian gave you a great recommendation. He's always helping out the alma mater.

KATE

I'm so grateful. It's been my dream to work here for most of my life.

MIKE

Right, good. First thing's first, we'll get you a tour and a badge, introduce you to the cast and crew.

(CONTINUED)

Kate looks both ecstatic and terrified at the same time. She remains in a daze, seated, as Mike stands up.

MIKE
Cafferty. Cafferty, get up, we're walking.

Kate snaps back to attention and quickly gets up to follow him.

KATE
Sorry. Dreams are happening.

Mike leads Kate through the halls of the building. As they walk, he gives her a penny tour.

MIKE
This is the elevator dock. Obviously. You probably experienced those already.

KATE
Yes, they were grand.

MIKE
Grand indeed. This is the page desk. You are technically under their level, but don't take any shit from those pricks.

KATE
Scorn pages, check.

MIKE
This is the meeting room for writers. All the offices are around here. Everyone's at a table read right now, but this is where they usually waste their days.

They walk past a bathroom.

MIKE
This is the bathroom. Many have used this one to snort coke. You can use it as a bathroom.

KATE
(legitimately in awe)
Wow. Great.

They reach a bullpen of desks just outside the doors of the studio.

MIKE

Here's the intern cluster. When you're not running around, you can desk it up over here and watch cats on YouTube.

Kate nods. She can't shake the smile from her face.

MIKE

Okay, let's sit in here, shall we? I'll introduce you around.

They walk into:

A STUDIO

There's a long table set up. Everyone is sitting around it with pages.

Kate is quickly in physical shock and awe. She tries to control her face but it's going crazy. Her nose flares a couple of times. She is nervous.

MIKE

Sorry I'm late. This is Kate, she's our new intern for the fall.

Ad lib greetings, some pleasant and normal, others grandiose.

Mike gestures to a chair near him, but not at the table. Kate sits behind the group as they toss around a sketch.

A CHARMING white guy cast member pitches in first.

CHARMING

This is going to get serious laughs. Especially if we nail the Lolo impersonation.

Another actor, VETERAN, chimes in. (As do other characterized actors.)

VET

We've got to nail Lolo, everyone. Nail her good and hard.

BIG MOUTH

Someone should.

Collective laughs. Kate is notably uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

STAR

I hate that "good Christian" junk. You know she just couldn't get a man to do her, so she decided to make it a religious thing.

VET

She said keeping her v-card was actually harder than training for the Olympics.

DUDE

And that's why she didn't win a medal.

More laughs. Kate laughs along to keep face.

CHARMING

I say good for her. Keep it tight for those hurdles.

VET

We should add in Tebow. As a CNN expert. Railing on Lolo for her "misinterpretation" of God's word.

NERD WRITER

I'll put it into rewrite.

Consensus. Buzz. Excitement.

Kate shifts in her seat. She changes the crossing of her legs and looks on, hoping for a subject change.

Ad lib subject change.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate walks in and drops all of her things by the door. She walks into the living room, where Cora is laying on the couch with a bag of Goldfish.

CORA

Hi there, Darling.

KATE

If this is what you did all day, I am jealous.

CORA

I grocery shopped. And earlier, I was eating a pear.

(CONTINUED)

Cora sits up as Kate wanders over.

CORA

How was your first day?

Kate takes a handful of Goldfish.

KATE

Overwhelming. I met the entire cast and crew of the show I've been dreaming of writing for since I was 13. And I got them all coffee.

Kate covers her face with her hands for a moment, then lets them fall.

KATE

I can't believe this is my life right now.

CORA

Good or bad?

KATE

Both.

Cora nods, offering the Goldfish in consolation.

KATE

This isn't what I wanted it to be. Like, who there is ever going to be all, "We should ask the coffee intern in the Kohls jeggings for her input on this commercial parody, now shouldn't we?" Even if my reply would be genius.

CORA

You do have a great pitch for Low T.

KATE

Thank you, I mean no man can feel good being diagnosed as simply not enough of a man. It's a gold mine.

CORA

You're going to make a ton of good connections and learn so much about that place, though. It's four months of hell to get you to the next step in your career.

(CONTINUED)

Kate groans, covering her face with her hands. She's quiet. Exhales.

When she drops her hands, she is crying.

KATE

I just feel really lost here and like I'm going completely in the wrong direction. How the hell did that bitch Lena Dunham just -- kapow! -- format some diaries about living in Brooklyn and turn into such a magnificent fucking person?!

Kate falls onto the couch next to Cora.

KATE

Ugh, I sound like an entitled brat.

Cora nods.

CORA

(nods)

Hey, remember how I was going to be Francis Ford Coppola, and instead I'm some nobody's receptionist?

KATE

You don't want to be Coppola, the man's crazy.

CORA

Okay, Sofia Coppola.

KATE

Much better.

A beat, mourning their lack of immediate life success.

CORA

We're gonna be fine. In the scheme of things, this is a blip. Four months.

KATE

Four months.

Kate exhales. She wipes her face with her sleeve.

CORA

Ice cream and Teen Jeopardy?

KATE

Yes. A thousand times, yes.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Montage of BEN being a barista:

-grinding coffee beans

-brewing coffee

-sweeping dropped beans

-reorganizing pastries

-attempting to fit his entire body into a cabinet

When Kate enters, he is spraying an aerosol can of whipped cream into his mouth.

KATE

Professional.

Ben starts, dropping the can, which shoots whipped cream into the air. He catches the cream and holds it, not really sure what to do with it.

BEN

Little roasty toasty, right?

KATE

Most people call me Kate.

Ben laughs. He wipes his whipped-cream hand on a towel, pours a small cup and hands it to her.

KATE

Busy day?

BEN

We're packed. Barely any seats left for the regulars.

KATE

Grab a pair of those apple purses and join me?

Kate takes her coffee and moves to a small table. Ben takes one large apple purse, heats it up, and brings it to the table with two forks.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Madam.

KATE

Thank you kindly.

BEN

What are you doing out in the middle of the week?

KATE

I get paid half of minimum wage, so I get a day off during the week.

BEN

And so you came to me.

KATE

Don't flatter yourself.

BEN

But how will all of those normal humans get their coffee without you?!

KATE

We'll never know.

The bell above the door chimes as Kate and Ben clink forks. Two guys walk in and Ben stands up.

Kate turns around to see who it is, then quickly turns back to the apple purse. One of the guys is ANTHONY, the other a preppy-looking FRIEND of Anthony's.

Anthony caught her glance, however quick.

ANTHONY

Kate?

Ben looks down at Kate, whose eyes tell him she doesn't want to speak with the guy speaking to her. Ben takes a step toward Anthony.

BEN

What can I get for you guys?

FRIEND

Two...uh...who named this shit?

ANTHONY

(ignoring the other man)

Kate. I know it's you, don't ignore me.

(CONTINUED)

FRIEND

Whatever a regular coffee is, two of those.

BEN

(watching Anthony)
Anything else?

ANTHONY

(re: Ben)
Yeah, man, can you get my ex here to talk to me?

BEN

I'm just a barista. No mind control skills.

Anthony turns to look at Ben, confused. He glances back at Kate, who is still ignoring him, then returns to the counter.

ANTHONY

Just the coffee, then.

BEN

Three oh two.

Friend pays and Ben pours the two small coffees. The place is silent.

BEN

Here you go, two coffees. Enjoy.

ANTHONY

Thanks, man. Watch out for that one, she's crazy.

BEN

Is she?

ANTHONY

Catholic moral shit. Won't fuck anyone before she's married to 'em.

FRIEND

Anthony, come on.

ANTHONY

(still to Ben)
I don't want anyone to be misled like I was is all. She's a tease.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Thanks for the PSA. I bet those morals are probably a big help in keeping guys like you away.

ANTHONY

Fuck you. This coffee fucking sucks.

Friend grabs Anthony's arm and pulls him out of the coffee shop. Kate stands up.

KATE

I'm so sorry.

BEN

Don't apologize, I've dealt with worse.

KATE

Catholic guilt, I guess.

BEN

God, it kills. I thought it was just something my mom just said to make me apologize to my brother until I hit puberty.

KATE

It's a living, breathing creature, here to torture us all.

BEN

Cheers to that.

(a beat)

I think it's cool, though, that you're, uh, keeping it clean.

KATE

That seems to be the consensus among those who don't want to sleep with me.

BEN

Hey, I never said that.

He laughs. Kate smiles.

BEN

Have you been to Saint Patrick's yet?

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Not since I moved up here, but I would live in that cathedral if I could.

BEN

You want to take a Catholic bonding trip?

KATE

You have a very busy storefront to man.

BEN

I can take an extended lunch break.

INT. SAINT PATRICK'S - DAY

Kate and Ben sit in a pew as tourists flock around. Everyone takes pictures. Not a lot of respect for the church.

In front of them, some older women in babuska's sit in silent, pensive prayer.

Kate looks more comfortable than she has since moving.

Their conversation is all in sotto whispers:

BEN

I grew up on the Upper West Side, my nanny always brought me and my brother here before we went out for the day.

KATE

So, you're a stereotype. Are you psychologically unsound from the lack of true parenting?

BEN

(smirks)

Alas, no. Perhaps it was all the churchtime.

Absorbing silence. Just tourist whispers and Blackberry camera clicks.

KATE

This is the first time I've felt at home since I moved.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

It takes a while to get used to
this place.

KATE

It's isolating.

BEN

(consoling)

Terrible place to be single with
morals.

KATE

Amen.

They both subconsciously make the sign of the cross.

INT. DELI - DAY

Ben and Kate are sitting in a small booth, eating
sandwiches. It's simple, but it's warm and nice.

This is when everyone goes: "Oh, she's gonna end up with the
Catholic coffee boy."

At the booth, Kate is thinking the same thing. She looks Ben
over as he eats his sandwich.

Her phone buzzes. Ben looks up and catches her looking at
him just as she looks away and picks up the phone.

KATE

(re: Ben)

Uno momento.

(re: phone)

Hello?

We don't hear the other half of the conversation. Life
doesn't work that way.

KATE

Oh, hi.-- No, no it's fine. Just a
surprise. -- Um, tonight is fine,
sure. -- I'm in Long Island City,
off Austin. I'll just meet you at
the 71st Ave station? -- Cool. --
Yeah, no, it'll be great. -- Yep.
-- Alright. Bye.

Kate hangs up. Ben is bad at hiding his curiosity.

(CONTINUED)

BEN
Work?

KATE
Hot date.

BEN
(re: their lunch)
No, not this.

KATE
Ha, ha. I met this guy at a bar a couple nights ago. Not really the kind of guy who's into me.

BEN
Hey, good for you.

KATE
I guess so? I've never been called by a guy from a bar.

BEN
He can't be that bad. What's his name?

KATE
Dylan.

BEN
Dill!

KATE
Do you know him?!

