

MY OLD ASS

Written by

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OVER BLACK THE SOUND OF A BOAT ENGINE RUNNING FULL THROTTLE

RUTHIE (OVER BLACK)  
Hold on. Hold on! Hold on!

ELLIOTT (OVER BLACK)  
Ruthie, you're fine. I'm not even  
driving that fast.

RO (OVER BLACK)  
(singing)  
*It's your birthday, bitch. It's her  
birthday...*  
(then)  
You're legal now. Now you got legal  
buttcheeks.

RUTHIE (OVER BLACK)  
Oh, my god. You can't say shit like  
that, Ro.

FADE IN:

EXT. DUKES ROASTERY DOCK – LATE MORNING.

A close up of a teenage girl driving a boat really, *really*, fast.

This is ELLIOTT LABRANT. Eighteen, an undeniable sparkle in her eye. The type of teenager that's high off their ass with youthful energy and gusto. Fucks with our perception of femininity. She's funny, confident with an inherent levity.

We cut out and reveal that she's driving the smallest, most decrepit tin boat you've ever seen. Crammed in with her are her best friends:

RO, eighteen, confident, chill. Rivals Elliott's cool factor, which is saying something. Along with their other bestie, RUTHIE, eighteen, sweet, softer energy. They putter up to the dock at Dukes, a boat access coffee shop.

RO  
Oh, now we gotta stop here so you  
can get with some like, random  
girl, but whatever.

RUTHIE  
Yeah.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

She's not some random girl! We've been, like, flirting with each other since fucking grade eight. I gotta at least shoot my shot before I leave.

RO

If this works, you've officially gotten every girl in town. Every single girl.

RUTHIE

That's true.

Elliott looks proud.

ELLIOTT

That's not true. That's not --

Elliott tries to park and accidentally hits the dock.

RUTHIE

OH MY --

RO

Holy shit!

ELLIOTT

I'm-I'm so sorry!

RUTHIE

(to Ro)

Are you okay?

RO

Is my neck still there?

RUTHIE

No. You're good, you're good, you're good...

Elliott backs up to try again.

ELLIOTT

I'm gonna be honest and tell her I'm leaving in three weeks. If that leads to us banging...

Ro and Ruthie roll their eyes.

ELLIOTT

That musta been God's plan. That's out of my hands. You know what I mean?

Ro laughs just as Elliott crashes into the dock even harder on her second attempt. They both throw their hands up.

CONTINUED:

RUTHIE

You gotta slow down. You gotta slow down.

RO

Bro.

ELLIOTT

I'm sorry, I'm like, I'm so used to driving boats that drive like this...

(she mimics a steering wheel)

Not this twisty wrist shit.

She backs up to try one more time.

RUTHIE

Maybe you should actually get your boating license.

ELLIOTT

I've been driving heavy machinery since I was eight, Ruthie. So...

Elliott hits the dock again as she parks.

RUTHIE

Are you sure... oh!

ELLIOTT

Oh, shit. Sorry.

Elliott stands, reaches out to grab the dock. Engine stops.

RO

You know... it's an idea.

ELLIOTT

Help me pull it in. Pull it in.

(as they do)

I don't think boating licenses are, like, a real thing. It's like a formality.

Elliott climbs out of the boat onto the dock.

RO

You guys got it? Okay.

ELLIOTT

Yeah.

Elliott grabs the rope to tie the boat up.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

Okay. Grab that rope at the end...

Ro and Ruthie climb out to safety as Elliott finishes docking the boat.

RUTHIE

Oh, my gosh.

RO

Fucking life or death experience right there.

The three stand on the dock, a collective breath.

ELLIOTT

Okay. Made it. It's "go" time.

The three check body parts and embrace like survivors.

RO

You're alive. You've got this.

RUTHIE

Have fun in there.

ELLIOTT

Thank you.

RO

You be safe, kid. Wrap it up!

As Elliott walks down the dock, Ruthie and Ro wince.

RUTHIE

Oh, bitch. My back is thrown. I know. Like, my neck...

CUT TO:

INT. DUKES ROASTERY. LATER.

Elliott is mid-conversation with CHELSEA, a girl maybe a year older. She wears a Dukes Roastery uniform, uber feminine, very cool, smart girl energy. They clearly know each other.

CHELSEA

They're like, they're a medical marvel, right?

ELLIOTT

That's true.

CONTINUED:

CHELSEA

They cure our UTI's. We need them.  
They fight for us, we should fight  
for them.

They both laugh, definitely flirting.

CHELSEA

So... you said you're leaving town  
really soon, right?

ELLIOTT

Twenty two days.

CHELSEA

Okay, shit. It's like that? You  
have to do a countdown. You just so  
in a rush?

Elliott smiles.

ELLIOTT

I mean, there is one thing I'll  
really miss about this place.

She throws her a killer smile. Damn, she's smooth. Chelsea  
blushes, into it.

Off Chelsea throwing her a VERY loaded look, we smash cut to.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUKES BACK STAIRWELL. SECONDS LATER.

Elliott and Chelsea make out HARDCORE, like ear biting,  
little bit of choking vibes against the wall. Off Chelsea,  
moaning with pleasure.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S HOUSE. LATE MORNING.

A wide shot of a charming old traditional Muskoka cottage  
sitting amongst tall pine trees on the edge of the water. The  
sun makes the water sparkle. It's stunning. We overlap a  
boy's voice, whining.

SPENCER (O.C.)

Her hair's starting to melt!

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S KITCHEN. SAME TIME.

Elliott's mom, KATHY, late 40's, warm, Ina Garten energy, and her dad, TOM, the quintessential small town farmer, sit at the kitchen table finishing breakfast with their sons. The theme of the kitchen is cranberry-heavy. Cranberry dishes, cranberry art, cranberry napkins. You get it.

They all stare at a melting birthday cake, unlit candles on top. MAX, sixteen, bored and direct, leans in for a look.

SPENCER, ten, mouth full of braces, weird as hell in the coolest way, whines again.

SPENCER  
It's going to ruin the surprise!

MAX  
That looks like a sheep.

SPENCER  
Took me an hour.

It absolutely looks like a sheep. A beat of silence.

KATHY  
(confidence waning)  
She'll be here soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUKES ROASTERY DOCK. SAME TIME.

Ruthie and Ro sit on a bench on the dock waiting for Elliott, inspecting the contents of a small plastic baggie.

RO  
No, so listen. I had an uncle because my aunt married this guy... but then they got divorced, but he had a guinea pig. The PetSmart that he bought it from, he had... she had a kid, and the kid gave me the drugs.

RUTHIE  
(a bit sketched out)  
Uh, so, a literal stranger.

RO  
Noooo. I just told you that...  
(changes topic)  
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

RO (CONT'D)  
No. Listen. He said they're super  
rare and they're from South  
America.  
(thinks, then)  
Africa.

RUTHIE  
Do we just chew them?

Neither one looks entirely sure. Ruthie pulls out her phone.

RUTHIE  
I'll look it up. RO  
(sniffs bag)  
Are these South American?

RUTHIE  
(typing)  
How do you spell "hallucinogenic"?

Ro finishes her sniff test, proud.

RO  
That's Africa. RUTHIE  
(still searching)  
I-I don't know, "mushrooms."

RO  
Um, I think you can like chew them  
or, like, maybe some type of herbal  
tea with them or some shit.

Elliott suddenly appears beside them. Disheveled, with a  
cheeky look on her face. She passes them both iced coffees.

RO  
Finally.

ELLIOTT  
No, we're not making tea with them.  
I heard if you make tea with them  
you can't control how high you get.

RO  
(impressed)  
Look at you.

RUTHIE  
What were you doing?

Elliott's saved by her phone ringing. Her mom. She ignores  
it.

ELLIOTT  
Not now, Mom.

## **CONTINUED:**

RO  
Kathy, WE'RE VERY BUSY.

ELLIOTT

We're trying to do drugs,                    Come on!  
Mom!

Elliott heads towards the boat, the other two follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE. MOMENTS LATER

A dope song starts playing as we see their tiny boat from above as they fly across the open water.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP SITE. AFTERNOON.

Over the song, they set up their tents (badly).

RO  
Before we get too far into it,  
should we make an emergency plan in  
case, IN CASE anything bad happens?

ELLIOTT  
No! Nothing bad is gonna happen.  
That's like, the whole point of shrooms. Nothing bad happens on shrooms.

RUTHIE  
What if one of us like, gets too high and says something fucked up and it changes the fabric of our friendship forever?

Clearly none of them had thought about that before. Off their unsure faces.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CAMP SITE. AFTERNOON.**

All three squat in a line, peeing in the woods. Off Ruthie playfully pushing Elliott over, mid pee.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. SUNSET.

They swim in the lake. Ro and Ruthie bob around and we just see Elliott's legs sticking up from the water - in the middle of a handstand contest.

Elliott pops up, smiling. Ro and Ruthie score her.

RO  
Two point five.

RUTHIE  
Ten!

Off their laughter.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE BONFIRE. DUSK.

The three of them stand around the bonfire, Elliott pours the entire bag of mushrooms into a tea kettle.

RUTHIE  
No! Not the whole bag. That's way  
too many.

RO  
That's why you gotta get your  
weight up.

LATER. The three hold up their cups of mushroom tea.

RO  
To Elliott.  
(mimes a walker)  
You old bitch. May you experience a  
fucking, I don't know... a new  
level of consciousness or some shit  
tonight.

They clink together their mugs of tea and take the first sip. Ruthie puckers her lips, gross.

Elliott and Ruthie watch as Ro downs her entire mug.

RUTHIE  
(concerned)  
Ro.

ELLIOTT  
RO.

They laugh as Ro covers her mouth.

CONTINUED:

RUTHIE

You're burping. Oh my god.

RO

I thought we were... don't you guys  
wanna get there?

RUTHIE

Yes, but...

ELLIOTT

Alright. Okay. One, two, three...

Elliott and Ruthie try to finish their mugs.

RO

(watching, cheering)

*Let's go. Let's go. Let's go. Chug,  
chug, chug, chug...*

They both stop.

RUTHIE

I can't do it.

ELLIOTT

(letting out a yell)

*Ahh. It's so bad...*

RO

*Chug it, chug it, chug it!*

Off Ro's cheers, Elliott and Ruthie finish their mugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE BONFIRE. NIGHT.

It's very quiet now. Some time has clearly passed. The three of them sit and stare silently into the crackling bonfire.

The water laps. A loon cries out.

RUTHIE

Oh, I'm scared. Are you?

RO

Actually, I'm a little scared too.

ELLIOTT

I'm weirdly... not?

CONTINUED:

A twig snaps off camera, they turn and look. Def scared.

ELLIOTT

The fuck was that?

RO

Okay, ummm...

RUTHIE

I feel like I need to call my mom.

ELLIOTT

There are bears here. My mom told me.

RO

Shut up. Let's just be normal guys and talk about something, something normal. Something...

RUTHIE

Let's just talk about something normal.

No one knows what to say.

RUTHIE

(borderline panicked)

Um. Can you like talk about your hopes and dreams or something, Elliott? Please.

ELLIOTT

My hopes... and *dreams*?

RO

Fucking yes. Hopes and dreams.

Elliott takes a deep breath. Smiles.

ELLIOTT

Word, word. I've got hopes and dreams. Okay. Well...

(thinks, then)

I'm just excited that my life is about to finally start.

Ro and Ruthie nod.

ELLIOTT

Even though the world is literally on fire and full of uneducated racists, I'm trying to force myself to have... hope?

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

And I feel like moving to Toronto,  
living in the city, going to  
school, like it all just feels  
RIGHT... you know?

Ro and Ruthie nod again except this time their eyes are slightly wider.

ELLIOTT

Uh. Like, mad respect to my  
ancestors but I do NOT wanna be a  
third generation...

(thinks, corrects)

I can't be, a third generation  
cranberry farmer and live in a town  
with three hundred people.

Ro and Ruthie now have super big smiles on their faces.  
Elliott doesn't notice, keeps rambling.

ELLIOTT

And I always feel bad every time I  
say that but it's like - I've got  
energy, I've got hype!

Ruthie begins to slowly, slowly lay down. Ro is smiling  
comically big now.

ELLIOTT

Like the world? The world is  
literally our fucking oyster, like  
we gotta LIVE, you know what I  
mean?

No one says anything. Elliott finally looks over and sees Ro  
dancing silently and Ruthie laying face down on a log,  
brushing the same leaf on her cheek over and over.

ELLIOTT

Holy shi -- oh my god. Are you  
trippin? Are you guys trippin?

RUTHIE

(very slowly)

I don't know...

Ro just continues dancing.

RO

I feel like grooving, man. I feel  
like grooving.

