Henry 1

HENRY

Sounds good.

NATALIE

I still have this practice room for seven and a half minutes.

HENRY

Yeah, I mean, I know—I just like to listen. I'm Henry.

NATALIE

Natalie.

HENRY

Yeah. I mean, I know.

NATALIE

It's a little creepy that you know.

HENRY

We've gone to school together for, like, six years.

NATALIE

Really?

HENRY

I sit behind you in four classes.

NATALIE

Uh-huh. Also creepy.

HENRY

You're in here a lot. Before school, and after.

NATALIE

Right. Seven minutes.

(A brief moment, and Henry turns to go.)

You give up way too easily.

(Henry stops and turns back to her.)

HENRY

Uh. You're kind of a confusing person.

NATALIE

You should meet my mother.

Henry 2

Henry and Natalie at his house. He's packing the bowl of a bigass bong.)

NATALIE

Your mom is, like, in the next room.

HENRY

She's in denial—it's totally convenient.

(He takes a hit from the bong, then offers it. Natalie just looks at it, then him.)

Dude. It's therapeutic.

NATALIE

Right, it's medical marijuana to treat your ADD.

HENRY

(takes another hit, then:)

Totally...huh?

NATALIE

I don't put anything into my mouth that's on fire.

HENRY

I guess that's a good rule.

(He goes to kiss her. She pulls away abruptly.)

NATALIE

Look. I can't do this. Not with my life. I'm like one fuckup from disaster.

(MUSIC CHANGES.)

HENRY

Your life is not a disaster. The environment is a disaster. Sprint is a disaster.

NATALIE

You're stoned.

Henry 3

NATALIE

Come ON. This is my favorite club. Let's go in.

HENRY

Isn't three clubs a little much for a Tuesday night?

(checks his cell)

Wednesday morning?

NATALIE

Oh, come on. They're playing my favorite song.

HENRY

They're all your favorite song. What are you on?

NATALIE

Adderall. Xanax. And Valium. And Robitussin.

HENRY

When did you become a bad influence on me?

NATALIE

Hey, I am under stress. My mom is in a hospital being electrocuted.

(Natalie goes into the club. Henry follows.

[redacted]

NATALIE

(shouting over the music)

Seriously—she gets it like every day for two weeks. I can't even deal. I'd never let them fuck with my brain like that.

(She pops a pill and downs it with Red Bull.)

HENRY

(also shouting)

No, you're strictly a do-it-yourself-er.