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# Dare

By David Brind

Well, fellas, you're late...  
And, Maya, I'm here...  
The boys in the band...  
decide to appear...  
We walk through the door...  
Savor the air...  
The girls on the floor...  
have come here to stare...  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...  
We've come here to stare...  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...  
Yeah...  
Don't touch the girls...  
Don't kiss the girls...  
I have the right  
to pull the girls...  
Get in a fight  
on every night...  
The scratches,  
the bruises, and the bites...  
But I want to touch,  
and I want to kiss...  
And if you say no,  
then I will persist...  
With you tonight,  
you'll make it right...  
You know that you're  
whetting my appetite...  
You can call me X,  
you can call me Y...  
You can call me Z,  
you can come and try...  
Come and try...  
Na-na, na-na, na-na,  
na na na...  
Na-na, na-na, na-na,  
na na na...

na na na...  
Almost finished.  
Okay.  
You can sit up.  
Everything  
is perfectly fine.  
Are you sure?  
An irregular cycle is  
very common with girls your age.  
There are a lot  
of contributing factors.  
Stress is a big one.  
Your mom tells me  
you're quite the student.  
Have you been  
under more stress than usual?  
I don't think so.  
Are you sure there's nothing  
wrong or abnormal or anything?  
Well, I would like to start  
you on a birth control regimen.  
The hormones in it will help you  
regulate your period.  
The pill?  
Mm-hmm.  
We'll just see how you do on it.  
You're not sexually active,  
are you?  
I'm sorry, but why did you  
just assume that I wasn't...  
sexually active?  
Well, I did just perform  
a pelvic examination.  
So physically,  
you still have some remainder...  
of the protective tissue.  
Oh.  
Ah, yeah.  
Yeah, sorry.  
Hey, hold on.  
Let me finish this page.  
Yeah, you do realize  
that it's not cool...  
to be excited about reading

before school starts.

Really?

Is that the case?

- Yeah.

- Such a morale booster.

- Little booster.

- A booster.

When did you become an expert  
on what's cool?

Oh, from the womb.

I did try and call Johnny  
several times over the weekend...

to schedule a rehearsal,

but he doesn't call me back,

so there's no way that I can be  
ready to present today.

Alexa,

if you can't organize yourself...

I am organized.

It's just that he...

Excuse me, Miss Davis?

I talked to my mom,

and she said to tell you...

I'm really not comfortable

playing Donna's girlfriend...

in some lesbian play.

Please tell your mother...

that The Children's Hour

is a famous piece of literature,

not some lesbian play.

Alexa, you will present today.

Sorry, I had detention.

Johnny, Grant Matson

will be here in two days.

Do you understand?

You will not embarrass me

or this school...

in front of my only student

that ever made it.

Yeah, okay.

Okay, good.

Now get up there.

We're starting

with you and Alexa.

Oh.  
Oh, Miss Davis,  
is it okay if I tape record  
the rehearsal today...  
just so I can practice the lines  
in the right rhythm at home?  
Absolutely, Alexa.  
Listen up, people.  
Grant Matson is doing eight  
shows a week on this tour...  
and still made time  
to come to our class.  
What the fuck  
are you looking at?  
Nothing.  
Hey, Donna,  
forgot your script.  
Nice milk.  
Moo.  
Don't worry about it.  
Thanks, Alexa.  
Ben.  
You didn't suck in rehearsal.  
Thanks.  
Well,  
what do you want me to say?  
I want you to say  
that I really have it in me...  
to be so brilliant  
that people are just gonna be...  
emotionally devastated  
by my performance.  
You really do have it in you  
to emotionally devastate people.  
Forget it.  
I think you should

**pick me up at 6:**

so I'm not stressed  
about being late.  
Okay, Mom.  
That's a great idea.  
Ask her something,  
and she'd answer her in French.

It was hi-larious.  
That bitch is insane.  
Johnny and I had her sophomore year,  
and she freaking hated us,  
didn't she, J?  
That's 'cause you and Johnny  
probably acted like badasses.  
That's me.  
Johnny,  
can I talk to you for a second?  
Is there any way that I can  
get you to take this seriously?  
Our scene.  
Why are you  
even doing drama?  
'Cause he totaled his car...  
and got kicked off soccer  
for smoking.  
Look, I know you don't care  
about anything but yourself,  
but this is important to me.  
Wait, you know  
I don't care about what?  
Learn your lines, okay?  
Listen, I know  
you lick ass in drama,  
but don't pull the superiority  
shit on me anywhere else, okay?  
Damn.  
Um, you could leave now.  
Uh, Courtney.  
Can you please not be  
so uptight right now?  
Okay, I had a really rough day.  
Mr. Fogel is, like,  
freaking obsessed with me.  
He kept me after class...  
to discuss  
my problems drawing fruit.  
I really need  
to take a mental health day.  
You mean skip school?  
Yeah, same difference.  
Oh, what am I gonna wear

