

The Rub

written by

Kimberlea Kressal

MANAGE-MENT  
Corinne Hayoun  
ch@manage-ment.com  
310-208-4411

CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY  
Austin Denesuk  
austin.denesuk@caa.com  
Wilhelmina Ross  
wilhelmina.ross@caa.com  
424-288-2000

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - NIGHT

An average American classroom, rows of desks, dusty chalk boards, it feels familiar, but also slightly off, like we may be watching everything through an Instagram filter.

AMBER BAILEY (14) an average American teen, too average to be our heroine, but she is, sits at her desk reading *Sister Carrie*. Something about the classroom feels off to her too.

Amber looks back at a FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (30s, think Megan Fox) certainly not average, wearing a Catholic School girl uniform. *Weird*, Amber doesn't go to Catholic School. She catches Amber staring. Amber tries to cover, holds up book.

AMBER

Did you get to the part where---

THWACK, a TEACHER slams a ruler down against his desk.

TEACHER

Amber Bailey, are you talking?

Desks creak as the entire class of GIRLS turn around and look at Amber; like the Brunette they are all scantily dressed in Catholic School uniforms and sexy AF! That's right, this is some straight-up male gaze, *Hit Me Baby One More Time*, Catholic schoolgirl fantasy trope bullshit. Amber squirms.

AMBER

No, sir.

Her eyes follow the Teacher as he strokes the ruler and walks up and down the aisles. Amber looks out the window confused, it's night. THWACK! The ruler slaps down on Amber's desk. The Teacher's face is close, she can feel his hot breath.

TEACHER

Do you know what happens to girls in my class who talk when they should be reading?

AMBER

Yes, Sir.

He walks back up the aisle, thwacking the ruler in his palm. Amber pushes her hand between her thighs. A voice - sweet, smooth, but confident and knowing - narrates.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

That's when I felt it, a gush into my panties, a throbbing in my clit.

The Teacher leans against his desk, surveying the class. For the first time we can really take in the hulking mass of him.

TEACHER  
Is this the lunch room?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
His forearms were the size of my  
thigh...

Amber's eyes trace his forearms down to a white rope bracelet

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
and his hands...

TEACHER  
I said, is this the lunch room?

SCHOOL GIRLS  
No, sir.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
...were huge.

We scan the girls pressing down on their skirts, crossing their legs, biting their pencils.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
My body quivered as I imagined his  
massive hands tracing the curve of  
my bare ass.

TEACHER  
The next girl that makes a sound...

Amber squirms in her seat, fighting against the dripping, pulsing, urgent ache between her legs. The Teacher paces.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
...gets the paddle.

Amber holds her breath, gripping her copy of *Sister Carrie*. We stay tight on her face full of lust and fear.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
I wanted to feel the sting of the  
ruler cutting against my skin, his  
hand soothing my sore red ass.

She looks down at her book.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I needed to feel something, so...

The amplified sound of a BOOK FALLING TO THE FLOOR.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE  
I dropped my book.

Amber still holding her book turns back to the Brunette who's wearing a coquettish smile. The Teacher grabs the Brunette by her ponytail and hauls her to his desk. All we can hear is Amber's THUMPING HEARTBEAT.

The Teacher mouths, "Bend over." The Brunette bites her lip with anticipation and hikes up her skirt revealing her white panties. The Teacher winds back his ruler. The Brunette turns her face to Amber, they lock eyes, it is sensual and terrifying and then THE BELL RINGS!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Amber in an average American classroom, no Catholic School girls, no Fucking Hot Brunette, no sadist teacher, just the chaos at the end of sixth period.

JEREMY (O.C.)  
Bailey!

Amber looks up at JEREMY JACOBS, (15) all sweepy bangs and dimples. She pulls out her earbuds. As Jeremy brushes his hair out of his face she notices his white rope bracelet.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
You chewed the shit out of your pencil, Bailey. Frustrated?

Amber looks at her gnarled pencil. Jeremy winks and leaves.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, GIRL'S BATHROOM - DAY

Amber, awkwardly crammed in a stall, earbuds in, eyes shut, trying not to make a sound. The sultry voice returns.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (O.C.)  
At 14, I didn't want good grades or cool clothes or to be popular.

PULL BACK to reveal the Brunette casually leaning against the stall door as Amber masturbates.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)  
At 14, I wanted to be fucked.

TITLES: **THE RUB**

EXT. RIDGEWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

CLOSE on a photo of perky teenage breasts and pouty lips; Jeremy shows Amber a boob pic on his phone. Amber critiques.

AMBER

Shows promise. Hints of Terry Richardson. The flower crown could be an homage to Irina Ionesco.

JEREMY

Yea, I think she was aiming for Miley Cyrus.

This is what Amber *loves* about her friendship with Jeremy, he is sardonic and smart, but mostly, they're both pervy.

AMBER

Nice rack, though.

JEREMY

Eh, she gives lousy head.

This is what Amber *hates* about her friendship with Jeremy, despite their conversations about sex and art, despite their mutual love of conspiracy cinema and peach gummy candy, he will never allow her to give him lousy head.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

What'd you get on the Bio test?

AMBER

91.

JEREMY

Damn! Tell me, Bailey, to what do you ascribe your great good grades?

AMBER

"Hard liquor and soft women."

