

**ADULT/CHILD**

written by

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**EXT. LONG ISLAND SUBURB - NIGHT**

Eerie. Dark. Empty. Then...

*Flash!* Christmas lights glimmer everywhere. Every street. Every house. Well...almost every house. The ones with "**FORECLOSURE**" signs stand out. And there's quite a few.

**SUPER:** LONG ISLAND, DECEMBER 30, 2008, 11:48 PM

KEIRA (V.O.)

I don't ask for much, god...

**INT. KEIRA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

KEIRA CORDOVA (17) leans forward. Eyes closed. Fists clenched. A tad dramatic. Forever stocked in sarcasm and eye liner.

KEIRA

But spare me the whole pregnancy thing, okay? Please. I can barely tolerate myself and I'm just one person. I mean I'm like only seventeen for god's--

RORY (O.S.)

You ever gonna spin, Juno?

AARAV (O.S.)

Yeah, Keira. Spin already.

KEIRA

So impatient. How childish.

A barren hellscape. Just a bed and a dozen or so boxes littered around the room. Three teens huddle around one of the boxes. They're playing *The Game of Life*.

Keira wiggles her fingers over the spinner and spins. A five. Oof. She's now the proud parent of one baby girl.

RORY CORDOVA (15), geek connoisseur, laughs at his sister's misfortune. AARAV (15), Rory's equally nerdy friend, joins in.

AARAV

Congrats on the kid, Keira.

RORY

I'm gonna make the coolest uncle.

KEIRA  
Like hell you are.

RORY  
You're just jealous I went to  
college and you didn't.

Rory plucks a pink *Life* piece and glides it over to Keira's car.

KEIRA  
Oh god. Are my boobs gonna sag now?

AARAV  
I say embrace 'em.

KEIRA  
Thanks for the girl advice, Aarav.

AARAV  
(oblivious)  
Always here to help.

Keira rolls her eyes. *Knock! Knock! Knock!*

KEIRA  
Hey, gimme a break! I'm on  
maternity leave, here!

LEXI (O.S.)  
It's me!

KEIRA  
Oh.

Keira rushes to the door and unlocks it. The door swings open and LEXI HOFFMAN (17), Keira's BFF since Pre-K, slouches inside. Lexi's Hot Topic personified. Emo chic. Very shy.

KEIRA (CONT'D)  
What we lookin' at?

Lexi pulls out a bundle of cash.

LEXI  
Twenty flat.

KEIRA  
That's it? Christ, is anything  
recession-proof?

LEXI  
(thinking)  
Um...McDonald's?

RORY  
I'll trade jobs if you give me ten.

KEIRA  
Five and you got a deal.

Rory eyes Aarav for approval. He nods.

RORY  
Deal.

LEXI  
You're giving up five bucks to win  
*The Game of Life*?

KEIRA  
Real life's bad enough, Lexi.

Keira and Rory exchange job cards.

KEIRA (CONT'D)  
Let me enjoy the fake one at least.

LEXI  
Real life's calling, Keir. Go down  
and entertain the masses.

Keira groans.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
Your house, your party, your turn.

KEIRA  
But--

Lexi digs out a baggie of drugs -- mostly weed and ecstasy.  
She shakes it.

KEIRA (CONT'D)  
Okay, okay! I'll go down. Jeez...

Keira swipes the bag off Lexi.

RORY  
Oooh can we--?

KEIRA  
Like hell. Mom would kill me.  
(to Lexi)  
You're now a married mother of one  
on a banker's salary. Go full  
Madoff and win for me.

Lexi salutes Keira. Keira salutes back. She slumps to the door, baggie of drugs in hand. Off she goes...

**INT. KEIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Dark. Music blasting. A Christmas tree provides most of the lighting.

Keira wanders the house, squeezing by swarms of sweaty teens.

KEIRA  
(disinterested)  
C'mon. Anyone? I got it all here...

No one hears her. Or maybe they just don't care.

KEIRA (CONT'D)  
Going once. Going twice. Going--

Keira peeks at her bag of drugs. Fuck it. She pops some Molly.

**INT. KEIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Keira perched atop a stack of boxes in front of the Christmas tree. She adorns one of those over-sized "2009" New Year's glasses -- the kind with the double-zeroes framing her eyes.

KEIRA  
You all mean the world to me. And even though I'll be leaving next week, each and every one of you will forever hold a special place in my heart and soul. I love you all!

Cheers. Woohoo! Keira bows.

LEXI  
(embarrassed)  
Oh god.

RORY  
(to Aarav)  
Record this for me, will ya?

AARAV  
Already on it, dude.

Aarav records off his digital camera.

KEIRA

And please friend me on Facebook if you haven't already. That's Keira Cordova for you poor uninitiated. K-E-I-R-uh...you know the rest.

(points to crowd)

I'll be your friend...and your friend...and your friend...and yes, even your friend!

With each "your friend", Keira hurls candy in the air. People go crazy for it like it's Halloween.

Keira jumps off the pile of boxes. Something like **"Just Dance"** by Lady Gaga plays.

Keira dances. Pure euphoria. The whole world is beautiful!

#### INT. KEIRA'S ROOM - MORNING

Keira sprawled across the carpet. Hair frizzed. Eyes baggy. The whole world is one, ugly nightmare.

She grabs her phone. Flips it open. **9:52am**. *Bleh*. She drags herself up. Quietly. Cautiously. Until...

**THUD!** Keira crashes into a pile of boxes. Pieces from *The Game of Life* fly and scatter.

KEIRA

(annoyed)

Ow...

She glances at the floor. *The Game of Life* ruined.

KEIRA (CONT'D)

Fitting.

