

SCREW YOU TUBE

by

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WGA # 1773819

FADE IN

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

SARAH GARCIA, (23), Mexican-American, plump, attractive in a farm girl way, is locked in a passionate kiss with NATHAN JONES (23), thin, with purposely unruly hair - looks the part of a tough guy wannabe.

The porch light flashes on and off.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JULIO, (60), Mexican-American, wears a college tee-shirt and sweat pants. He has the biceps of a boxer but the belly of Santa. He flicks the porch light switch off and on.

JUANITA, Mexican-American, (59), overweight, soft facial features, sits on the sofa foraging through a tray of snacks.

JUANITA

Really? You can't give them a moment?

JULIO

He's had too many moments with her.

As he flicks the light switch, Julio separates the blinds with his fingers - tries to get a shot of the porch.

JUANITA

Stop it, Papi. Comeback and watch your movie.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

The flicking light stops. Sarah smiles.

SARAH

Sorry about that. He means well.

Sarah gives Nathan a peck on the lips.

SARAH (CONT'D)

One hundred and two days. That's a long time to be apart.

NATHAN

You'll keep busy. You got your job and you're going back to night school. It'll be over before you know it.

Another peck on the lips from Sarah.

SARAH

No. It'll seem like an eternity.
(pointing at the door)
Do you want to come in to say
goodbye?

NATHAN

I'd love to, but the ship leaves at
five A.M. I still need to finish
packing.

SARAH

It'll just take a minute.

NATHAN

And your Dad still kind of scares
me.

Sarah gives Nathan a passionate hug and a kiss on the lips.

SARAH

I love you so much. I miss you
already.

NATHAN

Love you too.

Nathan looks at his watch.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Geez, I really got to get going.

SARAH

Wait, I got you a gift.

NATHAN

You really shouldn't have.

Sarah reaches into her pocket and pulls out a small box.

SARAH

Here, open it.

Nathan unwraps the box - pulls out an antique, gold compass.

NATHAN

Wow, this is - um - unexpected.

SARAH

It's inscribed on the back. Read
it.

Nathan turns the compass over.

NATHAN
(reading)
"In case you lose your way. All my
love - Sarah."

Nathan gives Sarah a kiss on a cheek.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
I've really got to hit it.

SARAH
Go.

Nathan starts off towards his car.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Call me when you get to your first
port.

NATHAN
I will.

SARAH
Love you.

Just before Nathan enters his car he turns towards Sarah.

NATHAN
You too.

Nathan drives off. Sarah watches his car disappear down the
street.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah enters.

Julio is in a recliner. He has a beer in his hand.

Juanita is on the sofa. She turns towards Sarah the moment
she enters the house. Julio stays fixed on the television.

JUANITA
How was your date, Mija?

Sarah pouts for a moment and then tears start down her
reddened cheeks.

SARAH
He's gone.

JULIO
 (under his breath)
 Thank God in heaven.

Juanita sharply raps Julio on the leg.

JUANITA
 Behave or I will hurt you.

Juanita goes to Sarah and gives her a hug.

JUANITA (CONT'D)
 It'll be okay, baby. He'll be back soon enough. And he'll have started a new career.

JULIO
 He's going to serve drinks and clean up vomit on a cruise ship for four months. That's a job - not a career.

Juanita turns towards Julio and gives him a stern look.

JUANITA
 I warned you, Papi.

SARAH
 He's going to be the Assistant Bar Manager!

Sarah storms off. Juanita watches her down the hall until she hears a door SLAM.

JUANITA
 (to Julio)
 Por Dios, eres estúpido!

JULIO
 What did I say? Oh, come on. You want her settling for him? Why can't she meet someone nice at the bank?

Juanita clears the snacks and glasses off the coffee table.

JUANITA
 How can men be so stupid?

JULIO
 What?

JUANITA

The more you tell Sarah you hate him, the more she's going to want him.

JULIO

How do you know that?

Juanita starts towards the kitchen.

JUANITA

Because my father hated you. Look what that got me.

JULIO

(calling out)

You could have done worse. Hey, could you grab me another beer?

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Pulsating music overwhelms the place. A crowded dance floor is surrounded by booths filled with young patrons. A strobe light alternates between white, blue and red.

Nathan sits in a corner booth with AARON (23), a bit boyish looking, and JOSH (25), unkempt, wearing a worn T-shirt and a baseball cap on backwards.

Josh is clearly the drunkest of the three.

A very attractive cocktail WAITRESS approaches the table.

AARON

Last round?

NATHAN

Don't know if I can agree that it should be the last one. But another round sounds great.

AARON

Josh, I think it's your turn. The first four were on me.

JOSH

I'm tapped out, bro.

AARON

You haven't bought a single round yet. How the fuck can you be tapped out?

JOSH

Oh - easy. I was tapped out before we came.

AARON

You are such a dick.

The waitress reaches the table. Nathan pulls out his cell phone.

WAITRESS

Are you guys ready for another?

Nathan shows the waitress his phone.

NATHAN

Something's wrong with my cell phone.

WAITRESS

What's wrong with it?

NATHAN

Your number's not in it.

Aaron rolls his eyes.

JOSH

That's so fucking clever, dude. I'm going to use that.

AARON

(to the waitress)
Please, ignore them.

WAITRESS

Amazingly, I think I can manage that.

AARON

Two more beers for them and then please close the tab.

WAITRESS

Nothing for you?

AARON

I'm driving.

WAITRESS

Wise choice. I'll be right back.

The waitress walks away. Nathan's eyes follow her.

NATHAN

I could have totally hit that.

AARON

First, I doubt it. And second, there is the matter of Sarah - your fiance. Remember her?

NATHAN

I don't think that's going to happen. We're breaking up.

JOSH

Good thinking, dude. You're too young to be harnessed.

(looking queasy)

I think I'm going to be sick.

AARON

What the fuck, Nathan? You broke up?

NATHAN

No, not yet. But I'm going to. I'm going to send her a text before I leave tomorrow morning.

AARON

A text? You've been with her for three years and you're going to break-up with her with a fucking text? Wait, didn't you see her tonight?

NATHAN

Yeah, but she was already upset about me leaving and everything. I didn't have the heart to tell her right then.

JOSH

You are so compassionate, dude.

AARON

Josh, just shut the fuck up and drink your beer.

(to Nathan)

Why are you doing this?

NATHAN

We were never right for each other anyway. Sexually she's kind of - what's the word?.... Routine?.... Traditional?

JOSH

Boring.

AARON

(to Josh)

I'm warning you.

The waitress returns with the drinks and hands Aaron his credit card with a slip to sign.

AARON (CONT'D)

Thank you so much.

Nathan gives the waitress what he thinks is a sexy wink. She rolls her eyes as she walks away.

NATHAN

And she's been talking about going back to school - at night. You know Sarah, she gets knee deep in that shit. Not a whole lot of fun.

AARON

(sarcastically)

Yes, you certainly don't want to be burdened by someone trying to better themselves.

NATHAN

And I'm going to be serving drinks on a cruise ship for three months. I'm bound to run across girls that need a little companionship.

AARON

What, you think you're going to be the most interesting bartender in the world? Not to mention, you'll mostly be serving drinks to gray hairs. And, there's nothing wrong with Sarah.

NATHAN

Well, she's putting on a little weight. That ain't gonna work in the long term.

JOSH

Yeah, the girl's got a bit of a back pack going.

NATHAN

Besides, I just know she's better off with someone else.

AARON

After hearing this bullshit, it's hard to argue with that.

NATHAN

Don't be so judgemental, dude. Christ, this is supposed to be my going away party.

AARON

You're not going to break up with someone that you've been with for three years by a text - and especially not Sarah. Jesus Christ, Nathan - she's our friend too.

Nathan takes a long drink from his beer.

NATHAN

An e-mail then?

AARON

No! Face to face.

Josh exits the booth in a panic.

JOSH

I really gotta hurl.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah is in bed, curled up - cell phone to her ear.

SARAH

Thanks, Heather. I just need the moral support. I knew I could count on you.

(listening)

Okay, I'll see you tomorrow morning.

Sarah scrolls through her contacts and presses Nathan's number. It goes straight to voice mail.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hey, it's me. I guess you're already sleeping. If you get a chance, give me a call in the morning on your way to the port. Don't worry about waking me - love you.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Nathan, Aaron and Josh stand curb side as they wait for Aaron's car.

A VALET pulls up with a 2008 Chevy Tahoe, exits the car and opens the door. Nathan goes in the front passenger door. Aaron and Josh go around to the driver side.

JOSH
I'll get the tip, bro.

AARON
I thought you were tapped out.

Josh struggles through his pockets, stumbling a bit from his drunkenness.

JOSH
Well, I got some change here
somewhere.

Josh finally manages to pull out some coins and starts counting.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Fifty, sixty, sixty three...

VALET
Really, that's quite alright.

AARON
Jesus Christ, Josh.

Aaron pulls out a five dollar bill and hands it to the Valet.

VALET
Thanks - appreciated.

JOSH
Hey, I was just trying to carry my
load.

AARON
(to Josh)
Get in.

INT. CHEVY TAHOE - NIGHT

Aaron drives. Nathan is in the front passenger seat and Josh is in the back.

AARON

So, you'll see her first thing in the morning? Before you leave.

NATHAN

Oh for fucks sakes - for the last time - yes, I'll see her.

AARON

And you'll be kind?

NATHAN

God, when did you become such a fucking nanny?

JOSH

He's a homo.

Aaron looks at Josh through the rear view mirror.

AARON

Really, dude? You're going there?

Aaron can see Josh bring a joint and a lighter to his lips.

AARON (CONT'D)

Not in the car.

Josh gives a sneer then lowers the joint.

AARON (CONT'D)

And how is it that you can afford weed when all you got is small change in your pockets?

JOSH

Because I spent my money on the weed. You know, you're pretty dumb for a guy who went to college.

NATHAN

You guys are really killing my buzz.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

The Chevy Tahoe pulls up alongside the curb. Nathan and Josh come tumbling out.

AARON

(from the Tahoe)

Don't forget to see her. You promised.

NATHAN

Yeah, yeah.

Nathan slams the passenger door. He and Josh walk towards the apartment complex. The Tahoe drives away.

INT. NATHAN AND JOSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nathan and Josh stumble through the door of a very messy apartment. Dishes and debris are spread everywhere. A duffel bag and a small suitcase sit in the corner.

NATHAN

Well, at least I'm all packed.

Josh slumps in the corner of a beat up sofa, lights a joint and forcefully inhales.

Nathan takes a seat on the other side of the sofa. Josh extends the joint towards him.

JOSH

Want some more?

NATHAN

No. Thanks to Aaron, I got to get up extra early now to go break it off with Sarah.

JOSH

I dunno, dude. I thought the texting thing was cool. Everybody does it that way now. You know, that's what technology is for.

NATHAN

Right.

JOSH

I mean, we're not cavemen.

NATHAN

Not to mention that texting probably would have been a lot easier for her anyway. I mean, she's not going to want me to see her crying and everything. The girl's got pride after all.

JOSH

True that.

NATHAN

I wish Aaron wouldn't have gotten
in my grill about that face to face
bullshit.

JOSH

Why don't you You Tube her. That's
practically face to face.

NATHAN

What?

Josh hands Nathan the joint and grabs his notebook computer
from the lamp table.

JOSH

You could send her a personal
video. It's easy.

Nathan takes a drag on the joint as Josh sets up his computer
on a table in front of them - starts entering keystrokes.

JOSH (CONT'D)

First, we set you up with a You
Tube account. You can just use your
Facebook I.D.

Josh hits several keys on the computer. Nathan takes on the
joint as he waits.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Okay, now just enter your password.

Josh turns the laptop towards Nathan. Nathan hits the keys
and then turns the computer back towards Josh.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Okay, cool. Now, the dot on the
top, that's the camera. Look
straight into it. When you're ready
to roll, I just hit the video
record icon on the right of the
screen and - wala- we're making a
video.

NATHAN

Let me see.

Josh hits the video icon.

INSERT NOTEBOOK COMPUTER SCREEN

Nathan and Josh's faces appear on the screen. Nathan makes a
series of facial expressions as he looks at himself.

NATHAN

This is fucking awesome.

BACK TO SCENE

JOSH

What are you going to say?

NATHAN

I don't know, hello and good-bye?
That should work.

