

"Purity Balls"

by,

Jennifer Goldson

Contact Info:

Rhonda Bloom
Plumeria Entertainment
jayenron@aol.com (e-mail)
(818) 825-0843 (ph)

WGAW

FADE IN:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - NIGHT

Two attractive TEENAGERS (16) are on a living room couch. A blanket is over the teen boy's lap -- the girl's hand is underneath, thrusting away.

The boy's eyes are closed with contentment while the girl's eyes are nonchalantly on the TV. A Cooking Show is on.

GIRL
Gross.

BOY
Hmmm...

GIRL
I totally wouldn't put that in my mouth,
it looks like a turd.

The boy's breathing REALLY heavily now. BEAMS HIT LIVING ROOM WINDOW. A car is pulling up.

GIRL
Shit, my Mom's home.

Girl tries to remove her hand, but the boy won't let her.

GIRL
Dude!

BOY
(beseechingly)
Dude...

GIRL
I'm not a dude, dude.

BOY
Don't make me think about dudes now.

GIRL
I want my hand back!

FOOTSTEPS are making their way to the front door.

GIRL
Oh my god, they're coming!

BOY
SO AM I!!

The boy is now closing in on ecstasy -- he definitely won't let her remove her hand now.

CLOSE ON THE FRONT DOOR KNOB AS IT TURNS --

Girl's eyes GO WIDE. FREEZE FRAME ON OUR GIRL -- CHLOE.

CHLOE (V.O.)
Well, what would you do? --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - FLYING IN AIR - DAY

Chloe's alone on a plane, staring out the window, in deep thought --

CHLOE (V.O.)
Yeah, well, too bad you weren't with me that night. So I made the wrong decision -- story of my life -- and now look at me. Mom ships me off to Siberia AKA The Midwest -- like Dad and his child bride are really gonna save my ass. Like I need saving. I know what I'm doing. I like what I'm doing. I do.

Feeling eyes on her, Chloe is startled to find a LITTLE GIRL with glasses staring from the seat ahead. She's looking at Chloe with an intense, disapproving gaze.

CHLOE
 You're creepy.

Little girl starts to bawl. Her mother comforts her and passengers look disapprovingly at Chloe.

CHLOE (V.O.)
Well, she was.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST UNITY CHURCH, MIDDLE AMERICA - SUNDAY MORNING

Church is filling up with shiny, happy (and white) people. Service is about to begin.

ANGLE ON best-friends HEATHER (wholesome, light brown hair, 16) and GRACE (blond knock-out, sexy and pure - a walking dichotomy).

Girls eyes are on SOMEONE a few rows ahead --

HEATHER
 (sotto)
 ... she has that "I don't give a flying fig" sorta look. I'd kill for that look.

GRACE
 Heather!

HEATHER

Well, she does. Boys probably like that, huh.

(off Grace's look)

Not like I'd care or anything.

GRACE

I think she's pretty. I love new people. I hope she likes us.

HEATHER

Me too!

ANGLE ON CHLOE reading the book "I Don't Want to Talk About It." Feeling eyes on her, she turns back to see cheerful Heather and Grace eagerly waving. Chloe blanches.

CHLOE

This place is waay creepy.

Her father, RANDY, (fifty-something, large man with kind eyes) is at her side --

RANDY

Is there *anything* you like Chloe?

CHLOE

I like L.A. I want to go home.

TRISTA (AKA "child-bride" - actually late 20's) cheerfully pops into scene (sitting on Randy's other side).

TRISTA

This is your home now!

CHLOE

Goody!!

Trista retreats. Randy frowns, put off by his daughter.

RANDY

Be nice. She means well.

Chloe goes back to her book, mumbling --

CHLOE

What does she care? She's not even related to me.

RANDY

Give her a chance. Give "us" a chance.
(locking gaze with Chloe)
C'mon, let's have us a good day.

TRISTA

I think you're really going to love
Pastor James, Chloe, he's waay cool.

Chloe smiles sweetly -- a bit too sweetly though Trista
doesn't "get it" but Randy does and looks concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER

PASTOR JAMES (50's) running up the middle aisle towards the
altar, slapping hands along the way. He's got a manic energy
about him as he addresses his congregation --

PASTOR JAMES

Maaaaan! Don't you just love the
atmosphere in here. Atmosphere. That's
where it's at. And what makes the
atmosphere in here so different from the
atmosphere out there!? Is it the love in
the room or the love in our hearts???
Think about that for a moment.

And the congregation does, dutifully closing their eyes.
Chloe is like WTF?

PASTOR JAMES

... don't you know that YOU become the
atmosphere YOU are in. You hang out with
the wrong sorta folk, you ARE the wrong
sorta folk! Here at First Unity, we're
all about atmosphere. The right kind of
atmosphere.

Amens and applause from the excitable congregation.

PASTOR JAMES

Speaking of which -- how excited are we
for this Saturday's brunch? And how
proud -- proud that our teen girls here
want to take a stand. A stand for
PURITY!

Heather and Grace beam. WE PAN over to see the GIRLS PARENTS
grinning with pride.

PASTOR JAMES

By making the ultimate pledge to their
Daddy's -- that our little girls will
abstain from sex until marriage -- we at
First Unity can clearly say, our children
have the right kind of atmosphere!

The TEEN GIRLS excitedly jump up to applause. Chloe is the
only girl who remains seated. Seated and stunned.

CHLOE
 (to Randy)
 What is he talking about?

RANDY
 Um, the Purity Ball.

TRISTA
 You know what a Purity Ball is, don't you? It's so much fun. You get to get all dressed up and you even get jewelry -- a ring of faith from your Daddy. I can't believe you've never heard about them, they're all the rage.

CHLOE
 Where?

TRISTA
Here.

Chloe stares at her father in horror.

CHLOE
 Don't even --
 ('think about it')

Randy exchanges a worried glance with Trista.

INT. CHURCH LOBBY - LATER

It's post service and refreshments are being served. Chloe grabs a handful of Mother's Cookies --

MAN'S VOICE
 So you're the new girl...

Chloe turns around, taking a hard swallow as her eyes fall on a TOTAL HOT GUY (early to mid 20's).

CHLOE
 Oh... wow. I mean, hi. Yeah, I'm, uh, 'new girl.'

HOT GUY
 Well, welcome.

Chloe holds onto his very cute grin --

ANGLE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM: Randy and Pastor James, mid-conversation --

RANDY
 ... you don't know my daughter, Pastor. She's got the will of a tiger and the bite of a Tyrannosaurus.

PASTOR JAMES
So you're scared of her?

RANDY
Yes. Very. And I also love her.

PASTOR JAMES
You know what your job is then...

BACK TO: Chloe and Hot Guy. Chloe is on full flirt-alert -- twirling hair, giggling unnaturally loud, etc.

ANGLE ON: Pastor James and Randy, eyeing Chloe --

PASTOR JAMES
You've got to get her to attend the ball.
Before it's too late.

Randy frowns.

BACK TO: CHLOE AND HOT GUY

CHLOE
... don't tell me you buy into this whole
chastity belt thing.

HOT GUY
Well, between you and me, I do have some
differences with it.

CHLOE
Yeah, *hello*, it's called a 'woman's
choice.'

HOT GUY
(twinkle in gaze)
And how old are you?

CHLOE
Old enough.

He laughs. Chloe frowns. Randy and Pastor James approach
(with Trista) --

PASTOR JAMES
I see Chloe, you've met our Youth Pastor.

CHLOE
Who?
(realizing/horrified)
Him!?

Hot Guy (who will now be referred to as HOT PRIEST) nods --

CHLOE
Oh my god! You should totally warn
people -- where's your outfit!?

HOT PRIEST
The clerical collar? I thought I'd go
cauz today.

CHLOE
Jesus!

RANDY
Chloe!

TRISTA
She meant Jiminy Christmas.

CHLOE
No I meant Jesus Christ! If you can't
say that in Church then what's the
freakin' point!?

ANGLE ACROSS THE ROOM: Grace and Heather are staring over at
Chloe in shock --

GRACE
Did she just take the Lord's name in
vain?!

HEATHER
I can't believe she's flirting with Hot
Priest!

GRACE
She's got a lot of nerve.

HEATHER
I *know*. I heard they sent her here
because of some boy. She...
(jerking motion with hand)
... him.

GRACE
(frowning brow)
Huh?

HEATHER
You know...

Heather continues the jerking motions.

GRACE
What does milking a cow have to do with
some boy?

HEATHER
SHE WAS JERKING SOME BOY OFF!

Everyone in the room stops and stares including Chloe.

Heather and Grace's faces are white with mortification. A beat, then --

HEATHER
(intentionally loud)
... and that's why my parents don't let
me watch cable!

Heather gives a weak grin as Chloe's gaze angrily zeros in on them.

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chloe's on her bed, yacking on the phone. (Note: the room looks sad and sparse. Chloe's bags are still packed.)

CHLOE
... I'm telling you, he's TOTALLY into
me.

WE SEE Randy hovering at the door, listening in.

CHLOE
(continuing, to phone)
How many points d'ya think I get for a
man of the cloth?

Chloe cackles. That's it. Randy enters, upset -

RANDY
I need to talk to you.

CHLOE
(eye roll)
I'm on the phone.

RANDY
Now.

INT. KITCHEN - A BEAT LATER

Chloe's staring impatiently at Randy who's taking his anger out on a crunchy bowl of cereal.

CHLOE
(finally)
What!?

Randy stubbornly remains silent. Trista takes over --

TRISTA

Your father wants you to go to the ball.

CHLOE

The *purity* ball?! You've got to be kidding me. I'd rather stick needles in my eye-balls. I'd rather get my period for an entire month and be forced to wear white shorts. I'd rather watch "Hannah Montana" SOBER!

Randy takes another frustrated bite of cereal.

TRISTA

You don't have to pledge. Just go with your father. You might have a good time.

CHLOE

What are you his lawyer?

Chloe eyes her father whose response is yet another loud bite.

CHLOE

This is totally ridiculous. I'm, like, the last person in the world who should be going to this thing. I'd be a total hypocrite. I'm so never gonna do it y'know.

Trista stares at Randy with real concern.

CHLOE

Unless, there's some kind of incentive program...

This makes Randy put down his spoon. Father and daughter finally connect.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT- MORNING

EDGY ALT MUSIC BLASTING -- Chloe drives up to school in a brand new Mini-Cooper. She's got the coolest (and newest) car in school.

Heather and Grace are being dropped off by their respective parents and eye Chloe jealously --

HEATHER/GRACE

Luckyyyy.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - ENTRANCE - MORNING

Chloe walks up to the front entrance but is blocked by a GROUP OF KIDS (nerdy boys) chanting --

GROUP

Trent Taylor sucks! Trent Taylor sucks!

They angrily hurl a few CD's onto the ground.

CLOSE ON THE CD: PHOTO of a sexy and smoldering TRENT TAYLOR (17, blond boy-band good looks). Titled "*Today is Our Day.*"

GROUP LEADER

Is that it for the CD's?

The group nods staring nervously at one another's iPods. With a reluctant sigh, one boy tosses his in and the rest follow, stomping and destroying their expensive iPods.

GROUP

Trent Taylor sucks! Trent Taylor sucks!

CHLOE

Why are you all going ape-shit over Trent Taylor?

GROUP LEADER

His is the devil's music.

CHLOE

Jump-back!

The group stares at her oddly.

CHLOE

Footnoting "Footloose" here. You should check it out, it was on cable last week. It's like your life story.

ANOTHER KID

This situation is highly personal for us. Trent's from here and we used to be proud of him. But this --

(re: sexy CD cover)

-- it's just not right. He should be a better influence.

CHLOE

Yeah, like you guys?

Chloe leaves making the kids think for a beat before they go back to stomping on their iPods.

ANGLE ON GRACE AND HEATHER: a few yards away, watching Chloe.

GRACE

I bet she's allowed to listen to Trent Taylor...

HEATHER

She's practically fornicated, I'm sure she's allowed to listen to Trent Taylor.

GRACE

You don't think she's actually done "it," do you?

HEATHER

You heard Pastor James, it's all about hanging with the right sort.

GRACE

Speaking of which...

Grace eyes a very clean-cut teen boy, RICHARD, approaching. Richard and Heather lock gazes. Grace rolls her eyes --

GRACE

Go ahead.

Richard slowly leans in. Heather feels his hot, sweet breath on her cheek. Heaven. Then --

He kisses her forehead. Ewww! Heather looks a bit crushed.

RICHARD

What are you guys doing? Stalking the new girl? Thinking about dragging her off to your gala?

GRACE

Maybe she'll come willingly.

RICHARD

Why would anyone want to do that?

HEATHER

Richard!

(to Grace, embarrassed)

He's just playing. Richard's totally supportive of me pledging, right baby?

RICHARD

I'm supportive of you.

GRACE

How sweet!

HEATHER

He is... he's the sweetest boyfriend.

The intensity between the couple grows just as THE BELL RINGS.

HEATHER

I'll catch up with you, Gracie.

Grace, a bit reluctantly, goes. Richard then grabs Heather's hand and pulls her --

INT. HIGH-SCHOOL - HALLWAY - BEAT LATER

-- to a deserted hallway. They GO AT IT, making-out like, well, two kids. Heather is clearly enjoying having Richard's hands all over her -- this is a whole new Heather.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - BEAT LATER

Class schedule in hand, Chloe is wandering the hallways. She opens a door, assuming it's her classroom, and is assaulted by a COUPLE MACKING in a supply closet.

A freaked out Chloe screams as a frightened Richard quickly removes his hand from Heather's blouse and SPLITS.

CHLOE

My eyes, my eyes! Eww to like the 35th degree!! You guys were practically doing it!

HEATHER

D-Doing what -- me!? N-n-no way.

Heather tries to button her blouse and escape but drops her books in the process --

CHLOE

Yeah waay. Wait a minute. You're that holier-than-thou girl from church...

HEATHER

(near tears)
Don't tell Grace.

CHLOE

The pretty blond?

Heather nods. Chloe sighs, helping her gather the books.

HEATHER

She's my best friend. She's really got the pure thing down. I doubt she's even kissed a boy. Doing the right thing comes easy for her.

CHLOE
What about for you?

Heather can't answer. The LAST BELL RINGS.

HEATHER
I gotta go. I'm late for class.

Heather runs off.

CHLOE
If you keep *that* up class won't be the
only thing you'll be late for. Netflix
"Juno"!
(to herself)
Little Miss Perfect. I knew it, there's
no such thing.

INT. BRIDAL BOUTIQUE - DRESSING AREA - AFTERNOON

Heather is holding out a slinky, white ball-gown. Grace is
by her side with her own gown.

GRACE
We're gonna look like the hottest virgins
ever!

HEATHER
(beat of hesitation)
Totally!

Heather and Grace's mothers, JANET and MARY-ANNE (early 40's)
respectively, are nearby, proudly beaming.

JANET
Well go on now, try them on.

The girls excitedly head into their dressing rooms. Our Moms
sit down, out of ear-shot.

JANET
Those gowns are gonna set us back a small
fortune...

MARY-ANNE
Look at it this way, hopefully it'll be a
replacement for the prom.

JANET
If all goes well...

MARY-ANNE
Still worried about the boyfriend?

Janet gives a nervous nod.

MARY-ANNE
Once Heather pledges, the boy will lose
interest. Trust me.

JANET
I'm praying.

MARY-ANNE
Stop your worrying. Your girl's got
sense, she's not boy crazy like...