#### INT. KEIRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Keira tiptoes down the stairs. Everything's a mess. She picks up a beer can. Turns it over. Empty. Useless.

AVA (O.S.)

Long night?

Keira looks up to see her mom, AVA CORDOVA (mid-40s), standing there in her 7/11 uniform. Ava hands her a trash bag, exhaustion etched in her eyes after a long night.

KEIRA

Please. A practice run at best.

Keira casually tosses the can into the bag.

AVA  
"At best," huh?

KEIRA  
Well you know me...

AVA  
Hmm. You know just 'cause we're  
leaving, doesn't mean you have to  
trash the place.

KEIRA  
What they gonna do? Call the bank?  
Foreclose a second time?

Silence. That one hurt. Keira brushes by her mom. No eye contact. Nothing. A familial Cold War.

Crack! Keira looks down. A broken Christmas ornament.

AVA  
You gonna help or you just gonna do  
nothing?

Keira picks up the broken ornament -- it's an old family photo with herself, Rory, Ava, and her father.

AVA (CONT'D)  
Keira?

KEIRA  
I gotta go.

Keira tosses the ornament, rushing to the doorway.

AVA  
Oh. Guess we'll--

Keira exits, leaving Ava alone to herself. Beat.

#### **INT. HOT TOPIC - DAY**

Hot Topic is lined with everything and anything emo. Makeup, manga, backpacks, t-shirts, posters, etc.

Keira and Lexi stare up at a massive poster of Robert Pattinson as Edward in *Twilight*. They're in awe.

KEIRA  
He's so hot.

Lexi swoons, totally in love.

KEIRA (CONT'D)  
Too hot. It's honestly unfair we're  
expected to compete with this  
species of human.

Lexi swoons again.

KEIRA (CONT'D)  
I hate movies. They show us this  
and we get Danny Cohen instead.

LEXI  
I don't know. Danny's kinda cute.

Keira fake gags. *Bleh!*

LEXI (CONT'D)  
I only said "kinda."

KEIRA  
Well, yeah. Kinda. Whatever. Let's  
go.

Lexi snags Keira's arm.

LEXI  
Hold up.

They share one final swoon for Robert before shuffling off...

# **INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS**

...into the New Year's rush of late-shoppers and bargain-hunters.

KEIRA  
So what's your deal?

LEXI  
What do you mean?

KEIRA  
Tonight. What are you up to?

LEXI  
Chinese and movies. Wanna come?  
(eureka)  
Oooh! We could--!

KEIRA  
Screw that. How 'bout--?



Oh god.

LEXI  
Oh Keira...

KEIRA  
What?

LEXI  
What do you mean "what?" It's  
New Year's Eve.

KEIRA  
So?

Keira trails off as they drift into the next store.

**INT. AÉROPOSTALE - CONTINUOUS**

Keira browses a rack of dresses, Lexi hovering.

LEXI  
"So?" Is that your final answer?

KEIRA  
My mom's working, you're parents  
are out, and I'm gone in a week.

LEXI  
Elaborate.

KEIRA  
So let's have one last hurrah  
before D-Day.

LEXI  
(doubtful)  
Uh...

KEIRA  
(pleading)  
C'mon, it'll be fun.

LEXI  
No, it won't.

KEIRA  
How do you know?

LEXI  
Because we live in Bumblefuck, Long  
Island, where fun and the Islanders  
go to die.

KEIRA

Oh yeah.

Keira pulls out a sleek dress. Glances at the tag.

KEIRA (CONT'D)

Good point.

They keep moving. The price tag dangles behind them: **\$299.99.**

#### **INT. KEIRA'S HOUSE - DAY**

As Ava cleans, her eyes land on the broken ornament of her family. She picks it up, staring at the picture.

Happier times.

#### **EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

Keira people watches from a bench. It's a whirlwind of strangers. Bored, she pulls out a Naruto manga from her coat pocket. She reads it for a beat until she gets bored of that too.

Out of ideas, she pulls out her phone and dials.

#### **INT. LEXI'S ROOM - SAME**

Lexi has one of the more angsty bedrooms you'll ever encounter. A lot of purples. A lot of blacks. A lot of My Chemical Romance. It's all very MySpacey.

Lying in bed, she rapidly types on her keyboard. *Click, clack! Click, clack!* She's in the zone.

LEXI (V.O.)

Edward watches Lexi from afar. The elegance of her beauty is simply too intoxicating to resist. A euphoric eruption of passion and desire, entwined in a riddle too erotic to comprehend. Is this what love is like? Or is it just the primal fire of untamed lust? Nay...

(beat, overdramatic)

Nay! It is a concoction of both desires. A complex potion of feelings his soul has longed to consume. The climax of all climaxes. After all, Lexi's not like other girls. She's--!

Buzz! Lexi puts a pause to her horniness and flips open her cell.

**INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION**

LEXI

Hey.

KEIRA

Yo sexy. What are you up to?

LEXI

Oh you know...

Lexi side-eyes the fanfic she just wrote.

LEXI (CONT'D)

The usual.

KEIRA

Fanfic?

Lexi perks up, slamming her laptop shut. Oof.

LEXI

No!

Keira snickers.

LEXI (CONT'D)

Shut up.

KEIRA

Just give me a hot boyfriend this time. And preferably a hot vampire if possible.

LEXI

Too late. Taken.

KEIRA

Why you little harlot! Can you at least give me his hot brother or something?

LEXI

Well...

KEIRA

C'mon, Lexi.

A couple sits down next to Keira, hand-in-hand. Yuck.

KEIRA (CONT'D)  
God knows I need one.

LEXI  
I guess his long-lost, thought to  
be dead brother could show up in  
the next chapter or something.