JOSH

Dude, you got to give her some reasons for the break-up. You know, otherwise she'll be thinking things can be fixed and everything. You got to sell it.

NATHAN

That makes sense. Give me a minute.

Nathan leans over and grabs a pen and a pad of paper from the table to the left of the sofa. He starts to write.

JOSH

What do you got so far?

NATHAN

(reading from the list)
"We're too young, we need freedom,
sex kind of sucks and she's getting fat."

JOSH

That's good shit, but you still got to add something about how this is for her own good.

NATHAN

Oh, that's good.

JOSH

And how it hurts you too.

Nathan scribbles on the note pad.

JOSH (CONT'D)

You ready?

NATHAN

Not quite. Give me another hit.

Josh hands Nathan the last remnants of the joint. Nathan sucks it down and exhales forcefully.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Okay.

Josh hits the video record icon.

JOSH

Go.

INSERT NOTEBOOK COMPUTER SCREEN

Nathan and Josh's face fill the screen.

NATHAN

Hi, Sarah. It's me. Um, this isn't going to be an easy conversation.

JOSH

Hey, Sarah.

NATHAN

(to Josh)

This is kind of personal, you probably shouldn't be in the recording.

JOSH

Yeah, you're right.

Josh waves bye-bye at the screen.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Bye, Sarah.

Josh moves over a foot or so to the right and is now off the screen.

NATHAN

As I said, this isn't going to be an easy conversation.

JOSH (O.C.)

Dude, you already said that.

NATHAN

You shouldn't be talking either.

JOSH

Ooops - sorry.

We hear the sound of Josh FLICKING a lighter followed by a deep INHALE.

NATHAN

So, Sarah. Anyway, some one that I trust -

JOSH

Aaron. The buzz killer.

NATHAN

He told me that these kind of things need to be handled face to face. So here I am. Pouring my heart out.

JOSH (O.C.)

That's so deep, dude.

The screen now shows smoke wafting across Nathan's face. Nathan turns his face to the right.

NATHAN

Will you please shut the fuck up?

(face back to the screen)

Not you, Sarah. Anyway, as I was saying. I wanted to tell you tonight when we were saying good-bye, you know at your house that it was, well...really good-bye. You know, not just, good-bye see you when I get back. But good bye as in we're breaking up. Now I know that this might come as a surprise to you because we were talking about marriage and everything. But deep down you kind of had to see this coming too. So, I hope you have a good life and I'll always have a place for you...

Nathan feigns heartache as he points to his heart.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Right here.

(beat)

I guess that's all I really had to say.

JOSH (O.C)

Dude, don't forget the reasons.

Another waft a smoke crosses the screen.

NATHAN

Oh, fuck yeah - right.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I thought that at least I owed it to you to tell you why we can't be together anymore. You know, for closure.

Nathan picks up the note-pad, looks at it and then glances straightforward at the camera.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

There are a lot of reasons. One, we're both too young to be tied down. Our lives are just starting. Think about it, I'm the only guy you've ever slept with. Well, I mean, that's at least what you told me and, hey, I trust you.

Nathan glances back down at the note pad and then back to the camera again.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

And speaking of which. The sex we have isn't really.....God, how to I put this? The sex we have isn't really....uh....

JOSH (O.C.)

Erotic?

NATHAN

(turn towards Josh)

You're making me lose my train of thought!

(back to camera)

The sex isn't- er - isn't really, um imaginative! That's the word I would use. Don't know why I had such a hard time coming up with that. So, anyway the sex - it's boring. I think since I've had a lot of other experiences and given that you haven't, it's pretty predictable that we would have different, um - sexual desires.

(wiping his brow)

Wow, this harder on the emotions than I thought it would be.

(deep inhale)

Give me a second.

Nathan turns his head towards Josh.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I need a hit.

On the screen, we see Josh extend his hand over to Nathan with a lit joint in it. Nathan bends down in an attempt to get out of camera view, the top of his head is still visible.

We hear a deep exhale and then a plume of smoke fills the screen. Nathan pops his head back up.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

That's better. Sorry for the delay. Now, I know you're thinking that all I had to do is ask you to change. You know, experiment a little. But wouldn't that really be selfish of me? I don't want to be that guy. And, I'm sure you'll find someone more, um - more...

Nathan looks down at his note pad again.

JOSH (O.C.)

Compatible.

NATHAN

Yeah, that's it - compatible. But if you're going to find someone else you do need to watch that weight thing. I'm not saying you're fat - well, not yet. But you're not exactly....

Nathan turns towards Josh, so buzzed now that he is oblivious to the fact that the video is still recording.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

How do I say this?

JOSH (O.C.)

Say what?

NATHAN

Well, I don't want to say she's fat. That would be hurtful. But she sure as shit ain't thin. What's the word for you know - not fat, but not thin?

JOSH (O.C.)

Fit. Say she ain't exactly fit.

NATHAN

That's good.

(now facing screen)

You're not exactly fit. That's not entirely your fault. You know, they say that you can always tell how fat a girl is going to be when she's older by looking at her mother and your mother is - well, lets face it, pretty fucking plump. So keep an eye on that for sure and you'll find someone.

Nathan looks back at his note pad again.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Um, this hurts me too.

(beat)

I can't make out this next sentence. My writing is horrible. Something about it's for your own good. Oh, yeah, that's what it was. This is really for your own good.

(beat)

Okay, that's it. Bye.

Nathan turns his head to the right.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

You can turn it off now.

BACK TO SCENE

NATHAN

Now what?

JOSH

Now I upload this to You-Tube like this.....

INSERT NOTEBOOK COMPUTER SCREEN

We see the You Tube video upload page. The mouse pointer follows Josh's voice as he speaks.

JOSH (O.C.)

First we hit video upload. Okay, there it is.

NATHAN (O.C.)

Cool.

JOSH (O.C.)
And then we change the privacy
setting to public.

NATHAN (O.C.)
You're sure that's right?

JOSH (O.C.)
Well, yeah. How the fuck is she
going to see it if it's private?

NATHAN (O.C.)
Oh, good point.

BACK TO SCENE

JOSH
Got to use your head, dude.

NATHAN
Sorry, I'm a little buzzed.

JOSH
Does Sarah have a Facebook account?

NATHAN
Yeah, of course.

JOSH
Then in order for her to see it I
think we need to hit the share it
on Facebook button.

Josh leans over - grabs the computer mouse.

JOSH (CONT'D)
There it is, and - done.

BACK TO SCENE

NATHAN
You're sure that Sarah is the only
one that's going to see this?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

In quick succession we see:

-- The video hit Sarah's Facebook Page.

-- The video hit the Facebook Page of several of Nathan and
Sarah's Facebook friends.

-- A man typing *how to break up with your girlfriend* in a Google search box. The search results display on the screen, the first result being the video that Nathan posted on YouTube.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

JOSH
Yeah, pretty sure.

Nathan gets up and walks towards the refrigerator.

NATHAN
I think it's time to celebrate.
Want a beer?

JOSH
Thought you had to get up early.

NATHAN
Too late to sleep now. I say we
start the bon voyage party.

EXT. LONG BEACH PIER - DAY

A tall clock on the pier reads "5:00 A.M."

Nathan, with a duffel bag over his shoulder, drunkenly stumbles towards a cruise ship docked at the pier.

INT. AARON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Aaron sips a cup of coffee at a small dinette table. A notebook computer is open. Nathan's video is on the screen.

AARON
Ahhhh, you stupid bastard.

INT. CHEVY TAHOE - DAY

Aaron turns the ignition and puts the car in gear. Just before he starts to drive off he spots the compass in the passenger seat where Nathan had sat the night before.

AARON
What?

Aaron picks up the compass and inspects it closely. He flips it over and reads the inscription on the other side.

AARON (CONT'D)
 Nathan, you total and complete dumb
 fuck.

He puts the compass in his pocket and speeds away.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY.

Sarah is in bed asleep.

There is a knock on the door. Sarah wakes up, groggy. She looks at the clock on the night stand. It reads "9:00 A.M."

SARAH
 Crap. Just a minute.

Sarah grabs a robe from the corner of the bed, puts it on and opens the door.

HEATHER, (24), blonde, well endowed, attractive but with a little too much make-up on, enters.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 I'm so sorry. I overslept. I didn't
 fall asleep until after three. I
 was hoping that Nathan would call.

HEATHER
 So, you haven't seen it.

SARAH
 Seen what?

HEATHER
 Oh my God, you really haven't.

SARAH
 Did someone die or something?

HEATHER
 Worse, I'm afraid. Where's your
 laptop?

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Juanita stands over the stove as she tends to her fried eggs. Julio enters. He wears worn slippers and an open bathrobe that exposes his boxers.

JULIO
 Was that Heather I heard come in?

Juanita doesn't turn around as she is in deep concentration, trying to flip the eggs without breaking them.

JUANITA

Yes, she came to cheer up Sarah.

JULIO

Cheer her up from what?

Juanita slides the eggs on to a plate and turns around.

JUANITA

Oh for crying out loud. Close your robe. I don't want anyone seeing that mess.

Julio closes his robe and takes a seat at the kitchen table as Juanita places his plate in front of him.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

She's feeling down because Nathan left. You do have a memory - yes?

JULIO

Oh yeah, that. I hope the boat sinks.

(with a mouthful)

Can I get some Tabasco?

Juanita goes to the pantry.

JUANITA

So you are as helpless as you are thoughtless.

JULIO

These eggs are great.

SARAH (O.C.)

(piercing scream)

I can't believe he did that!

JUANITA

What in the world?

Juanita removes her apron and tosses it on the counter.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

I'll be back. You stay here.

Juanita darts towards the bedrooms in the back of the house.

Julio takes a bite of his eggs, wipes his chin and then follows Juanita.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Juanita enters - closes the door behind her.

Sarah paces frantically around the room. Heather sits on the bed, looking at an opened laptop computer.

JUANITA

What happened?

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Julio stands outside Sarah's bedroom with his ear up against the closed door.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

SARAH

He broke up with me. We're through.

JUANITA

Nathan?

SARAH

(sobbing)

Yes, who else?

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Julio raises his arms and parades around the hall in a mock touchdown dance. He then fake spikes a football and walks back to his breakfast.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

JUANITA

When? How? You just saw him last night.

Sarah points to the laptop computer next to Heather.

SARAH

On You Tube. He posted a video breaking up with me on You Tube. On You Tube!!

JUANITA

(to Heather)

You Tube?

HEATHER

It's a video thing.

SARAH

Do you have any idea how humiliating that is?

JUANITA

Would it really be any less so in person?

SARAH

Yes! Yes, it definitely would. Heather, how many views on the video now?

HEATHER

You don't want to know.

SARAH

Heather!

HEATHER

One thousand and ninety two.

JUANITA

I don't know what that means.

SARAH

It means that one thousand and ninety two people, mostly complete strangers, have seen a video of Nathan breaking up with me.

JUANITA

How can that happen?

HEATHER

It kind of works like a chain letter. The video was posted on YouTube and then shared on Facebook. So all of Nathan's friends saw it, all of Sarah's friends saw it and then it is shared with people who Sarah and Nathan may not even know. And then those people share it with their friends and so on and so on. Oh, and anyone who is Googling how to break up with someone is going to see it. Sooner or later it goes viral.

SARAH

It's not going viral.

HEATHER
One thousand, four hundred views
now.

SARAH
(crying)
Why would he do this? Why would
anyone do this?

HEATHER
It's starting to get quite a few
comments too. Here's one... no, I
can't read that. Your Mom's here.

SARAH
Just read it.

HEATHER
(viewing the laptop)
It says - "the girl should have put
out more." That's from someone
named SEX KING69.

JUANITA
You know someone named Sex King 69?

SARAH
No, of course I don't.

HEATHER
That's just the screen name someone
uses. You can't tell their real
name.

JUANITA
You should both stop looking at
that. It's not doing anyone any
good.

Sarah hits the bed - buries her face in a pillow.

SARAH
My life is ruined.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Julio is at the table. His plate now empty. He finishes the
last of his orange juice in one large gulp and then burps.

JULIO
Ahhhhh.

Julio picks a small clump of refried beans off the sleeve of
his robe. He smells it to make sure and puts it in his mouth.

The doorbell RINGS.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - FRONT DOOR FOYER - DAY

Julio opens the front door. We see Aaron. He has the compass clasped in his hand.