**CONTINUED:**

## ELLIOTT

### What the fuck? Ruthie?

Ruthie falls off a log as Ro dances away from the fire.

ELLIOTT  
Oh my god.  
(to herself,  
flabbergasted)  
“I feel like grooving man.” Wow.

Elliott sits down at the bonfire, watching them. Jealous?

ELLIOTT  
I don't feel anything.

We hear a voice off camera.

VOICE (O.C.)  
You know it's cause you don't tolerate drugs well.

Elliott turns and there's a WOMAN sitting RIGHT next to her at the bonfire. She's in her late 30's. She looks a bit like Elliott, but with a slightly darker edge to her.

Elliott scoots back from the woman. Freaked the fuck out.

ELLIOTT WOMAN  
What the fuck -- Hey, freak.

ELLIOTT  
Who are you?!

WOMAN  
(interrupting her,  
realizing where she is)  
Oh my god, this is Maude Island.

Elliott leans back, arms out protectively like she's a murderer.

WOMAN  
(nostalgic)  
I used to love this place! Damn.  
It's a shame some dickhead rich guy  
bought it all up. Sucks.

The woman notices the marshmallow on her stick is on fire. She blows it out, then casually pulls off the completely blackened marshmallow and shoves it in her mouth.

**CONTINUED:**

## WOMAN

Oh. Yes, yes, yes. Oh, yes.  
(re: the marshmallows)  
Oh my god, I miss chemicals. Mmm.

Elliott watches this all, flabbergasted.

ELLIOTT  
Who the FUCK are you?

The woman takes in Elliott. Sees her genuine confusion for the first time.

ELLIOTT  
Where did you come from?

WOMAN  
(mouth full of  
marshmallow)  
You tell me. You're the one who  
took a bunch of mushrooms and  
summoned me here.

ELLIOTT  
Do you work for my dad? Did he send  
you here to spy on me?

The woman laughs.

WOMAN  
HA! That *is* something he'd do.  
That's funny. But, no.

ELLIOTT

WOMAN  
(sighs heavily)  
I don't know how to say this...  
(whispers)  
yes.

Elliott doesn't get it.

WOMAN/OLDER ELLIOTT  
Elliott. Come on. Dude, I'm you.  
Well, thirty-nine-year-old you.

ELLERTOTT

OLDER ELLIOTT  
(casual)  
What's up?

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT  
What are you talking about?  
(a beat)  
You're me? Fuck off. What?

OLDER ELLIOTT  
You fuck off.

ELLIOTT  
Your teeth. Those aren't my  
teeth.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
So? What about my teeth?  
What?

ELLIOTT  
There's a fucking gap in your  
teeth. I don't have a gap in my  
teeth.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Yeah, dude, fuck you. Wear your  
retainer.

Elliott squints. Still doesn't see it.

ELLIOTT  
And your hair, it's so dry... and  
it's dark.

Older Elliott, fed up, holds up her arm.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Take it easy.

ELLIOTT  
You have bangs. I don't have  
bangs - I have no plans on  
getting bangs.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Take it easy, bitch.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
First of all....

ELLIOTT  
And your boobs are saggy. My  
boobs aren't saggy.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
(inspects sweater)  
Okay. You can't even see my  
boobs.

ELLIOTT  
I just don't see it.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Oh my god.

Enough. Older Elliott puts down her marshmallow, turns to  
her.

CONTINUED:

OLDER ELLIOTT

Forgot how fucking dense I was. Let me show you something. Um, this...

(points to a scar)

Right? Nine years old. Falling off the tractor onto that broken fence. Hurt like hell.

Elliott's eyes get wide. Older Elliott points to her boob.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Left boob, one cup smaller than the right. And no, it never catches up to the right but honestly, you get used to it and it's okay. Guy's can't really tell. Girls can, but...

Elliott gasps, grabs her left boob.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Okay, more. Fuck it...

Older Elliott takes her shoe off. Holds her foot up.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Ta-da! It's our missing pinky toe. Remember? From the tequila accident at Ruthie's second wedding.

Older Elliott immediately realizes she shouldn't have said that.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Oh, fuck. That hasn't happened yet. Shit. I shouldn't have said that.

(a beat, then)

Actually, I kind of miss my toe. Can I see it?

Elliott looks super confused then breaks into a massive smile.

ELLIOTT

Holy shit. I'm high.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Yeah...

She jumps up, excited.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

Nice! Okay. I'm feeling it. I'm having a reaction to the shrooms. They. Are. Working. I am hallucinating.

Elliott gets on all fours, sticks her face super close to Older Elliott.

ELLIOTT

I'm actually kinda hot for being middle aged.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Okay. Fuck you. I'm thirty-nine years old that's not middle aged.

ELLIOTT

No. That is middle aged.

OLDER ELLIOTT

No, it's NOT. I'm a very young adult.

ELLIOTT

Really? 'Cause I'm getting "milfy" vibes -

OLDER ELLIOTT

Oooh. Nobody says "milf" anymore.

ELLIOTT

I'm kinda gagging over it.

OLDER ELLIOTT

NOBODY says "gagging over it" anymore either. So...

ELLIOTT

Wait. Oh my god. Okay. Tell me everything! Where do we live? Do we have kids? Are we like, SO happy and fulfilled?

Older Elliott takes in her younger, naive, optimistic, self.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Oh my god. That is... yeah. I forgot how...

She tries to think of the word.

**CONTINUED:**

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Simple everything seemed.

ELLIOTT

(starting to panic)

Wait, that sounds dark. Do you die?

Am I dead?!

(getting closer to her)

Does the planet just burn up and explode and we all suffocate --

## OLDER ELLIOTT

Chill out. No. We're alive.

ELLIOTT

This is turning into a bad trip. I feel this is turning into a bad trip. And I'm trying to have a good time, but you're giving me a fucking panic attack.

OLDER ELLIOTT

ELLIOTT

Okay. No. Chill out...

Just tell me something good!

OLDER ELLIOTT

Um, something good. Umm....

ELLIOTT

Why are you struggling to find something good from the future?

## OLDER ELLIOTT

Oh! This is good.

Older Elliot's smile gives Elliott a sense of relief.

OLDER ELLIOTT

ELLIOTT

You are going to be fucking psyched to know that you are a...

(anxious, waiting)  
Okay, tell me.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
PhD student.

Elliott stares at her.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Fuck yeah.

ELLIOTT  
No. What? You're joking.

CONTINUED:

OLDER ELLIOTT

But I don't want to tell you in  
what because I want you to have  
something to look forward to.

ELLIOTT

Look FORWARD to? Did you just  
tell me I'm in my forties and  
still in SCHOOL!?

OLDER ELLIOTT

Thirties. THIRTIES.

She starts pacing.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Dude. What the fuck? Did you  
honestly think you were gonna be  
married, have multiple kids AND  
your dream job by the time you were  
forty?

Elliott stares at her. We can tell from the look on her face  
that she absolutely did.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Oh. You did. Okay.

Elliott thinks, a big smile comes as an idea hits her.

ELLIOTT

Wait. I just had the best idea. You  
tell me who the next Apple is and  
I'll invest now and then we can be  
INSANELY rich.

OLDER ELLIOTT

I don't think that's a good idea.

ELLIOTT

WHY?

OLDER ELLIOTT

Because I don't know how this shit  
works. I don't want to like,  
fucking, get bad karma or like...  
one thing happens and the other  
shit happens. Like, I don't know.

Elliott looks at her older self, eyes sparkling, naive, open.

ELLIOTT

Oh, come on. What's the point of  
this conversation if you can't at  
least give me some advice to make  
our life better?

CONTINUED:

OLDER ELLIOTT

Alright. That's not, like, the  
"fix." I don't think that's the...

ELLIOTT

You're telling me that wouldn't fix  
at least a couple of your problems?  
Your current problems?

Tempting, but Older Elliott isn't convinced.

OLDER ELLIOTT

I just, I don't think I...

ELLIOTT

Or is our life just so flawless and  
perfect that you don't wanna change  
anything?

Gotcha. Older Elliott takes a deep breath, caving.

Older Elliott tries to figure out how to say what she so  
desperately does want to say without giving away too much.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Can you avoid anyone named Chad?

Elliott doesn't follow.

ELLIOTT

What? Who the fuck is Chad?  
(not impressed)  
You have ONE chance to tell your  
younger self your biggest life  
regrets, and you ask me to avoid  
someone named "Chad"?

OLDER ELLIOTT

Yeah.

ELLIOTT

Are you high?

OLDER ELLIOTT

No. Just do it.

ELLIOTT

This is the weirdest fucking  
thing...

Before Elliott can protest, her phone buzzes. They both look  
down and see an incoming Face-time from MOM. In unison, but  
with totally different emotions behind it --

**CONTINUED:**

Elliott hits ignore. Older Elliott just stares down at the phone screen where the name "Mom" just was.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
You should have answered --

**ELLIOTT**  
I'm not gonna FaceTime Mom when I'm  
high.

Elliott doesn't pick up on Older Elliott's emotion.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Dude. I know she can be annoying  
but, like... be nice to her.

ELLIOTT

I'm SO nice to Mom.  
(off Older Elliott)  
I literally let her talk to me  
yesterday about a hummingbird for  
forty five minutes.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
That's cute.

ELLIOTT  
It was annoying.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Honestly, you should hang out with her. Like, hang out with her. Do stuff with her.

ELLIOTT  
Oh, my god. That's who you look like! Mom! That's who you look like. You look exactly like Mom. What the fuck?

ELLIOTT  
Do you get that?

OLDER ELLIOTT  
I know. I know.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Yes. All the time. Everybody says that. Everybody.

ELLIOTT  
Holy shit. That's crazy. Everyone just turns into their mothers.

CONTINUED:

OLDER ELLIOTT

Yeah, basically. Honestly, I  
thought it was a bad thing,  
but I kind of like it now.

ELLIOTT

It works. It works.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Mom's cool.

Older Elliott takes in her younger self.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Can we hug?

Older Elliott pulls her in for a hug, closing her eyes,  
savoring the moment more than younger Elliott can grasp.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Get in here.

ELLIOTT

This is so weird.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Mhmm.

A long beat. They both look out over the water.

ELLIOTT (PRE-LAP)

I thought I'd be happier at forty.

CUT TO:

INT. TENT. LATER.

They are now crammed inside the tent. A beat as they stare up  
at the ceiling. This cuts through Older Elliott like a KNIFE.

The camera is above both of them, oddly familiar yet so  
different. They both sigh and move their hair out of their  
face in an eerily similar way.

OLDER ELLIOTT

You are happy. And I'm not forty,  
asshole.

As we watch them take each other in for a beat, a blink and  
you'd miss it flash of sadness crosses over Older Elliott's  
face.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

You don't look happy. I feel  
like... you're having a midlife  
crisis.

OLDER ELLIOTT

Well, I feel like you're high on  
mushrooms so you don't know shit.

ELLIOTT

True.

(a beat, smiles)

I have an idea. Can we... kiss?

OLDER ELLIOTT

No.

ELLIOTT

What? Why?

OLDER ELLIOTT

Why?

ELLIOTT

It's just a kiss. It's not, like...  
sexual.

OLDER ELLIOTT

A kiss is innately sexual.

ELLIOTT

No, it's not.

Older Elliott can't help but smile. She wants to be mad but  
it's... a compliment?

OLDER ELLIOTT

Why do you want to kiss yourself?

ELLIOTT

You don't want to know what it's  
like to kiss yourself?

OLDER ELLIOTT

I mean, yes, I do, but it's like  
you're younger so it's weird.

ELLIOTT

Okay, can I at least touch my old  
ass?

OLDER ELLIOTT

Oh, my god. You need to be locked  
up.

ELLIOTT

Just a quickie. I'm not  
gonna, like...

OLDER ELLIOTT

Fine, do it.

**CONTINUED:**

A long moment. Older Elliott smiles.

# ELLIOTT

## Really?

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Fine.

Elliott smiles, rolls over to kiss her old self.

ELLIOTT  
(squeals)  
Oh my god.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
What?

ELLIOTT  
I just wanted to know what it was  
like to kiss myself.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Okay. Well, now you know.

ELLIOTT

ELLIOTT  
That was fucking hot and you know it.

They both laugh which dissolves into a comfortable silence. Elliott yawns. A moment lingers between them.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Okay. Can I say one last thing?

ELLIOTT  
(yawning)  
Oh, god. I mean, you already told me I'm a mature student in the future, so it literally can't get any worse.

CONTINUED:

OLDER ELLIOTT  
No, I'm serious.

Older Elliott takes a breath. So much to unpack.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
You are so lucky. Life will never  
be the same as it is right now.

