

EXT. LAKE SIDE / DIRT PATH - MOMENTS LATER

(Aimee and Sutter walk on a dirt path, far away from the rest of the revelers. He carries her windbreaker.)

SUTTER: Hey, I'm sorry about Doyle. He's a dick. I hope he didn't --

AIMEE: No, we were just... we were just talking.

SUTTER: Wow. You're hammered, aren't you?

(Aimee leans up against Sutter. Their shoulders touching. She looks at him and smiles. Sutter isn't sure what to do so he takes a nip from the flask.)

AIMEE: Can I try that?

SUTTER: This? No. This is serious stuff.

AIMEE: Just a taste.

(Sutter hesitates but then hands it to her. She takes more than a sip and is immediately coughing and choking.)

AIMEE: How can you drink this?

SUTTER: I've been at it a while. You know who gave me my first beer?

AIMEE: Who?

SUTTER: My father. I was probably... 6. We used to go to baseball games every Saturday and he would let me take little sips.

AIMEE: Did you get drunk?

SUTTER: Nah. But it sure felt nice and warm...

(He smiles at this memory.)

AIMEE: Where is he now... your father?

SUTTER: He's an airline pilot. Flies all over the country.

AIMEE: That's so cool!

SUTTER: He's a cool guy. Can't imagine what he was doing with my mom that whole time.

AIMEE: They're divorced?

SUTTER: Oh yeah. She threw him out of the house a long time ago. But it's fine. Believe me, he's

way better off.

(Aimee takes another sip. Winces but doesn't choke.)

AIMEE: Sounds like we have the same mother.

SUTTER: How's that?

AIMEE: Well for example... I got into college today. But there's no way my mom will let me go.

SUTTER: You got into college today?

AIMEE: In Philadelphia. Where my sister lives.

SUTTER: That's, I don't know what to say, Aim. Congratulations!

AIMEE: It doesn't matter, though, cause my mom--

SUTTER: What's your mom have to do with it?

AIMEE: Well she needs me. For the route and stuff. She's alone all day, no one to help her --

SUTTER: Aimee. Hold on. Your mom will be fine. She's a grown woman. You are going to Philly.

AIMEE: Yeah but --

SUTTER: No. No buts. Don't you see? You're this extraordinary genius but you've got all these people making you do stuff. It's gotta stop.

AIMEE: How?

SUTTER: It's easy. Stand up for yourself.

AIMEE: I don't know how.

SUTTER: I'll teach you. Here... have another swig.

(Aimee takes the flask. Drinks another sip.)

SUTTER: Now repeat after me. "Mom, get off my motherfucking back!"

AIMEE: What?!

SUTTER: Say it.

AIMEE: No! *(beat; quietly)* Get off my back.

SUTTER: Dude, you've got to say it like you mean it. And the motherfuck is key. Trust me.

"Mom..."

AIMEE: "Mom..."

SUTTER: "Get off my MOTHERFUCKING back, Mom!"

AIMEE: *(beat):* "Get off my... fucking... back, Mom!"

SUTTER: Motherfucking.

AIMEE: Motherfucking back! Motherfucker! Aaaah!

SUTTER: Yes!

AIMEE: That sorta feels good.

SUTTER: I told you.

AIMEE: Get off my motherfucking back, mom. Stay out of my motherfucking business, Krystal.

SUTTER: Oh! Krystal got one. Who else?

AIMEE: I think that's it.

SUTTER: How bout an ex-boyfriend? Fuck you ex-boyfriend! *(Aimee clamps up. Sutter notices.)*

SUTTER: Come on. You can't be 17 and not have one horrible ex-boyfriend you want to curse out. *(she doesn't)* Nobody?

AIMEE: It's not... guys don't really look at me... like that. You know?

SUTTER: You're crazy. Didn't you see Erik Wolff hitting on you? And Cody Dennis?

AIMEE: They weren't hitting on me.

SUTTER: Of course they were. You're a sweetheart. I mean, look at you.

Aimee is not at all convinced. To convince her, Sutter takes hold of her chin, tilts it up, and plants a kiss on her. When it's over):

AIMEE: Whew.

SUTTER: You're damn right "whew."