

MY SO CALLED LIFE

(SOMEONE LIKE ME)
(1 Hour Version)

by

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(pilot)

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ACT ONE:

FADE IN:

INT. MALL -- PITTSBURGH -- DAY

TWO RESTLESS FIFTEEN YEAR OLD WHITE GIRLS LOOK RIGHT AT US.

RAYANNE: Blonde, petite, brash. ANGELA: Brunette. Deep. Aspires to brashness. Rayanne kind of pushes Angela forward...

ANGELA

Ummm....excuse me...

RAYANNE

Could you spare some change? For a phone call? It's an emergency...

TIME JUMP: They're speaking to A FORTY-ISH WOMAN SHOPPER

ANGELA

It's our grandmother? She ummm...

RAYANNE

She has to take her medication or she'll forget to eat, she's got that disease? Where you like forget everything? What's that called again...?

TIME JUMP: They speak to a THIRTY-ISH MAN

RAYANNE

See, this guy robbed our bus tickets and my sister...see, we're twins...

ANGELA

We're the kind of twins who don't...look alike, we just...

RAYANNE

...finish each other's...

ANGELA

Sentences.

TIME JUMP: They speak to AN ELDERLY COUPLE

ANGELA

Ummm, hi, could you spare --

She completely cracks up, hides her face...

RAYANNE

(to the Woman)

She's upset, you look a little like
our mother. Who's in a coma...

(to Angela)

Don't cry Sis, she'll snap out of
it...

ANGELA

(gasping, doubled over)

Oh God! Rayanne...! Stop...!

RAYANNE

(blocks Angela from
view...)

Excuse her, she's hypo-glycemic...

The couple, utterly confused, moves off, as...

RAYANNE

(mock hits her)

An-ge-la...!

Angela shields herself from Rayanne's mock-attack; both girls
collapse in HYSTERICAL GIGGLES, PASSERSBY glance at them
curiously as...

MUSIC IN: CREDIT SEQUENCE (SHORT SCENES INTERSPERSED WITH BLACK
SCREEN)

ANGELA'S VOICE OVER BLACK

So I started hanging out with Rayanne
Knapp.

INSERT: BLACK AND WHITE "CANDID" YEARBOOK PHOTOS OF DIFFERENT
KIDS...

INT. HIGHSCHOOL -- YEARBOOK ROOM -- DAY

Angela stares off into space, surrounded by OTHER YEARBOOK
STAFFERS who industriously cut and paste, including SHARON
SLAWSEN, her oldest friend.

In a corner BRIAN KRAKOW, a geeky diamond in the rough, focusses
his camera on Angela, realizes he's left the lens cap
on...hastily takes it off.

Angela sees him about to snap a picture, pulls her sweater over
her face. He takes the picture anyway.

ANGELA'S VOICE

Just...for fun, just 'cause it seemed

like if I didn't I would...die. Or something.

ANGELA'S VOICE OVER BLACK
Things were getting to me. Just: How people are. Like how they always expect you to be a certain way. Even your best friend.

INT. HIGHSCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- DAY

Strewn with soda cans, papers, a NERVE-JANGLING BELL SHRIEKS AS Angela walks alongside Sharon...

SHARON
...so then she admits that she only joined Yearbook to be near Scott. Which is like so low...

They pass a group of INTIMIDATINGLY LOUD BOYS...

ANGELA'S VOICE
Like with boys: How they have it so easy. How you have to pretend you don't notice them...noticing you.

INT. HIGHSCHOOL AUDITORIUM -- DAY

A SEA OF KIDS: AS THE PRINCIPAL'S VOICE BLASTS WITH MICROPHONE FEEDBACK: "...not enough seats. Repeat. If you cannot find a seat, sit on the floor, against the wall..."

ANGLE: GIRLS unwrap gum, study themselves in compacts...

ANGLE: A COUPLE, dressed identically, kissing.

ANGLE: TEACHERS frantically herding KIDS...

ANGLE: BRIAN, pushed into a wall by a GROUP OF ROWDY GUYS...

PRINCIPAL (V.O.)
Also: The following Intra-mural programs have been discontinued..."

The LONG LIST OF CANCELLED ACTIVITIES can be heard in the b.g. as ANGELA, next to Sharon, scans the auditorium for...?

SHARON
Who are you looking for...?

ANGELA'S P.O.V: Across the auditorium, JORDAN VENIZIANO, 17, tall, sexy-troubled. Leans coolly against a wall...

ANGELA
(hastily turns back)
Nobody.

They settle into seats, as Angela spots...

Rayanne, sauntering in late with her side-kick RICKIE VASQUEZ:
Half latino, half black, completely androgynous. Makes a fashion
statement. They wave gaily to her, as...

SHARON
(oblivious)
...so Scott calls me, and he's like:
Sharon I totally know. And he's
completely repulsed. As who wouldn't
be.

Angela covertly smiles at Rayanne and Rickie...

ANGELA'S VOICE OVER BLACK
Just how clueless everything is:
AIDS. Racism. Bulimic Royalty.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- DAY

Angela's bent over the sink, Rickie wraps her head in a towel as
Rayanne checks out the medicine chest for interesting
prescriptions...

ANGELA'S VOICE
So Rayanne told me my hair was
holding me back. Which, normally...?

Angela straightens, looks into the mirror...

ANGELA'S VOICE
Someone like her...doesn't say. To
someone like me.

END CREDIT SEQUENCE

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

PATTY, Angela's Mom, 40ish, determinedly upbeat to combat her
sneaking suspicion that her life is shit. There's so much she
wants that she's not getting; it gives her a breathless,
subterannean energy. Back from another nightmare day at work, she
SEES SOMETHING that makes her drop her briefcase and groceries
with a CLUNK, cover her mouth with her hand...

PATTY'S P.O.V: Angela, at the open fridge, turns, startled.

Angela's hair is now dead white.

Mega-silence, a high-noon stare down. Finally...

ANGELA
(can't take it)
I...stripped my hair.

PATTY
(dead pan)
No. Really?

RAYANNE (O.S.)
Angela...! C'mon! I'm --

Patty and Angela turn in unison as

Rayanne and Rickie appear in the kitchen doorway...stop.

RAYANNE
(sees Patty)
...starving.

Patty, overwhelmed, instantly turns into June Cleaver...unpacks groceries with a awesome determination...

PATTY
Hiii!
(redundently)
I'm Angela's Mom!

ANGELA
(out of body)
I thought you were working late tonight...

PATTY
(bustling...)
Change of plans!

RICKIE
I really like your house.

PATTY
Thank you! Cheese?
(she waves a brick of
cheese, plunks it
down...)
Introduce me!

ANGELA
(miserable)

This is Rayanne. And Rickie.

PATTY

(from the planet Denial)
You're both more than welcome to stay
for dinner! Such as it...will be!

ANGELA

They have to go.

PATTY

Well, please come back. Any time!
(huge smile)
I left two more bags in the car...

RICKIE

You need help...?

PATTY

Oh, no, thank you. They're paper
products.

She exits. Rayanne opens the brick of cheese.

RICKIE

She's really nice.

ANGELA

That's cause you two were here.

RAYANNE

She took your hair pretty calm.
(eating)
Good cheese.

ANGELA

It's an act, she can't deal with
change. Believe me. She's like still
bitter that "thirtysomething" was
cancelled.