JULIO

Aaron. Come on in.

Aaron follows Julio into the kitchen.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Julio goes to the counter and pours himself a cup of coffee.

JULIO

Coffee?

AARON

No - no thanks. Is Sarah up?

JULIO

I'd say.

(yelling)

Sarah, you got a visitor.

(to Aaron)

You all finished with school now?

AARON

Yes, Sir.

JULIO

A degree in engineering. That's very impressive, Aaron.

(calling out louder)

Sarah!

AARON

Thank you, Sir.

JULIO

Sarah said you got an internship with Boeing. When does that start?

(calling out even louder)

Sarah!

AARON

In two weeks. I could go get her if you want.

Sarah enters the kitchen.

SARAH
(exasperated)
What?

JULIO
You got a visitor.

AARON
Hey, Sarah.

Sarah spots the compass in Aaron's hand - instant anger.

SARAH
Get out.

AARON
I don't understand.

SARAH
Wait outside. Now!

Aaron, with a look of confusion on his face, exits the room. After a few moments, the front door SHUTS. Sarah exits the kitchen. Julio follows.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - FRONT DOOR FOYER - DAY

JULIO
What did he do?

Sarah opens a closet and pulls out a coat.

SARAH
It's more about what he didn't do.

Sarah wraps the coat around her.

JULIO
Is he coming back in? He has a degree and a job. We like him - right?

Sarah gives her father a piercing stare.

SARAH
I hope you said your good byes.

Sarah exits through the front door, slamming it behind her.

JULIO
Ah, damn it.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - PORCH - DAY.

Aaron is at the bottom of three concrete steps that lead up to the front porch. Sarah is just outside the front door.

SARAH

How could you not have told me?
We've been friends since sixth
grade.

AARON

Because I didn't know.

SARAH

Really? Then why are you here
returning that?

Sarah points at the compass in Aaron's hand.

AARON

I found it in the car.

SARAH

That's bullshit, Aaron. Nathan's
your best friend. You knew.

AARON

I didn't know. I mean not until
last night anyway. And I didn't
know about the video. I thought he
was going to text you.

SARAH

Text me? Are you kidding? He was
going to break up by texting me?

AARON

Well, yes - I mean no, but then he
promised me it would be face to
face.

SARAH

It's confusing balancing a lie
isn't it?

AARON

I'm not lying.

Sarah rubs a tear from the corner of her eye. Her anger fades to heartache.

SARAH

This really hurts, Aaron. I thought
you were a good friend.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You didn't even care enough to warn me. I never want to see you again. Leave.

AARON

Sarah, I only came over too..

SARAH

Leave!

Sarah turns towards the door and then jerks back around.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And I'm not too fat.

Sarah goes back into the house - SLAMS the door behind her.

AARON

(to himself)

I don't think you're too fat.

Aaron reads the back of the compass.

AARON (CONT'D)

I think you're perfect.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah lies in bed on her stomach - stares at a laptop computer as it plays Nathan's break-up video.

A TAP-TAP on the door.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Juanita gently raps on the door.

JUANITA

Mija, you've got to come out.
You've been in there all day.

TAP, TAP on the door.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

Let me cook you something.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah stares at the screen. Nathan's video reaches the end. In a robotic manner, Sarah clicks the mouse pad and the video starts from the beginning. She will watch this until she becomes numb.

INT. AARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Aaron scrolls through the contacts on his smart phone. Comes to NATHAN and presses call.

RECORDING FROM PHONE

The person you called is out of the service area. Please try again later. If you believe you have reached this number in ...

Aaron hits end call.

AARON

You moron.

Aaron grabs his car keys from the table - exits the apartment.

INT. NATHAN AND JOSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Josh is slumped in a bean bag chair watching TV. There is pizza in a box near his side. Marijuana smoke fills the room.

A loud KNOCK on the door and Aaron bursts in.

Startled, Josh rolls out of the bean bag chair into the pizza. He sits up - a slice stuck to his shirt.

JOSH

What the fuck, dude? I thought you were the cops.

AARON

Did you figure out how to take the video down yet?

JOSH

No, I told you, dude. I can't do it without Nathan's password.

Josh picks the pizza from his shirt and takes a bite.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Want some pizza?

AARON

I'll pass. Has he called?

JOSH

There's no fucking cell service at sea.

AARON
When was the last time you tried?

JOSH
I dunno - today?

Aaron removes his cell. Scrolls through the contacts and hits call - four rings with no answer.

AARON
Damn it.

JOSH
Chill, bro. You're too fucking zapped. Have some pizza.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sarah is slumped in the sofa. A large bathrobe covers her. Her hair is a mess. She continuously clicks the TV remote, mindlessly surfing channels.

Julio, in dress slacks and a white dress shirt enters.

JULIO
You going to lay there all day?

SARAH
I just might.

JULIO
What about the bank?

SARAH
I called in sick.

JULIO
I don't think that's such a good idea. You're not like that.

SARAH
Uh-huh.

JULIO
Don't you think at least you maybe ought to take a shower - change clothes?

Sarah rolls over - now facing the back of the sofa. An "ah geez" expression comes over Julio's face.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Um, maybe you just need to talk about it?

SARAH

Why are men such idiots?

Julio shifts his eyes back and forth as though he had just been asked to solve a complex math problem.

JULIO

(calling out)

Juanita, Sarah needs you.

JUANITA (O.C.)

I'll be there in a sec.

Julio bends over and kisses Sarah on the cheek.

JULIO

Love you.

Julio exits. Sarah rolls over and hits the space bar on her laptop. The screen lights up. It's Nathan's You Tube video.

Juanita enters. A dismayed look comes over her face. Juanita close the laptop cover.

JUANITA

You should stop watching that. Now,
what did you need, Mija?

SARAH

A new life.

Juanita sits on the sofa - places her hand on Sarah's.

JUANITA

You don't need a new life. You just
need to resume your old one. Now
how about I make you some
breakfast?

Sarah rolls back over, buries her face against the back of the sofa.

SARAH

I'm not hungry.

Juanita gently pats Sarah on top of her head then stands up.

JUANITA

Okay, fine. You eat when you're
ready.

Juanita sniffs the air.

SARAH
I can hear you.

JUANITA
You need a shower, Mija.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A small establishment. Only one of the ten tables is occupied by PATRONS. A few tables are cluttered with dirty plates and coffee cups and in obvious need of attention.

Heather, wears an apron and stands behind a counter adjacent to the cash register. Sarah sits on the other side of the counter looking at the screen of an IPAD.

SARAH
Three hundred and forty thousand views now.

HEATHER
You really should stop watching that.

Heather refills Sarah's coffee.

SARAH
It's must see TV isn't it?

HEATHER
I just hate seeing you all broken hearted and everything while that little bastard is living the life on a cruise ship.

CUT TO:

INT. CRUISE SHIP - BAR - DAY

Nathan mops the floor. The ship tosses back and forth from the rough seas. He bends over and vomits in his mop bucket.

The ship's BAR MANAGER enters the room - watches Nathan as he heaves. Nathan finally finishes and wipes vomit from the corner of his mouth with his sleeve.

BAR MANAGER
(pointing at the floor)
You missed a spot.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

HEATHER

Are the comments getting any better?

SARAH

(sarcastically)

Oh yeah, the trolls are soooo supportive. Here's one from DEADMAN JOAQUIN.

(reading from IPAD)

"Dude, way to cut the fat."

HEATHER

What a fucker.

Heather's father, MR. SANDERS (60), tired from a long days work, removes a cook's apron as he enters from the kitchen.

MR. SANDERS

Language, Heather. We have customers.

HEATHER

Sorry, Dad.

MR. SANDERS

Sarah, don't you work today?

SARAH

I'm sick.

MR. SANDERS

Hmmm. Heather, there are tables in need of attention.

Heather approaches her Dad - gives him a peck on the cheek.

HEATHER

I'm on it.

Heather takes a tray to an un-bused table and fills the tray with dirty dishes and cups.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(calling back)

I need to leave early. I got an audition at five.

MR. SANDERS

Another audition? Heather, I need help closing up.

Heather returns with the tray and hands it to her Dad.

HEATHER

It's important, Don't you want me to be a successful actress?

MR. SANDERS

I want you to start by being a successful waitress. You can work up to actress after you've conquered that mountain.

HEATHER

Pretty please, Daddy?

MR. SANDERS

Ah, geeeee. Fine, I'll close up.

Mr. Sanders starts back towards the kitchen.

MR. SANDERS (CONT'D)

(to himself)

God damn divorce guilt.

Heather returns to the counter.

HEATHER

What's the count now?

SARAH

(looking at the IPAD)

Three hundred and eighty thousand. Hmmm, this is interesting.

HEATHER

What?

SARAH

A post from someone named ERRAND BOY.

CUT TO:

INT. AARON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Aaron is at his kitchen table looking at the screen of his laptop computer. He closes the cover and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

SARAH
(reading from IPAD)
"No girl deserves to be treated
like this. The real loser is the
dude that posted this video."

HEATHER
Well, there you go. Your first
positive post. Things are looking
up. Right?

Sarah gives Heather a look that could kill.

EXT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Heather waits outside two large doors. She scans the street.

Aaron's Chevy Tahoe approaches.

INT. CHEVY TAHOE - NIGHT

Heather hops in. Aaron is behind the wheel.

HEATHER
Thanks for picking me up.

AARON
Not a problem. So, how did the
audition go?

Aaron pulls into the street.

HEATHER
Pretty much like they all do. You
know, we'll call you if --

Josh pops his head up from the back seat.

JOSH
Hey, Heather.

HEATHER
(startled)
Jesus Christ, Josh. You could have
given me a heart attack.

JOSH
You're looking sweet.

AARON
Idiot.

HEATHER
Why is idiot here?

AARON
Look, I've been trying to call Sarah for days. She's blocked my number - same with the texts.

HEATHER
And?

AARON
She thinks I had something to do with this. This video thing.

HEATHER
Uh-huh. And?

AARON
Josh, tell her.

JOSH
What?

AARON
What we discussed, you moron. God!

JOSH
Oh yeah - that. Aaron didn't have anything to do with the video. That was all Nathan's doing.

AARON
Josh.

JOSH
Well, I played a part too.

AARON
(to Heather)
You got to tell Sarah. I can't have her thinking that I had anything to do with this.

HEATHER
She thinks that you did nothing to stop it.

AARON
But I didn't even --

HEATHER
I'll talk to her - but I wouldn't expect much if I were you.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

She's pretty much had it with your entire gender. Maybe you ought to start with some flowers or something. You know, grease the wheels.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

A sedan pulls up to a curb in front of a BANK.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Juanita in the driver's seat and Sarah in the passenger seat.

JUANITA

Okay, here you go.

Sarah grabs the door handle.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

It'll get better, Mija. I promise.

SARAH

Yeah, sure. Thanks for the ride, Mom.

Sarah exits.

JUANITA

(calling out)

Love you.

Sarah shuts the door.

SARAH

You too.

Juanita watches Sarah walk towards the bank like a mother watches her child on the first day of school.

INT. BANK - DAY

A small line of people que up for one of three open teller windows. MRS. WINSLOW (55), is next in line.

Sarah is behind the first teller window. She hands a receipt to a middle age, male BANK CUSTOMER.

BANK CUSTOMER

Thank you.

SARAH

You're welcome. Have a great day.

The Bank Customer walks away.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Next.

Mrs. Winslow approaches Sarah's window. She puts a deposit slip on the counter along with several checks.

MRS. WINSLOW

Good morning, Sarah.

SARAH

Oh, Mrs. Winslow - good morning. I didn't recognize you at first. Change your hair?

MRS. WINSLOW

Just some high lights.

SARAH

Well, it looks great.

Sarah takes the checks - starts completing the deposit slip.

SARAH (CONT'D)

How's Janet?

MRS. WINSLOW

Oh, she's fine. You know, she showed me that awful video. Just terrible. The little bastard's name slips my mind right now. It was - I want to say...

Sarah's face reddens in embarrassment.

SARAH

Nathan. Um, do you want this all to go into savings?

MRS. WINSLOW

Yes, that's it - Nathan. I mean, how can any boy do that to a girl? The things he said.

Sarah slips a receipt over the counter back to Mrs. Winslow.

SARAH

Okay. You're all set.

MRS. WINSLOW

How are you holding up, Sarah? Janet was concerned.

