

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY  
SCHREYER HONORS COLLEGE

DEPARTMENT OF FILM-VIDEO

THE PURITY PROGRAM  
A Feature-Length Screenplay

KATHLEEN GERGEL  
Spring 2020

A thesis  
submitted in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements  
for baccalaureate degrees  
in Film-Video and Political Science  
with honors in Film-Video

Reviewed and approved\* by the following:

Rod Bingaman  
Associate Teaching Professor of Film-Video  
Thesis Supervisor/Honors Advisor

Maura Shea  
Associate Head of Department of Film-Video and Media Studies  
Faculty Reader

\* Electronic approvals are on file.

## ABSTRACT

This thesis was written with the primary intent to explore a new creative writing outlet that is most commonly used in the film-video field: the screenplay. The style and conventions of a screenplay are unlike many of those that are examined in typical writing classes, and it required skill development and adjustment in order to accomplish the final result: a feature-length film script. This script adheres to the narrative story structure with elements including rising action, obstacles, climax, conclusion, and more. The characters had to be multi-dimensional and believable in order to realistically carry the plot forward. Holes in the story had to be filled so that any reader or viewer would not be left with more questions than answers. And, overall, the screenplay had to provide an entertaining and immersive experience for those interacting with it. My hope is that those reading this thesis will understand the work required in writing a comprehensive storyline without many of the conventional writing structures one would find in a novel or short story. First and foremost, however, I hope that this project will entertain and excite those who can relate in some way to the essential message and backbone of the story: that sometimes healing comes in the most unconventional of ways.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Writing this screenplay would not have been a possibility without all of the help and feedback that I received throughout the entire process. I could not be more grateful for the additional pairs of eyes that I had helping me along the way.

First, thank you to Rod Bingaman for your endless support, encouragement, and constructive critiques. The story would have gone off the rails many times if it weren't for your re-focusing and emphasis on what was and wasn't important. Second, thank you to Justina Luongo for the same reasons. It has been a pleasure having you as my thesis writing buddy, and our Irving's and Starbucks dates were what kept me on track when I really needed it. Thank you, Maura Shea, for offering your valuable time to be my faculty reader.

Thank you to Aunt Jess for being the first reader after the first draft was completed, and giving me the valuable advice as you have done throughout my writing career – ever since “Cats Know How to Build Sandcastles.” Thank you, Mom and other beloved family members, for reading and not judging me too hard for the somewhat “adult” content.

A big thanks to all of my friends for the encouragement and support along the way! Someday we will get together and do a read-through... please don't get offended by the roles I cast you all as.

Thank you to Andie and Irma – even though you aren't real people – for giving me a love story that I believed in.

I also want to thank the Schreyer Honors College, the Bellisario College of Communications, and all of the amazing faculty members who have supported me immensely throughout my academic journey. I would need pages upon pages to list all of you, but thank you especially to Debra Rodgers, Mike Poorman, Dean Hardin, Dean Johnson, President Barron, Melissa Doberstein, and Emily Clevenger.

Finally, thank you Penn State for giving me a college experience from my wildest dreams. Though this isn't the ending I imagined...I will be back.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABSTRACT.....	i
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS .....	ii
THE PURITY PROGRAM: A FEATURE-LENGTH SCREENPLAY.....	1
Scene 1.....	1
Scene 2.....	2
Scene 3.....	4
Scene 4.....	4
Scene 5.....	4
Scene 6.....	4
Scene 7.....	5
Scene 8.....	5
Scene 9.....	6
Scene 10.....	9
Scene 11 .....	11
Scene 12 .....	11
Scene 13 .....	11
Scene 14 .....	12
Scene 15 .....	13
Scene 16 .....	15
Scene 17 .....	17
Scene 18 .....	22
Scene 19 .....	24
Scene 20 .....	27
Scene 21 .....	29
Scene 22 .....	32
Scene 23 .....	32

Scene 24 .....	40
Scene 25 .....	44
Scene 26 .....	47
Scene 27 .....	49
Scene 28 .....	50
Scene 29 .....	53
Scene 30 .....	58
Scene 31 .....	61
Scene 32 .....	64
Scene 33 .....	66
Scene 34 .....	68
Scene 35 .....	73
Scene 36 .....	74
Scene 37 .....	75
Scene 38 .....	81
Scene 39 .....	82
Scene 40 .....	83
Scene 41 .....	85
Scene 42 .....	90
Scene 43 .....	93
Scene 44 .....	95
Scene 45 .....	96
Scene 46 .....	98
Scene 47 .....	98
Scene 48 .....	101
Scene 49 .....	105
Scene 50 .....	108