KEIRA  
Ooh. "Long-lost" and "thought to be  
dead." My favorite kind of brother.

The couple start making out. Ugh.

LOVERBOY  
I love you.

LOVERGIRL  
No, I love you.

LEXI  
Who was that?

KEIRA  
Jon and Kate. And they're going for  
child number nine by the looks of  
it.

By this point, the lovers are going full-on hot and heavy.  
Keira scoots off the bench. Freedom!

KEIRA (CONT'D)  
So about tonight...

**EXT. KEIRA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Keira speeds past the foreclosure sign and hurries into her  
house.

LEXI (V.O.)  
We'll have popcorn, candy, Chinese.  
Oh, Keira, it's gonna be the best  
New Year's ever!

**INT. KEIRA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Keira ignores the newly clean house, rushing upstairs.

KEIRA (V.O.)  
Yeah, yeah whatever. What are we  
seeing?

**INT. AVA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Footsteps scurry and scatter. Ava, deep in sleep, remains oblivious.

LEXI (V.O.)  
That new Michael Cera movie looks pretty good.

KEIRA (V.O.)  
Nick and Norah?

LEXI (V.O.)  
Yeah, that's it.

KEIRA (V.O.)  
Okay. I guess Michael Cera's cute in an awkward virgin sorta way.

**INT. RORY'S ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Rory in bed browsing through porn. Nothing too unusual for a fourteen-year-old boy.

LEXI (V.O.)  
Just don't bring Rory.

KEIRA (V.O.)  
Like hell. Plus, it'll give him time to jerk off. If anything, he'll appreciate it.

Lexi laughs at Keira's joke.

LEXI  
Good one.

KEIRA (V.O.)  
I'm serious.

**INT. KEIRA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Keira barges inside, opening one of the many boxes of clothes she has scattered around.

LEXI (V.O.)  
(legit excited)  
Hey, what should I wear, black or purple?

**INT. BATHROOM, KEIRA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Keira checks herself out in the mirror. It's all very mall punk. Like a mix between Avril Lavigne and Hayley Williams.

KEIRA (V.O.)  
Black. You look hotter in black.

**INT. LEXI'S ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Lexi applies the last touch of makeup. And yes, she's wearing black.

LEXI (V.O.)  
I know. Hey, you're the best, you know that?

KEIRA (V.O.)  
(sarcastic)  
Who are you, my therapist?

LEXI (V.O.)  
No. I'm just saying.

**INT. KEIRA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Keira lies in bed, phone pressed to her ear.

KEIRA  
I know. You're the best too.

**INT. LEXI'S ROOM - SAME**

Lexi mirrors her, sprawled on her bed, phone in hand.

**INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION**

LEXI  
Okay. The movie starts at seven, so get here by like six or something. You know how I like to--

KEIRA  
I know, I know. But I gotta tell ya, Transformers 2 is gonna suck regardless if we make it for the trailer or not.

Lexi smiles.

LEXI

I know.

Keira smiles.

LEXI (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll see ya. And remember,  
no--

KEIRA

No Rory. Trust me, he's not coming.

LEXI

All right. See ya, Keir.

KEIRA

See ya, sexy.

Keira hangs up. Beat.

RORY (O.S.)

Coming to what?

Keira freezes, then slowly turns to see her brother standing  
at the doorway.

KEIRA

Uh...

Fuck.

**EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - EVENING**

Keira drives up to Lexi's suburban paradise. An "**Obama-Biden  
'08**" sign greets her as she parks against the curb.

**INT. LEXI'S HOUSE - EVENING**

*Ding! Ding! Ding!*

LEXI (O.S.)

I'm coming, I'm coming!

The door swings open and we see Rory standing there like an  
idiot. Behind him, Keira mouths "I'm sorry," embarrassed.

LEXI (CONT'D)

Ah, shit.

**INT. AVA'S ROOM - EVENING**

*Beep! Beep! Beep!* Ava's alarm pops off. She checks the time.  
**6:30pm.**

Time for work. Bleh.

**INT. KEIRA'S HOUSE - EVENING**

Ava, back in her work clothes, trudges down the stairs. She scans the empty house. There's nothing. No noise, no movement. Just silence.

AVA  
 Hello? Keira? Rory?

Again, silence. Curious, Ava pokes around the barren house. Her eyes eventually land on two neon post-its stuck to the front door.

She rips one off and reads:

**Sleeping over Lexi's - Keira**

She rips off the other one:

**Me too :) - Rory**

**INT. LOBBY, MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

DANNY COHEN (17) mans the ticket booth. As Lexi would say, Danny's "kinda cute." Kinda.

FATHER  
 One adult and one child for Bolt.

DANNY  
 Great choice, sir. Next to WALL-E, it's my favorite--

FATHER  
 (dry, not amused)  
 Can you just give us the tickets, please?

DANNY  
 Uh...yeah, sure. That'll be twelve-thirty-five.



Danny exchanges the tickets for cash. As the father and son move aside, Danny gives him the evil eye.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
(under his breath)  
Douchebag...

KEIRA (O.S.)  
That could get you fired, y'know.

Keira, Lexi, and Rory step up to the booth.

DANNY  
(aghast)  
Oh, come on. Twilight, again?

LEXI  
(blushing)  
Hi, Danny.

KEIRA  
Relax, dude. We're here for Nick and Norah.

DANNY  
Now, *that's* a great film. Next to Superbad, my favorite Cera performance too.

KEIRA  
You're such a nerd, dude.

DANNY  
No, I'm--

Lexi tugs on Keira's arm.

LEXI  
Keir, we're gonna miss the trailers.

DANNY  
Ooh, Transformers 2 looks hella lit.

