

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - PRE-GENTRIFIED NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The wheels of a compact suitcase CLACK over a jagged sidewalk. A pair of legs in fetish-tights follow beside it.

The roots of a tree crack the sidewalk upward in a hefty example of nature-beats-man. The suitcase gets stuck.

The legs don't stop. They move forward efficiently until the case shakes loose. It CLACKS on.

GLEENDA (35), a tidy, smallish blond in a black & pink flight attendants uniform, pulls the case behind her, eyes forward, spring in her step wound tight as hell.

She passes an empty storefront on her way to a very, very used bookstore, set in a very, very narrow space.

She stops, straightens her shoulders, and smooths down her uniform, which is already pretty damn smooth.

INT. STRATTEN BOOKS - DAY

Books spill off the shelves into disorganized piles on the floor. Some spill onto a small counter in the front.

A single row of shelves divides the store into two cramped aisles. The aisles end at an office door, in which stands -

RUBY (30), whose taller than she'd like to be and wearing a dress she thinks is prettier than it is.

She plays with her long, dirty brown hair with one hand, and holds a coffee cup in the other.

A single CUSTOMER makes his way down an aisle. The bell on the door JINGLES as Glenda walks in. Ruby waves her cup.

The Customer reaches the end of the aisle and glances down at an antique school desk.

CUSTOMER

Nice desk.

RUBY

You like it? I got it on craigslist
for like fifty bucks.

CUSTOMER

Does it open?

RUBY

Yeah, and you know what's weird?
Mixed in with some papers and other
junk was a fifty dollar bill.

CUSTOMER

Cool. You got any Anthony Burgess?

RUBY

Yeah, maybe. I don't know. Check the
front by the counter.

CUSTOMER

Thanks.

Ruby looks over the Customer at Glenda and motions her into
the office. As the Customer moves past her she BURPS.

INT. STRATTEN BOOKS - OFFICE - DAY

Ruby flops on to her office chair. The room is just as
cramped as the rest of the store.

Glenda perches on the arm of a love-seat.

GLEENDA

You burped in that guys face.

RUBY

What? No I didn't.

The bell JINGLES. The Customer is gone.

GLEENDA

You think that's maybe why he split?

RUBY

He wasn't going to buy anything
anyway. I can always tell. That guy
don't read no Burgess.

GLEENDA

Also, didn't you tell me you got that
desk at a flea market for like two
hundo?

Ruby shrugs.

GLEENDA

You sure are careless with the truth.

RUBY

What are you, a detective now? Gimme gimme.

She holds both her hands out over the desk. Glenda sighs and takes a book wrapped in brown paper out of her bag.

Ruby snatches it and tears the paper off. The book is old, but in pretty good condition.

Glenda holds her hand out and clears her throat.

GLEENDA

Now you. Gimme gimme.

Ruby keeps her attention focused on the book.

RUBY

Can you put it on my tab? It's been a slow week.

Glenda's annoyed. Ruby doesn't notice.

GLEENDA

That's it. I'm completely through being your smuggler.

RUBY

You love being my smuggler.

Ruby opens a drawer filled with name tags and invitations to benign things, like high school reunions and seminars, and sweeps a stack of overdue bills and papers into it.

She opens the book and studies it with gentle hands.

GLEENDA

No. Ruby. I don't.

Ruby looks at Glenda for the first time.

RUBY

You're really irked.

Glenda throws her a "duh" look.

RUBY

Don't be irked. You know I'm good for it. Eventually. And how about this - along with the usual greased palm, I'll take you out to dinner. Some place fancy so you can get all pretty.

ZIP. Glenda closes her bag and pivots off the arm of the love-seat in one fluid motion.

GLEENDA

I am famished. Why don't you close up early and we'll try to get into that new all-night brunch place.

RUBY

(Sheepish)

Um. I didn't mean tonight. I actually have a thing.

GLEENDA

(Sighs)

What kind of thing this time?

Ruby grabs an invitation off her desk.

RUBY

Alumni event for - ooo. Columbia law. I bet they'll have some nice hooch. I guess I'll have to gussy up some. Or, you know what? Maybe not. Not all us lawyers are so square.