1 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

The movie set is quiet as a dramatic scene is being filmed. CREW MEMBERS surround ANDIE BRESLOW, the main actress, who is sitting on a prop bed, tears swimming in her eyes. Andie, a late-twenties/early-thirties woman with shiny hair and movie-star looks holds a phone up to her ear with a shaky hand. DARREN, the director, watches her with a hawklike gaze. His face is contorted in a bizarre expression of focus - eyes squinted, brows furrowed, mustache moving with a mind of its own.

ANDIE

How...how long does he have?

Beat.

ANDIE (CONT.)

Thank you. I will be there right away.

Another beat.

DARREN

Cut! I think we got it everybody. Well done, Andie. Somebody cuttin' onions in here?

The film set becomes ablaze with conversation and activity, and some crew members begin to clap.

DARREN

That's a wrap for today! Everyone enjoy your day off.

Andie hops off of the bed and wipes the tears from her eyes. Darren walks over to her, beaming. His mustache is still doing its funny little dance.

DARREN

Great job, sweetheart. So believable. Fancy a drink to celebrate?

ANDIE

Thanks, Darren. And thanks for the offer, but I have to pass. I'm heading home for the day to see Michael, remember? Five years.

DARREN

Ah, of course. Five years, christ. How old were ya then? 15? 16? Probably had

all the high school boys after you.

ANDIE

(irritated, but trying not to show it)

You're too funny. More like 25. But yes, still had all of the high school boys after me.

DARREN

Witty and sexy. That Michael is one lucky guy.

ANDIE

I think Julia needs me, but I'll see you in a few days. Enjoy your day off.

Darren's gaze lingers on Andie for just a bit too long as she walks off, feeling the pressure of Darren's stare on her back. She impulsively shudders, trying to shake off the feeling.

2 INT. FILM TRAILER - DAY

Despite the activity on set, there is an atmosphere of serenity in Andie's trailer. After taking off her costume and washing off all of her makeup, Andie relaxes on her couch in a bathrobe. Her face is dotted with pimple cream and her assistant, JULIA, begins braiding her hair. Andie opens a bag of Doritos and props her feet up on the coffee table, glad to be done with her work for the day.

JULIA

How do you think today went?

ANDIE

(with Doritos in her mouth)

Fine, I think. You know I've never been that great at crying on cue, but I think it went pretty well today.

JULIA

You don't think it had anything to do with Darren's mustache? That thing makes me want to cry every time I see it.

ANDIE

Honestly what would I do without you, Julia. Everyone on that set acts like it's an honor to be in the presence of

it.

JULIA

It's lucky for him that he's good at what he does. Otherwise I feel like he'd be on some kind of watch list.

ANDIE

(laughing)

I could so see that. I just need this break and this time with Michael. I think it'll be really good for us.

JULIA

This weekend is a surprise, right?

ANDIE

He has no idea. And he has even less of an idea that I also did this...

Andie pulls the laptop sitting next to her onto her lap, opens a new tab, and types in "Amazon.com."

ANDIE

Look at what I bought. I'm going to wear it for him tomorrow. It's been a while since we've done something like this.

Andie navigates to the "orders" tab to show Julia a picture of the lingerie she purchased, but is surprised to find that her most recent order is not the lingerie, but a very elaborate sex swing that had apparently delivered that day to hers and Michael's home.

JULIA

Damn, Andie. That's bold. I like it.

ANDIE

Holy shit, I didn't order this. Michael must have gotten it and didn't realize he was signed into my account. Do you think he knows I'm coming home?

JULIA

He might. But don't say anything yet. And you better practice your surprised face for when he springs this on you.



ANDIE

(laughing, blushing)

I didn't get into acting for nothing.

3 INT. CAR - MORNING

Andie is riding in the back of a big black car with tinted windows. Buildings and cars whip by as Andie gazes out at the Los Angeles traffic, which transitions to San Diego traffic and the sight of beaches and trees. Andie has an excited buzz about her as the roads become less crowded and the streets become increasingly residential.

4 EXT. ANDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Andie looks up at her house, a massive, brick building decorated warmly with wreaths on the windows and neatly trimmed hedges framing the front door. She pulls her keys out of her pocket and, with a jittering hand, she opens the front door.