RORY  
How does Megan Fox look?

KEIRA  
(annoyed)  
Oh god. Three for Nick and Norah. Two adults...  
(at Rory)  
One child.

RORY  
(protesting)  
I'm fifteen!

DANNY  
Yeah, your brother's in woodshop  
with me.

KEIRA  
Tonight, he's twelve.

DANNY  
Uh...I don't think I'm allowed to  
do that?

KEIRA  
(seductive)  
C'mon, Danny. Do it for me.

LEXI  
(seductive)  
And me too.

Keira and Lexi give Danny their best puppy-dog eye routine.  
He gulps. Yep, he's got no chance.

#### **INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

Our three heroes lounge in their seats, eyes fixed on the  
glowing screen. A bucket of popcorn makes its way between  
them in perfect rhythm.

KEIRA  
(whispers)  
Hey, Rory.  
(beat)  
Rory!

Lexi nudges Rory.

RORY  
Huh?

KEIRA  
Can you pass the Milk Duds?

RORY  
What Milk Duds?

KEIRA  
The ones I told you to sneak in...

RORY  
You did?

KEIRA  
Yeah!

RORY  
Oh...  
(beat)  
I think they're in the car.

KEIRA  
Well go get 'em.

RORY  
But I'm watchin' this!

Keira winces. Lexi laughs.

KEIRA  
(to Lexi)  
I'll be back in a few.

Lexi salutes Keira. Keira returns it, then begins the awkward shimmy past knees and ankles toward the aisle.

#### **EXT. PARKING LOT, MALL - NIGHT**

Keira hugs herself for warmth, trudging through the dimly lit lot toward her car. As she walks, an obnoxious yuppie-type strides past, cradling a freshly wrapped gift like a trophy.

The YUPPIE (late-20s), yaps into his Bluetooth like he's the king of Wall Street. In his mind, he is.

YUPPIE  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
Yeah, I know.  
(laughs)  
No, no, no, dude. With the profits  
I pull in this shitshow of a  
market, they should be happy I'm  
showing up.

Keira side-eyes him, mildly annoyed.

YUPPIE (CONT'D)  
Oh, don't be a pussy, man. What  
else you doing? Watching Dick  
Clark?

Mildly annoyed? Nope. Keira *hates* him.

YUPPIE (CONT'D)

Trust me, bro, showing face goes a long way with these schmucks. They eat this shit up.

(beat)

Don't worry. We'll dip for the club after midnight.

(beat)

Have I ever lied to you?

(beat, cocky)

Yeah, yeah I know. Just bring condoms. I'm out after the whole Melissa thing. You know how it goes.

He laughs to himself. Keira quickens her pace, fists clenched as she beelines for her car.

Forget hates. Keira fucking **despises** him.

KEIRA

(under her breath)

Asshole.

Keira unlocks her car and hops inside.

#### **INT. KEIRA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Keira scours her car, searching for the ever-elusive Milk Duds. She leans down, eyes sweeping under the seats until... there!

She reaches for the box, fingers just shy of grabbing it.

KEIRA

C'mon...

As she inches closer, through the rear windshield, The Yuppie hops into his BMW, shifts into reverse, and...

**BAM!** He slams straight into Keira's car!

KEIRA (CONT'D)

(startled)

What the--?!

Keira pops up, Milk Duds in hand. *The hell was that?!*

#### **EXT. PARKING LOT, MALL - SAME**

The Yuppie peels out, his BMW screeching out of the parking lot. Beat. Keira's car alarm pops off.

KEIRA (V.O.)

Fuck!

**EXT. PARKING LOT, MALL - LATER**

Keira, Lexi, and Rory sit Indian-style, staring at the rear of Keira's car. It was already kinda beat-up before, but now...

Oof.

RORY

Wasn't it, like, Mom-Mom's from the eighties?

KEIRA

Nineties.

(beat, the bumper falls)

But close enough.

Keira downs a couple of Milk Duds, chewing as she hands the box over to Lexi, who follows suit.

RORY

Well, it wasn't much of car to begin with.

KEIRA

But it was our car.

LEXI

(softly)

Maybe we should just--

Keira stands abruptly, ignoring Lexi. Eyes burning.

KEIRA

Of course, that yuppie prick doesn't give a shit. Just another Bernie Madoff wannabe. Car crash, market crash, housing crash. They get bailed out and we get stranded in a fucking parking lot.

RORY

Isn't Madoff going to jail?

KEIRA

You're missing the point, Rory. I mean, we lose our home and we're supposed to celebrate because they put one asshole in jail?

(MORE)

KEIRA (CONT'D)  
(sarcastic)  
Hip-hip-fucking-hooray.

LEXI  
I mean...maybe Obama will fix it?

KEIRA  
Yeah, maybe. But maybe not, too.

Just then, Keira spots a small piece of paper in the empty parking space where Scott's car had been. Curious, she steps over to it.

Behind Keira, Lexi glances over, watching her.

LEXI  
Keira?

Keira crouches down and picks it up. Her eyes widen as she reads the card.

KEIRA  
Scott Manzi. Junior Analyst-Apollo  
Financial.

LEXI  
(confused)  
What?

Keira holds the small card up.

KEIRA  
It's his business card. Look.

Lexi and Rory pop up, rushing toward Keira.

LEXI  
How do you even know it's his?

KEIRA  
It's gotta be. It just has to.

RORY  
Should we, like, call the cops or  
something?

KEIRA  
(dismissive)  
What are they gonna do?

LEXI  
They'll do *something*. Which is more  
than what we can do. Which is  
*nothing*.

KEIRA  
We could do something.

