

# A VIRGIN STATE OF MIND

By  
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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In a warm ambient room, a black and white Bob Dylan poster hangs on a barren wall. The leftover bedroom is spare, decorated with flowers and scented candles. Silk rags draped over lamp shades.

JARED sits in bed by candlelight. He's nineteen, with dark, intense eyes. He's wearing boxers and his most romantic smile.

Sitting beside him, RORY has the covers pulled up around her naked shoulders. She's a young, pretty girl, the complete depiction of innocence.

JARED

You're shaking like a leaf.

She speaks slowly and softly.

RORY

I'm just cold.

They look to the corner window. Its glistening white, covered with snow.

RORY(CONT'D)

Maybe I'm just nervous.

JARED

What about?

RORY

You know why.

(off his look)

It's just... you won't bail, right?

JARED

Stop, of course I won't.

RORY

I don't want to wake up suddenly with a letter on my pillow. I want to see you first thing in the morning.

JARED

I want that to. I want every part  
of your body to have a different  
meaning to me. And this way, it will.

RORY

I know, but - I just don't know  
if now is the time.

He looks at her, irritation veiled by sympathy.

JARED

All this is going to do is bring us  
closer together. It's all okay. Let's  
live our lives, and see what happens.

Rory still isn't convinced. Jared fakes a sadness, does his  
best pout.

JARED (CONT'D)

Is it 'cause... I'm not special to you.

RORY

(by rote)

No, I love you.

JARED

And I love you, so *let* me love you.

Rory just looks at him, unsure. He reaches his hand to her,  
his last ploy.

JARED (CONT'D)

You don't have to do this - if  
you don't want to.

RORY

I do. God I do. I feel like -  
if I never met you...

A long moment.

JARED

Well this was what we talked about.  
You and me, finally alone, having  
time alone, a place alone. I made

it happen, for us. I called my friend to lend us his place so we could be alone, comfortable. Aren't you comfortable?

RORY

Yeah, but what are you thinking?

He smiles, leans in close.

JARED

You know I'm scared, like I know you are. But I want to share this with you.

She smiles, assured, for the first time.

RORY

Okay.

Jared raises his hand to her. Rory takes it in, pulling him closer. Reassuring, gentle, Jared rolls over her, her face in his hands. He speaks in a whisper.

JARED

But if you want to stop, just -

RORY

Don't, just... kiss me.  
(with affection)  
I love you.

JARED

(hungrily)  
I love you too.

He slowly reaches in for a kiss. Rory doesn't resist, moves in closer. And they kiss. Slow. Gentle. Tender.

It grows forceful. Full of emotion.

The two fall back under the covers.

FADE TO BLACK.

Over BLACK plays a vintage Dylan track, a slow hypnotic melody.

JARED (V.O.)  
What are you going to regret tomorrow  
morning not doing tonight?

FADE IN:

INT. RORY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Ornaments, lights, and strands of tinsel are strewn across the room. Holiday spirit decoration.

A large, cute STUFFED PIG rests on a bed stand beside a RINGING alarm clock.

Rory, lying in bed, awakens, and reaches out to turn it off. When she accidentally knocks the stuffed pig to the ground.

Rory rolls out of bed, stretches herself, then leans over to pick up the animal. She goes to place it on her desk where it joins the masses of other neatly arranged beanies.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Rory goes about her morning rituals: scrubbing her teeth, combing her hair, rinsing her face. All done merrily, the prospect of a new day.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Rory rushes from her closet; out of pajamas, and dressed for the day. She goes to her dresser drawer to consider some last minute touches: Rummages through necklaces, fixes on a few hair-clips, and adjusts her hair into different styles.

When something suddenly catches her attention:

A hand-written letter on her desk with an envelope beside it. She looks at it, then at herself in the mirror. Decisively, she takes the letter and slips it into the envelope.

Then again contemplates the outfit once more- pulls at the neckline, works the ensemble.

RORY

Perfect.

She pulls on her coat, fastens the buttons, and is on her way out. The envelope in hand.

INT. VIDEO ARCADE - FLASHBACK - DAY

The loud thud of arcade sirens and special effects sound off.