on Friday?  
What's on Friday?  
Johnny's  
having this huge party.  
I'm going with Gabby and Jen.  
But I want to get something  
new at Urban maybe.  
So anyway,  
Gabby tells me...  
you get to make out  
with Johnny Drake.  
God,  
she is so obsessed with sex.  
Yeah, she's a total whore.  
But whatever, dude.  
Johnny's really hot.  
You would totally fuck him.  
No, I wouldn't, actually.  
You know, he didn't even  
call me back about rehearsal.  
He's the worst possible  
scene partner.  
Are you on Prozac  
and not telling me about it?  
What?  
Why?  
Because your sex drive is,  
like, shockingly underdeveloped.  
Same thing  
happened to my dad.  
Well, whatever.  
I'd fuck him.  
Your dad?  
Ew.  
Ooh, you bitch.  
Wasn't Grant amazing?  
Yeah, I guess so.  
Maybe  
we should just go.  
After you made me  
wait 20 minutes? Uh-uh.  
You're going up to him  
and introducing yourself...  
when he comes out.

Okay.

There he is.

Well, I don't want him  
to think I'm a freak...  
for coming to his show  
the night before.

Didn't you once tell me  
that I should support you...  
in everything it is  
you want to do?

This is what you want to do,  
so I'm supporting you.

- Okay?

- Okay.

- Go.

- Okay, okay, okay.

Grant, hey.

Hey.

- Where are we going?

- I so need a drink.

Oh, my God.

This woman in the first row...

What was that?

I don't... I...

I don't even know.

Don't you come toward me  
another step, Stanley.

- Or I'll...

- What?

Some awful thing will happen.

It will!

What are you putting on now?

I warn you.

Don't.

I'm in danger.

Let's stop there, folks.

Grant.

Donna and Gabby,  
you're up next.

It's such an honor  
to meet you.

I saw your play last night,  
and you were brilliant.

Thanks.

Who are you?  
Uh, Johnny.  
Do you want to act?  
I don't know.  
Maybe.  
Well, you're raw,  
but you've definitely got something.  
Has Miss Davis forced  
Stanislavsky on you yet?  
You should try  
actually reading it.  
I think you'd really dig it.  
Oh, yeah, okay.  
Thanks.  
Uh, Mr. Matson?  
Could I just have a second  
of your time after class?  
So you think  
you want to be an actress.  
Okay, well,  
we could do some basic stuff,  
movement, breath,  
your accent.  
Or we can cut the bullshit,  
and I can tell you  
how it really is.  
- Um.  
- It's your call.  
Life lessons with Grant  
or teen acting class.  
Teen acting class?  
Great.  
Life lessons it is.  
Get up here.  
What were you doing up here?  
I was trying to show how  
Blanche feels about Stanley.  
Uh-huh.  
And what does Blanche  
feel about Stanley?  
Hm?  
Well...  
I think that she's afraid.  
I think

that she feels threatened.  
At the same time, I think that  
she's also still drawn to him,  
you know?  
It's his brute strength  
versus her femininity,  
her power of seduction.  
Okay, you're smart,  
so that's not the problem.  
But tell me something, um...  
Alexa.  
Have you ever felt threatened?  
I feel a little threatened  
right now.  
Oh, that's good.  
But no, I meant, have you ever  
been afraid of being hurt,  
destroyed, raped?  
No.  
You ever fucked anyone?  
Sorry, but I don't think  
that has anything to do...  
It has everything  
to do with it.  
You shouldn't be playing  
Blanche DuBois, honey.  
You're a child.  
Acting is not about  
making up how you think...  
someone else feels.  
It's about having  
something to draw on...  
A feeling of your own.  
You ever been  
hungry for anything?  
- I don't know...  
I'm not sure I know exactly...  
Hungry.  
Like wanting something  
or needing something so badly...  
that you will do  
anything to get it.  
Look,  
life's gonna be easy for you.

You're pretty.  
You're smart.  
You got it real good.  
So be a doctor  
or a lawyer.  
Or better still,  
marry one.  
You have no fucking idea  
who I am!  
This is what it's about,  
right now, the feeling you want  
to slap the shit out of me.  
I'll learn it.  
I'll start  
with the Stanislavsky book.  
What's the exact title?  
No book in the whole world  
can teach you how to feel.  
You got to figure  
that shit out for yourself.  
Well, if you  
recommended it to Johnny...  
and some mindless asshole  
with a God complex can learn it,  
trust me, I can.  
Is that really all you can see?  
Let's forget about the scene  
and just worry about you.  
Shake it up a bit.  
Do something  
you're afraid of and fail.  
And after all that...  
if you still  
want to be an actress,  
God bless you.  
Class dismissed.  
Alexa?  
Yeah?  
Honey, can I come in?  
Yeah, sure, come on.  
Come on in.  
Sweetie, are you sick?  
You look sick.  
No, just tired.

What's up?

Oh, I was just,

you know,

going through my makeup

clearing stuff out,

old nail polishes and stuff.

I was gonna give it to Marva,

but I thought you might

like to take a look.

Sure, yeah.