ELLIOTT  
(yawning again)  
Great.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
You're gonna go to the city and  
everything's gonna be exciting and  
busy and... You don't even go home  
for Thanksgiving this year. You  
stay in the city.

Her voice catches.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
You should go home.

Elliott yawns again, half-listening.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
The only thing you can't get back  
is time. When you get older,  
it goes by so fast, dude. So fast.  
It sucks.  
(a beat)  
Elliott.

Older Elliott looks over to see that Elliott has fallen asleep. Older Elliott panics, not ready for the moment to be over.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Elliott?

ELLIOTT  
(half-asleep)  
Mm. What?

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Oh, my god.

Elliott stirs, but keeps her eyes shut.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Where's your phone?  
(no response)  
Phone?

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT  
(half asleep)  
Tiddies.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Tiddies?

Older Elliott reaches in for it. It takes her a comically long beat to find.

OLDER ELLIOTT  
Weirdo.

Once she does, she types something which we can't see. Then she puts it back.

Elliott is sound asleep. We stay above them, as Older Elliott pulls her in, cuddled together in the tiny tent.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENT. NIGHT.

Ro and Ruthie are still off in their own blissful worlds, Ruthie actually cuddling a wild bunny. Ro howling at the moon as she dances.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. EARLY MORNING.

Ruthie and Ro load up the boat as Elliott lays like a corpse on the ground. We only see their feet stepping over and around her.

RUTHIE  
And then the bunny sang and it sounded like Celine Dion, like so beautiful and good, and then hundreds of smaller bunnies all came out of the woods. They spoke Mandarin though so I don't know what the lyrics meant but they FELT beautiful.

ELLIOTT  
I'm so jealous you guys had good trips.

**CONTINUED:**

RO

Nah, I mean, meeting your older self sounds lit as fuck.

RUTHIE

I feel like you don't tolerate drugs well, Elliott.

That phrase makes Elliott freeze.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Elliott, now showered and in sweats, packs boxes in her room. Most of her stuff is already off the walls and in boxes. She clearly has one foot out the door. Kathy walks by, stops.

KATHY

Oh! I didn't know you were here.

ELLIOTT

Yeah, I got back a little bit ago.

We catch a flash of sadness across her mom's face, watching her pack.

KATHY

I tried to call, we had a cake for you.

ELLIOTT

KATHY

No.

Yes.

ELLIOTT

(feeling bad)

Mom, you guys had a cake?

KATHY

Yeah.

I'm sorry --

KATHY

No, it's okay.

ELLIOTT

I thought I told you I was leaving early with Ro.

KATHY

Oh. Maybe you did. I probably forgot.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT  
(genuine)  
I'm sorry.

Kathy waves her hand. Smiles.

KATHY  
No, don't be sorry.

A beat. She hovers.

KATHY  
Did you have fun?

ELLIOTT  
Yeah.

KATHY  
You know, it was so cold last night, I wondered if you had enough blankets.

ELLIOTT  
Yeah, we were fine.

KATHY  
Yeah? Well, at least it didn't rain. You know, I was looking at the radar, and it said there was a fifteen percent chance of rain at seven, but then it went east.

ELLIOTT  
Yeah, we were good.

Elliott smiles, nods. Goes back to unpacking. Kathy, out of ways to try and connect gets the hint.

KATHY  
Okay. I'll leave you to it.

She goes. Off Elliott's face after Kathy leaves. Stopping to think about what her older self said for the first time when a text comes through on her phone. She looks down. We see it's from "Hot Barista Chelsea". Off Elliott's face, lighting up, already forgetting the moment with her mom.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S DOCK. DUSK.

Elliott and Chelsea go at it in the boat. Chelsea says between heated kisses.

CHELSEA  
(breathless)  
I've never hooked up on a boat  
before.

Elliott laughs, grabs her with a ferocious vigor. Off them going at it, the boat rocking.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTTS DOCK. EARLY MORNING.

Elliott and Chelsea lie asleep in the boat, covered by a blanket.

SPENCER (O.C.)  
What are you guys doing?

Elliott and Chelsea look up, confused, half awake at Spencer staring down at them. Chelsea tries to cover them up with a thin blanket.

ELLIOTT  
(one eye open)  
Spencer! What are you doing down  
here at the ass crack of dawn?

SPENCER  
(deadpan)  
It's eleven am.

And with that he cannonballs directly into the lake.

ELLIOTT  
(look of dread on her  
face)  
It's ELEVEN?! Shit.

Off Elliott's face, totally fucked.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM. LATE MORNING.

Elliott tries to keep up with her dad's quick pace as he busily walks along a dyke in field.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

I'm here! I'm here! I'm sorry I'm  
late.

TOM

Almost gave up on you, kiddo.

And with that he gets in with Max and starts driving away.  
Elliott feels like shit.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF ELLIOTT WORKING ON THE FARM

Elliott jumps up into her tractor.

Elliott drives her tractor across the dykes.

On the ground, Elliott helps her mom with some heavy hoses,  
wiping sweat which is dripping into her eyes.

Elliott driving the tractor across another dyke going another  
direction.

Elliott walks through the property with a shovel across her  
shoulders, squinting in the sun.

Elliott tills dirt in a smaller tractor. Then gets out and  
throws rocks she unearthed into the pond as Max drives by in  
a gator.

Elliott drives the big tractor again across the dykes.

The montage ends with Elliott walking, exhausted, towards the  
back of the property.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL LAKE ON FARM. LATE AFTERNOON.

It's a beautiful late afternoon on the quiet bay. No one is  
around, you can't see any houses. Elliott looks behind her  
and then peels her sweaty clothes off. Run jumps into the  
lake.

She comes up, feeling refreshed when all of a sudden, another  
head pops up about four feet away.

Elliott screams.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT  
Whoa! What the fuck?!

The other head belongs to a BOY about her age who looks equally as startled. Elliott covers herself under the water.

BOY  
Sorry! I didn't meant to scare you--

ELLIOTT  
What the fuck?

He has a quirky smile. It's weirdly charming.

ELLIOTT  
How long were you down there? I've been here for like, five minutes!

He smiles.

BOY  
About five minutes then?

Elliott's at a loss.

ELLIOTT  
What were you doing down there for so long? That's some weird shit.

BOY  
Just swimming around. I wasn't doing any weird stuff.

A beat of silence.

ELLIOTT  
Okay, well, fuck, I'm naked so don't come over here. Or like, don't go under and open your eyes or some shit.

BOY  
Okay.

ELLIOTT  
(whispers)  
Oh my god.

A beat.

BOY  
Just so you know, there's zero visibility down there.  
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BOY (CONT'D)

Like, I couldn't even see a Subway sandwich length in front of me, so... you're okay.

ELLIOTT

Okay. All right.

He smiles. Dunks his head and wordlessly comes up with his hair into the classic "George Washington" pool hair move pre-teen girls love.

Elliott can't help but laugh, he's so weird.

BOY

I had such a fun first day. I learned so much stuff about cranberries. Did you know that a cranberry has FOUR pockets of air?

ELLIOTT

(interrupting him)

Wait, wait, wait. You work here, Washington?

BOY

Yeah, boy. Tom is actually such a cool guy. You're lucky he's your dad.

ELLIOTT

How do you know he's my dad?

BOY

Cause you got the EXACT same face. Except you're the girl version.

ELLIOTT

Sick.

BOY

Same cheeks.

ELLIOTT

Thanks. I love hearing that. It's really nice.

Are they... flirting?

ELLIOTT

What's your real name?

BOY

Chad.

CONTINUED:

The air is immediately SUCKED out of Elliott's chest. She struggles to speak.

ELLIOTT  
What? What did you just say?

CHAD  
I said my name's Chad.

ELLIOTT  
(grasping at straws)  
Is that short for anything?  
Chadwick? Chandler?  
(he shakes his head)  
Uh, Charles, Chad Michael Murray?

CHAD  
- Just Chad.

Elliott looks like she can't breathe. Her ears start to ring.

ELLIOTT  
No? Okay. I gotta go. I gotta --  
Turn around! Like, close your eyes  
or something. Jesus.

Chad is confused. Turns AND covers his eyes.

CHAD  
(facing the other way)  
Hey, wait. What's your name?

Elliott covers herself. Checking back over her shoulder to make sure he isn't looking.

ELLIOTT  
Uh. It's uh. Ray. Raymond....  
Romano.

CHAD  
Like that guy?

She grabs her clothes and runs back towards the farm. Off Chad's face, unsure what he may have said. He takes a beat then goes under the water.

We stay on the water, no sign of Chad. Not even a ripple.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS. LATE AFTERNOON.

Elliott speed walks, out of breath through the woods towards the farm.

She's freaking the fuck out when suddenly she stops dead in her tracks. Remembers something. Gets out her phone. We watch her scroll.

She looks through her contacts. Searches "Elliott". Nothing. "Me" No. Tries "Old Elliott" which brings up a contact listed as--

MY OLD ASS. Off her face, holy shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE. LATE AFTERNOON.

Elliott sits out on the lake in her boat with the engine off. She has her finger hovered over the "MY OLD ASS" contact, deep in thought. Stops. Puts her phone down.

Then, curiosity getting the best of her, changes her mind. Bites her thumb as she sends a text. Her heart is pounding.

ELLIOTT (TEXT)  
I met Chad.

We sit on a wide shot of her bobbing around in the lake. A kid on a wave runner speeds past. After about fifteen seconds she gets a text back.

MY OLD ASS (TEXT)  
Don't go there, Ray Romano.

HOLY SHIT. Elliott SCREAMS and without thinking, fires her phone into the lake.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. EVENING.

We are looking down into a bowl of dried rice. We reveal Elliott staring at it. Anxious. A voice off camera makes her jump.

SPENCER  
Oooo. A bowl of rice. That's never good.

CONTINUED:

We see Spencer standing in the doorway. Elliott shoves her hand deep into the bowl, pulling out her iPhone.

SPENCER  
They're supposed to be waterproof.  
Or, well, water resistant.

ELLIOTT  
(fake smiling)  
Cool, yeah. Thanks Spencer.

She shuts her bedroom door with her foot right in his face. Goes to the bed. She lifts up her phone, dials "MY OLD ASS". After a few rings, a voice answers.

MY OLD ASS (OVER PHONE)  
Holy shit! This worked.

ELLIOTT  
(talking into her phone)  
Who. Is. This? Who the fuck is  
this? I'm serious. You do NOT want  
to fuck with me. I'm not the one.

From here on out, the messages are played as voice overs.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Oh, wow, you sound so tough.  
Elliott, you freak, it's me.

Recognizing the voice, Elliott's jaw drops.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
It's me! I put my number in your  
phone the other night. But,  
honestly, I DID NOT know this would  
work. This is crazy.  
(then)  
Wait. So, are you following all of  
my advice and hanging out with the  
family? Oh, have you played golf  
with Max yet? I really think you  
should.

Elliott gets goosebumps. All of it comes flooding back.

ELLIOTT  
No! No, I haven't played golf with  
Max yet because up until two hours  
ago when I met CHAD I thought you  
were just a figment of my fucked up  
mushroom brain... so, give me a  
fucking second --

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Oh my god. You're so dramatic.

ELLIOTT  
-- to comprehend the fact that I'm  
on the phone with MY OLD ASS!

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
(re: the name)  
I thought that was funny. I didn't  
let you touch it, so I felt bad.

Elliott is gobsmacked into silence.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Wait. So are you, like, at the farm  
right now? It must be... oh, it's  
six thirty. Oh my gosh! You guys  
are gonna sit down for dinner.  
That's so sweet. Did Dad make his  
salmon? Ugh, I miss salmon so much.  
Eat all of it now while it's still  
around.

(gasps, then)  
You know what would be so funny? Do  
the fish lip thing that Mom loves.  
It'll make her laugh.

ELLIOTT  
Wait. Is mom DEAD?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
What?

ELLIOTT  
Are you telling me to make Mom  
laugh 'cause she's fucking dead?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
No! No, no. We just can't do the  
fish... what? No. She's totally  
alive. Chill.

ELLIOTT  
Thank god. I need to die before Mom  
does.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Dude, that's fucking dark. I have  
to tell my therapist you said that.

An air raid siren sounds on My Old Ass' end of the line.

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Oh, wait a minute. Hang on.

BACKGROUND VOICE (OVER PHONE)  
*Basement! Basement!*

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Uh, look, dude. I gotta go. I'll  
call you later.

And with that, the call ends. Elliott, in total shock, takes a deep breath as she walks out of her room.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. EVENING.

Elliott's family is having dinner at the table. Elliott sits, trying to act normal but is instead acting incredibly strange and stilted. Spencer side eyes her, weirded out.