5 INT. ANDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Andie walks into the front foyer, which opens into a vast hallway. The walls are adorned with unique, collectible art and the hardwood floors are swept and polished. Everything is eerily silent, making the big house feel even bigger. She slowly walks forward, passing Michael's office, but he isn't there. There's a lump in Andie's throat, but she ignores it.

ANDIE

Hello? Honey?

Her voice echoes through the hallway, but there is no response. The lump in her throat grows. After scanning the downstairs, Andie makes her way to the staircase. At the top of the staircase, directly to the left, is the master bedroom. Andie finds the door closed and hears muffled noises coming from the inside. She forces open the door and is met with the last thing she expected to see --

6 INT. ANDIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The sex swing was obviously not a surprise gift for Andie. Instead, it was meant for KATY, a 22-year-old stick-thin model with breasts proportionally too large for her body. MICHAEL, Andie's husband, is tall and muscular, with kind eyes and a near-constant five-o'clock shadow that Andie could not see in that moment because he was not facing toward her and rather toward Katy in the swing. No clothes are in sight. Andie's world explodes and she gasps.

ANDIE

Michael, what the fuck are you doing?

Michael turns quickly, a look of shock painting his face, followed instantly by utter humiliation. Katy screams and tries to move, but she is bound to the swing in a way that restrains her from running away.

MICHAEL

Andie! What...what are you doing here?

There's a pause. Michael is at a loss for words. The tension in the room is palpable.

KATY

Baby, can you let me out?

ANDIE

(sarcastically)

Yeah baby, you should really let her out.

Michael is frozen and there is a pregnant pause as both parties consider their next move. The second that Michael takes a step toward Katy, Andie turns on her heel and runs from the room, not looking back. Katy squirms, but an astonished Michael is too busy watching Andie depart to help the other woman.

7 INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Andie sits stiffly in the car, her face washed pale and emotionless. There's a deadness to her eyes - like there's nothing behind them. She doesn't even turn to look out the window as her neighborhood and town pass by her, disappearing into the distance. She does not notice that a red car is following her, from a reasonable distance, all the way from her home to the hotel room she arrives at a few hours later.

8 INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Andie shoves her meager suitcase to the side of the hotel bed, then throws herself onto it, face first. A few moments pass, full of deep breaths, and then Andie takes her phone out from her pocket.

She swipes away the numerous missed calls and unanswered text messages from Michael before typing in Julia's phone number.

JULIA (V.O.)  
 (muffled voices can be heard in  
 the background)  
 Hey! Everything okay?

ANDIE  
 Funny you should ask.

JULIA  
 Want to talk about it?

ANDIE  
 Where do I --

Andie begins her sentence but is cut off by the sound of a small child babbling close to the phone.

JULIA  
 I'm sorry. Ben just woke up from his  
 nap. Go ahead.

ANDIE  
 No, no. You're supposed to be enjoying  
 your time with your family. I'll tell  
 you about it later.

JULIA  
 Are you sure?

ANDIE  
 Yes. Give Benny a kiss for me.

Andie hangs up the phone and lies back down on the bed. She looks up at the ceiling, wondering if the tears will come, but they never do. Instead, she just feels defeated.

9 INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Andie, hair a mess and makeup wearing off, makes her way over to the small bar in the lobby of the hotel. It's dimly lit and only moderately occupied, with a few restless souls nursing liquor and carrying on hushed conversation.

She takes a seat directly in front of the BARTENDER, a short, middle-aged bald man with enough facial hair to make up for it.

ANDIE  
 I'm not really sure what I want, but I  
 know I'd like it to be strong.

BARTENDER

Are you a bourbon kinda gal?

ANDIE

Tonight I can be any kind of gal.

He whisks away to the back of the bar. Andie absentmindedly watches the bar television as she waits, playing some soap opera that she neither knows nor cares about. She barely registers the hotel guest that moves from the lobby to sit a few stools away from her at the bar. It's a young man wearing a baseball cap, sipping a glass of white wine and writing something in a notebook.

The bartender returns to Andie with an intimidatingly tall glass of tan liquor. He winks at her and slides it in front of her.

ANDIE

Appreciate it.

BARTENDER

Ma'am, if you don't mind me asking,  
are you --

Andie braces herself for the question she gets too often.