LEXI  
(doubtful)  
Yeah, like what? Prank call him?  
Ding-dong ditch his summer home in  
the Hamptons? Crash his New Year's  
party? C'mon, be serious for once.

Keira scans over the business card again, this time zeroing in on the phone number. Something shifts in her expression. Lexi notices -- she knows this look.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
Keira...

RORY  
(clueless)  
What? What's going on?

**EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT**

One skyscraper after another. A sea of greed and opulence. A far cry from a half-empty parking lot.

*Ring...ring...*

**INT. BATHROOM, APOLLO FINANCIAL - NIGHT**

TESS and MELANIE (late 20s), secretary extraordinaires, lean into the mirror, readying their makeup in prep for the night ahead.

MELANIE  
New Year's, and we spend half of it  
like your average nine-to-five  
drones.

TESS  
I hate to break it to you, but...

MELANIE  
Yeah, yeah. Point taken.

TESS  
Relax. New Year's doesn't really  
start 'til the first drink anyways.

MELANIE  
Half the office already bailed.

TESS  
The rich half. And in case you  
forgot...

MELANIE  
Ha ha. Thanks for the reminder.

TESS  
Just be happy you got any job at  
all. My neighbor's been on  
unemployment since Lehman.

MELANIE  
The cute one or the so-so one?

TESS  
The cute one.

MELANIE  
(deadpan)  
Damn. That's tragic.

The door swings open.

APOLLO WORKER  
Yo Tessie, Scott's phone's blowing  
up again.

TESS  
Seriously?

Her co-worker shrugs.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Oh god. Can this year just end  
already?

MELANIE  
Only a five more hours.

Tess trudges for the exit. The phone never stops, does it?

**EXT. PARKING LOT, MALL - NIGHT**

Keira, Lexi, and Rory huddle around Keira's cell on  
speakerphone.

*Ring...Ring...Ring...Ring...*

LEXI  
I don't think they're gonna pick--



TESS (V.O. PHONE)  
 Apollo Financial, Scott's office,  
 Tess speaking.

They all freeze. Someone actually answered!

**INT. APOLLO FINANCIAL - SAME**

Tess flips through a *People* magazine, phone tucked between her ear and shoulder. She's clearly more interested in celebrity gossip than the call.

TESS  
 Hello?

**INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION**

Lexi nudges Keira, who quickly covers with a fake cough.

KEIRA  
 (New "Yawk" accent)  
 Uh-hi! Yeah, sorry. Just-uh...is  
 Scott there?

TESS  
 He's out for the holidays. Can I--?

KEIRA  
 That *dick*!

Lexi drops her head into her arms, groaning. Oy vey...

LEXI  
 (muffled)  
 Oh my god.

TESS  
 (stunned)  
 ...What?

KEIRA  
 Can you believe this asshole? Hired  
 me as his plus-one and didn't even  
 bother to send the address? I mean,  
 how the hell am I supposed to get  
 there? Osmosis?

TESS  
 Uh...

KEIRA

I mean, shit, ideally I'd just say,  
"fuck it," and marathon *The*  
*Twilight Zone*, but in this economy?

Tess blinks, baffled.

KEIRA (CONT'D)

Hey, you work with him, right? Any  
chance you know where this thing  
is?

TESS

Um...I think it's at one of the two  
Trump hotels? I'm not really sure  
which one but--

KEIRA

Wait, you're not going?

TESS

Let's just say it's a six-figure  
type of party, and I'm on a five-  
figure type of salary.

KEIRA

I see...

(beat)

Well, you know what they say. The  
more zeroes you get on a paycheck,  
the more of an asshole you become  
as a person. I mean, look at Trump!

TESS

Uh--

KEIRA

Well, nice talkin', Tessie! And  
Happy New Year's!

**Click!** Tess just stares, semi-amused.

TESS

(to herself)

Holy shit.

**EXT. PARKING LOT, MALL - SAME**

Keira marches toward the movie theater. Lexi and Rory hustle  
to keep up.

RORY

Holy shit!

LEXI

The fact you lost the lead in  
*Grease* to Karly Casiani is  
criminal.

KEIRA

*Right?* She totally bribed them!

RORY

Are you forgetting you can't sing?

KEIRA

The hell you talking about?

RORY

Fifteen years in the same house.  
I've got receipts.

Keira scoffs, then belts it out.

KEIRA

*Summer lovin' had me a blast!*

Keira's okay...ish. Rory cringes anyway.

LEXI

*Summer lovin' happened so fast...*

She's good. Rory blinks.

RORY

Woah. Since when could you sing?

KEIRA

She always could. She just doesn't  
like to.

LEXI

(dismissive)

Eh, it's whatever. Let's just call  
your mom so we--

Keira ignores her as she heads inside.

**INT. LOBBY, MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS**

Keira scans the lobby.

LEXI

Keir, c'mon. We gotta--

KEIRA  
(muttering)  
Where the hell is he?

LEXI  
What?

Without waiting, Keira pushes to the front of the ticket line, ignoring the protests against her.

KEIRA  
Where's Danny?

TICKET CLERK  
Uh, I think he's cleaning one of  
the--

That's all Keira needs. She's off like a bullet.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

Earbuds on, Danny slowly sweeps popcorn into a dustpan. He's zoned out, more into his iPod than his actual job.

Keira charges up the aisles, but Danny's too out of it to notice. She stomps up behind him and yanks his earbuds out.

DANNY  
(startled)  
The hell--?

KEIRA  
I need your car.

DANNY  
Hi to you, too...

LEXI (O.S.)  
Car for what?

Lexi and Rory arrive. Keira zeroes in on Lexi like Rory and Danny don't exist.

KEIRA  
Revenge. Eye for an eye. Car for a  
car.