Tom looks exhausted. Max is shoveling in his second helping. Spencer sniffles, he's watching "Brooklyn" on mute on his phone.

KATHY (O.C.)  
Sweetheart, do you need anything else? Here, yeah. Can you pass me that?

Just the sound of plates and silverware scraping for a few beats. Elliott takes a deep breath, smiles.

ELLIOTT (PRE-LAP)  
I can't believe this is like...

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BATHROOM. LATE NIGHT.

Elliott brushes her teeth, AirPods in, talking to her Old Ass.

ELLIOTT  
Real?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Me either, honestly.

ELLIOTT  
So weird. Okay, what do we do now?

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

Uh, I don't know. I guess, you take  
my advice and... make our life  
better?

She's half joking.

ELLIOTT

Jesus. No pressure.

A knock at the bathroom door. Elliott finishes up.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. SAME TIME.

Elliott gets in her PJ's as she continues talking to Old Ass.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

But I don't want to tell you too  
much, okay? I'm afraid I'll ruin,  
like, the "surprises of life" or  
whatever.

ELLIOTT

No, no, no, no. We HATE surprises,  
remember?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

Yes, we hate them. Also, we have,  
like, no idea how this works so  
maybe don't tell anyone about this?

ELLIOTT

Yeah, I was not planning on that.  
And you won't tell our gorgeous  
wife and three children either,  
right?

Again, not falling for it.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

(laughs)

Three children? Oh my god. Elliott,  
nobody's allowed to have three  
children anymore.

Elliott takes a beat, falls back into her bed. Slowly a smile  
forms. A weird, excited, may never sleep again, life altering  
smile.

CONTINUED:

What. The. Hell. Is. Going. On? Off her face...

CUT TO:

EXT. JOSEPH RIVER. LATE MORNING.

A small gravel road and one way bridge stretches across the river in front of her. Elliott steers her boat towards it.

Ro is parked at the middle of the bridge, watching. The bridge is about two and a half feet above the water.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Look, just listen to me. Don't do anything stupid and we'll be fine.

ELLIOTT  
(re: bridge)  
It's gonna work. I promise.

RO  
Elliott.

It's already happening.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
I think.

Ro leans over the bridge just in time to see Elliott laying totally flat using her foot to steer. They make terrified eye contact as she disappears under the bridge.

We hear the horrible scraping sound of metal as she passes underneath. Elliott screams. Ro screams.

RO  
Fuck! Fuck! Shit!

ELLIOTT  
Oh, shit!

Ro runs to the other side of the bridge just in time to see the boat come out, revealing Elliott still face up but this time, smiling.

Off Ro's incredulous laugh.

ELLIOTT (PRE-LAP)  
Got you, got you. And if I don't kill us...

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S PATIO. DAY.

Elliott tries to meditate unsuccessfully.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
Will you tell me when we have our  
first threesome?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Oh my god. Dude, I wish I had the  
energy to have sex with one person,  
let alone two.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
Come on!

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTTS LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Spencer does a magic show for Elliott and her mom. Her mom is THRILLED, Elliott is distracted.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Go hang out with your brothers.

SPENCER  
Alakazam!

KATHY  
Oh!

Her mom starts clapping.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
I don't think you remember how  
annoying they are.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S HOUSE. MORNING.

Elliott sashays into the kitchen where Max is making a smoothie. She's in her version of full "golf" attire which actually means she looks like Billie Eilish about to play a show.

MAX  
Why do you even wanna come?

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

Because... I'm leaving soon and I  
want us to bond?

Max VISIBLY cringes.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE. DAY.

Elliott watches Max get ready to "tee up". Elliott's burning up in the sun. Trying to make it worthwhile.

ELLIOTT

Anything new in your life?

MAX

Not really.

A beat.

ELLIOTT

Are you gonna miss me when I'm  
gone?

MAX

No.

ELLIOTT

Fair.

Off Elliott, boiling hot, tired and not feeling like this is working at all.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE. ANOTHER DAY.

It's super early. Elliott is sound asleep in the golf cart as Max golfs.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)

Dude, there's absolutely no way  
this is making our life better.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

Dude! You played one game. Try  
harder.

Max gets in and starts the cart, Elliott's head whams forward hitting the cart, snapping her awake.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

Ow! Max!

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Elliott walks into the kitchen where her mom is.

ELLIOTT

Hi.

KATHY

Hi.

ELLIOTT

Can I help you with anything?

KATHY

You can take out the garbage.

She's like, wow. I'm SO glad I asked.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARBAGE CANS. LATER.

She throws trash into the neighborhood bins at the end of her driveway. It fucking STINKS. She has her t-shirt pulled up over her nose, MISERABLE.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)

This advice literally sucks dick,  
dude.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

Shut up. You literally suck dick.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRANBERRY FIELDS. MORNING.

Elliott drives her tractor like a seasoned pro, foot up on the gears.

Chad waves at Elliott from the field, smiling widely.

CHAD

Ray! RAYMOND!

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. Is  
that Chad? Yo, get the fuck out of  
there.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
I am.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.) ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
Run! I literally am.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
I told you to stay away from that  
guy.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
I KNOW.

She tries to hide from him. Slinks down in her seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL LAKE ON FARM. DAY.

Elliott's swimming, cooling off for the day. She floats,  
closing her eyes trying to "be in the moment".

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
I got this. We're good. You're  
stressing over nothing. I'm not  
gonna fuck this up.

Suddenly she hears a noise from shore. Chad appears from the  
woods.

ELLIOTT  
(under her breath)  
Oh, fuck.

Before she knows it, he's heading towards the water. Elliott  
panics. Looks around but there's nowhere to "hide". She  
dunks.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE. UNDERWATER.

We are with Elliott underwater as she tries to hold her  
breath for as long as possible. She opens one eye, wow, he  
was right. Murky as fuck.

CONTINUED:

Then, she thinks she sees one of the dreaded water snakes and screams loudly.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE. ABOVE WATER.

Elliott pops up, choking on water, screaming.

ELLIOTT  
AHHHHHH!

Chad is still close to the shore but he hears screaming and swims over as fast as he can.

CHAD  
(out of breath)  
What's going on?

ELLIOTT  
I saw one of those mothafucking  
evil snakes! Swear to god.

CHAD  
What'd it look like?

Elliott is too panicked to tell that he's messing with her.

ELLIOTT  
It was brown and it was like --  
(holds her hand out two  
feet)  
This big and it fucking looked  
right at me and laughed.

Chad feigns seriousness.

CHAD  
I'll be right back.

He dives under. All of a sudden he looks like he's wrestling with something huge underwater. He puts on a big show. Splashing, grunting. Elliott smiles, rolls her eyes. Finally, he comes up.

CHAD  
Look, I got him!

He holds up a long piece of seaweed.

CONTINUED:

CHAD

I got him. He put up a good fight,  
but in the end, I was stronger,  
smarter AND faster than him.

Elliott tries not to laugh at his dumb joke.

ELLIOTT

Something's wrong with you.

Chad throws it back into the water. A loaded beat of silence.  
We've never seen Elliott this awkward.

CHAD

How much horsepower does your boat  
have?

ELLIOTT

How did you know I have a boat?

CHAD

Because I saw you driving it.

ELLIOTT

Okay, peeping Tom.

CHAD

I wasn't peeping Tom-ing. I was  
just looking out at the open water.

A beat. True.

CHAD

Will you take me for a ride  
sometime?

Elliott low-key can't believe this kid. Forces herself to be  
meaner.

ELLIOTT

No! No, I'm not gonna "take you for  
a ride", I barely know you. You  
could be, and most likely are, a  
fucking murderer.

CHAD

I'm not a murderer. I promise.

ELLIOTT  
You, I-you are a murderer.  
I'm like-

CHAD  
I won't murder you. How 'bout  
that?

A beat.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

Plus, it's a tiny bit broken right now anyway.

CHAD

What happened?

ELLIOTT

I have no idea. I went down earlier and it just didn't start.

CHAD

Maybe I can fix it?

ELLIOTT

What are you a mechanic murderer now?

CHAD

No. But I worked at my dad's mechanic shop my whole life.

ELLIOTT

Oh.

Chad smiles.

ELLIOTT

Are you bonded and insured?

CHAD

Let me fix the damn boat, Romano.

Off Elliott, being mean to this guy is gonna be harder than she thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S DOCK. LATER.

Chad has a small toolbox spread open on the bench seat of the boat and he's bent over working on the engine.

CHAD

Can you hand me those pliers?

Elliott sits on the dock, trying hard not to stare at his sweaty shoulders.

CHAD

Are you gonna take over the farm one day?

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

I have zero desire to be a farmer. Plus, my brother wants to so I'm like, cool you do it. My middle brother. My younger brother just wants to move to Ireland and marry this famous actress whose name I can never say right.

CHAD

Saoirse Ronan, right?

ELLIOTT

(smiling)

Why do you know that?

CHAD

Oh, 'cause I love her, man. Have you seen *Little Women*?

ELLIOTT

Yea. A hundred times.

CHAD

So, if you weren't a farmer, what would you doing?

Thinks how to answer this secret knowing what she now knows.

ELLIOTT

I'm not totally sure yet.

He raises an eyebrow.

ELLIOTT

What was that?

CHAD

I just thought if you didn't want to take over your family legacy, then maybe you'd have some sort of aspiration. You know, like saving the planet or... becoming prime minister or something.

ELLIOTT

Well, I can't speak French CHAD, so my dreams of becoming prime minister have sadly been put to bed. Like, what the fuck?

He stands up. Wipes his forehead.

CONTINUED:

CHAD

J'ai réparé votre bateau, la  
conduite de carburant était lâche.  
De rien.

Elliott's eyes go wide. Chad smiles, SO FUCKING charming.

Elliott is sooo tempted. She is just about to say a HARD yes when her phone buzzes at her feet. She doesn't see the message but clocks it's from Old Assie. She realizes how badly she's about to fuck up her life.

She groans and puts her head into her knees. Chad looks confused.

CHAD

On peut faire un petit tour?

Elliott stands up abruptly. Trying to shake it off.

ELLIOTT

Okay, I'm never going on a boat  
ride with you. Okay?

CHAD

(with a smile)

You CAN speak French.

ELLIOTT

Ya, well, I'm smarter then I look,  
CHAD.

CHAD

I think you look smart.

ELLIOTT

Stop being so nice!

CHAD

Okay! Fucker!

He smiles. Which makes Elliott smile. They just smile at each other like idiots for a second before Elliott remembers how badly she's diverting.

ELLIOTT

(like she's scolding a  
dog)

NO!

She stomps away. Leaving a very confused Chad on the dock.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Elliott lays in bed talking to her Old Ass.

ELLIOTT

Okay, can you just tell me, like,  
what does this Chad guy do again?  
'Cause, honestly, he seems so  
harmless. Like, I've never been  
less threatened by anyone, I don't  
think.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

Oh, god. What happened...

ELLIOTT

Nothing! Nothing happened.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

Tell me.

ELLIOTT

He was acting all nice and he fixed  
the boat and --

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

You let him fix the boat!? NO.

ELLIOTT

He basically MADE me let him.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

(groans)

Okay.

ELLIOTT

Don't you remember that?

A heavy pause between them.

MY OLD ASS

(loaded)

Yeah. I do.

ELLIOTT

He's like, this weird mix of  
being so lovable you wanna  
protect him --

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

Oh, my god.

ELLIOTT

-- but also so basic you wanna  
punch him in his weirdly  
symmetrical face.

MY OLD ASS

Elliott. Do NOT have sex with him.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

Jesus! I'm not gonna... I can admit  
someones face is symmetrical and  
not fuck them. GOD.

Old Ass goes quiet.

ELLIOTT

Hello?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

No more boat rides with Chad.  
Promise?

It sounds like Older Elliott is trying to hide emotion.

ELLIOTT

Dude. Are you okay?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

You should get some sleep. It's  
late.

And with that, she hangs up. Elliott puts her phone down.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE. DAY.

Elliott and Max are driving in the cart.

ELLIOTT

Have you ever, like, off roaded  
with this thing? Just monster truck  
style?

MAX

No.

ELLIOTT

I would.

MAX

Sorry I'm not cool like you.

ELLIOTT

Hey. You're cool.

MAX

(teasing)

Did mom and dad tell you to say  
that too?

CONTINUED:

The pull up to the hole. He gets out.

ELLIOTT

What does that mean?

MAX

(casually)

I know they asked you to hang out  
with me. Otherwise you'd never be  
seen with me.

ELLIOTT

You're an idiot. They didn't ask me  
to hang out with you.

Max grunts. Elliott takes him in, realizing there may be more  
to this.