BARTENDER

-- the owner of the white sonata? It's  
parked in front of our service  
entrance.

ANDIE

(with a sigh of relief)  
I am not.

BARTENDER

Whoever it is really making our  
manager's life difficult.

ANDIE

I'm doing my best not to cause any  
more problems today.

BARTENDER

What's on your mind, Miss?

ANDIE

Oh, you don't want to hear the sob  
story.

BARTENDER

Not to be rude, but I'm on my sixth hour of an eight hour shift at a subpar hotel bar. The most exciting part of my night is eavesdropping on other people's conversations. I'm all for a good sob story.

ANDIE

Well, when you put it that way.

She reaches down and takes a long sip of her drink, retracting violently, but then taking one more.

ANDIE

To make a long story short, I walked in on my husband with another woman...  
(she glances at her watch)  
about 7 hours ago. To make matters worse, she barely looked old enough to go to an R-rated movie on her own.

The bartender's eyes are wide, but he says nothing. Instead, he lifts up the bottle of bourbon and refills Andie's glass. The man a few stools down coughs, but keeps his head down, and they ignore her.

BARTENDER

What are you going to do about it?

ANDIE

I don't know. I really don't. All I can think of right now is separation. And not like marriage separation, but physical. From him, from my work, from my life right now. I need room to breathe.

BARTENDER

Can you quit your job? Make a move? I'm all for impulsive decision-making.

ANDIE

I just have a few more shoot days, but there's nothing much on my plate after that. Maybe I can get out of here...

Her voice trails off, and the bartender is looking at her inquisitively.

BARTENDER

Shoot days? Is this like a film shoot  
or a hunting shoot?

Andie jumps, alert, realizing that she divulged more about  
herself than she wanted to.

ANDIE

Um, film, yes. But something  
small...indie. You'll never hear of  
it.

BARTENDER

Well now that I know you, I've gotta  
look for it. What's your name?

ANDIE

If it's alright with you, I'd like to  
just stay bourbon gal tonight.

BARTENDER

Whatever you say. So, where are you  
gonna go when you get out of here?

ANDIE

Where would you go?

Suddenly, the doors of the hotel lobby swing open and in  
walks a woman trying to wrangle a fussy, crying CHILD.

CHILD

Mommy, I want to go home!

Andie and the bartender look at one another pointedly.

BARTENDER

How does home sound?

Andie takes another big swig of the drink and smiles, both at  
her new friend and the thoughts that he inspired her to  
consider. He notices her smile and brings the bourbon bottle  
up to her glass once more. The man a few stools down finishes  
the sentence he is writing in his notebook with an emphatic  
underline.

10 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

The tension in the room is palpable as the final scene of the  
movie is shot, everyone on the precipice of the end. Andie  
looks to the distance, having uttered her last line,  
maintaining the raw emotion in her face for as long as Darren

makes her hold it.

DARREN

Cut! That's it. That's the one. Well done everyone. Well done, sweetheart. That is a WRAP!

The room erupts in thunderous applause, crew members wiping their foreheads and clapping each other on the back in the wake of a job well done. Darren, mustache wagging as bizarrely as ever, makes his way over to Andie, who is absolutely buzzing with excitement.

DARREN

You killed that, sweetheart. The whole thing. The whole time. This won't be the last time we work together.

ANDIE

Thank you, Darren. I really appreciate you and your...loyalty. To the project. I'm so excited to see it.

DARREN

Can't wait to see what little number you dig out of your closet for the wrap party tonight.

ANDIE

You won't see me there. But I hope you enjoy.

Without a second thought, Andie whizzes by Darren and over to Julia, who has just entered the soundstage with a purse and a suitcase. Andie takes both from her and smiles.

ANDIE

Tickets are in there?

JULIA

Everything.

ANDIE

I'll miss you.

JULIA

Call me if you need anything.

The women hug, Andie squeezing tight, giving the last bit of her love to one of the only things from the west coast she will miss. Then Andie turns on her heel and exits the

soundstage. A car with tinted windows can be seen waiting for her.

11 INT. SMALL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Andie has arrived at a small airport, the one closest to her hometown in middle-of-nowhere Pennsylvania. There's a single terminal with only a few gates. A couple of rundown fast food restaurants offer meager menus in the late night hours. A souvenir shop sells "Welcome to Pennsylvania" trinkets. It's not a particularly happy-seeming place, but Andie can't help but smile as she walks purposefully down the terminal hallway.