LEXI  
Isn't a prank call enough?

KEIRA  
Is one jailed banker enough?

LEXI

Keira...

KEIRA

It's our last night together. Don't you want it to actually *mean* something? To *be* something? "One last hurrah," remember? Like you said.

LEXI

I never--

Danny raises his hand.

DANNY

Okay, but why my car?

RORY

Some Wall Street douche totaled ours and bailed GTA 4-style.

KEIRA

So we're returning the favor. One way or another.

DANNY

Damn...

KEIRA

Listen, we just need a ride to the train. After that--

DANNY

I'm in.

Yes!

DANNY (CONT'D)

On one condition.

Ugh!

KEIRA

This better not involve your dick.

Danny's face goes red, embarrassed.

DANNY

What? No, I-I--!

KEIRA

Relax, dude. What is it?

DANNY

Can I come?

KEIRA

You gotta be kidding...

DANNY

Dead serious. *The Apartment*. When *Harry Met Sally*. New Year's in Manhattan just has this, like, romantic pastiche, y'know?

Beat. Keira stares.

KEIRA

Fine. Just don't make it weird.

Danny throws a mini fist-pump in the air.

DANNY

Meet me out back in ten.

Keira rolls her eyes as Danny jogs off, still kinda red.

RORY

I'm gonna grab some Milk Duds for the road.

KEIRA

Make it fast. We've only got 'til midnight to catch this schmuck.

RORY

(sarcastic)

Aye-aye, captain!

The siblings exchange middle fingers. More playful than hostile.

Rory heads for concessions. Keira exhales. Mission: go.

LEXI

Keira?

Keira turns.

LEXI (CONT'D)

Are you really sure about this?

KEIRA

Someone's gotta do it. They deserve it. *He* deserves it. And...

(beat, soft)

(MORE)

KEIRA (CONT'D)

And I just want tonight to be  
special. Before everything changes.  
Before I go. One last hurrah, Lex.  
Together.

Lexi hesitates, eyes searching the movie screen, then back to Keira. Beat.

She salutes Keira. Keira smiles, saluting back. Something like **"Barely Legal"** by The Strokes starts up.

**EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT**

Danny's car glides through the quiet streets of Long Island suburbia.

**INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT**

Keira and the gang look less like revolutionaries and more like the B-team from a canceled Disney Channel pilot.

Riding shotgun, Keira tosses her arm back without looking. Rory shakes a few Milk Duds into her open palm.

**EXT. LYNBROOK STATION - NIGHT**

The platform buzzes with New Year's energy as groups of tipsy partygoers pregame -- mostly cool looking twenty-somethings.

A high-pitched *squeal* slashes through the chaos as a train barrels toward the station.

**EXT. PARKING, LYNBROOK STATION - NIGHT**

Danny's car screeches into a parking space, tires shrieking. Like Keira's, his car is a hand-me-down. You can tell too.

**EXT. LYNBROOK STATION - NIGHT**

One by one, passengers shuffle inside the train car.

**EXT. STAIRCASE, LYNBROOK STATION - NIGHT**

Keira, Lexi, Rory, and Danny charge up the stairs, racing toward the platform above.

**EXT. LYNBROOK STATION - CONTINUOUS**

The train rumbles to life. Keira and her friends sprint to the doors and slip inside just as they begin to close.

**INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS**

Keira pushes through the crowded train cars, scanning for any empty seats. Her friends trail behind as curious eyes follow them, some amused, some laughing outright.

They're by far the youngest there.

RORY  
Why are they laughing?

LEXI  
Because we look like toddlers.

KEIRA  
Yeah, well they look like assholes.

Keira stakes out a spot at the back of the train. Rory slides in beside her, Danny taking the seat on the adjacent side.

Lexi lingers, unsure.

LEXI  
(to Rory)  
Can I sit there?

RORY  
Why?

Lexi quickly side-eyes Danny. He's fully locked into his iPod, oblivious.

KEIRA  
(playful)  
Yeah, Lexi. Why?

LEXI  
Just 'cause, okay!

Keira nudges her brother.

RORY  
Jeez...

Rory gets up and squeezes in next to Danny, freeing the seat for Lexi. She sinks into it with a quiet sigh.



The train zooms away. Silence follows. Keira watches the window; Rory and Danny plug into their iPods; Lexi spirals inward, deep in thought -- overthinking.

Beat.

LEXI  
(soft)  
Hey Keir?

KEIRA  
Yeah?

LEXI  
Do you...do you remember the first  
time we met?

KEIRA  
Uh...Pre-K, right? Or maybe  
Kindergarten?

LEXI  
It was Pre-K.

KEIRA  
That's right. Ms. Jen's class. She  
hated me.

LEXI  
Yeah...  
(beat)  
But do you actually remember? Like,  
how it happened?

Keira turns away from the window, trying to recall.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
It's okay if not. I mean, we were  
like four or some shit. Who  
remembers anything when they're  
four?

KEIRA  
Yeah, true...  
(beat)  
Do you?

LEXI  
Kinda. A little.

KEIRA  
(surprised, ashamed)  
Really?

Lexi nods.

KEIRA (CONT'D)  
How'd it happen?

LEXI  
Katie Kashack stole one of my Pogs  
and you forced her to give it back.  
Told her, and I quote--  
(childish voice)  
*"Stop being such a big meany,  
Katie! Those are Lexi's Pogs!"*

KEIRA  
Oh my god, Katie Kashack. She was  
such a bitch.

LEXI  
Still is.

They laugh.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
Now, do you remember?

Keira thinks, really trying.

KEIRA  
Yeah...  
(beat)  
Yeah, I think I do.