GLEENDA

Golly. You are such a free spirit.

RUBY

Go get some rest. Jerk.

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Ruby stands alone at the end of a long bar, crowded with people dressed for a black-tie affair.

She wears a less pretty cardigan over her not so pretty dress and a pair of huge glasses. Her name tag reads "Ruby."

No one pays any attention to her. In fact, the crowd seems to form a circle of space around her that no one enters.

Except a COCKTAIL WAITRESS carrying a tray filled with empty glasses. She sets it on the bar.

Ruby waves at a group of three people, a huge smile on her face. No one waves back. The waitress notices.

She rolls her eyes, as if to say "Jerks." Ruby slides over to her, exchanging her empty drink for a full one.

RUBY
You want to smoke a little weed?

EXT. HOTEL - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Ruby and the Cocktail Waitress pass a joint between them.
The Waitress sits on the ledge of a loading bay.

Ruby paces around, waves her arms. Gesticulates mid-story.
The waitress watches, rapt. She's well smitten.

RUBY
Oh my god, it was magnificent. The
best damn rocky mountain oysters
you've ever had in your life -

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
Aren't those balls?

RUBY
- and the sky was on fire with dusk.
Everyone was in the same moment. It
was amazing.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
When was this again?

RUBY
Like ten years ago, right after
college. Sorry for the ramble.
Smoking a little bit of weed always
makes me think about that night.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
So, wait...you're not a lawyer, you
said? You're just crashing?

RUBY
Yeah. You're not going to rat me out,
are you?

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
God no. These gigs are crazy boring
so I'm always on the lookout for a
good distraction. Why the ruse? The
free booze?

RUBY
It's not just that. It's the
experience, you know? Usually you
only get to meet people a few at a
time, or in a really singular way.
(MORE)

RUBY (cont'd)

Like at a friends dinner or out at a bar or something. You come to something like this and you get to pretend to be part of something bigger that everyone else was part of. High school reunions are the best, because everyone's putting on the dog and pony. I don't know.

She takes a long drag on the tail end of the joint.

RUBY

I mean, isn't it wild that people are married to someone for however many years and don't know like dozens of people that know the person they're married to? I like to get involved in that shit. Plus I own a bookstore. That's the lamest thing ever. I mean, I love books. I really love them. The way they smell, the way they look lined up all neat on the shelves. What's in them. Obvi. But it's still a lame job for a grown up to have.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

It's not lame. It's fucking awesome.

They lock eyes. Ruby takes off her name tag and presses it onto the Waitresses catering vest -

- then leans in for a kiss.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Ruby sits in the corner of a subway, goofy grin weighing down her face. The train speeds over an elevated track.

It stops to let people on. She stares out the window at the view of Manhattan, bathed in pale blue light from the moon.

Ruby flips out her phone and starts a few texts to Glenda about making out. She deletes all of them.

The train speeds into a tunnel. The view disappears. Ruby's grin remains.

INT. RUBY & GLENDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JIGGLE-JIGGLE. And old lock in a heavy door struggles to turn. WHUMP. Ruby shoulders her way into the room. A sliver of light from the hall spills into a tiny kitchen.

CLUNK. The light disappears. CLICK. The room - the whole apartment, really - is bathed in dull yellow light.

Ruby tosses her keys on a table and takes off her cardigan. She see's a pair of mens boots outside Glenda's door.

If there was a word to describe something five steps beyond a scowl, it would be what crosses Ruby's face.

Before the expression leaves her, the door opens. ENDICOTT (40) walks in, wearing only boxer briefs.

He's got a muscle-paunch, more gray in his beard than his hair, and doesn't react when he see's Ruby.

ENDICOTT

Oh, hey. Thought I heard you come in.

He pulls the bedroom door closed behind him.

RUBY

You heard it alright.

ENDICOTT

I'd hug you but, you know. Chest hair. Sweater.

She holds out her fist. He bumps it lamely.

ENDICOTT

How was your thing? Glenda said it was a - what, a lawyer thing?

RUBY

A law school thing, yeah. It was fine. They had Hendricks gin.

He moves to open the fridge but stops.

ENDICOTT

Is it cool if I...?

RUBY

Yeah, of course. Go ahead.

