

Colfax
by Cody Weathers

First Shooting Draft

11/24/99

Colfax
by Cody Weathers
CAST
Charlie/Cody
John/O'Meara
Mike/Cat
Rachel/Amy
Tyler/Eric
Peter/Fried

SNAP IN FROM BLACK, BLACK & WHITE. CHARLIE has been on the phone. He puts the phone down and stares with a certain blank sadness straight ahead at the wall. After a moment, he picks the phone back up and starts dialing.

CUT TO MAP SEQUENCE of Maps of Denver, Pierson street atlas, maps of Colorado. Establishing shot off of Lookout Mountain, gazing out over the valley, then down to the Jeffco courthouse.

CHARLIE (v.o.)
Colfax Avenue is the longest
continuously-paved street in
North America, extending xxxx
miles from Golden in the
foothills to XXXX in the
plains....

CUT TO PARKING LOT of the Loaf n' Jug by Jeffco courthouse. CHARLIE, JOHN, and MIKE are laden with snacks, glorious snacks!

BLACK&WHITE

JOHN
Hey, we didn't get those little
powdered donuts

MIKE
We got Zingers.

JOHN
Dude, Zingers are for lunch.

CHARLIE
John, what'd you fucking have
for breakfast yesterday?

JOHN
I don't eat breakfast.

CHARLIE
Well, you can go back and get
the donuts if you want. We can
wait.

MIKE

Hey, if you go back in, try to take the Zingers back.

CHARLIE
I'll eat the Zingers.

MIKE
Well, then take back the Cheetos.

JOHN
You can't return food.

MIKE
We didn't open it.

CHARLIE
Yeah, but I put some razor blades in there. Just get your fucking donuts.

JOHN
That's OK. I don't want them any more.

MIKE
Well now I kind of do, so take back these Cheetos and get some chocolate donuts.

JOHN
I said powdered.

MIKE
Yeah, but now you don't want them.

JOHN
Here's a thought: how about you go back and get them, crazy food-returning man....

MIKE
Never mind, we're behind schedule as it is.

They continue walking to the car.

JOHN
Hey Mike, sport me some Cheetos,
would you?

Scene X: SEPIA

RACHEL
Do you remember Bridgett?

CHARLIE
Sure.

RACHEL
No, I mean, do you remember her
for real?

CHARLIE
What do you even mean?

RACHEL
I mean, not do you remember we
had a friend named Bridgett, but
do you remember what she was
like?

CHARLIE
Sure, I guess. Kind of wild.
Free. Sad. I don't know, she
intimidated me --don't get me
wrong, I totally adored her--
but she was, I don't know....

RACHEL
Out of control?

CHARLIE
No, but it's like she was taking
time out from something else to
be with you. You know, like she
was waiting for you to catch up.
This silent patience, almost a
condescension, you know?

RACHEL

When did you know she was drinking?

CHARLIE

Boy, I don't know how old we were. I'm sure it was about the same time for you. I mean, she didn't really hide it, you know.

RACHEL

No, see, you keep saying that, but she was never as brazen with me. I mean you've got all the liquor cabinet stories, but it totally snuck up on me.

CHARLIE

I mean, OK, if you say so, but she was drunk all the time.

RACHEL

No she wasn't.

CHARLIE

Then I guess I don't remember her.

RACHEL

Will you remember me?

CHARLIE

Now, how can I forget you?

RACHEL

I don't know, you forgot Bridgett.

CHARLIE

Oh, come on. It's not really forgetting. I just don't have an edge. But I'll tell you something. I may not remember each afternoon in the Rec Room with her when I was eleven, but that's only because I will never forget her death. How can I sit here and think about her and not

be distracted by that? I mean,
can you?

RACHEL

Yeah, I guess I see your point.
But when someone dies, you
should remember the good things
about them.

CHARLIE

Well, that would be great, and
maybe that's the case normally,
but come on. Didn't you feel
guilty a little? I mean, why did
you just ask me about drinking?
That's become her legacy with
us. "When did you know she was
drinking" really means --and I'm
not saying you're blaming me--
"could we have stopped it?" Even
now --what, 14 years later? I do
it too. I think about her death
and I cringe. I actually turn my
head as if I can look away from
the memory. It's such a visceral
thing. It's like seeing yourself
for real. I made this mistake,
this big mistake. I mean, I know
that she died --well, it wasn't
my fault that she died. She was
doing these things. But still, I
want to go back and make me say
something. Stop her or tell her
dad or something.

RACHEL

Did you ever talk to your
parents about it?

CHARLIE

Not in any detail. I didn't know
how to say it. I don't know if
your parents were like this, but
mine were like --it would be
like if my sister had gotten
pregnant or you had been
arrested or something.

Everything was a little too much about figuring out if and how much I might be drinking.

RACHEL

Yeah, a little bit. I noticed they got really careful about what they kept in stock. I know what you mean. It was this sort of --I don't know-- awareness. I'd never been suspected in such an adult way before.

CHARLIE

What does that mean?

RACHEL

Well, if your mom thinks you broke the cookie jar, there aren't any niceties. That's probably not the right word, but you know what I mean? It's like she just confronts you. She knows you did it, and she's the fucking law, you know? She just comes into your room and says, "Why didn't you tell me you broke the cookie jar? Now the dog went and ate all the cookies, and you know that dogs can't have chocolate!" "But mom, maybe Captain Parrot knocked it over, it wasn't me...." "Oh, Rachel. Don't lie. Whatever you do, don't lie."

CHARLIE

Well you shouldn't: you're a terrible liar. You actually told her it was Captain Parrot? Didn't he only have one wing or something?

RACHEL

Hey, he could still hop around, and he did that little floaty thing with his good wing.

CHARLIE

I hope you're not telling me
that Captain Parrot was a
frequent fall guy.

RACHEL

Don't get distracted. I was
saying, you know, that's how it
is to be suspected like a child.
But now, if I think you stole
\$20 from my purse, I don't just
come out and say it. But I look
for it in your eyes or your
manner.

CHARLIE

Or that mousetrap in your purse.

RACHEL

Exactly. I take little
precautions to keep it from
happening again or maybe to
catch you. I suspect you, but I
don't confront you until I'm
sure. And even then, I'd be
like, "Hey, Charlie, did you
borrow \$20 from me?"

CHARLIE

No, I didn't. But have you asked
Captain Parrot? 'Cause I'll tell
you what, that bird is always
pulling that kind of shit!

SCENE α , on the road. Colfax in Golden, by the Memorial B&W.

MIKE

Where does it start?

CHARLIE

Right there by the Memorial.

JOHN

So what do you suppose is at the
end?

CHARLIE

Which end is the beginning and
which is the end?

(silence)

Ooooooh! (as in "deep")

JOHN

So what do you suppose is at the
end?

MIKE

Maybe there's a museum.

CHARLIE

Yeah, sure, the Colfax museum.

MIKE

Well then maybe there's
somewhere good to eat, you know,
with a plaque or a little
historical flyer on the menu.

CHARLIE

And tours on the hour.

JOHN

You know, when I was dating
Lisa, she made me go to the
Sleepytime Tea factory tour.

MIKE

Well, I hope you got a t-shirt.

CHARLIE

There's a word for what Lisa did
to you, man.

JOHN

Yeah, there's a word for what
you do to yourself, too.

CHARLIE

Here goes the finger, crabby.

MIKE

I went on that tour, too.

(pause)

CHARLIE

You both went on the Sleepytime
Tea tour?

JOHN/MIKE

Yeah.