Lexi smiles softly. Keira turns to the window, catching her own reflection as the train hums through Long Island.

Something super New Yorky like **"New York Groove"** by Ace Frehly starts up.

#### **EXT. TRAIN - MONTAGE - NIGHT**

Rosedale. Jamaica. Forest Hills.

With each stop, the skyline sharpens. Nassau fades into Queens. Queens bleeds into Brooklyn. And then, Manhattan.

#### **INT. LIRR TERMINAL, PENN STATION - NIGHT**

The train screeeeches to a halt. Doors hiss open and a score of partygoers flood the platform. Caught in the chaos: Keira, Lexi, Rory, and Danny -- looking painfully suburban.

Shoulders slam. No eye contact. No apologies.

RORY

Jesus...

LEXI

God, is it always this...intimate?

DANNY

I have a feeling we're not in  
Massapequa anymore.

KEIRA

(sarcastic)

You say that like it's a bad thing.

Keira pulls ahead. They snake their way through the horde,  
pushed and pulled, until they reach--

**INT. ESCALATORS, PENN STATION - CONTINUOUS**

They pile in line. It's a slow, shoulder-to-shoulder crawl.  
Keira flips open her cell -- **9:48pm**. She cranes her neck,  
eyeing the gridlock above.

DANNY

Damn. Even the Giants parade wasn't  
this packed.

RORY

We're Jets fans.

DANNY

Oh. Sorry to hear that.

RORY

Don't be. We got the Sanchize now.

Lexi facepalms herself.

KEIRA

Once we're off, we run.

LEXI

(confused)

What?

RORY

Oh, hell yeah.

DANNY

Off what?

Too late for questions. They step off the escalator into--

**INT. CONCOURSE, PENN STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Almost immediately, Keira takes off, Rory on her heels.

LEXI  
The hell are you doing?!

KEIRA  
Saving time!

Lexi hesitates, jostled by passengers.

DANNY  
So-uh, just us then...

LEXI  
Uh...yeah. Guess so.

Lexi shoots him a nervous look, then bolts after the others. Danny sighs and follows, last one up.

They push through the madness, dodging tourists and bodegas alike. Overhead, announcements blare in a garbled mess of train numbers and track changes.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
...track twenty-three...now  
boarding...next departure...

Keira barrels through like a local -- fearless, fast, and not giving a shit about anyone else.

RORY  
(to Lexi)  
Does she even know where she's  
going?

Lexi shrugs, out of breath, as they all charge up--

**INT. STAIRS TO 7TH AVENUE, PENN STATION - CONTINUOUS**

One by one, they run up the stairs, sirens and city noise growing louder with every step out to--

**EXT. 7TH AVENUE, PENN STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Cabs swerve. Horns blare. People scream. Vendors bark. Welcome to Manhattan.

Keira sprints to the curb, arms flailing for a cab. None stop.

KEIRA  
 Seriously?!

LEXI  
 It's New Year's. What do you  
 expect? A welcome parade?

Keira hikes up her pant leg, *It Happened One Night*-style.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
 (mortified)  
 Oh my god.

DANNY  
 Woah...

Again, nothing. No cab.

KEIRA  
 Christ! The hell does it take to  
 get a cab in this city?

RORY  
 Maybe try not skipping leg day.

KEIRA  
 Ha ha. Let's see you do better.

Rory scoffs, playing it off.

DANNY  
*Oh, children.* You two need to get  
 out of the suburbs more.

KEIRA  
 Oh, is that right? And who are you,  
 Robert de Niro?

DANNY  
 Yeah. Now, watch and learn.

Danny steps a little into the street.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 Yo, I--!

A cab **HONKS** violently.

TAXI DRIVER  
 Get the fuck off the road, ya  
 schmuck!

Danny flinches, retreating. Keira gives him a mock-consoling  
 pat on the back.

KEIRA  
Well hey, at least you got their  
attention.

RORY  
Hey, what about that cab?

Rory points across the street where passengers spill out of a cab.

KEIRA  
C'mon.

Keira bolts into traffic, Rory and Danny right behind.

LEXI  
What are you--?!  
(resigned; sighs)  
Goddammit, Keira...

Lexi hesitates, then hurries after them. They zigzag between cars, swallowed by a symphony of honking.

NEW YORK DRIVERS  
Get outta the road!...The fuck you  
doin'?!...Move! Move!

Just as the cab starts to drive off, Keira opens the door and slides into the--

**INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS**

Without warning, Keira goes into her spiel.

KEIRA  
Hi there!

CABBIE  
(Russian; startled)  
*What the--?!*

Before he can react, Danny and Rory pile in after her.

We good? RORY

CABBIE  
Where did--?!

Lexi squeezes in last, wedging herself next to Rory.

Hey. LEXI

CABBIE  
More of you?!

KEIRA  
(playful)  
There she is!

LEXI  
Here I am!  
(deadpan)  
Barely...

CABBIE  
(aghast)  
How many of you are there?!

KEIRA  
Just us. Trump Tower, please!

CABBIE  
Trump Tower? Of course, of course.  
Why not? Maybe we pick up entire  
Yankees team on the way too?

KEIRA  
Like hell. We're Mets fans.

CABBIE  
Oh. My condolences.

As the cabbie pulls away, they finally breathe, crammed in like luggage, each one looking more suburban than the next.

#### **EXT. 7TH AVENUE, PENN STATION - SAME**

The cab disappears into the swarm of taxis. Just another yellow blur in the madness of Manhattan.

#### **MONTAGE - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN**

Midtown glitters like a playground for the rich and famous.

LEXI (V.O.)  
Everyone looks like they shop at  
Prada. It's kinda scary.