SARAH

(feigning cheerfulness)
Tell her I'm just fine. Well, still a little plump and just a wee bit regretful that I reserved my virginity for, you know - that little bastard. But other than that, one fat foot in front of the other as they say.

Mrs. Winslow, afraid to speak, just stares at Sarah.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. I'm so sorry, Mrs. Winslow. Please forgive me. I don't know where that came from.

Sarah's eyes tear up. Mrs. Winslow reaches over the counter and gently holds Sarah's hand.

MRS. WINSLOW

We all know where that comes from. There's more than one Nathan. I had one of my own. You'll be just fine.

Mrs. Winslow gives Sarah a warm wink and then walks away.

Sarah, looks to her left down the aisle. She spots two of her CO-WORKERS, talking in hushed tones, as they look at their smart phones.

They quickly turn away as they make eye contact with Sarah.

SARAH

(to herself)
Or maybe I won't be.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julio is in the recliner watching TV. Juanita paces back and forth - checks her watch over and over.

JUANITA

Heather hasn't heard from her.
Aaron hasn't. Aren't you worried?

JULIO

No. It's only eight o'clock. It's not like she hasn't been late before.

Juanita picks up a throw pillow and hits Julio on the head.

JUANITA

Get the car. We're going to look for her.

Sarah enters from the front door.

JULIO

Told you.

JUANITA

(to Sarah)

Where have you been? You didn't call.

SARAH

I took the bus home. Then I walked from there. I needed to think.

JUANITA

Okay, but next time call. I was worried sick.

SARAH

Yeah, sure.

JUANITA

Aaron sent you some nice flowers.

JULIO

He's a very thoughtful boy, that Aaron.

JUANITA

I put them in your room. In your favorite vase.

SARAH

I need a trash bag.

JUANITA

For what?

SARAH

Trash.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah has a large, green Hefty bag in one hand. She opens a dresser drawer. Takes out a photo album - drops it in the bag.

She goes to her closet and removes the outfit she wore the last night she saw Nathan - drops it in the bag.

She goes to her jewelry box and removes two necklaces and a ring - drops them in the bag.

In the corner of her room there is a large stuffed Teddy Bear. She picks it up - drops it in the bag.

Aaron's flowers are in a vase on the night stand. She removes them from the vase - drops them in the bag.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julio, halfway under the covers is rolled over on his side of the bed. Juanita sits up, the light on her night stand is on.

JUANITA

I'm worried about Sarah.

JULIO

She'll be fine. Good night - love you.

Juanita takes a pillow and hits Julio over the head with it.

JULIO (CONT'D)

(not moving)

Hey, that's physical abuse.

JUANITA

It was a very messy break-up. You should be concerned too.

JULIO

They're all messy.

(yawning)

I think we should sleep on it.

JUANITA

Hombre estúpido.

JULIO

And that's verbal abuse.

(beat)

She'll be fine Juanita. Let's get some sleep. I'm tired.

JUANITA

How do you know she'll be fine?

JULIO

Because she has your balls.

Juanita smacks Julio with the pillow again.

JULIO (CONT'D)
I just meant she is tough.

Juanita turns off the lamp. She stays sitting up.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Ahhh, thank you, my love.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Julio, dressed in a suit that is far too tight, TAPS on Sarah's bedroom door.

JULIO
Better get dressed. We're leaving
in ten minutes.

SARAH (O.C.)
I'll be ready.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY.

Sarah sits on the bed, dressed very nice. She stares at her laptop computer. Nathan's video is playing.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Morning mass - crowded with people. Juanita, Julio and Sarah, looking disinterested, sit in the middle of the church.

A PRIEST is at the alter.

PRIEST
Many people like to fall on the
bible when justifying vengeance.
They often quote the book of
Deuteronomy. It says, your eye
shall not pity. It shall be life
for life, eye for eye, tooth for
tooth.

Sarah's eyes light up.

SARAH
Of course, that's it.

JUANITA
(whispering)
A little loud, dear. What's it?

SARAH
A Tube for a Tube.

JUANITA

(whispering)

What? That's not what he said - or means for that matter.

PRIEST

But the book of Romans tells us...

(reading from a bible)

"Never take your own revenge, beloved, but leave room for the wrath of God, for it is written, vengeance is mine. I will repay sayeth the Lord."

JUANITA

See?

SARAH

Hell hath no fury, sayeth the woman.

JULIO

How come you two get to talk in church and I don't?

Parishioners around them give them dirty looks.

JUANITA

Hush - both of you.

INT. SUSHI RESTUARANT - NIGHT

Sarah and Heather are at a table - a plate of sushi in front of them. Heather pierces a tuna roll with a fork.

HEATHER

God, I'm starved.

Heather pops the tuna roll into her mouth. Sarah gently picks up a California roll with her chopsticks.

SARAH

I had an epiphany at church today.

HEATHER

Whoa, are you feeling better now?

SARAH

What?

HEATHER

Isn't an epiphany like a seizure?

SARAH
(incredulous)
No. It's a sudden realization.

Heather pops another tuna roll into her mouth.

HEATHER
My bad. You were saying.

SARAH
The Priest was talking about
vengeance. I felt energized.

HEATHER
What are you talking about?

SARAH
Pay back. It's the only way to
handle this.

HEATHER
They said that in Church? That's
not the bible I remember.

SARAH
It's the newer testament.

HEATHER
Well, seeing that Nathan's on a
cruise ship, God knows where, how
exactly are you going to get
vengeance?

SARAH
I'm making my own video. I'm going
to tell everyone exactly who Nathan
Jones is.

HEATHER
Sarah, come on. You don't want to
do that. You just need some time.
You know, do a journal, maybe join
a support group. You know, normal
stuff.

SARAH
I'm going to need your help in
putting this thing together.

HEATHER
I don't think so.

SARAH
Come on, Heather. You're
practically an actress.

HEATHER
(indignant)
I am an actress.

SARAH
Yeah, sure - of course. What I
meant is that you know how to do
this stuff. You've had classes.
You're quite accomplished you know.
Pretty please, make a video with
me?

HEATHER
Okay - fine. But I'm going to need
you to get some things. We'll need
a large black cloth, as big as you
can get. I've already got some
lettering we can use.

SARAH
Lettering?

HEATHER
For the backdrop. Uh, we'll need
some nylon cord too.

SARAH
We're talking about a You Tube
video - right?

HEATHER
If we are going to do it, we're
going to do it like pros. Just
trust me.

SARAH
When can we start?

HEATHER
I'll be at your house tomorrow
night. You get pizza.

SARAH
Done and done.

HEATHER
You talk to Aaron? Because I really
think.....

SARAH

No. He's done and done.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A folding table is in the center of the room - two chairs on one side. A laptop computer sits on top of the table.

Heather stands on top of a chair on one side of the room.

Sarah, stands on a step ladder at the other end of the room. A nylon cord hangs over her shoulder as she hammers a hook in the wall near the top of the ceiling.

SARAH

That should do it.

Sarah ties the end of the nylon cord to the hook and pulls on the cord to make sure it is secure.

She gets down from the ladder, walks across to Heather and hands her the other end of the cord.

Heather stretches up and runs the cord through a small pulley that has been attached to the top of the wall.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Perfect.

There is a knock on the bedroom door.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Come in.

Juanita enters.

JUANITA

I'm going to do a load of laundry.
You got anything that needs to be washed?

Juanita spots the cord strung across the floor of the room.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

What in the world are you doing?

SARAH

We're creating a studio. Watch.

Sarah goes to the closet, removes a very large piece of black cloth and several clothes pins.

Sarah lays the top of the cloth on top of the cord and secures it with the clothes pins.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 (to Heather)
 Okay.

As Heather steps off the chair, she pulls on the cord. As the cord goes through the pulley, the black cloth rises and unfurls like a theater curtain as it reaches the ceiling.

In the middle of the cloth there are large white letters spelling out: THE PROBLEMS WITH NATHAN JONES.

HEATHER
 Pretty cool, huh?

JUANITA
 What are you two up to?

SARAH
 The short answer is vengeance.

JUANITA
 Give me the longer answer.

SARAH
 I'm going to make sure that Nathan Jones doesn't have a chance to do to another girl what he did to me.

HEATHER
 And I'm going to get some acting experience.

Juanita walks to the corner of the bed and sits down. She pats the space next to her.

JUANITA
 Sit down, Mija.

Sarah sits down next to Juanita.

JUANITA (CONT'D)
 I know you are hurt. What Nathan did was very, very bad. But we are a proud family. We don't engage in vengeance and we do not air our dirty laundry in public.

Juanita gives Sarah a hug.

JUANITA (CONT'D)
 You'll get over this. Don't do something that you'll regret. Don't lose your dignity.

SARAH

Well, I didn't want to have to do this, but I see that it is necessary.

Sarah gets up and grabs her laptop computer from the table. She returns - sits next to Juanita.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Give me a sec.

Sarah brings up the You Tube video that Nathan made and moves the mouse pointer cursor to a specific point in the video.

She hits play.

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

We see Nathan.

NATHAN

..... You know, they say that you can always tell how fat a girl is going to be when she's older by looking at her mother and your mother is - well, lets face it, pretty fucking plump. So keep an eye on that for sure and you'll find someone.

BACK TO SCENE

Juanita, frozen in shock, stares at the screen.

SARAH

Well?

Juanita gently kisses Sarah on the cheek and then stands up. She scans the room - admires the make-shift studio.

JUANITA

Good craftsmanship, girls. I got to go do laundry.

(points at the laptop)
Don't let your Father find out.

Juanita exits.

Heather admires the cloth curtain.

HEATHER

That's a good job. But I still think we should have gone with Screw You Tube.

SARAH

I rather have his name in the title. That way anytime anyone does a search for him --

HEATHER

Got it.

Heather grabs a slice of pizza from a box on the bed and takes a bite.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

So, you ready to roll?

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julio is slumped in a recliner as he watches TV.

Juanita, holding two dinner plates enters from the kitchen.

Juanita places one plate on a TV tray by Julio and the other on the coffee table in front of the sofa. She takes a seat.

Julio takes a bite.

JULIO

Hmmmm - good. So, what are the girls up to? There's a lot of noise coming from that room.

JUANITA

Um, it's just a - um - an acting project. You know for Heather.

Juanita takes the TV remote and turns up the volume.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

They'll be a little noisy.

INT. - RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah and Heather sit side by side at the table facing the laptop computer. The black cloth with the lettering: THE PROBLEMS WITH NATHAN JONES hangs behind them.

A small easel is on the table between Sarah and Heather.

Sarah picks up a remote, points it at the computer screen and clicks it.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN:

Sarah and Heather images appear on the screen.

SARAH

Ready?

HEATHER

Just a sec.

Heather runs a brush through her hair and then fluffs it up a little bit with her hand.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Okay.

Sarah points the remote at the screen and clicks it. A "REC" icon appears on the screen.

SARAH

(a bit nervous)

Hi everyone, my name is Sarah.
Welcome to the first edition of the
problems with Nathan Jones. With me
is my good friend - Heather.

HEATHER

(waving at camera)

Hello everybody.

SARAH

So, who is Nathan Jones?

Heather picks up an 8" by 11" inch framed photo of Nathan and puts it in front of the computer camera so that it takes up the entire screen.

HEATHER (O.C.)

(impersonating a man)

Hey everybody, I'm Nathan Jones.
I'm a total dirt bag.

The photo comes down and now Sarah and Heather are both back in full view.

SARAH

Nice impression, Heather - very
realistic.

HEATHER

Thank you so much.

SARAH

So, Heather. I know why I think
Nathan Jones is scum. How did you
come to your conclusion that he's a
dirt bag?

HEATHER

Because of this.

Heather leans over and hits a key on the laptop keyboard. Nathan's break-up video comes up on the screen.

NATHAN

Will you please shut the fuck up?

(face back to the screen)

Not you, Sarah. Anyway, as I was saying. I wanted to tell you tonight when we were saying good-bye, you know at your house that it was, well...really good-bye. You know, not just, good-bye see you when I get back. But good bye as in we're breaking up. Now I know that this might come as a surprise to you because we were talking about marriage --

A CLICK and Nathan's video comes down. Sarah and Heather are now back on screen.

SARAH

You know, Heather, that did come as quite a surprise since just four hours before he said he was in love with me.

HEATHER

I guess a lot can happen in four hours.