ELLIOTT

Do you actually think I wouldn't  
want to be seen with you?

MAX

I mean. Yeah.

ELLIOTT

Why?

MAX

'Cause I'm everything that annoys  
you? I like farming. I play sports.  
I hate Euphoria.

Elliott starts to say something but Max cuts her off as he  
takes a swing.

MAX

On my last birthday card you wrote  
"I'd wish you a happy birthday, but  
cis white men don't need any more  
happiness".

ELLIOTT

That was a joke.

Max raises his eyebrows.

ELLIOTT

It was!

She smiles at him. Neither of them know what to say.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

Okay, sorry. I should have written,  
"The gender binary is killing all  
of us, let's hope you don't outlive  
the planet".

A beat. Elliott feels the weight of how she's made Max feel.

ELLIOTT

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I know I've  
been like... narrow minded about  
some stuff and that's fucked up.  
So, I'm sorry. And I genuinely  
think you're like, the realest.  
Like, good person vibes.

Max feels awkward getting this deep. Gets back in the cart,  
staring straight ahead.

ELLIOTT

And I'm not embarrassed to be seen  
with you. I thought you were  
embarrassed to be seen with me.

He turns to her, deadpan.

MAX

Oh, I am.

They both look at each other straight faced then at the exact same time, break into a smile. Sarcasm is their love language. Off the back of the golf cart as they wiz away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

Elliott and Max walk up the steps towards the house.

ELLIOTT

Didn't realize it was such a  
precise sport.

MAX

This is why I say that the form is  
important, alright?

ELLIOTT

And I'm sore. Why am I sore?

CONTINUED:

MAX

'Cause you're not... you don't have  
the right form.

Elliott notices her mom in the Muskoka room. There's something about seeing her mom, unaware of Elliott, nose scrunched in deep concentration that hits Elliott differently. Max passes behind her. Off Elliott torn for a beat, then...

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S HOUSE MUSKOKA ROOM. EVENING.

Elliott enters, Kathy looks up from her sudoku.

ELLIOTT

Hi.

KATHY

Hi, pumpkin.

Elliott goes over and snuggles next to her on the couch.

ELLIOTT

How was your day?

KATHY

(surprised)

It was fine. How was yours?

ELLIOTT

Very good.

She watches her mom work on the puzzle for a minute.

KATHY

Good.

Her mom playfully bumps her shoulder. Off Elliott helping her mom, the two of them snuggled on the couch.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)

Okay, if we weren't the same person  
and you just met me at a party, do  
you think you'd even like me?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

Okay. You want to know what's one  
of the best things about getting  
older?

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
What?

INT. ELLIOTT'S LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

Spencer and Elliott snuggle watching "Little Women". She looks at Spencer.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
You stop worrying so much about if other people like you. It's kinda great.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
I feel like... I feel like I've been kind of an asshole.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Ah, you're just eighteen.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM. DAY.

Elliott and Chad pass each other on the farm, he's carrying something heavy.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Honestly, everyone's kind of an asshole at that age.  
(a beat, then)  
Why? Are you okay?

Chad waves, Elliott waves back sweetly before stopping herself. The wave turns into an aggressive "cutting your throat" gesture. Points to himself like, "me?"

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Elliott. Hello?

She nods, mouths, "YES, YOU". He looks confused.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
I just feel like everything that used to make sense doesn't anymore.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Yeah.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
Like, even Chelsea.

CUT TO:

INT. DUKES COFFEE. DAY.

Elliott gets coffee with Ro and Ruthie.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
Like, she's literally been my dream  
girl for so long -- I mean you know  
how long.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Yeah, I know.

Chelsea makes fuck eyes at Elliott who is zoned out and  
doesn't even notice. Chelsea looks confused. Ro clocks this.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
And she's so hot and the sex is so  
amazing. I'm so confused.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK. LATER.

Elliott makes out with Chelsea in her boat. Her voice plays  
over the kissing.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
Like, why aren't I more into this?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Well, this isn't gonna be the last  
time you get exactly what you want  
and then realize it isn't what you  
wanted.

Elliott sighs. Taking that in.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTTS DOCK. EVENING.

Elliott paces down the dock, talking to her Old Ass.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT (V.O.)

How do you ever know what you want  
then? Like when you actually fall  
in love, how do you know that it's  
real?

She sits down on the edge of the dock with her feet hanging  
in the water.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

Uh, you don't.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)

I feel like it's just, like,  
everything feels right even when  
it's really hard... correct me if  
I'm wrong.

There's something so pure and innocent about her face as she  
asks it.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

Uh, yeah, you're wrong. You're very  
wrong. Sorry.

Elliott scrunches up her nose.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

It's just hard to explain.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)

TRY! Give me SOMETHING.

She thinks. Elliott anxiously awaits every word.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

Okay! God. I mean, okay. Love, like  
healthy love. I guess it's like...

She thinks. Then finally.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

Safety and freedom? All at once.

There's a pause as Elliott absorbs this.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)

(not totally impressed)

Sick, sick. Safety and freedom.

Okay.

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Okay, look. I know it doesn't SOUND  
romantic to you, but it is. Trust  
me. God.

Off Elliott's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUKES BACK STAIRWELL. LATER.

Elliott makes out with Chelsea at work.

All of a sudden Elliott opens her eyes and she's no longer  
kissing Chelsea... she's kissing, CHAD?!

Elliott grabs his hair, very, VERY, into it...

Chad begins to move lower on Elliott's body. We are close on  
Elliott as she moans, loudly.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. MORNING.

Elliott sits up from her dream. Snaps out of her reverie.  
Holy SHIT.

Off Elliott, stressed as hell over this MAJOR realization.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

As Elliott walks out of her room wearing giant sweats, her  
hair sticking up everywhere, she hears an unusual amount of  
talking and laughing from the kitchen. She hesitantly rounds  
the corner into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S PATIO. MORNING.

Elliott steps outside, screen door slamming behind her,  
stopping in her tracks when she sees an alarming scene.

CONTINUED:

CHAD is sitting with her entire family having breakfast. Her mom is pouring him a cup of orange juice, Max and Chad are talking, Spencer trying desperately to get his attention. The vibe is fire. Elliott is stunned.

KATHY

Oh! Good morning, Elliott! Have you met Chad?

Elliott is speechless. Wtf is going on.

ELLIOTT

Uh --

KATHY

He's working here for the summer.  
He was kind enough to come and help  
your dad with the tractor this  
morning.

Kathy is in her element having a guest over.

KATHY

Come on, sit down. Have some  
pancakes before they get cold.

(then, to Tom)

Here. Yeah, could you pass me that?

TOM

Yeah.

Elliott awkwardly sits down next to Chad. Side nods to him.

ELLIOTT

Sup.

He smirks.

CHAD

Sup.

Elliott... blushes?

KATHY

So, uh, you were telling us about  
your plans after undergrad?

Elliott looks semi-surprised. Undergrad?

CHAD

Oh ya, well, I originally wanted to  
go into engineering --

(taking a casual bite)

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CHAD (CONT'D)

But now I'm leaning towards  
biotechnology and hopefully getting  
my masters in pharmaceutical  
science? To focus on like,  
underfunded cancer drug research  
and stuff.

KATHY

That's very cool.

SPENCER

(impressed)

A literal angel in our presence.

ELLIOTT

If you wanna be a drug doctor why  
did you come spend your summer on a  
cranberry farm?

CHAD

For the money and the fame.

Touché.

TOM

(like, how dare you  
disrespect him)

He's a Chatsworth, Elliott.

Elliott has no idea what this means.

TOM

One of the original cranberry  
farmers in this area, owned the  
place two lines down. His  
grandfather was close friends with  
your grandfather. You two are  
practically blood.

Elliott is the most surprised by this information.

ELLIOTT

(can't hide her worry)

Are we... related?

Chad laughs, shakes his head.

KATHY

(quickly changing the  
subject)

Well I think it's wonderful that  
you're staying with your  
grandmother. She must be thrilled.

CONTINUED:

CHAD

Yeah, I never um, met my grandfather or even seen the farm before it got sold or anything. He died before I was born. Yeah. It's been really nice... I think I just wanted to, get in touch with my roots. If that isn't the cheesiest thing you've ever heard.

Everyone almost collectively "awws". Elliott included but she stops herself, pushes her chair back and stands up.

KATHY

No. It's not cheesy. That's wonderful.

TOM

No.

KATHY

No, I think that's nice.

ELLIOTT

We're late for our tee time, Max.

He looks a bit confused at her urgency but checks his phone. Stands too. She's right.

MAX

Oh. Uh. Chad, do you want to come golfing with us?

ELLIOTT

You want Chad to come?

Max shrugs, trying to play it cool but clearly he does.

ELLIOTT

(trying to diffuse)

You don't have to. You really --

CHAD

I'd love to. If that's...

Before Elliott can reply, Kathy jumps up, excited.

KATHY

Okay, great. Let me get you some coffees to go.

Off Elliott's face, thinking about how in trouble she's gonna be for this.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE. EARLY MORNING.

Max pulls the golf cart up to the first hole. Max and Chad are up front, laughing. Besties already. Of course.

Elliott sits in the cart. Max takes a shot. He's great.

CHAD

Dude, what? You're insane. You're the real deal.

CHAD

MAX

You're a professional golfer. Come on.  
Okay?

Max tries to hide a smile but he's clearly OBSESSED with Chad.

CHAD

You should have told me. I'm about to embarrass myself.

MAX

Oh, come on. I'm sure you're better than you think you are.

CHAD

Nope.

Chad steps up for his turn.

CHAD

Elliott told me you wanna take over the farm one day. You should just be a golfer.

MAX

(casually)

Well, my mom and dad are selling the farm so this may be my only option now.

Elliott sits up. Turns.

ELLIOTT

What? Who told you Mom and Dad are selling the farm?

MAX

Uh, Mom and Dad.

Elliott is flabbergasted.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

What?

(she climbs out)

Dude, what the fuck? Actually, what are you talking about? Like they would tell you and not me?

MAX

(shrugging)

They thought you wouldn't care 'cause you don't want to take it over anyway. All you do is talk about leaving.

Elliott looks gutted.

ELLIOTT

What!? Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. Mom and Dad are NOT selling the farm.

Elliott has a moment. Wondering if this is why her Old Ass wanted her to play golf with Max so urgently. Gets an idea.

ELLIOTT

Maybe we can go to them together and be like, this is fucked, you can't sell it.

MAX

Already tried that. It didn't work.

ELLIOTT

FUCK. Really?

Max doesn't really react.

ELLIOTT

Max! WHY are you acting like this isn't a big deal. Why aren't you upset?!

MAX

I am upset.

ELLIOTT

You don't look upset!

ELLIOTT

Well I've known for awhile... You've known for "awhile?"

CONTINUED:

MAX

So I'm... old upset. Old upset is  
different than new upset.

Elliott throws her hands up.

ELLIOTT

How have I been so left out of  
this!?

MAX

You kinda leave yourself out,  
Elliott.

Max hops back on the cart. Chad comes up behind Elliott.

CHAD

Max!

Elliott fights tears. Can only semi nod. They both get back  
in the cart. Off Elliott as the cart pulls away, devastated.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLOODED CRANBERRY FIELD. LATER.

Elliott angry stomps through a now flooded field in waders  
towards where her dad is out working.

ELLIOTT

Dad! You're SELLING the farm!?

He turns but before he can even answer she's ranting.

ELLIOTT

This is insane. This is like, the  
lifeblood of our family. Our roots.  
Our history. Our blood sweat and  
tears, our literal... LIFE!

TOM

I'm really sorry, Elliott. I  
honestly didn't think you'd care.

He's joking but also... not joking.

ELLIOTT

Are you selling it because I'm not  
taking it over?

CONTINUED:

TOM

No. There are... lots of reasons.  
None of which have to do with you.

A loaded beat.

TOM

I'm really sorry Elliott, it's  
already in progress.

This hits Elliott. Hard.

TOM

We got a really good offer I  
couldn't turn down. We'll pass it  
over after the fall harvest.

Elliott fights emotion.

ELLIOTT

And you were just never gonna  
mention it?

TOM

Of course we were. We tried. A few  
times. Hard to peg you down, kiddo.

This guts Elliott.

TOM

I thought you'd be happy about it.  
All you talk about is leaving this  
place.

ELLIOTT

My god! I assumed it would always  
BE HERE!

TOM

(gently)

You know what they say. Assumptions  
are made and most assumptions are  
wrong.

ELLIOTT

Oh, is that what they say, Dad?!  
Why don't you put it on a HAND  
TOWEL THEN!