JANET
We were.

Mary-Anne suppresses a grin.

MARY-ANNE
Well, it was the 90's.

JANET
Actually it was the 80's.

MARY-ANNE
The point is, our girls are good girls.

JANET
So were we. In our own way.

They sigh, remembering the wild days of their youth.

ANGLE ON: Grace and Heather exiting the dressing room in
their tight-fitting/cleavage enhancing white gowns. They
look like slutty virgins.

HEATHER
I love your dress!

GRACE
I love yours!

They're practically identical.

INT. SAME - FRONT ENTRANCE AREA - SAME TIME

Trista enters the boutique, dragging Chloe behind.

CHLOE
This looks like a bridal shoppe.

TRISTA
It is. But it's also the place to get
your purity gown.
(pulling a frilly pink dress)
What about this one?

Chloe blanches. Her gaze goes to the back of the boutique where Heather and Grace are admiring themselves in front of a full length mirror.

CHLOE
That girl is a total slut.

TRISTA
(following Chloe's gaze)
Who? *Heather Davis*? Chloe, it's not nice to say such things especially when they're untrue.

CHLOE
I get it. This town ain't big enough for two sluts.

TRISTA
(hurting for her)
Chloe!

CHLOE
C'mon, that's how everyone sees me.

Trista stops and makes Chloe look in a mirror. Chloe looks like your normal 16 year old girl.

TRISTA
I see... Chloe. Chloe Miller. And that's what I want everyone else to see.

CHLOE
And you think the only way people are gonna 'see me' is if I make some stupid pledge that I'm gonna stop having 'sexual relations'...

TRISTA
The pledge is about waiting -- waiting until it's right.

CHLOE
Did you and my Dad wait?

Trista pauses.

TRISTA
I'm almost thirty.

CHLOE
Yeah, I'm almost twenty. 112 in dog years. Want me to do your math?

TRISTA
No!
(serious)
(MORE)

TRISTA (CONT'D)

And if you really must know. We did wait.

CHLOE

Yeah, until my parent's divorce papers were finalized.

This hurts Trista and for a beat, Chloe actually feels bad.

ANGLE ON: Janet and Mary-Anne, curious eyes across the way --

MARY-ANNE

There's Trista with her new step-child. I heard she's a hand-full. What do you think they're doing here?

JANET

Looks like someone's going to the ball...

Overhearing last part, Grace beams --

GRACE

New girl! COOL!!

Grace grabs Heather's hand, dragging her over to Chloe. (While Trista walks over to the Moms.)

GRACE

Hi, I'm Grace!

Nudging Heather who stares at the floor and mumbles --

HEATHER

Heather.

CHLOE

Hey Heather, y'know, you totally look familiar.

Heather's face turns bright red.

GRACE

That's cause we've been stalking you! We've wanted so much to introduce ourselves but we kept on losing our nerve. Right, Heath?

Heather gives a small nod, trying to avoid Chloe's threatening stare. Grace eyes the gown Chloe's holding.

GRACE

Is that your dress? PREEETY. It's so awesome that you're pledging with us!

CHLOE

Whoa, I'm just in for the rubbery chicken. Nothing in the deal memo says anything about me having to pledge.

GRACE

But that's the whole point!

CHLOE

My point's to get a car.

Chloe proudly gazes outside at her shiny new Mini-Cooper.

CHLOE

The one good thing out of this whole nightmare. Back in L.A., I was grounded for like an eternity and my Mom said I was never gonna get a car. Proved her wrong.

HEATHER

(envious)
Lucky!

GRACE

(appalled)
Heather! She's doing all this for a car!
Enter total wrong reason!!

CHLOE

What's more All Americana than a little blackmail?

GRACE

It's not in your heart.

Chloe rolls her eyes.

GRACE

Don't roll your eyes at me!

CHLOE

You want me to control my eye-balls, talk about control issues. This whole town is *CREE-PY!*

(off Grace's shocked look)

I'm just being honest here.

(eyeing Heather)

In fact, I bet I'm the most honest person for like miles.

GRACE

(beyond flustered)
Oh my gosh, you are SOOOO... Oh my GOSH!

(to Heather)

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

Say one of your snappy retorts, my mind is spacing!

HEATHER

Um, uh... well... Huh.

CHLOE

I hope to god you're not on the Debate Team.

GRACE

And I hope GOD forgives YOU.

Grace grins, feeling pretty good about her comeback.

CHLOE

And I hope God forgives... Heather.

GRACE

(stunned)

Why would Heather need to be forgiven?

Chloe shrugs with a grin. Grace looks at Heather who is in great inner turmoil here. An excited Trista approaches --

TRISTA

You'll never guess what just happened!

CHLOE

Space invaders came down and wiped out Trent Taylor's *My Space* page.

TRISTA

Heather and Grace's mom's just put in a call and got you invited to Samantha Garrison's purity ball pre-party tomorrow night! Isn't that great!?

OFF the three girls with the same pain-filled expression --

INT. CHLOE'S HOME - RANDY'S STUDY - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Randy's at his desk and catches Chloe running down the stairs toward the front door.

RANDY

(calling to her)

You look very nice.

Chloe double-backs, entering her father's study. Despite being dressed in a conservative sweater-set, the essence of Chloe still manages to shine through.

CHLOE

Think I'll fit in? I hear Samantha Garrison is super critical.

RANDY
You'll do just fine.

Chloe eyes her father as he returns to the computer.

CHLOE
So I've been doing a little research
about purity balls and guess what I found
out?

A delighted Randy is all ears.

CHLOE
Turns out, it's not just a one-sided
deal. Dads also have to pledge that they
will be honorable to their family by
leading a "pure life" i.e. no
pornography.

This is definitely news to Randy and he abruptly shuts his
laptop. Chloe smirks.

INT. CRAIG'S CAR - DRIVING - AFTERNOON

CRAIG (40's) is at the wheel, driving his daughter, Heather.

HEATHER
(on cell, leaving message)
Hey, it's me. I'm on my way to the pre-
party and uh, just wanted to say "hey."
Hey! Um. Okay -- bye.
(clicking off)

CRAIG
What's up with Robby?

HEATHER
Dad, that joke is so old.

CRAIG
(fatherly grin)
How's Richard?

HEATHER
He's okay. I guess.

CRAIG
(eyeing a worried Heather)
Listen, if Ricky's a keeper, he won't let
a little thing like your pledge get in
the way of you two.

HEATHER
(eyes opening with horror)
You think that's why he's not calling me
back?! Because of the pledge!

CRAIG

Uh no, of course not. Honey, just focus on tomorrow and how proud your Daddy's gonna be.

Craig tries to muster a smile out of his worried daughter.

INT. CHLOE'S CAR - DRIVING - AFTERNOON

Stopped at a light, Chloe sheds her good-girl sweater to reveal a sexy tank top.

Feeling eyes on her, she looks over at the neighboring car -- THREE CUTE COLLEGE BOYS are inside a shiny, new BMW. They're watching her with toothy grins.

Hiking up her skirt, Chloe grins back.

INT. VERNON'S CAR/CRAIG'S CAR -- AFTERNOON

INTERCUT:

Grace's father, VERNON (50's, super clean-cut) and Craig, respectively, pull up to a nice, residential house sprawling with TEEN GIRLS. Each turn to their daughters --

VERNON

(to Grace)

Now don't get too silly tonight...

CRAIG

(to Heather)

... you want to be well rested for tomorrow....

VERNON

.... and look like the little Princess I know you are.

CRAIG

I love you, Princess.

GRACE

I love you too, Daddy.

HEATHER

I love you too, Daddy.

The fathers beam with pride.

EXT. SAMANTHA GARRISON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Overhearing, Chloe makes a face as she gets out of her car and approaches the duo --

CHLOE
Princesses, huh? Y'know, the Queen of England must've been a princess once and she looks like my Great Aunt Becky who's got this crazy-ass mole on her chin -- come to think of it, it's the same shape as the UK -- anyway, Great Aunt Becky lives with her "best friend" Florence, if you get my drift...

GRACE
We don't ever want to get your drift and we *definitely* don't want to look like the Queen of England!

HEATHER
Yeah!

GRACE
We want to look like a, um, a...

HEATHER
(suddenly)
... a Disney cartoon!

GRACE
Yeah! Like "The Little Mermaid."

HEATHER
Totally, she was so cute.

CHLOE
She wasn't real!

GRACE/HEATHER
(like Chloe's an idiot)
So?

They're all now at the entrance of the house. Chloe's face clouds as she takes in the sea of pink (i.e. TEEN GIRLS) who are loudly gossiping and giggling.

CHLOE
I hope someone in this house drinks.

WE HEAR A LOUD WHISTLE BLOW --

GO TO:

EXT. SAMANTHA GARRISON'S BACKYARD - LATER

16-year old SAMANTHA GARRISON as she finishes blowing her whistle. She's standing before a DOZEN TEEN GIRLS (including Grace and Heather). Chloe is noticeably absent.

The girls are all lined up, FEET AND HANDS BOUND TOGETHER, looking like an out-take from "Saw VII."

SAMANTHA

...okay everyone, LISTEN UP! This next purity game totally rocks. It's called "WEDDING NIGHT" and it's pretty simple. Whoever manages to get to bed first WINS!

About twenty yards away, high atop a platform, is a lush, ultra romantic, PRINCESS CANOPY BED.

The girls eye it excitedly.

Samantha BLOWS THE WHISTLE and THE GIRLS ARE OFF! Hopping their way towards the bed. They try to get around an OBSTACLE COURSE where LARGE BARRICADES are set-up, each with signs that read: "PURITY = FREEDOM," "WAIT FOR MR. RIGHT, NOT MR. RIGHT NOW," "BRISTOL PALIN IS NOT YOUR FUTURE!"

Grace takes the lead and knocks down the last barricade which reads: "WORTH THE WAIT." Grinning, she hops onto the platform, nearing the bed WHERE TO HER SURPRISE --

A geeky, pimply-faced 12 YEAR OLD BOY (JEREMY) is lying on top - awaiting and shirtless.

Grace pales, losing her balance --

Jeremy "romantically" catches her and won't let go --

JEREMY

(near her rosy lips)
I'll wait for you, Grace.

GRACE

(horrified)
Please don't.

The competing girls all sigh as they catch up.

SAMANTHA

Down, Jeremy! Sorry, Grace, that's my kid brother. I wanted to get my cousin who's older and way hot but my mother thought it'd be weird.

CHLOE

(strolling up)
Yeah, that'd be weird.

Grace gives Chloe a slow burn.

SAMANTHA

AND our winner -- GRACIE!
 (gifted with jelly bean jar)
 Congratulations!!

CHLOE

Yeah, congratulations 'cause the next
 time you'll be in bed with a guy won't be
 for a *lonnnnnnnng* time.

That's it. Grace gets upset and flustered --

GRACE

You are S-SUCH a... a...

Chloe is immensely enjoying Grace's melt-down.

GRACE

Why are you even here!?

CHLOE

Cause sixteen-years ago my father put his
 Ding-a-Ling into my mother's Cha Cha
 which I believe is the point of this
 little game here.

Jeremy thinks this is hysterical while the delicate girls
 react with horrified *ewwws!*

CHLOE

Hey, this is fun, why are YOU here?

GRACE

Why am I here? Why am I HERE? Because
 my mother and my father fell in love, got
 married and had ME. Oh yeah, and they're
 still together! I have a nice, NORMAL
 family!!

Despite herself, Chloe's hurt. Grace instantly regrets it.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMANTHA GARRISON'S HOME - LATER

Grace and Heather are off in a corner, eyeing Chloe who now
 surprisingly appears to be the Belle of the Ball. She's
 giggling, showing off her iPhone, having fun with the girls.

GRACE

I don't know what got into me, she makes
 me feel --

HEATHER

I know...

GRACE
-- badly. Like I'm...

HEATHER
... second guessing myself and my choices.

GRACE
Yeah -- *no!* Why? Are you second guessing yourself?

HEATHER
Me? No way! I cannot wait until tomorrow. Really.

Heather doesn't sound too convincing.

ANGLE ACROSS THE ROOM: Red-headed KATIE, 16, has been perusing Chloe's iPhone with great interest.

KATIE
... oh my gosh, they even drive a beemer! You are SO my hero. I've barely even kissed anybody, but you -- you're like our own Heidi Montag!

Katie gives her signature laugh - loud, horsey and tres annoying.

CHLOE
And you're like our own hyena on amphetamines. Wait a minute, that's a good name for a band, 'Hyena on Amphetamines...'

This makes Katie "laugh" even more. Chloe takes her phone from Katie and addresses the girls --

CHLOE
Okay, so who else is in?

Girls nervously eye one another.

GIRL AT PARTY
What would we tell our parents?

CHLOE
Tell them you're spending the night over at some goody-two-shoe's house.
(eyeing Grace and Heather approaching)
Like these two.

HEATHER
Like us what? What's going on?

CHLOE
 Oh nothing you'd be interested in.
 (back to girls)
 C'mon guys, this party *bites*.
 (re: iPhone)
This is where the fun is.

Grace grabs the iPhone and stares at it with Heather --

GRACE/HEATHER
Boys!

CHLOE
 Where the boys are is where you'll find
 moi.

HEATHER
 (scanning iPhone photos)
 Who are these guys?

CHLOE
 Dunno. Just met 'em, but they're super
 nice.

HEATHER
 How do you know they're "nice" if you
 just met them!

CHLOE
 Intuition.

KATIE
 Isn't Chloe awesome!

GRACE
 And to what do you base her
 "awesomeness"? Did she climb Mount
 Everest? Did she run for Vice President?
 Did she --

KATIE
 She met three cute boys!

This stops Grace. The girls are clearly impressed.

CHLOE
 Speaking of which, I'm suppose to meet up
 at this new club downtown. Thing is, I
 promised to bring two of my hottest
 friends.

GRACE
 Makes things difficult when you have
 none.

CHLOE

Thanks for pointing out the dilemma.

(to girls)

What do you guys say? One last hurrah
before the big pledge?

GRACE

They can't go, they need they're beauty
sleep!

GIRL AT PARTY

Yeah, so we can look like princesses!!

GRACE

Not to mention, I hardly think a "hook-
up" is appropriate the night before one's
purity ball.

Grace stares down the girls.

CHLOE

Ladies, may I speak frankly? How long
are you *really* going to wait? Look at
those chicks on "Sex & The City" --
they're like fifty now. There's a reason
they didn't wait.

HEATHER

They didn't wait because they're on
cable.

CHLOE

That's right, I forgot you have a problem
with fiction and reality.

(back to girls)

You guys deserve to see how the other
side -- i.e. the normal side -- lives.
So let's live it up and party hearty!
Now, who's in?

Another beat of hesitation, then --

GIRLS

I am! I am! I want to go!

CHLOE

I can't take all of you, that's too much
competition and I am only human.

Grace looks crushed and defeated. Heather turns to the
girls, imploringly --

HEATHER

Guys, you're totally letting your
hormones get in the way!

CHLOE

Now this she knows about.

Heather throws Chloe a glare before continuing --

HEATHER

Think about our parents who have faith in us. And does going off with Chloe, going to some strange, new club downtown with loud music and hot, older guys, really sound like that much fun?

The girls look at one another -- um, hell yeah!

GRACE

I think you're losing your audience.

(to girls, suddenly --)

Remember what Pastor James told us. It's all about the RIGHT KIND of environment. And believe me when I tell you all this -- Chloe Miller is the WRONG KIND of environment!!