BEN
Kate, this is New York. No one knows anyone.

INT. QUEENS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate is standing in unmatching bra and underwear, a slew of clothes flung around her room. Her hair and make-up are done, but she is a mess.

Cora is lying on Kate's bed. She's starting to get bored.

KATE
I'm freaking out. Why don't I just wear this, this is what he wants, right? My body? He said he wanted to take me home! He wants to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KATE (cont'd)

Semisonic me! This was a stupid idea, I hate boys. I'd rather be a spinster. Let's go get some cats, who needs Handsome?

Cora gets off the bed and grabs Kate by the shoulders. She guides her to the bed and pushes her down.

CORA

Stop flattering yourself.

Then Cora walks into the closet and grabs a simple black cotton dress. It's cute, but not too fancy. Good for everything.

CORA

Switch your bra. Put this on. Wear the blush blazer and the rosy wedges. Shut up and have a good time.

Kate reaches out and strokes Cora's cheek. Cora swats it away.

CORA

Don't be weird.

INT. 71ST AVENUE STATION, QUEENS - NIGHT

Kate stands in the station, waiting for the train, looking fresh and classy, but not too dressed up.

A train rolls in and Handsome Dylan steps out. Pow! Charm!

He finds Kate and leans in to kiss her cheek, taking her hand in both of his.

DYLAN

You look really great.

Kate blushes. Pow! Charm'd!

KATE

I like your hands.

Womp.

KATE

(snorts a laugh)
Oh god, that was weird.

Dylan is relieved. He laughs too.

(CONTINUED)

KATE
Sorry. Thank you.

INT. DANNY BROWN WINE BAR & KITCHEN, QUEENS - NIGHT

Dylan and Kate are at an intimate table in the warmly but dully lit restaurant. There is much wine at the table.

They're both sitting in silence. Is it awkward? Do they hate each other?!

Nope. Dylan lets out a huge breath. Kate holds up her hands in victory, then does the same.

DYLAN
That is impressive.

KATE
I was a swimmer.

DYLAN
(re: himself)
Fencer.

KATE
How *does* one get into fighting with fake swords?

DYLAN
Overwhelming urge to stab people.

KATE
Cheaper than therapy?

DYLAN
Probably not. My dad was an Olympic fencer, so it just fell upon me.

KATE
Literally.

DYLAN
Yep, a sword fell on me, hit my frontal lobe, caused the psychological issues, etcetra.

KATE
Wow.

DYLAN
Unfortunately, I was sort of a fencing disgrace, so I stopped before college.

(CONTINUED)

KATE
Where'd you go to school?

DYLAN
UPenn. You?

KATE
Michigan.

DYLAN
I always liked the Blue.

KATE
I can't say I've ever known
anything about UPenn.

DYLAN
I can deal with that.

Dylan takes her hand.

KATE
I do like your hands.

Dylan laughs. Pow! Charm'd! He leans across the small table to kiss her.

When his face is right before hers, Kate whispers:

KATE
I just want you to know, before you
get into anything, I've got this
no-sex thing.

DYLAN
It's the first date, you're not
that easy.

KATE
No, like...at all. Before I'm
married.

Dylan pauses in his weird over-the-table crouch. He thinks for a second.

This seems like a deal breaker, like it always has been.

DYLAN
Like Lolo Jones?

KATE
Is she the only virgin adult anyone
knows?

Dylan thinks a second, then nods. Kate visibly deflates.

DYLAN
Hey, what's up?

KATE
I can see you calculating the
fastest, most gentlemanly way to
escape.

Dylan shakes his head and follows through with his over the
table kiss. Pow! Charm'd! What a guy.

DYLAN
I held out for 15 years, I can
survive.

Who is this guy? Everyone should love him by now.

INT. QUEENS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cora is on the couch, reading some thick and scholarly
classic literature. E! is on in the background. Probably
"Keeping up with the Kardashians," because everyone loves
that trash.

Kate walks in quietly and lays her keys in a bowl beside the
door.

CORA
Hey pretty lady, how'd it go with
Handsome?

KATE
There is no way that someone isn't
pulling a "She's All That" on me
right now.

CORA
He's your Freddie Prinze, Jr.?!

KATE
He's incredible.

Cora yells excitedly. She jumps up, holds up a finger, then
dashes to her room.

A moment later, "California Girls" echoes through the
apartment. Cora walks out of her room.

(CONTINUED)

CORA

This song doesn't make any sense
for this, but it is so damn fun to
dance to!

Cora starts singing. Kate joins in.

The two of them dance freely around the dining room.

This is what every young adult woman wants to do with her best friend in their apartment out of pure excitement. This is life.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate is curled up in bed, hugging a pillow. Street light bleeds in through the window. Her eyes are open, a slight smile on her face.

Noises start to emanate from the apartment next door, with which Kate shares a wall. There is a passionate night happening for somebody over there.

It's not grossly loud and disturbing. Rather, it's soft and romantic. Giggly.

Still, to Kate, unbearable. Her smile disappears and she sits up, turning to her bedside table. She grabs an mp3 player and pops in her buds.

Sufjan Stevens' "Heirloom" overtakes the noise. It bleeds into:

MONTAGE:

-Kate delivers coffee to the read-thru table at work. No one notices her.

-Kate watches from her desk as a tour passes, led by a page. One little girl looks at her and points, obviously asking her mom who she is. Her mom shakes her head.

-Kate sits on the 7 train. She writes notes in a notebook.

-Kate walks into the apartment. There's a note on the fridge from Cora: "Dinner with Miles. Be back later (?)" She crumples it. Opens the fridge. Stares. Closes the fridge, opens the freezer, grabs a pint of ice cream. Closes the freezer.

END MONTAGE.

INT. QUEENS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate is sitting on the couch. Her face is swollen from crying. The pint of ice cream sits in her lap, carton empty.

On TV is "Donnie Darko." It's 1am.

The front door opens and Cora enters.

Kate panics a little, but it's too late.

CORA

Hey.

KATE

Hey, how was dinner?

CORA

Awful, as usual. We met there, he asked me how I was, I replied then asked him how he was and didn't talk once the rest of the night.

KATE

Why do you do it to yourself?

CORA

Please, I don't need your judgement right now.

KATE

I'm not! Sorry. Come, mope with me.

Cora tosses her bag on the floor and sits down on the couch next to Kate.

CORA

Is this "Donnie Darko?" I never understood this movie.

KATE

Okay, here's what I think happens after watching it a dozen times: so, he goes through the whole movie, then all the bad stuff happens at the end, Jena Malone dies, he kills Frank...and he realizes the world would be better off if he'd died from the plane engine. So he figures out the worm hole, goes back in time, and dies.

(CONTINUED)

CORA

Hm.

KATE

That's why he's laughing at the end, because he figured it out.

CORA

I'm a mess, Kate.

KATE

No you're not.

CORA

Why do I do this to myself? I don't even *like* Miles, yet I'm constantly convincing myself that he's my soul mate.

KATE

You're lonely. It's a new place and a new time in your life and it's comforting to have somebody who outsiders will think is your boyfriend so that you can hide the loneliness, even if you hate every second of it.

CORA

What if I could go back in time and get crushed by a plane engine?

KATE

That would be idiotic.

Cora leans her head against Kate's shoulder. They both laugh.

INT. QUEENS APARTMENT - MORNING

Kate and Cora are on the couch. It's possible they slept there.

Watching Friday Night Lights, like champs. In pjs with an impressive breakfast spread: bacon, biscuits, eggs, OJ, coffee.

Knocks come from the door.

Kate, wrapped up in a tearful Riggins/Street moment, pulls herself away. Cora, sniffing, pauses the show.

Kate opens the door. Dylan is there.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Oh! Yikes.

Kate shuts the door. She turns to Cora, eyes wide, silently freaking out.

CORA

What? Is it a murderer?!

KATE

(rough whisper)

It's Dylan! I look ridiculous!

DYLAN (O.S.)

I think you look fine and human.

KATE

Who made these doors so thin?

She opens the door again.

KATE

Sorry. Caught me by surprise.

DYLAN

I called, but you didn't answer.
And I was in the neighborhood. Have
you been crying?

KATE

Just, uh--

CORA

(still on the couch)

Taylor Kitsch is very moving.

KATE

Right.

DYLAN

Okay. Uh. Well, I came for a
reason, I'm not just a creep.

KATE

Good!

DYLAN

I'd like to spend the day with you,
if that's okay. What do you say?

KATE

(beat)

Why?

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

Because. I made a list of all the stuff you can do without having sex and there's a lot.

MONTAGE:

-Kate and Dylan sit on the couch, watching E! They are guiltily enjoying it, like most of the world.

-He helps her with her laundry. Kate is in control.

-Trip to IKEA! Brooklyn! In Dylan's old Range Rover. They go to the warehouse and Kate chooses a desk.

They share a look: D-I'm supposed to get that? K-Yes, Dylan, you are. Dylan struggles to move the desk. Kate laughs.

-Farmer's Market. Kate warmly talks with the sellers. She gets some cheese, bread, fruit.

-Picnic at the Brooklyn Bridge Park.

-Back at the apartment, pieces of the desk surround them. It's half built.

KATE'S ROOM

They're building the desk.

KATE

Why aren't there words on here?

DYLAN

Lots of nationalities buy this stuff.

KATE

And none of them understand what these pictures are supposed to mean.

DYLAN

Except for the man about to cry. His sad lip makes you determined to build it right.

Kate looks over the directions and laughs. She studies the man and tries to imitate his lip.

Dylan looks up and she cracks. They both laugh. Hearty, tired, they can't stop.

EXT. QUEENS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate and Dylan stand in front of Kate's apartment-house.
It's getting dark.

KATE

Thank you for coming over.

DYLAN

Thank you for not being weirded
out.

KATE

Thank you for all the fun
adventures.

DYLAN

Thank YOU for the kiss.

KATE

What kiss?

Dylan kisses her.

Kate grins.

KATE

That was super cheesey. Super super
cheesey.

DYLAN

I admit to being enthralled by soap
operas.

KATE

So I should slap you now, right?

DYLAN

(laughs)

That would be soap protocol.

Kate rears up for a back-hander. Then she lets it go.

KATE

Another time. When you deserve it.

She kisses his cheek.

KATE

Night.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

Night.

INT. 30 ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAY

Kate is sitting at a table read with writers and cast members. She's on the outer circle, taking notes.

TITLE: "SEPTEMBER"

The EP calls a break. Kate checks her phone with a smile. Again, we don't get the other half of the conversation. Suspense. Etc.

Kate approaches her supervisor.

KATE

I'm going to take lunch.

INT. HIP CAFE - DAY

Kate and Dylan are eating at a small soup and salad sort of place. It's very organic, grass roots-y. Lots of wood everywhere.

Kate rests her feet on Dylan's legs as he sits across from her.