Elliott turns, stomp splashes away. Off Tom's confused face.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Elliott sits on the floor in her room, leaving an upset message for her Old Ass.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
(into phone, upset)  
Where ARE YOU? I've sent you you  
like, fifty fucking messages.  
(catching her breath)  
Max told me about the farm. Is  
there anything I can do? Like, to  
stop it?

Elliott then spends the entire day unpacking her room. She re-hangs the artwork on her wall. Unpacks all the boxes. Until her room looks exactly how it did before she ever packed a box. She steps back and takes it all in.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)  
I only have a week left here. Just  
please call me, okay?

She checks her phone to see if she has a response from her Old Ass. She does not. Off her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELDS. MORNING.

Chad's driving his tractor when a handful of cranberries hit him in the face. He turns. Sees Elliott on the ground, trying to get his attention. He turns off his tractor.

ELLIOTT  
Are you doing anything right now?

He clearly is. Elliott continues.

ELLIOTT  
Wanna help me sell my boat?

Off Chad's smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOSEPH RIVER. DAY.

Elliott and Chad cruise up the river towards the lake.

CONTINUED:

CHAD

I'd heard some rumors. Something about zoning changes and it affecting the reservoir ponds or something but didn't know it was a for sure thing.

ELLIOTT

FUCK. So even the summer boy workers knew about it before me.

Chad smirks.

CHAD

Whoa! Summer boy workers?

ELLIOTT

I was fine leaving. I was really excited to leave. I just always thought it was gonna be here to come back to. So it feels REALLY different now. 'Cause when I leave, I'm saying goodbye forever. And I HATE goodbyes.

(she sighs)

I just really wish time would stop for a second so I could enjoy it a little bit longer.

She stops, a huge realization. Hearing the words come out of her mouth. Her Old Ass was right. She then realizes who she's confessing it too.

ELLIOTT

Sorry. I shouldn't be venting all this at you. Throwing it at you.

CHAD

What? Dude, no, I get it. I actually get it.

A beat. He has Elliott's attention.

CHAD

Do you remember the last time you were a little kid and went to a friend's house and just like, played pretend all day?

Elliott's confused where this is going.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

I mean, I remember doing that a lot.

CHAD

Yeah, but can you remember the very LAST time you ever did it?

Elliott thinks. Shakes her head.

CHAD

It's that sad? To think that there was a time we were just like, out riding bikes with our friends like imagining we were being chased by zombies. Covered in dirt and sweat, having the BEST TIME. And then we went home that night and put our bike in the garage and went to bed not realizing that was the last time we were ever gonna do that.

Elliott's like, DAMN.

CHAD

But the thing about not saying goodbyes is that you also miss savoring when it might be last time you'll ever get do that thing.

Elliott takes Chad in. Fighting emotion.

CHAD

I don't know I... sort of... it doesn't make sense.

ELLIOTT

That was deep as hell, Chad.

CHAD

Yeah. I went to Poetry University. Majored in deepness.

A shared and loaded look between them. All of a sudden, Elliott sees they are at the bridge. Moments away from being decapitated.

ELLIOTT

Oh my god --

CHAD

What?

Without thinking, she pulls Chad down into the floor of the boat. She's laying on top of him. This time we follow them under the bridge. They're in the dark, breathing heavily, faces inches apart. Staring into each other's eyes.

CONTINUED:

It's the perfect moment for a kiss when, the boat comes out the other side. Elliott snaps to reality, aware of the big rule she's about to fuck up. She sits up. Steers the boat towards the shore.

CHAD

Sorry.

ELLIOTT

No, you're good. I...

CHAD

Sorry.

ELLIOTT

No, it's... yeah. I...

ELLIOTT

I have to go. I have a... dentist appointment.

CHAD

(confused)

You have a dentist appointment?

ELLIOTT

Yeah. My tooth. My tooth is... fucked-up. So I have to, I have to go. But you can just get the um...

(looks)

This dock. Can you just take it the rest of the way?

CHAD

I mean...

ELLIOTT

Just back to my house is fine.

ELLIOTT

I just, I just have to go.

CHAD

Okay?

Elliott jumps out in the shallow water. Avoiding any eye contact with Chad. She turns back.

ELLIOTT

Do you have your boating license?

CHAD

No.

A beat.

ELLIOTT

Okay.

CONTINUED:

And with that, she disappears into the woods. Off Chad's confused face.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS. MOMENTS LATER.

Elliott stands in the woods trying to call her Old Ass. TIME CUTS as it rings and rings.

ELLIOTT (PRE-LAP)  
Fuck.

Off her face, getting an idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. RO'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Elliott holds up what's left of the shrooms baggie at Ro's front door. Elliott tries (unsuccessfully) to act chill.

RO  
I mean, there's only a few stems  
and broken bits left.

ELLIOTT  
But that should be enough for just  
me, right?

Ro eyes her, suspiciously.

RO  
Yeah, sure.

ELLIOTT  
Okay.

Elliott starts to leave.

RO  
Yo, what's goin on? You've been MIA  
as fuck lately and then you show up  
manic as hell on a Wednesday,  
during the random ass part of the  
day, asking for shroomies?

Elliott puts a fake smile.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

I've been so busy. Like, the  
busiest I've ever been.

RO

Right.

ELLIOTT

It's not like that.

Ro isn't buying it.

ELLIOTT

Why are you looking at me like  
that? I'm fine.

RO

Is this about the farm?

Elliott takes in her sweet friend's face. She wants so badly to tell them about Chad, about her Old Ass, about everything but she knows she'll sound like a literal crazy person so she can't.

ELLIOTT

It's about so many things. But just  
trust me when I say... it's so  
complicated.

Ro takes their friend in, concerned.

ELLIOTT

Okay?

(a beat)

Okay.

RO

Well. I'm not letting you go alone  
in the woods.

Off Elliott, secretly grateful, as Ro walks out the door with her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. EVENING.

A smaller bonfire this time, Ro carefully passes Elliott a steaming mug.

RO

I mean, uh... oh I would...

CONTINUED:

Before they can even finish the sentence, Elliott is guzzling the tea. Ro watches, eyebrows raised. Elliott finishes it all in one giant gulp.

RO  
I think that's a good amount.

ELLIOTT  
(trying not to gag)  
Delicious.

Elliott smiles widely. Ro sits down, not buying it but going with it. Elliott's leg jiggles, she looks down at her phone. Still nothing. Fuck.

ELLIOTT  
Fuck me.  
(a beat)  
Do you think I'm high yet?

RO  
No.

EXT. WOODED AREA. MOMENTS LATER.

Elliott paces with her phone. Sends a voice note.

ELLIOTT  
(into phone)  
Hey, so I just did the shrooms.  
Again. DON'T GET MAD, I'm only  
trying to... conjure you since you  
won't answer your fucking phone. I  
just really need to talk to you and  
I have no idea how this works so,  
if you get this... I'm on Maude  
Island. And, I'm high. Well, I will  
be high.

She puts her phone in her pocket. Jumps up and down.  
Stretches. Then after a beat, crouches. All of the  
ridiculousness dawns on her. She feels like an idiot.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. EVENING.

Elliott walks out of the woods, looking for Ro.

ELLIOTT  
Ro?

CONTINUED:

She looks around, doesn't see Ro anywhere.

ELLIOTT

Ro?! Dude, this isn't funny. Ro?  
Dude, what the fuck?

All of a sudden, Chad walks up from the dock.

CHAD

Hey.

ELLIOTT

What are you doing here?

CHAD

Ro texted me. Said you needed to  
talk to me about something?

Elliott is shocked? Ro did WHAT?

ELLIOTT

What?

CHAD

They just left.

ELLIOTT

(whispers, to herself)  
Whatthefuck?

He sits down next to the bonfire, pats the log next to him.

CHAD

So, what was it you wanted to talk  
to me about? Ro said something  
about needing to "let me inside of  
your world?"

As he says that, an opening drum beat starts playing. Elliott looks around, trying to figure out where its coming from, confused. When she looks back at Chad, his long hair (which is always up) is down and curled in beautiful beach waves. He is wearing a hand painted tank top that reads "I LOVE JB".

ELLIOTT

What the fuck is going on?

Chad gives her a knowing smile.

CHAD

I... I think I'm your one less  
lonely girl, Elliott.

CONTINUED:

When the camera comes back to her, she is in the infamous white shirt and pants with backwards purple baseball hat and matching purple sneakers complete with the Bieber wig and jaw mic.

She gasps and covers her mouth.

ELLIOTT

How did you know about my Bieber  
fantasy as a nine year old!?

He leans in.

CHAD

(seductive)

I know that while all the other  
girls screaming in the crowd wanted  
to be the one less lonely girl --  
you wanted to be Bieber, handing  
out those red roses.

Elliott is lost in the fantasy. Their faces are now inches apart.

CHAD

Now's. Your. Chance.

They stare at each other. And all of a sudden, she becomes someone else. With a cocky glint in her eye says.

ELLIOTT

(a la Bieber)

Aiiight, let's go.

The music gets louder, Ro and Ruthie appear in matching outfits ushering out a stool for Chad. The log and fire are gone. The lighting now looks like stage lighting. We see a guy playing guitar in the trees, the drummer is up on the rocks. Bassist on the beach.

Ro and Ruthie start dancing behind Elliott on either side of Chad. They're both super good. Chad sits on the stool, fanning himself with excitement. Elliott somehow knows the dance moves and starts singing along.

ELLIOTT

(singing)

*How many I told you's and start  
overs and shoulders have you cried  
on before? How many promises be  
honest girl? How many tears you let  
hit the floor?*

CONTINUED:

She's actually really fucking good. She moves around Chad with confidence.

ELLIOTT

(singing)

*How many bags you packed just to  
take 'em back tell me that, how  
many either or's? If you let me  
inside of your world, there'd be  
one less lonely girl.*

Off Chad's teary face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. SAME TIME.

We snap to see Ro's sober perspective of Elliott's trip. Elliott lays in the dirt, humming to herself, arms over her head, rolling around suggestively on her back. Off Ro's amused face.

RO

What the fuck?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. SAME TIME.

We are back in Elliott's trip. It's her heaven. Ro and Ruthie bring out the dozen roses to Elliott, then dance away.

ELLIOTT

*Her hearts locked and nowhere to  
get the key, I'll take her and  
leave the world with one less  
lonely girl...*

She hands them to Chad, milking it, singing her part of the song into Chad's eyes.

ELLIOTT

(singing)

*There's gonna be one less lonely  
girl. One less lonely girl, there's  
gonna be one less lonely girl...*

Chad is full on crying now. She puts her hand on Chad's chin. It's steamy, when all of a sudden --

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. LOCAL RESTAURANT. MORNING.

Ro and Elliott sit in an outdoor booth eating breakfast. It's a quiet morning, only a few people scattered around. Elliott is hungover as hell, slouched over, barely touching her food.

RO  
What in the fuck? Who are you?

# ELLIOTT

RO ELLIOTT  
You are. I'm learning.

RO  
Do what you want to do and fly like  
a bird. Wow.

ELLIOTT

Why? RO

ELLIOTT  
I got what I needed from this conversation. Moving forward, there's nothing... we're not talking about it anymore.

RO  
Okay. Oh, god. Justin-fucking-Bieber.

(a beat, re: food)  
I could use some butter. Maybe  
some, um, salt...

A silent munching beat.

## ELLIOTT

Ro nods.

ELLIOTT  
I have like, weird feelings for someone.

Ro's eyebrows go up.

CONTINUED:

RO  
Okay...

ELLIOTT  
But the fucked part is... it's --

She looks around the empty restaurant like someone is gonna overhear.

ELLIOTT  
A guy.

Ro takes a deep, knowing breath.

RO  
Oh, shit. You like a guy?  
(off her shrug)  
Wowww. This all makes so much sense  
now.

ELLIOTT  
(panicked)  
Am I bi?

RO  
I mean... ELLIOTT  
What does this actually  
fucking mean?

RO  
Shit. If you like him and --

ELLIOTT  
(cutting them off)  
I've just always been so sure that  
I was only into women?! Like it's  
never been even a thought for me. I  
don't know. I've just always...  
(sighs)  
I've just always been into women.  
(then)  
But when I'm with him. Like,  
dude...

RO  
Fuck.

ELLIOTT  
(overwhelmed, throwing her  
head down on the table)  
No, it's fucked. It is actually  
fucked.

CONTINUED:

RO

Just 'cause you like a man doesn't make you any less queer. I don't think any less of you for being straight.

That's truth. A laugh.

ELLIOTT

*Straight?!*

RO

No, sorry.

ELLIOTT

That's the fucking worst thing you've ever called me in my life.

RO

Like you said it yourself about labels and shit. "If they feel useful, then use them. And if they stop feeling useful, stop using it."

Damn.

ELLIOTT

Hmm...