SARAH

What else came as a surprise?

HEATHER

That in his video Nathan also said that you were fat, that your Mother was fat and that sex was bad.

SARAH

Yes, that was quite surprising as well. Anything else?

Heather removes an IPAD from her lap. Nathan's video page is on the screen.

HEATHER

Well, you may have been surprised by the fact that Nathan posted this for public viewing on You Tube as well as Facebook. I'm guessing you didn't see that coming.

SARAH

No - no, I can honestly say I didn't think that my fiance would break-up with me on You Tube while calling me fat and sexually unfit. Hmmm. Well, it's not like anyone has seen it have they?

Heather looks at her IPAD.

HEATHER

So far, only 1.4 million people have.

SARAH

Nice. Well, at least have the comments been positive?

HEATHER

I don't think you want me to read these. They're pretty hurtful.

SARAH

No worries. I am emotionally catatonic at the moment. Please, fire away.

HEATHER

As you wish.

(looks at IPAD)

A poster named SURFER JOE21 writes -

(reading)

"Dude, I'm with you, I don't pump the plump."

SARAH

Ouch.

HEATHER

And then there is one from LEO TROLLSTOY.

(reading)

"If she didn't see this coming she's as blind as Stevie Wonder."

(to Sarah)

Should I go on?

SARAH

No, I think we get the picture.

Heather puts the IPAD away.

SARAH (CONT'D)

So, why am I making this video?
Simple. I want to make sure that
Nathan Jones doesn't have the
chance to do this to another girl.
I think I can accomplish that
mission through a series of videos
that will let anyone know what
Nathan is like in advance.

HEATHER

Like a dossier.

SARAH

Exactly. So what was our first
topic going to be again?

Heather reaches underneath the table and grabs a placard with
the hand written words: "NATHAN JONES, HOW DUMB IS TOO DUMB?"
and places the placard in the table top easel.

HEATHER

Nathan Jones - educational
background.

SARAH

Oh, yes - right. Tonight we are
going to focus on how long it took
Nathan to get his G.E.D.

HEATHER

Are you saying he didn't even
graduate high school?

SARAH

That's right girls. Nathan Jones
reads at an eighth grade level. But
don't let that get you over
optimistic. He only comprehends at
a fifth grade level.

CUT TO:

INT. CRUISE SHIP, BAR - NIGHT

GIRL 1 and GIRL 2, both in their twenties and attractive are
sipping martinis at the bar counter. Nathan, on the other
side of the bar, rests his elbows on the counter as he talks
to them.

NATHAN

So, I go back for my senior year as soon as we dock back in Los Angeles.

GIRL 1

Where is it you said you went?

NATHAN

USC. Going to graduate soon.

GIRL 2

Bachelors?

NATHAN

Yeah, there are a lot of single guys there.

A SENIOR BARTENDER (30) approaches the bar.

GIRL 2

No, I meant your degree. What's your major?

SENIOR BARTENDER

He's majoring in sanitation.

(to Nathan)

The bathroom needs cleaning. Some one got a bit seasick. Get on it.

NATHAN

Ladies, a pleasure meeting you.

Nathan bows, turns and walks away - the tail of his shirt hanging over his pants.

SENIOR BARTENDER

What a douche. If he's in college then I'm Steven Hawkings.

The girls laugh.

SENIOR BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Now, can I get you another drink?

CUT TO:

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

SARAH

.....and that completes the first installment of the problems with Nathan Jones - educational background.

HEATHER
 Stay tuned. We have a very special
 installment coming next.
 (to Sarah)
 It's a surprise. You'll like it.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah clicks the remote at the laptop. The video stops.

SARAH
 Now what?

HEATHER
 I'll take this home, create a You
 Tube channel and link it to
 Nathan's video.

A KNOCK on the door.

JUANITA (O.C.)
 (through the door)
 I really think you girls ought to
 eat something.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Heather, wearing an apron, and Sarah sit at a corner table
 looking at an IPAD.

All the other tables are empty. Several of them are in need
 of bussing.

SARAH
 So how many hits did we get?

HEATHER
 Around a thousand.

SARAH
 (disappointed)
 I would have thought more.

Mr. Sanders enters - scans the room.

MR. SANDERS
 Hey, you think you could get this
 cleaned up before the lunch rush?

HEATHER
 (not looking up)
 We're working on a project, Dad.
 Don't worry, we've got plenty of
 time.

Mr. Sanders starts to clean up the tables.

MR. SANDERS
Yeah, kids your age think they got
all the time in the world.

Aaron enters the coffee shop. Mr. Sanders now has a tray full
of dirty dishes.

MR. SANDERS (CONT'D)
(to Aaron)
You want a job? Apparently I need a
waiter.

AARON
Thank you, Sir. But I start with
Boeing next week.

HEATHER
Dad, you're so dramatic.

Mr. Sanders exits with the tray.

MR. SANDERS (O.C)
Clean the tables.

HEATHER
Geez, it's not like we're crushed
with customers.

Heather gets up from the table. Starts towards the back
kitchen.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Hey, Aaron.

AARON
Hey.

Heather exits. Aaron stares at his feet.

AARON (CONT'D)
Is that your video?

SARAH
You saw it?

AARON
Yeah. You shared it with all you're
Facebook friends.

SARAH
I got to fix that.

AARON

Fix what?

SARAH

I forgot to de-friend you.

AARON

C'mon, Sarah. You got to believe that....

SARAH

I don't got to believe anything.

Heather returns. Takes a seat next to Sarah.

HEATHER

Any increase in traffic?

SARAH

Oh my God, we're spiking. We're at eight thousand now.

HEATHER

I think it's from the link I put on Nathan's video. It just takes a little time for folks to catch up.

AARON

Have you tried optimizing your key words? You know, for search purposes?

SARAH

(to Heather)

Do you hear something? Because I'm pretty sure that I asked Aaron not to talk to me.

Heather looks at Aaron sympathetically - shrugs her shoulders. Aaron shakes his head - then exits.

HEATHER

You really are being hard on him.

Mr. Sanders returns from the kitchen.

MR. SANDERS

(sarcastically)

Excuse me, Princess. I was wondering if there was just a slight chance that you might find the time to refill the coffee.

HEATHER
You know, Dad, you could have been
an actor.

Mr. Sanders waves his hand at the empty tables.

MR. SANDERS
And give this up? Please, we need
coffee.

Sanders starts towards the kitchen.

HEATHER
(standing up)
Okay - okay.
(to Sarah)
Six o'clock again?

SARAH
On the dot.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather and Sarah sit at the table in the makeshift studio.
Heather looks at her IPAD.

HEATHER
You've stalled a bit.

SARAH
What?

HEATHER
Right around twenty thousand views.
Don't worry. Tonight's episode is
going to be killer.

SARAH
Why won't you tell me what it's
about.

HEATHER
Because you probably wouldn't do
it. Just trust me. It'll work.

Sarah looks at the foot of the table. There's a basket next
to Heather.

SARAH
What's that for?

HEATHER
Props.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN:

Sarah and Heather images appear on the screen.

SARAH

Welcome to another edition of the
problems with Nathan Jones.

Heather picks up the framed photo of Nathan and places it in
front of her face.

HEATHER

(feigning a hick's voice)
Hey, I'm Nathan Jones. I done got
me a G.E.D.

SARAH

Thank you, Heather. So, last time
you said you had a surprise topic
for today's show.

HEATHER

Yes indeed. Today's episode is a
little personal.

Heather reaches underneath the table and grabs a placard with
the hand written words: "NATHAN JONES - THE SIZE OF THE MAN"
and places the placard in the table top easel.

Sarah looks confused.

SARAH

He's five nine and a half. How can
we do an entire episode on --

Heather reaches underneath the table and grabs another
placard with the hand written words: "THE PENIS EDITION" and
places the placard in the table top easel.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh, I don't think we're going to be
talking about that.

HEATHER

We must. Nathan's the one that
brought up sexual satisfaction. As
you know, my sexual experience is
somewhat limited.

Sarah gives an involuntary raise of her eyebrows.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

But penis size is important in that
regard.

SARAH

What would the size of his - um....

HEATHER

Penis. It's okay to say it.

SARAH

(reluctantly)

Penis - have to do with his sexual satisfaction?

HEATHER

Nothing. But it might have everything to do with yours.

SARAH

(an epiphany)

Ah. Okay. But how can we --

HEATHER

I think it is best that we start with some scales - models if you will.

Heather reaches down below the table and pulls up the basket - places it on the table.

Heather reaches in the basket and removes a thimble, a small, two ounce bottle of Tabasco sauce, a small bottle of soy sauce, a salt shaker, a candlestick holder and a beer bottle.

In order of size, smallest to largest, Heather spaces them out in a line on the table.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Okay, we're not dealing with girth yet, just length.

SARAH

(reluctantly)

Okay.

HEATHER

So, when Nathan was soft - you know, limp - which of these objects must closely resembled the size of his penis?

Sarah studies the table as if it was an important science experiment.

SARAH

Well, it wasn't as small as the thimble.

HEATHER

Okay.

Heather takes her finger and flicks the thimble off the table.

SARAH

And definitely not as large as the salt shaker.

HEATHER

Remember, we're only talking about length here - not thickness.

SARAH

I know.

HEATHER

Oh, this is going to be sad.

Sarah picks up the small bottle of Tabasco sauce and examines it closely.

SARAH

This is close, but just a bit too long.

HEATHER

Shameful.

Sarah removes the cap off the top of the bottle.

SARAH

That's closer. I'll go with this.

HEATHER

So, it's safe to say that Nathan must be a grower, not a shower.

SARAH

That's what he said. How did you know?

HEATHER

They all do.

SARAH

They? Who's they?

HEATHER

Men with little penises.

SARAH

Hmmmm.

HEATHER

Okay, now the important part.
Again, remembering that we're
focusing on length here...

Starting with the largest item, Heather very slowly points at
each item on the table.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What object most closely resembles
Nathan when he's erect? Beer
bottle, candlestick, salt shaker or
soy sauce?

SARAH

Easy - soy sauce.

HEATHER

I said when erect. The soy sauce is
five inches - tops.

SARAH

Yes, I know.

HEATHER

Are you sure?

SARAH

Sure I'm sure. Why?

HEATHER

Well, the beer bottle here is -
well, let's say it's a once in a
lifetime size. Unfortunately, so is
the soy sauce - just in a bad way.
Most men fall somewhere between the
salt shaker and the candlestick.

SARAH

Interesting . Nathan told me that
he was fairly large.

HEATHER

Yes, I'm sure he did. Maybe it was
the thickness. I brought some other
models that we can use for girth.

Heather starts to reach under the table.

SARAH

That's not needed. It's still soy
sauce.

HEATHER

And he told you that he was big?

SARAH

Yes.

HEATHER

Long story short - not so much. My deepest condolences. You've missed quite a bit - literally.

INT. NATHAN AND JOSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Josh - in bed, just awakening, surveys the apartment through blurred eyes. Trash and clothes are strewn everywhere.

JOSH

I'll clean it tomorrow.

A smart phone buzzes. Josh checks the night stand, then under the covers - no luck. He reaches his hand underneath the bed - finds it.

Josh rubs the sleep from his eyes and looks at the smart phone.

INSERT TEXT MESSAGE FROM AARON

"I told you that you should have taken the video down."

BACK TO SCENE

JOSH

Huh?

Josh clicks a link on the message. Sarah's penis video appears.

INSERT SMART PHONE SCREEN

HEATHER

What object most closely resembles Nathan when he's erect? Beer bottle, candlestick, salt shaker or soy sauce?

SARAH

Easy - soy sauce.

HEATHER

I said when erect. The soy sauce is five inches - tops.

SARAH

Yes, I know.

BACK TO SCENE

JOSH

Oh fuck.

Josh scrolls through his contacts. Finds Nathan's name - hits call.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - OUTSIDE DECK - DAY

Nathan, cigarette in his mouth, is at a railing, watching passengers disembark on a pier. His phone rings - he answers.

NATHAN

Yo.

INTERCUT BETWEEN NATHAN ON HIS CELL PHONE ON THE CRUISE SHIP AND JOSH ON HIS CELL PHONE IN THE APARTMENT.

JOSH

Dude, thank God you finally got reception.

NATHAN

Yeah, just for today. We're out of range tomorrow. What's up?

JOSH

Big trouble. I texted you a link to a video. You got to open it. You got problems.