CHARLIE

What's your excuse?

MIKE

Hey, it's on AAA's list.

CHARLIE

What's that even mean?

MIKE

AAA has a list of the top 20
attractions in the area, and
it's on the list.

CHARLIE

How come I've lived here my
whole life and I've never heard
of it?

JOHN

I don't know. You don't get out?

MIKE

I met a girl there.

CHARLIE

You what?

MIKE

I met a girl.

JOHN

What girl?

MIKE

Sasha. She had a reaction in the
peppermint room and I gave her
my handkerchief.

JOHN

Dude, everyone has a reaction in
the peppermint room....

CHARLIE

You have a handkerchief?

MIKE

Not so dumb now, is it.

JOHN

Charlie, you'd be amazed at how
many people go on those tours.

MIKE

Oh yeah, absolutely.

CHARLIE

Like how many?

JOHN

I don't know.... maybe 20, 30 at
a time.

MIKE

And half of them are super-hot
Boulder hippie chicks.

CHARLIE

30 people an hour go on the
stupid tea tour?

JOHN

That's right.

MIKE

120 super-hot hippie chicks a
day.

CHARLIE

I wonder how many people drive
down Colfax each day....

JOHN

Please.

MIKE

Yeah, it's not exactly the
Sleepytime Tea factory.

SCENE 2, Charlie and Rachel, SEPIA

RACHEL

Do you remember the pact?

CHARLIE

Do you think I have Alzheimer's?

RACHEL

Do you remember....

CHARLIE

Rachel, you keep asking me if I
remember all this stuff, which
are like my most important
memories. Do I remember
Bridgett, do I remember the
pact. Ask me if I remember my
name.

RACHEL

Well obviously, you seem to
remember the pact....

CHARLIE

Ask me if I remember my name.

RACHEL

What I'm getting at is....

CHARLIE

I dare you.

RACHEL

OK, you can switch it off
now....

CHARLIE

I double dare you.

RACHEL

Do you know that my name is
Bridgett?

CHARLIE

What?

RACHEL

So if you remember it so well:
tell me the pact.

CHARLIE

Shit, Rachel. Why do you have to
call it "The Pact?"

RACHEL

Because it emphasizes what it
actually is.

CHARLIE

Boy, are you in a mood. Let me
ask you something: who have you
told about the pact? Did you
ever tell your mom?

RACHEL

Are you crazy? "Rachel, you're
in it --big trouble!"

CHARLIE

Yeah, I guess.

RACHEL

Why, did you tell your parents?

CHARLIE

Oh, sure. "Hey, mom. Hey, dad.
Say, today after school, I'm
going over to Rachel's house and
we're going to ritualistically
deflower each other."

RACHEL

That's an interesting way of
putting it.

CHARLIE

Well, I mean, that's what the pact was, right? It's like in Anthropology where they talk about incest taboos and familial deflowering --where a girl about to be wed loses her virginity to an uncle because he'll be gentle and kind. I mean that's what we were doing, right? That's what you keep wanting me to say, right? All business, no strings attached? What if I attached a string? Hmmmmmm?

RACHEL

The pact was a bad idea, but that doesn't mean that you can allow this little imaginary tragedy to define you.

CHARLIE

This is not about me defining myself. This is about you and me cutting this "pact" bullshit. The pact was a bad idea, but being together was not. Is not. Look. Here are the facts. We're like best friends and shit. You concede that, right? I mean, I'm not delusional, right?

RACHEL

Yes. We're best friends, but....

CHARLIE

Best friends, AND why did you call off the pact? Because you were getting attracted to me, right?

RACHEL

Maybe Captain Parrot was getting attracted to you.

CHARLIE

Well let's call that little
pigeon-fucker up and settle this
thing!

SCENE 9, in the car, B&W

MIKE

Hey John, you remember when you
were dating Sarah?

JOHN

Sure.

MIKE

You know that thing she kept
saying that none of us knew what
it meant?

JOHN

What's that?

CHARLIE

"Super-John, can you pick me up
some donuts?"

MIKE

Yeah, the thing she kept saying
over and over and then she'd
deny it.

CHARLIE

She'd go, "Oh, it doesn't mean
anything. It's just an inside
joke."

JOHN

It doesn't mean anything.

MIKE

Come on.

CHARLIE

Hey, you know after this
morning's incident, maybe it's
just about him being a don-
aholic.

JOHN

Dude, it's a sex thing, are you sure you want to hear about it?

CHARLIE

What --is the donut her....

JOHN

Snatch?

MIKE

The donut is the soul.

CHARLIE

Snatch, cunt, pussy, patch, slit, cooch, clam, vagina, sea anemone, clit-potato, celestial orifice.... Is that what the donut is?

JOHN

No, man --I mean, I'll tell you, but, you know.... It's a little wierd.

MIKE

Is it totally wrong to be picturing Sarah naked right now?

CHARLIE

Go ahead, donut-stud.

JOHN

So it's like this. Sarah was, you know, a little excitable. She liked to do it in wierd places....

CHARLIE

Like the Sleepytime Tea factory?

JOHN

No, that was Lisa.

MIKE

You had sex with Lisa in the
Sleepytime Tea factory?

JOHN

No, we just went to the
Sleepytime Tea factory. But I'll
tell you what --if it had been
Sarah, well, you know how they
tell you about the red door to
the peppermint room?

MIKE

Yeah, totally.

CHARLIE

What? What's the red door to the
peppermint room?

JOHN

Sounds like someone wishes he
went on the "stupid tea
tour...."

CHARLIE

Here comes that finger again.

MIKE

It's where I met Sasha.

CHARLIE

Who is Sasha anyway? I don't
remember a Sasha on the list.

MIKE

We went out, I'm telling you!

JOHN

Look, do you want to hear about
the donut thing or not?

CHARLIE

Yeah, but what's the deal with
the peppermint door?

JOHN

Well, it turns out that the
peppermint that you and I are

used to is just an extract that's only like one hundredth as powerful as the actual peppermint leaves. Well, down at the Sleepytime Tea factory, they've got this big room full of peppermint leaves behind this red door, and it's so powerful that when they open the door, everyone goes ape. "Mommy, my eyes!" Shit like that.

MIKE

120 gorgeous Boulder hippie chicks a day rubbing their beautiful eyes and waiting for a kerchief.

CHARLIE

Oh, so now it's a kerchief.

JOHN

But the point is, when they're not traumatizing the tourists' sinuses, they have to keep the peppermint in this sealed room because otherwise it would bleed into all the other ingredients, and all their teas would be peppermint.

MIKE

The guide said exactly that: "Every tea we make would be peppermint."

JOHN

Right, peppermint contamination. They'd have to throw out the whole factory worth of tea and like hose it down before they could start again. A little tea disaster. So what I'm saying is, Sarah's the kind of girl that if we had gone to the Sleepytime Tea factory tour together, there

would've been a different kind
of contamination....

CHARLIE

That is so fucking sick.

JOHN

Hey, I told you that maybe you
didn't want to hear about this
shit. But you've got to
understand that that's what she
was like --it wouldn't have been
like "let's pop off into an
unused office," either. She
would've wanted to do it in the
peppermint room.

MIKE

Why'd you stay with her so long?

JOHN

Hey, it was its own thing, you
know? I have to say, I liked it.
It was what being with Sarah was
about. Well, a big part of it,
anyway. She would get excited,
and I'd get excited, too. I
started anticipating where it
would happen, you know? I mean,
I'm not saying that every girl
has to be like that, but Sarah
was, and what was I going to do
--change her? When in Rome....