12 INT. UBER - NIGHT

Andie's uber driver is a graying man with uneven facial hair and a shirt with holes in it. Strange decorations hang throughout the old car's interior - Mardi Gras beads, photos of cats, and a buddha statue. The music playing is a classical ballad, one that does not seem to match any what Andie sees, but she doesn't care. A faint smile still paints her face as the car bounces along dark country roads.

Andie's phone buzzes once. She ignores it, but then the buzzes become more frequent. She glances down at her phone and sees numerous texts from acquaintances, many to the tune of "have you seen this???"

She opens one of the conversations and sees a photo of a magazine headline: "KATY ROBINSON CAST AS LEAD IN NEW MICHAEL BRESLOW FILM 'THE MAKER.'" Beneath the headline is a photo of the young woman from the sex swing. Andie's jaw drops involuntarily, the anger visibly building inside of her.

She instinctively begins to type in Michael's phone number with shaking fingers. Before she presses "call," a light from a passing car flashes in her eyes and she looks up. When the car is gone, a sign is revealed that says "Welcome to Marsburg, Pennsylvania." A look of contentment washes over Andie, and she locks her phone. She puts her phone in her purse and leans against the window, eyes growing wider as the landmarks become more recognizable.

13 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Andie, exhausted, throws herself on the hotel bed as soon as she walks into the room. It's a similar scene as before, when she had just discovered Michael's secret, yet the hotel is not nearly as high end. The walls are coated with outdated patterned wallpaper, the television is boxy, and the bed



comforter is a bit warm. Yet, when Andie rolls onto her back, she still has the slight smile on her face. Her phone lies next to her, notifications popping up on the screen, but she ignores each one.

She reaches over to the blank note pad on the bedside table. She writes "TO DO." At the top of the page. She hesitates for a moment before writing down her first task: "TALK TO DAD." Then she pauses for a moment longer and adds the second and final item on the list "FIGURE MY SHIT OUT."

14 EXT. ANDIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - MORNING

Andie's uber pulls up to the front of a small home that is evidently not well kept. The dirty front of the home is in desperate need of a power wash. Weeds are growing and curling over the walkway. The grass looks like it hasn't been mown in years. Andie grimaces, then gets out of the car and makes her way to the front door, stepping carefully over the knotted and mangled yard.

Andie rings the doorbell. She taps her foot and plays with her hands, the jitters evident. A while passes and she considers turning back around, but just as she is about to turn on her heel, the front door opens. The man standing in the doorway is Andie's dad MICK, a graying, pajama-clad older man whose appearance is just as unkempt as the house's. When he sees Andie, his face tangles into a frown.

MICK

What are you doing here?

ANDIE

Hi, dad.

MICK

I said, what are you doing here?

ANDIE

I came to talk.

MICK

Alright, then start talking.

ANDIE

Can we go inside?

MICK

(grunts disapprovingly)

I wondered when you'd come crawling back.

He walks into the house, and for a second it looks as if he is about to close the door on Andie. But he looks back at her and nods slightly, coaxing her into her home.

15 INT. ANDIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - MORNING

Walking into Andie's home is like walking into a museum. Everything is outdated - from the 1980s wallpaper, to the corded telephone, to the odd trinkets sitting in random places throughout the halls and rooms. It's almost a hoarder's home, but not quite - there's plenty of stuff with seemingly no place, but its not entirely imposing. It's just how Andie remembers.

Mick doesn't bother to turn off the tiny TV sitting on the floor in the living room, which is displaying a poker tournament. He plops into a tattered orange recliner, then picks up the half empty beer bottle sitting on the TV tray next to him. Andie glances at the clock - it's 10:37. She involuntarily shakes her head slightly, but catches herself.

MICK

So what's all this about?

ANDIE

I...uh. I came home. I wanted to come back. I *needed* to come back.

MICK

Hmmph.

ANDIE

And the first thing I wanted to do was visit you. I feel like we have some things to talk about.

MICK

Oh, sure. Let's cover the past 15 years in one conversation. Let's do that.

ANDIE

(taking a deep breath)

Can you just not be like that? We're both adults. We can act like it. How have you been?

Mick is in the middle of taking a swig from his beer bottle, and upon Andie's last question he spits the beer out and gives a big belly laugh.

MICK

How...how have I been? That's just great, Andie. How have I been. Let's see, I've been doing a lot of shitting. Puttering around the house. I'll make myself a sandwich here and there.