Even Grace is surprised by her sudden force.

MATURE WOMAN'S VOICE

Here here!

The girls look over to MRS. GARRISON (tres conservative) walking in. She casts a disapproving glare at Chloe.

MRS. GARRISON

I knew I shouldn't have let myself be talked into this. In my heart, I knew a leopard couldn't change her spots much less a City Girl change her wild-lusting ways.

CHLOE

Ya talkin' to me?

Mrs. Garrison raises a serious eye-brow raise.

CHLOE

(tucking away iPhone)

Listen, I'm not making anyone do anything they don't want to do. Um, it's all good, really.

MRS. GARRISON

I think I can speak for the mothers of these fine, innocent, young girls when I say that it is definitely NOT all good. We will not let our children listen to this filth.

CHLOE

Fine. We won't go to the club, wait,
what? Huh?

Mrs. Garrison thrusts an ORANGE NEON FLYER under Chloe's nose. Samantha grabs it --

SAMANTHA

It's a flyer for Trent Taylor! He's in town for a video shoot and there's a party at his crib!
(to Mrs. Garrison)
That means mansion.

The girls excitedly whisper to one another. Mrs. Garrison shoots them a severe look and they simmer down.

CHLOE

Believe me, Mrs. Garrison, if you knew the music I was into, you'd wish I listened to this dweeb.

MRS. GARRISON

You're saying this is not your flyer? I found it by the girl's coats so naturally...

CHLOE

You thought it was mine. Listen, Mrs. Garrison, like I said I...

Chloe's attention suddenly goes to Katie who's looking rather guilt ridden.

CHLOE

... I, um, love Trent Taylor. I'm really into guys who sing power ballads. Y'know, non-threatening and sorta light on his feet. Yup, that's my kind of guy - basically, a girl.

A very relieved Katie sends thankful looks to Chloe.

CHLOE

Mrs. Garrison, it's been real. And it's even been sorta been fun. But one thing it definitely hasn't been is --

HEATHER

-- real fun.

Heather and Chloe connect. Surprisingly. Chloe leaves and Heather shoots a guilty look at Grace.

EXT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Chloe is in her car, slapping on lip-gloss WHEN Grace and Heather suddenly hop in --

CHLOE
Wh-what the --

GRACE
Just drive.

CHLOE
Oh no! You fools are not coming with.
Talk about being a cooler.

HEATHER
You need two hot girls and we were the
cutest girls at the party.

She has a point.

CHLOE
You guys are gonna go clubbing and be up
for anything?

GRACE
Um, sure.

HEATHER
(a bit more eager)
Sure.

CHLOE
Why?

GRACE
We see potential in you.
(off Chloe's look)
That was a nice thing you did for Katie.

CHLOE
Hyena-girl? Shoot, that was nothing.

HEATHER
It was something.
(a beat of connection)
You said you wanted us to see your world,
well maybe you should see what we're all
about. Maybe we're not that bad.

GRACE
And maybe, by the end of the night,
you'll want to pledge tomorrow.

Grace is filled with genuine hope here.

CHLOE

And maybe, just maybe, by the end of the night, you'll both be having second thoughts about pledging your life away.

Chloe locks eyes with Heather who turns crimson. Grace sees this and looks concerned which only makes Chloe's smirk grow.

Chloe starts the ignition and THEY'RE OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. CHLOE'S CAR - DRIVING - LATER

Chloe eyes Heather who's next to her, texting Richard.

CHLOE

Listen, don't tell the guys you have a boyfriend.

HEATHER

Of course I'm going to tell "the guys" I have a boyfriend.

CHLOE

Well, at least don't bring up you're virgins.

GRACE

(popping up from the back)
Of course we're gonna tell them we're virgins!

CHLOE

... and whatever you do, don't mention the purity ball.

GRACE

Of course we're going to mention the purity ball, it's tomorrow!
(nudging Heather)

HEATHER

Yeah. If it comes up --

An exasperated Chloe hands over a gigantic make-up bag.

GRACE

What's this?

CHLOE

Make-up. Smear it on... cake it on...
Just do something!

Grace and Heather exchange "can you believe" looks as they gingerly put on pink, very shiny lip-gloss.

GRACE
 We're not going to misrepresent ourselves
 y'know -- *Ooh*, this tastes like
 strawberry shortcake!

HEATHER
 Mine tastes like vanilla cupcakes!

Chloe rolls eyes, reaching deep into her bag --

CHLOE
 Put on black eye-liner or something. You
 guys look sixteen.

GRACE
 We are sixteen!

CHLOE
 These are college boys. Do you want to
 look like their kid sister?

GRACE
 I dunno, maybe... What if she were
 really sweet and --

HEATHER
 -- spent the summer in Africa helping
 starving children.

GRACE
 I totally want to do that but do you
 think they have starving children
 somewhere less hot? I burn easily.

Chloe stares at the wholesome girls --

CHLOE
 This is so not gonna work...
 (enter idea/hitting wheel)
 I know!

Grace and Heather exchange nervous glances.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHLOE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Chloe's car is parked on a quiet, residential street. Grace
 and Heather are alone in the car --

GRACE
 I am not gonna change into one of her
 slutty outfits.

HEATHER
 (busy texting)
 Me either. Unless it's super cute.

GRACE
 I can't believe I fibbed to Daddy. I never do that. Maybe Mrs. Garrison's right -- a leopard can't change her spots.

HEATHER
 If you're born with spots, maybe that's the way you should be...

GRACE
 That's so not the point of what we're trying to do here...
 (upset glance)
 Oh my gosh, stop texting Richard!

HEATHER
 I can't help it! He hasn't contacted me all day. Don't be mad, but I care more about saving my relationship than saving Chloe.

GRACE
 What are you talking about?

HEATHER
 I need to see him before tomorrow and Chloe's the only one we know with a car...

GRACE
 So that's why we're doing this -- for Richard!

HEATHER
 For me. Will you help me Gracie?

A beat, then -

CHLOE (O.S.)
 Boo!

The girls jump, eyes landing on Chloe at the window --

CHLOE
 You guys crack me up. Total reality show. So listen, Dad and Trista are home-bound which means we gotta sneak in.

Girls give each other "no way" looks.

CHLOE

C'mon! If they see me back, there's no way they're gonna let me out again and we gotta get you guys looking socially acceptable.

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chloe is helping Grace and Heather climb in through the second story window. Grace eyes the room's sparseness --

GRACE

This is your room?

CHLOE

Yup -- lucky me, huh? It was the pilates room until three weeks ago.

Chloe goes to her still packed suitcase, holding out a skimpy outfit --

HEATHER

Cute top.

CHLOE

It's a dress. I'm gonna check out what Trista has -- I think she has more your size.

Snap. With that, Chloe leaves the girls --

INT. TRISTA'S WALK-IN CLOSET - A BIT LATER

Chloe, on the phone, is perusing through Trista's clothes --

CHLOE

... I got delayed but I'm totally on my way... Yes, my friends are hot! Geez!!!

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Heather has squeezed into the tube dress and looks ridiculous.

GRACE

... I wonder what it's like moving away from all your friends, your Mom and having a new stepmother. A cute new stepmother. Weird.

HEATHER

Speaking of weird, I wonder if Chloe's parents are into "weird" things.

GRACE

Like what?

Heather shrugs WHEN suddenly they hear TWO VOICES --

MAN (V.O.)
Feel this.

WOMAN (V.O.)
I've never felt anything like it before.

MAN (V.O.)
I know.

The girls look at one another and their imagination grows...

INT. HALLWAY - A BEAT LATER

Heather and Grace slipping out, into the hall -

MAN (V.O.)
Firm, huh?

Girls look appalled and glance DOWNSTAIRS --

CATCHING A GLIMPSE of Randy and Trista watching TELEVISION.
The voices are clearly coming from the TV.

MAN (V.O.)
Taste it.
(firmly)
Taste it.

We hear blanching/gagging sounds.

MAN (V.O.)
Got some on your chin!

That's it. Heather and Grace race back to Chloe's room --

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- where Chloe is waiting, arms filled with clothes.

GRACE
Your Dad and Trista are watching porn!

CHLOE
(closing door)
Shush!

GRACE
Enter total sin!

HEATHER
Totally!!

CHLOE
 (re: Heather's tube-dress)
 What's a sin is that outfit.

WE HEAR LAUGHTER from downstairs --

WOMAN (V.O.)
 Oh my god, that feels soooo good.

Heather and Grace throw "toldja so" looks. Chloe steps out into the hallway and PEERS DOWNSTAIRS to DISCOVER --

Randy and Trista falling asleep watching Tyler Florence (a la "The Food Network") and a housewife on TV. Hands deep in ground chuck. They're making meatloaf dinner.

Chloe rolls her eyes and returns to her room --

CHLOE
 You guys wouldn't know porn if it splattered you in the face.

GRACE
 We would too!

HEATHER
 Especially if it splattered us in the face.

Chloe sighs. What is she gonna do with these weirdos?

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/STAIRWAY - A BIT LATER

Randy and Trista are HEADING UPSTAIRS.

TRISTA
 I can't believe we're going to bed now.

RANDY
 Y'know how the Food Network gets me frisky, I'm only human.

They laugh. They're a nice couple.

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Heather is now made-over, looking totally hot.

HEATHER
 How do I look?

CHLOE
 (a bit jealous)
 Okay....

(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)
 (approaching walk-in closet)
 Grace, you're taking forever.

Grace walks out. Heather and Chloe frown. She hasn't changed.

GRACE
 I'm sorry. I can't.

CHLOE
 Your blond hair might carry you.

HEATHER
 No fair! I don't want to be the only one
 looking like a slut!

GRACE
 You have Chloe.

HEATHER
 Oh yeah, right.

Chloe rolls eyes. We hear giggling in the hallway.

CHLOE
 We gotta jet!

Chloe pushes the girls out the window WHEN her cell, left
 behind on the bed, SUDDENLY RINGS --

INT. HALLWAY - SECOND FLOOR - SAME TIME

Hearing something, Trista stops --

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM

Chloe runs to grab her phone just as the DOOR OPENS. Trista
 locks eyes with Chloe --

RANDY (O.S.)
 Everything okay?

Trista hesitates. Chloe shoots a pleading look.

TRISTA
 (calling back)
 Yeah. Chloe just left her stereo on,
 I'll be in in a sec.

We hear the master bedroom door close.

TRISTA
 (sotto to Chloe)
 What do you think you're doing?

CHLOE
 Uh, um...

Trista glances at Heather and Grace, literally hanging outside the window. A sudden smile strikes Trista's face --

TRISTA
Ohhhh, you're sneaking out of your bedroom. I remember those days...

CHLOE
 (muttering)
 Yeah 'cause it was last week.

TRISTA
 Don't tell me. Grace's parents think she's spending the night at Heather's and vice a versa.

CHLOE
 Best laid plans...

RANDY (O.S.)
 Where's my WO-MAN!

TRISTA
 (embarrassed)
 You didn't just hear that. Alright, be safe and tell me all about it tomorrow.

Trista gives a wink and Chloe grins back --

CUT TO:

INT. CHLOE'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Chloe's back at the wheel driving Heather and Grace.

CHLOE
 (on cell)
 ... you are SO funny! Yes, my home-girls are here with me --
 (holding out cell)
 Say hi...

GRACE/HEATHER
 Hi!

GRACE
 (grabbing phone, very formal)
 We're very much looking forward to making your acquaintance.

CHLOE
 (taking phone back, horrified)
 That was a joke. Grace is a total actress. Yeah, we're totally booking...
 (MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)
 (after a beat)
 Uh sure, I think I can do that...

HEATHER
 Do what?

GRACE
 We're not doing anything illegal or
 un-moral.

HEATHER
 Maybe un-moral.
 (off Grace's look)
 Illegal beats un-moral.

CHLOE
 (covering phone)
 Shush!

CUT TO:

EXT. MINI-MALL - NIGHT

The girls pull up to a sprawling MINI-MALL. Large people are exiting the ICE CREAM JOINT with gigantic ice-cream concoctions. The girls get out of the car and approach --

CHLOE
 Got one word for this town -- Slimfast.
 (eyeing Heather texting)
 I hear guys really enjoy their
 girlfriends surprising them at their work-
 place.

HEATHER
 What else am I going to do? Richard
 hasn't returned any of my texts.

Chloe and Grace exchange a look.

HEATHER
 Listen, I just need one moment with him
 and then we'll go to your stupid club.

CHLOE
 You're like totally using me for my car.

HEATHER
 Not "totally," you have other
 attributes...

GRACE
 Yeah, like good highlights.

HEATHER
 And nice teeth and, um...

CHLOE
I can turn the world on with my smile?

HEATHER
That sounds more like Grace.

GRACE
You are the cutest!

HEATHER
No, you ARE!!

CHLOE
(grimacing)
I'll be in the market, trying not to spew
forth my innards.

GRACE
(not getting it)
Good luck!

Chloe gives a last incredulous stare and goes.

INT. ICE-CREAM JOINT - NIGHT

Heather and Grace in line. The place is packed. Heather
jerks her neck, trying to see the counter.

GRACE
... I don't understand why you're
worried. It's not like you guys haven't
talked about 'it.'

Heather is noticeably silent.

GRACE
Heather! You haven't talked to Richard
about your pledge?

HEATHER
I think he was hoping I'd change my mind.

GRACE
He should know you better than that.

HEATHER
Maybe he knows a different side of me.

GRACE
There's no different side of you. Trust
me.

Heather pauses. Seeing a break in the crowd she pushes her
way forward.

GRACE

I guess I'll leave you guys alone.

Heather doesn't look back. Grace leaves, a bit forlorn.

INT. MARKET - CHECK-OUT COUNTER - SAME TIME

Chloe's in line at the market. A stack of familiar orange neon flyers catch her eye. She picks one up --

CLOSE FLYER -- **"ARE U HOT & FUN? JOIN US AT TRENT TAYLOR'S CRIB AND BE AN EXTRA ON HIS NEW MUSIC VIDEO!"**

An ELDERLY LADY in line shudders --

ELDERLY WOMAN

That Trent Taylor used to be such a sweet kid. Every Sunday, I'd hear him in the Church Choir and that voice, he sounded like heaven.

An obviously GAY YOUNG MAN in line speaks up --

GAY YOUNG MAN

And now he just looks like heaven.

The elderly lady gives a not so subtle glare and goes.

GAY YOUNG MAN

Like she wouldn't have tapped some of that back in the day.

Chloe gives a weak smile.

INT. ICE CREAM JOINT - SAME TIME

Heather's finally near the front of the line. She spots a boy heading for the back room --

HEATHER

Richard! Richard!

The kid turns around -- it's not Richard. Heather frowns. She turns to the girl at the counter (CLAIRE).

HEATHER

Claire, where's Richard?

She hesitates a beat, then --

CLAIRE

You didn't hear this from me, 'kay?

Heather gives a worried nod as Claire leans in --

INT. MARKET - MAGAZINE SECTION - FEW MINUTES LATER

Grace is in the market, hovering by the MAGAZINE RACK, noting that Chloe is safely off in the distance.

ANGLE ON: COUNTER

Alone, Chloe eyes the pimply YOUNG MALE CLERK and places a bottle of Peppermint Schnapps down with a suggestive grin. Clerk is stony faced.

BACK TO: MAGAZINE RACK

Grace is eyeing an ELLE MAGAZINE, about to turn the cover WHEN --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

Grace jumps a good ten feet before her eyes rest on Heather.

