

Girl Goes Out

Draft 7

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1

INT. MARGARET'S ROOM - DAY

A wide-eyed and dreamy-looking girl sits on the floor, applying ESSENTIAL OILS to her skin. This is MARGARET (19).

We are in Margaret's bedroom. Long, draping curtains, blankets and pillows lie on the floor and bed. Warm.

We hear the voice of a woman off-screen.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(slow, quiet)

In order to fully embrace the
sensuality of the moment, create a
warm, soft, comfortable space...

We see INCENSE burning on a dresser.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Fill the room with pleasant,
soothing smells.

Margaret smokes weed from a bong. She inhales and holds it in for a long time. Slowly, she exhales.

She rolls over, towards an open LAPTOP. A YouTube video plays. We hear soft, meditative MUSIC and we see a HIPPIE COUPLE facing each other, cross-legged.

HIPPIE WOMAN (ON VIDEO)

Now that you've relaxed your body
and your mind, face your partner so
that you may look deeply into one
another's eyes.

Margaret takes a GIANT STUFFED TEDDY BEAR from her bed and props it up in front of her.

HIPPIE WOMAN (ON VIDEO) (cont'd)

Tantric sex starts with a deep and
profound connection with your
partner. Breathe... Feel the air
flowing between you...

Margaret breathes deeply.

(CONTINUED)

HIPPIE WOMAN (ON VIDEO)

As you grow closer, the air between you and your partner becomes one. An electrifying current, waiting to spark... Take in your partner's breath. Give them yours.

Margaret exhales a cloud of smoke at the teddy bear.

The video suddenly stops. We hear the RINGING of a Skype call on the laptop.

Margaret answers the call. On screen, we see a pretty but sad-looking girl staring desperately into the laptop camera. This is BEST FRIEND (19).

MARGARET

Hi Best Friend!

BEST FRIEND

(weepy)

Hi Margaret.

MARGARET

You're crying!

BEST FRIEND

Yeah...

MARGARET

Tell me why you're sad. We'll fix it.

BEST FRIEND

I hate myself!

MARGARET

Why?

BEST FRIEND

I hooked up with him four days ago. He always texts me a few days after we have sex but he hasn't this time and I'm getting really scared.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

Maybe his phone died and he hasn't been able to replace it yet because he doesn't have the money?

BEST FRIEND

Then why is he on Instagram and SnapChat and Vine and Twitter and Facebook?

MARGARET

Um...

Best Friend SOBS.

MARGARET (cont'd)

Don't cry, Best Friend. You're too wonderful to cry over a boy.

BEST FRIEND

Is there something wrong with my body?

MARGARET

Why would you think that?

BEST FRIEND

Something must have scared him the last time we hooked up and the only thing I can think of is that something was wrong with my body.

Margaret pets the screen.

BEST FRIEND (cont'd)

Is it my legs?

MARGARET

Don't be silly. You're a gorgeous, heavenly creature and your body is beautiful in every single way.

BEST FRIEND

Are you stoned?

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

Yes... But that doesn't mean I'm
being any less sincere.

BEST FRIEND

I feel like I'm going crazy. I've
been examining every inch of my
flesh for the last two hours.

MARGARET

That breaks my heart.

Beat.

BEST FRIEND

Will you come with me to this
party? I can't be home alone
tonight.

Margaret cringes. She looks back at the stuffed teddy bear.

MARGARET

I was planning on staying in.

BEST FRIEND

Margaret, please!

GETTING READY MONTAGE: Margaret is in her bedroom and Best
Friend in hers, seen through the Skype call

1. Margaret sifts through her closet, uninspired
2. Best Friend gets undressed on Margaret's laptop screen
3. Margaret asks Best Friend if she thinks she can pull off
wearing a draped dress out of her tapestry
4. Best Friend asks Margaret if she has the right legs to
wear a certain skirt
5. Margaret wraps herself up in a wall tapestry
6. Best Friend inspects her skin up close in the webcam,
asks Margaret if her stress break-out is visible
7. Margaret applies an intense, theatrical eyeliner look to
her eyes and looks amused at her own creation

(CONTINUED)

8. Margaret takes another hit from her bong and says goodbye to the stuffed teddy bear

2 INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Margaret walks into an overstuffed, low-budge, college house. Raging MUSIC.

Margaret surveys the room:

- A GIRL leans over a counter top with a RED SOLO CUP balancing on her butt. She bounces her butt and the cup flips upside down. The PARTIERS around her all cheer.

