

INT. DELIA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

DELIA sleeps on top of the covers in a room that has very little teeny about it. Literature is the dominant theme.

Jo-Jo lies next to her and watches her sleep. A strand of hair falls forward on her face. He pushes it behind her ear.

It wakes her up. She keeps her eyes closed and cuddles into him. He puts his hand on her arm.

She talks in a half-whisper.

DELIA

I was having the craziest dream. I dreamt that we were on the beach and you were wearing one of those old fashioned men's one piece suits with stripes and everything. The tide came in, right, all the way up to our thighs and you held my hand but all I wanted to do was write something down on a napkin at a bar and all the sudden we were at a bar. You bought me a hat and I drew a diagram on a napkin for this weird bicycle thing with a mobile attached to the handlebars. You know, like you hang above a kids crib so they have something to stare at? All the little hanging things were bicycles too. You switched our hats and I decided to call my invention the "Whim-Cycle."

Jo-Jo bursts out laughing. It's a deep, rich, bass laugh that fills the quiet of the room to the brim.

Delia slaps his chest.

DELIA

Jesus, pipe down. Are you trying to get us caught?

She looks over at the door. A distant THRUM of people starting their day sounds behind it.

JO-JO

Yo, don't blame me. Your brain is the one inventing awesome gibberish.

She props herself up, with her elbows on his chest.

DELIA
You have the best laugh ever.

Her hair falls in her face. He pushes it behind her ear. Her mouth collapses on his and they make out.

She moves his hand under her shirt on to the small of her back. He keeps it there, motionless.

She presses her body hard in to his. He kisses her for realies but keeps his body stiff as a post.

Footsteps CLOMP to her door. There's a KNOCK.

ELIZABETH (O.C.)
Almost ready?

DELIA
Yeah, mom.

She shoves Jo-Jo off the side of her bed that's out of sight of the door just as it cracks open.

ELIZABETH JANE pokes her head in.

ELIZABETH
You're not even dressed.

DELIA
It takes me like two seconds. God.

She swings her legs off the front of the bed. Jo-Jo stares at the indentation her socks make around her ankle.

ELIZABETH
Your father and I want to go over some house rules before we leave.

DELIA
Blah blah blah, no parties. Blah blah blah, no boys. Blah blah blah, since when do you even care what I do?

She moves to the door and puts a little weight on it.

ELIZABETH
Delia. We still have to work to trust you. You know that.

DELIA

OK, mom, but I'm about to get totally naked and do teenage grooming things, which is really something I don't think you want to see. Am I right?

Elizabeth cranes her head farther into the room and glances around. She looks at Delia.

Delia unties the drawstring of her Pajama bottoms.

DELIA

I started shaving my cooter. You want to check it out? I tried going for a heart shape but I don't think I did a very good job.

Elizabeth makes a face. Delia threatens to drop the PJ bottoms. Elizabeth withdraws.

ELIZABETH

You're so crass.

DELIA

Shoo. I'll be out in a second.

She shoves her mom out the door and closes it. Jo-Jo pops his head up over the bed.

Delia covers her face to stop herself from laughing.

INT/EXT. ELIZABETH'S CAR - DELIA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

BLOOP. Delia sends a text from the passenger seat. Elizabeth double checks her rear view and seatbelt. She hella fussy.

She steps on the gas.

ELIZABETH

Who are you texting this early?

DELIA

Your mom.

Elizabeth steps on the brakes.

ELIZABETH

Do you have to?

Delia ignores her to - you guessed it - BLOOP. She looks out the back windshield.

Jo-Jo pushes the curtain to her bedroom window aside and waves at her. She turns right back to her screen, giddy.

GIDDY BLOOP.

INT. DELIA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Jo-Jo lets the curtain close and sits on the edge of the twin bed. It sags under his massive frame.

He looks around at the very untidy room with a very still reverence. His eyes land on a drawer stuffed with clothes.

They're undergarments. He looks away quickly and turns his attention to a book on the bedside stand.

"To The Lighthouse" by Virginia Woolf. A 5x6 picture sticks out of it as a bookmark. He slips it out.

It's of him, LOUIS, and Delia at the beach. Delia wears a conservative two piece.