HEATHER

What's wrong with you?

GRACE

(avoiding eye contact)

Nothing. What'd Richard have to say for himself?

HEATHER

He wasn't there. Apparently, he took the night off.

GRACE

That's weird. He tells you everything.

Now Heather's avoiding Grace's stare.

GRACE

What's wrong?

HEATHER

Oh Grace, you're not gonna like this but I'm totally gonna need your help!

ANGLE ON: COUNTER

Leaning in, Chloe shows off her cleavage to the Clerk and finally gets her grin.

BACK TO: MAGAZINE RACK

Grace has taken in what Heather just told her. She doesn't look too happy.

GRACE

That's asking a lot, Heather. If my parents found out, they'd totally freak.

HEATHER

I know... I just have to see him before tomorrow. I'm so confused...

(distracted by Elle cover)
Oh, is that Gisele? I love her!

Heather moves to the magazine --

GRACE

Wait -- DON'T!

Too late. Heather opens the magazine to reveal another mag hidden inside entitled "**BALLS.**" A gorgeous, half-naked man is on the cover. It's obviously a gay men's magazine -- obvious to everyone but our girls.

HEATHER

Oh my gosh, Grace!

GRACE

I know. I'm such a sinner, but you have a crazy thing you want to do before our pledge. I need *something* and... and...

(whispering)
... I've never seen 'it.'

She indicates "Balls" with a shame-filled glance.

GRACE

... not even in a magazine. Or cable.
Darn-it all!

HEATHER

We're both such freaks. We SO have to do it. On the count of three...

TOGETHER

1,2,3 -- !

They flip to the centerfold and their EYES GO WIDE WHEN --

MAN'S VOICE

Hi, ladies. Nice night, eh?

Grace and Heather jump a good fifteen feet, turning around their eyes land on... HOT PRIEST (in street clothes).

ANGLE ON: COUNTER

Meanwhile, Chloe plops another bottle of booze down. Clerk shakes his head. No-dice. Chloe gives a disappointed frown.

BACK TO: MAGAZINE RACK

Heather and Grace attempt to hide "BALLS" behind their backs.

HOT PRIEST
Ladies you look... different.

HEATHER
(to Grace, sotto)
It's just like what they said it would be!

GRACE
(to Hot Priest)
We didn't do anything, I swear!

HOT PRIEST
Of course you did.

Girls exchange freaked out looks.

HOT PRIEST
Makeovers, right? I have sisters.

HEATHER
Oh, that. Yeah. Grace didn't have to do anything. She's riding on her blond hair.

Hot Priest chuckles.

HOT PRIEST
Any last minute jitters?

GRACE/HEATHER
(immediate)
No.

GRACE
We're totally looking forward to it.

HEATHER
Totally. What could be better than pledging forth your virginity?

GRACE
A nice, sweet boyfriend.
(then --)
Did I say that out loud?

Heather nods, embarrassed for her friend.

HEATHER
We gotta go. See you tomorrow, Reverend.

The girls run off revealing "BALLS" and all it's, um, glory.
Hot Priest gives a bemused shake of the head.

ANGLE ON: COUNTER

Eyeing the second bottle of booze, Chloe is now letting the Clerk cop a feel.

ANGLE ON: Grace and Heather, approaching, mouths open in horror.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MINI-MALL PARKING LOT - BEAT LATER

Exiting the market, Chloe looks pleased with her "free" bag of booze. Heather and Grace are shocked to the core.

HEATHER

How could you let some stranger molest you like that!

CHLOE

I shop here all the time.

GRACE

You've been in town three weeks!

CHLOE

I make friends fast. Listen, the guys want us to bring alcohol, what else was I gonna do?

GRACE

How about not doing something illegal!

HEATHER

And un-moral. I can't believe you let some creepy guy feel you up for a bag of booze!

CHLOE

C'mon, it meant nothing.

Chloe reaches over and nonchalantly grabs one of Heather's breasts.

CHLOE

See? Means nothing.

HEATHER

It does too!

Heather grabs one of Chloe's boobs. Grace joins in and soon, they're all in an unusual cat-fight. Make that, BOOB-FIGHT.

A CLEARING OF THE THROAT makes them stop. HOT PRIEST is standing before them, having just exited a nearby store.

HOT PRIEST
Are you girls alright?

Not quite. They're mortified. Even Chloe's bright red.

HEATHER
Ugh, we're fine. We're just worried
about woman-kind. Aren't we, Grace?

GRACE
Not really.

HEATHER
As you know, Reverend, it's breast cancer
awareness month --

Heather puts her arm around Chloe, giving one of her boobs a
good, mean pinch.

HEATHER
-- and we want to make sure everyone's
safe and healthy.

HOT PRIEST
You'll have to give a lecture on Sunday.
(to Chloe)
I hope we'll be seeing you again...

Heather and Grace crack up. Chloe shoots them a glare.

CHLOE
Depends. Will you be there?

HOT PRIEST
As the Assistant Pastor, I'm everywhere.

Chloe eyes him pocketing a familiar orange flyer. Her eyes
open wide --

CHLOE
Including Trent Taylor's music video?
Don't tell me, you're going!

GRACE
Of course he's not going. Trent Taylor
is hardly the right sort. Right,
Reverend?

HOT PRIEST
Yeah well, then there's that whole 'don't
judge a book by it's cover' thing. So
who knows?

He gives a mysterious grin to the girls.

HOT PRIEST

But if I do go, I'll tell Richard you all said 'hello.' I imagine assisting on a big music video will look pretty good on his film school application, eh?

Heather gives an embarrassed nod.

HOT PRIEST

You girls get home safe and get a good night sleep. Tomorrow's a big day.

With that Hot Priest gets in his car and goes. Chloe zeros in on Heather, seeing the picture a bit more clearly now.

Chloe's cell phone suddenly rings. She looks down --

CLOSE PHONE. It reads -- "**CUTE BOYS.**"

Chloe hesitates and lets it go to voice-mail.

HEATHER

Wow. That's significant.

Chloe grins, exchanging a meaningful beat with Heather.

Reading their minds, Grace's eyes open wide --

GRACE

OH NO, there's *NO* freakin' way! We are *SO NOT* going to Trent Taylor's video shoot -- I repeat, *SO NOT!*

WE HEAR A KNOCK ON A DOOR -

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - NIGHT

FRONT DOOR OPENS to --

TRENT TAYLOR (yup, him). Wearing an annoyed scowl.

TRENT

What are you doin' here?

(enter sexy grin)

Oh that's right, I invited you. C'mon in!

STEADICAM as we follow Trent through his McMansion.

TRENT

(to camera)

So here I am, back in my home town, even got me a crib on the block where I grew up.

A TRENDY LOOKING WOMAN (early 30's, though looks 24) walks into frame, eyes on her BlackBerry. Trent puts his arm around her --

TRENT
Mom helped me buy three houses. We leveled 'em and built this: Shangri-Trent.

We hear loud HOOTS & HOLLERS. Trent grins.

TRENT
Oh, and these fools are a few o' my pals -

WE PAN OVER to the sunken living room, lit up like a nightclub, filled with a FEW HUNDRED of Trent's "CLOSE PALS" (teens - early 20's). Trent joins 'em, MUSIC UP --

TRENT
(into camera)
I'm Trent Taylor. Y'stepping on my world, try to make me quake.

Trent slides his arms around two HALF-NAKED GIRLS (ASHLEY & SHELLY) who gyrate beside him.

The DIRECTOR (40, trying to look 28) shouts --

DIRECTOR
CUT!

Trent's energy drops a few notches. The girls disengage.

ASHLEY
That was hot, baby.

SHELLY
Thanks. I got myself a new trainer.

ASHLEY
I was talking to Trent. What's the matter, baby?

TRENT
I dunno. Feel anxious. Jumpy. Like something's coming. Ever feel like that?

SHELLY
I wish. My new boyfriend, the trainer, takes *foreverrrrrr*.
(whisper)
Steroids.

Trent sighs, not what he was getting at.

ANGLE ON: Hot Priest, standing off camera with Trent's mother (GINA).

HOT PRIEST
... and how long has it been since his last confession?

GINA
(with a laugh)
We're not Catholic. Neither are you by the way.

HOT PRIEST
We've got that going for us at least.

Hot Priest grins. These two go way back.

INT. TRISTA & RANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Randy and Trista in bed, post-coitus (not in a gross way).

TRISTA
That was nice.

RANDY
(sleepy, barely listening)
Umm, hmm....

TRISTA
I think tomorrow is going to work out, don't you?

RANDY
Sure. Remember, we're just trying to show Chloe some options. Nighty-night.

Randy turns off the light, but Trista's not done --

TRISTA
I think it's more than just 'options.' I think we can really drive home the point -- about being, y'know, a good girl.

RANDY
(nuzzling Trista's neck)
Something you know too much about. Good-night, lovey.

Randy turns his back, falling asleep --

TRISTA
... I mean, Chloe's hanging with Heather Davis and Grace Adams! What more of a better influence can you get? I hope they're having fun. They looked so sexy, not too slutty, cute.
(MORE)

TRISTA (CONT'D)

Come to think of it, was Heather wearing my mini...? Oh well, girls! Always stealing your clothes. I wonder if they took my stilettos...? Oh no, they couldn't have, they were climbing down that tree outside Chloe's window. Whew! Night, hon!

RANDY

Night, baby.

Trista settles down to sleep just as Randy's eyes POP OPEN in REALIZATION.

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - NIGHT

Trent is about to begin another take.

TRENT

(to Director, polite)
May I please get a water?

DIRECTOR

Where's the water-boy!? Trent needs his water!

Richard's thrown in and nervously hands Trent his water.

TRENT

Thanks, man.

RICHARD

N-no problem.

DIRECTOR

Trent, we need B-ROLL. PLAYBACK!

Music plays. Director cues the kids to go wild again and Trent breaks a beat. The kid is smooth.

CUT TO:

INT. TRISTA & RANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Randy is quickly changing into some clothes. Trista, still in bed, watches with concern.

TRISTA

... promise you won't tell Chloe I ratted her out.

RANDY

You're her step-mother not her pal, it's your job to rat her out!

Randy takes a beat and sits back on the bed, dejected.

RANDY
I'm sorry. I'm mad at myself. What am I
gonna do with her?

TRISTA
You're going to step up -- lay down some
ground rules and be there for her.
That's really what every teenage girl
wants from her daddy.

RANDY
I thought they wanted a car.

TRISTA
And their Daddy's love and support.

RANDY
Even Chloe?

TRISTA
Even Chloe.

Trista gives a reassuring grin and they connect.

EXT. TRENT'S McMANSION - FRONT - NIGHT

The girls pull up to the McMansion. Kids are partying,
having a fun, loud time.

Getting out of the car, Heather fiercely clutches Grace and
her gigantic purse as they follow Chloe towards the party --

HEATHER
TIDTWIKA.

GRACE
Totally.

CHLOE
You guys have a secret language? What's
next, world domination?

HEATHER
"Toto, I don't think we're in Kansas
anymore." Hello, acronyms!

GRACE
LOL!

HEATHER
I love you too.

GRACE
(confused)
Thanks, but I'm 'laughing out loud.'

HEATHER

(hurt)
At me? I'm your best friend, that's
mean.

GRACE

That's not what I meant.

CHLOE

I gotta idea. Let's play 'restraining
order' and you freaks stay at least ten
feet away from me at the party. Got
that?

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gina hands Hot Priest a coffee. They're alone in the
kitchen.

GINA

... I didn't think you'd show up.

HOT PRIEST

Of course I'd show. We grew up on the
same cul-de-sac. We're practically
family.

GINA

It's good to see a supportive face. We
don't get a lot of that here.

HOT PRIEST

Well, I'm glad you're giving the town
another shot. We've missed you.

Gina smiles, appreciatively.

EXT. TRENT'S CRIB - FRONT - NIGHT

The girls are continuing their way to the party WHEN a DRUNK
KID comes out of nowhere and staggers towards them. He's
about to hurl.

CHLOE

Not on my shoes!

He veers Heather's way.

HEATHER

Not on mine!

He veers Grace's way.

GRACE

Or mine!

The kid stumbles some more and veers yet again towards the horrified girls who recoil before he finally throws up -- on his own shoes.

He turns back to the girls, wiping his mouth and grins --

DRUNK KID
Who says chivalry's dead?
(grand gesture towards party)
Me ladies --

The girls stare at each other, disgusted.

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - NIGHT

Richard is helping the camera department, pulling cable, when he's approached by a very cute teen girl, BECKY.

BECKY
You're doing a great job, Richard.

RICHARD
I was late getting Trent his water.

BECKY
No one noticed.

RICHARD
Except the Director. And Trent.

They share a laugh.

RICHARD
Have I thanked you for recommending me?

BECKY
No, but it's okay.

RICHARD
No it's not. Thank you. I apologize,
I've been sorta distracted lately --

BECKY
Girlfriend problems?

RICHARD
No...

Richard doesn't sound too convincing.

BECKY
Have something to do with the pledge
tomorrow?

RICHARD
No...

Still not convincing.

RICHARD
You ever think about pledging?

BECKY
No.

Now, she's convincing. They share another laugh. Becky helps Richard pull the cable and somehow, makes this a very sexy act. Richard more than notices.

EXT. TRENT'S CRIB - BACKYARD - NIGHT

DIRECTOR
Playback... ACTION!

Dressed in a way cool suit and tie, Trent is standing in the middle of the SWIMMING POOL. He sings to us, looking like he's literally dancing on water (there's planks below).

Ashley and Shelly are at his side, singing back-up and gyrating along with other sexy dancers.

TRENT
*Tell me how you like it...
Guide my hand and let your sweetness take
me there.
That's how you like it...
Show me girl and take me where you
wouldn't dare.
You know you like it...
Don't say maybe, cause I ain't playin',
girl.
You know I want it...
'Cause I'm the one whose meant to shine
your pearl.*

ON THIS, we HEAR A SQUEAKY GATE OPEN and a very awkward Grace enters, followed by Chloe, Heather and Drunk Kid.

Annoyed at the distraction, the Director yells --

DIRECTOR
CUT!

He glares at Grace who's locking eyes WITH --

TRENT TAYLOR!

And suddenly, Grace's background (Chloe, Heather and Drunk Kid) LOSE FOCUS and so does Trent's background (his dancers).

The only thing IN FOCUS is GRACE AND TRENT. Mesmerized, Trent moves towards Grace. He looks like he's walking on water.

Grace is overcome. And so is Trent. It's SO romantic. And yes, wind is blowing in their perfectly moose'd hair.

They're very close. Major eye-lock action going on here --

GRACE

... you're not thinking I'm someone else?

TRENT

(dancing eyes)

I know you're not.

GRACE

Or that we've met before...

TRENT

I would have remembered. What's your name?

GRACE

Grace.

He smiles.

TRENT

'For it is by grace you have been saved...'

GRACE

'... through faith and this not from yourselves...'

TRENT

'... it is the gift of God, not by works...'

GRACE

'... so that no one can boast.'

They lock eyes, then --

GRACE/TRENT

Ephesians 2:8-9.

Trent moves to touch Grace's sweet face. She allows him, for a tender beat. Then --

GRACE

(pulling away)

You're making fun...

TRENT

(stung)

I'm not like that, Grace.

GRACE
You're Trent Taylor...

And as soon as she says his name, THE SPELL IS BROKEN. A blush of red heat strikes Grace's face --

GRACE
Oh my gosh, you're TRENT TAYLOR. You ARE like that!