TIME JUMP:

The Chase family, mid-dinner, including GRAHAM, Angela's Dad,
and DANIELLE, her 10 year old sister, who wears a gymnastics
leotard. Graham, 40ish, was a geek misfit till he hit 30 and
through some mysterious male alchemy became highly attractive.
He's still not over the shock.

Patty and Angela covertly watch Graham for some reaction. Graham
simply eats. Oblivious. Finally looks up: Sees them both staring
at him.

GRAHAM

So You've Decided To Go Albino.

Patty smiles against her will. Eats, to cover.

DANIELLE

I would never dye my hair.

ANGELA

(coldly)

I didn't dye it. I stripped it.

GRAHAM

Well, here we go. I can see it now:
Social whirl. Wild parties. Axl Rose.

ANGELA'S VOICE

My Dad thinks every person in the
world is having more fun than him.
Which could be true.

GRAHAM

(to Patty)

What am I supposed to say?

PATTY

Nothing!

GRAHAM

I mean, it's her hair...

PATTY

(wrestles her emotions to
the ground)

Exactly!

(trying her best)

And at least white...goes with
everything.

ANGELA'S VOICE

Lately I can't even look at my mother
without wanting to stab her
repeatedly.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE -- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- LATER

Graham's coming up the stairs...calls out...

GRAHAM

Hey...! Who left all those lights
on...? Down there? Hello...?

He moves down the hall just as

Angela emerges from the bathroom, wrapped in a skimpy towel...

GRAHAM

(severely rattled)

Oh! Okay, just...

ANGELA

Danielle's still afraid of the dark,
she leaves the lights on, I don't
leave the lights on...

Graham, eyes averted, backs slightly away from her as...

GRAHAM

Well...good. Okay.

DANIELLE (O.S.)

(hears everything...)

I DON'T LEAVE THE LIGHTS ON!

GRAHAM

(yells back)

OKAY! I was just...

(to Angela, rattled)

How's school...?

DANIELLE (O.S.)

And I'm NOT afraid of the DARK!

ANGELA'S VOICE

My Dad and I used to be pretty
tight.

ANGELA

I'm starting to like Anne Frank.

Graham's slowly backing down the hall...

GRAHAM

Uh huh. Is she a sophomore too...?

ANGELA

No! She's dead.

GRAHAM

(still backing up)

Oh. Right.

ANGELA

(becoming annoyed)
Anne Frank, Dad!

GRAHAM
Right, I meant -- I don't know what I
meant. Okay. Don't stay up too late.

He escapes into his bedroom. Closes the door. Angela stands
there.

ANGELA'S VOICE
The sad truth is: My breasts have
come between us.

INT. PATTY AND GRAHAM'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- MOMENTS LATER

Patty reads a magazine in bed by the light of her bedside lamp.
Graham snaps off the bathroom light. Enters...

GRAHAM
(reflectively)
Nobody in this entire house turns a
light off but me.
(she looks up, goes
back)
You know...?
(undresses, ponders,
stops undressing...)
I mean, why is that? Is it a female
thing?

PATTY
Yes Graham. It's a conspiracy. We're
all in on it. Me, the girls.
Madonna.
(goes back to reading)

GRAHAM
I'm just saying...see, in my house
we turned the lights off.

PATTY
(reading)
This is your house. I know that comes
as a shock...

GRAHAM
My parents house.

PATTY
Your parents also have every
newspaper that's entered their home

since nineteen forty six.

GRAHAM
They're...thrifty.

PATTY
Try clinically depressed.
(re: Magazine)
God, Chelsea Clinton. These stupid
remarks they say about her, it
breaks my heart.

GRAHAM
It's just how I was raised. I was
raised: You left a room, you turned
the light off. I'm just trying to
understand it.
(beat...)
What remarks?

PATTY
All these remarks. About how she
looks...

Graham gets into bed. Takes out his book, "The Stranger Beside
Me." Then...

GRAHAM
She looks like a...kid.
(beat)
How is she supposed to look?

PATTY
I don't know. More...glamourized, or
something.

GRAHAM
Really? Why?

PATTY
Because people are...they're just
amazingly cruel, and...heartless. And
you can't...satisfy them. They're
never satisfied.

GRAHAM
I like how she looks.

PATTY
Exactly! Anyway, she didn't choose
her parents!
(tosses magazine aside,

then...)
 Maybe they if they just...had her
 hair blown dry.

GRAHAM
 (puts down book)
 Maybe if they had it stripped.
 (he waits. No response.)
 Patty. It could be so much worse.

PATTY
 (very quiet)
 I know.

GRAHAM
 She could be on drugs. Cutting
 school.

PATTY
 I know.

GRAHAM
 Well, then why...?

PATTY
 Because! I can't...look at her! She
 looks like...a stranger!

She lies there, waiting for him to comfort her. He has an impulse
 to, but...

THEIR CAT jumps up on the bed. Graham uses this interruption as
 an excuse to go back to his book. Patty looks at him, then at the
 cat. Makes CAT SOUNDS, tries to get the cat to come to her. The
 cat stares coldly at Patty. Then carefully picks its way over to
 Graham, curls itself against him. Graham reads, strokes the
 cat...Patty looks at them. Left out. Turns out her light.

PRE-LAP:

ANGELA'S VOICE
 I'm in love.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- DAY

Angela, with Rayanne, covertly observes

Jordan, who leans against a locker...

ANGELA'S VOICE
 His name is Jordan Veniziano. He was
 left back. Twice.

Jordan gently puts Visine in his eyes...

Rayanne and Angela continue through the CROWD down the hall.

ANGELA'S P.O.V: Sharon, coming towards her. Sharon sees Angela. And her hair. Stops. In absolute shock.

Angela touches her hair self-consciously, glances uneasily at Rayanne.

Sharon takes this in. Hurt and amazed. Rayanne opens the Girl's Room door, turns...

RAYANNE

Angela! Get in here a second...

Angela looks at Sharon, who immediately pretends to be studying a bulletin board. Beat. Angela follows Rayanne inside...

INT. GIRLS ROOM -- DAY

A Real Mess. Trashed. FROM WITHIN A STALL:

OFFSCREEN GIRL

There's no toilet paper in here...!

Somebody tosses a roll through the air. Rayanne and Angela move through GIRLS and trash passing...

THE GIRLS ROOM REGULARS, a threesome, a kind of Greek Chorus who seemingly never leave this room, lounge on the radiator: Styling, smoking, chewing gum...and talking.

1ST REGULAR

The worst is gravy.

2ND REGULAR

Gravy has fat?

3RD REGULAR

Gravy is like the most disgusting substance you could eat.

1ST REGULAR

Um. Think again.

LAUGHTER. Rayanne pulls Angela into a private corner...

RAYANNE

You want to have sex with him?

ANGELA

Who?

RAYANNE

Who. Jordan! I'm not gonna tell anyone, just admit it. You want to have sex with him.

ANGELA

I just like how...he's always leaning. Against stuff. He leans great.

(quietly)

Well, either sex or...a conversation. Ideally, both.

RAYANNE

You have got to come to Tino's tomorrow night.

(Angela starts to go,

Rayanne grabs her arm...)

An-ge-laa! JORDAN is --

ANGELA

(looks around)

Shush...!

(torn)

I have Sosh. I have to go...

RAYANNE

(stage whisper)

Jordan is going to be there!