NATHAN

(on his cell phone)
Give me a minute.

As Nathan lowers his phone to read Josh's text, the phone hits the railing. It falls from Nathan's hands, over the railing and SPLASHES into the water below.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Fuck me!

JOSH

Dude, can you hear me? Nathan, you there?

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah lies on her stomach on her bed as she peruses the comments from posters on her last video.

SARAH
Huh? You again?

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

A post from ERRAND BOY that reads: "I hope you've gotten it out of your system. This is not who you are. You're better than this."

BACK TO SCENE

SARAH
Do you know me?

EXT. PORT PIER - DAY

A cruise ship is docked. Passengers stream down a gangway.

EXT. PORT CITY STREET - DAY

Nathan walks briskly down a busy street - reaches a CELL PHONE STORE - enters.

INT. CELL PHONE STORE - DAY

A young HUSBAND and WIFE mill about the store checking out the inventory of phones.

A male CLERK is at the sales counter. Nathan approaches.

CLERK
Can I help you?

NATHAN
Yeah, I need to replace my cell phone.

CLERK
Great. Do you have it with you?

NATHAN
No, it's in the ocean - long story.

CLERK
So a replacement, not an upgrade?

NATHAN
Right. You have the new Galaxy phone?

CLERK
Sure. Give me a minute.

The Clerk goes to the back room. Nathan waits at the counter, drumming his fingers.

WIFE
(under her breath)
I think that's him.

HUSBAND
Who?

WIFE
You know. Soy sauce boy.

The Husband eyes Nathan carefully.

HUSBAND
You may be right. Poor bastard.

The Clerk returns - a new Samsung Galaxy phone in his hand.

CLERK
(to Nathan)
Here it is.

Nathan takes the phone - inspects it.

NATHAN
Perfect. How much?

CLERK
Three ninety-nine plus forty as an activation fee. You want to put that on a card?

NATHAN
Uh - no, I don't exactly have a credit card. You know, who wants to get into that kind of debt.

CLERK
Right. So cash?

NATHAN
Can't I just put it on my phone account?

CLERK
What's your number?

NATHAN
323-555-6764

The Clerk enters the number into a key pad on the counter - looks at the computer screen.

CLERK

You're over two months late on your bill. I can't --

NATHAN

Come on, dude, do me a solid here. I got to have a phone.

CLERK

Sorry, dude, but there's no way I can put a four hundred dollar charge on a non current account.

NATHAN

Fuck.

Nathan turns - notices the Husband and Wife staring at him.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

What? You've never been late on a bill?

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Crowded with patrons and noisy. The CLATTER of dishes, conversations and rock music in the background fill the room.

At a table for eight, Sarah, Heather and several of their GIRL FRIENDS sip drinks and munch on appetizers.

Heather looks at her smart phone and leans over to Sarah.

HEATHER

We're almost at a five hundred thousand views now. That's viral.

SARAH

That's a lot more than I thought it would be.

HEATHER

I think it was the penis.

GIRLFRIEND 1

(loudly)
What did you say?

A WAITER approaches the table.

HEATHER
 (shouting to be heard)
 I said, I think it was the penis!

WAITER
 No, it was definitely a burrito.

The girls laugh.

WAITER (CONT'D)
 Everybody okay?

HEATHER
 We're good. Just the check please.

WAITER
 Coming right up.

The Waiter walks away.

GIRLFRIEND 2
 He was kind of cute.

GIRLFRIEND 3
 (to Sarah)
 I really admire what you did. You know, the videos. That took balls.

GIRLFRIEND 2
 Yeah, getting your name all out there like that.

GIRLFRIEND 3
 You did us all a favor. Guys are now going to think twice.

SARAH
 Or girls will.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A maze of cubicles. A large ornate sign with "BOEING" on it hangs on the wall.

Aaron, dressed in a suit that looks like he borrowed it from his father sits in a small cubicle. He stares at a computer screen with the diagram of a plane on it.

Aaron jots down some notes on a pad and hits the enter key and an image of an airplane wing appears.

CO-WORKER (O.C.)
 This is classic.

Aaron glances to his right - in the direction of the voice. A male CO-WORKER (mid 20s), nerdy, thick glasses stands up and pops his head over Aaron's cubicle wall.

CO-WORKER (CONT'D)
(motioning Aaron over)
Hey, you got to take a look at
this.

Aaron points to his computer screen.

CO-WORKER (CONT'D)
It'll only take a sec.

Aaron stands up and scans the room to make sure no supervisors are watching. Reluctantly, he walks to his Co-Worker's cubicle.

The Co-Worker leans over his desk top, causing his tie to dangle over the desk top. He motions for Aaron to move closer. Aaron complies.

CO-WORKER (CONT'D)
You're going to love this.

The Co-Worker hits the space bar on his computer. The penis video with Sarah and Heather comes up on his screen.

AARON
Not sure you ought to be watching
this on company computers.

CO-WORKER
Christ, relax - we're interns. What
are they going to do?

AARON
Replace us with other interns?

CO-WORKER
So, this poor fuck dumps this chick
and she's railing on the size of
his --

AARON
Yeah, I get it.

CO-WORKER
Not sure what she's got to complain
about. Look at her. She's bit of a
fat fuck. Christ, eat a salad
bitch.

Aaron calmly takes a pair of scissors from the Co-Workers desk top and cuts his dangling tie in half.

AARON

You're going to need a another tie -
bitch.

Aaron walks away.

CO-WORKER

What the fuck? I only got two of
these you know!

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah and Heather sit at the table in their makeshift studio.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN:

The chorus from Beck's "Loser" plays loudly against a black screen.

"THE PROBLEMS WITH NATHAN JONES" scrolls across the screen.

The picture of Nathan Jones appears and fades out.

An image of a bottle of soy sauce appears and fades out.

Sarah and Heather images appear on the screen.

SARAH

Welcome to the problems with Nathan Jones. I hope you liked the new opening. Heather produced it. Very well done, Heather.

HEATHER

Thank you, Sarah. It's all part of working the craft. So, you picked the topic for today. What do you got?

Sarah reaches underneath the table and grabs a placard with the hand written words: "WEIGHTY ISSUES" and places the placard in the table top easel.

SARAH

Today we are going to talk about weight. In particular, mine and my Mother's.

HEATHER

Why is that important?

SARAH

Well, Nathan thought I was too fat for him. Actually, let me rephrase that. He thought I might be becoming too fat for anyone.

Sarah hits a key on the laptop computer. Nathan's video comes up.

NATHAN

.....You're not exactly fit. That's not entirely your fault. You know, they say that you can always tell how fat a girl is going to be when she's older by looking at her mother and your mother is - well, lets face it, pretty fucking plump. So keep an eye on that for sure and you'll find someone.

CLICK and Sarah and Heather are back on screen.

HEATHER

That's not so nice.

SARAH

I'm glad you think so. I thought maybe it was just me.

HEATHER

You're about five foot four or so - yes?

SARAH

Five three - five two and half

HEATHER

Let me ask you, how much did you weigh when Nathan and you first started dating?

SARAH

Do I really have to answer that?

HEATHER

Yes, I'm trying a scientific approach here.

SARAH

(sheepishly)

A hundred and fifty four pounds.

HEATHER

Okay, that's a little overweight.
But, you know, you still look great
- very pretty.

SARAH

Thank you, Heather.

HEATHER

Now, how much did you weigh when
Nathan broke up with you?

SARAH

One hundred and forty six pounds.

HEATHER

Wait a minute. Are you telling me
that you lost weight from the time
you first started dating to the
time he dumped you?

SARAH

Dumped is a little harsh.

HEATHER

We've all seen the video.

SARAH

Yes, I lost a little weight.

HEATHER

That's odd then. At 154 you were
perfect and at 146 you were too
fat. I'm beginning to think that
this wasn't about weight at all.
Although he was concern about your
genetics as I recall.

SARAH

He seemed to think that all women
will eventually take the shape of
their mother.

HEATHER

Let's bring Mom in.

Heather looks off camera.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

We're ready.

Juanita comes to the table - sits in between Sarah and
Heather. She appears very nervous.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Welcome to the show, Mrs. Garcia.

SARAH

Hi, Mom.

Juanita leans in to the screen - making her face appear much larger than Heather and Sarah's.

JUANITA

Do I look at the red dot?

SARAH

Mom, just sit back and relax.

Juanita sits back - pats down her hair.

SARAH (CONT'D)

So, as you know, Nathan had a theory that fat mom equals fat daughter. Your thoughts.

Juanita straightens herself - shoulders back.

JUANITA

Well, Mister Nathan Jones, you are one rude little boy. How dare you call my daughter --

SARAH

Mom, let's stick to the science. Do I need to be concerned about gaining weight for hereditary reasons?

JUANITA

No. My mother was rail thin. Did I become thin? No, I did not.

Juanita puts her hand on Sarah's cheek.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

You will become whatever size you desire, Mija.

HEATHER

Ah, that's so sweet.

JUANITA

(pointing at screen)

And you, Nathan Jones might just be bald. Because that is hereditary.

SARAH

Okay, that's a good spot to close on.

JUANITA

(still pointing angrily)
You'll be bald like a cue ball. A little, skinny, old, bald man.

SARAH

Mom, relax.

Juanita takes in a deep breath - regains her composure.

JUANITA

God willing that is.

SARAH

So, what do we have lined up for the next episode, Heather?

HEATHER

It will deal with the potential career path of Nathan Jones.

SARAH

I look forward to it. Wave goodbye, Mom.

Sarah, Juanita and Heather all wave at the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

SARAH

Good job, Mom.

HEATHER

You could have been an actress.

JUANITA

(blushing)
Stop it. Well, I did have the leading role in a high school musical.

HEATHER

It shows.

Juanita gets up from the table.

JUANITA

So, are you making anymore of these?

SARAH

Just a few.

MONTAGE OF SEVERAL VIDEO CLIPS

-- Sarah reaches underneath the table and grabs a placard with the hand written words: "NATHAN JONES AND THE MINIMUM WAGE and places the placard in the table top easel.

-- Sarah reaches underneath the table and grabs a placard with the hand written words: "NATHAN JONES - KING OF DUTCH TREATS" and places the placard in the table top easel.

-- Sarah reaches underneath the table and grabs a placard with the hand written words: "NATHAN JONES - LAUNDRY TIPS, WEAR IT TILL IT SMELLS" and places the placard in the table top easel.

END MONTAGE

INT. CRUISE SHIP - BAR - NIGHT

The place is over loaded with old folks. Walkers, canes and wheelchairs are everywhere.

A FEMALE SERVER, Ukrainian, (23) approaches the bar counter with an empty tray. The Senior Bartender meets her.

FEMALE SERVER

(slight accent)

Okay, I need two draft beers, a gin martini - no olives, a gin martini - extra olives, a decaf coffee and a prune juice and vodka and anything with an umbrella in it. God it's a zoo.

SENIOR BARTENDER

Bingo Night - grand prize. It's this way every cruise.

The Bartender turns around to make the drinks. He notices that he is out of martini glasses.

SENIOR BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Arrgh, I told him we were out.

(shouting)

Nathan.

Nathan enters from a door behind the bar.

NATHAN

Yo.

SENIOR BARTENDER
The glasses? You get them cleaned yet?

NATHAN
Shit. I forgot.

The Bartender points his thumb towards the elderly crowd behind him.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Sorry, my bad.

SENIOR BARTENDER
Just get me the glasses.

The Bartender returns to the counter to the waiting Female Server.

SENIOR BARTENDER (CONT'D)
What a moron. I'll start with the coffee.

FEMALE SERVER
He's not working out?

SENIOR BARTENDER
I don't think so. He's as dumb as the rock he crawled out from under.

FEMALE SERVER
He can't be that bad.

Nathan re-enters with a tray full of glasses.

The boat lurches. Nathan stumbles and drops the tray - CRASH. The bar customers are startled by the sound - some grabbing their chests. Broken glass is everywhere.

SENIOR BARTENDER
(to the crowd)
Sorry, all. Just some dropped glasses.
(to the FEMALE SERVER)
He can't be that bad?

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - POOL DECK - NIGHT

It's late at night, but still very warm out. Nathan sits at a pool side table talking to GIRL ONE and GIRL TWO, both in their early twenties, clad in a bikini tops and jogging shorts. Cocktail drinks are on the table in front of them.