He opens it and grabs a carton of orange juice.

ENDICOTT
You going to Monica's thing on
Saturday?

RUBY
Meh.

They stare at each other without really seeing each other.

RUBY
How's the movie coming?

ENDICOTT
Good, good. The funding finally came
through. As soon as I find someone to
cover my classes, we're good to go.

RUBY
(Through a plastered
smile)
That's terrific. Really, that's so
great. Magnificent. I can't wait to
see it.

He stares at her. The smile stays firmly on her face.

ENDICOTT
Yeah, well. It will be a while.

RUBY
Cool beans.

ENDICOTT
Um...OK. Good seeing you.

He goes back to the bedroom, carton in hand. As soon as the
door closes Ruby flips it the double bird.

INT. RUBY & GLENDA'S APARTMENT - RUBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ruby flops backwards onto her bed. The room is made up of
piles of clothes, books, a radiator, and a bed.

The window mostly looks onto a brick wall. She rubs her face
and yawns. She's exhausted.

She forces herself up, grabs her laptop, and moves to the
window sill. She gets to work.

She responds to emails, checks on book auctions, adds book-
fair dates to her calendar. She's focused.

She's still at it when the baby blue dawn creeps through her window and settles on the wall behind her.

INT. RUBY & GLENDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Glenda ashes a thin cigarette into a sink filled with dirty mugs. At least a dozen of them. She's dressed for work.

Ruby shuffles in, wearing only a tank top and undies. She stops in the middle of the room.

RUBY

What are you doing smoking in the apartment?

Glenda takes a breath and turns around. There's a real clench to her jaw. Ruby both see's and ignores it.

RUBY

Oh man. Guess who made out last night. I did. I made out last night.

GLENDA

What a treat for you. And what a lucky fella.

RUBY

It wasn't a fella. It was a girl. A really good looking girl. A waitress.

GLENDA

Oh, of course. Feather meet cap, right?

RUBY

What's up? Are you mad at me or something?

She checks to see if Endicott's boots are gone. They are.

GLENDA

Don't worry. He's gone.

RUBY

What are you talking about?

Glenda glares at her. Ruby squirms.

RUBY

Is that the mail?

She nods at a pile of rubber-banded mail next to Glenda.

GLEENDA

Do you have to be so damn rude to him all the time?

Ruby backs up a couple of steps.

RUBY

I wasn't rude to him. I asked him about his dumb movie.

GLEENDA

His "dumb movie" that just got a million five in financing?

RUBY

He doesn't know I think it's dumb.

GLEENDA

You don't think he knew you were being snarky?

RUBY

Of course not. I used the same voice I use with my customers.

GLEENDA

Yeah. All of whom know when you're being snarky.

RUBY

What are you talking about? I'm the master of customer voice.

GLEENDA

No. You're not. People see through it like cellophane.

RUBY

Pfft. No they don't. Wait - Endicott didn't saying anything, did he? Specifically?

Ruby is genuinely concerned that someone saw through her sarcasm. Glenda shakes her head.

RUBY

Well, whatever. That guys always been a tool and you know it.

Glenda grabs the stack of mail and chucks it at Ruby.

GLEENDA

There are some bills in there. I think after six months it might maybe, possibly, I don't know, be your turn to pay them.

RUBY

You're actually mad.

GLEENDA

Yeah, Ruby. I am. You're late with the rent. You're rude to my friends.

RUBY

- our friends -

GLEENDA

My friends. And for the last time will you stop leaving every single one of your dirty mugs in the sink? Just wash them when you use them, like I do.

RUBY

But you do them wrong.

Glenda implodes. Her posture tightens. Her face loses all expression. Her cigarette twitches between her fingers.

GLEENDA

I have to go to work, so I don't have time to get into this at all right now, but I think it's time you finally started looking for your own place. I have some money coming in, so I can swing the rent on my own, and I think it's pretty damn clear this isn't working out.

RUBY

That's insane. You're being insane.

GLEENDA

No, I'm being polite, but I don't know why I bother. It's been a long time coming and it's not up for discussion. You're out. Understood?

Her eyebrow arches. Ruby nods through a held breath.

GLEENDA

Good.