ANGELA'S VOICE

Rayanne always knows who's going to be there.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- MINUTES LATER

Angela and Rayanne exit the Girl's room. Sharon is still at the bulletin board. Pretending to read it.

SHARON

So Angela, about...what I said?

ANGELA

(looks to Sharon)

I'm not -- I don't know Tino.

RAYANNE

I'll introduce you, after school!
I'll bring you where he works...

ANGELA
 (aware Sharon is
 listening)
 I have yearbook.

RAYANNE
Now?

ANGELA
 (acutely uncomfortable)
 No, after school, but...

Sharon MAKES AN INVOLUNTARY SOUND OF VEXATION. Rayanne takes this in, takes in Angela's pull towards her...

RAYANNE
 Okay. Whatever.

Rayanne moves off jauntily, preserving her pride...Angela turns uncomfortably to Sharon...

SHARON
 (dead serious)
 I cannot believe. What you did. To
 your hair. Without telling me.

INT. HIGHSCHOOL UTILITY ROOM -- DAY -- LATER

The yearbook staff meeting. MOSTLY GIRLS, A FEW BOYS, Brian, Sharon and Angela among them. Sharon and Angela sit tensely next to each other, as MS. MAYHEW, 30's, English teacher and yearbook advisor, struggles for their attention...

MAYHEW
 (over CHATTER)
 You know, if we can't get through
 this, the yearbook won't have a
 theme. I don't really care! It's your
 yearbook, not mine!
 (as it gets quieter...)
 Okay. I will read the themes. Raise
 your hands to vote...
 (reads)
 Graduation: The Final Frontier. The
 Apple: Fruit of knowledge. The Year
 Two Thousand...

Kids raise their hands, vote, as Angela notices, through the half-open door...

Rayanne. Walking aimlessly. Rayanne doesn't see her, moves off...

MAYHEW
(counts, then...)
Who didn't vote...?

ANGELA
Me.
(stands, grabs her stuff,
edges for the door as...)
I don't...really...

SHARON
Where are you going?!

MAYHEW
What? What did you say, Angela?

ANGELA
(louder)
I don't want to be on yearbook.
(to Sharon)
Sorry.

Sharon turns away from her, humiliated, as

MAYHEW
Well, would you mind telling us why?

ANGELA
(softly)
No. I mean, yeah, I would. Mind.

Angela escapes into

INT. DESERTED SCHOOL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

A Janitor mops. Rayanne, her back to us, searches her purse.
Angela runs up behind her, puts her hands over her eyes...in the
b.g. Brian appears, following Angela. Focusses his camera...

ANGELA
(into Rayanne's ear)
Guess who?

BRIAN
Hey!

Rayanne and Angela turn, Brian snaps their picture.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO:

INT. ANGELA'S BATHROOM -- DAY

Morning. Angela stares at her own reflection, hypnotized...WE
HEAR LOUD KNOCKING

DANIELLE (O.S.)
I'm not kidding! OPEN UP...

MUFFLED VOICES, then...

GRAHAM (O.S.)
Angela...? Hello...?

Angela turns on the faucet...

ANGELA
I'm in here!

Silence. she turns off the water. Then...

PATTY
ANGELA!!
(Angela abruptly opens
the door...)
SHARON'S HERE!

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Angela looks past her mother to where Sharon stands on the
stairs...

SHARON
My Anne Frank's in your room.

INT. KITCHEN -- MINUTES LATER

Patty cuts off the crusts for Danielle's sandwich, Sharon stands
nearby, eats the discarded crusts...Graham enters, tying his
tie...

GRAHAM
(to Sharon, affectionate)
Don't they feed you?

PATTY
Sharon. Frozen waffle?

GRAHAM

Where's my jacket...

PATTY

Sharon, don't eat crust....! Here have this, Graham just took one little bite out of it...

GRAHAM

Hey, I was eating that...

Angela enters, dressed for school...Sharon won't look at her.

ANGELA

(to Sharon)

I can't find it...

INT. ANGELA'S ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

Patty, Danielle and Sharon wade through the unbelievable mess...Angela stands in the doorway, ill at ease, impatient...

ANGELA

I looked in here...

PATTY

(searching, to
Angela...)

How can you stand this? How can you possibly...

ANGELA

I'll buy you another one.

PATTY

Sharon, be honest, does your room look like this?

SHARON

(right to Angela)

No.

ANGELA

Yes.

PATTY

(unearths something)

My rust sweater!

DANIELLE

If I find money can I keep it?

PATTY

This room is a disaster...

SHARON

You know, you should have told me you were quitting.

PATTY

What? What are you quitting?

(the girls are silent.

Patty looks from one to another...)

Yearbook?

(silence)

You're quitting yearbook?

ANGELA

(to Sharon)

Thanks.

SHARON

(finds gum, unwraps it)

I didn't know it was a secret.

(chews gum)

How do you think I felt...?

DANIELLE

I found it!

Danielle holds up the book, Sharon takes it, exits, Angela starts after her, Patty blocks her...

ANGELA

Mom...I'm gonna be late.

DANIELLE

Don't thank me or anything.

PATTY

When were you going to tell me?

(beat)

I thought you liked yearbook.

DANIELLE

I would never quit Gymnastics. Mom? You know?

ANGELA

GET OUT OF MY ROOM!

Danielle exits.

PATTY

You think I like this? Saying these ridiculous statements?

(in an insipid voice)

"I thought you liked yearbook. Your room is a disaster."

(her own voice)

You think I enjoy it? You think I ever in a million years thought I'd sound like this?!

Angela can't respond, exits...

PATTY

(calls after her)

ANGELA! I'm not cleaning this up!

Patty hears herself. Sits on the bed. Defeated. Almost involuntarily, starts to fold clothes...

INT. GIRLS ROOM -- DAY

Rayanne applies makeup to an ambivalent Angela with great concentration. Rickie emerges from a stall, zips his fly.

RAYANNE

Hold still...

(turns to Rickie)

Rickie, where's that blush you had...? The matte.

Angela checks her new look in the mirror...

ANGELA'S VOICE

Completely changing your image is really...complicated.

RAYANNE

(resumes Angela's makeup...)

So Rickie, Angela's in love with Jordan we have to help her.

ANGELA

Rayanne!

RICKIE

(to Rayanne)

You have my blush.

RAYANNE

(to Angela)

Come on, I can tell Rickie.

RICKIE
Don't you love how he leans?

ANGELA
I can't discuss this.

RAYANNE
See, I don't get obsessed with them.
So I don't have these problems.

RICKIE
Come to Tino's tonight, he'll be
there...

ANGELA
He doesn't even know me!
(beat)
Am I making a fool of myself?

RAYANNE
I don't know! Rickie, give us the
male perspective...

Rickie stops applying eyeliner to turn to them...

RICKIE
You're definitely right for him.

The Three Regulars emerge from one stall. Put it this way: They
look somewhat high.

1st REGULAR
(to Rickie)
You know, you shouldn't be in here.

RAYANNE
Yeah, and your pupils shouldn't be
bigger than your earrings, so get
over yourself.

The regulars look at each other, retreat back into the stall.
Angela catches Rickie's eye in the mirror.

RICKIE
If you're a fool, what am I?

PRELAP:

SCIENCE TEACHER'S VOICE
And why do we need plasma?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- SCIENCE CLASSROOM -- DAY

BORED STUDENTS, including Angela, Jordan, Brian, sprawl across lab tables. Brian's hand shoots up.