- A SHIRTLESS BOY wearing black, electrical tape over his nipples stands in a posed position, smoking an electronic cigarette. He talks with a HIPSTER GIRL wrapped in lit-up Christmas lights.

- A MUSTACHIOED MAN with a serious expression twirls the ends of a handlebar mustache. A pipe hangs out his mouth

- A GOTH COUPLE help each other to apply black lipstick

- A DRUNK GIRL cries as she hugs a person inside a POLAR BEAR COSTUME

- A MALE PHOTOGRAPHER bounces sporadically around the room, shoving a POLAROID CAMERA in people's faces

Margaret looks baffled.

Best Friend enters and pulls Margaret into a tight embrace.

BEST FRIEND

I'm so glad you came.

MARGARET

It's gonna be OK, girl. You're gorgeous and magnificent.

BEST FRIEND

Do you mean that? Because I'm not sure about this outfit.

She spins around.

MARGARET

You could wear a potato sack and make it look good.

BEST FRIEND

Do my legs look chunky and lumpy?

MARGARET

Of course not.

BEST FRIEND

Because if he does text me then I'd like to look like I've been working out and not stuffing my face with -

MARGARET

I won't be part of this! If he can't appreciate you as a gorge- -

BEST FRIEND

Margaret. If this guy were my boyfriend, I wouldn't care. But he's my fuck buddy and there's a difference.

MARGARET

What do you mean?

BEST FRIEND

I can't have cellulite. I can't have breakouts on my face or on my chest or on my back or those weird, little zits that pop up on your ass cheeks when you've been wearing tights for too long. I can't have pubes where there shouldn't be pubes and I need my snatch to feel like I haven't been hoe-ing around for the last two years.

MARGARET

So, what if you did have any one of those things?

BEST FRIEND

Then he wouldn't fuck me... Which is why he wants nothing to do with

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEST FRIEND (cont'd)
me. Do you really not get it?

MARGARET
I guess I don't.

BEST FRIEND
You're judging me.

MARGARET
No, I just wish you could actually
enjoy the sex you're having.

BEST FRIEND
I am enjoying it!

MARGARET
It doesn't sound like it.

BEST FRIEND
So, what, you think I'm crazy?

MARGARET
No...

Best Friend whirls around in a huff and exits.

3 INT. HOUSE PARTY - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Margaret eyes the fridge. Next to it is a young man sitting on a BAR STOOL with a guitar slung over his torso, wearing a sly smirk -- this is GUITAR GUY (20). When he sees Margaret he straightens up and gets his guitar ready to play.

Margaret avoids eye contact with him. She opens the fridge and fishes out a half-consumed bottle of wine.

Guitar Guy STRUMS.

GUITAR GUY
I'm not surprised you grabbed a
sweet white.

Margaret stares at him, uncorking the bottle.

GUITAR GUY (cont'd)
I know my wines.

He STRUMS again.

MARGARET

What do you like to play?

GUITAR GUY

I'll play whatever makes you feel good, darlin'.

Margaret narrows her gaze.

MARGARET

Do you know any Beatles songs?

Guitar Guy fumbles with the guitar, tuning it haphazardly.

GUITAR GUY

Let's see...

Guitar Guy plays a random RIFF that isn't recognizable. He smiles and starts to move in closer.

MARGARET

That's not The Beatles.

GUITAR GUY

Yeah, you like it?

Margaret stares at him, blank. Guitar Guy stops.

GUITAR GUY (cont'd)

So, you wanna go make out?

Margaret exits.

4 INT. HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see a trio of trendy, serious young women sitting on the couch. This girl squad consists of ALPHA (20), BETA (19) and NU (18). They survey the room and fiddle with their phones. Margaret sits down at a nearby chair.

Alpha combs Beta's hair with a polished, talon finger nail.

ALPHA

I hope I don't pull out your clip-ins.

(CONTINUED)

BETA

Don't worry, they're in there good tonight.

Nu takes out a SHOT GLASS from her purse. She holds it up to her mouth, placing her lips inside of it.

Margaret narrows her gaze.

Nu sucks in the air from the shot glass. The shot glass bounces up and down like a pacifier. She pulls the shot glass away -- her lips are suddenly plump.

Margaret is horrified.

ALPHA

Let's see, girl.

Nu leans in for closer examination.

ALPHA (cont'd)

You're good. Go ahead and gloss.

Beta takes the shot glass and puts it up to her lips. Nu applies a thick, pasty layer of LIP GLOSS. She catches Margaret staring at her.

NU

(through puffy lips)
Can I help you?

MARGARET

What are you doing to your face?