TRENT
Like what? What do you mean?

REALITY HITS. AND EVERYTHING COMES BACK INTO FOCUS. SHARPLY.

Chloe and Drunk Kid are standing with open mouths. Heather is pulling Grace away --

HEATHER
Oh my gosh, Grace, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

CHLOE
Yeah, it looked like a bad outtake from "High School Musical."

GRACE
More like "West Side Story."

TRENT
Exactly.

They grin. Okay, they get one another. A burly BODYGUARD approaches --

BODYGUARD
Everything okay, pal?

TRENT
Everything's great.

Trent loses himself in Grace's smile.

HEATHER
Why are you flirting with the Anti-Christ!?

TRENT
(offended)
Hey!

BODYGUARD
Hey.

A surprised Richard approaches.

RICHARD
Hey! What are you guys doing here?

CHLOE
Searching for new expressions for
"hello."

HEATHER
Um, we were in the neighborhood.
Surprise!

On this, Becky enters. Heather scowls at the sight of her.

CHLOE
(to Heather, re: Becky)
Surprise.

They all scowl at Chloe.

CHLOE
Hey, the opening was *there*.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S SUV - DRIVING - NIGHT

Randy's behind the wheel driving Craig (Heather's dad) and Vernon (Grace's dad) who are noticeably quiet.

RANDY
Listen I -- When we find our girls --
Chloe's going to be grounded. I assure
both of you that.

VERNON
'Grounded?' Well, I should hope so.
It's almost nine o'clock. I should be
tucking my Gracie into bed...

CRAIG
You still tuck Grace in?

VERNON
You know what I mean. The last thing I
thought my daughter would be doing was
carousing around with the town --

Craig gives Vernon a warning look.

RANDY
(eyes narrowing)
The town what?

CRAIG
Um, the town new kid?

RANDY
That's not a phrase.

VERNON
I'll give you a phrase.

The men glare at each other.

CRAIG
Guys, this is not helping. We're all
upset. Our little girls have lied to us.
A bit out of character, but they're still
our girls.
(a calming beat, then -)
Perhaps Randy can advise us here since
he's, no doubt, had more experience with
this sort of thing.

Snap. Randy's grip tightens on the wheel.

EXT. TRENT'S CRIB - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The party/video-shoot has moved back inside the house.
Heather and Richard are alone in the backyard.

RICHARD
Look at you. Hanging with new girl and
letting her make you over.

HEATHER
(realizing makeover)
It's still me.

RICHARD
Me likes it.

Richard goes in for a kiss but Heather pulls back --

HEATHER
You totally lied to me!

Richard groans.

HEATHER
Richard!

RICHARD
I'm sorry, but I knew you wouldn't
approve. Not only will the gig look
great on my college transcripts, but it's
also excellent money.

HEATHER
Why do you need money?
(eyes light up)
The spring formal! We're getting a limo!

RICHARD
Uh, okay...

HEATHER
(crushed)
Why do you need money then?

RICHARD
Why do you always have to be the one with the questions? Why, when I have questions about important things -- like us -- that I can never seem to get any answers.

Heather takes this in.

HEATHER
What do you want to know?

RICHARD
Are you really going through with it? What about --

HEATHER
(softly)
Yes.

RICHARD
-- us.

They lock eyes.

RICHARD
So you've decided.

Heather nods her head, sadly. Richard's face goes dark.

RICHARD
Thanks for letting your boyfriend know.

Richard walks off. Heather's crestfallen.

HEATHER
Richard!

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - NIGHT

Trent is being taught some new dance moves by his very SEXY CHOREOGRAPHER though his eyes are planted ACROSS THE WAY --

ON a blushing GRACE. Sitting on the stairs with Chloe.

CHLOE
Why don't you just go and talk to him? He's totally into you. It's like a real honest to goodness miracle.

GRACE

I couldn't just go and talk to him --
it's so wrong and he's so famous.

CHLOE

Add it up together and it's so right.

GRACE

I couldn't... I just couldn't. And
besides -- why would he be into me?

Grace pauses, expectantly. In the history of sisterhood,
we've all heard this familiar cue.

CHLOE

Um... uh... well... there's...? No, not
that. Huh.

Grace sighs, disgruntled. Chloe finally relents --

CHLOE

Maybe the guy actually has good taste.
There! You totally owe me now.

Grace grins and the two have a sincere friendship moment.

CHLOE

It's like a once in a lifetime opp --
when you're like sixty, living in a
senior citizen home with no teeth --

GRACE

I won't have teeth?

CHLOE

Okay, I'll give you teeth. The point is,
you'll look back and totally regret it.
(off Grace pondering)
You *totally* should go for Trent Taylor,
totally!

On this, Heather approaches, eyes blasting at Chloe --

HEATHER

What are you doing!? Don't tell my
Gracie to go for Trent Taylor! He's
totally done in this town! **TOTALLY!**

The crowd of teen extras roar as Trent busts a sexy move.

CHLOE

Yeah, I can see that.

HEATHER

I don't know why we're here in the first
place!

(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(to Grace)

Let's go.

CHLOE

I take it your chat with Richard didn't go too well.

HEATHER

There's nothing to talk about. I'm pledging and Richard has nothing to do with anything.

CHLOE

Okay...

HEATHER

... and don't act like us coming here tonight has ANYTHING to do with me. You wanted to see Hot Priest and he's not even here.

CHLOE

I know. Bummer. I wonder where he is...

HEATHER

Like you even have a chance with him. He's like twenty-four and even if you were the same age, I'm sure the girls he goes out with hold out for at least a dinner.

Ouch. Grace feels for Chloe --

GRACE

That wasn't very nice. I'm sure Chloe holds out for at least a meal, right?

Chloe grimaces. We suddenly hear a LOUD, FLIRTY LAUGH --

ANGLE ON: Becky "working" alongside Richard.

BACK TO SCENE: Chloe's wearing a smirk.

CHLOE

Now I get why Richie-Boy didn't tell you about tonight.

HEATHER

He didn't tell me because he knows I don't approve of Trent Taylor.

CHLOE

You sound more like Richard's mother than his girlfriend. I bet *Becky* doesn't sound like his mother.

Ouch, part 2. Heather retreats, stung.

CHLOE
 Hey, I'm just saying what we're all
 thinking. For instance --

Chloe glances at Grace who's back dreamily staring at Trent.

CHLOE
 (a la thought bubble)
 'I wonder what he looks like without his
 shirt?'

ANGLE ON: the director (rehearsing) CUING TRENT who suddenly
 RIPS OPEN HIS SHIRT. The crowd roars, also on cue.

BACK TO SCENE: Grace sits up with a volt of energy.

CHLOE
 Oh my god, this is so great! Okay, um,
 'I wonder what he looks like without his
 underw--'

HEATHER
 ENOUGH! Jesus Christ!!

GRACE
 (snapping back)
 Oh my GOD, Heather!

CHLOE
 What happened to "Jiminy Cricket" and the
 always popular "Oh my gosh?"

HEATHER
 You make us, like, insane!

Heather gets up just as Drunk Kid staggers over clutching a
 flask.

DRUNK KID
 (to Heather)
 Hey, where you goin'?

HEATHER
 And you -- you need to stop drinking.
 You seem like a nice boy and all, but all
 you do is drink and barf. Drink and
 barf. Drink and barf. What's so fun
 about that?

CHLOE
 It's sorta fun to say: 'drink and barf,'
 'drink and...'

Heather shoots her a glare and storms off just as Trent
 appears casting a very warm smile to Grace.

TRENT

Hey, I'm finally on a break. Wanna take a walk or something?

Grace's gaze is focused on Trent's bare chest. She's fighting something deep inside (um, hormones).

INT. MINI-MALL ICE CREAM JOINT - NIGHT

The place is closing up. Randy and Vernon are seated alone. Randy is finishing up his ice-cream, eyeing Vernon's --

RANDY

You gonna eat that?

VERNON

(pulling dessert close)
Maybe.

Randy frowns as Craig approaches.

CRAIG

Richard's not working tonight.

VERNON

Why wouldn't the girls just call home?

RANDY

Maybe Grace is seeing one of Richard's buddies?

VERNON

Grace is not allowed to date.

RANDY

Until when?

VERNON

Ever.

Randy laughs, thinking he's kidding. He's not.

VERNON

Not much point in dating, that's what tomorrow's all about. When Gracie's ready, there's marriage.

RANDY

Jump-back!

The guys stare at him.

RANDY

Referencing "FootLoose," something my daughter taught me. The same daughter who's allowed to date and enjoy life.

CRAIG
 Maybe a little too much.
 (off Randy's look)
 I'm just saying.

RANDY
 You're the one with the daughter who has
 a boyfriend.

CRAIG
 Let's not start. The important thing is
 finding our girls and bringing them home.
 (looking up to server)
 I'll take some water, please.

The server, Claire, nods. We recognize her as Richard's
 co-worker. She's overheard everything.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Trent and Grace are alone, strolling around the corner from
 the "crib." Though they're not holding hands, it's still
 sweet. And a bit uncomfortable. The perfect teen combo.
 Trent's replaced his torn shirt with a simple plaid shirt.

TRENT
 So...

GRACE
 So...

TRENT
 So what do you do for fun, Grace?

GRACE
 I dunno. Not much. There's my Church
 Theatre Group and Kids For Christ and, of
 course, Singing for Jesus -- Spring
 Recital is just around the corner -- so I
 keep my Mondays sorta light. Tuesday's
 are a different story. I have to wake up
 at 4am to feed the homeless, but most of
 them are asleep, so it's pretty painless
 and then...

Trent gives a small chuckle.

GRACE
 I know. Lame, huh?

TRENT
 Not at all. You're making me realize how
 much I miss this town.

GRACE

Well you won't have to miss us. You just bought that fancy house.

TRENT

Grace, that's not really my house, that's a set. My life's one big movie set. You know what I need?

GRACE

What?

They're now standing very close.

TRENT

Some reality.

He locks eyes and suddenly, Grace reaches in and gives him a passionate kiss. Trent's totally surprised, but Grace isn't.

GRACE

I'm not going to apologize for that.

TRENT

(delighted)

I'm not asking you to.

GRACE

I know you're not.

She takes a brief glance at the heavens -- nothing happens, no lightning bolts. Grace smiles and goes in for another heavenly kiss.

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - SAME TIME

Richard approaches Heather who's alone. He's wearing Trent's torn shirt and looking really hot.

HEATHER

What happened to your shirt?

RICHARD

Trent's borrowing it. He wanted to be a real person on his walk with Grace.

HEATHER

What walk with Grace?

Richard hesitates, eyeing Chloe approaching who, overhearing, attempts to turn back --

HEATHER

You told me Gracie was in the restroom praying for Trent's soul!

CHLOE
I said she's doing something really heavenly or, uh, along those lines.

RICHARD
C'mon, he seems like a good guy.

HEATHER
He's Trent Taylor! Gracie's father would have a cardiac if he knew what his little girl was up to.

RICHARD
Sometimes in life you have to go with what's right for you, not your family.

HEATHER
Oh spare me your double meaning!

Richard retreats, stung. Heather spots Becky approaching and grabs Richard's arm --

HEATHER
We need to talk!

Heather drags Richard off.

Chloe gives one final looksie at the party and frowns -- no Hot Priest. But there is Drunk Kid chugging from a plastic cup. She stares at him. Then --

CHLOE
(grabbing him)
Flirt with me.

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Dragging him UPSTAIRS, they're blocked by a bunch of partying kids --

DRUNK KID
Maybe we should head back.

CHLOE
I wanna make-out, don't you?

DRUNK KID
Thing is -- my cup's gettin' sorta low.

CHLOE
I hope that's a metaphor.

She eyes him as he literally licks the last drop from his cup. Chloe sighs. And suddenly, she hears a familiar, loud HORSEY LAUGH. Chloe stops.

DRUNK KID
Egads, what's that?

Chloe looks DOWNSTAIRS --

Spotting a CLUSTER OF TEEN BOYS. Horsey laugh is coming from inside the circle!

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Chloe rushes over, breaking apart the boys, to discover --

Yup, Katie (red-head from pre-party). Flirting like mad, center of attention, having a grand ol' time.

CHLOE
What the hell!?

KATIE
Oh my gosh, Chloe! What are you doing here!?

CHLOE
Me!? I'm not the one whose career is her virginity.

The boys pick up on this and look confused --

KATIE
Shush!
(pulling Chloe aside)
Please don't ruin this for me!

CHLOE
Ruin what?

KATIE
I want to make-out with someone --
anyone!

CHLOE
Talk about attainable goals.

KATIE
Chloe, you totally inspired me tonight. You inspired me to sneak out of my house, steal the keys to my grandmother's car, and totally lie to everyone who loves and cares about me.

CHLOE
Really? Little ol' me?

KATIE
I want to be like you -- at least for one night.

CHLOE
Sounds like a bad Celine Dion song.

KATIE
Are there any good ones?

Chloe cracks a grin and they share a bonding cackle.

CHLOE
I like you, kid.

KATIE
For tonight, we're twins!

At this moment, HOT PRIEST walks through the front door, carrying a large pastry box.

HOT PRIEST
(to kids)
Who wants snacks?

Chloe's eyes twinkle with interest.

INT. SAME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Hot Priest is behind a table filled with yummy looking treats. The kids are lining up.

HOT PRIEST
Okay, here's the deal. One bear-claw in exchange for an illegal substance.

A TEEN KID hands over a cigarette. Hot Priest gives an eye-brow raise and the kid sighs, handing over the whole pack.

HOT PRIEST
There you go.

Hot Priest gives him a donut and a glass of milk. Chloe walks up.

HOT PRIEST
Chloe! What are you doing here?

Chloe gives a flirty shrug.

HOT PRIEST
Do your parents know you're here?

CHLOE
Do your parents know you're here?

HOT PRIEST
Unfortunately, they don't check in like they used to.

Chloe laughs a little too loudly and twirls her hair.

CHLOE
You're funny. Say, it's really loud in
here, wanna go for a drive or something?
I have a really cool stereo.

Hot Priest pauses, realizing Chloe's apparent crush.

HOT PRIEST
That is really adorable.

CHLOE
What?

HOT PRIEST
You know what I think? I think you
should go home and get a good night's
rest, tomorrow's gonna be a big day.

CHLOE
What are you, my Dad?

HOT PRIEST
More like hip, young Uncle.

Chloe frowns, starting to get it. Drunk Kid stumbles up,
eyeing Chloe --

DRUNK KID
Hey, what happened to making out?

HOT PRIEST
I hope that's a new show on Bravo.

CHLOE
(edgy)
It's not.

Hot Priest gives a concerned gaze. On this, Gina (Trent's
Mom) enters and Chloe's face falls.

GINA
I just put on a pot of coffee...
(noticing Chloe)
Hi, I'm Gina.

CHLOE
And I'm going.

She tugs on Drunk Kid.

HOT PRIEST
Where are you going, Chloe?

CHLOE

Oh please, don't act like you care.
People act in this town like they know
you or something, but it's crap -- no
one knows anyone and no one cares about
anyone.

DRUNK KID

Deep.

HOT PRIEST

Sad. And not true.

CHLOE

Nice meeting you, *Gina*.

Chloe spits this out and leaves with a bewildered Drunk Kid.

GINA

Someone's a little jealous.

HOT PRIEST

Someone's hurting. Big time.