SCIENCE TEACHER

Brian?

CUT TO:

INT. SOCIAL STUDIES CLASSROOM -- DAY

Angela, Brian, Jordan, OTHERS. ANGELA STARES AS

Jordan taps Binaca out on his tongue and...

BRIAN

Because the League of Nations failed.

SOCIAL STUDIES TEACHER

Did anyone hear that? This is something you're expected to know, this was in last night's chapter...

Angela is involuntarily staring at Jordan. He glances at her. She looks away. The teacher takes this in...

SOCIAL STUDIES TEACHER

Jordan...? Did you read last night's chapter?

JORDAN

I had to work. I have a job.

SOCIAL STUDIES TEACHER

This is your job.

JORDAN

I mean I have a real job.

SOCIAL STUDIES TEACHER

(SIGHS, then...)

Why did the League of Nations fail?

All automatically turn to Brian, he raises his hand...

SOCIAL STUDIES TEACHER

(wearily)

Brian?

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM -- DAY

STUDENTS, including Sharon. Angela tries to catch Sharon's eye,

Sharon pointedly ignores her. Brian lowers his hand...

BRIAN

Because it's written in the first person?

The English Teacher from Yearbook, Ms. Mayhew...

MAYHEW

Exactly. Thank you. And how would you describe Anne Frank?

Brian is about to respond, but before he can...

ANGELA

(softly, involuntarily)

Lucky.

She looks up...she didn't mean to say that. The whole classroom stares at her. Even Sharon.

MAYHEW

Is that supposed to be funny, Angela?

Angela, tongue-tied, glances instinctively at Sharon. Sharon immediately looks away.

MAYHEW

How on earth could you make a statement like that?

The class is silent, staring...

MAYHEW

Anne Frank perished in a concentration camp! Anne Frank is a tragic figure! How could Anne Frank be lucky?

Through the glass of the classroom door, Angela glimpses Jordan, leaning against a wall, a nasal spray in one nostril...

ANGELA

I don't know. Because she was...trapped in an attic for three years with this guy she really liked?

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM -- A LITTLE LATER

The class is gone. Ms. Mayhew, at her desk, faces Angela.

MS. MAYHEW

Sit down Angela.

Angela sits. Ms. Mayhew unpacks a limp lunch from a tired looking brown bag.

ANGELA'S VOICE

Seeing a teacher's actual lunch is like so depressing.

MAYHEW

Excuse my eating. With all these cutbacks...I don't really get a lunch break on Wednesdays...

ANGELA

That's horrible.

MAYHEW

Yeah. So. You quit yearbook. No explanation. Your grades have gone steadily downhill all semester... Your appearance has...altered.

(Angela winces at this personal remark...)

What's going on? I'm really -- very concerned.

(Angela can't speak)

Is something happening...at home?

A silence. Then...

ANGELA

(quietly)

It just seems like you agreed to have...a certain personality or something, for no reason, just to make things easier for everyone, but when you think about it...how do you know it's even you?

(less quietly)

And I mean, with Yearbook -- everybody's in this big hurry to make this book, to supposedly remember what happened, but it's not even what really happened, it's what everyone thinks was supposed to happen.

Because if you made a book of what really happens? It would be a really upsetting book. In my humble opinion.

She takes a pack of gum from her purse, holds it out.

ANGELA

Gum?

Ms. Mayhew, blown away, shakes her head no. As Angela slowly unwraps a piece of gum WE STAY ON HER FACE...

DISSOLVE TO

ANNE FRANK'S FACE: That crooked smile, those dark eyes...

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

REVERSE ANGLE: Angela studies Anne's photo on the front of the book. Then puts the book aside. The cat rubs against her legs. She puts cat food in a bowl, puts it on the floor...

Looks up. As she watches Graham moves smoothly, expertly around the kitchen, cooking dinner...

ANGELA'S VOICE

My Dad is the day manager of the
Hilton, the one by the airport.
There's all these tiny little bottles
of shampoo and conditioner and
miniature soaps all over the house.
Like it was munchkin land or
something.

Graham notices her watching him...

GRAHAM

Mom called. Emergency at work. Won't
be home till late.

She moves closer to him, he hands her a spoon, she stirs chili...

ANGELA'S VOICE

My mom works for Health and Human
Services. She's good in an
emergency. So she makes everything
into one.

ANGELA

You should see what they call chili
con carne at school.

(happy to be alone with
him...)

First of all it's just beans.

GRAHAM

That's not chili con carne.

ANGELA

I know.

GRAHAM

Con carne. With meat.

ANGELA

I know!

GRAHAM

Lack of meat's destroying America.

(peeling carrots)

You should be sweeter to your mother.

ANGELA

(hard to admit)

I know.

GRAHAM

Think what she does. For you. When
did she ever let you down?

ANGELA

(grasping at straws)

She voted for Perot.

GRAHAM

Come on.

(takes over stirring)

She just wants you to be happy. She
just wants everyone to be...happy.

ANGELA

No, that's you.

GRAHAM

(thrown, but...)

My point is: She'd lay down her life
for you.

ANGELA

It makes me nervous.

(They're so close, she
risks total openness...)

She's such a fake.

GRAHAM

No. Not inside. Inside, she's...just
the opposite.

(beat)

Just...be sweet to her. Once in
awhile.

ANGELA

(loves him)

Okay.

(beat)

Dad there's this thing? At this friend of Rayanne's house tonight? Like a...study group? And I really want to go.

(before he can speak)

And I know Mom said no going out on school nights, but this isn't like that, and I won't be home late, and I just really want to go.

Graham looks at her. And can't resist her.

GRAHAM

Don't burn the house down.

(Angela nearly
cries...with relief)

Taste this.

(she does)

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Angela, a huge pile of discarded clothes next to her...stares at herself in the mirror. Plays with her hair. Closes her eyes. Then tips her head back slowly, half opens her lips, attempts to peer out at herself through barely-open lids: Trying to see what she'd look like, kissing someone.

INT. TINO'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

KIDS, Rayanne, Angela and Jordan among them, sprawled around goofing, drinking, the T.V. on. Clumps of kids OPTICALLY BEGIN TO VANISH until...

Jordan and Angela are alone on the couch. Jordan drinks beer. Angela can't move. Both stare at the T.V.

SFX: HEAVY BREATHING, MOANING, PANTING...

ANGELA'S VOICE

We ended up alone together. Yeast commercials destroyed my will to live.

THEIR P.O.V: THE T.V. SCREEN -- AN "R" RATED MOVIE MOMENT: A BABE Tears A STUD'S clothes off with her teeth...

ANGELA looks covertly at Jordan. Watching this with him is beyond

mortifying. She grabs the clicker. CLICK.

TEEN SPOKESMODEL
Mom? Do you douche?

Angela has a near death experience, CLICKS it off. They both just sit there, staring at it like it was still on. Jordan YAWNS elaborately. Looks around like he just noticed he was somewhere...

JORDAN
This doesn't seem like a Thursday.

ANGELA
It's Wednesday.

JORDAN
Oh.
(beat)
Are you sure?

ANGELA
Well, yesterday was Tuesday, so...

JORDAN
Oh. Right.

ANGELA
(hating herself)
So that's...how I know.

Deep, awkward silence returns. They sit there, stuck.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Angela enters. Patty, from the couch, seething...

PATTY
Just what did you think you were pulling here?

Graham enters from the kitchen...