NATHAN

So, I'm really not suppose to be out here with the passengers. It's an idiotic rule. They treat us like cattle.

GIRL ONE

Yeah, everyone needs a break. You guys work real hard.

NATHAN

That's what I tell them.

GIRL TWO

So, how did you decide that you wanted to work on a cruise ship? I mean, it can't pay well and it seems like - well, a pretty lonely thing to do.

Nathan takes a cigarette from his shirt pocket - lights it.

NATHAN

Well, I didn't really plan on it. I mean, who would choose this? It was an escape really. There was this girl in L.A.

GIRL ONE

I knew it.

Nathan exhales - pauses for effect.

NATHAN

Never mind. I don't want to spoil the mood.

GIRL TWO

Go on.

NATHAN

Well, we were supposed to get married. I found out that she was cheating on me. Anyway, I just had to get away for awhile.

(misty eyed)

I just thought she was the one. Turns out, she thought otherwise.

GIRL ONE

That's horrible.

NATHAN

What are you going to do?
 (extends his hand)
 I'm Nathan - Nathan Jones by the
 way.

The Senior Bartender approaches from the distance.

GIRL ONE

Nice to meet you, Nathan. I'm --

SENIOR BARTENDER

Nathan.

NATHAN

Ah shit.

The Senior Bartender reaches the table.

SENIOR BARTENDER

Good evening ladies. Is there
 anything I can get you?

GIRL ONE

No, we're fine

GIRL TWO

Thanks anyway.

SENIOR BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Nathan, the First Mate needs to
 speak with you.

NATHAN

Now?

SENIOR BARTENDER

Yes, of course now. I didn't search
 the entire boat to see if you could
 take appointment. Please, come with
 me.

(to the Girls)

Good evening, ladies.

Nathan stands, tucks his shirt in his pants - straightens his
 collar.

NATHAN

(to the Girls)

It was a pleasure. Hope to see you
 again.

GIRL ONE

See ya.

GIRL TWO

Bye Nathan.

The Senior Bartender and Nathan walk away. Nathan turns and
 gives a smile and a wave.

Girl One takes out her smart phone.

GIRL ONE
Google him.

GIRL TWO
I'm already on it.

Girl One's facial expressions go from stoic - to confused - to disgusted as she looks at her phone.

GIRL ONE
Ewww! What a creep.

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A flat screen TV mounted on the wall is on mute.

Heather and Sarah are sprawled on her bed. Heather is looking at her IPAD. Sarah stares at the ceiling.

SARAH
I'll bet you Nathan's slept with every girl on that boat.

HEATHER
I doubt that, and besides, it wouldn't matter anyway - right?

Sarah doesn't respond - just stares at the ceiling.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Sarah?

SARAH
Right. What's the next post?

HEATHER
So, let's see if you want to respond to this one.
(reading IPAD screen)
"DON QUAN 1"
(looks up)
I'm assuming he's Oriental.

SARAH
Asian.

HEATHER
You know him?

SARAH
No. They prefer Asian rather than Oriental.

HEATHER

What about Oriental rugs? They don't call them Asian rugs.

SARAH

Because they're rugs - not people. Never mind. What did he post?

HEATHER

He writes...

(reading IPAD screen)

"I think you're beautiful. Hit me back if you want to be with a real man."

SARAH

Hit him back? Why in the world would anyone --

HEATHER

Never mind. That was for me, not you.

SARAH

Naturally.

HEATHER

Here's one from NOT-PLAIN-JANE. Hmmm.

SARAH

What?

HEATHER

(reading IPAD screen)

"Thank you for taking a stand against douche baggery."

(looks up)

I'm not sure that's even a word.

Anyway, she says...

(reading IPAD screen)

"Finally someone is fighting back. Thanks from all of us."

SARAH

Tell her thanks for being part of the douche baggery battle.

HEATHER

Well, well - looks like Errand Boy is back.

SARAH

Another post?

HEATHER

(reading IPAD screen)
 "Sarah, don't ruin your character
 by trying to destroy his. Let it
 go. It's not who you are."

SARAH

You know, I wonder if that's Nathan
 trying to get us to stop the
 videos.

HEATHER

I'm pretty sure it's not Nathan.
 There were no spelling errors.

Sarah laughs.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Look!

The flat screen TV has a still image of Sarah and Heather
 from their first You Tube Video on the screen.

Heather grabs the TV remote from her night stand. Points it
 at the TV. The sound comes on.

INSERT TV SCREEN

Sarah and Heather's still image is now in the corner of the
 screen.

A MALE REPORTER (30) and a FEMALE REPORTER (28) are on set.

The banner beneath them reads: "VENGEANCE VIDEOS GO VIRAL."

MALE REPORTER

Well, they say hell hath no fury
 like a woman scorned. A series of
 videos entitled the problems with
 Nathan Jones is now the most viewed
 channel on You Tube.

The screen fills with a clip from Sarah's first video.

SARAH

So, why am I making this video?
 Simple. I want to make sure that
 Nathan Jones doesn't have the
 chance to do this to another girl.
 I think I can accomplish that
 mission through a series of videos
 that will let anyone know what
 Nathan is like in advance.

The video moves to the corner of the screen - reporters back on center screen.

FEMALE REPORTER

A word of wisdom to all you fellas out there. Break-up with your girlfriend in person.

MONTAGE

-- Aaron sees the TV report in his apartment.

-- Julio and Juanita see the TV report in their living room.

-- Mr. Sanders sees the video in his living room.

-- Josh sees the video in his apartment.

END MONTAGE

Heather jumps up and down.

HEATHER

(screaming in delight)
We're on TV! We're famous.

Sarah stares at the TV - in disbelief.

SARAH

I need to go home.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julio and Juanita sit frozen in their recliners having just watched the TV show about Sarah's video.

Julio clicks the remote on mute.

JULIO

I can't believe she did this. This is not what Garcia's do.

Juanita doesn't say anything. She goes to Sarah's bedroom.

JULIO (CONT'D)

(calling out)
I want you to call her and tell her she needs to come home right now.

Juanita returns with Sarah's laptop computer in her hands.

JUANITA

Don't get mad. I need to show you something. Wait, let me get you a beer first.

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - NIGHT

A large passenger plane lands.

INT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - BAGGAGE TERMINAL - NIGHT

Passengers everywhere as they wait for their luggage. Nathan, wearing a baseball cap, unshaven, haggard looking with duffel bag strapped over his shoulder approaches a pay phone.

Nathan dumps several coins into the pay phone. Puts the receiver to his ear.

NATHAN

(into the phone)

God damn it, Aaron - pick up.

(recording a voice mail)

Okay, look. I'm back in town. If you get this message call me back.

Oh fuck - wait - I don't have a cell phone. Never mind, I'll try Josh.

Nathan hangs up, scrambles through his pockets and puts more coins in the phone. He dials another number.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Josh - dude, thank God your home.

(listening)

Yeah, I need a favor.

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - CURB SIDE - NIGHT

Nathan, with a cigarette dangling from his mouth, looks down the arrivals street. He hears a HONK.

A 1980 Toyota Corolla, rusted, dented and with only one working headlight pulls up to the curb. Josh sticks his head out the window.

JOSH

Dude, over here.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - 405 FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Corolla creeps down the slow lane of the 405 Freeway. Other cars pull up behind it, honk and then pass to the left.

INT. 1980 TOYOTA COROLLA, TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Josh drives - Nathan is in the passenger seat. The wind hurtles in through the open passenger window blowing Nathan's cap to the back seat.

JOSH

Sorry, dude, the window won't roll up.

NATHAN

Is this as fast as this piece of shit will go?

JOSH

I'm pushing it as it is. If you wanted luxury, you should have tried Uber.

Nathan sneers.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I thought you were going to be gone longer.

NATHAN

Yeah, me too. The pricks said I lied on my application and then shit-canned me. They put me on a plane home the minute we hit port.

JOSH

That's so harsh. So what did you lie about?

NATHAN

I didn't - really. For some reason they don't think a G.E.D is the same as a high school diploma.

JOSH

Yeah, I saw the G.E.D thing on Sarah's video.

NATHAN

What the fuck are you talking about?

JOSH

Ah shit, dude - you haven't seen the You Tube videos?

NATHAN

No, I haven't had a phone.

JOSH

Man, you got a lot of catching up
to do.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julio and Juanita sit in their recliners as they watch TV.

Sarah enters through the front door. She's disappointed to
see that her parents are still awake.

Julio picks up the remote, clicks off the TV and turns
towards Sarah.

JULIO

You got a lot of splaining to do.
We saw the TV show.

SARAH

Yes, I do. Just not now.

Sarah walks towards her bedroom.

JULIO

(calling out)

What, I need an appointment now?

JUANITA

Leave it be, Papi. For a little
while anyway.

JULIO

You know, you got a lot of
splaining to do too.

JUANITA

Yes, I do. Just not now.

Juanita gets up and heads towards her bedroom.

JULIO

Aye Caramba.

Julio clicks the remote - TV is back on.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Well, at least I get to watch what
I want.

INT. NATHAN AND JOSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nathan is slumped in a bean bag chair, looking at a laptop
computer cradled in his lap.

Josh is on the sofa, feet on a coffee table as he smokes a joint.

NATHAN

(looks up from computer)
You know I tried calling her -
number disconnected. Tried e-
mailing her - undeliverable
address. Christ, she's not even on
Facebook anymore.

JOSH

You want me to drop you at her
house?

NATHAN

Er - no. I really don't want to
take the chance of running into her
Dad. Dude's got some guns.
(looking down at computer)
No! She promised me she wouldn't
tell anyone about the G.E.D.

JOSH

(exhaling)
Like I always said, dude - you
can't trust chicks.

NATHAN

This is horrible.

JOSH

It gets worse.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Aaron enters his Chevy Tahoe.

INT. NATHAN AND JOSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nathan still in the bean bag chair. Josh still on the sofa.

NATHAN

Soy sauce? Are you fucking kidding
me? I'm at least a salt shaker.

JOSH

I'm a candlestick myself.

NATHAN

Fuck off.

Josh extends his joint towards Nathan.

JOSH
Dude, relax. Have some.

NATHAN
Can't you see what this is going to do to me? I'm fucking ruined. I'm not going to get any for a year.

JOSH
Yeah, plus you'll be flying solo. That'll make it tougher.

NATHAN
What are you talking about?

JOSH
Dude, we can't go out trying to score chicks together anymore. You see how many views those Tubes got? You're like - um - chick kryptonite.

A KNOCK on the door.

NATHAN
I can't look at these anymore.

Nathan gets out of the chair - goes to the door and opens it. It's Aaron.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Aaron, thank God. You'll know what to do. You won't believe what --

Aaron punches Nathan square in the eye. Nathan falls back, trips over the bean bag chair and hits the carpet.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck!?

AARON
Yeah, I knew what to do.

JOSH
Harsh.

AARON
(standing over Nathan)
I don't want you to call me anymore. We're not friends. You're an absolute piece of shit.

JOSH
Even harsher.

AARON
Shut the fuck up, Josh.

Josh nods - takes another deep hit from his joint.

NATHAN
What did I do?

Aaron sneers, turns and exits.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Fuck!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Aaron's Tahoe pulls up to the curb. He exits the vehicle and walks towards Sarah's front porch.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - PORCH - DAY

Aaron removes an envelope with "SARAH" written on the outside from his pocket. He places it on the welcome mat.

He rings the doorbell and then walks away.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julio, wearing a bathrobe, is in his recliner - dead asleep.

Sarah, hair wrapped in a towel, skin cream under her eyes and wearing a thick bath robe, enters the room.

SARAH
Are you going to get that?

Sarah hears a snore and realizes Julio is out.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I guess not.

Sarah goes to the front door - opens it. No one is there.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - PORCH - DAY

Sarah scans the street. Just before she closes the door, she spots the envelope with her name on it on the welcome mat - bends over and picks it up.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Holding the envelope, Sarah enters the kitchen. She pours herself a cup of coffee - takes a seat at a dinette table.

Sarah opens the envelope - removes a letter and a compass. She looks at the compass - bewildered - it was the one she had given Nathan. She places it on the table and starts to read the letter.

AARON (V.O.)

I don't know what became of the Sarah that I knew. She was a very special woman. One that knew that vengeance was beneath her. I hope she finds her way back one day.

Sarah looks at the compass. She turns it over. The inscription has been changed.