Are you sure you're okay?

Yeah.

Oh, I thought this

was a good color for you.

- It's pretty.

- Pretty, huh?

Delicate,

don't you think?

Well, I'll let you

get back to work.

- Okay.

- Thanks, Mom.

Night.

Do you want me to give you  
something to help you sleep?

No, thanks.

I have to meet

my trainer early in the morning,

so I'll see you at dinner.

Alexa?

Are you sick?

**It's 11:**

Hey, where the hell

were you this morning?

I took a mental health day.

It's not even lunch.

You mean you took

a mental health morning?

You're hilarious.

Sweetie...

what is this sweater

you're wearing?

I mean...

get dressed in the dark  
or something?

I don't need this shit  
from you right now, okay?  
So please back off.

Okay.

Clearly, you're on some sort of,  
like, psychotic trip right now.  
So I'm just gonna pretend  
that never happened.

I'll call you tomorrow  
and tell you how the party went.  
Nice hoodie, Ben.

Cute.

Hey.

Are you hanging out tonight?

Yeah.

Wow, don't sound so stoked  
about it, okay?

Sorry.

I'm just out of it.

What was Courtney  
flapping about?

Some party  
at Johnny's tonight.

So freaking status quo.

So we going  
to see a movie later or dinner?

I got to go.

What?

Damn, your ass looks sweet  
in those jeans.

Josh, what are you doing here?

Don't get me in trouble.

I already have  
enough shit to deal with.

Oh, yeah?

I'll give you  
something to deal with.

Come here.

Josh!

You like that?

- Yeah.

- You like that?

Save it for Johnny's.  
Oh, what's wrong, baby?  
I have  
the lamest scene for drama.  
There was one cool scene,  
and Alexa Walker got to do it  
with Johnny Drake.  
And I'm sorry that, like,  
I don't want to play...  
Donna's lesbian girlfriend  
in front of the whole school.  
I know, I mean, if you're  
gonna do it with someone hot,  
it'd be different, but...  
Right?  
At least Donna  
knows she's a loser.  
Alexa hides behind Courtney...  
and thinks the rest of us don't  
see that she's a fucking freak.  
Alexa, where were you  
during class this morning?  
I was counting on you  
making my rehearsal schedule.  
Alexa?  
Hello, Alexa,  
I'm asking where you were.  
Could you not yell  
in my fucking face, please?  
Um, is this detention?  
You've got to be kidding me.  
Quiet.  
Have a seat, Alexa.  
No talking.  
Just work quietly.  
Miss Davis  
has you here till 5:00.  
Damn.  
Decided to be a bad girl,  
huh?  
What happened, you forget  
to kiss her ass before you left?  
Shh.  
No talking, Johnny.

Nice sweater,  
by the way.  
Okay, so I think  
I have everything.  
Cool.  
So what's up  
with wanting to do this tonight?  
I just feel like it.  
The echo chamber enhance  
the flow at the block party...  
keeping M.C. heads spinnin'  
like dark Bacardi  
This B.A.C. is 2.3...  
Now his liver's damaged,  
but his lungs are joint free...  
So inhale, exhale...  
Breathe and get well...  
Johnny! Yo!  
Stop chirping like Nextel...  
I'm all in together...  
A swordsman's forever...  
I paint the town red  
with many heads are severed...  
R.A.W.,  
I still bring trouble to...  
Throw your raps  
in the sleepfold...  
Quick to snuggle you...  
Dart at your breastplate...  
Meet your death date...  
Rook down at E4...  
Look it's checkmate...  
Jesus, what the hell  
happened to you?  
Whoa, girl.  
Drawing blood  
and displayed it graphically...  
Direct order,  
hit the border, then slaughter...  
Horrorific torture...  
Mm, nice skirt.  
And he literally thought  
that we had had sex.  
I swear to God.

Really?  
Yeah, I love this song.  
We have to dance.  
You're all dressed up.  
- Hands up.  
- Okay.  
Hips,  
just start gyrating them.  
Start gyrating my hips?  
Okay, a little more.  
Good.  
You got it.  
I like it.  
Are you sure?  
Okay.  
Hey.  
Hey.  
You wanna rehearse?  
What?  
Do you want  
to rehearse?  
Are you serious?  
Well, I mean,  
I just meant...  
Why'd you decide  
to play dress-up tonight?  
Why are you doing this?  
It's about time,  
don't you think?  
Do you actually like me or...  
Holy shit.  
Well, shit.  
Don't worry about it.  
I'm on the pill.  
I warn you, don't.  
I'm in danger.  
What did you do that for?  
To twist the broken end  
in your face.  
I bet you would do that,  
wouldn't you?  
I would.  
I will if you...  
You want to roughhouse?