CHARLIE

You mean, when fucking Rome, see
the sights?

MIKE

Or fuck like the Romans do?

JOHN

All right, I'm not telling the
rest of this story.

CHARLIE

Oh, boo-hoo. Come on. It's just us in this car.

JOHN

I'm expecting a little quid pro quo --can you guys deal with that?

MIKE

Listen to him: I think he has been fucking a Roman!

JOHN

Hey.

CHARLIE

Like what?

JOHN

Simple. Wierdest or funniest time you did it. It doesn't have to be Casa Bonita or anything, just your wierdest time.

MIKE

You fucked Sarah in Casa Bonita?
(silence)

JOHN

Yeah, one time.

CHARLIE

It wasn't in Black Bart's Cave, was it?

JOHN

No.

CHARLIE

Well, where was it?

JOHN

Pick a story, donuts or Casa Bonita.

CHARLIE

Hey, you brought it up. Give us the short version.

MIKE

Come on, John.

JOHN

OK, she hadn't ever been there, and despite the fact that I warned her that the food was basically a Mexican TV dinner, she felt --how shall I put this-- a little shafted. So we're walking around, and I'm pointing out all the things that are cool about it when you're a kid, you know, the waterfall, the cliff divers, the gorilla show....

CHARLIE

Not Black Bart's Cave....

JOHN

Look, it wasn't in the cave, man. Let me ask you. Black Bart's Cave is basically a five-foot wide kid tube. There's like 10 munchkins a minute going down that thing. Where the fuck would two people have sex in there?

CHARLIE

In the bottomless pit.

MIKE

Charlie, that pit is only three feet deep. You can see the bottom.

CHARLIE

No way. I mean, I know it's not bottomless, but....

JOHN

No. It's three feet deep. You can't have sex in Black Bart's Cave.

MIKE

So you were showing her
around....

JOHN

You know that little dining
room. The unbearably humid one
inside the rock face of the
lagoon?

CHARLIE

That is the coolest room!

JOHN

Abso-fuckin-lutely, it's the
coolest room. Why? Because the
entrance is hidden and they
never seat anyone in there
because it's like sticking your
head in an armpit trying to
breathe.

CHARLIE

If you and Sarah laid it down in
the fucking secret Aztec pumice
cave room, you're my new hero.

MIKE

So where does the donut come in?

JOHN

That's a different story. Now
it's one of you guys.

CHARLIE

I'm driving.

MIKE

Weak.

CHARLIE

I will, just let me think of
one.

MIKE

OK, I'll go, but before I
forget. Can we go to Casa
Bonita on the way home?

SCENE 10, (SEPIA), CHARLIE and TYLER toss a football

TYLER

So have you talked to Mom and
Dad recently?

CHARLIE

Not since Mom's birthday. I
probably ought to go over there
at some point.

TYLER

How's work?

CHARLIE

Nothing special. I'm thinking
about quitting, but I want to
take some time off before I look
for another job. How about you?

TYLER

It's good. I'm finally in a job
where I get more excited about
it as I get further in. Because
at first....

CHARLIE

Yeah, I was going to say, you
weren't too happy about it when
we last spoke.

TYLER

Exactly, but now it's really
starting to click. I think it's
the first job where I didn't
know I'd have to leave it from
day one.

CHARLIE

And how are things with Hannah?

TYLER

Great. It's kind of hectic trying to make all the arrangements for the wedding, but mostly for me, it's just a matter of being there --she's the one with the plan. You should really come by more often, you know.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I know.

TYLER

Seriously. I mean, she really does like you. You shouldn't blow her off.

CHARLIE

Blow her off?! I'm not blowing anybody off.

TYLER

Well, let's make plans then. Why don't you come out next Sunday?

He catches the football, then holds in throwing position.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(wryly)

You could even bring a girl.

CHARLIE

There's no need to rub it in.

TYLER

I think you've still got some Rachel issues.

CHARLIE

Ya think?

TYLER

I don't see how you can sit there and say that and yet it's still a problem.

CHARLIE

Misunderstood in my own time.

TYLER

So let me see if I have it straight: you and the girl across the street are inseparable as children, fall in love in high school, and then she moves to Nebraska and you fall to pieces. How old are you?

CHARLIE

It's more complicated than that.

TYLER

Really? Well, then how old are you in dog years? Is that simpler?

CHARLIE

No, I mean the thing with Rachel is more complicated than that.

TYLER

Are you fourteen?

CHARLIE

In dog years?

TYLER

I'm serious. Are you grown or what? I thought you were a grown-up. If you think Rachel's like the one, then you should get in touch with her and take a shot and quit whining about how your innocence was squandered, and if you don't want to be with her, then move on. Let Hannah set you up or something. She'd like to do that. She likes you.

CHARLIE

And she's the woman with the plan.

TYLER

The "only plan" --that's what we call it.

CHARLIE

It's more complicated than that.

TYLER

No it's not. A car is just a car.

CHARLIE

What the fuck does that mean?

TYLER

I mean, there's like a thousand parts to a car to make it go, but when you step away, it's just a car.

CHARLIE

Are you calling me a car?

TYLER

No, I'm calling you a dog. Come on, Charlie. You're stuck on a girl. So stick or get unstuck. It's just a car.

CHARLIE

That's a cool little line there, Tyler. I like that: "stick or get unstuck."

TYLER

That's what older brothers are for.

They toss a little bit more.

TYLER (CONT'D)

OK, it's officially too cold for this. Let's go see a movie. Have you got seven dollars?

CHARLIE

I have seven dog dollars....

TYLER

(sighs)

I don't know why I ask. How much
does this make your tab?

CHARLIE

I don't know.

TYLER

It's like ten thousand dollars,
sport.

CHARLIE

("say thank you")

Thank you, Tyler.

They start walking away. Charlie goes out in a loping fly
pattern, hands up in a basket over his shoulder.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Can we get popcorn?

Tyler beans Charlie hard in the back of the head with the
ball.

TYLER

We'll see, champ.

SCENE 6, In the car. B&W.

MIKE

So what is it I have to come up
with?

JOHN

Wierdest or funniest time you
did it.

MIKE

Cathy and I once tried to do it
in the ocean.

JOHN

What do you mean "tried?"

CHARLIE

Who's Cathy?

MIKE

A girl I went out with.

CHARLIE

What, like Sasha? How come this is the first I'm hearing about these girls?

JOHN

What do you mean "tried?"

MIKE

We had made the plan like a week before to take a sunset picnic out to this secluded spot we knew. The anticipation was unbearable. So we got out there, and we had wine and cheese.

CHARLIE

That's not a meal.

MIKE

Shut the fuck up. For once in my life, I'd like to tell a story without you constantly interrupting me. Drive the car and pipe down.

JOHN

Yow.

MIKE

So we had wine and cheese, which unlike a full meal, didn't leave us flatulent and sleepy. We watched the sun go down, and we started making out. We were going slowly --shit, is there a more arousing sight than a girl's crumpled jeans?

CHARLIE

What?

MIKE

You've been warned. So anyway, she says, "Let's go in the water." So I picked her up and carried her across the beach, and she was giggling and slapping my back, and I set her down in the wet sand and we started making love. When the first wave washed over us, it was amazing. You could hear it coming, and you suddenly thought about how cold it was going to be, and you braced yourself, but you couldn't possibly be prepared for that marvelous shock. It's all in that tension and release --you clench up like you can somehow ignore it, but then it hits you, and you just shudder, and she shudders, and it was just incredible with the adrenaline and the water, and the warm body.