RO

YOU told me that. Listen to yourself. Listen to your heart. Your motherfucking gut. Listen to your gut.

ELLIOTT

But I also have to listen to my Old Ass.

Ro looks at her like, what?

RO

You like asses now or something?

ELLIOTT

Yeah.

Same.

RO

ELLIOTT  
I've been wanting to talk to you about this for a while.

Elliott sits, embarrassed, starts grabbing their things.

CONTINUED:

RO  
I like, wanna meet him.

ELLIOTT  
Shut up.

RO  
Is he cute?

Off Elliott, giggling at the question.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. LATER.

Elliott walks into her room to find Spencer has totally taken over and is completing a floor to ceiling collage with various photos of Saoirse Ronan. He turns.

SPENCER  
(smiling)  
Do you love it?

Elliott is stunned.

ELLIOTT  
Spencer!

SPENCER  
I still have three walls to finish  
before I move in.

ELLIOTT  
Could you not have waited till I  
left first?!

SPENCER  
I actually thought you left.

ELLIOTT  
(re: Saoirse poster)  
I'm not sleeping in that bed  
tonight with her staring at me.  
Girl, this is not okay.

He passes her a photo of Saoirse in Atonement and points to a high corner that's bare.

SPENCER  
Could you put this up there? I need  
to see the balance.

CONTINUED:

Elliott can't help but crack a smile at this kid.

ELLIOTT  
(re: photo)  
Where?

SPENCER  
Right there.

ELLIOTT  
Here?

SPENCER  
No, uh, over there. Uh, up...  
(she moves the picture)  
Uh, down. Uh, a little to the left.

ELLIOTT  
Oh my god.

We are behind them as they stand, looking at eighty-five photos of Saoirse Ronan's face. Off them from behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Elliott sits with her Mom outside on the deck having a cup of coffee and eating a cranberry scone. Elliott looks out over the farm.

KATHY  
Ugh. I can't believe you leave in a few days. Are you excited?

Elliott isn't sure she is anymore. Kathy takes a breath.

KATHY  
I was thinking about you last night. And about how, when you were two... and you still hadn't slept through the night.  
(laughs, then)  
Oh, god. You were such a terrible sleeper.

Elliott smiles, embarrassed.

KATHY  
I had to rock you for ages, and you were so specific in what you wanted.  
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

KATHY (CONT'D)

I had to sing "Twinkle Twinkle" and you needed your blanket and you had to have two passies, one in each hand AND a bottle.

ELLIOTT

Why was I so demanding?

Kathy laughs.

KATHY

I don't know!

ELLIOTT

It tracks.

KATHY

I remember one night I think I'd been singing Twinkle Twinkle for probably forty-five minutes over and over, my throat was SO dry and my legs were all cramped and I thought, oh my lord, I can't do this for *one more second*.

Elliott laughs.

ELLIOTT

You should have thrown me in the crib and told me to get over myself.

KATHY

I know.

ELLIOTT

So what did you do?

KATHY

(smiling, guilty)

I kept rocking you.

ELLIOTT

(teasing)

Mom! Self care!

They laugh.

KATHY

I know.

(then)

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

KATHY (CONT'D)

But I remember one night, shortly after that, you turned to me and you just said, "crib", all matter of fact. So, I put you down and you looked at me, smiled and then you rolled over and went to sleep. Just like that.

Kathy's eyes glisten.

KATHY

And I was proud of you. 'Cause you didn't need me to get you to sleep anymore.

She fights emotion.

KATHY

But, at that moment, I also realized that I wasn't going to get to rock you anymore.

She collects herself.

KATHY

And I guess that's how I feel now. Really proud of you, but also a little bit sad.

Elliott takes in her mom. A sweet moment between them.

ELLIOTT

I'm gonna miss you.  
(emotional)  
SO much. And I still need you.  
Like, I'm literally an idiot. I  
don't know anything, so...

KATHY

No. You're not an idiot.

Elliott goes over and crawls into her lap on the chair. Her mom pulls her closer. Elliott snuggles into her mom's neck.

As Kathy squeezes her tighter. Off them laughing and smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Elliott tosses and turns in bed. Finally, after a few beats, gets up.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Elliott walks towards her parents partially open door holding a pillow and blanket. She peeks in, sees them both sleeping. She then walks to the next bedroom door which is closed. A handmade sign (clearly Spencer's handwriting) reads "Man Cave!! (but come on in, we don't discriminate)". She touches the sign, smiling sadly.

She then cracks the door. Tiptoes in, laying down on the floor between their identical twin beds. The closest spot she can get to being next to everyone in her family all at once.

We are on Elliott, soaking in all of them asleep under the same roof for maybe one of the last times, as Elliott is now so painfully aware of.

CUT TO:

EXT. TINY MARINA. AFTERNOON.

Ro, Ruthie and Elliott walk towards the dock at the marina.

RUTHIE  
I'm so excited to meet him!

ELLIOTT  
Why am I sweating?

RO  
Why are you so nervous? You introduce us to every girl you're banging within what, like thirty seconds.

RUTHIE  
That's true.

ELLIOTT  
We're not--

RO  
Oh, you're not banging?

Chad's at the boat as they walk down the dock, ripping a "For Sale" sign off the boat. He waves at them.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

Hey! These are my best friends.  
This is Ruthie, and this is Ro.

CHAD

Hey!

CHAD

Nice to meet you both.

RO AND RUTHIE

You too.

As they all shake hands, Ruthie gives Elliott a look like,  
holy shit, he is WAY hotter than you let on.

ELLIOTT

I cannot believe someone actually  
wants to purchase this boat.

CHAD

I know. Right when I came up with a  
perfect name for it too.

Elliott raises her eyebrow.

CHAD

Ready?  
(then)  
"Piece of Ship."

He smiles. SO proud of himself.

RO

Womp. Womp.

CHAD

No?

Ro and Ruthie laugh. Elliott hits him back.

ELLIOTT

That's the best you could come up  
with?

CHAD

Okay. My alternative was - "Motor?  
I Hardly Know Her".

Elliott smiles.

ELLIOTT

Right there! Golden. Much better.

CONTINUED:

CHAD

Or, I had "Ship Faced?"

ELLIOTT

"Master Baiter."

CHAD

"Master Baiter", that's classic.

ELLIOTT

Um. "Playbuoy."

CHAD

Yo. How-how does she have so many names?

ELLIOTT

"That's What Sea Said."

Ro and Ruthie look at each other, like "these two are a match made in heaven".

RO

(quiet, to Ruthie)

I see why it works.

CHAD

"That's What Sea Said" is good too, yeah. There's so many options.

Then, Elliott notices something.

ELLIOTT

Wait, did you CLEAN her?

Chad looks borderline embarrassed like maybe he was too extra.

CHAD

Just a little bit.

ELLIOTT

This looks like amazing. Like all the rust is basically gone. How did you do that?

CHAD

Just popped in a podcast, little bit of soap, four to six hours of scraping. It was nothing. I was chilling.

Elliott looks at him in amazement.

CONTINUED:

CHAD

You want to take her out for one last spin?

Elliott looks at Ro who smiles.

RO

We're, no... we actually, we're late for something. We gotta head out.

RUTHIE

If there was, like, four of us on this boat? We would all sink.

RO

Yeah. Right? Like, we gotta go, but bro...

Ro goes in to hug Elliott.

ELLIOTT

(in a whisper into her ear)

Way to make it obvious.

They pull apart.

CHAD

It was good to meet you guys.

Ruthie... blushes?

RUTHIE

Have fun!

Ro and Ruthie go. They turn back to each.

ELLIOTT

Bye, guys.

RO

Be safe!

RUTHIE

You guys... be so safe, okay?

ELLIOTT

Mhmm.

CHAD

Nice to meet you both.

CONTINUED:

RO  
Nice to meet you.  
(then, teasing)  
Don't rock the boat too much.

ELLIOTT  
Ignore. Ignore, ignore, ignore.

Chad laughs, throws the "For Sale" sign at her.

CHAD  
Sorry.

Off Chad's face, excited.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE. DAY.

A montage of Elliott and Chad having like the BEST time out on the lake. Chad drives, they do donuts.

They're jumping in and out of the water, driving fast around islands, pointing out wildlife they see. It's like, the best fucking day ever.

ELLIOTT  
How's it chillin over there?

CHAD  
I'm chillin... chillin good over here.

All of a sudden when they're ripping quickly around another boat, the engine LITERALLY drops OFF the boat. GONE. Into the lake, sinks in a blink.

They can barely comprehend what just happened. Elliott's hand still lingers as if she's holding the engine handle.

They both just stare at each other, jaws dropped. Then, Elliott bursts into HYSTERICALLY laughter.

Chad joins. They are laughing so hard they can't breathe.

ELLIOTT  
WAIT. Wait, wait, wait.  
(off Chad)  
No. Why are you laughing?  
(starts laughing)  
What the fuck? What do I do? Do we go back and get it?

CONTINUED:

CHAD

You know what? We cut the price to three fifty? The motor's at the bottom of Lake Muskoka now.

ELLIOTT

Fuck.

CHAD

Don't worry, don't worry, don't worry. My Dad's got, like, a whole stack of old motors in his shop. It's fine.

It's a sweet moment. Chad turns to look at her, they make loaded eye contact when all of a sudden, they hear --

THUNDER.

A drop of rain hits Elliott on the forehead.

ELLIOTT

Shit.

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Chad and Elliott, soaking wet, have swum to shore. They rush inside an old, abandoned boat house overlooking the lake. It's pouring rain and thundering.

CHAD

Go, go, go, go!

ELLIOTT

Oh my god.

CHAD

What the hell? Why is the rain so cold?

ELLIOTT

It's so fucking cold.

Elliott looks around, finds a sweater.

ELLIOTT

Hoodie?

CONTINUED:

CHAD

What?  
(takes it)  
Wow.

ELLIOTT

I know. I come prepared.

Chad turns to change.

CHAD

Turn around.  
(she does, laughs)  
Don't look!

ELLIOTT

I'm NOT looking.

Off her turned away, smiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

Now in dry clothes, Elliott and Chad climb up to the top of the boat house and look out at the rain hitting the lake.

CHAD

Thanks for the sweater.

ELLIOTT

Anytime.

CHAD

It's warm.

ELLIOTT

Good.

They sit in silence, looking out over the water.

ELLIOTT

(sweetly)

Do you feel like you found what you were looking for by coming here?

CHAD

What do you mean?

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

You mentioned something about like, wanting to get in touch with your roots. Like learning about cranberry farming and stuff, so I just, I don't know. I wanted to know if you felt like you did that?

Chad is taken by her innate understanding of the situation. He thinks for a beat.

CHAD

Yeah, actually.  
(then)

My whole life, my family's been telling me, you know, how much I remind them of my grandfather. So I think by at least coming here, I got to know him or understand him a little bit better. Which is cool.

ELLIOTT

(genuine)  
That's very cool.

A long beat between them.

ELLIOTT

Where do you normally live?

CHAD

Toronto.

ELLIOTT

What?! I'm going to U of T in like, a week.

CHAD

I go to U of T.

ELLIOTT

Wait, what? How have we never fucking talked about this?

CHAD

(smiling)  
I don't know man.  
(then)  
Cold?

He sits closer to her, trying to warm her up. It's a bit awkward.

CONTINUED:

Elliott takes a deep breath.

ELLIOTT

I'm gay.

CHAD

Cool.

A long, LONG beat.

ELLIOTT

I thought I was gay.

CHAD

You thought you were gay?

She takes a deep breath.

ELLIOTT

Yeah. Till I met...

She can't say it. Looks away.

ELLIOTT

This person named Gary.

CHAD

Gary.

He's going with it. She's going with it.

ELLIOTT

Gary made me realize, I don't know,  
I'm... bi. Or maybe Pan. I've like,  
yet to figure that out. But, yeah.

CHAD

Okay.

ELLIOTT

And then my friend...

(groans)

Oh, god. My friend was like don't  
do it. Gary is bad news.

CHAD

Whoa. Bad news?

ELLIOTT

Bad news.

CHAD

What did Gary do?

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

Well, she wouldn't tell me exactly what Gary did but just that, yeah. I just was not supposed to... go there with him.

CHAD

This friend of yours sounds rather... elusive.

ELLIOTT

Oh, yeah. She's a real fucking buzzkill but, I'm supposed to listen to her, so.

CHAD

Hmm.

A beat.

CHAD

What does your gut tell you do to re: Gary?

ELLIOTT

My gut, uh, my gut is pretty interested in what Gary's all about.

CHAD

I see.

He looks at her. She looks at him. It's loaded.

ELLIOTT

(gathering the courage)  
I like looking at your face.