OFF Hot Priest's concern --

EXT. TRENT'S CRIB - NIGHT

Randy's car pulls up out front. The Dads all stare at the
wild party in progress.

CRAIG

Gentlemen, I don't think we're in Kansas,
anymore.

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather and Richard, alone in an upstairs bedroom, on either
side of a rather large bed. Heather's eyeing Richard's bare
chest through the torn shirt. He notices and grins. Then --

HEATHER

Do you love her?

RICHARD

I hope you're talking about my Momma.

HEATHER

Not funny!

He steps around the bed and pulls her to him --

RICHARD

I don't love anyone, but...

She smiles.

RICHARD

... my Momma.

She teasingly slugs him and "attempts" to get away as he takes her in his arms.

HEATHER

Don't talk about your mother at a time like this!

RICHARD

Like what?

Heather hesitates.

HEATHER

I have something to show you.

Grabbing her clunky handbag, she opens it and Richard's eyes GO WIDE as he peers inside --

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Entering the party, the Dads appalled eyes take in the kids on the dance-floor - dirty-dancing and making-out.

VERNON

My daughter is definitely not here!

The Director spots the Dads and hurries over --

DIRECTOR

Finally, so there's three of you. Okay, we can work with that.

(leaving, turns back --)

What are you waiting for?

After bewildered looks, the Dads follow the Director.

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - ENTRANCE - BEAT LATER

Now holding hands, Grace and Trent return from their walk. An ASSISTANT DIRECTOR frantically approaches --

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Where's the torn shirt? PA kid has it, right? Alright, we'll find it. Ready for the big scene? I'm suppose to tell you to get your A-game on, the scene needs to be out-of-the-ballpark sexy.

Trent throws an embarrassed look at Grace.

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Heather and Richard have moved things to the bed. They're in deep make-out session. Richard's shirt is off and Heather's is unbuttoned. Coming up for air --

RICHARD

So does this mean, you've changed your mind?

Heather hesitates WHEN the door swings open. The Assistant Director pops in, barely registering the situation.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Need Trent's torn shirt.

(grabbing it on bed)

We need you on the set so, um, wrap up.

A mortified Heather covers herself.

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Heading downstairs, the Assistant Director tosses Trent's shirt to him. Trent beseechingly turns to Grace --

TRENT

It's just an act, Grace.

GRACE

Your torn shirt isn't just an act. It's there. It's real.

TRENT

I'm not a torn shirt. You gotta believe me, Grace.

GRACE

I believe you but...

Grace hesitates, catching her reflection in the mirror. She looks like a sweet, innocent All-American kid. She frowns.

GRACE

I don't know if I can compete.

TRENT

I don't want you to, that's part of what I like about you.

GRACE

(sudden smile)

You like me?

As they lock eyes a DRUNK GIRL staggers into scene --

DRUNK GIRL

DUH!

-- and throws up into a large planter, definitely destroying the moment.

EXT. TRENT'S CRIB - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The Dads are sitting on director chairs, outside the pool cabana. A bunch of 20-something, sexy girls are swimming in the pool. Vernon looks away, seemingly offended.

CRAIG

Doesn't hurt to look.

VERNON

What about our end of the bargain?

CRAIG

It's hardly pornography, they're in their bathing suits.

We hear SQUEALS. The Dads look over and yup, the girls are now topless. This time, Vernon can't pry his eyes away.

RANDY

(re: Vernon)

Yup, you're going to hell.

CRAIG

Geez, Vernon, get a grip.

VERNON

(snapping out of it, edgy)

I want to get out of here. Our girls are clearly not here -- thank goodness -- so LET'S GO!

Just as Vernon stands to leave, the Assistant Director approaches --

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

You guys look perfect. Wardrobe did a helluva job.

CRAIG

These are our clothes.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Even better. We need you all in the Cabana. Now.

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - ANOTHER UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Half-a dozen young couples making-out in a dark room upstairs. Among them is Katie and a VERY CUTE TEEN BOY.

CUTE BOY
 (coming up for air)
 You're amazing, Kathy. I'm totally gonna
 call you.

KATIE
 Really? Thank you so much!

PAN OVER TO the only couple not making-out -- Chloe and Drunk
 Kid. Chloe is carefully watching Katie.

CHLOE
 (blanching)
 "Thank you"? Did she just thank a boy
 for maybe calling her?

CUTE BOY
 (in between kissing)
 Kathy... Kathy... you're SO awesome!

CHLOE
 Her name's KATIE!

KATIE
 (coming up for air, to Chloe)
 He can call me Kathy.
 (turning back to Cute Boy)
 I don't mind. Really.

CUTE BOY
 Thanks. Kathy's my ex. I miss her.

KATIE
 Awww!

Chloe makes a disgusted face as the couple gets back to it.
 Chloe eyes Drunk Kid who's busy devouring a sloppy chili-
 burger.

CHLOE
 I can't believe you'd rather make out
 with that burger than with a cute girl.

Frustrated, she grabs Drunk Kid's flask, taking a swig --

CHLOE
 Eeck! What is this?

DRUNK KID
 Apple juice. I actually don't like the
 taste of alcohol.

CHLOE
 What do you mean, you've been drinking
 all night? You totally hurled before --

DRUNK KID
Bad sushi. I eat a lot. Growing boy.

CHLOE
You're not a drunk!?

DRUNK KID
And you're not a slut?

CHLOE
I never said I was a slut.

DRUNK KID
I never said I was a drunk.

CHLOE
You were acting like a drunk.

DRUNK KID
And you were acting like a slut.

CHLOE
(pausing, then --)
Why were you acting?

DRUNK KID
I guess for the same reasons you are.

CHLOE
Your parents got divorced and your Dad
ups and marries his perfect little
Pilates instructor who drags him to her
perfect little hometown? And the
pathetic thing is, he didn't even tell me
about Trista or the move. He said he
thought my Mom did. Doesn't even matter
because the fact is, you can totally get
replaced in someone's heart. So you
gotta fill it first, y'know?

DRUNK KID
I'm really sorry...

A beat of connection. Then --

DRUNK KID
... that your Dad does Pilates. That's
totally gay.

CHLOE
You should see him in spandex.

They share a laugh and a beat of connection.

ANGLE ON: Cute Boy's hand is now working its way up Katie's
shirt.

CHLOE
 (to Drunk Kid, concerned)
 Christ! This is getting out of hand.
 Literally. We gotta do something.

DRUNK KID
 Why?

CHLOE
 Cause I feel... I feel...
 (realizing)
Shit. I feel responsible. What am I
 gonna do?

Chloe looks truly miserable. Drunk Kid feels for her. Then -
 We hear the biggest, most grotesque FART SOUND known to
 mankind.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPSTAIRS ROOM - HALLWAY - BEAT LATER

The kids fleeing in disgust, pinching their noses. Chloe
 looks over at Drunk Kid whose wearing a sheepish grin. She
 grins back, appreciatively. All the kids are out, BUT --

Yup, Katie and Cute Boy.

Chloe pokes her head back in. She can barely breath, but she
 braves it and goes in --

CUT TO:

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - POOL SIDE CABANA - NIGHT

The cabana is dressed up like a Moroccan restaurant on
 steroids. The Dads are with other middle-aged Extras,
 sitting on big pillows.

CRAIG
 Vernon's right, we're suppose to be
 looking for our girls, not being Extras
 in a Trent Taylor video!

The guys look at one another guiltily.

ANGLE ON: Back-up dancers, Ashley and Shelly, entering --

SHELLY
 Look at the cute Extras. That one looks
 like my boyfriend.

She's staring at Vernon.

ASHLEY

The trainer?

SHELLY

No. My other boyfriend, the high-school principal. Y'know, the married one.

BACK TO SCENE:

Our dads are getting up to leave just as Ashley and Shelly approach.

ASHLEY/SHELLY

Hi, there!

Dads look around -- yup they're talking to them.

BACK TO: INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Pinching her nose, Chloe enters the room -- no-one's there.

Her eyes go to an ADJOINING BATHROOM. Walking over, Chloe opens the door TO REVEAL --

BACK TO: INT. CABANA

Shelly is practically on Vernon's lap now --

SHELLY

... you remind me of a friend. He's smart. And funny. He makes me laugh. And think. Sometimes, even at the same time.

VERNON

(eyeing her half-naked body)
That's really, uh, something.

Meanwhile, at a neighboring table, Ashley is making Randy and Craig think.

ASHLEY

...so I had my little girl when I was sixteen. It's not so bad, we save money on clothes since we're practically the same size. Our favorite store is *Forever 16*... yeah, I wish.

She blows her nose, returning Craig's handkerchief.

CRAIG

Thanks. We should, um, get going...

ASHLEY

You can't leave now, we're about to shoot the big finale.

CRAIG
 Yeah, well...
 (glancing over her)
Vernon!

BACK TO: INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Chloe is stunned to find --

Katie and a CUTE GIRL, kissing in the bathtub (sans water).
 Cute Boy is WATCHING them with a toothy grin.

Drunk Kid comes in on this -- floored!

DRUNK KID
 Man, I thought I'd have to wait until
 college for this kind of action.

CUTE BOY
 I know! Isn't Kathy the coolest?

CHLOE
 Her name's KATIE and both of you guys --
 outta here!

She drags the boys out and locks the door --

A grinning Katie meets Chloe's shocked-to-the-core gaze.

CUTE GIRL
 If you wanted to join in, you could have
 just asked.

Chloe doesn't have a response for that one. A first.

BACK TO: INT. CABANA

Shelly is showing off her tats to Vernon.

SHELLY
 ... and I got this one in Korea?

VERNON
 Wow, you've been to Korea?

SHELLY
 Sure. Korea Town. Downtown. Never
 been?

Craig is hovering, appalled at the sight --

CRAIG
Vernon --

Vernon JUMPS a mile high --

BACK TO: INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Chloe is practically shaking as she locks gazes with Katie.

CHLOE
-- what are you doing!?

KATIE
I dunno. I just wanted to try it.

CHLOE
You wanted to try it or did stud-boy want you to?

KATIE
What difference does it make?

CHLOE
It makes a huge difference! You're like going from ESL to AP English in like a day.

KATIE
Maybe I'm a fast learner.

DRUNK KID (O.S.)
(listening in, through the door)
Or just fast! I'm just saying...

CHLOE
(to Katie)
He's right.

KATIE
Who's right? What's his name?

CHLOE
Uh. I dunno.

KATIE
So it's okay for you to hang with a guy you don't even know his name but I can't have a little fun? If I'm gonna take that pledge tomorrow, I want to know what I'm gonna be missing. Right?

Chloe is troubled -- what the hell has she created?

EXT. CABANA - SAME TIME

Dads are in the middle of a heated discussion --

CRAIG

(to Vernon)

What are you thinking -- what about our pledge? More importantly, what about our girls!?

VERNON

I'm sure they're safe, having one last hurrah, sneaking into a PG-13 movie or something.

RANDY

They're sixteen. They've been able to see PG-13 movies for years.

VERNON

(suddenly serious)

Not my Gracie, she's a good-girl.

CRAIG

Your tune seems to be really changing here, Vernon.

VERNON

Well, I've been doing some thinking...

RANDY

Is that what they're calling it these days?

VERNON

(ignoring that)

... and maybe us guys should have our own final hurrah. Tomorrow, 11am, we're standing with our girls pledging to abstain from, y'know, stuff.

RANDY

And let me guess. Vernon's a walking connoisseur of "stuff."

VERNON

I am a man. And yes, sometimes a weak one. But tomorrow, that will all change. But tonight, give me one last night.

Randy and Craig exchange glances.

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - DOWNSTAIRS - SAME TIME

Heather is downstairs, searching for Grace. Instead, she finds Chloe coming downstairs with Drunk Kid.

HEATHER

Have you seen Grace?

CHLOE
Nope.

HEATHER
(eyeing Drunk Kid)
Having fun?

CHLOE
Actually, tonight continues to bite.

DRUNK KID
I'm finding it kinda titillating. And
yes, I love saying that word.

On this, Katie comes downstairs hand in hand with Cute Girl.

HEATHER
(surprised)
Katie, what are you doing here?

Eyeing the two-some, Heather doesn't see beyond two gal-pals holding hands.

HEATHER
(to Cute Girl)
Hi, I'm Heather. I like your purse.

CUTE GIRL
(flirty)
Thanks, you're cute!

HEATHER
(not getting it, flattered)
You're cute!!

KATIE
(to Cute Girl, jealous)
She's not that cute.

CHLOE
Oh my god, I SO want to get the hell out
of here...!

HEATHER
Me too! Minus the bad word. Where's
Grace?

INT. EXTRAS HOLDING ROOM - SAME TIME

FEMALE EXTRAS are changing into belly bearing, sexy mid-eastern costumes. The ASSISTANT DIRECTOR barges in --

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Okay, we need everyone on set. Move it!

The girls scramble, exiting. One girl, not in costume, is left behind -- Grace.

INT. CABANA - BEAT LATER

Shoot's about to begin. Sitting high atop a bunch of billowy pillows is Trent looking like a sexy prince. Dads are in the BG.

DIRECTOR
Okay, Trent, here's the scene -- you're in a harem. Got it? Good.

Director hurries back to the cameras.

TRENT
Actually. I don't get it.

This stop the Director. Everyone's silent.

TRENT
I mean. The scene before, I was dancing in a swimming pool, and now I'm in a harem? And how can I be in a harem when I haven't even graduated high school yet?

CRAIG
(chuckling)
The boy has a point.

TRENT
Thanks.

DIRECTOR
Have a career past 23 and they'll let you direct your own videos. In the meantime, let me do my job, what do you say?

HOLD ON TRENT --

INT. TRENT'S CRIB - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Hot Priest and Gina are in the kitchen, eyeing the shoot --

HOT PRIEST
You're not going to watch?

GINA
Trent gets embarrassed and honestly, I'm not too sure about this scene, but what can I do?

HOT PRIEST
You're his Mother.

GINA

But you don't want to be perceived as
"difficult." Gotta choose your battles,
y'know...

Hot Priest frowns, about to respond, WHEN a FAMILIAR-LOOKING
BLOND whizzes by wearing a veil and dressed in a bikini top
and sexy, flowy skirt.

VEILED BLOND

Excuse me!

Hot Priest does a fast double-take as Grace hurries off
towards the set.

BACK TO: INT. CABANA

The Assistant Director is addressing the Extras --

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

... the most important thing is to act
natural and try not to call attention to
yourself.

DIRECTOR

PLAYBACK!

We hear TRENT'S SONG.

DIRECTOR

Ashley & Shelly -- go!

Ashley and Shelly start shimmying their way towards the
Extras. The Director cues his camera guy to get a CLOSE-UP
of VERNON who's practically foaming at the mouth.

DIRECTOR

Bring in the girls!

About a HALF-DOZEN BELLY-DANCERS, all wearing veils, approach
a small stage in front of Trent. They dance, really
exotically, swaying hips and bellies. They're amazing.
Well, most of them. There's one girl in the back, who's
having a difficult time keeping the beat -- Grace.

Hardly feeling "it," Trent glances OFF CAMERA and SPOTS --

Chloe, Katie (& Cute Girl), Heather and Richard. Trent
frowns. No Grace.

The Director looks concerned about Trent's lackluster
performance and so does Grace. Braving herself, she steps to
the center, stepping out for her man!

The music gets sexier and so does Grace. She wiggles. She
jiggles. And she starts enjoying herself.