ANDIE

Dad, seriously?

MICK

Listen to yourself Andie! Look at yourself! You and your expensive clothes and diamond rings and shit.

ANDIE

Yeah, I made something out of my life. I don't think you can say the same about yourself.

MICK

You come back into *my* house after all this time and insult me? You were goddamn lucky to have the life that I gave you growing up, and you didn't thank me for shit.

Upon his last statement, Mick reaches for the beer bottle again but stumbles on the recliner and falls to his knees. He coughs and stands back up, cheeks rosy, mouth still in a tightly etched frown.

ANDIE

(slowly, disgusted)

I came back here to get closure, but I think I have all I need. You obviously haven't changed.

MICK

And you're still the little whiny pain in the ass you were when you were little.

ANDIE

I should have left when mom did.

MICK

Well you left eventually so what difference does it make?

ANDIE

Did you want me to sit around and watch paint dry my whole life while you drank yourself into oblivion every day? I don't feel guilty for leaving and I never have.

MICK

So tell me this then, Beauty Queen. Why did you *need* to come back? Trouble in paradise? Thought a quick conversation with your old man would put a big band-aid on history and all would be right in the world again?

Andie turns around quickly so that her dad won't see the tears welling up in her eyes. She gives herself a moment to lose control, then steels herself and swivels back around to face Mick.

ANDIE

Enjoy your beer. Don't come crawling to me again when you need money for a new one.

Mick laughs a little too loudly, and this fuels Andie's determined storming from the room. As she stomps down the hall, she pauses at a framed picture hanging on the wall. It's a young version of Andie, parents on either side of her, all smiling with not much joy behind their eyes. Andie shakes her head and turns the picture frame around, then makes her way out of the house.

16 EXT. ANDIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - MORNING

Andie sits on the curb in front of her childhood home, her head in her hands. Her back raises and lowers rhythmically as she breathes heavily in an attempt to calm herself. She takes out her phone and dials Julia's number.

JULIA (V.O.)

Andie! How's home?

ANDIE

I made a huge mistake.

JULIA (V.O.)

What are you talking about?

ANDIE

I thought I was going to have this big

moment coming home, like everything would fall into place and I would know this was the right decision.

JULIA (V.O.)

Andie, it's been one day. You haven't been back there for years...you can't expect everything to be easy from the first moment.

The sound of Mick walking down the hall can be heard from inside Andie's childhood home, so Andie gets up and walks further from her yard. She absentmindedly kicks a small pebble against a parked car nearby, and jumps involuntarily when she notices a man sitting in the front seat. She waves an apology at the sunglasses-clad man, who nods back in response.

ANDIE

(still talking on the phone)  
I talked to my dad. I'm not sure what I expected but it went worse than anything I could have expected.

JULIA (V.O.)

You have so much going on right now. You need to clear your head.

ANDIE

Do you think I made a mistake? Should I come back?

JULIA (V.O.)

I think you need to give yourself a little more time. Your dad is...your dad. You can't judge your time back based on one conversation with him.

ANDIE

You're right.

JULIA (V.O.)

Go somewhere familiar, grab a coffee. Take a walk. You got this, Breslow.

A modest car pulls up to the front of the house.

ANDIE

You're right. My uber is here, I've got to go. Thanks for being you.

Andie hangs up and gets into the uber. She can be seen speaking to the driver, and he nods before they pull away. The parked car near by comes to life and follows Andie's uber, remaining close, but not close enough to be suspicious.

17 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Andie walks into a small, cozy coffee shop. The sign on its door advertises it as "Red's Beans," and the local joint is bustling with patrons sitting on plush couches and sipping on steaming mugs. Immediately, an expression of contentment washes over Andie's face. She looks fondly at the decorations on the walls and the workers with Red's Beans t-shirts serving customers with a smile. She's broken out of her bliss when she hears a voice call out her name.

VOICE

Andie Breslow?

She turns to see JEFF SCROTE, a tall, skinny man with patchy facial hair and a protruding Adam's apple. There's only a quick moment during which Andie is visually trying to figure out who this man is, before her face breaks into pleased recognition.

ANDIE

Jeff! It's been so long!

They embrace.

JEFF

Man, I cannot tell you how surprised I am to see you here.

ANDIE

I'm surprised myself, actually.

JEFF

Have time to stick around for a bit? I'd love to get you a coffee. Catch up.