CHAD

I like looking at your face.

A sweet, loaded beat.

ELLIOTT

I want to kiss you.

CHAD

I want to kiss you.

ELLIOTT

Stop copying everything I say.

CONTINUED:

CHAD

Sorry, you KNOW I don't have a brain, don't make me insecure about it.

They both laugh.

ELLIOTT

Sorry. I'm bad at this, so...

So, they kiss. It's perfect. And sweet. The kissing progresses. Elliott rolls on top of him on the blanket.

ELLIOTT

(breathless, pulling back)

I've never had dick sex before.

Chad's a bit taken aback.

CHAD

Do you want to have "dick sex"?

ELLIOTT

Maybe.

Off them, intertwined in the boat house as the rain pours behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S HOUSE. EARLY EVENING.

Chad walks Elliott home. When the farmhouse comes into view, they stop, look at each other. Neither know quite what to say.

ELLIOTT

I'd invite you in but...

(teasing)

I don't really want my parents to know I hooked up with a summer worker boy.

CHAD

How embarrassing for you.

ELLIOTT

It's not good for me.

She smirks. He leans in, kisses her. They both have a hard time pulling away.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT  
See you later?

CHAD  
Mhmm.

ELLIOTT  
Okay. You need to go.

CHAD  
Okay.

ELLIOTT CHAD  
I don't want them to see you. I'm going, I'm going.

She watches him walk the other direction. So. Fucking. Smitten.

CHAD  
Stop staring at my butt!

She laughs, is about to walk towards the house when she hears a noise.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Psst!

It scares the shit out of her, she looks around, confused. She then see's MY OLD ASS hiding behind a tree.

ELLIOTT  
Oh my god.

MY OLD ASS  
What was that?

ELLIOTT  
What the fuck? What the fuck are you doing here?

MY OLD ASS  
Were you just KISSING CHAD!?

Off Elliott's face like, OH shit.

ELLIOTT MY OLD ASS  
No, no. No?

ELLIOTT  
No... a little.

My Old Ass swats at something that isn't there.

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS  
What the fuck is that?

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF FARM. EARLY EVENING. MOMENTS LATER.

They are both hiding in the woods now, Older Elliott, trying to steady herself against a tree.

ELLIOTT  
Dude, where the fuck have you been?  
I thought you fucking died.

MY OLD ASS  
Dude, I was gone for four days,  
okay? Four days on my Hubbya  
retreat. I get back, I have two  
HUNDRED messages from you.

ELLIOTT  
Whatdrafuck is Hubbya?

MY OLD ASS  
It's like, transcendental  
meditation but better. Penelope  
Disick invented it.

Off Elliott's face, did NOT see that coming.

MY OLD ASS  
Oh, fuck, I was so worried about  
you. I had to eat like three pounds  
of my girlfriend's friend's weed to  
get here. Are you ok?

She aggressively swats at something around her face that definitely isn't there.

MY OLD ASS  
What is that? Why? WHY. It's not  
even dragonfly season yet.

ELLIOTT  
There are no dragonflies, dude.

MY OLD ASS  
I told you Elliott, we don't  
tolerate drugs well! I don't know  
what to tell you. I'm really high.  
I need like water or something.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT

You can't just disappear like that.  
You should have told me you were  
going on some hoobie retreat --

MY OLD ASS

Hubbya.

ELLIOTT

I found out about the farm and  
then, all the Chad stuff happened --

MY OLD ASS

What? WHAT CHAD STUFF. What?

Older Elliott looks at her, waits. Elliott is scared to say it.

ELLIOTT

Well. That's what I've been trying  
to... talk to you... about.

She's not fooling her.

ELLIOTT

I've been trying, okay? Really  
hard. And I get it now. All the  
other advice was so good. Like I  
was taking so much of our life and  
our family for granted. Yeah, I see  
that now, okay?

Older Elliott gives her a look like, told you.

MY OLD ASS

Okay. Well, you're welcome.

ELLIOTT

But I was just too scared to tell  
you when I started falling in love  
with Chad.

(off My Old Ass)

I know. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I  
didn't wanna let you down or mess  
up our life or something. But --

MY OLD ASS

Just say it.

ELLIOTT

We had sex.

(My Old Ass sighs)

(MORE)

**CONTINUED:**

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I know you told me not to but --

## MY OLD ASS Dude.

She takes a deep breath. Terrified to say it.

ELLIOTT

Everything about him feels so right. I'm sorry but I've tried so hard to find ONE bad thing about him and I literally can't. I don't understand why we wouldn't want to be with him. I just need you to tell me what he did, just fucking lay it out 'cause I'm not gonna be able to stay away from him. The connection is too real. So just, TELL me. Tell me what he did.

Older Elliott takes her in, eyes sparkling with emotion. A long, loaded beat.

MY OLD ASS

ELLIOTT

ELLIOTT

MY OLD ASS  
-- I CAN'T.

ELLIOTT  
I swear to god, tell me. It  
literally cannot be that bad --

MY OLD ASS  
He died. That's what he did. Chad dies. And he dies after you've fallen so madly in love with him you can't see straight. Okay? After you can't imagine loving anybody else ever again.

Elliott gets teary too.

MY OLD ASS  
And no, you can't save him. I know  
that's what you're gonna say. But  
no, you can't save him. There's  
nothing you can do.

(a beat, then)  
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS (CONT'D)  
You can't find anything bad about  
Chad because there isn't anything  
bad about Chad, okay?

There's a loaded beat between them. Elliott feels that her older self is trying desperately to protect her from whatever she's currently feeling.

MY OLD ASS  
It's so hard, Elliott. So, SO hard.  
And I do not want you to have to  
feel that shit.

As Elliott takes in this information, a new clarity forms.  
After a long beat.

ELLIOTT  
No.

MY OLD ASS  
No?

ELLIOTT  
No. I'm gonna fall in love with  
Chad. I'm gonna love him so hard  
for... however long we have.

MY OLD ASS  
You say that now because you're  
young and dumb.

ELLIOTT  
(interrupting her)  
But if you aren't young and dumb,  
you'd never fucking be brave enough  
to do anything. If you knew how  
shitty and unfair life would be  
you'd never leave home. You'd never  
enjoy time with anyone because all  
you'd be thinking about is how  
we're all gonna die someday.

(with confidence)  
But when you're young and dumb, you  
don't think about that. And that's  
what lets you actually live. So,  
maybe being young and dumb isn't  
such a bad thing, have you thought  
about that?

She clearly hadn't. Before she can say anything, a voice  
interrupts from behind.

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Hey, Elliott. You dropped this.

They both turn and see Chad. He's standing right behind them holding a sweater covered in dirt and leaves. Both Elliott and Older Elliott's hearts simultaneously stop. Holy shit.

CHAD  
Sorry to... interrupt.

Older Elliott can hardly catch her breath being this close to him. Seeing him in the flesh again.

Elliott looks between them, heart pounding but trying to act normal and cover.

ELLIOTT  
Can you... see her?

Chad looks at Elliott like she's insane.

CHAD  
See her?

Elliott nods. Older Elliott freezes, unsure what his answer is gonna be.

CHAD  
Yes?

Holy FUCK.

CHAD  
Am I not supposed to?

ELLIOTT  
COOL. UM. This is my uncle...

ELLIOTT                                   MY OLD ASS  
Michelle.                                 Michelle.

He smiles at Older Elliott, stretches out his hand.

CHAD  
Hey. I'm Chad. Nice to meet you.

It's almost as if it's all happening in slow motion for Older Elliott. She slowly takes his hand. We can FEEL the moment their skin touches.

MY OLD ASS  
(barely getting it out)  
Nice to meet you too, Chad.

CONTINUED:

CHAD  
I've never met an uncle named  
Michelle.

MY OLD ASS  
That's funny.

We stay with Older Elliott, as she watches him talk. Seeing him again, them together, Older Elliott begins to remember the joy in Chad before all the pain of losing him clouded it.

CHAD  
(re: sweater)  
So, I hate to be the bearer of bad news, um, I think this got run over by a car. I don't know, but it wasn't me. I don't know what happened. Uh, we can try and get it out with like, bleach or something. And, you know, some good old scrubbing. But, I just thought I would get it back to you...

Chad doesn't know what to say next. Gets the hint.

CHAD  
Um... I will catch you guys later.

He starts to leave but Older Elliott stops him.

MY OLD ASS  
No, no, don't. Don't leave. I was about to leave so you stay.

ELLIOTT  
(confused, hiding it behind a forced smile)  
What?

MY OLD ASS  
Stay with Elliott.

ELLIOTT  
No. You. Weren't.

MY OLD ASS  
Yes, I was.

ELLIOTT  
No, you weren't.                           MY OLD ASS  
   Yes. I was.

Old Elliott turns to Chad. With a lot of emotion.

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS

It was really nice to meet you,  
Chad.

CHAD

Yeah, it was good to meet you too.

She goes in and gives him the deepest, most meaningful hug she possibly can. It takes every ounce of self control to not burst into tears and never let him go.

After a long beat, she finally tears herself away. We catch a glimpse of Older Elliott's face as she turns to go, finally letting all the emotion spill over.

Chad's oblivious to the INSANELY DEEP subtext of everything that just happened.

CHAD

(shrugging)

Is she okay?

Elliott, also emotional, watches her Old Ass go, having witnessed the pain on her face as she left.

ELLIOTT

Yeah. She'll be okay.

CHAD

Are you okay?

As he talks, we watch Elliott's expression change as she begins to see Chad through a new, softer lens.

ELLIOTT

Yeah.

CHAD

(re: sweater)

I think this is more of a baking soda situation now that I'm thinking about it. 'Cause I think if we put bleach on it, it would turn it all orange and stuff. I don't know. Either way it's like a cold water thing.

Elliott looks at him. Really looks at him.

ELLIOTT

I really like you. Like, really like you.

CONTINUED:

CHAD

I really, really like you too.

ELLIOTT

And I'm really... grateful for this moment with you.

Chad takes Elliott in. That was so sweet.

CHAD

(lovingly)

I'm very grateful for this moment with you too.

Then she kisses his sweet fucking face as hard as she possibly can. We slowly pull back to a wide shot of them kissing by the lake as the sun sets behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLOODED CRANBERRY BOG. SUNRISE.

The sun rising behind her, Elliott works in waders in the glistening cranberry bog. Red berries floating all around her.

As she turns to do something, she is directly facing the sunrise. It's so beautiful, it stops her in her tracks. She takes a long beat, fully taking it in. She looks over to her right and sees her dad and mom working together on the grass above the bog. Spencer is riding his bike circling his parents. Max is at the other end of her bog, working away. She fights a massive throat lump, trying to savor the moment. She gets out her phone. Takes a deep breath.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)

Hey. Um. I'm sorry. I hope you're okay.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S KITCHEN. LATE AFTERNOON.

Elliott opens the door and Chad is standing there. She suddenly seems shy.

ELLIOTT

Come in.

They give each other disgustingly cute love eyes. Chad steps in, puts his arm around her.

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
I wanted to send you... one last  
message.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Elliott's family is sitting around having game night except it's the exact opposite of the picture perfect family scene. They're playing Settlers of Catan and things have gotten UGLY and everyone is fighting.

Spencer grabs Chad's hand and pulls him into the living room.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
You're right, Elliott. I should  
listen to you. I never realized how  
wise my young ass was.  
(beat)  
Okay, that sounded weird.

Off them arguing over who gets Chad.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BATHROOM. LATE NIGHT.

Elliott pees in the dark. Plays the message. Elliott laughs, wipes away a tear.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
But, what I'm trying to say is,  
you're right. You shouldn't live  
your life for me, or for the future  
or get stuck in the past. Because  
that is not living.

Elliott fights a throat lump.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
I'm so happy you fell in love with  
Chad. Because...

We hear the emotion in her voice.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Loving Chad is a gift. And being  
loved by him is the best fucking  
thing in the world.

CONTINUED:

Elliott wipes a tear.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
So, just, fuck it. Keep being the  
naive, dumb, pore-less, smart,  
happy, confident, brave, self  
centered, optimistic idiot that you  
are because it's... perfect. And go  
live your life with Chad.

(then)

Or Chad and your three wives or  
whatever you decide is right for  
you. And I'll go live mine again,  
okay? I love you.

One final message plays.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)  
Now go say goodbye to that lake for  
me.  
(thinks, then)  
And wear your retainer and  
moisturize, please. Thank you.

Elliott laughs, wipes away a tear.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE MUSKOKA. LATE MORNING.

Elliott drives the boat. Her hair whips wildly all over the place. A massive smile on her face.

Off Elliott, as she yells and guns the engine to its limit.

CUT TO BLACK.