And with as few movements as possible she's out the door. Ruby waits a few seconds before she exhales.

INT. RUBY & GLENDA'S APARTMENT - RUBY'S BEDROOM

Ruby looks around her room aimlessly. Her cheeks are flushed. She fidgets her way to the edge of the bed.

She flips through the mail. Junk. Junk. Bill. Junk. Fancy cream envelope with fancy writing on it.

She opens it and slides out an invitation. An all weekend reunion at a boarding school in upstate New York.

Here eyes land on two words. "All inclusive."

EXT. RUBY & GLENDA'S APARTMENT - STREET - DAY

Ruby hurries out the door, shoving things in an over stuffed over-night bag. She quickly disappears around the corner.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

She sits at the window on a commuter rail. The train is past the city & the skyline streaks as it speeds into the night.

Her eyes are intent on her phone screen. She meticulously words an apology text to Glenda.

She moves comma's, switches up words, and generally messes around with the tone. Which is pretty singular.

She's trying to find the best way to say "sorry/not sorry." She deletes it and switches over to a photo app.

The view of the city disappears completely. The moonless night rolls into the darkness.

EXT. MOUNTAIN LODGE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A small row of individual cabins run the length of a parking lot. A yellow circle of light spills from the biggest cabin.

A cab deposits Ruby at the bottom of a gravel drive. She CRUNCHES her way up a slight incline as the cab pulls off.

She stops at the edge of the circle of yellow light, a lone silhouette in the darkness.

The sound of LAUGHTER and CAMARADERIE spills from some of the cabins. Her shoulders sag. But only for an instant.

INT. MOUNTAIN LODGE - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

The small room is done up like a somewhat chintzy hunting lodge. Underneath the chintz you can tell it used to be a real hunting lodge.

The room is empty. A door behind the counter is open a crack. The MURMUR of a television sounds behind it.

Ruby's face appears at the window. She scans the room. The decor. The landline hanging on the wall just inside the room with the TV. The row of tourist mugs behind the counter.

She disappears from the window. The door opens and she appears in the office. DING. She rings the bell.

The sound of a body groaning off a recliner is followed by the appearance of the CLERK (65).

You can tell he was around when it was an actual hunting lodge. And he quite clearly misses it.

CLERK

Help you?

RUBY

Yeah, I'm here with the reunion.

The clerk sighs a fifty year old sigh.

CLERK

I done told the last one of you that we're already booked up. We held onto a block as long as we could, but when no one came in we had to let the rooms go. We have a block of rooms held for a group that comes in tomorrow, but they paid for the weekend. I can't let those rooms go.

RUBY

Oh.

CLERK

Sorry, sorry. It's not you I'm irked at. It's my partner. I told him we shouldn't get in to this. There are rooms at the inn in town.

Ruby maneuvers her phone out of her pocket and hits send on a pre-entered number. The phone RINGS in the next room.

CLERK

'scuse me.

He slips into the next room to answer the phone and keeps his back to Ruby.

She leans over the counter and quickly grabs a "Birch Bear" mug to slip in her bag. CLICK. The Clerk shuffles back in.

CLERK

If you want to get over to the goings-on you'll have to drive yourself or walk. Last shuttle left half an hour ago.

RUBY

That's cool.

They stare at each other. It's clear he doesn't intend to move until she leaves.

RUBY

Do you have a bathroom I can use?

EXT. THE ROWEN SCHOOL - MAIN LAWN - NIGHT

Ruby strides across the wide, well manicured lawn in the direction of the only building with lights on.

She's changed into a fairly nice dress. There's a hole on the short sleeve, and some threads dangling, but it's nice.

She approaches a wide window that looks onto a banquet hall and peeks in. The reunion is in full swing.

The crowd is full of attractive faces, casual but expensive clothes, and an overall healthy glow.

Ruby slaps a name-tag on her chest and heads in.

INT. THE ROWEN SCHOOL - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Ruby follows a drink tray to a group of three people. They make first-round small talk, mostly about the past.

A few teachers are mentioned, a few events of note. The time this fellow streaked during finals. The time this group of girls got caught selling fake porn DVDs to freshman boys.