A neon glow reflects on a brow of sweat:

Jared's brow, as he pounds on a game joy stick. Wide eyed and determined. He's in the zone.

JARED

Almost got you!

Electronic arcade games occupy the place. Jared's noticeably older than everyone by a few years. A distance away, Rory makes her way across a crowded corridor, cotton candy in hand.

Now close behind Jared - Rory studies him, his resolute effort to finish the game. She looks his body over.

She lightly reaches out for his shoulder, however still startles him, accidentally causing him to lose. The effects sound off to his loss: Wah wahh wahhh!

RORY

Oh wow! I'm so sorry! I totally just cost you the game.

He rips a piece of cotton candy, and comes into a smile.

JARED

It's okay, the game only costs a quarter. And I'll try again.

Jared pulls out two quarters.

JARED (CONT'D)

With you as my partner.

Rory smiles, smitten, and positions her cotton candy beside them. Joins him in the next game.

RORY

Now I know you'll win.

INT/EXT. BUS/HIGHWAY - DAY

A public bus roars on through a Hispanic neighborhood. Alexis sits alone, facing out the window. She's shaking, her anxiety mounting.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Jared and Rory walk the sidewalks. Ice cream in hands.

RORY

So are homework assignments in college any different than homework assignments in high school?

JARED

This is the topic of discussion?

RORY

Well - yeah. I'm interested.

JARED

And terrifyingly excited... Okay, well... in college you learn that, if there in fact does come a day where you pick up a book, then you know it won't be for a homework assignment. It'll be more for you.

RORY

Huh?

JARED

Something you want to read. Not something some teacher told you to.

RORY

Wow, cool, but if I did that my mom would be down my back in a major way.

JARED

Yeah. But in college you learn it's more about you, finding what you like... and what you don't. Don't try and please others. Live for you. Or else you'll be living the same day, day in and day out.

His thoughtful reply is missed on Rory.

RORY

Why was eating ice cream in practically negative degree weather a good idea?

JARED

...Well because we're natural born rebels.

RORY

Oh. Guess that's your issue.

JARED

What issue?

RORY

(sly)

Your clothing issue.

JARED

What!

RORY

I'm sorry, there's absolutely nothing wrong with the way you dress. It's **great**.

(playful)

If we were nineties punk Cobain moshers.

A stunned beat of silence as Jared's jaw drops, makes his "oh no she didn't!" face.

JARED

I should just take it off then.

I'd rather freeze than disappoint you.

He actually starts to follow through, but Rory pulls at his arms, laughing.

RORY

Stop!

He does, and they look at each other, her arm still on his. Both are affected.

RORY

You still look great in them.

The playful intimacy is becoming hard to miss. Rory pulls away, maintains her cool.

RORY (CONT'D)

So no big deal. I'll just have to pick out your clothes... for pretty much everyday.

JARED

Maybe my shirt can *almost* match my pants.

RORY

Sounds like a plan.

They walk on.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. FRONTLAWN - DAY

Rory trudges through snow filled streets. Comes upon the walkway of a rundown home.

She RINGS the doorbell. No response. Rory peers in the window.

Then she knocks at the door, a little tentative. The door opens and Jared emerges. He's just out of bed. Nicely ruffled.

JARED

Oh wow.

RORY

Jared!

JARED

Rory, hey.

Jared forces himself to hug her, Rory letting out a heavy sigh in his embrace.

Her gaze drifts inside, and she's suddenly overcome with nerves, when she finds two GIRLS in his living room.

JARED

What are you doing here?

She stares off, her attention on the two girls LAUGHING inside.

JARED(CONT'D)

Rory?... Rory.

RORY

Fine, I'm fine.

JARED

Good... it's good that you're fine.

So, what's up?

(re: the envelope)

What's that? Is that for me?

She slips the envelope in her back pocket.

RORY

No.

JARED

Common.

RORY

(re: girls)

Who are they?

JARED

You should meet them.

He grasps her arm, almost abrupt, leading her into the living room.

RORY

Really - I don't think...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Furniture inside is cheap and shabby. Rory gets a full look of the girls. MANDY and CANDY(19), good looking girls. She stands daunted.