He smiles. Amber tries not to blush.

AMBER (CONT'D)

You know they're showing *Executive Action* at the Warner next week.

Jeremy turns distant. Amber babbles when she's nervous.

AMBER (CONT'D)

It's like, the only upside to Trump is that everyone has a total hard on for old conspiracy movies---

JEREMY  
I'm moving.

Amber feels like someone punched her in the tit. He explains.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
I'm going to live with my Dad in  
Connecticut.

AMBER  
When?

JEREMY  
Next week.

*Don't cry, Don't fucking cry!* Amber tries to look unfazed.

AMBER  
Wow. That sucks.

Jeremy doesn't look at her. A group of ROWDY BOYS yell from across the courtyard, *Jer! Come on!* He grabs his backpack.

JEREMY  
Later, Perv.

She watches Jeremy get swallowed into a sea of teenage testosterone, everything inside her wants to...

SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR (PRELAP)  
(screaming)  
Ahhhhhhh. Ahhhhhhhh.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Screams continue as an upside down Sarah Michelle Gellar runs from a Fisherman. Amber lies on her back, her head hanging off the bed, half-watching "I Know What You Did Last Summer."

AMBER  
This is seriously like the end of  
my life.

SASHA MACIAS (15) plops down next to Amber, a fresh hickey on her neck and Flamin' Hot Cheetos on her fingers.

SASHA  
What life?

AMBER  
Exactly! Being friends with Jeremy  
Jacobs was the only interesting  
thing about me.

SASHA

Not true. You also have that collection of your Dad's old Garbage Pale Kids.

Amber flips over and screams into her pillow. Sasha lies back on the bed, licking Cheeto dust off her fingers.

SASHA (CONT'D)

I'd give anything to get out of Ridgewood. It's like totally the kind of place that looks like it should have a serial killer, but never actually has a serial killer.

Amber climbs on top of Sasha, demanding her attention.

SASHA (CONT'D)

No, stop, I'm almost a virgin!

AMBER

Sasha, this is serious. I have literally wasted hundreds of hours thinking about what to text him, what to say when he asks how my weekend was, what it would feel like if he touched me!

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (O.C.)

(exhasperated)

Mother of Chris Pine!!

Amber looks up at the Brunette perched on her desk. It's the same woman from Amber's fantasy, but here - while still imaginary - she's less sex-kitten and more like that cool, sometimes silly, always knowing babysitter that let you stay up late playing video games and taught you about blowjobs.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

If your life is ending, do you really want to die a virgin?

Amber looks down at Sasha with desperation and determination.

AMBER

I'm gonna do it. I'm going to lose my virginity to Jeremy Jacobs.

More screams from the TV. Amber turns to watch Sarah Michelle Gellar get stabbed to death.

INT. BAILEY HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

Amber sits at the table, watching her father, BRETT, (44) blindly shovel casserole into his mouth. The Brunette leans close to his face like she might lick it.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE  
To think, he kisses your mother  
with that mouth.

Amber, grossed out, looks over at her mother DIANE, (46) yelling into her phone headset and eating a Lean Cuisine.

DIANE  
Tell Morgan we won't settle for 30  
and if his client ever wants to...

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE  
Anyone sustaining herself on Lean  
Cuisines can't be having good sex.

Amber gets up from the table, which grabs Diane's attention.

DIANE  
No, it's not a...Hold on.  
(to Amber)  
Amber. Amber!!

Amber, whips around, *WHAT!* Diane is not in the mood.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
The trash.

EXT. BAILEY HOUSE - EVENING

Amber struggles to drag giant trash bins to the curb. Across the street IZZY ALVAREZ (14) a tomboy holding onto the last threads of childhood, is bouncing a soccer ball on her knees.

IZZY  
You need help?

AMBER  
I've got it.

Amber wrestles a recycle bin over the curb, it topples over. *Fuuuck!* Amber wants to cry, she wants to scream, but she doesn't. Izzy starts to help pick up cans and bottles.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
I said, I've got it!



Izzy returns to bouncing her soccer ball, silently watching Amber's frustration build as she throws cans into the bin.

IZZY

Coach Parks said you quit the team.

AMBER

So?

IZZY

So...you like totally screwed us.  
Caitlin is now Center-Mid and she's  
not as fast and won't pass left.

AMBER

(not sorry)

Sorry.

A long beat of silence. There is hurt between these two, the kind that comes from too much history.

IZZY

Yea, well, it would be nice if you  
at least cared---

AMBER

Yea, well, I don't.

Amber turns away then WHOOSH the soccer ball flies past her head, CRASHING into the recycle bin, knocking it over again. Amber turns around shocked as a pissed-off Izzy heads inside.

INT. BAILEY HOUSE, FOYER - EVENING

Amber bolts through the door and past Brett. He calls out...

BRETT

Hey, *Dancing With The Stars* is  
starting. Ben Z. is doing the  
foxtrot.

INT. BAILEY HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Amber pauses at the doorway to her parents' bedroom. She watches Diane peel off a full body Spanx. As Diane's flesh is released, she takes her first deep breath. Amber pities her.

Diane sits on the bed, exhausted, holding her phone, contemplating sending a text. She doesn't. She senses Amber, turns to the doorway, but Amber is gone. A door SLAMS.

## INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Posters of soccer heroes Carli Lloyd and Alex Morgan, next to newer posters of heartthrob KJ Apa and girl band Hey Violet. Amber puts in her earbuds then scrolls through Jeremy's Instagram. *This is crazy, he'll never want her.* She collapses face down onto her bed.

## FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

The thing about firsts is that the pain is inevitable...

Amber looks up, her room has transformed, the filtered aesthetic of her earlier fantasy is back as is the sultrier version of the Brunette. Whispered voices fill the room: *What if I do it wrong? What if I get hurt? Does this mean I'm...?*

A BICYCLE BELL RINGS, Amber turns toward the sound and is transported to...

## EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Two legs straddle a pink glitter banana seat. The Brunette in pigtails looks back at Amber standing by the curb. A soundscape underscores: HEARTBEAT, SUMMER SOUNDS, SOFT MUSIC.

## FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

My first time on a two-wheel bicycle...

A SHIRTLESS MAN (it's the same actor as the Teacher from our Teaser) pushes the back of the bicycle, then lets go.

## FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

I should've been thinking about my balance, but instead...

The Brunette soars down the street in ecstasy.

## FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

All I could think about was the sensation of the seat vibrating from the uneven pavement and my jean shorts riding up into my crotch.

The Brunette's bike wobbles and crashes into a mailbox.

## FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

I bled a little.

Amber looks at her hands, they are scratched and bloody. The Brunette is on the ground, her bicycle, bent, beside her.

## FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

It was worth it to feel in charge  
of something between my legs.

The Shirtless Man bends down to the Brunette, he kisses her scratched bloody hands and helps her up. Amber watches as the Man leads the Brunette away. BICYCLE BELL RINGS.

## INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Amber walks through dimly lit rooms until she finds The Brunette in a corner, her jean shorts around her ankles, the Man's back is to Amber, his hand in the Brunette's underwear. The Brunette stares blankly at Amber.

## FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

Some firsts are amazing, some are  
unexpected, some are unwanted.

Amber feels someone take her hand, she turns to see Jeremy leading her away. They walk outside.

## EXT. DARK GLITTERING EMPTINESS - NIGHT

Amber and Jeremy stand in dark glittering emptiness. He takes her face in his hands.

## FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (V.O.)

And some are so special that the  
pain is in knowing it will not  
last, that the first...is fleeting.

Amber leans in to kiss Jeremy, but a BICYCLE BELL RINGS...

## INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amber disoriented looks for the Brunette, she's gone. BICYCLE BELL RINGS, it's a text alert, she looks down at a series of texts from Jeremy, the last one is a photo of a disfigured eggplant that looks like a penis.

Amber smiles. Earbuds still in, she slips under her covers. As Amber falls asleep...

## FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

This episode is about firsts, first  
kisses, first heartbreaks, first  
loves, and first losses. Are you  
listening? This is "The Rub."

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Amber, backpack swung over her shoulder, walks past the GIRLS SOCCER TEAM practicing. Izzy passes the ball then catches Amber's eye, a pain of regret shocks Amber. Sasha and a JUNIOR BOY run past, pulling Amber away with them.

SASHA

Come on!

Izzy, distracted as Amber disappears behind the concession stand, doesn't notice the ball coming back to her. Shouting from the other players. Izzy gets shoulder charged by JAY, a masculine-of-center lesbian; they both tumble to the ground.

Jay lands on top of Izzy. She lingers there a beat too long, then hops back into the game.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, BEHIND CONCESSION STAND - DAY

Amber, awkward and anxious, stands a few feet from Sasha and the Junior Boy making out. She tries to ignore them.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

He's using way too much tongue.

Amber looks up at the Brunette annoyed and whispers.

AMBER

Would you shut up!

(beat)

How do you know when it's too much?

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

He's like a St. Bernard.

AMBER

We shouldn't be watching.

Amber glances back at Sasha, then quickly turns around.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I'm leaving.

Amber, flustered, takes off.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, SOCCER FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Amber plows through the Soccer Field ignoring the practice in process. The COACH yells at her. She swerves to avoid the ball, SMASHES into Jeremy, and falls on her ass.

JEREMY

Shit, Bailey, I know you worship me, but you don't have to literally throw yourself at my feet.

From her POV on the ground he looks like a Greek God; sunlight radiating behind his blonde hair, his toned body in a sweaty t-shirt and gym shorts. Then she hears...

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

I bet you wouldn't mind too much of his tongue.

AMBER

(to Brunette)

Fuck off.

JEREMY

Apology accepted.

He reaches out a hand and pulls her up. She's speechless. she's never speechless. This is so awkward. *Say something!*

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

Say something.

AMBER

Sorry, my hand is sweaty.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

(dripping sarcasm)

Nicely done.

JEREMY

You ok?

AMBER

Yea, totally, I'm just late for, I have an Honor Society thing, like a thing.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

Yea, totally, I'm just thinking about your tongue deep in my mouth.

Amber feels her face flush. Jeremy, noticing her unease.

JEREMY

Cool. Well, I've got...

AMBER

Yea, you should...

Amber sinks into herself. Brunette shoots her a look, a dare.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Hey...wait!

Jeremy stops, she immediately regrets opening her mouth.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I...you should come over later, to my house. There's like this thing I wanna show you...at my house.