DYLAN

Oh, my boss needs a babysitter this weekend, if you're still looking for extra money.

KATE

Really?

DYLAN

Yeah. She's got a 6 year old daughter. Her husband is going out of town on business, so she needs someone Friday night.

KATE

That sounds perfect.

DYLAN

I gave her your number, she's going to call you after 6.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Thanks. That was really sweet of you.

DYLAN

I'm a good guy.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Dylan holds the door open for Kate as she walks out. He kisses her cheek.

DYLAN

I'll see you tomorrow.

KATE

Have a good one.

Kate kisses him lightly, then they go opposite directions.

EXT. SAINT PATRICK'S - DAY

Kate jogs up the steps and quietly enters the church.

INT. SAINT PATRICK'S - DAY

Kate walks up the aisle and slides into a pew next to Ben.

KATE

Sorry, having lunch with Dylan.

BEN

The D-man.

KATE

That's terrible.

BEN

I'll find something better.

KATE

We're doing dinner tomorrow night at me and Cora's, you should come. My sister's crashing with me for the long weekend.

BEN

(re: his last statement)
Lanyard!

(CONTINUED)

KATE
Are you listening?

BEN
Dinner tomorrow, yes. I can't, I'm dining with my parents.

KATE
Wah.

BEN
Soon. We'll all hang out. It'll be super cool.

KATE
Okay. I gotta get back, say a Glory Be for me.

BEN
Aye, aye.

Kate pats Ben's cheek and ducks out of the pew. Ben leans back, shuts his eyes, and smiles.

INT. MARKET - DAY

Kate and Dylan are walking around a market in Queens. Kate's in control, leading Dylan pushing the cart through the aisles.

She consults her list almost constantly.

KATE
Do you want chicken or should we go vegetarian?

DYLAN
Chicken, definitely.

KATE
I wonder if Maya's a vegetarian this month.

DYLAN
Call her.

KATE
I'll just make both. Leftovers never hurt anybody.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

It's so much more time. Just call her.

KATE

She's in class!

DYLAN

Oh! Hey, they have this cool new thing where you can write people messages, let me see your phone.

KATE

No, I'm just going to make them both.

DYLAN

Kate.

KATE

I know what I'm doing, okay? She's my sister, I know her.

They look at each other. Dylan pulls the cart out of the middle of the aisle and walks to Kate, putting his arms around her.

DYLAN

Don't stress. It's just dinner.

He pulls her phone out of her back pocket.

KATE

I can feel that, Dylan. Give me the phone.

DYLAN

(2001 imitation)

I'm sorry, I can't do that, Dave.

Kate steams. Dylan calls Maya.

DYLAN

(on the phone)

Maya! Hi. This is Dylan. I'm Kate's boyfriend. -- Indeed, I am, thank you. Got a question for ya, are you a vegetarian? -- What? -- Oh. Uh. Well, it's chicken. -- Probably breast? -- I don't know about any of that. -- So you're not? -- Yeah, we'll just make both! -- Super. See you in a few hours. Bye.

(CONTINUED)

Dylan hangs up and avoids eye contact.

Handing the phone back:

DYLAN

She wanted to know a lot about the type of chicken, and then said she would have to taste it to decide if she was a vegetarian tonight or not.

KATE

What is it that we say?

DYLAN

(sighs, resigned)
You were right, Kate.

KATE

Yes. Yes, I was.

IN FRONT OF THE CHICKEN COOLER

Staring. Thinking. Tough decisions.

DYLAN

Here, get this one. It's on sale.

KATE

It's not free range.

DYLAN

Chicken is chicken, who cares?

KATE

Did you not just talk to my crazy sister? She's very into trends, and free range is a trend.

DYLAN

Free range is a made up thing to make hippies eat chicken again.

KATE

There are less hormones in free range.

DYLAN

You're all on hormones anyway, what's a few more?

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Just grab the free range breasts
over there.

She points to an organic section. Of course, there's a
braless hippie woman there to make the moment sweet.

DYLAN

That feels like cheating.

Kate glares, but cracks.

Dylan excuses himself in front of the braless woman and
grabs the chicken.

He returns, grinning, puts the chicken in the cart and leans
over to kiss Kate on the forehead.

DYLAN

On to the vegetables!

INT. QUEENS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate is in the kitchen, cooking up a pasta-riffic storm.
There are peppers saute-ing on the stove, chicken is baking
in the oven, water is boiling with carbs.

It probably smells heavenly. Does 4D exist yet? Should we
smell-o-vision this?

DYLAN (O.S.)

Holy shit that smells good.

And into the kitchen he comes, carrying a duffel bag. It's a
Vera Bradley in pink and looks uncharacteristic for a man of
his age and stature.

It's explained quickly when Maya follows into the kitchen.

KATE

Ah! You're here! Yay!

Kate throws her arms around her little sister, wooden spoon
and all, and rocks from side to side in an excited
hug-dance.

MAYA

Christ, this is unexpected.

KATE

Sorry, sorry, I'm just really
excited to see you! I was going to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KATE (cont'd)
come to the station, but Cora just
ducked out to get drinks and I
couldn't leave the stove with this
one.

MAYA
No, it's cool. Dylan is a
gentleman, and we're now best buds.

DYLAN
It's true. Sorry, gal.

Dylan kisses her temple lightly. Seriously, he is a dream.

Cora comes in, carrying a paper bag full of drinks. Behind
her trails DERRICK, Anthony's old roommate.

DERRICK
Kate!

KATE
(surprised)
Derrick..!

CORA
We ran into each other at lunch
today and I invited him by, I hope
that's okay?

KATE
Of course! I haven't seen this guy
in...

DERRICK
Since that fateful night Anthony
became a grade-A douche.

KATE
That's the one.

DYLAN
Who's Anthony?

Derrick just notices Dylan. He extends his hand.

DERRICK
What's up, brother, I'm Derrick.
Anthony was my college housemate
that Kate used to date.

KATE

He's a substantial asshole.

DYLAN

I'll make sure to punch him should I ever cross his path.

DERRICK

Please let me know so I can do the same.

KATE

What'd he do to you?

DERRICK

Was generally a dick. And then he slept with Madeline.

KATE, CORA

What?! / Asshole!

MAYA, DYLAN

Who? / Who's Madeline?

DERRICK

Yep. My ex-girlfriend. We weren't together at the time, but it was an on-off thing, everyone knew about it. He's a prick.

DYLAN

Exceptionally punchable.

KATE

He lives somewhere around here, I ran into him at a coffeeshop a couple weeks ago.

DERRICK

Dude.

DYLAN

Let's do it.

KATE

How about setting plates out instead? Lovely, thanks.

Dylan and Derrick take plates, glasses, silverware from the kitchen to the dining room.

Kate stares at Cora.

(CONTINUED)

CORA

What?

KATE

You are into him.

CORA

No.

MAYA

Cora, you're totally vibing on him.

CORA

Maya, shut up. That's not a thing.

Maya rolls her eyes dramatically and turns to Kate.

MAYA

Where's the booze? I'm joining the boys.

INT. DINING ROOM, APARTMENT, QUEENS - NIGHT

Maya enters the dining room carrying a large bottle of white wine. Dylan and Derrick are just about done setting the table.

Maya fishes a cork screw from an armoire in the dining room and opens the bottle.

MAYA

Wine, gents?

DYLAN

Please.

Dylan holds out a glass. Derrick does the same. Dylan then holds another out and hands it to Maya.

DYLAN

Cheers.

They clink glasses and drink.

DERRICK

How long have you and Kate been together?

DYLAN

A month ish?

(CONTINUED)

DERRICK

No way, man. You guys are like a fuckin' married couple!

DYLAN

Thanks?

DERRICK

Did she give it up for you?

DYLAN

What?

DERRICK

The no-sex thing.

DYLAN

Nah, she's still with it.

DERRICK

How's that working out for ya?

DYLAN

You said it, we seem like a married couple.

DERRICK

Yes! This guy!

Derrick throws up a high five for Dylan, who accepts it with a grin. Maya rolls her eyes.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT, LATER

The five of them are lounging, plates cleared, wine bottles emptied. There's drunkenness in the air.

MAYA

Guys, let's go out!

CORA

To Cave?

DYLAN, KATE

Caaaave!

CORA

(hits Dylan in the arm)

Awh, that's where we met Semisonic creepy Dylan.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

Perhaps your super buff friend will
be there again?

CORA

Let's just pretend that guy doesn't
exist, okay!

INT. BOOTH, CAVE - NIGHT

They've relocated to Cave. Derrick has his arm around Cora who is giddy. Dylan holds Kate's hand. Maya is dancing with some bros.

There's drunkenness in the air. In this booth.

CORA

I think...you guys should get
married.

Kate sputters a laugh. That's crazy drunk talk.

DERRICK

I've known you as a couple for
like, four hours and I agree.

Derrick tosses a drunken thumb in Cora's direction.

CORA

You are her Freddie Prinze, Jr.,
Dylan. She told me herself.

KATE

That's true.

DYLAN

I don't think I know what that
means.

DERRICK

Freddie Prinze, Jr., is a babe.
That's all you need to know.

DYLAN

I'll take it.

Dylan kisses Kate.

Again, they're all drunk. This is sweet, but could quickly
go terribly wrong.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The crowd around cheers. Kate and Dylan are standing on a pool table. Kate has a napkin veil on her head. They're holding hands like they're at a real altar.

A random DRUNK BRO from Maya's dance crew stands with a menu like a priest.

DRUNK BRO

Y'all want to get married?

DYLAN

Indeed we do.

KATE

Yes, sire.

A bartender, taking in the joke, hands Drunk Bro a Harry Potter shot. It's Vodka, lit on fire, that you throw cinnamon on.

DRUNK BRO

Then be married!

Drunk Bro tosses the cinnamon and sparks fly! He blows out the fire and takes the shot.

The sounds disappear for a minute. M83's "Midnight City" kicks in.

Dylan slips a napkin ring onto Kate's finger. Kate does the same to him.

Dylan pulls Kate in for a dip. Even though their height difference is as substantial as hers and Anthony's from the start, the dip is smooth, graceful, perfect.

The crowd cheers and the sound is back, mixing with the song. Kate steps gracefully off the table with a hand from Cora. Dylan jumps down and takes her hand. They're beaming.

M83 bleeds into:

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - NIGHT

A door is kicked open. Dylan carries Kate through the threshold. They're giggly. They're drunk.

She takes his face in her hands and he guides her cautiously toward his bed. Dylan drops her onto the mattress and strips off his shirt. Kate pulls her dress up over her head.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

Let's do this, Mrs. Neils.

Dylan is on top of her. They're making out, still in underwear.

Then, Kate starts bawling. Farewell, M83. Dylan pulls back.

DYLAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa. What's wrong?

KATE

I w-wanted to g-get married at Saint...Patrick's!

