

## SCENE I

## INT. CAR - NIGHT

Niccolo and Andréa are silent as they coast through Canyon Boulevard, with only a couple cars in hindsight. The windows condense with fog from the late night air with their body temperatures radiating heat from inside the quiet vehicle. Niccolo's promise ring reflects the light from the streetlights outside, his white knuckles grip the steering wheel as his body sits motionlessly erect with his tight face blankly staring straight ahead. Andréa's burning forehead grazes the passenger's window, her eyes squeezed shut and her lips pursed. She sits catatonically with her arms tight around her stomach facing away from Niccolo. She begins making a light wheezing noise and Niccolo cautiously reaches over to touch his cold hand to her clammy forehead. Her wheezing stops.

ANDRÉA

Niccolo

NICCOLO

Shh...

ANDRÉA

Niccolo, pull over...

Niccolo smoothly pulls the car over to the right, worry etched in his face. Andréa throws open the door and twists her torso out of the car. Niccolo quickly whips off his seatbelt and reaches over, grabbing her hair and holding it back as she vomits onto the dewy grass of someone's front lawn. Andréa lingers, bent over, out of the car for several more seconds gasping for air before lifting up her head and pulling herself back into the car. Niccolo, visually saddened and disgusted, starts the car and pulls back onto the street. Hesitantly, he begins to speak.

## SCENE II

## INT. CAR - NIGHT

NICCOLO

Why do you do this to yourself?  
This creates trouble with your  
parents and I. How do you think  
they feel seeing me dragging you to  
your front doorstep sloshed almost  
every night thinking that it's my  
fault? Then having me apologize  
each time and driving off without  
an explanation. It hurts me to see  
you like this because I care so

much about you..

Niccolo chokes out. He looks away his eyes glazed and his face pinched with pain.

ANDRÉA

Nico, not right now...

Niccolo hits his fist against the steering wheel, enraged by her insensitivity. He scowls at her and raises his voice.

NICCOLO

Then when? DAMMIT Andréa, then  
WHEN?!

Andréa flinches at his sudden outburst and looks out the window, her eyebrows furrowed together. She looks ashamed as a tear rolls down her cheek.

NICCOLO

My back is breaking trying to support you and all your problems! You call me at two or three in the morning telling me you are stuck somewhere not remembering how you got there, and then asking me to come pick you up! It's like some wild goose chase each time! Every night before I go to bed I DREAD you're at another party drinking and doing God knows what else and I PRAY that you don't get hurt! The worst part is all this begging you to stop drinking has done nothing! Did you know I'm the first person your parents call when you don't come home? I drop everything I'm doing to look for you. And when I find you...

Niccolo closes his eyes and inhales deeply. He pauses for several moments before continuing. He loosens his grip on the steering wheel and when they come to a complete stop at a red light. He drops his hands into his lap and lowers his gaze. Andréa tearfully glances over at him. She looks hurt.

NICCOLO

When I find you your passed out on the side of a deserted street.

ANDRÉA

I told you I'm working on it...

Andréa's voice trails off as she winces and leans her head against the side of the window. She grips the seat.

NICCOLO

No your not! Andrea...

He pauses, taking another deep breathe before turning to glance at her. Niccolo looks tired, lines indenting his pale face, causing him to seem older.

NICCOLO

You mean the world to me and I don't want to lose you but...What happened? It was so perfect in the beginning. Remember Shawn's party where we first met? After he introduced us at his bonfire we talked all night! You would surprise me with your crazy stories and your lighthearted sense of humor. You radiated happiness and drew surrounding people in with your sweet laughter kind heart. And look at you...You're here now...drunk like you are almost every night expecting me to take you home and trying to sleep it off the next day. I just cant do it anymore.

ANDRÉA

Please, stop...

NICCOLO

I don't want to do it anymore Andréa! I'm your boyfriend, not your babysitter! I want an actual relationship with someone that wants to be with me, not needs to be with me because she needs someone to take care of her and clean up after her! We don't go out or on group dates with our friends, and all this excessive drinking is costing you your life! Look at you! All the color has drained from your face, you don't hang out with the same friends you used to and...well, your just alone. You party heavily with people you don't even know. They don't care about you the same way I do...the same way I did anyways...

Niccolo wipes his tears away with the back of his hand. His

body sags in his seat, he looks forlorn and hopeless.

ANDRÉA

Wha...What are you trying to say? Are you leaving me? You cant do that. Baby, I need you...It's been three years, do you really want to throw it away just because you angry at me right now?!

NICCOLO

Its been like this for the past year. don't act like this is all new your not the same...

ANDRÉA

Nico...

Andrea turns to face him, tears streaming down her face and she pitifully smiles at him. She slowly and cautiously reaches out to his face with her left hand and guiding his face to look at her. When he meets her gaze, she places her hand on his knee.

ANDRÉA

Nico, do you remember our fist summer when we would go to the beach everyday? We would cruise around the lake in Paige's speedboat with Mike, Alex, Daniela, and the rest of them? You taught me how to water surf and would jump out to help me untangle myself every time I fell off the board. And when the sun went down Alex would pull out his guitar and we would start a barbeque and have a fire going. He would sing 'Lazy Day' by The Jets and we would all sing along? Remember that? Or what about when I snuck you into my bedroom that one night? We heard my father call out my name and walk down the hall...You got so scared you jumped out of my two story bedroom window because you were afraid of what he would do to you if he saw you?

The tension in Niccolo's face recedes as he chuckles in remembrance. The tension ceases between the two as they slowly get closer to one another. Niccolo gazes into Andréa's eyes and leans his head against his headrest.

NICCOLO

Yeah I remember...

ANDRÉA

It was the best summer I have ever had.

NICCOLO

Mine too...

Niccolo slows the car down in front of her house and turns off the engine. Andréa lifts her hand to Niccolo's face again and gently slides her hand down his cheek to his chin. She hesitates before gingerly moving her hand to the nape of his neck and gently tugs at him. They lean into each other as their lips meet for a soft kiss. As seconds pass, Niccolo brings his arm around and puts it on the small of her back and draws her in.

SCENE III

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The porch light glows, illuminating a pale yellow that extends to the sidewalk. Niccolo slowly pulls away and opens his eyes to look at Andréa. She dreamily gazes back, looking victorious.

NICCOLO

Goodnight Andréa.

Andréa pulls back, her face horror-struck. Niccolo's face is hard as he places his hand back on the steering wheel.

ANDRÉA

What?! But I just SAID I will change!

NICCOLO

And how many times am I going to hear you say the same thing? I just picked you up, yet again, at 1:30 in the morning! Don't try and tell me that your sobering up when you SMELL like tequila and vomit. Get out. It's over.

Both are silent as Andréa's mouth gapes open. Niccolo holds up his hands to take off his promise ring and holds it out Andréa. She begins to cry.

NICCOLO

Take this and buy a couple forties with it.

Andréa gasps, mortified, throwing her door open and reaching across the seat, slapping Niccolo. He doesn't move, his face turning bright red where her palm hit. Andréa huffs and slams the car door shut, storming up to her front door and reaching for the key placed beneath the mat. Andréa unlocks her front door and slowly opens it. A light turns on in the livingroom as both her parents slowly raise themselves off of the couch. Andréa pauses before tentatively stepping inside the house, reaching back to close the door behind her. Niccolo drives off.

FATHER

Andréa, honey...we need to talk...

Andréa looks defeated. Her father reaches out to touch her shoulder as both parents look down at her, concerned. the camera slowly pulls out of the scene, out the window and above the house and fades out.