Okay, we'll roughhouse.  
Ben!  
Psst!  
Ben!  
Jesus.  
So let's get down about it  
Hey.  
Where's Johnny?  
How should I know?  
What's up?  
Nothing.  
Nice work tonight.  
Yeah?  
Thanks.  
That was kind of good,  
wasn't it?  
How'd that happen?  
It's all about life,  
chemistry,  
and not acting, you know?  
Right on.  
So you want  
to come hang at my house?  
My step mom's gone.  
Uh, well,  
what are you up to, Ben?  
Got to go home.  
Night-night,  
light boy.  
Give me a second.  
Wait up.  
Ben.  
Come on,  
wait up.  
Ben, hey.  
~What?  
What?  
What's wrong with you?  
Me?  
Nothing.  
What's wrong with you?  
What?  
What are you doing, Alexa?  
You ditch me

to play with the cool kids.  
You put this  
streak in your hair.  
And then all of a sudden,  
you're with Johnny?  
I'm not with Johnny.  
Yeah, well,  
you can't be fucking him.  
God, you don't even use tampons.  
Why are you being  
such an asshole?  
This has nothing  
to do with you.  
You can try and play  
all mature and worldly,  
but you're not.  
You're still the same scared,  
pathetic, perfect little girl.  
You're still the same bitter,  
lonely loser...  
who can't stand to see me  
have a life...  
because you never had one.  
Ben, don't go like that.  
Ben.  
Don't rush  
to judgments.  
It's a part of development  
for every teenager.  
Yes, I do understand.  
It's not a problem.  
Okay.  
Talk to you later.  
- Morning.  
- Morning.  
Want some tea?  
Sure.  
Mom, please stop trying  
to psychoanalyze my adolescence...  
with your shrink friends.  
Ben, I was not  
talking about you.  
Believe it or not,  
you are not the only thing...

I think and talk about.  
You could've fooled me.  
That was Deirdre Walker  
on the phone.  
Isn't it a little early?  
Apparently, Alexa  
didn't make it home last night.  
She spent the night  
at some boy's house...  
and just walked in this morning...  
as if nothing  
was out of the ordinary.

- Johnny Drake?

- Yeah.

Do you  
know anything about it?

No.

In a way,  
it's kind of a relief.  
Wait, what do you mean?  
Every parent wants their kid  
to veer from the rules...  
once in a while.  
It's a sign of normalcy.  
So being a whore  
is normal?

Ben!

Why are you being  
so judgmental?

Mom, please.

Listen, Deirdre and Doug  
are going out of town,  
and they don't feel comfortable  
leaving Alexa alone.  
Deirdre's completely freaked out  
and overreacting, as per usual.  
So Alexa's staying with us.

What?

Wait, why didn't you  
ask me first?

Because it's not  
your decision to make, Ben,  
and because  
she's your oldest friend.

Why is it an issue?  
I just don't see why  
I should have to suffer...  
because she can't  
control herself.  
You're in high school  
for Christ's sake.  
It's normal.  
I'm gonna shower.  
Do you want me  
to make you something to eat?  
No, I'm going out.  
Morning.  
Fuck.  
Fuck?  
Yes.  
Okay.  
Stay here.  
It's one cookie  
or one muffin.  
One thing...  
You know, I just... I never  
want that to be my life.  
Yeah.  
Edith Wharton?  
School or pleasure?  
Oh, school...  
or pleasure.  
School,  
but I also really like it.  
Yeah, me too,  
a lot.  
I'm Nick.  
Ben.  
Nice to meet you, Ben.  
Definitely seen you around.  
I'm working a lot here,  
so we should hang out sometime.  
I could use  
a study partner.  
Yeah, yeah.  
Uh...  
Yeah, I got to go.  
But it was nice to meet you.

I'll see you.  
Hey.  
What are you doing out here?  
What are you,  
my social conscience?  
You know, if you're  
just gonna be a bitch...  
Oh, Jesus,  
don't be so sensitive.  
Come on.  
Sit down, Benjamin.  
Can't believe I don't have  
anything better to do...  
than to watch Johnny and Alexa  
pretend to have sex.  
It's tragic.  
Yeah, well...  
Alexa has nothing better to do  
than pretend, period.  
It's not like  
it means anything.  
I mean,  
she's really lost her mind.  
I guess that's what happens...  
when you discover  
the power of a dick.  
Okay.  
God, this is  
what it must feel like...  
in drama crew  
Loserville.  
No offense, Ben.  
None taken,  
you chain-smoking slut.  
Hey.  
Don't tell Alexa I said  
any of this shit, okay?  
All right.  
Hey, you want to watch  
from the lighting booth?  
Might as well  
be queen of the losers.  
I kind of just want  
to sleep tonight.