DYLAN

This is just, like, the legal part. We'll go tomorrow and get Catholic hitched.

Kate shakes her head. She sits up and Dylan sighs.

KATE

Sex is nothing, why should I care?

DYLAN

I thought we were talking about weddings?

KATE

Weddings in churches mean sex! Keep up!

Dylan sits on the bed next to her, wrapping his arm around her.

DYLAN

It's good that you care. It means you have something that you value. Not a lot of people have that.

KATE

Who was your first?

Dylan rubs a hand over his face.

DYLAN

I don't want to talk about that.

KATE

Please? Was her name Brandi?

Dylan laughs, then sighs.

DYLAN

Breanna. High school sweetheart.
Started dating my roommate in
college.

KATE

That whorebag.

Kate leans against him. They lay down against the pillows.
It's quiet for a minute.

KATE

What if I never get married? There
are like 8 billion people in the
world and my husband could be any
of them, anywhere! What if we never
find each other? What if he sucks
at sex? What if I suck at it, but I
won't know because I'll have never
done it, and--

Dylan leans over and kisses Kate deeply. She calms,
deflating of all the stress and energy that was pent up.

We leave them. Half naked, on his bed, making out, drunk and
"married."

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - MORNING

Kate shoots up out of bed, breathing heavily. Scaring Dylan,
who wakes up by falling out of the bed. Onto the floor.
Pretty damn naked.

Kate calms down and looks over at him.

KATE

My head.

Then, she notices his state.

KATE

Are you naked?

DYLAN

I am fine after hitting the
concrete, thanks for asking.

KATE

Are you naked?!

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN
Yes, Kate, I am.

Kate peeks under the covers. Oh fuck. Oh no.

She's naked too.

Kate is speechless. She starts to hyperventilate. She is freaking out.

Dylan stands up and crawls back onto the bed.

DYLAN
Kate, it's going to be okay. It's okay. Just breathe.

Kate starts to cry.

Then, a key in the front door. It opens.

It's Ben.

BEN
Dylan, where the fuck were yo--

He stops dead, seeing Kate in the bed, obviously naked, crying, next to a naked Dylan.

DYLAN
Fuckin' knock, Ben!

BEN
Kate?

What?

DYLAN

KATE
How'd you know I was here?

BEN
I didn't know you were here.

DYLAN
Wait, do you guys know each other?

BEN
Yeah.

KATE
Do you guys know each other?

BEN
He's my little brother.

DYLAN
He's my brother.

Silence.

BEN
Fuck. Dylan. Lanyard.

DYLAN
What?

KATE
I need to go home. This is not
real.

DYLAN
Kate, wait.

Kate slickly slides off the bed onto the floor, hiding her body from the two guys. She pulls on her dress and grabs her underwear from under the covers, tossing it into her purse.

DYLAN
Kate, let me take the train with
you, it's a long way.

KATE
That's okay. Call me later.

Dylan jumps up. He wraps an afghan around himself and meets her at the door.

DYLAN
Hey. I'm sorry. I love you.

Kate leaves.

BEN
You're shitting me, Dylan.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MORNING

MONTAGE:

-Kate sits on the subway, holding her purse against her breasts. She looks awful. Her eyes are red. Her hair is tangled and everywhere. Her face is splotchy.

-Kate walks from the subway station down her block. A few dogs bark. She ignores everything.

-Kate enters the apartment house. A neighbor looks her up and down, concerned. Kate trudges up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

-Kate pulls out her key but doesn't use it. She stands at the door. She leans her forehead against it and shuts her eyes.

The music ends.

INT. QUEENS APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

Kate walks in and tosses her keys in the bowl. Maya is sprawled out on the couch, far from attractive. One leg is over the back of the couch, the other resting on the floor.

Kate covers her with a blanket.

She walks to her own room. The door is wide open and Derrick lays facedown, still clothed, on top of the blankets.

She walks to Cora's room and knocks on the door.

CORA (O.S.)
(gruff)

Yep.

KATE
I slept with Dylan.

Shuffling. Cora pulls the door open.

CORA
Oh, Kate.

Kate falls into Cora's arms and cries into her shoulder. This is the only thing she had any control over, and now it, too, is gone.

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

It's Friday. Kate stands outside a gorgeous brownstone in Brooklyn, looking a little more put together. Forced, but put together.

A woman pulls the door open, and a young girl darts out and latches onto Kate.

LITTLE LADY
Let's play! I love you already.

HER MOM
I sure hope you're Kate.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Guilty.

HER MOM

Perfect. Come on in, love.

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Kate steps inside, the little lady still attached to her leg. Her mom lifts the little lady up into her arms.

HER MOM

I'm Maggie. Thank you so much for doing this, you're a lifesaver.

KATE

It's not a problem at all! I've missed kids in my life, they bring me such perspective.

Maggie laughs and Kate smiles. The little lady laughs, too, though she's not sure what for.

MAGGIE

So this is Lucy. She's got a slumber party all planned for you two, so I'm just going to duck out of the way. She should be in bed by 8 and she gets a maximum of 3 stories. Hear that, Little Luce? Don't make Kate read you an encyclopedia.

LITTLE LUCY

Ten-four, mama.

Maggie sets Lucy down and she immediately grabs Kate's hand.

LITTLE LUCY

Come on! Toy Story's waiting.

MAGGIE

Call if you need anything. Thank you so much. I'll see you around midnight.

KATE

Have a good night, bye!

Maggie leaves. Lucy tugs Kate's arm again.

(CONTINUED)

KATE
Okay, okay, I'm coming!

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kate and Lucy are curled up together watching Toy Story 3. It's the end, when every adult starts to bawl.

Kate, on cue, drops a few tears. Lucy notices

LITTLE LUCY
Katie, why are you crying?

KATE
It's just a sad part of the movie,
that's all.

LITTLE LUCY
Don't worry, the toys are gonna be
happy. They're gonna get played
with again. See?

Kate nods.

LITTLE LUCY
It's not that sad.

Kate starts to really sob. Lucy climbs into her lap and hugs her tightly. Kate hugs her back.

LITTLE LUCY
Andy still loves the toys.

Kate nods.

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT, LATER

Lucy is now asleep. Kate lays on the couch watching FOOD NETWORK.

Her phone buzzes. It's REAGAN. She answers quickly.

KATE
Reagan.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

REAGAN

Kate. I'm at Grand Central, can you pick me up?

KATE

What?

REAGAN

Daniel proposed and I'm freaking out.

KATE

Oh. Agh, I'm babysitting in midtown. I'll be done in an hour, can you hang out that long?

REAGAN

Yeah, of course.

KATE

Okay. Okay, grab a cupcake, I'll be there as quickly as I can.

A beat.

KATE

Love you, Rea.

Kate hangs up. She covers her face with her hands.

INT. QUEENS APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

Reagan is there. She, Cora and Kate sit on Cora's bed with hot cocoa, in pajamas.

REAGAN

He's been calling me all day. I texted to tell him where I am, but I...what am I supposed to do?

CORA

Do you not want to marry him?

REAGAN

I do, but...we just graduated! And he's got his great job, he's done all he wants to do. But I'm still an intern. I don't even have a career yet and he wants me to get married, start having kids.

(CONTINUED)

KATE
He said that?

REAGAN
No, but if I give in to this, won't
I give in to that?

Kate can't comprehend Reagan's arguments.

KATE
I don't want to sound like a bitch,
Rea, but you have a lot more
control over your relationship than
you're accounting for.

REAGAN
What?

KATE
Just because you're engaged doesn't
mean you get married tomorrow or in
6 months. You can wait a while. And
when you're married, you just tell
him you're not ready to have kids.

CORA
Rea, he loves you, he's not going
to force you to do anything.

REAGAN
I know he won't, but...aren't I
allowed to just freak out for once?

KATE
Yeah, but it should at least be
something rational. You can control
the situation without isolating the
guy who loves you.

CORA
Kate, come on.

REAGAN
This wasn't part of my plan yet.

KATE
Maybe you should think about his
plan, then. Or discuss it, at
least. He's allowed to have a plan,
right? Or do you want to control
that to?

REAGAN
That is rich.

KATE
What's that supposed to mean?

REAGAN
You think I have control problems?

KATE
Oh, please! I've lost all fucking
control of my life.

Kate, in attempt to make a dramatic exit, scoots off the bed careful not to spill any of her own or Cora and Reagan's hot cocoa.

Once she's off, she leaves the room in a defiant huff.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Kate is sitting at the bar with a Blue Moon. There's an empty glass next to it.

A fratty WALL STREET GUY smoothly slides in beside her.

WALL STREET
Can I get you something stronger?

KATE
(without looking at him)
Shoo, I'm not going to fuck you.

Wall Street is taken aback.

WALL STREET
Oh. Uh. Thanks for being forward.

He leaves a ten dollar bill on the counter next to Kate and leaves.

To herself, she mutters:

KATE
I don't know why. Once the band
aid's gone, why not wash your hands
30 times?

INT. CAVE - NIGHT, LATER

Kate is still at the bar. She's slumped, leaning her head on one hand and trying to stay awake.

Maya walks into the bar. She's looking especially undone. It's probably about 4am, so it makes sense, but it's still startling.

She spots Kate and walks over to her, placing her hand on her back.

MAYA

Come on, sis. Time to go home.

KATE

No, I deserve to sit here and turn down a bunch of gross men.

MAYA

There aren't any men in here, Kate.

KATE

There. That's probably a penis-person.

MAYA

No, that's a coat. C'mon.

KATE

I want to stay for "Closing Time."
When does the Semisonic magic
happen?

BARTENDER

Half hour ago. I called your
sister, we're closed.

MAYA

See? You're not welcome here.

KATE

That's discrimination!

Kate starts to stand up.

KATE

Third wave feminism. Take a women's
studies class. And then try growing
a fucking human in your pelvis. OH
WAIT.

Kate looks at the bartender pointedly. In her mind, she got him.

(CONTINUED)

MAYA

I'm really sorry, she gets super angry when she hasn't eaten. Or slept.

BARTENDER

Or had seven seven and sevens.

KATE

(whimper)

They're not good, Maya, The OC led me astray. Again.

MAYA

It's okay, you'll be all right. Let's go to sleep.

INT. KATE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Maya covers Kate with a blanket. She watches her big sister curl up comfortably and pass out.

After a moment, Maya crawls in beside her, facing her. She kisses her forehead.

MAYA

Best sister in the galaxy.

KATE

(mumbling)

Best sister in the world.

INT. SAINT PATRICK'S - DAY

Montage of a Catholic mass to something like Hi Ho Silver Oh's "Communion." Kate's there.

After mass is over, Kate kneels down, prays. It's quiet, tense, pleading.

An Asian woman snaps a picture of her. Kate looks up. She stands and walks over to the woman, taking her disposable camera into her hands.

KATE

Ma'am, this is a church. I'm trying to pray because I screwed things up. Please have some respect and go take pictures of Times Square.

The Asian woman grabs her camera and books it.

Kate is smug for a moment. Then, the guilt hits. Great.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Kate sits in an old-fashioned confessional. The middle thing slides open. She clears her throat. There are few things more nervewracking than spilling your soul to a stranger with a direct line to God.

KATE

Um. It's been a while since my last confession, can you refresh me on the protocol?

PRIEST (O.S.)

Lord forgive me...

Kate nods.

KATE

Lord forgive me for I have sinned. It has been...about four years since my last confession.

PRIEST (O.S.)

And what have you come to confess?

KATE

Is it okay if I just talk a little bit? Last time I did this, I had a list prepared, but I just have a lot of guilt on my mind.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Go ahead.

KATE

Okay. So. I...I slept with my boyfriend.

A beat.

KATE

Well. Let me start from the beginning, that just makes me sound like your everyday sl--uh, harlot.

She clears her throat.

KATE

I've been kind of a loner, relationship-wise, my entire life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KATE (cont'd)

That's been fun. I guess it was easier to keep my virginity that way. Or maybe I kept my virginity because I was a loner? I don't know anyway, then I met this guy, Dylan, who is great. He hasn't pressured me at all, he's very accepting. And then the other night, we just got very, uh, inebriated and we...laid together. Is that right?

PRIEST

You can use whatever terms you feel comfortable with.

KATE

Okay. I guess...I mean, I felt in control until I woke up that morning. Now I feel like I've let everyone and everything I believe in down.

The Priest pauses, taking in the confession.

PRIEST

My child...you are far from the first person who has ever broken that vow. I'm sure it seems difficult now, but it's done. It can't come back. That doesn't mean you can't live the faith-filled life you did. And it doesn't mean that God loves you any less. Repent and don't repeat.

KATE

But why not repeat? I mean, what's done is done, right?

PRIEST

Would you keep stealing after you stole once? Would you keep killing after the first murder?

KATE

I mean, if I were that kind of person, probably.

The Priest gives a slight frustrated sigh.

(CONTINUED)

PRIEST

Well. That's...completely your decision. The Lord is always ready to hear your repentance. Perhaps this is a path you're meant to take.

KATE

I think you're right, Father. I'll follow the path.

(A beat)

Also, I was just very rude to a tourist out there and I feel pretty bad about that.

PRIEST

Yes, understood.

The Priest then goes into the blessing ritual comes back in. Kate bows her head in prayer.

Song bleeds into the next scene.

INT. MACY'S, WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR SECTION - DAY

Kate stands pensively in front of a wall of nighties.

ATTENDANT

Hi miss, can I help you find anything?

KATE

Um, I'm looking for inexpensive sex underwear. Sexy underwear?

ATTENDANT

(laughs fakely)

This is the place to come! Your first time?

KATE

Well, I accidentally had sex with my boyfriend the other night despite being Catholic and trying to stay a virgin until I'm married. But it's the first time that I'll remember.

ATTENDANT

(struck)

I...um...meant in the store.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Ah. This is embarrassing.

(beat)

Why would you ever phrase it that way? Of course I've been to a mediocre department store underwear section before, I'm not an alien.

The attendant is still reeling from the overshare. Kate, uncomfortable, grabs a random teddy from the wall and books it to a register far away.

EXT. DYLAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate, in a peacoat hiding the teddy and in the highest shoes she's got, stands outside Dylan's door.

Her face is doused in terrible, drag queen-esque, over-the-top make-up.

She takes a deep breath.

KATE

(to herself)

You got this. You are a sexual being. This is your life now. Sex sex sex.

Knock na-knock knock. Sexy knock. That exists.

She opens the door.

KATE

Dylan? I've got something, um, super great for you.

Kate hears footsteps. She tosses off her jacket, almost falling when her intense heels go off balance.

She catches herself on the couch, then strikes a ridiculous pose that is not sexy, but feels like it in her head.

Ben walks out.

KATE

Ah!

BEN

Yikes.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Why?

BEN

I'd like to ask you the same thing.

Kate stands back up and grabs her jacket, pulling it back on.

KATE

I'm embracing my new persona.

BEN

Which is...bad hooker?

KATE

Hey!

BEN

Just dropping truths.

KATE

Instead of moping, I'm turning over a new leaf. Sexual person. Doing the sex.

BEN

What is wrong with your words?

KATE

I'm uncomfortable!

BEN

So obviously you shouldn't just be throwing yourself out there!

KATE

Don't try to control my life!

BEN

I'm not trying to control your life, where are you coming from? I'm saying that maybe this isn't the best way to sort through what happened.

KATE

Yeah, well, I don't have to sort through it with you, so that doesn't matter.

Ben surrenders. Holds up his arms.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

You're right. Do what pleases you.

KATE

Do I really look like a hooker?

BEN

No. Well. Who did your makeup?

KATE

Counter lady at Macy's. I told her I wanted to look like a classy sex-haver.

BEN

You should have her fired. Also, what was your plan for getting off the couch from that position?

KATE

I was going to kick a leg over like I'm riding a horse. Then kick it into his arms, show off the undies.

BEN

I think you might've had trouble balancing on one 6 inch heel.

Kate stands up, takes the coat off and tries to show Ben. She balances for 2 seconds on one heel, then falls. Ben catches her.

BEN

Yes, Ben, you're right, these shoes are not made for balancing.

KATE

Shut up.

The door opens and in walks Dylan. Ben is holding Kate, but not that romantically.

DYLAN

What...is happening here?

BEN

Your girlfriend's testing out her hooker Halloween costume.

Kate punches Ben's arm.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

It's not a costume. I mean, wait.
I'm not a hooker, either. I'm
trying to embrace being deflowered.

DYLAN

With my brother?

KATE

Oh. No! No, no, no. He was just
here, this is all for you.

DYLAN

Is that a bathing suit?

KATE

It's sexy underwear.

DYLAN

There's nothing sexy about
underwear. It just prevents you
from being naked.

BEN

What's up your caboose, kiddo?

DYLAN

Well you're hugging my girlfriend
who is dressed like a Macy's
hooker.

BEN

Do they have those?

KATE

I was showing Ben the balancing
undie-showcase I was going to do
for you, but I can't balance on
these shoes, so--

DYLAN

You were *showing* Ben?

KATE

Not like that! I was showing him
that I could balance!

BEN

But she couldn't.

KATE

Thus the catching, which looks like
hugging.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

Your boobs are really busting out.

KATE

I grabbed an extra small accidentally. It's kind of hard to breathe.

DYLAN

I'm...This is really weird, I don't like this.

KATE

Like what?

DYLAN

You guys! Being friends! It weirds me out!

KATE, BEN

What?!

KATE

You're friends with my sister, I don't care!

DYLAN

That's different! She's your little sister, we're friendly. Not friends. I wouldn't go to her in a banana hammock I was waiting to show off to you and rub my package all against her.

KATE

That's gross.

DYLAN

But not that different from you rubbing your boobs all against my brother, who you actually hang out with and probably have a mutual crush on!

KATE

Dylan, that's completely irrational.

DYLAN

I'm not irrational. It's weird.

A breath.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

Ben, what the hell are you even doing here?

BEN

I had laundry.

DYLAN

Don't fucking do your laundry here!

BEN

Where...am I supposed to do it?

DYLAN

Not here.

KATE

Can we get back to the real argument at hand?

Dylan looks at Kate, who is leaning against the couch.

DYLAN

Your makeup is freaking me out, can you wash it off?

KATE

No! I paid \$10 for this shitty makeup and I'm going to make it last! I was going to rub it all over your sheets while we did it all night, but that sounds totally disgusting now!

DYLAN

What?

KATE

Yeah! I'm going back to being a virgin, with the exception of the other night. Train is effing closed.

Kate grabs her peacoat in a flurry, causing her to lose her balance on the shoes.

KATE

Agh!

Kate pulls the shoes off and tosses them against the wall. She patters out of the apartment barefoot, slamming the door behind her.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Kate sits on the subway.

No shoes. Hooker makeup. Sexy clothes.

No one sits near her.

INT. QUEENS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate storms inside. Maya is at the dining room table eating cereal, reading Life & Style or something shitty.

MAYA

Yikes.

KATE

Shut up!

MAYA

What is wrong with your face?

KATE

I tried to embrace my new being,
and I got a bad makeover at Macy's,
and Dylan thinks I'm in love with
his brother, and I am not a hooker!
I'm repenting and not repeating,
Catholic style.

Maya has no words. Kate storms off and slams her door.

Cora pops her head out of her room. Reagan is in her room.

CORA

What the hell is happening?

REAGAN (O.S)

Sounds like she's just--
(shouting so Kate can hear
her)
--TRYING TO CONTROL HER BOYFRIEND
BUT MAYBE SHE SHOULD LET HIM HAVE
HIS PLAN FOR ONCE.

KATE (O.S.)

SHUT THE FUCK UP REAGAN THIS IS NOT
LIKE YOUR SITUATION.

MAYA

See what you started, Cora?

(CONTINUED)

CORA
You are the devil.

Cora slams her door.

MAYA
Yeah, whatever.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The next morning, Kate pops into the coffee shop. Ben is behind the counter, as usual.

KATE
I think we should talk.

BEN
You look much less like a clown
hooker today.

KATE
Is there a crush on me in you?

BEN
And you want to be a writer?

KATE
I'm very bad in confrontational
situations!

BEN
Yes. There is a crush on you in me.

Kate wasn't expecting that.

BEN
Not a crush, really, because that's
what middle schoolers do. More like
a deep-seeded feeling that you're
the only gal in the world I'd ever
want to marry.

KATE
These are jokes...?

BEN
You are really not good with
speaking, it's astonishing.

KATE
Be serious. You want to marry me?

(CONTINUED)

BEN

I don't know! I dreamed it.

KATE

Did you tell Dylan?

BEN

Yeah, and he freaked out. He went to the Hamptons with our parents for the weekend.

KATE

(sarcastic)

Gee, sounds like he's in crisis mode.

BEN

You don't know how awful our parents are.

A beat. Touche.

KATE

I don't know what I'm supposed to do. I feel like I lost control of everything.

Ben laughs, frustrated. He shakes his head and speaks almost under his breath.

BEN

And we're back to you.

KATE

What?

BEN

(frustration bursting)

You're not supposed to have control of everything! You're always saying your virginity was what you controlled, but it's not even a real fucking thing! It's just a physical state that's been glorified by religions and pornos. Fine if it's a big thing for you, and it sucks that it went down the way it did, but you can't get it back. Pray about it, get forgiven for it, but you're going to feel that shitty guilt for a while whether you "embrace your sexuality!" or keep living your uptight life.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Wow.

BEN

Have you even taken a second to jump out of your ridiculous overreaction to see how he's feeling?

A beat. So, no.

BEN

He's been a mess. Worrying about you -- not himself or your relationship, just you.

(beat, breath)

I may dream about marrying you, but I also want to slap your insane mind straight. You're a selfish--

KATE

Sounds like a pretty big sign we're not meant to be.

BEN

We'll never really know, you started dating my brother when I thought we were about to, so things got a little hazy.

KATE

(angry, overly bright)

Hey, here's one thing you and Dylan don't have to share: you're an asshole!

Kate leaves. It's a heavy moment.

INT. 30 ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAY

Kate's at work. She sits at a computer, logging tapes. It's great, interny fun.

The phone rings.

KATE

NBC Studio 6H, this is Kate...Yes ma'am, I'll be right there. Do you need a coffee order? ... Oh. Okay.

(CONTINUED)

Kate hangs up the phone and exhales deeply. She gets up and starts walking through the hallowed 30 Rock halls, lined with pictures of the classic SNL casts, guests, musical acts.

She comes to the large writers' room that's fairly deserted.

Kate comes to the office of the HEAD WRITER. She knocks twice and steps inside.

INT. HEAD WRITER OFFICE - DAY

A woman, TINA FEY-esque in her mid-30s, sits at her desk. She smiles as Kate enters.

TINA FEY

Hey Kate. I know we've met, like, a hundred times informally, but I wanted to talk to you.

KATE

Of course. What can I do for you?

TINA FEY

Relax, this is a woman-ah-woman chat. Have a sit.

Kate sits cautiously on the couch. Super self-conscious. This woman is sort of her idol.

TINA FEY

You're one of the best interns we've had, Kate. You're attentive, quick, have fantastic hand writing. You're funny, you're talented. Thank you, too, for all of the coffee's. I know we're all assholes at that table, but we are all eternally grateful to you.

KATE

Of..of course. Thank you so--

TINA FEY

But, this past week, you've been out of it. I don't know what's knocked you off your game, but I hate to see you slump like this.

KATE

I..I'm really sorry. What's been wrong?

(CONTINUED)

TINA FEY

Well all of our coffee's said "medium" in sarcastic quotation marks, so obviously you pissed someone at Starbucks off by ignoring the "Grande" distinction. And there were a couple of "reply alls" to the lunch order emails, which everyone was eye-rolling about.

KATE

Oh.

Kate's mouth starts to quiver. Tears are about to start flowin'.

Tina Fey notices. She stands up.

TINA FEY

Have you had lunch? I've got an extra pasta salad in here somewhere.

Tina Fey finds the salad in her mini fridge and tosses it to Kate, followed by a plastic fork.

KATE

Oh. Thank you.

TINA FEY

I find eating is the best way to talk stuff through.

Kate laughs. She opens the salad.

TINA FEY

Tell me what's up.

And the story begins.

We see the events happening in fast forward:

-First date with Dylan

-Church with Ben

-Cave wedding

-Tears pre-sex

-Falling out of bed at Ben's arrival

-Underwear

(CONTINUED)

-Hooker fight

-Post-hooker girl fight

-Ben fight

KATE

And then, this morning, I spilled
my whole damn coffee all over my
white coat.

Kate and Tina Fey have finished eating. TF sits
thoughtfully.

A beat.

TINA FEY

Do you want my advice?

KATE

More than anything in the world.

TINA FEY

Okay. First, eat food with the
girls. Nothing solves girl drama
like carbs.

Kate nods.

TINA FEY

Now, do you love the guy?

KATE

Which one?

TINA FEY

The one you're supposed to.

KATE

I love him, I don't know that I'm
in love with him yet.

TINA FEY

That distinction only matters in
romantic comedies. In life, if you
love people, you keep 'em around.
Unless they kill your family or
something. That, movies got right.

Kate laughs.

TINA FEY

Now, do you love the brother?

KATE

He's a jerk.

TINA FEY

Good. You tell your man that. Give him a week to get a little worried, show him who's boss, feminism, all of that.

Kate nods.

TINA FEY

Give the brother a rest. He deserves a shunning. As for the coat, leave it here, I'll have the page dry clean it for you.

KATE

Really?

TINA FEY

You're not getting paid, and dry cleaning isn't cheap.

KATE

Thank you.

Tina Fey waves it off as nothing.

TINA FEY

You gonna be okay?

KATE

(deep exhale)

Who knows.

TINA FEY

Okay. Take the rest of the day off, we'll see you in the morning with the rest of the writers.

KATE

Are you sure?

TINA FEY

As long as your one day of freedom doesn't make you quit and become a street artist in Times Square.

(CONTINUED)

KATE
I've contemplated.

TINA FEY
You're gonna go places far beyond
Starbucks coffee runs, just gotta
slob through the shit for a little
bit.

KATE
Thank you.

TINA FEY
Now get outta here.

Kate stands up. She pauses, wanting to say something to Tina Fey. Instead, she leans over her desk and gives her a hug.

KATE
I hope that was appropriate and
won't get me fired.

Kate leaves the office. Now she's giddy.

She walks through 30 Rock, grabs her things, and exits onto the plaza.

EXT. 30 ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAY

Kate dials a number in her phone.

KATE
Hey. I got out early, let's all
forgive and forget and stuff
ourselves with food?

INT. SERENDIPITY - DAY

Kate, Cora, Reagan and Maya sit at a booth. There are empty plates stacked in front of them. They each have a decadent (read: HUGE) dessert in front of them. Slugging through.

MAYA
I keep getting texts from some
random bro from Cave.

REAGAN
Send him something in another
language. Wrong number.

(CONTINUED)

MAYA
Genius. Genius!

Maya gets to work on her iPhone, oblivious to the world.

CORA
When are you going back to the
Capital, Rea?

REAGAN
Friday, I think.

KATE
Aaaand?

REAGAN
(exhales)
Assuming the offer still stands--

Kate and Cora both scoff. Of course it will.

REAGAN
I'm going to accept, on terms that
we wait it out a while.

KATE
Look at you, being in control.

REAGAN
I learned from the bitchiest. I
mean, best.

Maya looks up from her text.

MAYA
I told him, "I am a gypsy psychic,
go to your mother" in Arabic.

CORA
Your phone has arabic?

MAYA
It's an iPhone, Cora, it has
fucking everything.

Cora rolls her eyes. This feud is strange, but it exists.

Cora's phone rings. She looks and answers it quickly, almost
embarrassed.

CORA
Hello? Hi. No, I'm at lunch with
Kate and Rea.

(CONTINUED)

MAYA
(loudly)
And Maya.

Cora punches Maya's arm.

CORA
Wait, what? Why are you guys
hanging out? Right. Yeah. Okay,
well...we'll be there after we
finish our ice cream.

Cora rolls her eyes. Apparently that isn't acceptable.

CORA
Okay, fine, we'll just WASTE our
ice cream, christ...You too.

Cora hangs up.

MAYA
(nonchalantly)
Was that Derrick?

Reagan and Kate react largely.

REAGAN
Derrick from Michigan?

KATE
You guys are still talking?!

MAYA
(milking it)
Oh so much more than talking.

CORA
Maya. Shut up.
(to Kate, Reagan)
We're...sortofdating. But--

KATE
What?! How?

REAGAN
He was a cutie.

CORA
God, it doesn't matter right now!
He's--

KATE

Nothing matters more right now!

Cora does not want to talk about it. But Reagan and Kate's stares bore into her. Maya is pleased as Cora groans.

CORA

Fine. Fine! It's not exciting. We ran into each other at lunch because he works a few blocks from me, he came for dinner that night, we got drunk at Cave and were super pumped when we left, and then we went to that diner down Austin and sobered up and talked until 6am, and then came home and passed out.

(beat; quickly)

And then he took me to dinner the next night and can you be in love with someone that quickly?

KATE

Whoa.

REAGAN

Seconded.

MAYA

Ugh.

Cora snaps out of it.

CORA

Whatever, unimportant! Right now, he is apparently with Dylan, who severely wants to beat up Anthony, for whatever reason.

MAYA

What the fuck is this, West Side Story?

CORA

If this is West Side Story and Anthony kills Derrick, I will murder someone.

REAGAN

Are we talking about that Prick Anthony from Michigan?

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Yeah, why is he going to beat up Anthony?

REAGAN

And why is this urgent and unacceptable? We all hate that guy.

A beat to think.

CORA

I don't know! Dylan wants to assert his manliness or something. And Anthony's Italian, he could probably lay Dylan out! And Derrick! For betraying him! Oh god.

MAYA

This is for real turning into West Side Story. Cora, are you Puerto Rican?

CORA

Shut up, Maya!

REAGAN

I say we beat them to it and beat him up ourselves!

MAYA

Yes!

CORA

Punch his clavicle!

Reagan, Cora and Maya roar. Then, a beat.

KATE

Is everyone here on their period? There's a lot of emotion raging.

None of them say anything. So that's a yes.

REAGAN

Come on, we've got an asshole to beat up.

They quickly scarf down their ice creams. Maya hands the waiter her credit card.

MAYA

I'll be back for this. Make sure your number is with it.

She winks, he blushes, Kate pulls Maya away.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

The four girls are running down a dirty side street. They look ridiculous.

After a block, they're all panting.

MAYA

Whose fucking idea was the running?

KATE

I...don't know. Where's...the subway?

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

They run onto a subway car. Now there's nothing they can do but stand in the car, sweating and panting.

MAYA

I don't have any investment in this. I should have stayed with the ice cream guy.

CORA

Maya, he was gay, how could you not see? He was "vibin' "

MAYA

Cora, I swear to God, I will cut you.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION, QUEENS - DAY

Back in Queens. Kate looks left, then right.

KATE

Wait, Cora, where are we going?

Cora is silent. The three girls stare at her. She dials Derrick on her phone.

CORA

God, don't look at me like that, I didn't lead the pack!

They all roll their eyes.

CORA

Derrick! Where are you guys? Please God don't say midtown or I will be murdered...okay, we're on our way.

(CONTINUED)

She hangs up and heads back toward the subway. The other three groan.

Then Cora spins around.

CORA
Ha! Just kidding, they're at
Derrick's!

KATE
Anthony's at Derrick's?

CORA
No, they got to his place and he
begged them to leave him alone and
gave them a shit ton of money.

KATE
He was loaded.

REAGAN
His only good quality.

MAYA
So we're not beating him up?

REAGAN
I'm still game for a pulping.

CORA
That sounds gross.

REAGAN
Probably bloody.

KATE
I think he lives near here.

CORA
Let's...uh, yeah! I'll lead the
way!

MAYA
Do you even know where he lives?

CORA
Shut up, Maya!

EXT. APARTMENT, QUEENS - DAY

Cora leads the group. She pulls out a key and puts it in the lock.

MAYA
What are you doing?

Cora looks down at the key.

CORA
Oh. Habit.

She shrugs and goes to bang on the door. Reagan stops her.

REAGAN
We're here to beat a man up, not to
sell him Girl Scout Cookies!

Reagan pulls out a bobby pin and picks the lock.

REAGAN
Here's to hoping his deadbolt is
open.

KATE
Who are you?

REAGAN
(picking the lock)
Daniel makes me watch a lot of man
stuff.

MAYA
Can you break into Tiffany's? I
could use some jewels.

SFX/Lock clicking open.

Reagan holds her arms up in victory.

REAGAN
All right, ladies. First guy we
see, we'll each take a self-defense
style hit, then kick him in the
ribs and maybe stuff him in a
closet.

CORA
I think we should probably make
sure it's him first, don't you--

They burst inside, Reagan, hyped, leading. Cora pushes in front of Maya to enter second.

INT. APARTMENT, QUEENS - DAY, CONTINUOUS

The place looks empty, but the TV is on. Reagan creeps forward, but Cora rushes up from behind her.

CORA

Hey, you're not Anthony, watch out
angry menstruator behind you!

Derrick and Dylan's heads pop up from behind the couch. Derrick sighs with relief and hops over the couch to embrace Cora.

DERRICK

Christ, we thought you were
robbers, pulling a daytime B&E.

MAYA

So you decided to squat on your
couch and leave the TV on?

Derrick ignores her.

REAGAN

More importantly, why are you in
Anthony's apartment and where is
that guy? I want to punch somebody
today.

DERRICK

What?

CORA

It seems I have to confess that I
have brought you here under false
pretenses.

MAYA

Surpriiise.

REAGAN

Was any of it real?

DERRICK

Well...

CORA

No. None of it!

DERRICK

(turns to Cora)
Babe! I had a build up.

(CONTINUED)

CORA
Oh, sorry babe, go ahead.

KATE
(softly)
Babe?! You're shitting me.

DERRICK
There's been a lot going on in this group of ours recently. A lot of tension. A lot of--

DYLAN
Kate?

Derrick spins to his left to see Dylan has joined them.

DERRICK
Dammit, Dylan! You weren't supposed to come yet, the build up was not finished.

Dylan completely ignores Derrick.

DYLAN
Kate. I'm so sorry. I don't know what happened. I love you so much. I mean, I married you--

REAGAN
Whoa, what?!

DERRICK
It was just a bar marriage, nothing binding.

Dylan speeds through:

DYLAN
I know there's nothing with Ben, he just makes me super paranoid because he's an ass. And all I want is to be there for you and with you, because I know what happened totally sucks. *And* I wish I could at least remember it, it feels like such a waste that I can't.

He's out of breath. That was a lot of apology very fast.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

DERRICK
Remember what now?

CORA
(feeding him the answer)
Sex.

DERRICK
Whoa, what? When did that happen?

DYLAN
Derrick, that's what this whole
thing is about.

DERRICK
Waaait, *that's* what this is?! I
thought she slept with Anthony!

KATE
Agh, what?!

DYLAN
How did you possibly get to that?

DERRICK
You wanted to beat him up so badly!

DYLAN
We were talking about how much of a
dick he was! Anyone would want to
beat him up.

REAGAN
Here, here!

DERRICK
Aw, dude!
(incredulous, laughs)
You guys didn't do it!

KATE
What now?

DYLAN
We didn't?

DERRICK
Nah. You face timed me at like 3 in
the morning and started playing a
strip version of the quiet game. It
failed very quickly, you weren't
wearing all that much to begin
with. I turned it off very quickly.
And then you texted me that you won
and she fell asleep.

(CONTINUED)

Everyone is silent. Derrick laughs. He pulls out his phone and shows them the text.

DYLAN

Derrick, what the fuck!

KATE

How did you not realize what this was about?!

DERRICK

I got sidetracked!

(to Kate)

So you never slept with Anthony?

KATE

No!

DERRICK

Whew! Did you sleep with Ben?

KATE

No!

MAYA

Who is Ben?

KATE

Ben's the guy at the coffee shop I meet at church sometimes.

DYLAN

He's my brother.

KATE

We sort of had a vibe.

MAYA

(to Cora)

Ha!

KATE

Why would I have slept with Ben if you knew I didn't sleep with Dylan?

DERRICK

Drama, intrigue, inebriation? He's leaving, I figured something must've happened!

KATE

He's leaving?!

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN
Christ, Derrick! Why do you speak?

KATE
Where's he going?

REAGAN
This is the most confusing thing
I've ever experienced.

DYLAN
He's going to the mountains for a
while.

KATE
Because of this?

DYLAN
I don't know. Does it matter?

KATE
Yes, Dylan! I love both of you, I
don't want him to leave because of
this.

DYLAN
You love both of us?

KATE
In different ways. You I love, and
him I love like...a brother.

MAYA
In law.

CORA
Shush.

DYLAN
(softly)
Do you want to be with him?

The dilemma hangs in the air.

After a few beats, this quick, almost overlapping,
adrenalized conversation.

Kate is quiet throughout, tension building. She and Dylan's
eyes are locked.

MAYA
Please don't say we're going to run
to Ben's.

(CONTINUED)

CORA

No way. I'm wearing patent leather flats, my toes are about to fall off.

REAGAN

Is everyone done with beating Anthony up? I'm still on that train.

DERRICK

I can't believe I thought she slept with Anthony, who would do that?

MAYA

Madeline.

DERRICK

Shut up.

DYLAN

Kate?

KATE

(quietly, calmly)

Everyone, shut up. Just shut up.

They all do just that and look at Kate.

KATE

There is way too much in my brain right now. And all I want to do is rewind to last week and make none of this have happened. But that is impossible despite those Diet Coke commercials that lead you to think otherwise.

Everyone nods. Those commercials are a tease.

KATE

A drunken Cora once told me that I was powerful bitch. So I hereby inact powerful bitch status. I don't know what I want, but I will pretend that I am hiding it from all of you until I actually make a decision. I'm going home now. Someone please take Maya back to Manhattan so that she doesn't suffer identity theft.

Kate looks to all of them, then turns and leaves the apartment.

(CONTINUED)

It's weird. No one's sure what just happened.

DERRICK
She's a well spoken lady.

Nods all around. She is indeed.

INT. TOM'S DINER, HARLEM - DAY, TWO WEEK LATER

It's Parent's Weekend at Columbia. Maya is in her Columbia (read: Carolina) blues, as are her parents. Kate wears her Michigan blues.

TITLE: "OCTOBER"

Kate looks over the menu a little glassy eyed.

DAD
What are you getting, kiddo?

He looks right at Kate, but she doesn't respond. Mom, looking at the menu, responds.

MOM
I think I'm going to get a salad.

MAYA
And an unpredictable choice by mom
for the gold!

DAD
(still on Kate)
Katie, are you okay?

Kate nods, then looks up.

KATE
Just can't decide.

Maya reads into her words.

MAYA
I'd say you go for tall dark
handsome steak that doesn't run
away and isn't an asshole.

MOM
Maya!

KATE
(standing)
I'm going to make a call. Just get
me a burger.

(CONTINUED)

Kate starts to walk away, then comes back.

KATE
Medium-well. No
lettuce-tomato-mayo-ketchup crap on
it. Barbeque sauce. Toasted bun
with the top on the side so I can
make sure they didn't screw it up.

She nods, then walks away again, only to return a moment later.

KATE
Extra crispy fries--

MAYA
Christ, we know your anal retentive
order!

Kate nods and finally walks outside.

EXT. TOM'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Kate finds a number in her Blackberry and calls it.

KATE
Hi. --- I know. I needed to clear
my head. -- Come downtown?

EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

They're dressed more formally now, standing outside a theater, waiting.

Maya hugs her arms around her. She's in a pea coat, but her legs are bare.

MAYA
Where is he, Kate?

KATE
He's not on a GPS, Maya, I don't
know.

MOM
Oh, there's Dad. Here they come.

Dad and Dylan walk briskly over. Dylan beams at Kate and kisses her cheek.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

The line was insane.

MAYA

Did you procure the cocoa?

DYLAN

Indeed, m'lady. Here you are.

Dylan hands Maya a styrofoam cup of hot cocoa. He hands Kate a large black and white cookie.

KATE

My favorite. Thank ya.

Kate gives him a smile and takes his hand. Mom and Dad are watching with some amazement.

DAD

Maya, is it really worth it to stand out here for an hour in the damn freezing cold to see this guy?

MAYA

Was is really worth it to roll around naked in the mud on LSD at Woodstock?

DAD

(irrationally hurt)

Don't compare this pretty boy to Woodstock.

DYLAN

There's probably standing room inside the lobby, why don't you two go warm up?

MOM

Are you sure? I'm sure you don't care about Zac Jeffro either.

MAYA

Oh my GOD, Mom, Efron!

DAD

Yep, we're going inside. Thanks, son.

Dad pats Dylan on the back and escorts his wife into the lobby.

Maya, hearing a roar of fans, rushes to find Zac Efron.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Wow, son. You're really moving in on my family!

DYLAN

He is very scary. Very, very scary.

Kate laughs quietly. She's got stuff on her mindgrapes. Dylan is aware.

He puts his arm around her shoulders and tugs her against his side. She curls into him comfortably.

DYLAN

Can we pretend for a day that you're okay with just me?

KATE

I am more than okay with just you. That doesn't mean I can't be inwardly fuming at and simultaneously missing Ben.

Maya rushes over. She is ecstatic.

MAYA

I gave him my number. He's going to call me. Oh my god, I'm going to be his wife. Do you think I'll like California? His ABS. Fuck!

EXT. QUEENS APARTMENT - DAY

The next day, Kate's parents drop her off at her apartment. They're standing outside, saying goodbyes. Irrational woman tears of farewell.

MOM

You're coming back for Thanksgiving, right?

KATE

I think we're having Thanksgiving here, Mom. But I'll be back for Christmas, at least for a week.

MOM

Make sure Maya comes home for Thanksgiving. I can't take both of you gone at the same time.

Kate laughs.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Got it. I'll buy her train ticket.

Mom wraps her arms around her oldest daughter. They both shut their eyes and fight their errant tears.

Mom places a huge kiss on Kate's cheek. Kate sniffs. Goodbyes suck.

Dad steps in and puts a hand on Mom's back. He kisses her head and she, starting to cry more now, steps away toward the car with a wimpy wave.

Dad sighs.

DAD

You two are terrible at this.

KATE

(wiping tears, laughs)

Oh, shut up.

DAD

It's always good to see you, Katie.
And to see you happy.

KATE

You too, dad. I miss you guys.

DAD

We're embracing the empty nest, so
don't think about coming home.

KATE

Got it. Love you, too.

DAD

And keep that Dylan around, he's
good people.

KATE

You think so?

DAD

Not that I can compare him to any
former boyfriends of yours, since
they're all non-existent.

KATE

Your sensitivity is jarring!

(CONTINUED)

DAD
(laughs)
Love you, kiddo.

He pulls her in for a big bear hug. Kate starts to cry again. Blah, tears.

KATE
Love you, too, Dad.

Dad pulls out of the hug and kisses her head.

KATE
Drive safe!

Dad salutes.

DAD
Oh, and I know you're losing
pathetically at Words with Friends,
but don't be a wimp.

KATE
Words with Friends is all you can
think about at a time like this?

Dad laughs, waves, hops in the car. They drive away.

INT. QUEENS APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Kate walks in. Heavy. There's a lot processing. She drops her keys in the bowl and walks to Cora's room.

INT. CORA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kate walks in and falls onto the bed face first. Cora is sitting in an armchair reading. She glances up at Kate.

CORA
(mocking jocks)
Geez, bro, knock much?

KATE
(muffled)
Knock knock.

Kate rolls over onto her back and looks over at Cora.

CORA
I feel like I haven't seen you in a
week.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Work, parents, hiding. Insanity.
How's things?

CORA

You know, really good. I got a call
from that PA who wants to interview
me for a position.

KATE

Yaay! Work your way up that ladder
and soon we'll be an unstoppable
dream team!

CORA

Aye aye. How about you? What's it
like being virginal again?

KATE

Mostly the same, a little
pretentious but content.

CORA

Cheers to that. To clean vaginas!

They pretend to clink imaginary glasses and identically down
imaginary shots.

Kate sighs. She slowly pulls herself up to sitting.

KATE

I'm going to take a walk.

CORA

Okay. Please don't walk anywhere
that could be construed as a
suicide.

KATE

Yes ma'am.

EXT. QUEENS - MAGIC HOUR

Kate walks through the neighborhood. Kids are playing. It's
very homey, comfortable, pleasant.

Something a la fun.'s "Some Nights" plays.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Kate stands on the subway platform, waiting for a train to Brooklyn. The incoming from Brooklyn whizzes in and she steps back.

DYLAN(O.S.)
Fancy meeting you here.

Kate smiles, turns around.

KATE
I was just coming to see you.

Dylan beams that charming smile and kisses her softly.

DYLAN
Your parents left?

KATE
Just a bit ago. My dad told me I should keep you around, so I figured I'd come share the news.

DYLAN
I'm moving in on 'em. Soon I'll be Kate and you'll be Dylan. Hah-aah!

Kate snorts a laugh. His weirdness is even more enticing.

KATE
You want to get some food?

DYLAN
Yes. Always. But first, I want to take you somewhere.

KATE
Disney World?!

INT. LAND ROVER - EVENING

Kate sits in the passenger seat of an old Land Rover. Still, it's a Land Rover. Despite being 5 years old, it's probably the nicest car she's been in.

Dylan is driving. The windows are down. They look pleasant.

Kate watches Dylan while he drives, his hair getting messy in the breeze. He reaches over and puts his hand on hers.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS - NIGHT

A small, classic Hamptons house. The kind that existed before all the rich people invaded and mansion'd it up. It's charming.

The Land Rover pulls into the driveway.

KATE

This is not Disney World.

DYLAN

Damn, I knew you'd figure it out!

He kisses her temple, unbuckles, gets out. He's a gentleman, so he walks to Kate's side and opens the door for her.

Kate curtsies thank you and he takes her hand, walking her to the front door.

KATE

If I'm meeting your parents right now, I have to say I'll be furious for the lack of preparation.

DYLAN

Throw your punches at my dad, he'll think it's charming.

KATE

Seriously, if you're not kidding--

Dylan opens the door --

INSIDE HAMPTON'S HOUSE

--and there's Ben, in the foyer, shuffling through a cardboard box.

He looks up, then sighs.

BEN

Ah, hi.

KATE

I thought you were dead!

BEN

What?

(to Dylan)

I thought you told her I was leaving?

(CONTINUED)

KATE

He did. That's just what they say
in the movies. It never seems
appropriate.

BEN

It generally isn't.

KATE

I'll try it again another day.

Ben looks down.

BEN

What are you doing here?

DYLAN

I love you guys. But you're both
depressing to be around.

(exhales)

I'm going to pace the sand, you
guys talk it out. If you realize
you have some undying romantic
connection, I'll gladly step out of
the game.

KATE

Dylan...

Dylan speaks softly to just her.

DYLAN

Talk it out. I'll be on the deck.

He kisses her temple and walks out, patting his brother on
the shoulder as he leaves the room.

BEN

Selfless guy.

KATE

Doesn't run in the family.

BEN

I'm leaving to be out of the way.
For him.

KATE

You're scared.

BEN

That's a lot from you.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

I never denied I was scared. I felt really alone in--

BEN

Cut that shit, you know you weren't alone, everyone dropped everything to make sure you weren't going to martyr yourself.

KATE

You have no idea what I went through.

BEN

Fine, have your moment. You've got plenty more to defend.

KATE

Where is this all coming from?

BEN

Clearer vision. Once I found out you had no intention of ever giving me a chance, your spunky charm faded in a snap.

Kate takes a deep breath.

KATE

I might have been a bit selfish--

BEN

(laughs)
A bit? No--

KATE

(strongly)
LET ME FINISH.

KATE

I'm selfish. You're right. But I've never had anyone in my life like Dylan, and that is fucking scary. I'm not used to having that sort of relationship to lean on. I don't know what you want me to say to make us okay again.

BEN

In those three sentences, you mentioned yourself 7 times.

KATE

(at the end)
Christ, shut up about it! How would you suggest one speak about one's
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KATE (cont'd)
emotions in such a conversation
without sounding like an asshole?

BEN
Ask yourself, Virgin Mary.

Kate slaps Ben pretty damn hard. He stumbles back, holds his cheek.

Dylan heard the slap and steps into the room, moving toward Ben. Kate doesn't see him.

She speaks sternly, loudly, emphasizing the 'I's

KATE
You are the epitome of immaturity,
and it's disgusting. Your brother
is far, far superior to you and I
thank God that I never gave you a
fighting chance after I met him.

A beat.

KATE
Happy? That was only four 'I's.

Kate takes a calming breath. Dylan is now very close, protective, angry.

Kate glances at him. She doesn't look pleased to see him.

She leaves the house.

Dylan walks towards Ben. It's silent.

BEN
She's--

DYLAN
I heard you.
(a beat)
Ice that cheek.

Dylan taps his brother's cheek then walks out the open front door. He slams it shut behind him.

INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Dylan and Kate drive in silence. It's dark.

Kate leans against her hand, looking out the window.

Dylan is fuming.

DYLAN

I'm sorry. I didn't know he was going to get so--

KATE

Why did you do that?

DYLAN

I thought you would clear things up.

KATE

Do you think you have the right to hand me off to your brother if he wants me?

DYLAN

That's not it at all, Kate--

KATE

I'm not your property, okay? If I wanted to be with Ben, I would have been with Ben. I knew him first, I liked him first, but I chose you because I like you better.

Dylan smiles softly. He reaches over and puts his hand on hers. Kate lets it sit for a minute, then pulls away.

KATE

I don't need you intervening like you're...

She can't think of anyone.

DYLAN

A mediator?

KATE

Yeah. Like you're a mediator. You're not my bodyguard. You're my boyfriend. And your brother is a jerk.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

I thought it would help.

KATE

It didn't.

EXT. QUEENS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dylan's car is parked on the street. He gets out of the driver seat and walks briskly to the passenger side, where Kate is already getting out herself.

DYLAN

Here.

Dylan takes the door and holds out his hand. Kate tiredly sighs and gets out without his help.

Dylan exhales, getting angry. He slams the door and catches up to her as she approaches the porch.

DYLAN

I can't do this, Kate.

KATE

What?

DYLAN

You have to let me in, I can't be here as your boyfriend when you want me to and be some doormat when you don't. I'm not impuning on your rights by being a gentleman, alright? Give me a little pull. I love you, but it's exhausting being pushed around by your ideals all the time.

(a beat)

And Christ, I'll respect your vow, but it is really damn hard not to have sex with you.

Kate stares at him. Then, she cries. Lots of tears.

Dylan laughs softly and pulls her against him. She cries into his shoulder. He kisses her head.

DYLAN

Come on.

INT. QUEENS APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dylan walks Kate upstairs. She cries the whole way.

It's late inside. Cora and Derrick are asleep on the couch, her head against his chest, him sitting up.

INT. KATE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dylan and Kate enter her room. He takes her coat and sets it on her desk chair. She kicks her shoes off and falls into bed.

Dylan lifts her covers and covers her. He sits down on the bed and rubs her back.

DYLAN

You're gonna be okay.

Kate nods. Dylan leans over and kisses her cheek.

DYLAN

I'll come pick you up tomorrow,
we'll have breakfast.

KATE

(sniffling)

Can you stay?

DYLAN

Like...stay? Or staaay.

KATE

Seriously, I'm vulnerable. Keep
your pants on.

Dylan kicks his shoes off. He lays down next to Kate, wrapping her in his arms.

KATE

I'm sorry. For doormatting you.

DYLAN

Thanks.

KATE

How are you?

DYLAN

Tired. Relieved.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Me too.

Quiet.

KATE

Is it cool if I say I love you, but more in the 'Thanks for being the best and I want to hang out with you all the time' way and not the 'Let's get married tomorrow' way?

Dylan laughs, nods.

DYLAN

I love you, too.

INT. QUEEN'S DINER - MORNING

A disheveled but presentable Kate, Dylan, Cora and Derrick sit at a booth.

Derrick has his arm around Cora.

CORA

I'd like to propose a toast.

Kate holds out her slice of toast.

CORA

Put that down, you.

They all raise their coffee mugs.

CORA

To Sunday breakfasts.

DYLAN

And taking life's punches.

DERRICK

And shitty jobs.

KATE

And moving on to bigger and better things.

CORA

And doing it all together.

They all clink mugs and drink.

A nice, warm, friendly, Sunday morning beat.

(CONTINUED)

CORA

Is it acceptable to do absolutely nothing more than this for a day?

DYLAN

I'm game.

DERRICK

As long as I can wear fewer clothes than I am now.

KATE

TV all day it is!

Dylan and Derrick both groan.

KATE

What?!

CORA

We'll make a fort in the living room!

DERRICK

But you're going to make us watch Friday Night Lights.

CORA

Whoa, whoa, whoa. What's wrong with FNL?

DERRICK

Don't call it that.

DYLAN

There's nothing wrong with it.

DERRICK

It's trying to watch it with you two fawning that gets a little difficult.

KATE

Well, now that you've said something...

CORA

We're definitely going to watch only the episodes in which Tim Riggins cries.

Kate and Cora high five across the table. The men groan even more.

(CONTINUED)

CORA
(twangy)
Sunday forever.

Pull out, fade out, etc.

END.