JEREMY

Yea, okay.

Jeremy runs off to practice. A smile grows on Amber's face.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Izzy is surrounded by girls self-consciously undressing and carefully primping. Jay in a sports bra and jeans walks by. Izzy makes an exhausted effort not to look at her.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

Inside a stall, Diane sits staring at a positive pregnancy test. She hears someone come in and quickly disposes of it into the trash. She exits the stall to find her ASSISTANT re-applying lipgloss. She stiffly washes her hands.

DIANE

(sharply)

The Ryan MTC has to be filed today.

Assistant nods. Diane looks back at the stall, which makes her Assistant look at the stall, which makes Diane look at the stall. An awkward beat.

ASSISTANT

Did you lose something?

DIANE

A muffin.

ASSISTANT

A muffin?

Diane rushes into stall and reaches her hand into the trash.

DIANE

I don't mean muffin, I mean...mascara...I must have dropped it...I was...

Diane struggles then finally rips out the trash bag.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
 Okay. Okay. Well. I have it.

Out of breath, Diane backs out of the bathroom. A beat later she sticks her head back in...

DIANE (CONT'D)  
 I would actually like a muffin.  
 Zucchini?

EXT. BAILEY HOUSE - DAY

Brett is unloading a lawnmower out of his truck when Amber and Jeremy blow past him and head into the house.

AMBER  
 Hey, Dad.

JEREMY  
 Hey, Mr. Bailey.

Brett weighs his concern.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE on Amber's iPhone, we see the podcast THE RUB playing. Amber and Jeremy sit on the end of her bed, they each have one of her earbuds in. He pulls out his earbud.

JEREMY  
 Dude, Bailey! I can't believe you  
 listen to this.

Amber feels pangs of embarrassment, maybe she shouldn't have shared it with him, but he puts the earbud back in, captivated. The worlds of reality and fantasy start to blur. A soundscape underscores: HEARTBEATS, PANTING, WHISPERS.

Behind them, in Amber's bed, the fantasy Brunette is making out with the Teacher/Shirtless Man. Amber turns to watch.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE  
 We rolled around in my Strawberry  
 Shortcake sheets until I felt his  
 throbbing erection pressing against  
 my ass.

Amber feels the familiar aching begin between her legs. She watches, in lust-filled awe, as the Brunette and Man float above her bed, grinding, tangled in sheets. The Brunette plucks a strawberry off of the sheet.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)  
 I needed to feed the hunger inside  
 me.

The Brunette takes a juicy bite out of the ripe strawberry.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)  
 I needed him to know that I wanted  
 it too. I reached my hand behind me  
 to feel his hard---

JEREMY  
 What the fuck, Bailey!

We are thrust back into reality, as Jeremy reacts to Amber's hand non-consensually on his cock. Amber looks mortified as Jeremy bolts from her room.

INT. BAILEY HOUSE, FOYER - DAY

Jeremy takes off down the stairs, past Brett, and out the front door. Amber frozen on the stairs, the humiliation has almost killed her, but since she is still standing, her Dad decides to fire the fatal shot.

BRETT  
 Hey kiddo, let's talk.

INT. BAILEY HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Amber sits at the kitchen table with Brett who is fumbling over his words and nervously fondling the salt shaker.

BRETT  
 Boys aren't like girls, they  
 have...urges. They think about sex,  
 well, um, all the time. You need to  
 be careful, you don't want to  
 provoke the, uh, the urges.

The Brunette is in Brett's Lazy Boy watching *The Real Housewives of Somewhere*. She yells back to Amber.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE  
 Which is more painful, your Dad  
 telling you that Jeremy wants to  
 fuck you, or Jeremy telling you  
 that he doesn't?

AMBER (PRELAP)  
 It was humiliating.



INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

The deafening sounds of teenage chatter echo through a Club Fair as Amber and Sasha push through herds and past booths.

AMBER

He literally ran out of my house!

Sasha scrolls SnapChat.

SASHA

Holy fuck balls! Ridgewood has a new slut page! It's insane.

AMBER

Are you listening to me?

SASHA

It's gone totally viral! I *have* to get on this. Hashtag goals.

AMBER

(exploding)

Hashtag thirsty much!

Sasha sucks hard on a blow pop, contemplating whether to punch Amber or hug her?

SASHA

Okay, look, you probably just did it wrong, it's not like you really have experience. Did you like squeeze it too hard or something?

AMBER

I didn't squeeze it at all, I barely touched it before he---

SASHA

Maybe he's gay.

AMBER

He's not gay.

SASHA

You do kinda have that desperate fag hag look about you.

A STUDENT pushes a flyer into Amber's hand. Amber and Sasha look down at it: "Drama Club, We've Got Magic to Do!"

SASHA (CONT'D)

Told you.  
 (beat)  
 Jolly ranchers!

Sasha takes off toward a bowl of candy at a booth. Amber catches Izzy's eye across the gym. Their gaze lingers.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (O.C.)

She was a good friend, that one.  
 Gentle, understanding...

Amber looks at the Brunette, arms full of Club Fair swag and wearing a sombrero. The Brunette continues...

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

You did the right thing - cutting her loose - you were never getting laid hanging out with someone who owns 23 American Girl dolls.