Alpha, Beta and Nu narrow a collective gaze at her.

MARGARET (cont'd)

Doesn't that hurt?

ALPHA

We're plumping, if that's alright with you. We don't wanna have those thin, little bird lips.

Alpha looks directly at Margaret's mouth.

MARGARET

I don't have bird lips...

NU

Yes, you do.

Beta takes out her lips from the shot glass.

BETA

I don't even know if birds have lips, but whatever they have that's what you have.

Beta puts her lips back inside the shot glass.

Nu leans in and pats Margaret's knee.

NU

We're just being honest with you.

Alpha gives Margaret a once-over.

ALPHA

What is that?

She flings her fingers in the air as if she's shaking a dirty rag in Margaret's direction. Margaret looks down.

MARGARET

It's a tapestry.

Nu picks up a corner of the tapestry, inspecting it.

NU

Is this a Pinterest project?

MARGARET

Uh, no... It's a Margaret project!

Alpha, Beta and Nu exchange identical, judgmental looks.

Beta releases her mouth from the shot glass.

ALPHA

Let me see.

Alpha examines Beta.

(CONTINUED)

ALPHA (cont'd)
You're good. Gloss up.

BETA
(to Alpha)
Do you smell that?

ALPHA
(to Beta)
Yeah, it smells homemade.

Nu continues to inspect Margaret's garment.

NU
(to Alpha, Beta)
What holds this thing together, do
you wonder?

Margaret stands up.

MARGARET
You girls are... bitches!

NU
(gentle)
We're just being honest. It's not
our fault if you're offended.

Alpha crosses her arms over her chest and gives Margaret a
daring, intense look.

Margaret leaves.

5 INT. HOUSE PARTY - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Margaret sifts through the crowd.

The Polar Bear stands in the corner as a flurry of GIRLS rub
its arms and pat its stomach. They take photos with The
Polar Bear. A DRUNK GIRL bends over and dances suggestively.

The Polar Bear looks up at Margaret. They match gazes.

Guitar Guy suddenly appears.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

Jesus. Where'd you come from?

GUITAR GUY

I wanna play another song for you.

MARGARET

No.

GUITAR GUY

Tell me what you want to hear and I'll play it, darlin'.

MARGARET

We tried this.

He plays the same riff as before.

MARGARET (cont'd)

You already played me that.

GUITAR GUY

Yeah, you loved it.

He strums the riff and moves in towards her.

MARGARET

You're in my way, dude.

Guitar Guy reaches around and pinches her butt.

MARGARET (cont'd)

Ew, get off me!

She shoves past him.

6 INT. HOUSE PARTY - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Margaret opens the door. Best Friend is standing in front of the mirror with her skirt hoisted up around her waist and her leg propped up onto the counter. She hovers A POCKET KNIFE with MINI SCISSORS towards her crotch.

MARGARET

What are you doing?!

(CONTINUED)

BEST FRIEND

A pube went rogue.

MARGARET

Stop that!

Margaret rushes towards her and takes the pocket knife away.

MARGARET (cont'd)

You are not going to cut off your
vagina just to validate some
pathetic boy!

BEST FRIEND

Do you think he's weak? Is that why
he's not texting me?

MARGARET

OK, seriously, sex isn't supposed
to be like this.

BEST FRIEND

What do you mean?

MARGARET

You shouldn't feel this horrible
about yourself.

BEST FRIEND

That's so not what this is about.

MARGARET

I'm gonna scream.

BEST FRIEND

Yeah, welcome to my personal hell!

MARGARET

I'm leaving.

BEST FRIEND

No, you can't go, you have to stay
with me!

MARGARET

You ran away from me and I had to
sit with these nasty girls who made
fun of my dress!

(CONTINUED)

BEST FRIEND

Was it those three girls sitting on
the couch wearing all black?

MARGARET

Yes!

BEST FRIEND

They're so fucking cool.

Margaret turns on a dime and starts for the door. Best
Friend pulls Margaret into a tight embrace.

BEST FRIEND (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

MARGARET

I don't like these people.

BEST FRIEND

I know... But you know how much I
hate being alone.

MARGARET

I know.

Beat.

BEST FRIEND

I saw that guy with the guitar
talking to you.

MARGARET

He grabbed my ass.

BEST FRIEND

He likes you!

Margaret pulls away and gives her a stern look.

BEST FRIEND (cont'd)

Fine. Will you stay if I give you
some molly? I was going to save it
in case I got to hook up, but I
think you need it.

Best Friend takes out a trinket box and takes out TWO PILLS.
They chug them down with wine.