We can do that.  
I got in trouble.  
My parents are freaked.  
I mean, I've never...  
They're just mad.  
So?  
So I should  
probably just go to Ben's...  
and be good tonight.  
Well, what about me?  
What do you mean?  
Forget it.  
Never mind.  
Couldn't we  
just talk tomorrow?  
Okay?  
I'm just tired.  
Mm-hmm.  
And you might want  
to go over your script,  
'cause you  
missed a line tonight.  
You headed home, Ben?  
Forget it.  
Courtney, would you please  
drive me to Ben's house?  
Night, Ben.  
I had fun.  
Yes, good night, Ben.  
I'll be in the guest room...  
if you decide  
you want to be human again.  
Hey.  
Oh.  
You need a ride?  
This is really expensive.  
Yeah, there's a whole case  
of that shit right there.  
Drop the bottle.  
Drop it.  
We've had this date with  
each other since the beginning.  
What?  
It's the line

I forgot tonight.  
If you still need  
to take a piss, just go ahead.  
I always wondered  
what it felt like to do that.  
I guess we might as well  
finish the bottle, huh?  
You're a funny kid.  
Yeah, I guess you might as well  
bring it over here.  
I might jump in anyway.  
I can't believe  
that's your first cigarette.  
I'm totally corrupting you.  
It's kind of cool.  
Hey, I wonder  
if Alexa would come over.  
You think  
I should call her?  
Alexa wants  
to be alone tonight.  
How do you know?  
Well, she's my friend.  
Yeah, your only one.  
Why is she  
friends with you anyway?  
I've known her  
since I was little.  
Have you ever even hooked up  
with anyone at school...  
other than her?  
- What?  
- Just, I...  
I don't know.  
I hear you're all talk.  
From who?  
Nobody talks to you.  
Just 'cause I don't want to date  
some skanky rich girl.  
Maybe I'm just sensitive.  
Fuck you, man.  
You don't know me.  
Yeah?  
You don't know me either.

All right, well,  
you can blow me, light boy.  
Whip it out.  
I'm not a fag, man.  
Whatever.  
I'm not the sensitive one.  
When did you  
turn into evil light boy?  
When you turned out  
to be a total poseur.  
Dude...  
Who the hell are you?  
You gonna do it or not?  
You really want it,  
don't you?  
Maybe you want it,  
and you're scared to admit it.  
I'm not scared.  
So?  
I don't want anything.  
I've never kissed anybody.  
I'm about to fucking  
graduate high school, man,  
and I've never kissed  
a single person.  
Are you serious?  
Yeah.  
Come here.  
How's that?  
Whoa.  
Sorry.  
It's just,  
you're fucking amazing.  
Whoa.  
W... w... w...  
whoa, whoa, there.  
What're you doing?  
I don't know.  
Dude, wait.  
Ben?  
Oh, Jesus.  
- Hi.  
- Hey.  
What're you doing up?

Waiting for you.  
It's pretty late.  
Right.  
I'm sorry.  
I was hanging out  
at a friend's house.  
No problem,  
but just, next time,  
you might want to call...  
if you'll be in past 1:00.  
Okay.  
Did you have a good time?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, actually, I did.  
Good.  
That's good.  
You seem...  
What?  
- Uh...  
- I seem what?  
No, nothing.  
Just...  
happy, I guess.  
Hey, Mom,  
what did we say about analysis?  
I wasn't...  
Good night, Ben.  
Night, Mom.  
Ben?  
Hey.  
Where were you?  
Oh.  
Are you drunk?  
If I tell you something,  
will you promise  
not to hate me?  
Yeah,  
if you promise  
to stop hating me.  
Deal.  
I had my first kiss tonight.  
What?  
With who?  
I also gave

my first blow job.  
Alexa?  
Do you think  
I'm disgusting?  
Yes.  
I think it's absolutely  
disgusting to give a blow job,  
on your first date?  
You're a total whore,  
and that's final.  
So...  
So you don't think...  
Come on.  
Did you really think  
I didn't know?  
Hey, will you scratch my back?  
Then I'll scratch yours.  
Yeah.  
Hey, Ben?  
Mm-hmm?  
Who was it?  
Johnny.  
Yeah  
Okay  
Benjamin Grimm...  
Man of stone...  
Brand-new Audi,  
hatch, tan and bone...  
Chilling  
with a cold can abode...  
in the hood,  
where I hear...  
"Damn, D,  
throw your man a bone"...  
Exsquizzly...  
Just be LVs  
and Air Max...  
Crispy ill beats  
and bare facts...  
I thought  
you were in Palm Beach.  
I was  
about four hours ago.  
Now I'm here.

Why aren't you at school?  
I couldn't sleep, Mel.  
I needed my medicine.  
Dr. Mohr  
tried calling twice.  
You have panic attacks  
not cancer.  
Here.  
Just take one of mine.  
I don't need it anymore.  
Well, it's preventative.  
I might not  
be around later.  
Where's my dad?  
Belgium.  
Why did you even marry him?  
He's never around.  
What's the point?  
Why don't you  
just divorce him?  
Because, Johnny,  
not all of us have the luxury...  
of doing  
whatever the hell we want...  
and never  
suffering the consequences.  
Oh, hey, see,  
I thought you and my dad...  
weren't gonna  
call me Johnny anymore...  
'cause it's a little boy's name.  
- We're not.  
- So?  
So maybe you were  
acting like a little boy...  
and I forgot myself.  
Where do you  
think you're going?  
The store.  
I'm out of cigarettes.  
- Give me the car keys.  
- What?  
You know you're not supposed  
to be driving on medication.