He folds the picture so he can only see Delia. His eyes glance over at the door.

INT. DELIA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

FLUSH. He watches a few well-used tissues swirl down the drain. Yeah. He totally just whacked off.

He hears a SOUND - one of those sounds empty houses make. A board CREAKS. A faucet GROANS.

His entire body freezes. He holds his breath. More vague noises CREAK & GROAN at him. His head darts around.

He hops in the shower and pulls the curtain closed. His BREATH is the loudest noise. He holds it again.

The world keeps making its little sounds, but after a few (pretty foolish) seconds he realizes no one is home.

He slips out of the bathroom.

EXT. MANNIE'S BIKE SHOP - DAY

Jo-Jo leans against the wall outside a small, cramped bike shop. He has a WALKMAN clipped to his jumpsuit.

GIL smokes a spliff next to him. He stands so he can't be seen from inside the shop.

The two pals have a lazy hang. They people watch. They ignore each other. Gil smokes. Jo-Jo rewinds a TAPE.

Gil jerks his head at the door.

JO-JO

He in there?

Jo-Jo glances in the shop. No people. Just tons and tons of bicycles in various states of disrepair.

He shakes his head.

GIL

So tell me what you think of this. I was pissing the other day and this idea popped in to my head to sort of get a toilet seat cover that was all hairy and shit with a pink cushion at the top. You know? So it would look like pissing into a huge vag.

JO-JO

The. Fuck?

GIL

Like. A novelty thing. They could sell them at sex shops.

JO-JO

No.

GIL

Too raw? I get a million ideas like that a week. One of them's gonna turn out to be totally geen.

Jo-Jo stares at him. He's blazed. Scruffy. His clothes are pretty dirty. He looks lazily deranged.

Jo-Jo slips his headphones on. Gil rambles on. All Jo-Jo hears are the sweet, sweet riffs of The Minutemen.

Gil rambles for a while. Jo-Jo watches the world go by from his somewhat professional lean. He's content. Until -

- Gil flicks the remains of his spliff in the street and snatches something from Jo-Jo's pocket.

It's the picture at the beach. CLICK. The music stops.

GIL
When the fuck did you guys roll with
this fag down at the beach?

JO-JO
Give it.

GIL
Dude, nice. I had no idea Delia was
smuggling juggies like this. Never
got a feel for what was going on with
her juggie situation. Them's sweet
juggies.

Jo-Jo reaches for the picture. Gil darts away from him.

GIL
I'd blow off my boys for a set of
juggies like this too. Believe.

Jo-Jo steps out of his lean into an aggressive stance.

GIL
What's with the crease? You guys
don't slap enough meat, you gotta
fire off a solo every now and then?

Jo-Jo takes a swing. It's an honest to god punch - Gil darts
out of the way. Slippery little fella, that Gil.

GIL
Can I borrow this? Seriously. I'll
get it back to you in two minutes.
Two minutes thirty seconds. Tops.

Jo-Jo swipes a few more times. None of his blows land but he
manages to grab Gil's wrist. He twists it. Hard.

Gil folds downward. He drops the picture.

GIL
Ow, fuck. Uncle, bro. Uncle.

Jo-Jo holds him in the same position. He doesn't twist the
wrist any more. But he doesn't let up either.

GIL
Jo. I said uncle, man. Leggo.

Jo-Jo stares at him. Gil's in real pain. He lets go. Gil
tumbles onto his back on the sidewalk.

Gil rubs his wrist and looks up at Jo-Jo, with a stoned and confused expression.

MANNIE - a squat, brutish LATINO man, steps out of the bike shop. He wears a jumpsuit identical to Jo-Jo's.

He has a magazine rolled up in his head. As Gil gets up he starts WHACKING him with hit.

A few SPANISH WORDS pepper his speech.

MANNIE

Get lost, you bum. I can't take a shit without you coming by and messing with my employee's? You loser. You bum. You worthless piece of shit. Get out of here. Go pick cans out of the trash or pass out in a ditch. You loser. You bum.

Gil backs away. Mannie advances. WHAP. WHAP. Gil brings his hands up. Mannie WHACKS away.

Jo-Jo puts his arm in front of Mannie's chest. Mannie lets himself be held back. Gil backs up a few steps.