Ruby smiles and nods and interjects a few tentative, neutral comments. Mostly she listens.

INT. THE ROWEN SCHOOL - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Ruby exchanges an empty glass for a full one and moves through a moderately crowded dance floor.

The songs are a mix of throwback and current pop hits. She finds the tightest cluster of people and dances in to it.

The cluster welcomes her. One of them leans in and scream-whispers something in her ear. She nods and sips her drink.

The song changes to a really popular song. The cluster cheers and starts a group dance, Ruby included.

INT. THE ROWEN SCHOOL - BACK BAR - NIGHT

Ruby leans into a group of four people.

RUBY

- and it's not like we didn't have real porn, we did. We had tons.

MAN WITH GLASSES

If you told me that girls looked at porn when I was in high school my nuts would have straight up exploded.

SOMEWHAT SNOOTY WOMAN

Well, what would you expect? Women are in porn, aren't they?

RUBY

I wouldn't be surprised if the kids that go here now made their own. They have 4k camera's in their phones.

VERY DRUNK WOMAN

(Good natured)

You're such a perv.

A SUPER ENTHUSIASTIC WOMAN catches Ruby's eye.

SUPER ENTHUSIASTIC WOMAN

Oh my god, Rachel. When did you start going by Ruby?

She throws her arms around her. Ruby returns the embrace and grins at the woman's misunderstanding.

EXT. THE ROWEN SCHOOL - VERANDA - NIGHT

Ruby detaches from a group of people.

RUBY

Wait, wait, I know this one. The
punchline is - "and the bear says...
you didn't come here to hunt," right?

The group laughs as she makes her way on to the uncovered veranda. It runs the entire length of the building.

Her face is red, her hair matted with sweat. She brings her hands up to rub her shoulders as the night air hits her.

The veranda is mostly empty save for a few quiet pairs, caught up in private conversations. And some smokers.

She moves to the railing and looks out over the massive lawn that turns sharply into a steep hill.

A MUFFLED MALE VOICE sounds from the far corner.

MUFFLED MALE VOICE

Come on, Rach. You're wasted.

Ruby looks in the direction of the voice. A short, swaying RACHEL blocks most of her view of a man.

Rachel responds, but Ruby doesn't hear it. The man holds her at arms length and turns her slightly.

Light from inside spills on O'LEARY (28) - he's handsome, affable, blond. He's wearing a beige corduroy blazer, light blue shirt with no tie, and dark slacks.

O'LEARY

Why don't you sleep it off and we'll
hang out at breakfast?

Ruby watches as discreetly as possible. Rachel stamps her foot. O'leary gently rubs her shoulders.

O'LEARY

I'll see you at breakfast.

RACHEL

Alright, fine, "Patches." See you at
breakfast or whatever.

Ruby watches her sway for a second before turning on a dime and rushing inside. O'leary watches with a warm smile.

He turns to the view and takes out a pack of cigarettes. Ruby takes a deep breath and makes her approach.

She comes up behind him in kind of a zig-zag.

RUBY

Hey. Hi. Mind if I bum one of those?

He turns, pack already extended. Up close he's no less handsome but more accessible. Wide smile. Calm demeanor.

She takes a cigarette and he's ready with the lighter in a flash. They take a couple of drags in silence.

RUBY

You don't remember me, do you?

He turns his full attention in her direction.

O'LEARY

No, I don't think so. Ruby, is it?

RUBY

That's me.

She extends her hand. He goes in for a hug. They meet somewhere in the middle.

O'LEARY

O'leary. AKA "Patches."

RUBY

Yeah, I hadn't thought of that in years until I heard Rach say it. Why did they call you that again?

O'LEARY

No one really did. Not to my face, anyway. It's because of the jacket I used to wear all the time, with the patches on the elbows.

RUBY

Oh right. Like a Professor.

O'LEARY

More like the only kid here on a scholarship. But thanks for remembering politely.

A quick sadness ripples across his face. He doesn't carry it with him, but he remembers being poor in a rich kids school.

RUBY

No problem. I never called you that back then either. If it's any consolation my parents lost all their money right after I graduated. So I was my own kind of patches in college.

O'LEARY

Where'd you go?