Amber watches Izzy disappear into the gulf of teenagers.

JEREMY (O.C.)

Put your hands where I can see 'em.

Brunette screams, throws up her hands and drops all her swag.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I said hands up, Bailey.

Amber, face-flushed, turns around slowly. All we can hear is Amber's THUMPING HEARTBEAT. *Fuck, are they gonna talk about it?* A silent, shared understanding...Nope, except to say...

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Later, Perv.

He winks at her and walks away. Amber lets out a deep breath. The Brunette still has her hands in the air.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

Are we not getting frisked? Damn.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, GIRL'S BATHROOM - DAY

Izzy walks into the girls' bathroom. Jay is shaving the side of her head with an electric razor. It is the hottest thing Izzy has EVER seen, she must immediately run the other way.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, YEARBOOK BOOTH - DAY

Sasha leans seductively on the table trying to capture the attention of ROSS CULSAC (15) in a *Game of Thrones* t-shirt and thick-rimmed glasses.

SASHA

So, Ross, Ali Nichols says you're having a party tomorrow night.

He's more interested in the cartoon he is drawing than Sasha.

ROSS

It's my birthday.

SASHA

Hey! Happy Birthday.

Amber looks down at Ross's drawing.

AMBER

You're good.

Ross shrugs off the compliment. Sasha pushes her agenda.

SASHA

Cool. So like, how about Amber and I come? To the party. And maybe invite some other cool people.

AMBER

Reminds me of Daniel Clowes...I mean, kinda.

He looks at her surprised she knows who Clowes is. We see a connection between these two, then Sasha breaks the moment...

SASHA

We can bring l.q.

ROSS

Yea. Sure.

SASHA

Okay, cool, so we'll see you tomorrow tonight.

Sasha, bounces away with excitement, pulling Amber with her.

SASHA (CONT'D)

I am such a genius! You are so fucking Jeremy Jacobs tomorrow. I can totally get him to the party, but you have to get the booze.

AMBER  
Wait, what? How?

SASHA  
What did Ms. Blumthal say in  
English today? 'Luck is when  
preparation meets opportunity.'

Amber looks at her blankly. Sasha smirks.

SASHA (CONT'D)  
Lucky for us you spent all summer  
giving blow jobs to cucumbers.

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - DAY

In an office in New York, Diane is eating cucumber slices  
when her Assistant comes in.

ASSISTANT  
I cleared your schedule for next  
Tuesday. I had to move the---

DIANE  
Thank you. It's a minor procedure.  
A freckle, mole. My mother had skin  
cancer. You can't be too careful.

Silence. Assistant is unsure if she should leave or speak.

ASSISTANT  
Is it your first?

DIANE  
Skin cancer?

ASSISTANT  
Abortion?

Diane is speechless. Assistant, with casual empathy...

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
It's cool, I've had two, so like no  
judgment at all.

Diane looks at her, she can't be more than 25. Then...

DIANE  
You wanna get drunk?

INT. BAILEY HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brett watches Amber poke at her salad as he eats a bowl of chili. He tries to engage.

BRETT  
So you quit soccer, huh?

AMBER  
Yep.

BRETT  
Well how come, I mean, I thought  
you loved being on the team---

He's cut off by Amber's phone vibrating on the table, she quickly picks it up.

Sasha: JJ is IN 4 'party hat emoji'

Sasha: df 'beer emoji, wine emoji, cocktail emoji'

Amber flips the phone over and sinks in her seat. Brett takes in his moody teenage daughter, almost unrecognizable to him.

BRETT (CONT'D)  
You know exercise is good for---

The backdoor opens.

DIANE (O.C.)  
Hello. A little help here.

Brett gives his daughter a concerned smile, then gets up and goes to help Diane. Amber can hear them having a whispered argument: *Late Again? Maybe if I had some help! Are you drunk? Topsy...* Amber uses it as an opportunity to escape.

EXT. IZZY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Izzy is kicking a soccer ball while her brother MATEO, 21, unloads his dirty laundry. Mateo used to play with Izzy and Amber when they were kids, but now he goes to Rutgers. Amber crosses the street to Izzy, keeping her eyes on Mateo.

AMBER  
So, did you...join any clubs?

IZZY  
Yea, the Society of Social Lepers.

AMBER

Cool.  
 (to Mateo)  
 Hey.

MATEO

Hey.

Izzy rolls her eyes. Amber tries again, pushing down the corner of her jeans slightly to show off her hip.

AMBER

You think you could buy me beer?

Offering only the smallest part of his attention.

MATEO

Why would I do that?

Amber looks back at Izzy, then pulls Mateo to the other side of his car and whispers in his ear. Izzy watches as Mateo contemplates the proposal. He opens the passenger door of his car for Amber and they drive away.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Amber sits alone in Mateo's car. She timidly touches his graduation tassel on the mirror. Smells the deodorant in the middle console. She tries to angle a selfie with the liquor store in the background, but sees Mateo returning.

Mateo puts a few bags in the backseat. They sit in silence for a while. Then Amber leans over and starts to undo his belt, but he stops her. Amber looks up at him.

AMBER

I don't mind. I really like it.

Mateo's stare makes her instantly feel eight-years-old again.

MATEO

Even if that was true, which I doubt, you're a kid.