Through the veil, she locks eyes with Trent who sees her. Really sees her. He's amazed. And delighted. They start connecting to the delight of the Director.

ANGLE ON THE DADS -- watching Trent with the mysterious blond.

RANDY

I'm starting to think I should take away
Chloe's TV.

CRAIG

I know. Where are these girl's fathers?

ANGLE ON HEATHER, KATIE, CHLOE AND RICHARD - not realizing the Dads are in the room. They're too focused on Trent and the blond.

CHLOE

Gee, get a room.

RICHARD

Yeah, like there's three upstairs.
(off Heather's testy glance)
Not like I'd know or anything.

HEATHER

Poor Gracie! They just went for a walk
and he's already cheating on her.

KATIE

What? Gracie went for a walk with Trent
Taylor!? She'll never live that down!

Chloe stares at her (with Cute Girl), incredulously.

BACK ON TRENT AND GRACE: His hands are on her hips and they're dirty-dancing together.

ANGLE ON HOT PRIEST: Hurrying in, frowning at the spectacle.

ANGLE ON VERNON: Eyes plastered on Shelly's hips.

VERNON

You're gonna get me in trouble!

Director gets an idea and approaches Shelly, whispering something in her ear. She winks at Vernon and whispers --

SHELLY

Watch this.

Vernon is all eyes as she approaches the stage. The Director cues his camera guys to go CLOSE IN --

Shelly moves to Trent's mysterious belly dancer and in one quick move, WHIPS OFF HER VEIL --

Vernon leaps up, stunned and outraged --

VERNON

Gracie!

GRACE

(mortified, covering herself)
Dad!

TRENT

(horrified)
"Dad?"

HEATHER

(spotting Craig, shocked)
Dad!

CRAIG

(shocked/disappointed)
Heather!

Chloe feebly waves over to Randy --

CHLOE

Hey.

Randy frowns, less shocked but just as disappointed.

As Drunk Kid enters scene, an OBNOXIOUS KID sticks out his leg, making Drunk Kid crash into Heather --

HEATHER

Oww!

-- and her gigantic purse goes flying into the air.

SLO-MO ON SOMETHING FLYING OUT OF HER PURSE. It lands in front of the Dads' table, grabbing their attention --

CLOSE ON: BIRTH CONTROL PILLS.

Drunk Kid retrieves them --

DRUNK KID

Pez!

Chloe is stunned.

CRAIG

(taking pills)
This isn't Pez, son...
(eyeing Heather)
... it's birth control pills.

HEATHER IS PARALYZED. FACE ASH WHITE.

VERNON
 (glaring eyes at Heather)
What!?

Everyone falls silent, watching --

Chloe looks at Heather who's about to cry. Richard's looking down at the floor. Katie and Grace are both shell-shocked.

CRAIG
 (to Heather, shaken)
 These can't be yours...

A long and silent beat. Craig is about to turn the prescription over to the bearer's name WHEN CHLOE GRABS THEM.

CHLOE
 Yeah, well, they're not. They're mine.

Heather wants to say something but can't.

CHLOE
 What else is new, right? New girl gets busy, 'News At 11.' It's what everyone expects, right?
 (to Heather and Grace, masking hurt)
Right?

Silence. Heather and Grace avoid Chloe's gaze which makes Chloe ache more. Katie sees this and tries to switch gears --

KATIE
 I have a question -- what are your Dads doing at a Trent Taylor video shoot?

DRUNK KID
 (off Dads upset looks)
 Um, I think we need an easier topic -- state of the Middle East anyone?

OBNOXIOUS KID
 Yeah, I have some thoughts.

RANDY
 So do I. You girls are too young.
 (directly to Chloe)
 For any of this.

CHLOE
 You're right.

Randy wasn't expecting that.

CHLOE
 Dad, you're *really* right.

They connect. Truly connect.

CHLOE
(to Heather, Grace & Katie)
After all, we're only sixteen.

The girls take this in.

VERNON
(to Grace)
Young lady, you're grounded. For life.

GRACE
I know, but there's something I need to
tell you, Daddy.
(locking eyes with Trent)
I'm not pledging tomorrow.

Vernon is on the verge of majorly losing it --

HEATHER
(eyeing Richard)
Neither am I.

KATIE
(eyeing Cute Girl and Cute Boy)
Me either.

VERNON/CRAIG
WHAT!???

The Dads cast furious gazes at Chloe.

CHLOE
Um, I'll pledge. For what it's worth.

VERNON
Not much, young lady, not much.

Chloe cringes, taking in this verbal slap.

VERNON
(to Grace)
You're pledging. End of discussion.

Grace gives a sorrowful look to a helpless Trent.

VERNON
(to Katie)
And so are you! Your grandmother would
be heartbroken.

Katie looks down at the floor, defeated.

CRAIG
 (to girls, firmly)
 We're going home.

As the girls get carted away, they send hostile glares to Chloe --

GRACE
Thanks! For showing us "your world."

HEATHER
 Yeah, it sucked!

GRACE
 Big time!!

HEATHER
 Totally to like the third power.

GRACE
 Don't agree with me, Miss Duplicity.

HEATHER
 Mean!

GRACE
 Meaner!!

As the girls near the exit --

CUTE GIRL
 (to Katie, shouting out)
 Call me!

HEATHER
 (stopping, auto cheery smile)
 I don't think I have your number!

DRUNK KID
 In more ways than one.

Heather gives a confused look as the girls finally leave.

OFF Chloe with the weight of the world on her shoulders. She locks eyes with Hot Priest who feels for her --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HILTON - BALLROOM - DAY

A MAN and a pretty, YOUNG WOMAN are on a small stage, mid-song --

IN THE BG: Mrs. Garrison's son, Jeremy, is making disgusting faces at his poor sister, Samantha.

MRS. GARRISON
 -- a certain wild party was going on.
 And all the town's wicked little children
 went to this party --

TRISTA
 (glumly)
 I like my gossip better.

MRS. GARRISON
 Well perhaps if you weren't so busy
 reading 'In Touch,' you would have
 realized your little girl was on the
 pill.

Ouch.

MRS. GARRISON
 Speaking of your girls -- funny, I don't
 see them. Seems to me like they need to
 pledge now before it's too late.

OFF THE MOTHER'S ANXIETY RIDDEN LOOKS --

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S HOME - SAME TIME

FRONT DOOR OPENS TO CHLOE. Dressed in a ball gown, she looks lovely though her eyes are filled with regret. Craig's at the door, looking downbeat. Chloe's nervous --

CHLOE
 I-uh, tried to call but, uh, can I... Do
 you mind...?

CRAIG
 (letting her in)
 She's in her room.

CHLOE
 Thanks.

INT. HEATHER'S ROOM/HALLWAY - A BEAT LATER

After a quiet knock, Chloe opens the door to UTTER DARKNESS. An ALARM CLOCK is RINGING AND RINGING.

Turning it off, Chloe goes to the blinds, opening them with a start.

Light pours in. A groan from somewhere. There's no one in the sloppy bed. Chloe follows the groan to --

THE CLOSET. Opening it to discover --

Heather, wearing last night's clothes and make-up (now a smeary mess). Heather slams the door on Chloe --

HEATHER

No one's home!

CHLOE

Heather! Talk to me. Please. Prettiest of pretty pleases. I feel -- horrible.

Heather opens the door and sees Chloe means it.

HEATHER

Good!

She slams the door again.

CHLOE

C'mon! I got dressed up for you guys. I look like a freakin' princess. YOU WIN!

CUT TO:

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Grace, in bed and equally depressed, is eyeing Chloe who's just given her a similar spiel --

GRACE

... I don't care about princesses or ANYTHING anymore!

She pulls the blanket over her. Chloe sighs, discouraged.

GRACE

(from under covers)
But yes, you do look very pretty. I like that color on you.

Chloe grins, encouraged.

CUT TO:

INT. HILTON BALLROOM/PURITY BALL - DAY

The mothers are still at the table sans Mrs. Garrison.

MARY-ANNE

... Mrs. Garrison's right. We need the girls to pledge before they end up like...

A long, meaningful pregnant beat. Trista's face falls.

TRISTA

Like my step-daughter? Well, I'll tell you something about my step-daughter, if those pills are hers, she's being responsible at least.

JANET

Of course they're hers, whose else would they be?

TRISTA

(tiny shrug)
Excuse me. Ladies room.

Trista leaves the mothers looking concerned.

EXT. KATIE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

A stern-looking GRANDMOTHER is staring Chloe down.

CHLOE

Um, hi. Is Katie home?

Katie pops in, dressed in her princess dress, ready to go.

CHLOE

I'm so relieved! You're still pledging, right?

KATIE

Of course I am! Grandma says if I pledge, I can have her Mercury Sable. Isn't that the coolest thing?

Katie hugs her grandmother who hasn't taken her glaring eyes off Chloe. Chloe swallows, hard.

CUT TO:

INT. HILTON PURITY BALL - LATER

Dressed in a white tux, PASTOR JAMES comes running up to the stage in full manic mode --

PASTOR JAMES

Wowsie!!! What a great-looking crowd we have this morning! Let me welcome you all -- ladies, gentlemen and virgins -- not necessarily in that order for today... VIRGINS COME FIRST! Go ahead, give yourself a big round of applause, Virgins, you deserve it!

The GIRLS IN THE AUDIENCE jump up and clap excitedly as their parents take stolen glances at ONE PARTICULAR TABLE --

ANGLE ON OUR TABLE: Heather and Grace have arrived, dressed, but not looking too festive. Katie is also nearby with her grandmother.

Chloe leaps in and tries to get the girls to join in --

CHLOE
C'mon guys! Give me a V!

Heather and Grace glare at her. Chloe frowns. Katie jumps up --

KATIE
V!!!!

She glances at her grandmother who nods in approval.

KATIE
(to Chloe, sotto)
I'm aiming for a SideKick.

Chloe frowns.

BACK TO SCENE:

PASTOR JAMES
As you all know, the pledge of chastity is one of the most important decisions a girl -- or woman -- can make.

ANGLE HEATHER AND GRACE, eyeing one another suspiciously.

PASTOR JAMES
But that doesn't mean we can't have some fun, does it?

More applause. Chloe catches Hot Priest's gaze across the way. He looks relieved to see her.

PASTOR JAMES
Let's redirect everyone's attention outside for we have a very big treat in store --

The guests excitedly move toward the MEZZANINE.

ANGLE ON OUR TABLE:

JANET
(to Heather)
Honey, try to look like you're enjoying yourself.

HEATHER
I can't. I'm here under duress.

CRAIG

Well, duress becomes you. You've never
looked lovelier.

Heather rolls her eyes. Craig frowns. Vernon pulls the
chair out for Grace.

VERNON

There you go, Princess.

GRACE

I'm not a Princess, Daddy, and you're
certainly no Prince!

That stung. Mary-Anne throws a suspicious look at Vernon who
feebly shrugs.

EXT. HILTON - OUTDOOR MEZZANINE - DAY

Everyone's now out on the Mezzanine, looking at the
PERFORMANCE BELOW --

ANGLE POOL: Our FATHER & DAUGHTER SINGING DYNAMO are
standing by the "shores" of a "heavenly lagoon" (okay, the
Hilton swimming pool) dressed up like Monet's 'Water Lilies.'

FATHER & DAUGHTER

(singing)

*I've been waiting for so long.
Now I've finally found someone.
To stand by me. We saw the writing on the
wall. As we felt this magical FANTASY...*

And from the deep waters of the lagoon, a DOZEN MERMAIDS
(i.e. teenage girls dressed in full mermaid garb) POP UP.

The girls "dance" a la SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING to the high
insulin classic -- "*I've Had the Time of My Life.*"

BACK TO MEZZANINE: TRISTA, CHLOE AND RANDY

CHLOE

(beyond appalled)

That is truly....

She looks over at Grace and Heather who are still in a funk.

CHLOE

Something.

TRISTA

What, no sarcastic joke? Where's the
Chloe that we all know and love.

CHLOE
 She's on permanent vaca. Enter Stepford
 Chloe.

She eyes her father who won't make eye-contact with her.
 He's still very upset.

TRISTA
 We're glad you're here, honey.

CHLOE
 (sadly)
 Yeah, right.
 (to Randy)
 Dad... Here.

She hands over her car keys. Randy's taken aback.

CHLOE
 I don't deserve a car. I don't deserve
 anything nice, not even a broken down
 tricycle.

Trista shoots a look at Randy.

CHLOE
 (eyeing singers)
 What I do deserve is a continuous loop of
 these guys for the rest of my eternity...

ANGLE SWIMMING POOL:

FATHER & DAUGHTER
 (continuing)
*... remember, you're the one thing, I
 can't get enough of. So I'll tell you
 something. This could be love BECAUSE...*

The mermaids flip onto their backs, forming a long, FLOATING
 CHAIN.

BACK TO MEZZANINE: Heather and Grace should be loving this,
 but instead they're bickering --

HEATHER
 (low voice)
 I don't even know you anymore --

GRACE
 Oh my gosh, that's so -- I'm not the one
 on the pill!

HEATHER
 Shush! I'm not on the pill. I just --
 have them.

GRACE
 Why do you just "have them." You and
 Richard have totally done it.

HEATHER
 No, not totally.

GRACE
 (hurt)
 You don't tell me anything anymore.

HEATHER
 You didn't tell me about Trent Taylor!

GRACE
 Shush!

HEATHER
 At least, my love is REAL.

CHLOE
 (approaching, concerned)
 Hey guys, look at the pretty mermaids!

KATIE
 (on the heels of Chloe)
 They are really pretty.

Chloe just looks at her.

GRACE
 (to Heather, hurt/flustered)
M-MEAN! You know what you are...!???

ANGLE POOL:

FATHER & DAUGHTER
*.... I've had the time of my life. No I
 never felt like this before.
 Yes I swear, it's the truth. And I owe
 it all to you!*

BACK TO MEZZANINE:

GRACE
 Y-YOU ARE SOO NOT PURE!

ANGLE POOL:

The MERMAIDS have now formed a GIGANTIC 'V'!

BACK TO MEZZANINE:

Everyone within earshot is shocked --

HEATHER

If I'm not pure, than you're REALLY NOT!

GRACE

Mean! Liar! Mean-liar!!!

HEATHER

Really? Look in the mirror and what do you see?

CHLOE

Myself. Nice riddle. Hey guys, pretty mermaids, LOOK!

Heather and Grace take a final glare at Chloe before storming off. The mothers are broken-hearted and glare at Chloe --

JANET

Why did you have to "befriend" our girls. Don't you know the meaning of friendship?

Chloe doesn't know what to say.

KATIE

Mrs. Davis -- that's not -- I mean -- you're not being very -- uh --

Katie's trying to defend Chloe but catches her Grandmother's evil eye.

KATIE

I wish I were a mermaid. Life would be a lot easier.

CHLOE

Thanks for trying, kid.

A forlorn Chloe leaves. Randy sees how hurt his little girl is and his heart breaks for her. Trista gives a nudge to follow Chloe, but he can't. Not yet.

EXT. HILTON - KIDDIE POOL - LATER

Chloe is alone, sitting by the Hilton kiddie pool. The "*Time of My Life*" plays in the BG like a bad loop.

An OBNOXIOUS KID IN THE POOL splashes Chloe with a tremendous amount of water. She doesn't flinch.

MAN'S VOICE

Need a towel?

Chloe looks up to find Hot Priest standing over her.

CHLOE
 (taking towel)
 Thanks. I was trying for a do-it-yourself-baptism. Think it's too late?