JOHN

Shit, dude --just describe this shit in guy detail. I don't want to --and this goes for you, too, crackerjack-- I don't want to hear enough detail to picture you with an erection, OK? Let's keep this generic --"We fucked on the beach."

MIKE

See, but you have to understand how great that first wave was -- for both of us-- to understand why we did what we did next.

CHARLIE

What did you do next?

MIKE

I picked her up and carried her into the wading depth. It was so

cold. Freezing cold. Right after I brought us in, I wanted to get out --it was really too cold-- but I didn't want to spoil it. So I'm sitting there, going numb and shivering, and I find myself thinking, "I wonder if it's OK for me to come yet?" And I'm trying to will myself to come, and realizing that I'm totally losing concentration. And then the next wave hit us.

JOHN

And?

MIKE

It hits us about chest high and knocks us over, then when we get up, Cathy's hyperventilating and shivering uncontrollably and screaming, "You crazy fuck! Why didn't you get us out of the freezing fucking ocean?!"

CHARLIE

Wow.

MIKE

So we got back on the beach and --do you know what it is to really shiver uncontrollably? We couldn't get dressed. We just huddled there under our picnic blanket trying to get warm. It took me two attempts to put my pants back on. I know I wouldn't have, but I honestly was frightened that I might die. I had never been that cold. Then we finally got in the car and drove back with the heater on.

JOHN

Was she still pissed?

MIKE

No, after we talked about it, I think she understood --and you know, I admitted that I didn't like it either, but that I didn't want to spoil it for her.

CHARLIE

Did you tell her about the "willing yourself to come" part?

MIKE

No, I left that part out.

SCENE γ: THE CAST sits in CODY'S living room, reading from scripts. COLOR.

CAT

(wrinkles forehead and adjusts the distance at which he's holding the script)

Here's where it really stops making sense to me.

CODY

No, no. See, this is about a journey, right? They're driving down Colfax.

O'MEARA

Colfax is a shithole, Co.

CODY

No, see, it's not. Well, sure, it is in real life, but see in the movie, it's like the lifeline.

ERIC raises hand in that way he does.

CODY

Yes, Eric?

ERIC

I think I see a mistake.

CODY
Is it just spelling?

ERIC
No. On page 12...

They all turn their PAGES.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Mike says....

CAT
Who's even playing Mike?

CODY
You are.

ERIC
He says.... Wait, I lost it.
Here it is. Second line down.

CUT TO
Interior of
the CAR, B&W

MIKE
OK, I'll go, but before I
forget. Can we go to Casa
Bonita on the way home?

CUT BACK to
living room

AMY
What's that all about?

CODY
It's just a typo. It should
read....

CUT BACK to
car

MIKE

OK, I'll go, but before I
forget. Can we go to Casa Bonita
on the way back?

CUT BACK to
living room.

ALL look at CODY.

CODY

What?

(beat)

AMY

So what are you trying to say
about Cat?

CAT

I'm not gay.

CODY

It's just a typo.

AMY

Is this movie about you?

CODY

No, it's purely fiction.

(beat)

What?

O'MEARA

It seems like after Flame Cow,
you lost your ability to write a
straight narrative.

JUMP-CUT TO

CODY and CAT (PASTEL) furiously slicing up newspapers and
novels and pasting the words with glue-sticks to a piece of
butcher paper. The flurry subsides and they step back and
look at their work.

CAT

Good?

CODY

Yep. Let's call the actors.

BACK TO the
living room.
COLOR.

AMY
Is this about you?

CODY
No.

AMY
I mean, who's Rachel?

CODY
It's not real.

SCENE ®, in the car, B&W

CHARLIE
You know, I just can't think of
a good one. I've never really
done anything that unusual. No
screwing Sally Ride in the Vomit
Comet or tasting the forbidden
donut or anything....

MIKE
The rules are that you have to
have one. Those are the rules.

CHARLIE
I mean nothing I have is tall
enough to ride this ride, you
know?

JOHN
There has to have been
something.

MIKE
Think of a specific girl.

CHARLIE

You mean "make up a specific girl?"

MIKE

I'm at peace. I'm prepared to crash this car. Are you prepared to kill me to stop me?

CHARLIE

No, but earlier, I heard John say he is.

MIKE

We'll see.

JOHN

Quit fucking stalling.

CHARLIE

OK. So I was in college. I liked to go to the library really late at night.

MIKE

(interrupting)

Wait, I have something irrelevant to say! Listen to me!

Silence.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Can't you even do me the common courtesy of being demonstrably upset when the tables are turned, mister interruptor-savant?

CHARLIE

Oh, I thought you had something irrelevant to say. I love that shit.

MIKE

Grip that wheel tight.

JOHN

So'd you stick it to the librarian? Take her back in the stacks and teach her the Dewey Decimal System?

CHARLIE

No, just listen. So I'm there one night, getting a little dazed, a little hungry -- wondering if I should get something to eat or just walk back to the dorm-- when what should sit herself down in front of me but Edie....

MIKE

Who's Edie? I don't remember any "Edie" in your letters from that period.

CHARLIE

She was friends with Sasha, Charlie --keep 'em straight. If you're going to play me, you need to curse more. I use "fuck" like commas.

MIKE

Here goes the fucking finger, crabcakes.

JOHN

That was good.

CHARLIE

Yeah, it was pretty fucking good. Seriously --are you finished?

MIKE

Maybe.

CHARLIE

Because I don't care if I tell this, but I do want to hear the donut thing, right?

MIKE

OK.

CHARLIE

What did I say?

JOHN

Eddie.

CHARLIE

Eddie. Fuck me, you know. Eddie was that kind of girl --you know what I'm talking about because you are discerning gentlemen-- she was an unkempt dreamboat. Hellooooo Godiva! She had the most beautiful eyes --really crisp and blue like ice. Great teeth, too --this kind of sexy horsey mouth that you wished would reach over and bite you. Fan-fuckin-tastic. She was in my Freshman Lit class and she lived on the floor of one of my friends, so you know, she was on the nod-to list. See her, nod to her, you know.

JOHN

Sure. That's a nice little list.

CHARLIE

Right, so here she is sitting down, and she says, "Hi, Charlie. What are you doing here so late?" So I tell her I'm studying but trying to decide to get something to eat or walk home, and she says, "Well, see I kind of wanted to head back myself."

MIKE

Hello Godiva.

CHARLIE

Yes, sir. So I'm like "well, do you want to grab a bite?" And she says, "no, but I get kind of creeped out walking across campus alone on account of all the terrorist rapists."

JOHN

Terrorist rapists?

CHARLIE

Well obviously, she just wanted someone to walk with her, but she was kind of embarrassed.

MIKE

Maybe she wanted you to walk with her.

CHARLIE

You know, that's what I hoped myself, there.

JOHN

So which was it?

CHARLIE

I'll get there. So anyway, she says, "I get kind of creeped out because of the terrorist rapists," and I say, "I see, so you just want to use me." And she says "pretty much." So I pack up my shit and we start walking. So we're walking, and she's telling me this story about some fucking thing --about fuck, I don't remember. No, it was about the time she went to Japan in High School with her concert band and got drunk and something --maybe had to hide it from the chaperones. But I stopped paying attention about halfway through because it really hit me that hey, this is my big chance. You know, she's

friendly, seems smart, smells nice, cute as a baby seal --ask her out! So she's talking, and I'm testing out moves in my head. Picturing us at her door; what should I say? So I must have glazed out or something because she says, "You know, if I'm boring you, just let me know."