GIL

I talked to mom last night. She fucked like three dudes in the last week alone. You limp dick fuck.

Mannie steps backward as though Gil hit him. Gil takes two steps forward.

GIL

Yeah, that's right. Whole world knows why she left you. They can see it all over your face, Captain No Bones.

Mannie's arms go limp at his sides. He lowers his head. Gil moves even closer. Jo-Jo puts his palm on Gil's chest.

Gil's shoulders rise and fall as his breathing gets heavier and heavier. Jo-Jo shakes his head at him.

Mannie backs away another step. Gil's anger twists into a devilish little grin.

GIL

Yeah. That's what I thought. Fuck you pussies. I'm out.

He shoulders past Mannie and strolls down the street. Mannie puffs up as soon as he's gone and looks at Jo-Jo.

MANNIE

Pray you never have an ingrate for a son like me. That bum. That loser.

He mutters to himself in Spanish and heads back into the store. Jo-Jo looks at the ground.

He picks up the picture and goes back to his lean. The headphones come back on. The Minutemen shred.

EXT. MANNIE'S BIKE SHOP - BACK GARAGE - DAY

A small shack-garage sits a few feet away from the shops back entrance. Jo-Jo works on a bike.

Delia's voice drifts from inside the shop. Jo-Jo straightens up and wipes grease off his hands.

Mannie leads Delia to the back door. He has a stiff smile fixed on his face and he nods at irregular intervals.

DELIA

Don't worry, I won't keep him long. I'm babysitting later and my parents are away so I have to be home at nine sharp or they'll freak out and call in the national guard or something. They're crazy strict. I'm not even supposed to go on dates, never mind have a serious boyfriend. But if I'm being honest about it they don't really care what I do. They just like making up rules, is all.

Mannie nods and backs into his shop. Delia runs and jumps into Jo-Jo's arms. He holds her up.

DELIA

Hi.

She kisses him. They back up against the wall, making out. She pulls her face away but stays in his arms.

DELIA

Oh. Oh. You're coming by when I'm babysitting, right? They have a super cool porch and all the baby does is sleep and I want to talk to you about something.

He readjusts her position in his arms.

DELIA

Also, did you take a picture out of my book? I was using it as a book mark. I mean, it's cool if you did, I know where I was, and anyway I like re-reading a few pages here and there, but it was a picture of us at the beach that I really like.

JO-JO

Nope. Don't got.

DELIA

OK.

She plants her mouth on his mouth.

INT. MANNIE'S BIKE SHOP - BATHROOM - LATER

Mannie sits on top of the toilet seat in the narrow, pretty filthy bathroom. His pants are around his ankles.

He props the picture of Delia against a bottle of soap on the sink and grabs a handful of toilet paper.

Someone pushes on the locked door.

JO-JO

Oh. Um. Yo. Occupied.

CLICK. SHUNK. A key turns in the lock. Jo-Jo grabs his pants and knocks over the picture and soap.

Mannie lets himself in to the bathroom. He backs out as soon as he catches sight of what's shaking.

MANNIE

Sorry, Sorry. Shit. Jesus. Sorry. I thought a customer forgot to unlock the knob. Sorry sorry sorry.

CLICK. The door closes. Jo-Jo holds his pants up with one hand and braces himself on the sink with the other.

He LAUGHS at his reflection in the grimy mirror.

EXT. ELLIE'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Jo-Jo drifts back and forth on a porch swing. Delia walks in from the house with a baby monitor in hand.

DELIA

That baby is cute and all, but she fills a diaper like a lunatic.

She drops on to the swing and plops her head right into Jo-Jo's lap. He slides a small pillow under it.

DELIA

I know all babies do, but this one seems like more poo than person. She is not a dainty shitter. Like at all.

She moves his hand onto her hip. He plays with her hair as she natters away. He loves every second of it.

DELIA

Whatever. Ellie pays like 30 bucks an hour because she is mental for this kid. I know that doesn't seem like a lot to pay someone that's actually safeguarding the well being of your new born baby, but it is. The last time I babysat the woman paid like 11.50 an hour. And she had twins. Those kids hated me. The lady had better food in her house, though. Ellie just has a bunch of healthy bullshit. So, anyway, I want you to come over later, because my parents are away and all, and I want to fuck. Because we should do that.