AMBER

I'm almost 15 and guys don't have the monopoly on wanting sex, you know. Did it ever occur to you that, like, we want it too?

He stares at her for a beat, then starts the car.

MATEO

Maybe don't use it as currency.

The Brunette leans forward from the backseat holding Mateo's copy of bell hook's "Feminism is for everybody."

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

What did you expect? He's taking  
"Intro to Women's Studies."

Amber, mortified, stares out her window as Mateo drives.

INT. IZZY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Izzy's is reading "The Miseducation of Cameron Post" when she hears Mateo's car return. She hides the book under her mattress and watches out the window.

EXT. BAILEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Amber, still pouting, climbs out of Mateo's car grabbing the bags. She leans back in to give him a piece of her mind, but instead all she can say is...

AMBER

Thanks for the beer.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Amber hides the beer in her closet. She gets a text.

Jeremy: Episode 20! 'fire emoji fire emoji fire emoji'

Amber quickly climbs into bed, puts in her earbuds, scrolls the podcast to Episode 20, and hits play. She closes her eyes then slowly, awkwardly, she begins to masturbate.

A BELL RINGS. Amber 's eyes open to...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The bedlam that is class change. Amber and Sasha stand outside the girls bathroom. Everywhere Amber looks people are engrossed in their phones.

AMBER

Pod people.

SASHA

It's the slut page. I can't believe you're not following it. Last night there was a post of two sophomore girls sucking off Ethan Anders.

AMBER

Seriously?

SASHA

I heard one of them is that cheerleader, Brit. No surprise, she's a total thot.

AMBER

So, now you *don't* wanna be on it?

SASHA

Why're you such a bitch today?

SECOND BELL RINGS. Sasha and Amber part into the masses. Amber puts in her earbuds. As she moves through the halls, a soundscape underscores: HEARTBEATS, PANTING, WHISPERS.

She passes Jay handing out flyers for a Drama Club Coffee House. Jay hands one to Izzy. Their gaze lingers.

She passes Jeremy ignoring the desperate flirting of a GIRL.

She passes Ross debating with other YEARBOOK KIDS.

She stops when she sees a CHEERLEADER.

Someone SLAMS a locker closed next to Amber and we are in...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - NIGHT

THWACK a ruler slams down on Amber's desk. She looks up at the Brunette, dressed as a sexy teacher, stroking the ruler.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

Amber Bailey, are you a slut?

Desks creak as the entire class turns around and looks at Amber. This class is full of familiar faces: Izzy, Jeremy, Sasha, Brett, Diane, and the Cheerleader. Amber responds.

AMBER

No, Ma'am.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

Do you know what happens to girls?



The Brunette grabs the Cheerleader by her ponytail and hauls her to the front of the room. All we can hear is Amber's THUMPING HEARTBEAT. The Brunette mouths, "Bend over."

The Cheerleader bends over the desk. The class, in unison, rock their desks forward and hold up their cell phones to photograph the punishment. Amber watches in horror as the Brunette winds back the ruler, she turns and looks at Amber.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

SLUT!

The FINAL BELL RINGS and we return to...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Amber watches WHISPERING STUDENTS snap photos of Cheerleader.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (V.O.)

Slut. This episode is about the word, the weapon, the warning.

Students filter away revealing the Cheerleader is in tears.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Who owns the word? Who wields it?  
(whispered)  
Are you listening?

The Cheerleader slams her locker and glares at Amber.

CHEERLEADER

What are you looking at?!

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

This is "The Rub."

A SUCKING SOUND grows louder and louder.

EXT. ROSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE on puckered lips inside a shot glass. The SUCKING continues until POP, Sasha pulls her lips out of the glass.

SASHA

Do they look swollen?

Amber shrugs. Sasha pulls out her phone to check her lips.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Fuck yea! They're like Kylie plump.

Sasha offers the shot glass to Amber, who declines. Sasha rolls her eyes and puts the shot glass in her purse.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Are you gonna be a pussy all night?

AMBER

Can we just go in?

INT. ROSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amber and Sasha observe the rather chill party. Amber holds the beer and looks anxiously around for Jeremy.

AMBER

What if he isn't here?

SASHA

Oh my gawd! Relax. I'm gonna look for something to drink besides the warm Rolling Rocks you brought.

Sasha struts off. Amber, timidly, wanders through the house.

KITCHEN

Yearbook kids are eating chips and debating a real-crime documentary. A GIRL WITH A PONYTAIL is making her point.

GIRL WITH PONYTAIL

I'm just saying that it was far more concerned with---

BOY IN FEDORA

But what about the DNA on the car!

Amber takes a chip and listens. The Girl is frustrated.

GIRL WITH PONYTAIL

That's not the...It was far more concerned with vindicating wronged individuals than with fixing the system that---

BOY IN FEDORA

Cause DNA doesn't lie.

GIRL WITH PONYTAIL

Can you fucking let me speak!

Amber leaves as the Boy and Girl continue to argue.

## LIVING ROOM

THREE DUDES are smoking pot and playing "Lollipop Chainsaw." CHAINSAW noise, Amber turns to the screen: a woman in a bikini kills a zombie, giggles, and bends over. Amber senses someone behind her, *Please god, let it be Jeremy!*

ROSS (O.C.)