RUBY

Sarah Lawrence. For a while, anyway.

O'LEARY

And what do you do now?

She hesitates for a second, her mind deciding whether or not she's going to bullshit him or. It decides not to.

RUBY

I own a used bookstore.

O'LEARY

Wow. That's awesome. Does it have a little cafe in the back? I always wanted to own a used bookstore with a little cafe in the back.

RUBY

No cafe, but there's a pretty awesome sandwich place right down the street. They sell pretty good coffee. What about you? What do you do?

O'LEARY

Professor.

He holds up his arms to show her the leather patches on his elbows. They smile at each other into a prolonged silence.

RUBY

I always kind of had a crush on you, you know.

She takes a step closer to him. He stubs out his cigarette.

O'LEARY

You want to get a drink? I hear they're giving them out for free.

INT. THE ROWEN SCHOOL - MAIN BAR - NIGHT

Ruby and O'leary stand by a crowded bar right next to the dance floor. They're part of a group of four.

The person next to Ruby gets up from his stool. O'leary slides it away from the bar and offers it to her. She sits.

A QUITE PUDGY MAN leans in to be heard.

A QUITE PUDGY MAN
None of us could figure it out, man.
Why'd you quit the team senior year?

O'LEARY
It was lacrosse. Who wants to "get really good at lacrosse?" It makes no sense, right?

The group laughs, clearly responding to his charisma. AN UPTIGHT WOMAN motions at the dance floor.

UPTIGHT WOMAN
I see Rachel's making her usual show of things.

All eyes move to the crowded dance floor. Rachel is straight up wilin' out. She spills her drink and promptly sits down.

In the middle of a crowded dance floor.

A QUITE PUDGY MAN
I've already got a divorce under my belt and that lunatic stays married for ten years. Disgraceful.

O'leary cocks his head at Ruby and motions at Rachel. She nods and they push through the crowd to pick her up.

INT. THE ROWEN SCHOOL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ruby stands by an open stall door, poking out of which are Rachel's legs. O'leary sits on a sink.

RUBY
I do not remember her hoarking like that in high school.

O'LEARY
She once puked mid-cheer at a lacrosse game. It was pretty big news.

RUBY

Was that because she was drunk,
though? I thought it was something
else. Like shrooms or a bad sando.

Rachel bursts out of the stall and staggers to a sink. She douses her face with water & looks at Ruby through a mirror.

RACHEL

It was shrooms.

She stands upright and staggers. O'leary steadies her. She collapses on him and goes in for a make-out.

EXT. THE ROWEN SCHOOL - BANQUET HALL - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Ruby studies a campus map in the doorway. O'leary helps Rachel into a cab. It's no easy task.

Ruby peeks down the hall. A light bulb goes off. O'leary finally sends the cab on its way.

When he approaches she spins around, two bottles of wine pinched from a catering box by the door held high.

RUBY

Want to check out my old room?

INT. THE ROWEN SCHOOL - GIRLS DORMS - NIGHT

They giggle their way into a common area. Two doors on each wall, a group of love seats formed in a semi-circle.

O'leary flips on the lights. Ruby flips them right off.

RUBY

Dude, don't. We'll get in so much
trouble with the R.A.

They stand in the dim room and face each other. Ruby swigs from her bottle. O'leary sets his down.

O'LEARY

So. Which one was yours?

She turns in a half circle and points at a random door.

RUBY

That one.

He holds out his arm.

O'LEARY

Shall we?

They approach the door, arm in arm.

RUBY

I hope it's unlocked.

The door CLICKS open before she even finishes her sentence. They disappear inside.

CLICK. The door locks.

INT. THE ROWEN SCHOOL - DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Light from two large windows spills in to the cheap room. The cheap room that's filled with rich kids things.

Designer clothes, latest model Apple products, a 4K smart TV. Ruby and O'leary don't notice.

They're too busy tumbling to the bed to make out. They're going at it pretty aggro. Ruby maneuvers herself on top.

Her dress disappears over her head in one motion.

RUBY

Do you have a condom?

He scoots back and sits up.

O'LEARY

Hold on, hold on. This is feeling a little weird. I mean...this is a kids room. Kids sleep in here, right?