JARED

Guys, this is Rory, she goes to school across town. Show her love.

MANDY

Hey girl!

CANDY

Are you a freshman?

RORY

No, a junior.

CANDY

Really? You don't look it.

RORY

In high school.

Silence. Then,

JARED

...Seems she really wanted to meet you guys.

MANDY

Aww, don't worry. We're no one special.

JARED

So what brings you to the poor side of town.

RORY

Well, you haven't picked up your phone.

CANDY

(with a smirk)

No, he doesn't like to pick up his phone.

Rory sees the look between Jared and the two. She suddenly feels the outsider.

RORY

Well I totally get it, with the college lifestyle and all. I just thought you were sick or something.

JARED

Nope, perfectly healthy. Swamped with school work though.

RORY

That's what I thought. I tell my friends you're my busy little beaver... Cause you're always doing stuff.

JARED

Really?

The girls suppress their smiles.

RORY

Then they see how much I care about you, and they stop narcing on me.

CANDY

Narcing?

A moment of silence.

JARED

'K great, I think it's time to go. Not you Rory.

MANDY

*(what the fuck)*

Uhh, it's cold outside.

JARED

Uhh, wear a jacket.

The two girls share a look. They know the deal. Without a word, they get up and start out. All eyes on Rory on the way. Rory stands stiff, intimidated.

The door closes O.S. and Jared and Rory stand in an awkward calm.

JARED

What's going on?

RORY

I haven't seen you. I didn't know  
If you were okay, or -

JARED

I've just been around. You have  
your things too right?

RORY

Oh yeah. You know - girl stuff,  
school stuff. Shopping was also a  
major theme.

JARED

See. Great.

Jared adjusts a few pillows on the couch. She nervously reaches to her back pocket for the letter, but stops. She circles the room, before turning to him.

RORY

This just, wasn't how I imagined  
it - I didn't know I'd be so  
nervous.

JARED

Well I'm happy to see you too.

RORY

Maybe, if you wanted. Did you  
want to do something? If you  
weren't busy now I mean.

He goes up to her. Beams a pleasant smile.

JARED

We could do that, yeah. Nobody's  
here now.

He reaches out for her hands, draws her into his arms.

RORY

No, I don't know. I didn't mean -  
I meant talk somewhere.

He silences her with a kiss. She relaxes into it.

RORY(CONT'D)

Or do that.

They kiss some more. Then part.

JARED

It sounds like a plan.

And more kissing. Until Rory says silently:

RORY

I love you.

He stops to the bombshell. Looks her over.

RORY

Jared, those weeks... don't do  
that again. I missed you.

Adjusting to this, he decisively eases back into kissing,  
picking her up, moving her to the couch.

JARED

Well I missed you too.

Rory's rests relieved in his arms, until:

JARED(CONT'D)

(in a whisper)

That night, it was great. It was  
so much fun.

The word sinks in.

RORY

...Fun.

She pulls away.

RORY

I have something to - show, or  
tell you. Maybe I can read it...

She sweeps into her pocket and extracts the letter. Grows  
agitated.

RORY

I don't know.

JARED

I knew it. It's for me. See,  
I *know* you. You can't fool  
this genius.

Rory takes a breath, fidgeting with the letter. Finally,  
she offers it to him.

RORY

Please, just, read it.

He unfolds the letter and reads...

The charming charade fades from his face. He doesn't say  
anything. Doesn't do anything. Is in pure shock.

JARED

Is this supposed to be cute?

RORY

No.

More silence.

JARED

...Oh, shit.

His eyes are off the letter, but not on her.

No response.

ALEXIS

(unsettled)

Jared?...Jared?

JARED

What do you want?

ALEXIS

I wanted to see you.

JARED

What do you want to do with this!

ALEXIS

Please, don't yell at me.

JARED

You're having a kid!

They both stare at the wall, speechless and defeated.

RORY

I just... well I thought...

(a moment)

You liked me.

JARED

I do, what's the problem?