JOHN

Busted.

CHARLIE

Fuck yeah. So I just came clean. I said, you know, "I'm sorry. But I've got to tell you, you started talking and all I could think was how nice you were and how I really needed to ask you out when we got to your room. And I was trying to think of the best thing to say, and I totally got distracted from what you were saying. I mean, I don't even know if you're already seeing someone." And she's like, "No, I'm single." And I said, "Well, the last part I remember, you were drinking saki with the oboes. Why don't you finish it out, then I'll spring it on you at your door." And so she gives me this look and this little grin, and she starts telling me the story again. But I zoned out again, because I'm thinking, "Smoothest yet, Chuck." So then we're at her door, and I give her the whole drama. I said, "You know, Edie, I'm going to this New Music Ensemble concert on Friday and I have an extra ticket. Would you maybe be into going to that with me?"

MIKE

So what did she say?

CHARLIE

Well, how could she say no? I mean look at this face! Picture those words coming out of my mouth. I swept her off her fucking feet is what I did --was there ever any doubt?

JOHN

So what is this thing you went to?

CHARLIE

New Music Ensemble. It was a little local chamber music group, but they pretty much performed just contemporary chamber music. I snagged some tickets off the Music Department. So I pick her up and she has traded her pajama-party sexy overalls in for this nice flower print dress.

MIKE

Hippie formal.

CHARLIE

Precisely --and you know how I love it.

MIKE

Wishing you had a handkerchief?

CHARLIE

Not quite, but you know, as close as I'm going to come today. And so we go, and things are going OK. She's funny, and nice.

JOHN

Smells nice.

CHARLIE

Oh fuck, she was intoxicating.
So anyway, on the program,
they've got John Cage's 4'33".
Do you guys know what that is?

MIKE & JOHN

No.

CHARLIE

John Cage was sort of an
experimental guy, and probably
his most famous --because it's
his most controversial-- piece
of music was this thing called
4'33". Basically, what it is is
4'33" of silence.

JOHN

Bullshit.

CHARLIE

No fucking joke. I mean if you
read about it, well.... He
indicates 4'33" of rest for the
pianist....

MIKE

It has to be played by a piano?

CHARLIE

No, it could be anything, but
his point is that you should pay
attention to the sounds around
you. So if, on a given night,
someone stands up and shouts
"fuck you," then that's the
piece. If there's coughing, then
that's the piece.

JOHN

If I blow a rock out my ass?

CHARLIE

That's the piece. Or, on this
particular evening, if after

1'22", Edie McGuinness can't stop giggling....

MIKE

That's the piece.

CHARLIE

Right. So she starts giggling, and she's trying to suffocate her hilarity in my shirtsleeve. She's biting on my shirt with those great horsey teeth and she's crying, and I'm shaking and trying not to laugh, but she gets me, and I'm like "what the fuck," you know --if we laugh, that's the piece.

JOHN

So they let you do that?

CHARLIE

We're giggling, and people are giving us stern glances, and even breaking their own rigid respectful silence to shush us, although I can hear another victim across the way somewhere. Then, after the thing is through, it's intermission, and this fucking suit comes up and asks us to leave.

MIKE

No.

CHARLIE

No shit. And you know, I'm no ignoramus --I know what 4'33" is all about-- and so I'm trying to educate the man, much in the manner in which a couple of sharp sticks like yourselves were easily educated just moments ago, as to the true intent of the four-minute thirty-three second tacet, and

how people actually are allowed
to make noise because....

MIKE

That's the piece.

CHARLIE

Exactly. But he would have none
of it.

JOHN

Phili-fuckin-stine.

CHARLIE

Amen. So we got kicked out. And
in a way, that was a good thing
because now, we're like a team,
you know? Sticking up for John
Cage, that wacko.

MIKE

Plus, you stuck up for her.

CHARLIE

Exactly. I stuck up for her. So
we went and got a bite, and are
hitting it off, small talk, but
the good kind, you know. I mean
it's nothing stuff, but we're
eating it up --laughing, making
coffee go up her nose, it's a
real thing of beauty we've got
going. So then, it's like 10:30
or something --we've been in
this restaurant forever, and we
decide to go back to campus. So
I walk her to her door, and
we're joking about the terrorist
rapists, and then I kiss her,
and I can feel it in the way
she's smiling through the kiss
that I'm coming inside.

JOHN

Chuck, you little dog.

CHARLIE

Bang. So we're in there, and we're making out, and I'm smitten. I was gone. And she gets up and steps out of her dress and....

(pause)

....shit, she knocked the wind out of me. It's like when you come up over the top of a hill and you feel it --you feel gravity pull your car down the road, and the wind picks up, and the sunlight hits you and your heart is just singing to be alive. Edie in her underwear was like gravity, this beautiful force of a woman in the fractured sodium light pushing in through the venetian blinds.

Silence.

MIKE

And? When does it get wierd?

CHARLIE

I don't like this part so much.

JOHN

Fuck, man. Tell us the fucking wierd part.

CHARLIE

OK, so we're up against the dresser, and I'm pulling her hips to my teeth.

JOHN

Guy detail, cowboy. Mental Charlie's sportin' wood, here.

CHARLIE

Trust me, you could run a flag up Mental Charlie. But I'll spare you the pornography, Tender Johnnie. Things were going well, and we moved back on

the bed and started doing the standard number, and let's just say that I was unable to contain my excitement.

MIKE

Shit, now I've got a Mental Charlie.

CHARLIE

OK. So we're lying there, and I don't know what it was. She was acting like it didn't bug her at all, which I really didn't expect. But I don't know, I don't know what it was.

MIKE

What was it?

CHARLIE

Ha-ha. I just felt out of place or something, and I remember, I started thinking, what now? Am I in love with Edie? What do I say now? Where do we stand? I mean, we slept together in a not totally trashy way. Were we going out? Should I sleep there? Should I ask her out again? What am I thinking? What does this all mean? How do I feel about her? And then she hit me with it.

JOHN

Oh, fuck, what was it?

CHARLIE

Well, she could smell it on me. Those moments after the deed is done are part of the deed, as we all now know, but I was screwing up the afterplay. So she puts her chin on my chest and she gives me the look and says,

"What are you thinking?" And here's where I got careless.

MIKE

What do you mean?

CHARLIE

Sometimes honesty is not the best policy. I said something like, "I'm wondering where we are now. I'm wondering...." Blah, blah, blah, blah. The whole works. So she sits there for a minute, and I swear her jaw actually dropped and I saw this terrible thing in her eyes, then she starts crying. Not the big bawl, but teary-eyed. That one lonely streaming tear that says the dam is broken. She turns away, and she's trying to stop and I'm not totally sure what to do, but I know I've totally fucked up here. So I try to put my hand on her shoulder and like comfort her, you know "no, no, I like you, and I think I want to go out with you again."

JOHN

Amateur.