RUBY

Not tonight they don't.

She leans down and they grope some more. She reaches for his belt buckle.

O'LEARY

Wait. Just a second. Let me check and see if I have one.

She leans back. He slips out from under her and reaches for his jacket. Her legs swing over the side of the bed.

RUBY

You know what? Let's slow down a sec.

O'LEARY
See? It feels weird, right? Like
we're going to get busted.

RUBY
It's not that. I'm about to have to
pee. I can tell.

He has his wallet in his hand. She grabs her dress and holds it over the top half of her body. His wallet folds open.

There's a picture of a high school aged O'leary with his arm around a girl that looks just like him.

RUBY
Oh, no way? Is that your sister? Are
you a twin? I didn't know you were -
er - I kind of forgot.

O'LEARY
No, it's cool. I mean. She didn't go
here. There was some stuff at the
time. We were going through some
stuff, so she didn't visit or
anything.

Ruby reaches for the wallet with a "May I?" look. He hands it over. She slips the picture out of the plastic sleeve.

O'LEARY
You remind me of her a little.

Ruby looks down at her half naked body.

RUBY
Um. Ew.

O'LEARY
No, no. Not like that. It's just.
Well, she would have crashed a high
school reunion too, you know? For the
hell of it.

Their eyes lock. She's on the verge of a denial.

O'LEARY
Come on. I know you didn't go here.
It's fine, really. I -

BANG BANG BANG. The door vibrates with the force of the person knocking on the other side. They jump.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Come on, open up already.

Ruby & O'leary lock eyes and stifle laughs. BANG BANG BANG.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Open the damn door.

The handle JIGGLE'S madly.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
I'm tripping balls out here.

BANG BANG BANG. JIGGLE JIGGLE. Ruby and O'leary mime out a conversation about where they're going to hide.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Look, I have to drop something off. I think. I'm pretty sure I fucked up & I shouldn't have it. So let me in.

BANG BANG BANG.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
OK, on three I'm breaking down the door. You know I can. One.

Ruby moves to duck under the bed. She can't. O'leary pulls her to the closet.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Two.

Ruby slips into the closet. O'leary darts to the bed to grab his jacket.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Three.

SLAM. The door flexes inward. SLAM. The lock trembles. SLAM. The wood around the knob cracks a little. SLAM.

O'leary barely makes it into the -

INT. THE ROWEN SCHOOL - DORM ROOM - CLOSET

- in time. The sound of the closet closing is lost completely by the sound of the door slamming into the wall.

Ruby and O'leary are face to face. He holds on to the doorknob for dear life. They don't make a peep.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
 What the hell, man? You're not even
 in here. I thought I heard you in
 here. Shit. I'm all woozy.

Bed springs CREAK from the -

INT. THE ROWEN SCHOOL - DORM ROOM

- as STELLA (18) sits on the bed. A pale face with small
 features peeks out from a tightly closed yellow hoodie.

She tosses a LEATHER SATCHEL on the bed across from her and
 stares at it. She flops on to her back.

She takes a series of deep breaths which quicken and get
 more and more shallow. She sits bolt upright.

STELLA
 Shit. OK OK OK. It's here. That's
 cool. I can just leave it here. And
 breathe breathe breathe.

She takes a look around the room. Nothing holds her
 attention. She wanders out of the room.

Even though the flimsy lock is broken the latch still CLICKS
 into place.

INT. THE ROWEN SCHOOL - DORM ROOM - CLOSET

Ruby and O'leary exhale quietly after they here the CLICK.
 They make eye contact and strain to listen.

Nothing. She moves her hand to the back of his neck. They
 listen more. Nothing.

He gets his hand around her waist. They kiss. The MUFFLED
 CLUNK of a heavier door closing sounds in the distance.

They stop kissing.

O'LEARY
 Think we can come out of hiding now?

INT. THE ROWEN - DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Ruby and O'leary stare down in to the leather satchel. It's
 FILLED WITH CASH. Loose, non-consecutive 50's & 100's.

A lot of them. Ruby's hands twitch for the bag but stop after a sideways glance at O'leary.

O'LEARY

Huh.

She studies his face. It shows nothing but curiosity.