You know  
you're not my mother.  
You're right.  
I'm not.  
Would you  
like me to call her?  
I'm going to my room.  
Shh.  
I'm checking voice mail.  
Hey.  
You sure there's no way  
you can pick me up?  
I just really need  
to get out of here.  
Hey.  
What took you so long?  
Uh, I had to get gas.  
Have you been waiting out there  
the whole time?  
- Yeah.  
- Oh.  
Thanks.  
Yeah.  
Are we gonna go?  
Oh, yeah, sure.  
Ben?  
No, Mom, it's PBS.  
You won some hemp tote bags.  
- Please...  
- Oh.  
Hello.  
Hey, what's going on?  
This is Johnny.  
Johnny Drake?  
Yes.  
Oh, well,  
very nice to meet you.  
I'm Ruth Berger.  
It's nice to meet you too,  
Mrs. Berger.  
No, Ruth.  
We're casual  
around here.  
So...

what are you guys up to?  
Uh, just hanging out.  
Uh, right.  
Help yourself to snacks.  
I have some really,  
really good hot chocolate...  
with homemade marshmallows.  
Okay, thanks.  
Thanks, Mom.  
We're gonna  
go upstairs now.  
Come on.  
It was  
really nice to meet you...  
Ruth.  
Yes, you too.  
Dad and I are gonna watch...  
the new Ken Burns  
documentary together...  
on the downstairs TV  
if you want to join.  
Okay.  
Sorry about that.  
No, she seems pretty cool.  
Okay, you can stop looking  
at my baby pictures now.  
Sorry.  
All baby pictures  
look the same.  
Yeah.  
This is my room.  
Hi.  
Hi.  
Mm.  
Thanks for picking him up, Ben.  
So you want to see my room?  
I'm staying down the hall.  
Well, do you want to watch TV?  
With my parents?  
Yeah.  
Anyone else  
want some popcorn?  
It's organic.  
Oh, yeah.

Awesome.

Please do not take someone's  
eye out in my living room.

Ben?

Uh, no.

Good morning.

Morning.

- Did you sleep well?

- Sorry I stayed.

It's not a problem.

Would you like  
something to eat?

I actually...

I kind of have a doctor's  
appointment this morning.

Well, at least have a bagel.

I'll make it really quick,  
and you can take it with you.

Okay.

Um, is Ben coming down soon?

It's still a little early.

Oh.

Is the train station  
near here?

Oh, you don't have a car.

Well, I'll drive you then.

Oh, no,

you don't have to do that.

Oh, Johnny,

it's not a problem.

I'm a mother.

We're prepared for these things.

I'll finish up your bagel,  
and I'll swing you over.

Where's the office?

Haverford,

off of Montgomery.

Not a problem.

We'll leave in one minute.

Ready?

So, Johnny,

where do you live?

Gladwyne.

Has your family

lived there long?  
It's just my dad  
and my step mom.  
I see.  
And your mom?  
What about her?  
Did she...  
Did she pass?  
No, she's alive.  
I just  
don't see her anymore.  
I'm sorry.  
It's right up there  
on the left.  
When did they divorce?  
When I was two.  
That's very difficult.  
I got to go.  
Who's your doctor?  
Dr. Mohr.  
You're a therapist,  
aren't you?  
Yeah.  
Serena Mohr  
is very good.  
Yeah, my dad said  
she's the best.  
Hey, thanks for the ride.  
Oh, of course.  
Please.  
Um, okay, bye.  
I think I made a new friend.  
Well, tell me about him.  
Her?  
Him.  
His name's Ben.  
He's kind of a loser at school,  
but he gave me a ride home,  
and we made out  
in my pool.  
I'm not gay or anything.  
It's just, he was  
looking at me in this way.  
So I let him kiss me.

What do you mean,  
looking at you in this way?  
I don't know.  
It was like...  
It was like  
he wasn't just looking at me,  
but he was...  
seeing something in me.  
Does that sound weird?  
No.  
How'd that make you feel?  
It felt good.  
And...  
Like, I could just feel-  
I just knew  
that he needed me to hug him.  
So I did.  
Mm-hmm.  
And that...  
like, felt cool,  
I don't know.  
It's like...  
It was like calm or something.  
And then what happened?  
He said I was amazing.  
Whatever.  
Why "whatever"?  
It's funny, 'cause...  
it never would've happened if  
Alexa hadn't been such a bitch  
and blown me off.  
She said  
that she couldn't deal with me...  
and she needed  
to be alone.  
That doesn't sound like  
she's totally blown you off.  
I mean...  
everybody feels like they need  
to be alone sometimes, right?  
I feel like I'm alone  
all fucking day,  
at school, at home, in here.  
It just felt nice...