HOT PRIEST
 It's never too late.
 (sitting next to her)
 How ya holding up?

CHLOE
 Well, I'm so not having the time of my life but they're right, I've never felt this way before and it totally sucks. It's all my fault.

HOT PRIEST
 How's that?

CHLOE
 Heather and Grace totally wanted to pledge, but now... and Katie! I created a monster with that girl.

HOT PRIEST
 So now they all have more information to make their choices...

CHLOE
 But now they're not going to get to choose. People should have the right to make their own choices in life, shouldn't they?

As that question lingers, WE --

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM/PURITY BALL - DAY

Pastor James, center-stage --

PASTOR JAMES
 What is a pledge of purity? It is a vow before the Almighty to remain pure and chaste until HE unites you with your lifetime mate.

A TEEN GIRL raises her hand. Pastor frowns, he wasn't expecting a question/answer session.

PASTOR JAMES
 Yes?

TEEN GIRL

What if you were united with your
lifetime mate last Friday night after the
Cypress Bay game over at the Waffle House
parking lot but he hasn't called yet?
What would you do?

PASTOR JAMES

I would remain pure and focus on other
things like school and church.

Parents nod their heads in approval.

TEEN GIRL

Okay, but do you think I should call or
is that sorta desperate?

ANGLE ON: Heather and Grace, back at their table, exchanging
"get me out of here" looks. Katie, on the other hand, has a
pad out and is taking notes.

INT. HILTON - LOBBY - LATER

Entering from the pool area, Chloe's eyes go to the lounge
where Trista is consoling Randy who's nursing a bourbon.

Chloe's attention is suddenly redirected as an excited
Richard enters the lobby, racing up to her --

RICHARD

(catching breath)
Thank god y-you're h-here. Has s-s-she,
u-uh --

CHLOE

Spit it out, man.

RICHARD

Has Heather pledged yet?

CHLOE

No.

Richard is greatly relieved.

CHLOE

But she did run off with the busboy --
(off Richard's falling face)
-- *kidding*.

RICHARD

Do her parents know about...

At this moment, Hot Priest approaches --

HOT PRIEST
Know about what?

Richard shoots an urgent glance at Chloe who quickly covers -

CHLOE
Know that Heather's planning a surprise anniversary party for her parents. She's a regular Saint that Heather.

Hot Priest raises a suspicious brow at Richard who relents --

RICHARD
Her parents don't know about the birth control.

HOT PRIEST
The pills were Heather's?

Richard gives a reluctant nod.

HOT PRIEST
So you think you're responsible enough for sex, but not mature enough to tell the truth about it.

RICHARD
It's no one's business.

HOT PRIEST
Perhaps. But that has nothing to do with being an adult. And in my book, adults should be the one's having sex.

On that, Richard opens a ring box and REVEALS --

RICHARD
I'm going to ask Heather to marry me.

CHLOE/HOT PRIEST
WHAT!?

SUDDEN CLAMOR outside the front entrance. ALL EYES GO TO --
TRENT TAYLOR being fiercely pursued by PAPARAZZI.

CHLOE
Oh, Lordie --

BACK TO: BALLROOM/PURITY BALL

PASTOR JAMES
(continuing, to audience)
... so let's get back to why we're all here.

TEEN GIRL

Jewelry!

The girls all start to giddily chatter about their rings.

PASTOR JAMES

I'm not talking about jewelry, girls, I'm talking about the pledge.

The girls settle down and get focused.

PASTOR JAMES

So let us begin with those of you who have chosen the wrong path and have engaged in promiscuous behavior but now want to recommit to a life of purity and bliss. Of course, I'm talking about our Born Agains. So will our Born-Again Virgins please rise and form a line to take their pledge...

About 9/10th's of the FEMALES IN THE AUDIENCE get up and form a VERY LONG LINE. Many are older whom we assumed were mothers.

ANGLE ON OUR TABLE: Everyone's back and seated except Chloe.

VERNON

Geez-Louise, this is gonna take all day.

GRACE

At least they had their chance.

JANET

Someday you girls are going to thank us.

GRACE/HEATHER

Doubt it.

The mothers exchange concerned glances.

BACK TO: HILTON LOBBY

The Paparazzi have been thrown out of the hotel though they're still trying to snap photos through the windows.

A breathless Trent is before Chloe, Richard and Hot Priest --

TRENT

Thank goodness y-you're h-here. Has s-s-she, uh --

CHLOE

Spit it out.

TRENT
-- pledged yet?

CHLOE
No. Let me guess, you want to marry her.

TRENT
I want to pledge.

Enter shock-dom.

TRENT
But I need help.

OFF CHLOE --

INT. BALLROOM/PURITY BALL - LATER

Pastor James wipes his brow as the last Born-Again finally takes her seat.

PASTOR JAMES
And now, the time we've all have been waiting for, will the real honest-to-goodness Virgins please stand with their fathers and approach the stage for the sacred pledge.

A DOZEN TEEN GIRLS and their FATHERS rise from their seats.

Heather and Grace eye one another. Craig is frantically checking his pockets as Janet quietly hands him a ring box.

JANET
I got you covered.

She smiles and they connect. Craig attempts to lead Heather to the stage but gets the cold shoulder. Ditto for Vernon with Grace.

Samantha Garrison and her father (MR. GARRISON) stand --

JEREMY
Good luck, Sis.

SAMANTHA
Thanks, bro.

They have a nice moment and Mrs. Garrison tosses a bragging grin to our Mothers.

Clutching white roses, Heather and Grace reluctantly get in line with the other girls including Katie. Daddies are opposite them.

PASTOR JAMES

Ahh, look at them. You girls do us proud.

The fathers take their daughter's hands and the girls smile back. Well, most of them. Heather's defiantly cracking gum and Grace is in serious day-dream mode.

Pastor James gestures for the first in line to step forward: Samantha and her father.

PASTOR JAMES

And let us pledge...

MR. GARRISON

I, Gregory Garrison, choose before the Almighty to cover my daughter as her authority and protection in the areas of purity --

ANGLE ON: Randy and Trista at their table, watching.

MR. GARRISON

-- I will be pure in my own life as a man, husband and father. I will be a man of integrity and accountability as I lead, guide and pray over my daughter and my family as the high priest in my home --

ANGLE ON: Vernon, in line, face is covered with sweat.

GRACE

Daddy, are you okay?

Vernon nods. He's guilt-ridden.

MR. GARRISON

-- This covering will be used by the Almighty to influence generations to come.

He opens a RING BOX and Samantha's face lights up --

SAMANTHA

(snatching it)

I got a good ring, I got a good ring!

Pastor James testily clears his throat.

SAMANTHA

Oh right, sorry.

(saying really fast)

I, Samantha Garrison, pledge my purity to my father, my future husband and...

(looks upward)

... you-know-who.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

*I pledge to remain pure until the day I
give myself as a wedding gift to my
husband.*

RANDY

EWW!

Everyone turns and glares at Randy.

RANDY

Sorry. Thought bubble action.
Proceed... by all means.

PASTOR JAMES

Gee, thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. HILTON HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Chloe is leading Trent down a hallway.

TRENT

I dunno about this idea...

CHLOE

You don't want your picture in the
tabloids, right?

Trent gives a reluctant nod.

CHLOE

And you want Grace back?

A firm nod.

CHLOE

Trust me, it's too perfect. Ready? --

Trent takes a deep breath before stepping into a BANQUET
HALL. Sign on the door reads "DUNGEONS & DRAGONS CONVENTION."

BACK TO: BALLROOM/PURITY BALL

Pastor James turns to Vernon who's now sweating buckets.

VERNON

Um, uh, I Vernon Franks, pledge to, uh...
(locking eyes with Mary-Anne)
Be a better man.
(to Grace)
And a better father.

MRS. GARRISON

That's not the pledge!

Everyone shushes her.

VERNON

That said, Gracie, will you pledge with me -- your Daddy -- who admits he doesn't always have all the answers?

Grace hears and is moved by the sincere apology in her father's voice, and is about to respond WHEN --

ASHLEY (O.S.)

You sure this is the way to the pool?

DOOR OPENS and Shelly and Ashley walk in. Dressed in bikinis.

SHELLY

Oh lookie, it's a prom!

ASHLEY

I never went to prom.

SHELLY

Pregnant?

ASHLEY

No hung over. Oh yeah, I was also pregnant -- kidding. Actually, I was just drunk OFF MY ASS.

Everyone's hearing this and are justifiably appalled.

SHELLY

(spotting Vernon)

Oh my gosh, there's that cute Extra!
Yoohoo!! Vernon! --

Mary-Anne hurls a disgusted glare at pasty-faced Vernon. Mrs. Garrison is delighted at the spectacle.

GRACE

(to Vernon)

There's no such thing as Princes or Princesses and this proves it!

An overwhelmed Grace goes running for the EXIT JUST AS --

A MAGICAL FIGURE comes dashing in! He's dressed in Medieval gear -- we're talking tights, a black cloak, a red cape, mask and yes, a sword. Oh and, he's TRENT TAYLOR.

JEREMY

(awestruck)

It's VENGER, PRINCE OF DARKNESS!

(off blank stares)

Hello? "Dungeons & Dragons" -- this dude is a total bad-ass.

ANGLE ON GRACE AND TRENT:

GRACE
(delighted)
Prince?

TRENT
It was the only thing they had.

GRACE
I can't believe you're here.

TRENT
I was going to call but I... I didn't
have the nerve.

GRACE
The nerve for what?

TRENT
For everything. I totally want the
opportunity to get to know everything
about you, Grace...

GRACE
I'm just a silly girl from a silly little
town.

TRENT
So am I. Well, not the girl part. We're
more alike than you think. And I want
you to get to know that side of me.

ANGLE ON TEEN GIRLS and Samantha whispering to one another --

GIRL #1
That guy is totally hot --

GIRL #2
-- check out his bulging --

SAMANTHA
-- biceps, I know! Wait a second. Oh my
god, it's TRENT TAYLOR!

Girls SCREAM in recognition and RACE OVER, nearly trampling
poor Grace as they beg Trent for autographs. Trent looks for
an okay from Grace who nods her head, laughing --

Meanwhile, Richard has snuck into the ballroom. Heather is
overjoyed, but his eyes are solely on her parents --

RICHARD
Mr. and Mrs. Davis, I'm sorry about
everything -- last night -- and... and
for us getting... birth control pills.

The sound of these words bring the room to a STANDSTILL.

RICHARD
 (loudly, to Everyone)
 Yes, they were ours not Chloe's.

And there's Chloe, who, with Hot Priest, has just entered the room.

Randy's gaze connects with his daughter. There's understanding and relief there.

RICHARD
 (to Craig and Janet)
 Heather didn't want to lose me.
 (to Heather)
 I'm sorry. But know this -- you have me.
 I'm here. No matter what.

Heather smiles, relieved and overjoyed.

RICHARD
 Oh, and I don't want to marry you.
 (to Chloe, Hot Priest)
 I thought it over.

Heather shoots Chloe a bewildered look. Chloe shrugs.

RICHARD
 But maybe, probably, someday. When we're old.

Heather brightens again. Richard addresses everyone --

RICHARD
 Oh and another thing. Heather Davis is most definitely still -- a VIRGIN!

And no one is more thrilled than --

GRACE
 YEAH!!!!!!

Grace runs up to Heather, enveloping her in a humongous hug.

GRACE
 Thank goodness! I was so scared you were a skank!!

HEATHER
 And I was scared he was a skank!
 (eyeing Trent)
 But he's not.

GRACE
 We're both skankless!!

They jump up and down like the BFF's they are. A TEEN GIRL interrupts --

TEEN GIRL
You guys maybe, but...

She eyes Chloe who's noticeably outside the circle. Katie runs up to them --

KATIE
That's hurtful!

HEATHER
Chloe's not a skank.

GRACE
Not even!

CHLOE
'Appreciate the character reference and all, but what if I have 'done it.' What then?

Silence. Then --

KATIE
You're a good person.

HEATHER
And a good friend.

GRACE
And even if you've 'done it,' it doesn't change that.

The girls all connect. Then --

CHLOE
Well, for what it's worth --
(loudly, to EVERYONE)
I HAVEN'T!

HEATHER
(floored)
Really? You're still one of us?

Chloe nods. Grace is overjoyed.

GRACE
Oh, I knew it. I could always tell.

The girls giggle and bond some more. The guys approach --

TRENT
Chloe helped me find you, Grace.

RICHARD
 (to Heather)
 And covered for us. She is good people.

RANDY
 (approaching)
 That's my girl.

Randy brings Chloe in for a big, fatherly hug. Chloe doesn't resist. Across the way, her eyes connect with a very pleased and proud Hot Priest.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - LATER

Just like a wedding, Trent and Grace stand before Pastor James. Chloe and Heather are nearby, supportive but clearly not pledging. Katie is with the girls who have already pledged, all holding white roses and looking virginal.

TRENT
 ... and I, Trent Taylor, promise to remain pure in body, mind and soul, until my wedded day.

GRACE
 Ditto!

Vernon plants a sweet kiss on his daughter's cheek and gives her the promise ring. He then shakes Trent's hand, clearly approving of him, and goes over and shakes Gina's (Trent's mother) hand who has just arrived. Shelly and Ashley dab their misty eyes.

INT. SAME - LATER

MUSIC IS PLAYING.

The mood's much lighter, festive. Heather and Richard are on the dance-floor while Trent is showing Pastor James how to bust some moves. Grace looks on, having fun. Chloe is off to the side, taking it all in.

CHLOE (V.O.)
Okay, so maybe the town is not all that bad. And at the end of the day -- don't you love when adults say this, like there's even a choice? It's called night -- Anyway, 'at the end of the day,' us girls got to make our own choice and even though I didn't pledge, I got to keep my car -- YAH(!!!) -- I also realized that you can just hang with boys and not turn it into something else. Something that Katie figured out a little too quickly --

ANGLE ON KATIE -- flirting with the pledged girls who are clueless of the subtext. Grandma looks on, approvingly.

CHLOE (V.O.)
-- so, like I was saying, time is on my side and I guess I still have a lot to figure out. Make that, we've got a lot to figure out --

ANGEL ON HEATHER AND GRACE posing for a professional photo. They halt the process, looking for someone --

-- yup, Chloe, who joins in flashing the Devil Rocker sign and sticking out her tongue just as the photo is taken. Randy laughs, getting a kick out of his daughter.

CHLOE (V.O.)
Believe it or not, I'm actually looking forward to figuring it all out with my new friends -- my, gulp, girlfriends -- of course, not in a gay way. Need a new term. Anyway, I know you're dying to know, what's the freakin' message? Hey, if you're asking, than you haven't been listening, but okay, I'll spell it out for you -- be true to yourself. Always. And if you don't like my message than YOU CAN JUST --

POP TO BLACK:

Sandra Bernhardt's cover of "Beautiful" over CREDITS. Then --

TAG:

EXT. HILTON - PARKING LOT - LATER

Festivities are long over. Chloe, Katie, Heather and Grace making their way towards their cars WHEN a familiar looking BMW pulls up. THREE GUYS are inside --

GUY IN BMW
 Do you guys know where the "Dungeons and Dragons" Convention is?

Chloe hesitates, stunned, and we REALIZE these are Chloe's "cute boys!" Yup, in full D&D garb. Enter total dorkdom!

GUY IN BMW
 Hey, you look familiar....

OFF CHLOE --

FADE TO BLACK.