

EXT. LAKE SIDE / DIRT PATH - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

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

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

**AIMEE:** Can I try that?

**SUTTER:** This? No. This is serious stuff.

**AIMEE:** Just a taste.

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

**AIMEE:** How can you drink this?

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

**AIMEE:** Who?

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

**AIMEE:** Did you get drunk?

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

*(He smiles at this memory.)*

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

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

**AIMEE:** That's so cool!

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

**AIMEE:** They're divorced?

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

way better off.

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

**AIMEE:** Sounds like we have the same mother.

**SUTTER:** How's that?

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

**SUTTER:** You got into college today?

**AIMEE:** In Philadelphia. Where my sister lives.

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

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

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

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

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

**AIMEE:** Yeah but --

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

**AIMEE:** How?

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

**AIMEE:** I don't know how.

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

*(Aimee takes the flask. Drinks another sip.)*

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

**AIMEE:** What?!

**SUTTER:** Say it.

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

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

"Mom..."

**AIMEE:** "Mom..."

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

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

**SUTTER:** Motherfucking.

**AIMEE:** Motherfucking back! Motherfucker! Aaaah!

**SUTTER:** Yes!

**AIMEE:** That sorta feels good.

**SUTTER:** I told you.

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

**SUTTER:** Oh! Krystal got one. Who else?

**AIMEE:** I think that's it.

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

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

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

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

**AIMEE:** They weren't hitting on me.

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

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

**AIMEE:** Whew.

**SUTTER:** You're damn right "whew."