to not feel alone,  
you know?  
I do.  
Anyway, they're best friends,  
Alexa and Ben.  
It's just cool  
the way they are together.  
It just felt good  
to be looked at that way.  
What do you think he meant...  
when he said  
he thought you were amazing?  
Probably all bullshit,  
right?  
They're both just using me,  
blah, blah, blah.  
Is that what you're saying?  
Not at all, Johnny.  
I'm asking you  
what you think.  
I slept really well last night  
for the first time...  
in a while,  
at Ben's house.  
The three of us just hung out,  
me, Ben, Alexa.  
We watched TV  
with his parents.  
And you've been sexual  
with both of them?  
Yeah, so?  
Well, you refer to them  
as your friends.  
Is that how they see you,  
as a friend?  
Or do you think they  
want something more from you?  
Listen,  
nothing happened, okay?  
I just...  
We watched TV.  
I fell asleep.  
They left me alone.  
And now

I actually feel kind of good,  
and you're trying to make it  
all fucked up.  
I'm not trying to make it  
all fucked up.  
I'm just saying,  
things can get confusing...  
when you're trying  
to get on the same page...  
as the people  
you care about.  
So I'm not worth  
just being someone's friend...  
because I'm a piece of shit,  
and they're both just using me?  
No, I just think, you know,  
it would be helpful...  
to look at the whole picture.  
This is bullshit.  
You're always telling me  
that I don't let anyone in.  
So you should be cheering  
because your mind fuck...  
is finally paying off.  
Yo, J.  
Get in.  
- Why were you walking?  
- No car.  
You walk  
all the way from your house?  
Nah, dude,  
I had a doctor's appointment.  
Cool.  
You sick or something?  
Kind of, yeah.  
Dude, that sucks.  
Where's your bag?  
I didn't  
stay at home last night.  
So what's it like  
fucking Alexa Walker, huh?  
I mean, you're the first  
to hit that, right?  
Don't be such an asshole, man.

What's the big deal?  
We talk about this shit  
all the time.  
Yeah, when we were freshmen.  
So did you stay at Alexa's  
last night or what?  
No, I stayed at Ben's.  
- Ben Berger?  
- Yeah.  
You're kidding me, right?  
- No.  
- Dude, come on.  
He's a total faggot.  
Don't use that word.  
It's offensive.  
Okay, sorry.  
Whatever.  
Ben Berger  
is a complete loser.  
You ever think  
that maybe you're the loser?  
What?  
Seriously, man.  
I mean,  
who the fuck are you?  
It's senior year.  
You're still on JV soccer.  
You're  
an average student at best.  
And you lost your virginity  
to the class slut.  
No, man,  
Gabby's cool now.  
You're nothing.  
You're nobody.  
You're just gonna end up  
at some huge school,  
join a frat,  
and blend in with the rest  
of the useless motherfuckers.  
You're a fag too,  
aren't you?  
If you ever fucking  
use that word to me again,

I'm gonna tell Gabby  
about the time you dared me...  
to rub my hard-on  
against yours in eighth grade.  
Thanks for the ride.

Oh, yeah?

Oh, yeah?

Fuck you too, man!

- Fuck you!

- What was that?

Josh!

Josh!

What the hell happened?

Are you okay?

I'm fine.

Whatever.

You need to watch  
where you're going.

You hear me?

Hey.

Entre.

Where are your parents?

Like they'd really stay in  
on a Friday night.

They're at the beach house,  
partying.

- Hey, Lex.

- Yeah?

You got company.

We're still working on Ben.

Go that way.

Good evening.

What is all this?

What's the matter?

Don't you like it?

Yeah, it's nice.

Hey.

Nice look.

Yeah, well, if Courtney  
can make you look sexy,  
I figure  
she can make anyone look sexy.

You have to excuse us.

We started without you.

It's okay.  
It's so cute  
when you're all shy.  
Welcome to my soiree.  
Alexa.  
Benjamin.  
And last, our celebrated guest,  
monsieur Jonathan.  
Thanks.  
Cheers.  
To good friends.  
To good friends.  
Cheers.  
The new age  
is getting nearer...  
A psychic told me...  
I'm gonna die...  
Yeah...  
The sky is falling...  
Out of the sky...  
My oracle told me...  
I don't know why...  
Yeah...  
My mai tais rock.  
Whoa, take it easy there,  
Court.  
Shut up, light boy.  
Blow me, bitch.  
Isn't that your specialty?  
Can I cut in?  
Are you serious?  
What?  
I thought you were sensitive.  
Maybe we should  
all go swimming, naked.  
No swimming.  
No swimming pools.  
And definitely no champagne.  
I want to dance.  
Come on, let's dance!  
It's my party.  
I want to dance.  
Let's go, bitch.  
I wish I was a monster...

Is she okay?  
Who?  
Courtney.  
Oh, whatever.  
She's fine.  
Dude, what are you doing?  
What are you talking about?  
Ben, come dance with us.  
Hello, ladies.  
Whee!  
thud!  
Ow.  
No, I don't want to get up.  
Ben.  
Ben, you smell so pretty.  
Okay.  
There we go.  
Night-night.  
Can we stop this?  
Stop what?  
Whatever this is,  
the game.  
What do you want to do?  
I don't know.  
Just...  
be quiet.  
Okay.  
Come with me.  
Do you want to chill?  
Yeah.  
Guys?  
No matter what happens,  
I'm glad we're friends.  
And...  
And I love you.  
Okay.  
Hey, Ben, can I talk to you  
for a second in private?  
What?  
Is something wrong?  
No.  
Okay, just give us a sec,  
all right?  
Just give us a sec.