GRAHAM
Okay, Patty? Just...

ANGELA
(to Graham)
Didn't you explain it to her?

PATTY
Hey! I'm right here!

GRAHAM
Patty, can we just...

PATTY
(to Angela)
You explain it! To "her!"

GRAHAM
This isn't her fault...

PATTY
Ofcourse it's her fault! She snowed
you....!

GRAHAM
(to Angela, softly)
I'm sorry...

PATTY
Why are you APOLOGIZING, You don't
even KNOW when you're being
manipulated!

Danielle appears, in pajamas...

DANIELLE
(to Graham)
I told you you shouldn't let her...

GRAHAM
Shut up!

DANIELLE
(devastated)
WHAT?? What did I do?!

PATTY
This is what you always do, Graham,
you undermine me!

GRAHAM
Everything is not --

PATTY
(overlapping)
How do you expect --

GRAHAM
(overlapping)
Everything is not just...to HURT YOU,
some things just -- happen!

PATTY
How do you expect her to have any
RESPECT for me?!

ANGELA
(disgusted)
I respect you! God!

PATTY
(to Angela)
So you go behind my back -- ?!

ANGELA
You WEREN'T HOME!

GRAHAM
(after a beat)
I think we should all...go to bed.

PATTY
Oh sure! Bed! Your answer for
everything!

Graham, stung by this. Flicks off a light. Patty hesitates, then exits into the kitchen. Graham exits upstairs. Danielle and Angela, in the half-dark, look at each other.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE:

INT. GIRLS ROOM -- DAY

The Girls Room regulars CHATTER SOFTLY in the b.g. as Rayanne and Rickie face an upset Angela...

ANGELA
...Why did you leave me alone with
him?

RAYANNE
Oh right! I almost forgot! Did you
make out?

ANGELA
No! It was a nightmare. I made a
total fool of myself!

RICKIE

It was lame.

RAYANNE

It was a lame party. That's the problem. You need like better conditions.

RICKIE

Like darkness.

ANGELA

It was horrible, I still can't believe the...patheticness that came out of my mouth, why did I even go? Why?

CUT TO:

INT. HIGHSCHOOL -- SCIENCE LAB:

BRIAN

Because the human brain functions on electrical impulses.

SCIENCE TEACHER

And what do we call those impulses...?

All turn like clockwork to Brian...even the teacher. BEAT.

BRIAN

Hey, I DON'T KNOW! OKAY?! HAPPY?!

THE NERVE-DESTROYING BELL SOUNDS

INT. HIGHSCHOOL CAFETERIA -- DAY

Ear-shattering DIN, CONFUSION...Angela, Rayanne, and Rickie look for a table as...

RAYANNE

(to Angela)

It's a club. Nobody's. It's a rave. Tino can get us in...

ANGELA

Don't...mention Tino to me. I'm in trouble. I caused this gigantic fight...

RAYANNE

But this is so perfect! You won't

even have to think of anything to say to him. Cause no one can hear anybody!

ANGELA

I don't know. I don't have anything to wear...

RICKIE

So where do you want to sit?

RAYANNE

I'll lend you something! You have to look tough, somebody once set fire to my hair at Nobody's.

ANGELA

Excuse me? Why??

RAYANNE

Why. As an ice-breaker.

RICKIE

So should we sit somewhere?

RAYANNE

'Cause they hated my hair! Don't get stressed: Tino put it out.

(beat)

Jordan will definitely be there.

RICKIE

There's like nowhere to sit.

ANGELA'S VOICE

Where you sit in the cafeteria like defines you.

AS WE VIEW THE TABLES FROM THEIR P.O.V...

ANGELA'S VOICE

The Glamour section. The Geek section. The Druggie section. The Jock section. The Black section.

ANGELA

(to Rickie)

Sometimes I wish I were black just so I'd know where to sit.

RICKIE

(not unkindly)

You still wouldn't.

INT. GIRLS ROOM -- DAY -- LATER

The three Regulars attempt to actually leave the Girl's Room...

2nd REGULAR

Wait, so what's fat free?

1ST REGULAR

When something's like...free. Of fat.

2ND REGULAR

So then what's the difference between fat free and like non fat?

3RD REGULAR

Come on, let's catch the end of Health...

They pass Angela and Rayanne, Rayanne checks her makeup at the sink...Also present: A BLACK SOPHOMORE GIRL (ABYSSINIA) who sits quietly on the floor in the corner, reading...

ANGELA

I'd have to think of a lie...

RAYANNE

Simple: You're spending the night at my place.

ANGELA

They're my parents. It should be my lie.

Sharon enters. Sees Angela and Rayanne, momentarily freezes, then calmly crosses to a sink, takes out dental floss...

RAYANNE

But it's the perfect lie, because you can stay over, after. My mother won't even be there...

Angela can't respond, doesn't know where to look. Who to be.

RAYANNE

(an edge of impatience)
I gotta find Tino. Think about it.

She exits, Sharon flosses. Angela, to have some purpose in life, turns on a faucet. Sharon puts her floss away neatly as...

ANGELA

Ummm, is there soap in there...?

SHARON

There's never soap.

BEAT.

ANGELA

Hi.

Sharon starts to leave, stops.

SHARON

So, I just think you should know what people are saying about you.

ANGELA

What.

SHARON

That you think you're so above everyone and that Rayanne Knapp is like God to you now, and you just do whatever she says.

(beat)

And, by the way, she's just using you. Like she did with Jodie Barsh. I just thought you should know.

ANGELA

What did she do to Jodie Barsh?

SHARON

Oh please, it's like so known.

Angela glances at the girl in the corner, who seems completely absorbed in her book.

SHARON

So tell me what I did, Angela, I would really like to know!

ANGELA

Nothing! It's not something --

SHARON

So you just drop your oldest friend for no reason?

(beat)

Just tell me what I did!

ANGELA

I can't -- this like isn't one
thing, it's not like that!

SHARON

(after a beat)
So fine, never speak to me again,
real mature Angela.

ANGELA

(fighting tears)
I want to speak to you, I never...
(desperate to be
understood)
Sharon...

SHARON

(turning away)
Forget it.
(turns back, studies
her. Softly...)
God. Your hair.
(Angela shrugs)
Did Patty like hemmorage? When she
first saw it?

ANGELA

In a sense.

Angela risks a smile...Sharon doesn't smile back.

SHARON

I have to say, I hate it.

Sharon exits the Girl's Room. Angela, deeply shaken, stares at
herself in the mirror, covers her face...

ABYSSINIA

It looks okay.

Angela turns to her, surprised, grateful. Abyssinia stands,
crosses to the door. Angela composes herself, follows...

ANGELA

What are you reading?

Abyssinia opens the door, they exit into

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Abyssinia holds up her book: The Invisible Man, by Ralph Ellison.

ABYSSINIA

Check it out.

A hesitation. Then Abyssinia turns and walks off towards her GROUP OF BLACK FRIENDS as Angela watches her go.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Angela, Patty, Graham, Danielle eat dinner...

PATTY

Guess what. Guess what I was thinking today.

(waits. Then...)

I was thinking...wouldn't it be just...so much fun, if --

DANIELLE

There's this movie on tonight I really want to see.

GRAHAM

Don't interrupt.

PATTY

It's okay.

GRAHAM

It's not okay.

PATTY

What movie.

DANIELLE

About this girl? And she does obscene phone calls? As like her job?

