

Shauna is putting on makeup, looking in the mirror, paying unusual attention to exactly how she looks. She stares at herself for a moment... Her eyes. Her lips. As suddenly --a MEMORY FLASH of her time having sex with Adam (already shot):

Close and subjective -- Shauna's face, pressed into the bedsheet; Shauna's fingers in Adam's mouth, the back of Adam's shoulder as Shauna digs her nails into his back...

We see a COOL GEOMETRIC TATTOO on Adam's back. But then we are distracted by the intensity of Shauna's grip -- deep enough to draw blood...

ANOTHER FLASH, as -- we are back with Shauna staring at herself in the mirror. Off Shauna, her pulse beating fast --

Adam and Shauna are parked in front of a run-down LIQUOR STORE. They watch as a neatly dressed WOMAN get out of her car and approaches the entrance. Adam throws Shauna a look --

ADAM

What's wrong with her?

SHAUNA

What are you, blind? She's obviously a narc.

The woman disappears inside the store. Adam chuckles --

ADAM

You said you wanted to make up for your misspent youth. If we're gonna do this, we might as well do it right. Unless you're having second thoughts...

HEADLIGHTS dance across Shauna's face as another car -- this one driven by a YOUNG MAN BLASTING HIS RADIO -- pulls into the parking lot. As he kills the engine, gets out, and heads toward the store --

SHAUNA

(challenge accepted)  
Wait here.

On a mission, Shauna gets out of Adam's car.

23R EXT. LIQUOR STORE - MOMENTS LATER (PRESENT DAY)

23R

The Young Man (patchy scruff, can't be more than a day over 21) moves toward the entrance, when --

SHAUNA (O.S.)  
Excuse me, sir?

He turns to find Shauna. The "sir", among other things, has him confused for a second.

SHAUNA  
Hi. Could you, um, help us out? My friend and I...

She gestures to Adam, who waves from the car.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)  
We forgot our ID's. And we want some, you know --  
(whispers illicitly)  
--alcohol... to enjoy responsibly.  
Could you get some for us? We'll pay for it, don't worry, but I kind of need you to do the buying part.

He looks over at Adam again, trying to make sense of this.

YOUNG MAN  
You're not gonna get carded, lady.

SHAUNA  
Hey.

YOUNG MAN  
(looking her over)  
This some kind of sex thing?

SHAUNA  
No. Well, maybe. A little. I don't know. We're still figuring it out.

The Young Man considers. Then --

YOUNG MAN  
Throw in an extra twenty, and you've got a deal.

SHAUNA  
That's-- Fine. Here.  
(handing him money)  
And get us the cheap stuff, okay? The shittier the better.

The Young man gives her a look and disappears inside. As Shauna gives Adam a smiling thumbs up --

CUT TO:

23A INT. ADAM'S CAR (PARKED) - LATER (PRESENT DAY)

23A

Shauna gets back in with a BROWN PAPER BAG. Inside the bag is a cheap bottle of vodka and two bottles of a low-rent juice drink (a la Sunny Delight) containing very little juice.

ADAM

Classy. I can already smell the ghosts of hangovers past.

With a grin, Shauna starts to mix her cocktail and Adam follows suit: each spilling half their cheap juice drinks into the parking lot, replacing the dumped portion with the the terrible vodka, then shaking it, as --

ADAM (CONT'D)

So, refresh my memory. How did you miss so much of the quintessential high school experience again?

SHAUNA

Has anyone ever told you your obsession with biographical minutia is the opposite of a turn on?

(then)

I got straight A's and married young. Satisfied?

He smiles. *It's a start...* They "cheers" and take sips of their "cocktail." Adam grimaces.

ADAM

Wow. That is terrible.

SHAUNA

I know. It's perfect.

She winces too, but with obvious happiness. Off Adam, as he watches Shauna take another, bigger slug --

ADAM

So. What's next?