She bolts upright and looks at his reaction. He stares straight ahead. His eyes dart to hers.

DELIA

Right?

He doesn't know what to do with his hands.

JO-JO

OK.

He leans forward and CLICKS on the baby monitor. It's been off this whole time.

INT. JO-JO'S PLACE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jo-Jo moves around a small room with a view out of a sixth floor window. It's tidy and spartan.

The main personal points of interest are a huge collection of audio cassettes and a few books on audio engineering.

He pulls on a suit jacket and straightens a tie. BLOOP. New text from Delia that reads -

"Ellie texted, they're gonna be late. 10 instead of 9?" He texts back "Cool." The time on his phone reads 8:45.

He flops onto the bed. Dudes all dressed up and ready to go. He slips the picture of Delia out of his pocket.

He really stares at it like he's trying to memorize every contour, every freckle, every inch of her body.

He eyes the door. Then the picture. His hand slowly moves down to his zipper.

EXT. DELIA'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A DOORBELL tapers off in the house. Jo-Jo moves back and forth with anxious jerks. He holds a bouquet of flowers.

He wears a different tie. His hair is neatly combed, his shirt tucked in. He looks like he's going to prom.

The door FLIES open. Delia stands there in her PJ's. WHOOSH. She pulls him into the house with both hands.

INT. DELIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Delia straddles Jo-Jo on the couch. They make out like serious make out fiends. It's relatively PG-13, though.

There are candles lit everywhere. Music an 18 year old would think was foxy plays at a respectable volume.

Jo-Jo still has his blazer on. Delia whips off her sweater, revealing a tank top underneath. Her hands move over him.

DELIA
Would you get comfy, dammit?

She tugs at his blazer. It gets stuck on his shoulders. She has to lean back to let him get it off properly.

As soon as his arms are free she snatches it and chucks it on the floor. She puts his hands on her waist.

He keeps them there. She dives in for another make-out fix. Her fingers struggle with his tie.

JO-JO

Here. I can.

She leans back again. He takes off the tie in a methodical way, folds it, and drapes it over the back of the couch.

He looks up at her. His hands stay on the cushion.

DELIA

Okey Dokey. It's official. You're being weird. You've been being weird since we first started dating. I dropped all the hints I could possibly stand and then finally blurted it out and you still don't go for the gusto and try to get in my pants. I want to fuck, Jo. I want us to fuck each other. Call me crazy, but I assume you want the same thing.

JO-JO

I. I love you.

It's a big revelation. For him, anyway.

DELIA

Yeah, I know that, dummy. I love you too. We love each other. We're in love. Obviously. Now make with the Johnson so we can love each other all different kinds of naked.

She reaches for his belt. He grabs her hands. She slaps them away, frustrated.

DELIA

What? What is it? Do you love me like a knight in a Fairytale that would rather poke a dragon with a sword than go to bed with me?

JO-JO

No. D.

DELIA

Well do you even want to?

JO-JO

Yeah.

She waits for him to go on. He doesn't.

DELIA

Are you worried you're gonna crush me or something? Cuz I can get on top, no problem. Or we could try it standing up. Oooo. We should try that anyway.

He looks down at his hands. She throws her hands up.

DELIA

Jo-Jo. You're crazy hot. You drive me nuts and I'm horny all the time and all I want to do is use said horniness. With you. Whenever we can. Why aren't we using our horniness? I don't get it. When I don't get something I make up all these reasons of my own to get it and some of the reasons will eventually be upsetting and by then I'll feel upset whether I should or not and nothing will make it go away. So just tell me. OK?

JO-JO

I've never. I haven't. I'm a virgin.

His eyes lift to meet hers. It's another revelation. For him, anyway. She hops up.

DELIA

God, is that all? That's no big deal. I'll make sure you know what you're doing. Trust me.

She holds out her hand. He looks at it.

DELIA

There's no way it will be bad. We have all night. Isn't that like all the time in the world?

She gestures her hand forward. After one last glance he takes it. She leads him down the hall to her bedroom.

CLICK. The bedroom door closes.

CUT TO BLACK: