

INT: JR. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, A DANCE, 1987

"Walk Like An Egyptian," is pumping loudly, making the obligatory cluster of helium balloons near the speakers, vibrate. In a corner, not too far off, a small group of BOYS have gotten ahold of a balloon and are taking hits; laughing hard.

The dance floor is surprisingly full, mostly with grade nine GIRLS, walking like egyptians, and stealing glances at the CUTE GUYS who are waiting for a slow song before making their move. There is one obvious leader, JENNA (14). The song ends and the girls follow her to the punch table near the boys.

A dark haired boy, DERRICK (13), too tall, too thin, too spotty; walks shyly up to the twittering mass of freshly birthed estrogen, and attempts small talk.

DERRICK

I love the Bangles.

The girls look at him, then to Jenna. She smirks slightly. The rest of them burst into loud sputters of laughter, occasionally looking back to see if he's still there. He is. He's brave.

He smiles; a metallic and neon, mouth full of braces. "I Think We're Alone Now," starts to thump it's way across the dance floor. The girls squeal, jumping up and down, holding hands. They make eyes at the boys nearby. Derrick volunteers-

DERRICK

Would any of you like to dance?

The GIRL to Jenna's left snears--

GIRL

With you? No.

Most of the girls laugh, or at least snicker, but Jenna offers her hand.

JENNA

Let's go.

She smiles sweetly. The others girls look momentarily shocked; before being claimed by one or another of the "cute" boys.

Derrick and Jenna chat happily throughout the dance. When it finishes, she squeezes his arm, kisses his cheek and whispers-

JENNA

You're nice, don't change.

Before flitting off to rejoin her friends; all of whom are talking at once. She looks back briefly and sees Derrick, still on the dance floor, touch his cheek and smile before walking, with no small amount of pride, back to the other grade eight boys. She grins and nods to herself, her good deed done for the day.

[The next scenes play out at hyper speed, with small pauses at significant moments.]

EXT: HIGH SCHOOL, GRADUATION DAY, 1990

Jenna in getting her picture taken with her date, Derrick walks past, broader now, clear skinned, handsome.

EXT: BUSINESS PARK, NEAR FOUNTAIN - 1993, LUNCH TIME

Jenna, a young woman now, is eating a sandwich, watching some seagulls fight over garbage. A guy around her age, JUSTIN(20's), sits beside her. She drops some lettuce out of her sandwich, she flicks it away and notices a dribble of mayo. He hands her a napkin. They smile at each other.

EXT: DOWNTOWN, SHOPPING DISTRICT - 1994, DAY

Jenna and Justin walk through stores holding hands, laughing. Enjoying one another's company.

EXT: BUSINESS PARK, NEAR FOUNTAIN - 1995, LUNCH TIME

Justin sits Jenna down, manoeuvring her to the spot where they first met. He gets down on one knee to propose. She covers her mouth, laughing, crying, she nods.

EXT: CHURCH, WEDDING DAY - 1996

Justin and Jenna smile happily, ducking confetti and hugging well wishers.

INT: THEIR FIRST APARTMENT. -1996

They look blissfully happy. Boxes everywhere. They flop down on a sofa, she cradles his cheek and he kisses the tip of her nose.

INT: THEIR FIRST APARTMENT. -1996

Justin paces outside the bathroom, banging the back of his head against a wall. Jenna exits, unable to hide a grin. She's holding a pregnancy tester and grinning like a mad thing. They jump up and down, he hugs her, swinging her around.

INT: THEIR FIRST APARTMENT. -1997

Jenna is at the breakfast table, morning hair, no makeup. The baby on her lap, a magazine in front of her. Flipping through she notices Derrick. He's a model for some important designer. She grins and nods as if to say, 'good for you.'

EXT: GARDEN, 1998

Jenna, pregnant again, watches Justin play with their toddler.

INT: SECOND APARTMENT - 1999

Jenna cradles a baby, while Justin moves the couch just where she wants it. Their toddler trying to lift a corner as well.

INT: SECOND APARTMENT - 1999

Jenna, in the kitchen cooking. Baby in a high chair and toddler underfoot. She answers the phone with a smile that quickly turns into a frown... and then to shouting. She slams the phone down.

EXT: SHOPPING DISTRICT - 2001

Jenna, pregnant again, struggles to balance the demands of toddler and four year old. The eldest pushes the stroller full of shopping and the youngest runs ahead to a bus stop with Jenna chasing, slowly, after her. She rests against a poster of Derrick.

INT: WAITING ROOM OF A DOCTOR'S OFFICE - 2001

Justin and Jenna sit, silently worried. In their hands is a pamphlet on Neonatal surgery. She's stroking her belly. He sits, terrified.

EXT: PLAYSCHOOL - 2001

Jenna, her toddler in the stroller, waves goodbye to her eldest, on the jungle gym. She wipes a tear away and smiles as brightly as she can. As she turns to cross the road she spots Justin drive by, a nicely dressed young WOMAN at his side. They are smiling and laughing.

INT: SECOND APARTMENT - 2001

Jenna and Justin argue loudly. She's in tears, he doesn't notice as he walks out the house, slamming the door. She leans against it. Speaking to her belly, attempting to reassure the baby inside that it isn't their fault.

INT: SECOND APARTMENT - LATER

There are boxes by the door, and a couple of suitcases. Justin bends to say goodbye to the kids, but has nothing to say to Jenna. He opens the door to the woman, Jenna had seen him with. She picks up one of the boxes and he joins her with his suitcases.

INT: SECOND APARTMENT - MID AFTERNOON, MONTHS LATER

The baby is sleeping in a play yard. The toddler is asleep beside Jenna on the couch. She plays with her hair and wipes a tear.

INT: SECOND APARTMENT - NIGHT, 2002

Jenna's friends are helping her get ready for a night out. Picking out a dress, doing her hair. She's laughing, enjoying the frenzy. Her mother is in the living room, playing with the children.

INT: PUB/NIGHTCLUB, LATER THAT NIGHT

Jenna enters surrounded by her friends. Like them, her dress is a little too tight, her make up a little too obvious. It's clear that she's out of practice, she looks around the room, a little less confident than when she entered it. Her friends pull her along as they giggle their way to the bar and order ridiculously colourful cocktails. Attempting a smile she turns; there, not ten feet away, is Derrick. His slightly furrowed stare proves his recognition of her too. He smiles and makes his way smoothly towards her. There is a collective gasp from the women as he approaches and asks--

DERRICK

Jenna?

She smiles, a warm and inviting smile.

JENNA

Yes.

Her friends nudge her and whisper.

FRIEND 1

Ask him to dance!

FRIEND 2

How do you know him!?

She laughs a little, knowing he's heard.

JENNA

Derrick, it's been ages.

He nods and holds out his hand.

DERRICK

Would you mind dancing with me?

Her smile practically splits her face.

JENNA

Let's go.

They laugh and chat happily as they dance. Remembering old times and catching up on the new. When the dance ends, Derrick leans in, gives her cheek a kiss and whispers--

DERRICK

You're nice, don't ever change.

He strolls back over to his friends; while Jenna stands just a moment longer on the dance floor and touches her cheek. He looks back and smiles once more. She blushes slightly and with a regained confidence rejoins her friends.