CHARLIE

Tell me about it, so she pushes my hand away and says that maybe I should just go. And I try to say something --anything-- and she just stops me and says it again, hard. "Maybe you should just go." And as I'm walking home, I'll tell you, I don't think I'd ever felt that low. It hit me that I'm a prick, and that I'd been a prick to this nice girl, and I'd tricked her and lied without really meaning

to, and that the things I wanted were prick's desires. I mean, I told myself that this was magic, but take a load out of my shorts and I freeze up. Smitten, my ass. I measured my love for her by the wrong thing. I let my dick steer the boat. And here's the real tragedy, it's not that I didn't love her, it's that I didn't love her yet. She probably would've been great, but you know what I realized, walking home? While my dick was pulling the cart, my heart was loving Rachel named Edie. Fuck me. Fuck me to death. You know, I didn't dwell on it, but it did pop into my mind that one of my options was killing myself --I couldn't stand finding out that I was a jerk. I was the teenage werewolf. I was the terrorist rapist. Sneakier than hiding in the bushes, though.

JOHN

Shit, man, the donut thing is just that she liked me to smear the cherry donut stuff on her. Nothing creepy --just normal donut sex stuff.

SCENE #: Cody's living room, COLOR.

O'MEARA

Is this supposed to be about us? Because I don't talk like that. You talk like that.

AMY

Yeah, I don't tell stories with little voices, and I doubt the real Rachel does, either. That's your thing.

CODY

There is no real Rachel.... This isn't real. See, they seem like they're driving down Colfax, but really, Colfax is the lifeline.

CAT

Nobody knows what that means.

CODY

Look, it's not important that you understand --it's probably better if you don't-- just try to be organic....

CAT

Whatever. I don't support montage.

O'MEARA

I'm uncomfortable with some of my lines. I mean, maybe you say "clit-potato," but I'm a gentleman! I would never say "snatch." I don't want to be the character who says "snatch." People will think I really talk that way.

ERIC

I have to agree. O'Meara is really presented very unfairly here on page 17. You might want to follow him around and get a better sense of who he really is before you rewrite, because right now, you're not getting it.

CODY

It's not you! It's not me! I've never said "clit-potato" in my life. It's just a movie!

ERIC

You're always grossing us out
with your offensive sexual
preoccupations.

AMY

Yeah, what would Rachel say?

CAT

And I'm not gay, either.

SCENE E: CHARLIE and RACHEL

CHARLIE

See, I'll tell you, the Sexual
Revolution was a bad thing.
That's the big secret.

RACHEL

Oh yeah, totally. Women's Rights
is an insane notion.

CHARLIE

Women's Rights is not what I'm
talking about. I'm talking about
the sex part. See, I think the
bad thing is that --and this is
what my friends do, and this is
what I do too-- you know, they
sleep with someone before they
really know them, let alone love
them, and we act like this is OK
and good business and shit, but
it's not, because when there's
nothing in the love bucket, but
the fuck bucket's getting hosed
down, you just start filling the
love bucket with imaginary crap.
You just start projecting into
the emotional void. And you can
talk all you want about how the
Sexual Revolution is like this
big finally moment and the
arrival of the species into the
post-modern galactic culture,
but that's bullshit because
everyone I know is miserable and

lonely and getting plenty to boot. And then they act like there's some reason you can't possibly fall in love with your friends. That's how it's supposed to work, Rachel.

RACHEL

Poor Charlie! It's not his fault!

CHARLIE

Hey, fuck you, toots.

RACHEL

You're so enlightened. Will we be using the "fuck bucket?"

CHARLIE

Tell me you don't know what I mean.

RACHEL

Oh, I've heard your little song and dance before. "Oh, Rachel, how can you sleep with Paul when you don't love him? Oh, Rachel, how can you try to liberate your heart from the sexual equation?" I just disagree. This is your deal. You're the one with the big tragedy. You still can't quite put your finger on the Pact.

CHARLIE

Well, your position is ridiculous.

RACHEL

Look, I love you to pieces, but if my position is ridiculous, yours is pathetic.

CHARLIE

Listen to yourself. "I love you to pieces." And that's how it

was then, too. We were best friends and we were attracted to each other. How is that different from love? I mean what do you want that's not that? This is not a movie, what force kept us apart? What do you think true love is?

RACHEL

Charlie, you're dear to me, but you can't intellectualize true love. You're in love with me. I just love you. I don't need to describe the difference --I just need to know it.

SCENE D, B&W, the END OF COLFAX. The road just turns to dirt, even if that's not the fucking truth, OK?!

CHARLIE

Well, this is kind of disappointing.

JOHN

There's not even a porta-potty.

MIKE

It's no Sleepytime Tea Factory, that's for sure.

Silence.

CHARLIE

We should've brought a camera, though.

JOHN

Yeah, that was a mistake.

MIKE

I'm not coming back here just to take a picture.

Silence.

CHARLIE

Well, here lies the end of the road.

JOHN

We could drive the dirt road -- see where it goes.

MIKE

Maybe that's where the museum is.

CHARLIE

Maybe a different time.

Silence.

MIKE

Well can we at least go to Casa Bonita?

CHARLIE

Yeah. I'm up for that. John?

JOHN

Always up for Casa.

SCENE 1: CHARLIE and TYLER wait by the Memorial in Golden, SEPIA.

CHARLIE

Hey thanks for coming out here with me.

TYLER

It's not a problem. When did this guy say he'd be here?

CHARLIE

He should be here any moment.

Enter PETER.

PETER

Hello, Charlie. I'm Peter. We spoke on the phone.

CHARLIE

It's good to meet you. This is my brother Tyler.

PETER

I see. And you both know Rachel?

TYLER

That's right.

PETER

Very well, then. It's a little cold here. Now that we've met, maybe we can go somewhere more secluded to talk about this.

CUT TO

A different, possibly even cool, location that we can get -- maybe La Dolce Vita or a restaurant conference room!!

PETER

I'll be brief. Unfortunately, I can't be very specific about the details, but Rachel has made an application which requires an official background check. I'm going to ask you some questions, but I'd like you to begin by just talking in general about Rachel and your relationship to her.

CHARLIE

I'm not sure what you mean.

TYLER

Is Rachel in trouble?

PETER

Please. This will all be clear in time, and you'll understand the need for my secrecy, however unnecessary it must seem to you right now.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry. I still don't know what you need to hear.

TYLER

Could you start with some specific questions just to get us pointed in the right direction?

PETER

Unfortunately, no. I'm sorry this is so frustrating. Could you please just tell me about Rachel?

A pause as Tyler and Charlie look at each other plainly.

CHARLIE

Rachel grew up across the street from me. She's a year younger than me, so that makes her 25. I guess I've known her pretty much her whole life. We were very close when we were young.

TYLER

They were inseperable. And there was another kid from down the block.

CHARLIE

Bridgett. When we were kids, we....

PETER

I'm sorry to interrupt. I already know about Bridgett. Try to focus on Rachel.

CHARLIE

OK. I guess our youth can be summed up as that we were close childhood friends. Then Bridgett was killed in an accident when I was twelve --so when Rachel was eleven. I think that when

Bridgett died, we developed a more personal bond. Our friendship became more of a.... I don't know --it sounds dirty-- but more of an adult friendship. You know, as kids, we were friends because we did things. Went swimming, played soccer, just did things. But after Bridgett died --and I mean particularly right after Bridgett died, we became friends.... What is the word I'm looking for, Tyler?

TYLER

Confidants?

CHARLIE

That's kind of it. Close enough for me, anyway. Now, instead of being friends who just did things, we were.... I don't know, we talked a lot more. It was kind of a difficult time, you know? Bridgett, and puberty, and Rachel's parents got divorced about a year after that.

PETER

Tyler, what is your recollection of that time?