RORY

Well-

JARED

(flat out)

Do you think I'm a complete pedophile? What we're doing is illegal. We both know that, right? So sneaking around, kissing, it's all in fun. But we couldn't keep doing this. I thought it was obvious.

It's all the more affecting with his abrupt attitude. Something she hadn't witnessed. Rory veils a tear a few tears, swabbing her face with her sleeve.

RORY

No, I didn't mean to miss - but, you're proving my mom right right now.

JARED

I'm sorry you feel that way. But We have to take care of this.

This hits her hard. She can't even speak.

RORY

(quiet)

I might have to - go now. I think I did something wrong.

JARED

No, stay, we're taking care of this now.

He puts a hand on her shoulder. She jerks away.

RORY

No. Don't tell me what to do.

JARED

You don't know what to do! You Don't know what you're doing!

She turns to leave, then shoots one furious look back at Jared.

RORY

By the way, this is yours.

She thrusts a set of picture booth photos into his hand.

RORY(CONT'D)

Keep it.

She bolts out to the door. Jared right behind her.

JARED

You can't tell anybody! I'm all you have! Lets figure it out!

But she's gone. Growing chilly, Jared heads back inside, slamming the door behind him.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

In the living room, MOM sits settled on the couch, watching a primetime TV program. A flushed Rory paces behind her, outlining a plan of dialogue. She's pale with fear. Finally, she maneuvers herself closer.

Rory's POV - Mom sits illuminated by the television.

RORY  
(growing)  
Mom?... Mom? I have to talk to you.

Mom spins herself, her attention at Rory.

MOM  
What is it?

RORY  
Never mind.

BLACK OUT.

INT/EXT. BUS/HIGHWAY - DAY

A public bus roars on through a Hispanic neighborhood. Rory sits alone, facing out the window. She's shaking, the torn envelope trembling in her hands.

RORY(V.O.)  
This isn't something you'd say over  
the phone. And for sure not something  
you'd write in a letter. But you  
haven't picked up your phone for awhile.  
And I understand with college and all.  
Busy busy busy. But I just wanted you  
to understand what's going on in this letter.

Alexis takes note of each passing house, embellished with diversely colored Christmas lights and life sized Santa's on their lawns.

RORY (V.O.)  
I remember our first conversation being  
about living for today. You asked  
me, "what are you going to regret  
tomorrow morning not doing tonight?" And  
I think that was the moment I fell in  
love with you.  
(by rote)  
That little strap of my life when  
I'mnot at school, I want to follow  
my heart and spend time with you.  
(a moment)  
With you...it's like freeze frame.

MONTAGE:

QUICK SHOTS of the Rory and Jared in the ARCADE, playing: Pinball, miniature indoor Bowling, Pac-man, etc.

FLASH! Inside an INDOOR PHOTO BOOTH, the two pose comically and jokingly. All smiles. Squealing with laughter. Each pose a natural progression to one breathless kiss on the final FLASH.

RORY (V.O.)

And you're like, three years older than I am, and you know a lot more than I do. So when we did - *stuff* - and we weren't as careful as we thought, I was just surprised. Cause here I am, just nine months time and I'll be ready to pop.

INT. BUS - DAY

There's a small sketch on the corner of the envelope: a flaming heart with an arrow crossing through. Below it is written: JARED & RORY! 4-EVER!

RORY(V.O.)

Does anyone say how much this'll hurt?  
Is there a book for that? Oh god and how huge will I be? I'm only sixteen years old, I'm not supposed to know what I want.

(resolute)

But as twisted as it sounds, I think I do.  
And I want to see the man you're gong to become.

Rory watches the wave of kids playing on the icy streets, teenager's converse on the sidewalks.

She then curls herself in the seat, unable to stop the sudden wave of tears.

RORY(V.O.)

Because when I think about tomorrow, all I want is to spend it with you...  
and our baby.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Rory exits the bus, her face visibly flushed, and makes her way around to the opposite side of the street.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Rory, fully defeated, approaches the building steps. She reads the exterior sign, it reads: ALL WOMEN'S HEALTH CLINIC.

She comes to a halt, lets her eyes drift shut, and considers the situation.

Rory starts up the steps into the grey building.

FADE OUT.