

FADE IN:

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

What was once a garage is now a living room, but the feeling of its cold emptiness remains. The ceiling is low and the walls are bare except for a large mirror.

On one side is a living area with a TV and speaker system and on the other is a kitchenette.

JEN, 18, straightens the rug, then plugs her phone into the speaker. AN INDIE POP SONG PLAYS.

Her chubby body is squeezed into a tight dress and she wears fluffy slippers on her feet.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

LAUREN, 17, wears a long, very worn dress, and stands at the kitchenette counter. There are faint scar lines on her arm and her hair is knotted.

She pours a shot of vodka, downs it, pours another. She looks over her shoulder.

Jen sits on the sofa, adjusts her too-tight dress and checks her teeth for stuck food.

Lauren drinks another shot.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - TOILET - NIGHT

MIRA, 17, sits on the closed toilet seat. She wears a short dress covered with a large jumper and her hair is braided tightly on her head. She speaks into her phone.

MIRA

Bye mum. Love you.

Someone BANGS on the toilet door.

LAUREN (O.S.)

Come on!

Mira flushes the unused toilet, checks herself in the mirror and opens the door.

Lauren leans against the door frame. Puppy-dog eyes.

LAUREN

We're going to play a game, Mira.

Mira pushes past Lauren to get through the door.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The three girls sit in a circle on the rug. In the centre of the circle is a bottle of vodka, bottles of cola, and plastic cups and straws.

LAUREN
Get off your phone, Mira.

Mira does as she's told. Lauren raises a cup.

LAUREN
Here's to one last piss-up before exams!

Jen WOOPS.

JEN
Mira?

MIRA
I dunno what to do about Joe.

LAUREN
Little miss popular and her many admirers. How will she cope?

Jen sucks in her stomach and glances in the mirror on the wall.

JEN
I wish someone fancied me.

MIRA
What should I reply? I don't wanna be mean.

LAUREN
Mira. No one cares. Can we just play the game?

JEN
Can I see the texts?

Mira shuffles towards Jen and they look at Mira's phone and GIGGLE.

JEN
That's so weird!

MIRA
I know! I shouldn't laugh.

LAUREN
Boring. I'm gonna go and rummage
through the house. See if there's
anything to steal.

JEN
(to Mira)
You don't like him then?

Lauren leaves. The door SLAMS.

MIRA
Joe? No. He's nice. But he's not
really my type.

JEN
Do you like anyone?

Mira shrugs.

JEN
I guess you could have whoever you
wanted. I wish I could.

MIRA
That's not true.

JEN
Come on. Who? Adam's cute.

MIRA
He's...yeah. I dunno.

JEN
Are you a lesbian?

Mira stands.

MIRA
I just wanna get something from my
bag. Be right back.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Coats hang on the stair banister and family photos cover the walls.

Lauren, on her knees, rummages through a large handbag. She takes out a notebook and opens it. The first page reads:
'Mira Green'.

Mira yanks the notebook out of Lauren's hands.

MIRA
Why are you in my bag?

LAUREN
I knew you'd written a poem about
me.

Lauren whispers in Mira's ear.

LAUREN
I like it.

As Lauren leaves the room, Mira rips a page from the notebook, crumples it up and stuffs it in her bra.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

LAUREN
OK. Never have I ever smoked weed.

Lauren swigs her drink and Mira takes a little sip through her straw.

LAUREN
No you haven't.

MIRA
I did. Just a bit.

LAUREN
When?

MIRA
I dunno. At a party.

JEN
I don't get why people smoke.

LAUREN
What party?

JEN
My turn. Never have I ever-

Lauren pokes Mira. No response.

JEN
God. Actually, I can't think right
now.

LAUREN
I've got one!

Lauren's toes rub Mira's.