TYLER

Well, you know, I'm six years older than Charlie, so I was finishing High School when Bridgett died. I remember it was a really tough time for him and Rachel. I used to drive them around. You know, Mom and Dad kind of took me aside and told me the master plan. They were really concerned, but they didn't want to crowd him. They told me to try to spend a little

extra time with him. I remember
--probably about a month after
it happened-- they gave me a
couple hundred bucks and told me
to take Charlie and Rachel up
skiing.

CHARLIE

I remember that trip.

TYLER

I know, my first big dose of
responsibility.

CHARLIE

I don't know Tyler:
(mock father's
voice)
a paper route is a lot of
responsibility.

PETER

So your brother took you up
skiing.

CHARLIE

Sorry. Right.

TYLER

But they didn't really want to
go.

CHARLIE

Right, so I asked you if you'd
take us to the cabin instead.

TYLER

Right, but I thought the cabin
was probably snowbound and I
didn't want to get stuck.

CHARLIE

But you said that we could just
stay in the lodge for the whole
weekend of we wanted.

TYLER

That's right, so we had about ten of those like double-priced lodge pizzas.

CHARLIE

And you drove into Dillon to buy Monopoly.

TYLER

I think that's the last time I actually played Monopoly until someone won. Wow. You know what else I just remembered? I spent the whole first half of the game trying to throw it to you guys, but it's really hard to lose Monopoly on purpose, you know? Unless you just play stupid. It's hard to subtly lose.

CHARLIE

Didn't you end up winning?

TYLER

(beat)

Yeah, I think maybe so. I told you it was hard.

PETER

Again, I'm sorry to interrupt. Let me ask you some specific questions.

CHARLIE

OK.

PETER

Charlie, have you ever slept with Rachel?

CHARLIE

Why do you need to know that?

TYLER

What kind of position is she applying for?

PETER

Please. You have slept with her,
I know. How did that come about?

CHARLIE

(beat)

I was sixteen, so she was
fifteen. I don't know. We were
really close all through middle
school. We just. I'm not sure
how to tell this story.

PETER

Just start at the beginning. Try
to tell me how you feel about
Rachel.

CHARLIE

We were close. I had a little
crush on her, but somehow --I
don't know, this is really
stupid. Lately, I've been
thinking a lot about how stupid
this attitude is, but at the
time, I don't know, I just had
this attitude, and I think she
did too, that no matter what,
you can't date your friends.
Anyway, you know, we were
talking. She had been dating
this older guy --well not
disgustingly older, just 17 or
something. A junior. She was a
freshman. Anyway, he'd kind of
wanted things, and it had sort
of been too fast for her, and
she had said no, and he stopped
calling her, and so we had
started talking a lot about
virginity.

TYLER

I don't remember this.

CHARLIE

Well, you know, I didn't tell
Mom & Dad either, Ty.

PETER

Please. Continue.

CHARLIE

We were talking about virginity a lot. Little theories. See, we had these worries. I was really worried about being terrible. She was worried about getting hurt. That's not really it. She wasn't worried so much as I guess she had a plan. She wanted to lose her virginity to someone she could trust. Someone who would be gentle. I mean that's not all; I don't know, she wanted to control the situation a little bit more than I think she thought she'd probably otherwise be able to. Does that make sense?

PETER

Yes. Go on.

CHARLIE

So we kept talking about the hypothetical, you know? Like I would say how maybe I should hire a prostitute and then she would say how yeah, she should hire a gigolo --that would be great because she could instruct him to be very slow and gentle and I'd say and no laughing and she'd say and he'd have to stop if it hurt too much and I'd say and she could tell me what women really want. It went on like that, like a little game. Anyway, I guess it was inevitable, and I knew that we were really talking about each other long before we actually started talking about each other. It just sort of elevated

into a little joke, you know?
I'd say "so when are we going to
have our little whoring
weekend?" And she'd say, "I
forgot my calendar, let me get
back to you." Or we'd be out
walking around and she'd see
some boxers or something and
say, "Ooooh. I should get that
for you to wear when you pop my
cherry." Shit like that. Then,
after a while, I started really
wanting it for real. Eventually,
the joke just starting being a
little more serious, you know?

PETER

Please. In what way?

CHARLIE

I don't know. More wistful.

TYLER

Shit, Chuckie: you're a freak.

CHARLIE

So one day, we were just hanging
around her room, lying on the
bed, and she said, "I want it to
be you."

TYLER

Just like that?! This is wierd
and gross and --say, do you
think you were adopted?

PETER

Please. Be quiet. Just tell the
story.

CHARLIE

She said "I want it to be you."
Boy, I was floored. I didn't
know what to do. I wanted to
say, "I love you," but I didn't.

PETER

Why didn't you tell her how you felt?

TYLER

Again, what kind of interview is this?

PETER

It will be clear in time. However, I must stress the importance of your testimony. Please do not treat this lightly. Your answers may have a measurable impact on Rachel's application. I'm sorry I must be so vague --I know it must be frustrating.

TYLER

It just seems like....

PETER

Please. Charlie, if you would please continue.

CHARLIE

I wanted to say, "I love you," but I was also kind of aware that that wasn't necessarily what she meant. I don't know. I kind of felt --OK, I'm not sure why I didn't. There was probably some cowardice. Yes. Definitely some cowardice. But also, I felt it in my gut that there were some rules at work here. And that I would be violating the rules if I said I loved her. That's probably the same as cowardice. However, I also was absolutely confident that when I slept with her then --well, I thought if I was patient and just went along that there was no way it wouldn't work out.

PETER

You thought she loved you.

CHARLIE

Yeah. I thought that that was probably the truth. But I worried that she might talk herself out of it if I tried to adjust the reception. Just don't fiddle with the rabbit ears just yet, I thought.

TYLER

So you just did her right then.

CHARLIE

No, I mean her saying it was the turning point, but then we were still kind of chicken, so we had to kind of get comfortable with the idea. There was a lot of planning.

TYLER

It's amazing you ever get laid at all.

PETER

Tyler.

TYLER

Yeah, I know.

PETER

Charlie.

CHARLIE

Well planning isn't probably the right word. There was a lot of foreplay. Well that's not the word either. There was a lot of getting used to. First we got used to touching. Just touching. You know the bubble around you. We just got used to being very physically close. Then affection. Then touching anywhere. Then kissing. Then

nudity. Then petting. Then it was time.

TYLER

Fuck, man. I thought I taught you how to play baseball.

PETER

Tyler, if you wouldn't mind. Again.

TYLER

Sorry.

CHARLIE

(beat)

So then we decided on the time, and then she said, you know, "this is what I want to happen: I want a word to say that you have to stop." It was like a safe word. Like a time out.

TYLER

Oh, please.

PETER

Tyler.

TYLER

Right.

CHARLIE

She wanted her word, and she also wanted....

PETER

What was that word?

TYLER

What? How come you get to interrupt....

PETER

Sh.

CHARLIE

"Apple." The word was apple. I don't know, maybe a little symbollic --a little wierd, but she had thought of it beforehand. "Apple."

PETER

Go on.

CHARLIE

So she also said --and I remember, this whole time while she's laying out the rules, I thought two things: first, I hadn't ever really realized how scared she was, and second, I remember thinking how brave she was.

PETER

(beat)

Please. Go on.

CHARLIE

I mean, it's pretty academic.

PETER

Yes. Continue.

CHARLIE

I mean, you know, I tried to think of what I wanted --I mean I though of a word. She wanted me to have a word, too.

PETER

What was that word?

CHARLIE

(long beat)

Shit. Sorry. I don't remember. I just said the first --probably "orange" or "banana" or something Freudian like that.

PETER

Then what?