INSERT INSCRIPTION ON BACK OF COMPASS

"Hope You Move in the Right Direction. Love Errand Boy."

BACK TO SCENE

SARAH

(staring at the compass)
Aaron?

Juanita enters the kitchen.

JUANITA

There you are, Mija. You got to get moving. You're going to be late for work.

A loud SNORE is heard from the living room.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

I guess I'll take you.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Josh's 1980 Toyota Corolla pulls up to the curb in front of the bank. Nathan exits the car. There's small shiner under his eye - the residue from Aaron's punch the night before.

Nathan stamps out a cigarette on the sidewalk and starts towards the bank door.

Mrs. Winslow exits the bank - spots Nathan.

MRS. WINSLOW

Nathan Jones?

NATHAN

What?

Mrs. Winslow takes her handbag - swings it and hits Nathan on the shoulder.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Ouch - what the fuck, lady.

MRS. WINSLOW

Dirt bag.

Mrs. Winslow proudly walks down the sidewalk. Nathan, holding his shoulder, enters the bank.

INT. BANK - DAY

Sarah is at an open teller window - head down, tending to some paperwork. Nathan approaches.

NATHAN

We got to talk.

Sarah, startled to the point of not quite recognizing Nathan at first.

SARAH

What are you doing? You shouldn't be here.

NATHAN

I tried calling. You changed your phone number.

SARAH

So you wouldn't try to talk to me.

NATHAN

And your email address.

SARAH

So you wouldn't try to message me.

NATHAN

And you took down your Facebook page.

SARAH

So you wouldn't try to stalk me.

NATHAN

Please, I just need five minutes.

Sarah looks toward the back - spots the BANK MANAGER.

SARAH

Can I take break early?

The Bank Manager sees Nathan nervously waiting at the teller window - surmises the situation.

BANK MANAGER

Be back in ten.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Sarah and Nathan exit the bank. She spots Josh's Toyota. She can see smoke through the Toyota window.

SARAH

Ah, I see you brought tweedly dumber.

NATHAN

How could you have done this to me?
I mean we had history.

SARAH

History!? Are you out of your mind?
I'm serious. Are there dead
synapsis in there? You broke up
with me on You Tube. You told the
world that I was too fat, too
sexually boring, too --

NATHAN

I didn't mean to. I mean, yeah - I
meant to break up with you, but I
didn't know it would go public.
Josh taught me how to post the
thing. I thought it would be
private. I mean, we were both a
little buzzed. But the dude kind of
fucked it up.

SARAH

So, it's all Josh's fault?

NATHAN

Well, if you really want to blame
someone - blame Aaron. If he hadn't
stuck his nose where it didn't
belong, this would have never
happened.

SARAH

What are you talking about?

NATHAN

The night I told him I was going to
break up with you. I told him that
I was going to send you a text.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Noooo - he says. You're a friend of his. I got to do it face to face. So, to get him off my ass I told him that I would. And then after he left, Josh came up with the video idea.

SARAH

(bewildered)

And?

NATHAN

And, I would have never made the video in the first place if he just let me send you that text. You know, a private text. Get it?

SARAH

So Aaron didn't know about the video?

NATHAN

No, like I told you, the video was Josh's idea. In fact, Aaron's pretty pissed.

(points at his black eye)

See this?

SARAH

He punched you?

NATHAN

Yeah. Fucking maniac. Sarah, please, take your video's down. They're ruining my life.

SARAH

If it makes you feel any better, they restored my life.

NATHAN

Why would that make me feel any better?

SARAH

God, you are a stupid man aren't you? I got to go. No, let me rephrase that. You got to go. Don't come here again.

Sarah walks back towards the bank entry.

NATHAN

What about the videos?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

A car pulls up to the curb in front of Sarah's house. Heather exits the car and runs like a banshee to the front door.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Juanita opens the front door. Heather is there, looking as if she could burst.

HEATHER
 (out of breath)
 Oh My God - Oh My God - is Sarah
 home?

JUANITA
 Of course. She's in her room. Did
 you want to --

Heather bolts towards Sarah's room

HEATHER (O.C.)
 (screaming - excited)
 Sarah!

JUANITA
 Come in.

Juanita closes the door.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah wears a skirt and a bra. She pulls a blouse from the closet.

One loud KNOCK and the door swings open. Heather bursts in.

Sarah - startled - clutches the blouse to her chest.

SARAH
 What in the world?

HEATHER
 We got a TV show!

Heather goes to Sarah - throws her arms around her and gives her a huge bear hug.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 I can't believe this is happening.
 And it's all because of you.

Sarah pats Heather on the back of her shoulder.

SARAH

Okay, settle down now. Now tell me calmly. What happened?

Heather takes a couple of breaths.

HEATHER

Okay, so I called the station. You know, the one that ran the story on our You Tube site.

SARAH

Why would you call them?

HEATHER

In case they wanted to do a follow-up on the story. It's not like our phone numbers are the You Tube site. And since they did the story once --

SARAH

Okay, got it.

HEATHER

Anyway, I talked to the station manager and his boss. Seems that some guy with the network saw the story and wants us to do a regular TV show.

SARAH

A regular show about what?

HEATHER

About break-ups.

SARAH

I don't think so. I don't want to be on television. I didn't like it the first time.

HEATHER

Please! You can't leave me hanging here. This is my career.

SARAH

Break-ups are your career?

HEATHER

TV. Please, just come to the meeting.

INT. TV STUDIO OFFICE - DAY

Sarah and Heather sit in large leather chairs. STEWART(40), dressed far too hip for his age and SHANNON (28), hair pulled back tight, black framed glasses - all business, sit across from them.

STEWART

So, it's a reality show. Basically, the horrible break-up of the week. You'll host and interview whatever poor gal got trashed the worst by her boyfriend and then plot the perfect revenge.

(to Shannon)

What are we calling the show again?

SHANNON

The Dumpster.

STEWART

Right - don't know why I have such a hard time remembering that. It's perfect.

SHANNON

And, Sarah, you are the perfect host. You know, the everyday girl.

SARAH

Everyday girl?

HEATHER

I'm in.

Sarah opens her purse. The compass is inside. She turns the compass so the inscription faces her. She rubs her fingers gently over it.

SARAH

I'm not.

Sarah stands up.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to have wasted your time. I can't do this anymore. It's not who I am.

(to Heather)

I'm so sorry.

Sarah - crying - exits the room.

Heather remains in her seat. It's quite uncomfortable in the room.

HEATHER

So, I guess that leaves me.

Shannon stands up - walks to the desk, flips through a folder.

SHANNON

No. Sarah was the one that the focus group liked.

(to Stewart)

What about that heavysset oriental girl?

HEATHER

I believe they prefer Asian.

STEWART

I liked that girl with the southern accent better.

HEATHER

What's wrong with me?

STEWART

Nothing. That's the problem.

HEATHER

Huh?

SHANNON

You're gorgeous. You were fine as Sarah's sidekick. But no one's going to believe that you have a lot of experience in the heartache from being dumped department.

STEWART

You know, we've got that opening on the weekend weather.

SHANNON

Hmmm. Interesting.

(to Heather)

You interested in weather?

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Sarah kneels on a bench facing the silhouette of the Priest behind a darkened window.

SARAH

Forgive me, father for I have sinned. My last confession was one month ago. I accuse myself of the following sins. I have lied on one occasion. I have taken the Lord's name in vain - several instances. I have missed Mass once this month.

There is a pause.

PRIEST

For your penance --

SARAH

There's more.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Juanita and Julio sit in a pew outside the confessional. A few parishioners are there waiting their turn.

Julio looks at his watch. Juanita slaps his hand.

JUANITA

Stop that, Papi.

JULIO

She's already been in there ten minutes. That's a bit long. I mean what kind of sins could she have?

JUANITA

Ssssh.

JULIO

Only takes me a few secs and then I'm out.

JUANITA

(whispering)

Women take longer because they tell the truth. You men just make stuff up. Like it's a job interview.

JULIO

No we don't.

Juanita rolls her eyes.

JULIO (CONT'D)

What?

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

SARAH

There was this boy - my fiance. He broke up with me in the worst manner imaginable. But that's no excuse.

(beat)

I've done some terrible things. All in the name of vengeance. Some very public things.

PRIEST

The You Tube videos?

SARAH

(aghast)

You know? How?

PRIEST

Altar boys. I caught them watching them when they were supposed to be tending to the altar.

SARAH

I'm so sorry.

PRIEST

Don't worry, they got around to it.

SARAH

No, I mean about the videos.

PRIEST

Ah, yes, of course. They are indeed a problem. For your penance I want you to say ten Hail Marys and an Act of Contrition. And, you must take the videos down. You know that you must put your justice in God's hand, my child.

SARAH

I know.

PRIEST

And you must somehow make amends to this boy.

SARAH

Couldn't I just say another Act of Contrition.

PRIEST

Sarah.

SARAH

I know - amends.

PRIEST

May God give you pardon and peace,
and I absolve you from your sins in
the name of the Father, and of the
Son and of the Holy Spirit.

Sarah makes the sign of the Cross.

SARAH

Amen.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sets her laptop computer in the center of the folding table. She takes a seat in front of the computer.

Sarah hits a key on the key pad. The red REC icon appears on the screen.

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

SARAH

This is the first and last edition
of the problem with Sarah Garcia.
As far too many of you know by now,
I was fooled by a young man. My
problem was that I acted liked a
fool because of that. I became
someone other than me. Wait -
that's not right. I did it, after
all. It was me.

Sarah takes a breath - this is difficult.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I want to apologize to Nathan
Jones. Nathan, the videos have all
been taken down. Fortunately the
internet has a relatively short
attention span. Regardless, I am
sorry and those videos will never
be seen again. I want to apologize
to my friend Heather. I talked her
in to doing this thing with me and
then I abandoned her at a very
important point in her career.
Heather, I hope you can understand.

Sarah becomes teary eyed.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 And I want to apologize to Errand
 Boy for treating him so badly
 through out this whole thing.

Sarah picks up the compass.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 (crying)
 You gave me a compass. I didn't
 trust you. I should have. Someone
 got the best of me and return you
 got the worst of me. I am sorry.

Sarah takes a big breath - regains her composure.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 That's all I have to say.

BACK TO SCENE

Sarah closes the laptop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The place is about half full - noisy from the table chatter
 and the CLINKING and CLATTERING of dishes.

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

Mr. Sanders cleans the dishes from a vacated table. A
 WAITRESS at the counter rings up a customer at the register.

WAITRESS
 I think she's coming on now.

Mr. Sanders stares at a small flat screen TV hung in the
 corner of the restaurant. It shows the morning news show. A
 FEMALE ANCHOR and a MALE ANCHOR sitting side by side at the
 news desk.

MALE ANCHOR
 Let's see what we have in store
 weather-wise for the week.

Mr. Sanders turns his head back to the customers.

MR. SANDERS
 Ssssh. Just for a minute.

FEMALE ANCHOR
 I hope we can expect a warm up.

Heather appears on the screen - a weather map behind her.

HEATHER

Welcome to Heather's weather. Time
to get the sun screen out.

Mr. Sanders - emotional, teary eyed, turns around to face the
customers - raises his hands in triumph.

MR. SANDERS

That's my little girl!

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julio and Juanita sit in their recliners - plates in their
laps as they watch Heather complete her first weather report.

JULIO

Damn, she's pretty good.

JUANITA

You know I always thought that I
could have been a weather girl. I
mean, before I settled --

JULIO

Settled?

JUANITA

Settled down. With you, Papi.

Juanita gives Julio a wink.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - PORCH - NIGHT.

Sarah and Aaron sit side by side on the steps leading up to
the brightly lit porch.

AARON

So, they said if I keep it up,
they'll probably have a full time
position for me at the end of the
summer.

SARAH

Boeing's a good company, Aaron.

AARON

Yeah, I'm pretty excited.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julio gets up from his chair and walks over to the switch for the porch light. He peers outside at the porch through the slats of the blinds.

JUANITA

What are you doing?

JULIO

Just giving them a little help.

JUANITA

Meddling again?

Julio flicks the porch light to the off position.

JULIO

That ought to do it.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - PORCH - NIGHT.

The light goes out. Sarah gently places her hand on top of Aaron's hand.

SARAH

You're pretty good company too.

Aaron squeezes Sarah's hand.

FADE OUT.