

INT. HOUSE PARTY, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

EMMA (23, quiet tomboy) follows OZ (23, a small-town heartthrob) into the bustling house party.

Emma is timid to say the least.

Oz casts a worried look back at her, checking on her. Emma makes a brave face.

FEENIE (23, jock) nearly throws his beer across the room in his haste to envelope Oz in a giant bear hug.

FEENIE

Oz!!! What's up, man!?

Oz laughs, but Emma isn't so excited.

Feenie spots her.

FEENIE (CONT'D)

Well...If it isn't little Femma Lawrence. You don't call, you don't write... Or maybe that's just because they don't teach that shit in the women's league.

EMMA

Well you haven't changed...

Feenie is done torturing her, pulling her into a brotherly side-hug.

FEENIE

Glad you made it, dude.

Feenie turns back to Oz.

FEENIE (CONT'D)

Hey, come on, I want to show you something--

Feenie leads Oz away. Oz casts a questioning look back at Emma, but she tells him she's fine with a look.

All alone, Emma looks around the rest of the room.

She spots little pockets of recognizable groupings:

The HORSE GIRLS, COOL GAYS, HIPSTERS, STONERS.

And she's an outsider for all of them. This scene is one she's familiar with.

BLAKE (23, bubbly 'class president' type) comes over.

BLAKE

Emma! Omigosh! So glad you came!
What a trip, right?

Emma puts on a smile.

EMMA

Yeah, hard to believe it's been,
like, a decade.

BLAKE

Oh, yeah. I guess for you it has.

Emma swallows a hurtful pang of exclusion.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

But, still, I was 18 when I left
for University, so it's definitely
been a while. And now suddenly it's
like, wow, hello graduating class
of 2019.

Another pang.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Oh, hey, you should come over to my
place on Tuesday! I'm having some
people over.

Emma pauses, touched.

EMMA

Oh...yeah? Uh, maybe.

BLAKE

I have all these great products.
Have you heard of Legendaire?

Emma shakes her head.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

It's this great, vegan, cruelty-
free makeup company with really
affordable products. I'd love to
give you some samples. I tried this
primer and my skin has never looked
better--

Emma starts to realize what's going on.

Blake goes on and on, showing no sign of slowing down.

Emma is getting uncomfortable.

SMASH CUT TO:

KITCHEN - LATER

Emma walks into the kitchen and grabs a red solo cup.

Some people are doing a line of cocaine on the table behind her. She pauses in vague alarm.

Then proceeds to grab a bottle of vodka from the counter. She pours a shot into the cup.

She takes a deep breath. Then throws it back.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Oz enters, looking around for Emma.

There's a big crowd on the edge of the room. He pushes through a crowd of people. He edges forward until he finds Emma at the heart of the circle.

She's running a sort of makeshift gambling operation - and making a good chunk of change from the look of it. The vodka bottle, now empty, is beside her.

Emma is currently at the tail-end of a heated arm wrestling match with Feenie.

Oz watches, concerned.

With one last triumphant push she SLAMS his hand down.

The crowd goes wild.

Feenie is humiliated.

EMMA
(spotting him)
Oz! Did you see that?

Oz tries to coax her away. But Feenie stops them:

FEENIE
Rematch!

EMMA
No way, buddy. I already got all
your money.

She's slurring her words.

FEENIE
Your elbow went off the table.

EMMA
No, it didn't!

FEENIE
We're having a rematch, Emma.

Emma throws down her things as if they're hockey gloves.

Suddenly she's in brawl mode, lunging for Feenie.

The crowd goes wild again.

Feenie just manages to avoid one hell of a punch before Oz pulls Emma away.

INT. LAWRENCE HOUSE, KITCHEN / FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The house is dark.

Emma closes the front door as quietly as possible, still drunk as hell.

She tiptoes towards the stairs. Until:

DAD (50) appears from the kitchen.

He's an embodiment of a stern parent in his housecoat.

EMMA
Shit!

DAD
Where have you been? The bar closed hours ago, you haven't been answering your phone.

EMMA
(feigning sobriety)
I'm--Sorry, we--I should have texted. I went to a friend's house after.

DAD
Friend?

EMMA
Well, not a friend, I guess...

Beat.

DAD
Are you drunk?

Emma hesitates, a deer in the headlights.

She prepares to lie, but accidentally says:

EMMA
Yes.

Beat.

Dad's mouth lifts into a relieved smile.

DAD
Oh, that's great, Ems!

What?

DAD (CONT'D)
I'm so glad you're being social and-
-and having fun. That's amazing,
Ems.

He brings her in to a big hug.

Emma looks like she's missed a step here.