KEIRA (V.O.)  
Well, it beats the bargain bin at  
Macy's.

DANNY (V.O.)  
I'm gonna be rich one day.

Keira scoffs -- half-laugh, half-snort.

DANNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
What?

KEIRA (V.O.)  
C'mon, dude. They wouldn't be  
caught dead where we're from.

DANNY (V.O.)  
Why not?

KEIRA (V.O.)  
Please. We're just a rest stop on  
the way to the Hamptons.

DANNY (V.O.)  
Yeah, well--

**BEEP! BEEP!**

**EXT. TRUMP TOWER - NIGHT**

The cabbie jams his hand on the horn, snapping everyone back to reality. Keira and the gang look over, startled, pulled away from gawking at the parade of the rich and even richer.

CABBIE  
Twelve-forty.

Keira, Lexi, Rory, and Danny fumble through their pockets, pulling out crumpled bills -- mostly ones.

KEIRA  
How much you guys got?

DANNY  
Six bucks.

LEXI  
Three.

RORY  
I got nothing.

KEIRA  
Why'd you have to buy the Milk  
Duds?

RORY  
I was hungry...



KEIRA

Yeah, yeah. Sure you were.

LEXI

(to Keira)

How much do you have?

Keira holds up three, single-dollar bills.

RORY

That's only twelve total.

KEIRA

No shit. Go scrounge around for some change or something.

CABBIE

Twelve-fifty.

KEIRA

And hurry up.

Rory frantically searches the sidewalk for any loose change, occasionally asking strangers for help.

Keira and Lexi look up at Trump Tower, a glowing shrine to greed, gold, and everything they don't have.

LEXI

What if he's really up there? What are you gonna do?

KEIRA

Ask for money? I don't know...

(beat; sarcastic)

Maybe I'll just punch him and demand a ransom.

Lexi laughs.

KEIRA (CONT'D)

You wanna tag-team it, Hardy Boyz-style?

Lexi gives her a look that says, *Seriously, dude?*

KEIRA (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a "yes, Keira. We'll kick his ass together."

LEXI

(dry; sarcastic)

Yes, Keira. We'll kick his ass together.

KEIRA

I knew you'd come through.

Lexi softly smiles. Keira reciprocates.

RORY

Found one!

Rory triumphantly holds up a quarter.

KEIRA

What about you, Danny? You got my back?

DANNY

I don't know. Ever since Iraq turned sour, I've kinda turned into a pacifist, y'know?

KEIRA

Yeah, yeah I know. Thanks for the back-up, Gandhi.

Lexi laughs.

RORY

I got it! I got it!

Rory scrambles for the cab, weaving through the crowd like a frantic squirrel.

LEXI

Why'd he have to come again?

KEIRA

Little brothers are like glitter. Once they're in your life, good luck getting rid of them.

Finally, Rory reaches the rest of the group.

RORY

(out of breath)

Here.

Keira cups her hands like a basket. The others toss in their crumpled bills and loose change. It's all very makeshift.

She hands the cash to the cabbie. He counts.

KEIRA

Twelve-fifty. It's all there.

CABBIE  
Well, technically, it's twelve-  
sixty now, but...

*You gotta be kidding.*

CABBIE (CONT'D)  
Eh. I give New Year's discount.

They exhale.

KEIRA  
Thanks.

CABBIE  
No problem. And good luck on  
revenge plot. You four remind me of  
young Trotsky.

KEIRA  
I hope you don't mean looks-wise.

CABBIE  
Eh. He's kinda cute.

Keira and Lexi exchange a playful glance as the cabbie drives off.

KEIRA  
Alright. Let's find this asshole.

#### **INT. LOBBY, TRUMP TOWER - NIGHT**

Keira, Lexi, Rory, and Danny stride in alongside a sharply dressed couple.

Spotting the well-heeled husband drifting ahead, Keira picks up the pace, nudging to beat him to the reception desk. Victory!

KEIRA  
Hi!

CLERK  
(apprehensive)  
Can I help you?

KEIRA  
Yeah, we're looking for a New  
Year's party. One of those big  
corporate Wall Street ones.

CLERK  
(dubious)  
Uh-huh.

KEIRA  
Any idea what floor it's on?

CLERK  
And who are you exactly?

KEIRA  
Me? I'm-uh...

LEXI  
(spoiled rich-girl)  
She's with me. My idiot dad forgot  
to give me his credit card. I mean,  
can you believe that? Like, how the  
hell else are we supposed to spend  
New Year's? Go to Queens?

Lexi fakes gags.

KEIRA  
Lexi!

LEXI  
What?

KEIRA  
Don't say the "Q-word."

LEXI  
Oh. Sorry.

DANNY  
Anyway, we won't take long. We just  
need his credit card.

RORY  
Can we buy a PSP with it?

LEXI  
Maybe. If you're good.  
(to Clerk; annoyed)  
Little brothers are like glitter.  
Once they're in your life, good  
luck getting rid of them.

RORY  
Hey...

Keira cracks a smile at Lexi.

LEXI  
So which floor was that again?

The clerk scans over the group of ragtag teens.

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

The foursome ride up the elevator.

KEIRA  
I told ya you were a good actress.

DANNY  
Yeah, you surprised me, Lexi.

LEXI  
(soft)  
Thanks.

DANNY  
You know, you kinda remind me of a  
young Audrey Tautou. Maybe I'll use  
you for one of my movies.

KEIRA  
Who the hell is "Audrey Tautou?"

DANNY  
She's French. Don't you watch any  
foreign films?

KEIRA  
Does Naruto count?

Danny overthinks this. **DING!** The doors slide open.

**INT. BANQUET ROOM - CONTINUOUS**