Hey.

She turns around to see Ross, she masks her disappointment.

AMBER

Hey, Ross. Happy Birthday.

She holds up the two bags of beer, a pathetic birthday offering. He takes a bag and pulls out a bottle. Ross smiles.

ROSS

I love warm beer. How did you know?

He laughs. He has a really great laugh, Amber notices.

ROSS (CONT'D)

We're playing "Ice and Fire and Tits and Wine." Come on.

AMBER

What's Fire and Tits---?

## EXT. ROSS'S HOUSE, DECK - NIGHT

A CIRCLE OF TEENS in a rousing, and hard to follow, game. Each player has the name of a *Game of Thrones* character on an index card stuck to their forehead. TWO PLAYERS, blindfolded, circle the group, duck-duck-geese style.

Amber "Varys" sits in the circle, confused, but enjoying the game. The Blindfolded First Player tags "Catelyn Stark." Seated Players start shouting.

SEATED PLAYERS

Nipples on a breastplate. Nipples on a breastplate.

Player One drinks. Amber turns to Ross, he explains.

ROSS

Bronn didn't kill Catelyn, so he can't tag her, unless the character is from the same house and then---

They're interrupted by the Second Player who tags and blindfolds Ross. Ross jumps up and begins circling the group. He walks slow, then quickly tags four PLAYERS who fall over.

SEATED PLAYERS

The God of Tits and Wine!

All the players have to drink. Ross jumps in the circle.

ROSS

The God of Tits and Wine!

Amber laughs, drinks, and joins the chanting.

AMBER & PLAYERS

The God of Tits and Wine! The God  
of Tits and Wine!

JEREMY (O.C.)

You summoned?

Amber turns around. Jeremy, arm draped around the BOOB PIC GIRL, smiles at Amber. Amber chokes on her beer.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BLACK BOX THEATER - NIGHT

DRAMA KIDS have transformed the theater into a Coffee House. On stage a GOTH KID sings an acoustic version of Katy Perry's "Bon Appétit." Izzy enters and stands in the back.

GOTH KID

'Cause I'm all that you want, boy  
All that you can have, boy  
Got me spread like a buffet  
Bon a, bon appétit, baby

Izzy nervously looks around for a seat, it's pretty full. Jay appears beside her, all in black. She speaks in a low voice.

JAY

You can watch from the booth.

Jay walks off toward the booth, after a beat, Izzy follows.

INSIDE BOOTH

Jay and Izzy stand in silence watching the terrible Open Mic. Jay's arm brushes Izzy as she reaches to push a button on the light board. More silence. Finally...

IZZY

So, you're a thespian.

A DRAMA GEEK whips around and glares at Izzy for talking. Jay gives him the finger.

Izzy feels herself starting to sweat, she sneaks a look at Jay's undercut. Jay catches her and smirks. Jay reaches across Izzy for another light cue, but Izzy leans in and kisses Jay. Izzy is clumsy, but passionate.

TAP TAP TAP! The kiss is interrupted by the Drama Geek tapping on the booth glass. Jay pushes the light cue button, BLACKOUT. When the lights come back up, Izzy is gone.

INT. MORANDI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Diane sits at the bar with SAM, early 30s, handsome and earnest in that Bachelorette contestant kind of way.

DIANE

It's gotten too complicated.

Sam places his hand on her knee.

SAM

I don't mind complicated.

She struggles to not roll her eyes and tosses back her drink.

EXT. ROSS'S HOUSE, DECK - NIGHT

The party games have ended, the deck is littered with TEENS making out. Ross laughs with a group of friends, occasionally glancing at Amber. Amber drinks a warm beer and watches Jeremy feel up the Boob Pic Girl.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (O.C.)

Are you turned on or pissed off?

The Brunette is reclining in the deck chair next to Amber.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Probably both. Both is the best; there is nothing like being red hot mad and wet at the---

AMBER

It's not fair! I was gonna give him my virginity tonight.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

Oh, flip off. "Give him," you're smarter than that.

Amber turns her rage on the Brunette.

AMBER

Just SHUT UP! SHUT UP! What do you know, anyway? You're beautiful and, like, have guys wanting you all the time. And you act like you're my friend, like we're the same, but really you're just a slut, you're a slut and you're not even real and--

Then it happens...BETRAYAL! Amber and the Brunette watch in horror as Sasha slinks down next to the Boob Pic Girl, places her hand on her thigh, and whispers to Jeremy. Boob Pic Girl giggles as Sasha locks eyes with Jeremy.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

That's when I felt it...

Amber bolts from the deck and runs as fast as she can into the night. Ross sees this and runs after her. The Brunette, sighs then grudgingly runs after them.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Um, Hello. Some of us are in---

Her heel gets stuck and she falls face-first into the grass.

EXT. BEHIND ROSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amber runs and runs until she can barely see the party behind her, then she drops into the grass. She turns around when she hears Ross, wipes her face. He stands back, giving her space.

ROSS

So, how 'bout them Cowboys?

Amber looks at him, *WTF!* He shakes his head nervously.

ROSS (CONT'D)

I literally have no idea why I...it was the only thing in my head. I don't even watch football...I'm sorry, I should---

Ross's blundering makes Amber laugh a little.

AMBER

You can sit.