CUT TO:

A GARBAGE CAN AS TWO EMPTY BOTTLES OF THE JUICE DRINK LAND IN IT--

23B EXT. MINI-GOLF COURSE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

23B

Shauna and Adam pass the garbage can, each carrying a BALL and PUTTER, as they approach the last hole of a crappy mini-golf course. Adam checks a little paper SCORECARD --

SHAUNA

Nuh -uh. Put that away.

ADAM

Says the person who's three strokes behind...

Shauna points to a HIGH FENCE rimming the course, beyond which is a dark street, trees, the outline of some houses...

SHAUNA

This is it. For all the marbles. One whack, and you gotta get it over the fence.

ADAM

You serious?

SHAUNA

Dead serious. It's like, *known* that that's the whole point of coming here.

(then)

You first.

Adam hesitates, considering the fence.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

What, scared you'll whiff?

ADAM

It's kind of hot when you talk shit. But so we're clear, you're going down.

SHAUNA

Wanna bet?

Adam looks at her, raising an eyebrow.

ADAM

Okay. If I win you have to tell me something personal about yourself. For real this time.

SHAUNA

And *when* I win, I get to pick what's next, and you have to do it, no questions asked.

ADAM

Deal.

Adam puts his ball onto the "tee." Facing the fence in the distance, he prepares to hit it. Just as he's about to swing, Shauna steps close and gently blows in his ear. Stopping mid-swing --

ADAM (CONT'D)

Oh, so it's that kind of party.

SHAUNA

Did you not read the invitation? It is *definitely* that kind of party.

ADAM

Stand over there, right now. Cheater.

Shauna smirks and backs off. Adam winds up and WHACKS the ball hard. It sails to the fence but his a few feet below the top of it. Shauna makes an "Awwww, *tough luck*" face.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Hey, you still have to make it.

With relish, Shauna lines up her shot. She SMACKS the ball with her club as hard as she fucking can. It sails over the fence, off into the darkened suburban netherworld.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Ho-ly shit. Did you just hustle me?

SHAUNA

(thrilled)

I've never done that before.

ADAM

I hope you didn't hit someone.

Shauna shrugs, still grinning --

SHAUNA

If I did, it'd still be worth it.

Off the triumphant glow in Shauna's eyes --

**43R EXT. ROCK FACE/SWIMMING HOLE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)****43R**

CLOSE ON Shauna and Adam standing side by side; we can't tell where they are yet -- but we can feel the charge dancing between them like they're rods of a Jacob's Ladder.

Adam looks off into the darkness, a mix of apprehension and anticipation playing on his face. REVEAL -- they're standing at the edge of a ROCK FACE, high above a BODY OF WATER below.

ADAM

For the record, I would've done this even if I'd won.

SHAUNA

Then stop stalling. Unless you're... *chicken.*

Adam shakes his head. Accepting the dare, he kicks off his shoes. Shauna starts to unbutton her shirt. When --

JACKIE (O.S.)

Somebody's going to get hurt.

Shauna turns and sees 43A standing behind them in her Yellowjackets uniform. Watching her. Shauna is in way too good a mood right now to let Jackie fuck this up. As she turns away from Jackie, ignoring her --

ADAM

Hey. You okay?

Jackie is gone. Playing it off -- and determined not to let anything ruin her good time tonight:

SHAUNA

Yeah. Let's do this.

Defying Jackie's ghost, Shauna grabs Adam's hand.

**43A EXT. ROCKFACE/SWIMMING HOLE - WATER LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER****43A**

From below, we see Shauna and Adam jump off the cliff with WILD WHOOPS. Their bodies fall straight at us as -- SPASH - they PLUNGE past CAMERA straight down into the DARK WATER.

They break the surface, emerging from the inky blackness and swimming together towards the shallows. Adrenaline pumping --

ADAM

Fuck. Shauna. That was incredi--

Shauna grabs Adam and cuts him off with a hungry KISS. Off  
the two of them in each other's arms, kissing hungrily --