Hi.  
You feeling okay?  
Yeah.  
I shouldn't  
have let you alone.  
Come on.  
Johnny.  
I want you  
to be my first.  
Ben, enough.  
Stop it.  
He's not gay, okay?  
- Get over it.  
- You get over it, Alexa.  
You've gotten fucked enough.  
Leave him alone.  
Move on.  
You're being disgusting,  
do you know that?  
You're acting  
like a total faggot.  
The play's over, Alexa.  
Okay, you fucked,  
and the scene worked.  
Congratulations.  
Okay, okay, okay!  
Just stop.  
It's not like that.  
You can be  
a great homo.  
What are you, five years old?  
Are you a child?  
Go to college.  
Be an adolescent  
for the first time.  
I'll be out in the real world  
when you get out.  
What?  
You're gonna be  
at U-Penn.  
Yeah.  
No, I deferred.  
I'm going to New York.  
I'm gonna be an actress.

You're gonna be a waitress.  
Your parents  
aren't gonna give you shit.  
Wait, New York?  
I could totally be into that.  
What?  
No, seriously, I...  
I'll get a job or something,  
and you could just act.  
- Forget about her...  
- Ben, will you settle down?  
Please, stop.  
Okay.  
I don't want  
to go to college either.  
- Johnny, it's...  
- No, look...  
Let's just  
go to New York together.  
Wait.  
Vassar's in New York,  
so Ben can come down  
on the weekends,  
and we can all just...  
be together.  
All three of us?  
Like a big, happy family?  
It could be if...  
I'm...  
Why not, if we start over  
and do it right?  
That's not gonna happen.  
Why not?  
It's not...  
No, this is for real.  
Alex...  
Ben?  
This is not bullshit.  
We're friends.  
We care about each other.  
I trust you.  
thump!  
We're so proud  
of you guys.

So a toast.

Oh, here, here.

From nursery school  
to the precipice of adulthood,  
you guys made it,  
alive and kicking.  
Even though it may feel  
like it's all over,  
I promise,  
this is just the beginning.  
Cheers.

Mm, are you going to answer  
that invitation that I sent you...  
to the gala at Jefferson?  
I am so sorry, dear,  
but I completely forgot.

How are you?

I'm okay, I guess.

You?

I'm all right.

I...

I got this internship  
at the PBS station downtown,  
help with tech stuff.  
Have you heard anything about...  
Johnny?

Not really.

Courtney said  
Josh has been telling people...  
he went  
into a mental institution.

Serious?

It's probably bullshit.

You excited about Penn?

Dad's happy, so...

Yeah.

What are you doing  
till school starts?

Oh, Alexa, honey,  
would you go throw  
some quarters in the meter?

I completely forgot.

Sure.

Hi.

How are you?  
I didn't know...  
I mean, I thought you...  
You off to New York?  
No.  
What about you?  
Are you...  
I should go.  
Hey, Johnny?  
You look okay.  
Hey, Johnny boy,  
they're looking for you inside.  
Yeah, okay.  
I got to go.  
You in the ensemble?  
What?  
Oh, um...  
No.  
So who are you  
supposed to be?  
I get up on the town...  
A place  
I don't even know...  
I get up for the town...  
I run into you all...  
Compromising my path...  
I run into you all...  
And they tell me  
the future looks bright...  
But today keeps saying...  
stay straight ahead  
towards the light...  
And who knows  
if they're right...  
I hope to God  
that they are...  
'Cause it's all  
that I have...  
Or believe in something  
similar to a faith...  
in this goddamn town...  
That it's all okay...  
Baby, I'm not playing...  
Work for tonight

in today...  
But today keeps telling me...  
All okay...  
Look at who you are  
because...  
it will work out  
in the end...  
I go out on the town...  
just like nobody else...  
I go out on the town...  
Love a lot,  
sleep around...  
or is that  
my other self?  
Love a lot,  
sleep around...  
And I know  
that I've seen you before...  
in this dark-filled room,  
yeah...  
Hurry up, come on...  
Drink it down...  
Let's go home real soon...  
And I'm sorry if you thought  
that I'm someone else...  
In this dark-filled room,  
come on now...  
Hurry up, drink,  
drinking it down...  
That's all I'm gonna say...  
That it's all okay...  
Baby, I'm not playing...  
Work for tonight  
in today...  
Well,  
today keeps telling me...  
it's all okay...  
Look at who you are...  
because it will work out  
in the end...  
But today keeps saying...  
It's all okay...  
That it's all okay...  
Well,

that it's all okay...  
Look at who you are...  
because it will work out  
in the end...