Ross, is all dork as he sits down on the grass next to Amber. Amber sniffles. He offers her the sleeve of his flannel, she declines and wipes her nose on her sweater. A long silence.

ROSS

I've never seen a girl cry before,  
aside from, you know, like, my Mom.

AMBER

I'm probably a really ugly crier.

ROSS

I don't know, I mean, who cares how  
you look when you're sad.

Amber just stares at him. Ross, uncomfortable, takes off his  
glasses and cleans them on his shirt.

AMBER (V.O.)

That's when I felt it...

Amber leans over and kisses him. Ross enthusiastically kisses  
her back. It's passionate and hot and awkward and then...

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (O.C)

Son of a Britney Spears!

The Brunette arrives out of breath. Amber pulls away.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Was the running really necessary?

Amber looks up at the Brunette, sexy and powerful, as if one  
kiss from her might end the world. The Brunette leans down  
and kisses Amber on the lips, fantasy and reality melt into  
each other, and the world around them explodes into...

EXT. DARK GLITTERING EMPTINESS - CONTINUOUS

Amber and Ross float in the darkness, kissing, tangled in  
stars. The stars become...

INT. STARLIGHT SKATEWAY - DAY

The glittering ceiling of a skating rink.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE

I lost my virginity at a Skateway.

The Brunette and Teacher/Man, dressed like 90s teens, skate  
hand-in-hand, trying to make-out as they circle the rink.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Like pretty much all teenage sex,  
it started with some clumsy making  
out and Top 40 radio.

Usher's "Nice and Slow" plays as they skate off the rink.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)  
I remember thinking, this is it...

They kiss against a door. The Brunette searches for the handle, twists it, and they tumble backwards...

EXT. BEHIND ROSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amber and Ross tumble onto the ground with gawky passion.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (V.O.)  
I'd opened something inside myself  
that I couldn't close...

Amber pauses when she feels Ross's erection pressing against her. Ross blushes with embarrassment, but Amber moves her hand down toward the front of his jeans and kisses him.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And I didn't want to close it, I  
wanted to walk through...

INT. MORANDI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Diane places her hand on Sam's cheek, this is goodbye.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (V.O.)  
I wanted to feel in control...

INT. IZZY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Izzy tears through bathroom drawers until she finds an electric razor.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (V.O.)  
I wanted to feel different...

INT. ROSS'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sasha leads Jeremy and Boob Pic Girl into an empty bedroom.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (V.O.)  
I wanted to feel seen...

EXT. BEHIND ROSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amber begins unbuckling Ross's belt. He fumbles for a condom.



FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE (V.O.)  
I wanted to feel something, so...

Amber pauses and looks up at the Brunette. Their eyes meet and it is sensual and terrifying and then...

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE  
Are you sure about this?

Amber looks down at Ross, he's horny, desperate, sweet.

INT. MORANDI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Diane gets up from the bar, grabs her purse, Sam stops her.

SAM  
Are you sure about this?

INT. ROSS'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sasha and Boob Pic Girl in their underwear positioned like mud-wrestlers on the bed. Jeremy stands back with a cell phone camera pointed on them.

JEREMY  
Are you sure about this?

INT. IZZY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Izzy turns on the razor, fear and determination in her eyes, she shaves off a chunk of her hair as we hear...

AMBER (PRELAP)  
Are you sure about this?

EXT. BEHIND ROSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ross looks down at her and nods. We stay on their faces as he slips inside her. After about five seconds, he ejaculates and rolls off Amber, and they lie there, looking up at the stars.

PULL BACK to reveal the Brunette lying next to them.

FUCKING HOT BRUNETTE  
And I wasn't a virgin anymore.

Amber smiles.

EXT. ROSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A Bailey Landscaping truck pulls up, Amber starts to walk down the driveway toward it when she hears...

JEREMY (V.O.)

Bailey!

She turns around. Jeremy hurries toward her. He looks different, mortal. She looks different too, he notices.

JEREMY

So, I guess I'll DM you and stuff.

AMBER

Sure. Me too.

*What else is there to say?* He pulls off his rope bracelet and slips it onto her wrist. We think maybe they'll kiss, but no. She reaches for the car door, then turns back...

AMBER (CONT'D)

See ya round, Slut.

Jeremy smiles. She climbs into the truck and drives away.

INT. BRETT'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Inside the truck 90s Alt Rock plays as Brett acts casual.

BRETT

So...good party?

AMBER

Yea.

She smiles out the window at Ridgewood - Red Oak trees and Craftsman homes. The kind of town that makes you feel safe.

AMBER (V.O.)

My name is Amber Bailey. I'm 14 and I lost my virginity tonight. It hurt a little, he groaned a little, and then it was over. I didn't come, but I did feel something, like, full or something. Like I've had this ache inside me, and sex, it soothed it.

Up ahead she sees a neon sign: Dreamery Creamery.

AMBER

Can we stop for ice cream?

Brett smiles, for a moment he recognizes his daughter.

As they pull into the ice cream shop Amber sees The Brunette perched on a table, surrounded by men, an ice cream in her hand. The Brunette looks at Amber, sensual and terrifying...

AMBER (V.O.)

The thing is, now that I've done  
it...I want more.

The Brunette licks her ice cream. BLACK.

END OF EPISODE