This catapults them into silence. Graham finally recovers...

GRAHAM

What were you thinking?

PATTY

Just...how much fun it would be to get all bundled up and go to skateland!

(beat)

And go skating! All of us! And have hot chocolate later at Miller's, like we used to.

(beat)

And we could tape the movie.

DANIELLE

I don't want to tape it, I want to watch it live so I can talk to Lindsay during it.

GRAHAM

I have to see Roger Cox tonight.

(beat)

I thought I mentioned it. He got laid off, so...

PATTY

Oh. No, you didn't...

GRAHAM

He asked me to teach him to play pool. He's got a terrible life. I feel sorry for him.

PATTY

Well...! Looks like it's just us girls! Which...

(an shy look to Angela,
a white flag...)

isn't really so bad...

ANGELA

I was thinking. Of sleeping over at Rayanne's. Tonight.

DANIELLE

And somebody tries to kill her. Like over the phone.

PATTY

That girl from the other day? That rude girl?

ANGELA

She wasn't rude!

PATTY

She finished my cheese!

(to Graham)

I had a brand new brick of cheese; she devoured it!

ANGELA

Dad...

PATTY

I've laid eyes on this...Rayanne person...exactly once. I don't know her. I don't know her parents...

GRAHAM

(to Patty, lightly)
What...? You never spent the night at a friend's house?

PATTY

My parents knew my friends!

ANGELA

Mom, you offered her cheese!

GRAHAM

(grabs Patty, swings her into his lap)
All nine hundred? They knew all nine hundred of your friends? Personally?
(to Angela)
Your mom was what you call popular...

PATTY

(enjoying this)
Alright, we've heard all this...

GRAHAM

(overlapping)
Your mom could have married an-y-bod-y. But she chose me!

PATTY

(touches his hair)
God knows why.

GRAHAM

(sings in a huge Ezio Pinza voice)
"Fools give you reasons, Wise men nev-ver TRY!"

ANGELA/DANIELLE

(grossed out by parental singing)
DAD -- !

GRAHAM

(to tease Patty)
Did you know they had to change the date of the prom because your mother had her appendix out?

PATTY

(mock-defensive)

That was a group decision based on a weather report!

ANGELA'S VOICE

My parents went to the same highschool. But they didn't know each other. Then.

GRAHAM

Not going to the prom with your mother was the leading cause of suicide among boys at our school...

PATTY

I never asked them to change the date, you think I could enjoy myself after that?!

GRAHAM

Meanwhile I couldn't get a girl to look at me.

PATTY

(kidding, but...)

Yeah well that's no longer a problem, is it.

Wrong thing to say. It echoes. The good feeling evaporates. Then...

ANGELA

(To Patty)

You don't even have to drive me, Rickie's cousin --

PATTY

Oh, Rickie's cousin! Why didn't you say so! That eases my mind!

Patty abruptly exits into the

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Graham follows Patty into the living room, closely followed by Angela, then Danielle...

GRAHAM

Patty --

PATTY

(turning on Graham)

You haven't met this...Rickie. I have.

DANIELLE

(after a beat)

I did parallel bars today. Ms. Singh said my dismount was perfect.

ANGELA'S VOICE

Sometimes it's like my sister is sucking all the goodness out of me and storing it up for the winter.

ANGELA

Stop calling him this Rickie.

PATTY

Well I find Rickie...a little confusing.

ANGELA

He's bi, okay Mom? It's not that confusing! His cousin can still drive.

Angela exits up the stairs...into her room. Slams the door.

PATTY

(calls after her)

What? He's whaat?

(to Graham)

Do you hear these terms she's throwing around? "Bi?" What is that supposed to mean?

DANIELLE

Bisexual.

GRAHAM

(to Danielle)

He's bisexual?

PATTY

How can he be bisexual!? He's a kid! He's obviously very confused...

ANGELA

(comes down the stairs with her bag...)

He's not confused!

PATTY
He wears eyeliner!

GRAHAM
(thrown)
He does?
(to Angela)
He wears eyeliner?

ANGELA
(to Graham)
I thought you were on my side!

GRAHAM
It's a...discussion! There are no
sides!

PATTY
Graham: Grow up. There are always
sides.

GRAHAM
(to Angela)
Is this girl's mother gonna be there?

ANGELA
No! Rayanne lives by her WITS! In an
alley! Yes, obviously! She's a
mother! They live in the same PLACE!
Obviously her mother is going to be
there!

Angela takes a deep, guilty breath.

DANIELLE
Dad? Wanna see my backbend?

PATTY
Fine! Let her do whatever she wants,
pretend you're still sixteen years
old -- !

GRAHAM
What!? Whoa, where did that...?

PATTY
-- That's what you wish you were!

Angela hangs there uncertainly waiting for some kind of closure,
but they've in fact forgotten her...

DANIELLE

Dad...?

GRAHAM

That is such -- How do you know what
I wish?

As Danielle executes a perfect backbend...

DANIELLE

Dad? Are you looking?

GRAHAM

(to Patty)

How do you know? What I wish?

PATTY

(softly)

I don't.

As Patty and Graham stare at each other in a stalemate, Angela
exits.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOUSE -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Angela emerges from the house.

ANGELA'S P.O.V: Brian, on his bike, pedals aimlessly in circles.
He sees her, pretends he doesn't.

She pretends the same, ducks behind a bush beside her house to
change clothes.

Brian slows, watches the bushes rustle.

BRIAN

Hey, Chase...!

ANOTHER ANGLE: Behind the bushes, Angela flings clothes, pulls o
Rayanne's latex skirt, squeezes into her bustier.

Brian moves closer. Her discarded clothes are like leaves on the
ground. He picks up a tee shirt: The way he holds it tells us of
his nonexistent sex-life and his lust for her.

BRIAN

(shakes himself from his
trance)

Hey Chase!

ANGELA

(from behind bushes)

Get out of here Krakow!

BRIAN

Uh, you're breaking like fourteen
different laws...

She abruptly appears. He drops the shirt like it burned him. She
shoves discarded clothes into her bag, ditches it behind the
bush...

BRIAN

You looked better before.

ANGELA

Like I'm devastated.

BRIAN

Like I am.

Brian watches as she furiously applies make-up. She moves down to
a street lamp for light, he follows, fake casual.

BRIAN

Oh look at me, I'm way cool, I'm off
with my way cool friends to sniff
floor wax. That's right, cover that
zit.

ANGELA

Want me to do yours?

BRIAN

Oh that hurt.

(he gets back on his
bike)

Who you waiting for? Veneziano?

(beat)

Maybe you're not going anywhere.

Maybe you're just a whatdayacall...

ANGELA

I'm going to Nobody's.

BRIAN

Exhibitionist.

(beat)

Like they're really gonna let you
into Nobodys.

She moves away from him to look down the street, suddenly he
blocks her with the bike, almost crashes in to her...

ANGELA
QUIT IT! Hey...!

BRIAN
You're not stupid, don't act like it!
It's a stupid act!

The car pulls up...

ANGELA
Everybody is an act! Including you.

As she opens the car door...

BRIAN
So have a really amazing night,
okay, I'm gonna throw up now, have a
wonderful time!

She slams the door.

INT. RICKIE'S COUSIN'S CAR -- NIGHT

Rayanne, Rickie, his COUSIN. Angela stares out the window...

ANGELA'S P.O.V: Brian, standing there in the street, watching
them depart.