7 INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

TRIP MONTAGE (UNDERNEATH ELECTRONIC DANCE MUSIC):

1. Margaret and Best Friend rage hard on the dance floor
2. Best Friend wears an ecstatic smile, dancing and running her hands all over her body
3. Margaret bounces around in circles, throwing her hair around freely, holding up her tapestry dress
4. We see Hipster Girl wrapped in Christmas lights uncurl herself from the wall. She accidentally becomes unplugged and the lights go out
5. The Male Photographer spits out photo after photo of GIRLS dancing around him. He takes an elbow to the face
6. A circle forms on the dance floor: Alpha, Beta and Nu perform a loosely choreographed dance routine
7. Best Friend tries to join Alpha, Beta and Nu. Alpha pushes her out of the way
8. The Polar Bear dances in the center of the circle
9. Alpha, Beta and Nu surround The Polar Bear
10. Margaret dances with Best Friend
11. Guitar Guy jumps into the circle, shredding
12. Guitar Guy approaches Margaret. She kisses him

8 INT. HOUSE PARTY - BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

Margaret and Guitar Guy having jackhammer sex on the counter. Guitar Guy's guitar rattles between them. Margaret's eyes are glazed, her hair damp with sweat, her jaw is wired into a smile -- she's high.

Margaret moves to take off the guitar.

GUITAR GUY

No!

Margaret backs her hands away for a moment. She slides the

(CONTINUED)

guitar around so that it rests across his back.

GUITAR GUY (cont'd)

Play it!

Margaret reaches around and PLUCKS random strings.

GUITAR GUY (cont'd)

Yeah!...Yeah!

Guitar Guy GRUNTS until the jackhammering stops.

They stay intertwined for several moments...

Guitar Guy swivels his guitar back around.

Margaret holds Guitar Guy's face in her hands, taking him in with a deep, glazed over gaze. She pulls him in to a kiss.

Guitar Guy pulls away, giving her a strange look.

Margaret tries to kiss him again. He recoils.

GUITAR GUY

No...

GUITAR GUY

I'm sorry hon'.

MARGARET

But we just...

Guitar Guy kisses her forehead.

GUITAR GUY

We'll always have The Beatles.

Guitar Guy backs away towards the door and exits.

Margaret stares at the door. She looks at her tapestry dress -- it's wrinkled and ripped.

9 INT. HOUSE PARTY - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alpha, Beta and Nu burst in and rush towards the toilet.

Nu crouches over the toilet, holding her face above the bowl. Beta puts Nu's hair into a ponytail.

(CONTINUED)

Alpha stares intensely at Margaret.

ALPHA
Looks like you've had a rough
night, girl.

Beta sticks two fingers in her mouth, sucking on them. She takes them out and feeds them to Nu.

BETA
(to Nu)
Swallow my fingers.

ALPHA
(to Beta)
Don't scratch her throat this time.

Nu heaves and eventually VOMITS. Beta removes her fingers. Alpha wipes Beta's fingers with toilet paper. Beta puts her fingers back inside Nu's mouth.

Alpha shoots Margaret a look.

ALPHA
Girl, you seem to have a problem
with me and my friends. What's up?

MARGARET
I don't, I'm just -

ALPHA
Just what? Because you don't seem
to have anyone helping you out
right now. So quit with the face.

Nu vomits. Alpha wipes Beta and Nu clean with toilet paper.

Alpha, Beta and Nu get up and adjust their appearances in the mirror.

ALPHA
You both need lip gloss. Bad. You
look like shit.

BETA
Thanks?

NU
(to Beta)
She's just being honest.

Alpha, Beta and Nu leave.

10 INT. HOUSE PARTY - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Best Friend stumbles in looking disheveled yet ecstatic.

BEST FRIEND
I found a rando out there! I'm
going home with him.

Best Friend pulls back and lifts her skirt.

BEST FRIEND (cont'd)
Is there anything horrifying here?

Margaret stares at Best Friend's crotch.

MARGARET
I think I see something.

BEST FRIEND
Can you fix it?

Margaret picks up the pocket knife from earlier in the evening. She carefully unfolds the mini scissors and makes a quick snip at Best Friend's crotch.

MARGARET
OK.

Best Friend puts her skirt back down.

BEST FRIEND
You're my best friend, Margaret. I
love you so much.

She kisses Margaret on the cheek. Best Friend exits.

11 INT. HOUSE PARTY - LATE NIGHT

Margaret walks through the house. It's mostly cleared out of the Partiers. Trashy HIP-HOP plays loudly. Red solo cups and polaroids are littered along the floor.