CHARLIE

She called it The Pact. We sat there and --I swear I'm not making this up-- we actually did the blood-brother thing and she made me promise I'd stop if she said "Apple" and I made her promise to help me do the right stuff and then we read this little thing she wrote, this little vow.

TYLER

Were you guys popping cherries or sacrificing a pig?

PETER looks sternly at TYLER.

TYLER

I give up.

PETER

What vow?

CHARLIE

It was like, "We are going to lose our virginity together. We promise not to let it ruin our friendship. Blah, blah." I mean, remember. I basically was thinking that she'd get a shot of the old Chuckie-love and rip the thing up. I was along for the ride, but my agenda was different, you know?

PETER

Then?

CHARLIE

I don't know. We just decided which day and then bang. I mean, I was nervous all day, and then I'm over there in her kitchen, and her mom's still at work, and I was --I must've looked a

little wierd, you know. She was like, "Are you OK, Charlie? You look like maybe you're a little pale. Maybe you'd like a piece of fruit." Yeah, my word was orange, I remember now.

PETER

OK.

CHARLIE

So then she like sat me down and she's like, "It doesn't have to be today. Let's go upstairs and just touch, and if it feels right, just let it happen." I remember that --just let it happen.

PETER

And then?

CHARLIE

I calmed down and it just happened. It was relly clumsy. Then she made me go before her mom came home.

PETER

But you continued.

CHARLIE

Right. And see, here's where I thought, "A-ha! Fuck the pact, she's getting sucked in." She said, you know, maybe we should keep doing it and learn to get better. Because that's what you realize when you lose your virginity --or anyway, it's what we realized-- is that we still didn't know shit. So of course, I agreed. And we kept sleeping together for about a month. It was wierd. Really intimate, but really clinical. Like she went and bought this little sex book,

and it was like. Fuck, it was like playing football. A little playbook, and drills, and scrimmage and shit. Her new crusade was orgasm. She confessed that she hadn't had one with me yet. She said that she'd read that it was difficult for women. I thought she was sugar-coating it a little. But I really wanted to please her. She said, you know, that it was pleasant and everything, but just no big O.

PETER

How did it end?

CHARLIE

I don't know. One day, I was just in this mood, you know? I was like, "Rachel, today is the day. I am sending you to the fucking moon." And she's like, "bring it on, bitch." So we're there on the bed, and I kissed her, and she was undoing her shirt, and I just felt fantastic. Fan-fuckin-tastic. I don't know, I just suddenly realized that I wanted to tell her. That I could tell her. Not only that, I thought, telling her is the ingredient she needs. So I told her. I said, "Rachel, I love you."

PETER

Did you mean it?

CHARLIE

Fuck yeah. Sorry. Yeah, I meant it. I still....

(beat)

I still mean it.

PETER

What did she say?

CHARLIE

She just kind of pulled back for a second, then she looked in my eyes. And she got a little weepy. No big tear, just a little misty. And I wasn't sure what to think --you know, it's like the loneliest thing to say, waiting for a response. It was all whizzing through my head, wondering if she was sad or happy or what. Then she just looked at me, and she's like

(beat)

"Apple."

SCENE XX

COLOR --THE CAST sits in silence.

O'MEARA

Is there something the matter with you?

CODY

It's not about me.

ERIC

Sure.

SCENE 4'33": B&W in the car. 4'33" of silence, driving.

SCENE Σ, Charlie and Rachel, SEPIA

RACHEL

Do you remember....

CHARLIE

What's my name?

RACHEL

"Oh Rachel, I'm so unhappy. I wish everything was like it used

to be. I love you, Rachel. Can't we just give it one more try, even though it's ten years later and I haven't paid attention to how you've changed? I'm sure that if we got together, everything would work out OK because love will find a way."

CHARLIE

What the fuck?

RACHEL

Charlie, I love you. Always have, but I'm ruining your life. And you want to know something? It didn't start with me, either.

CHARLIE

What the fuck are you talking about?

RACHEL

Bridgett pours into Rachel pours into Edie into every Edie.

The phone rings. Rachel --behind Charlie-- walks calmly to the door and leaves.

CHARLIE

Hello?

CUT TO

PETER on cell phone in the woods.

PETER

Charlie, this is Sue Davis, Rachel's aunt.

CUT BACK

CHARLIE

Yes?

BACK TO THE
WOODS

PETER
Charlie, I'm afraid I have very
bad news.

[AND SO
ON....]

CHARLIE
What?

PETER
Charlie, Rachel died yesterday
morning.

CHARLIE
(beat)
(weakly)
How?

PETER
She shot herself, honey.

CHARLIE
(beat)
Was there.... Did she say why?

PETER
No, baby, there wasn't any note.

CHARLIE
Fuck me. Sorry.

PETER
That's OK. Let me give you the
information. The service is
going to be tomorrow in Omaha. I
know that's kind of sudden, but
you'll be welcome. Here's the
address.

CUT BACK TO
CHARLIE

The opening shot. Charlie is on the phone, staring blankly at
the wall, after a few seconds, he hangs up, then stares for a

few seconds more before picking the phone back up and dialing.

LAST SCENE, in the car, B&W, pulling into CASA BONITA'S parking lot

CHARLIE

OK, Black Bart's Cave, here we come!

MIKE

We're getting sopapias, right?

JOHN

Fuckin-A, we're getting sopapias. I'm putting the flag up right away.

CHARLIE

That flag is the best idea.

JOHN

Fuck yeah, every restaurant should have a flag to signal the waiter.

MIKE

Then we're agreed.

CHARLIE

Hey, you guys are like the best friends a boy could have and shit.

CUT TO

THE GUYS walk towards the door. CHARLIE's head turns as RACHEL walks past the group, heading out. She blows him a kiss, and continues walking. He catches the kiss, then we

CUT TO

CEMETARY, DAY. CHARLIE stands at Rachel's grave with a bouquet of flowers. RACHEL comes into frame and they embrace. Charlie gives her the bouquet, kisses her cheek, and walks away.

CUT TO
Charlie's
RECEDING POV

Rachel stands by the marker and smells the flowers.

SNAP TO BLACK
for ~10".

FADE INTO

Cody's living room, COLOR. TV POV. THE CAST sits in stillness.

CAT

Cody, that's terrible.

O'MEARA

That is the worst thing we've ever done. I mean you've ever done.

CAT

I really think that it's the editing more than anything else that ruins it.

AMY

What is this crap?! You only cast me in shit! You're a lame-fuck loser! First, Innermost Numbskull, now this?! Fuck you if you think I'm coming back to play Mia Hamm....

CODY

Amy, guys, listen --it's about how everyone's lifeline....

CAT

Cody, nobody knows what you mean when you start talking about the lifeline.

ERIC

And it sounds dumb.

CAT
All in favor of re-shooting the
movie?

ALL raise their hands.

CUT TO

B&W the parking lot of the Loaf'n'Jug.

O'MEARA
(off-camera)

Go!

ENTER CAT and CODY, CAT carrying an enormous CARDBOARD TUBE.

CODY
Hey, I think we should drive 120
miles down Colfax.

CAT
OK.

Cat PLASTERS Cody in the face with TUBE.

ENTER O'MEARA, wearing the GOOD HEADPHONES and carrying a
CLIPBOARD.

O'MEARA
(addressing camera
directly)
Did you get that?

ERIC
(the voice of the
camera)
The take is good.

O'MEARA
All right, everybody, that's a
wrap. Thanks for coming out.

CAT
I could go again, if you
want....

FIN