ANGELA
My clueless neighbor.

Rickie tenderly wipes a mascara smudge from under her eye. Angel
turns to Rayanne.

RAYANNE
You look so tough, I cannot stand it.
This will be one classic night.

SMASH TO

EXT. THE PARKING LOT OF NOBODY'S -- NIGHT

Angela, Rayanne, and Rickie in the half-empty lot. High spirits.
Angela and Rickie lounge against a car, Rayanne faces them, swig
from a bottle of whiskey, holds forth...

RAYANNE
He'll be here. Any minute. Tino
always comes through.

ANGELA
Okay, so...

RAYANNE

Oh yeah, the first time? When we talked the first time...? Okay? My first impression, of Angela...

(Angela-like voice)

Ummm...excuse me?

Rickie breaks up as

ANGELA

(delighted)

That is not what I sound like!

RAYANNE

Girlfriend. Be real.

Rayanne swigs, passes the bottle to Rickie. Rickie ignores it, passes it to Angela. Angela hesitates. Takes a tiny swig. It's her first drink...and it shows. She passes it quickly back to Rayanne.

ANGELA

So what did you think I was like.

RICKIE

Smart.

RAYANNE

Innocent. Like you'd have stuffed animals on your bed. With like names.

ANGELA

Well you seemed like you'd...steal out of people's lockers or something.

RAYANNE

I do steal out of people's lockers.

(Off Angela's shocked reaction)

I'm kidding!

(beat)

Not so much anymore.

TIME JUMP:

More cars fill the lot. Rickie checks his watch, checks his hair in a rearview mirror as

seated on a curb, their legs straight out, Angela and Rayanne compare feet...

RICKIE
Where is Tino?

RAYANNE
Like I know?
(to Angela)
Yours are really little.

ANGELA
But they're fat. They're fatter.

RAYANNE
Rickie!
(he looks up)
Who has cuter feet?

RICKIE
Me.

RAYANNE
(to Angela)
Let's trade shoes.

TIME JUMP:

The lot's really crowded now, Angela and Rayanne have traded shoes. All three lean against a car, stare up at the sky.

RAYANNE
I'm gonna kill him. When he gets here.

RICKIE
No, just listen. If you were about to do it. Okay? What would you want the person to say. Right before.

RAYANNE
(swigs)
This won't take long.

RICKIE
Come on, seriously.

RAYANNE
Don't I know you?

RICKIE
No, for real. Like...romantic.

ANGELA
You're so beautiful, it hurts to look

at you.

A stunned beat.

RAYANNE

(huh?)

It hurts to look at you?

RICKIE

(impressed)

How did you think of that?

ANGELA

I don't know.

RAYANNE

Wait. Like...where would it hurt?

RICKIE

I really like that.

RAYANNE

I'm telling Jordan...!

ANGELA

(laughing but alarmed)

Ray ANNE!

TIME JUMP:

The mood has plummeted. Angela and Rickie collapsed on the pavement. Rayanne paces, smokes, drinks, kicks gravel...

ANGELA

He's not coming.

RAYANNE

He'll be here okay? Haven't you ever waited for anything?

RICKIE

Yeah for my life to start.

ANGELA

I bet Jordan's not even in there.
Probably.

(beat)

Maybe we should talk to that guy at the door again.

RAYANNE

Hey, if that guy would let us in,

would we need Tino? Would I be standing here? God!

RICKIE
(to Angela)
I gotta tell you something.

RAYANNE
You two are working my last nerve.

RICKIE
One... Your hair is real damaged, you should let me hot oil it. And second, I'm in love with him too.

ANGELA
With Jordan?

RICKIE
But I mean, you're definitely more right for him.

They look up... Two WELL DRESSED GUYS IN THEIR TWENTIES emerge from the Club...

RAYANNE
Hey!
(they stop)
Could you get us in? Our friend's inside, he's got my keys, it's an emergency...

GUY 1
It's dead in there. We just came from there.
(beat)
So... what, they wouldn't let you in?

They all look at each other. Duh.

RAYANNE
No, we just like it out here. Where it's scenic.

GUY 1
So how old are you?

RAYANNE
How old are you?

GUY 1
How old do you think we are?

(beat)
So what's your names?

Rayanne and Angela look at each other, START TO BREAK UP...

RAYANNE
Well, my name is...Mariah. And this
is...

ANGELA
(losing it)
Don't look at me...!

RAYANNE
My friend. Carey.

GUY 1
So you wanna go somewhere?

They instantly STOP LAUGHING. Rayanne turns to Angela.

RAYANNE
(to Angela)
Do you?

ANGELA
(she doesn't, but...)
I don't know, do you?

GUY 1
C'mon. We'll take you to Ernie's.
We'll buy you a drink.

GUY 2
Are you crazy? They can't drink yet.

GUY 1
She's drinkin' now, isn't she?

RAYANNE
(to Rickie)
Do you?

GUY 1
Hey. Not three.
(points to the girls)
You, and you.

ANGELA
We're together.

RICKIE

(embarrassed)
I don't care.

GUY 2
(to his friend)
But what if they're really young, is
that like kidnapping or something?

Rayanne moves closer to Angela for a conference.

RAYANNE
You want to?

ANGELA
I'm not leaving Rickie here...!

RAYANNE
Rickie don't mind.

RICKIE
I don't mind.

GUY 1
(to Rayanne)
Hey Mariah! Come over here. I wanna
ask you something.

RAYANNE
Ask me from there.

GUY 1
(pushy)
I wanna ask you over here.

Guy 2 moves to their car, a mercedes.

GUY 2
Come on, too young...

Rayanne slowly moves closer to Guy 1. Takes a drink.

RAYANNE
I'm not stupid you know.

GUY 1
Who said you were?

RAYANNE
I don't take orders and I'm not
stupid.

GUY 2

But you came when I called you,
didn't you.

Rayanne, stung, puts her foot up on the mercedes.

GUY 1
Get your foot off my car.

ANGELA'S VOICE
Something was actually happening. But
it was too actual.

GUY 2
C'mon...

Rayanne slowly takes her foot down, then defiantly sits on the
car...

GUY 2
Little bitch -- !

Rickie stands, Guy 1 lunges for Rayanne, Guy 2 moves to stop
him...Guy 1 grabs Rayanne's arm...

Angela loses it, rushes to Guy 1, Begins to pummel
him...terrified and furious...

ANGELA
Let go of her...! LEAVE HER ALONE!

She pulls Rayanne free, Rayanne is completely humiliated by this
uncool outburst, becomes enraged...

RAYANNE
(to Angela)
Hey...! I TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!

She throws the bottle in an alcohol rage, it shatters against th
car...

GUY 1
(like he's been knifed)
OH -- MY -- GOD! MY CAR...!

GUY 2
(scared)
Forget it, let's just go...!

Guy 2 holds his friend back from Rayanne as...

RAYANNE
(overlapping, to Angela)

I go to all this trouble for you,
you're gonna TELL ME WHAT TO DO?!

RICKIE
(softly, to Angela)
She won't remember this tomorrow.

Angela looks at him.

RICKIE
She blacks out when she drinks. She
won't remember one thing.
(he kisses her)
I gotta run.

And Rickie is out of there like a shot, because he has glimpsed
what Angela and the two guys suddenly notice...

A COP, late twenties, entering the lot.

COP
(to the guys)
You know these girls?