12 INT. HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Margaret wanders around the room. She looks behind her - The Polar Bear is seated on the couch with Drunk Girl leaning up against it, passed out. She studies The Polar Bear, waiting for it to move.

She walks towards The Polar Bear. Slowly, she reaches out and squeezes its nose. No response. She carefully puts her hands around its head and starts to lift it off --

The Polar Bear jolts awake. Margaret jumps back. Drunk Girl falls off The Polar Bear's lap and onto the floor.

MARGARET

I'm sorry!

THE POLAR BEAR (MALE VOICE)

You scared me.

MARGARET

I didn't mean to... For some reason
I felt like there wouldn't be a
person inside there.

The Polar Bear secures its head back on.

A long moment passes as Margaret and The Polar Bear seem to match gazes.

MARGARET

Did you have fun tonight?

Beat.

THE POLAR BEAR

Not really.

13 INT. MARGARET'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Margaret and The Polar Bear enter. She turns on TWINKLE LIGHTS and lights INCENSE. She sits on her bed and gestures for The Polar Bear to join her. He sits.

Margaret picks up her bong and takes a long hit. As she exhales, she stares out too deeply into the cloud of smoke.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

I hate going out sometimes.

The Polar Bear looks to her, listening.

She passes the bong to The Polar Bear. He doesn't take it.

THE POLAR BEAR

No thanks.

Margaret takes another hit.

MARGARET

I wish I would've just stayed here.

THE POLAR BEAR

I feel like that, too, sometimes.

The Polar Bear pats her shoulder. Margaret looks at his paw, trying to understand what it means. He takes it away.

Margaret puts down the bong. She turns to face him. She slowly puts her hands around his head again.

MARGARET

Can I?

Beat.

The Polar Bear nods. Margaret takes off its head. We see a 19-year-old young man, his eyes looking a bit exhausted. Margaret smiles a little, places the head on her bed. The Polar Bear looks down, fidgets with his paws. They exchange a few awkward glances.

Margaret picks up her bong, takes another hit.

MARGARET

You think your friend will be OK?

THE POLAR BEAR

Who?

MARGARET

The drunk girl who was sleeping on you.

(CONTINUED)

THE POLAR BEAR

Oh. I don't know. We aren't friends, she just passed out on me.

Margaret nods, as if instinctively understanding. Moments of silence pass, quiet and empty.

MARGARET

I hate this time of night...It always feels heavy...

The Polar Bear thinks on that. He checks Margaret from the corner of his eye, to see if she's looking at him. He turns his paws over and over, slowly, inside of themselves.

THE POLAR BEAR

I can't tell the difference anymore between staying at home, alone, and going out and actually socializing.

Margaret looks at The Polar Bear's paws, lost in thought.

THE POLAR BEAR (cont'd)

You know what I mean?

Margaret puts her hands on The Polar Bear's face in her hands. She slowly leans towards him and pecks him on the lips.

They part. The Polar Bear gives a small, complicated smile.

Margaret smiles lightly back. She leans on The Polar Bear's shoulder. The Polar Bear wraps his arm around her.

Margaret's eyes start to droop. She stares out ahead of her, fighting off sleep, until her eyes close completely.

14 INT. MARGARET'S ROOM - MORNING - THE NEXT DAY

Harsh sunlight. Margaret sleeps on top of her blankets in her tapestry dress. She is alone.

We hearing the RINGING of a Skype call. Margaret lifts her heavy, puffy eyes. She looks around the room as the RINGING continues. She takes in the emptiness of her bed.

The Skype ringing ends. She lies back down and stares up.

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Moments later, we hear the ringing of a Skype call again. Margaret picks up her laptop and answers. We see Best Friend on-screen - she is in a bathroom.

BEST FRIEND
(excited whisper)
Guess where I'm calling from!

MARGARET
Your bathroom?

BEST FRIEND
Not my bathroom, wink wink.

MARGARET
The rando's bathroom?

BEST FRIEND
Ohmygod, I have to tell you all about it, I just have to be quiet because he's in the next room. First, this is his shirt. He gave it to me after the second time we had sex. How thoughtful is that? I feel like he's one of the good ones. I don't know, I have a good feeling. And can I just say, for the record, the universe must have heard me last night because this boy can eat like nobody's business...

Margaret gives a tired laugh. She places the laptop next to her and she gets comfortable. Best Friend continues to talk details about her hookup. Margaret listens dutifully, a subtle, wistful look on her face.

END