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE NOBODYS -- A LITTLE LATER

An OLDER COP can be seen in the passenger seat of the cop car as
The young cop opens the back door for Angela and Rayanne. Rayanne
turns to Angela...

RAYANNE
(quite drunk)
Hey, not bad! We get a ride....!

INT. COP CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The young cop gets in. Sees Angela's terrified face in the
mirror.

COP
Relax. I'm not arresting you.

RAYANNE
Could you do the siren? Pleeese??

ANGELA

Rayanne...!

As they start to pull out...Rayanne turns...

RAYANNE

OhmyGod! Roll down your window!

Angela turns to see

Jordan, getting out of a car with A BUNCH OF GUYS...He sees her...She rolls down the window...

JORDAN

Angela...?!

He waves. She waves back.

INT. COP CAR -- ANOTHER STREET -- LATER

Driving. Rayanne, nearly passed out, turns to Angela...

RAYANNE

I knew what I was doing. Back there.
You know.

ANGELA

Okay.

RAYANNE

I'll always...watch out for you.
Okay? I'll always be there. So don't
worry.

The car stops in front of Rayanne's apartment house. The cop get out.

ANGELA

I won't.

RAYANNE

Angela. Know what? With your hair
like that?

(a sweet, irresistible
smile...)

It hurts to look at you.

Angela can't help but smile back. As the cop walks Rayanne into her building, WE PUSH IN ON ANGELA'S FACE...

ANGELA'S VOICE

He waved. He knows my name.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT -- LATER

The car pulls up, parks. The older cop is asleep. The cop turns off the motor, turns to face Angela.

COP

Well, I never read the book.

ANGELA

Oh. The book is really...see, her life was at stake. These people were like going to kill her? And so normal life...there like was no normal life. So like, whatever she had been, like with her friends or to her teachers? That was just over. And she became...herself. She was hiding, but in this other way, she wasn't. Anymore. She had like stopped hiding. She was free.

BEAT. the Cop looks at her. Then...

COP

(softly)

Listen, don't do this again.
You got that? I don't want to catch you out there again.

The cop gets out of the car.

COP'S P.O.V: Brian comes out of his house, stares openmouthed.

BRIAN'S P.O.V: The cop opens the door for Angela, helps her out gracefully. Angela turns back to the cop, who looks fiercely at Brian...

COP

Hey you! You a friend of hers?

BRIAN

(swallows nervously)

Yeah.

COP

Then act like it! You hear me? Watch out for her. This is your last warning.

The cop gets in his car, pulls out, as Brian looks at Angela in

total awe. Angela stands there, unwilling to go in yet.
Finally...

BRIAN

So?

She looks at him, full of secrets. Walks a little ways down the sidewalk. He follows...

BRIAN

Right, like you're not gonna tell me
what happened. Chase!

They walk, as...

ANGELA

Oh, these guys started...hitting on
us...

BRIAN

What, like...sexual harrassment?

ANGELA

Like...guys.

BRIAN

(after a beat)

So they picked a theme. for Yearbook.

(beat)

So you want to take a walk?

ANGELA

Brian, we are. Taking a walk.

BRIAN

Okay.

ANGELA

Just...don't always say everything.

(as Brian digests this)

Who told you I like Jordan.

BRIAN

Nobody. So do you?

(silence)

That means yes.

ANGELA

No it doesn't.

As they turn a corner...

BRIAN

So...was he there? Angela...?

But Angela is not listening. She stares straight ahead. Brian follows her gaze...

THEIR P.O.V: A PARKED CAR, a little ways down the street. Graham, inside. With a WOMAN. 30ish. Interesting looking. They are having a quiet conversation...

Brian turns to Angela, she takes a step backwards, turns, walks swiftly away...he follows, half runs to catch up.

They walk in silence. As they reach her house...she trips...he reaches out to steady her...

ANGELA

(not looking at him)

These aren't my shoes.

BRIAN

(has to say something)

It's the year 2000.

(beat)

That's the theme. Just -- What it will be like.

(beat. Wanting to help somehow...)

Angela...

She turns, can't look him in the eye, can hardly speak...

ANGELA

I have to go in.

BRIAN

Okay.

ANGELA

That's a pathetic theme.

BRIAN

I know.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Lights blaze. Angela enters hesitantly...she has changed clothes, holds Rayanne's clothes balled up in her arms...

INT. BATHROOM

Angela scrubs makeup off her face. Looks at herself.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- MINUTES LATER

Angela leaves the bathroom...peeks though an open doorway into

ANGELA'S P.O.V: Her sister's room, Danielle, fast asleep,
blankets thrown off.

She steps

INT. DANIELLE'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

into the room and gently covers her sister. She hesitates, then
moves cautiously...

DOWN THE HALLWAY to the open doorway of

INT. PATTY AND GRAHAM'S ROOM

Patty, in a nightgown, sits in bed, doing bills. Home Shopping
plays quietly on the T.V. Patty looks up, calmly.

PATTY

Hi.

(watches T.V.)

What happened to spending the night?

ANGELA

Change of plans.

Patty looks at her. Sees...something. Looks away.

PATTY

Did you at least have fun?

ANGELA

Sort of.

PATTY

How'd you get home?

ANGELA

(after a hesitation)

Rayanne's Mom.

ANGELA'S VOICE

My mother's adopted. For awhile she
was looking for her real parents.

(beat)

I guess that's what everyone's
looking for.

Angela looks at the empty side of the bed. Looks away.

ANGELA

I'm really sorry.
(chokes back tears)
About my hair. And everything.

Patty CLICKS off the T.V. Pushes aside her paperwork. Turns to Angela, naked love in her eyes. Angela lies down on her father's side of the bed next to her mother. Patty tentatively smooths Angela's hair. A beat. Then...

PATTY

You know who I just can't stop
thinking about...?
(beat)
Jonny Carson.
(with unexpected
emotion)
He must be...so lonely.
(then, to cover...)
In my humble opinion.

Angela moves closer to her mother. Closes her eyes.

PATTY

(softly)
It's not important. It'll grow out.

ANGELA'S VOICE

I fell asleep right there. I must
have been really tired.

SMASH CUT

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY -- DAY

Monday morning. THAT WACKED OUT BELL. Angela moves through KIDS down the hall, suddenly Jordan is coming towards her...

JORDAN

Hi.

ANGELA

(in shock)
Hi.

They kind of stop. To talk. Maybe. Kind of.

JORDAN

Out on bail?

ANGELA

(smiles)
Yeah.
(shy)
So how was your weekend?

JORDAN
Sucked.
(leans against the wall,
closes his eyes. Opens
them...)
Gotta go.

He looks at her...almost smiles. He takes off.

INT. GIRL'S ROOM -- DAY

Angela enters. Rayanne holds forth to the Girls Room Regulars,
Rickie at her side...

RAYANNE
Oh PLEASE!! Ask Rickie, it was
classic...
(greeting Angela)
Hey, girlfriend...!
(to the girls)
Ask Angela, she was there, tell 'em
Rickie...

RICKIE
We hung out, and these guys showed
up, and they had this mercedes --

RAYANNE
It was totally wicked, am I right?

RICKIE
And the cops came...

RAYANNE
I'm telling you! We had a time.
(to Angela)
Didn't we. Didn't we have a time.

All turn to hear Angela's verdict.

ANGELA
We did. We had a time.

FADE OUT

THE END