ANDIE

That sounds perfect.

JEFF

If you grab a spot, I'll grab us drinks. You like it black, as always? That sounded weird.

ANDIE  
(chuckling)  
I've missed you. Yes, please.

Andie finds a spot on one of the worn couches in the corner, and she sinks down into it when she sits. Jeff walks to the front counter. As she waits, a couple of young girls walk over to Andie. They ask for her autograph, and she gives it with a slight smile but no words - she doesn't want to bring attention to herself. Jeff returns with a mug and a cheeky smile.

JEFF  
I don't even know where to begin. It's been so long but with the amount of times I've seen you on the big screen it almost doesn't feel like it.

ANDIE  
I want to hear about what you've been up to. Are you living in Marsburg?

JEFF  
Yep. I haven't left. How boring am I?

ANDIE  
Not at all. I want to know the whole story. I'm sorry, I suck so much at keeping in touch.

JEFF  
No sweat. Everyone kind of went their separate ways after high school. But the *whole story*... let me see. It's definitely way more exciting than anything you will have to say.

Andie laughs, falling comfortably back into the couch in the same way that the two friends fall back into conversation.

JEFF (CONT.)  
I went to state, got my degree in finance. Got a job as an accountant for a manufacturing plant like 20 minutes from here, so figured I'd stay in Marsburg. Been there - and lived here - ever since.

ANDIE  
And your personal life?

JEFF

(laughs)

There's the Andie I know. Always getting down to the dirty details.

ANDIE

So the details are dirty?

JEFF

You're ridiculous. Remember that one year at Rushing Waters? When you asked Alyssa Morton for details about her and whatever boyfriend she was with back then and they were far dirtier than we expected?

ANDIE

I totally forgot about her! She was the last person I ever expected to have done...*that*...in the mess hall.

JEFF

And the fact that Irma Bennett-Shaw was the one that found her still makes me laugh to this day.

Andie's laugh turns into a bit of a cough, caught off guard by the name Irma Bennett-Shaw, but Jeff doesn't seem to notice.

ANDIE

You know, almost all of my greatest childhood memories are from Rushing Waters.

JEFF

We had some great times back then, didn't we?

ANDIE

The best.

JEFF

Did you hear that it's closing up? The camp's new owners can't afford it anymore, apparently.

Andie sits forward in her seat.

ANDIE

They're closing Camp Rushing Waters?



That camp kept me sane as a kid.

There's a beat as Andie contemplates. Suddenly, it's as if a lightbulb goes off in Andie's mind.

ANDIE (CONT.)

I came back here hoping there'd be something to make me stay. I think this might be it.

Jeff is caught off guard.

JEFF

But what about your west coast life? Your movies? Don't you have a director husband?

ANDIE

There's a reason I left. Do you know the best place to get information about the current owners?

JEFF

You're not going to believe this, but the primary owner is Irma Bennett-Shaw.

Upon hearing the name once again, Andie fumbles with her mug and some of the coffee sloshes over the side. She turns red with embarrassment, but recovers quickly.

ANDIE

You're kidding. IBS?

JEFF

I'm not. She fell off the face of the earth for a few years and then re-appeared in Marsburg like 7 or 8 years ago and somehow became the new director. Andie, you should see the changes she made to that place.

ANDIE

Do you know where she lives?

JEFF

Uh, yeah. Been there once to catch up. She's wack as ever.

ANDIE

Let's go.

JEFF

What? Andie, you know Irma. She wouldn't respond well to--

ANDIE

(interrupting)

I'm a movie star now, remember? Even IBS won't be able to resist my dazzling red carpet smile. Plus, it's Sunday. I bet she's making post-Church breakfast.

Andie gulps down her coffee, wincing at the heat but maintaining the determined look in her eye. Jeff glances around him, more aware now of the patrons watching the pair with their phones out, trying -- and failing -- to covertly snap pictures of the celebrity in their midst.

JEFF

(speaking a little softer)

So what, you just plan to show up at her house and ask to buy the camp?

ANDIE

Why not? I don't have any other plans today.

JEFF

(sighing)

How nice would it be to have the capacity to buy an entire camp on a whim.

ANDIE

It's not too late to get into acting. C'mon, let's do something spontaneous!

JEFF

I bought coffee for a celebrity this morning. I already used up my spontaneity for the day.

Andie looks now at the patrons staring at the two of them

ANDIE

(whispers)

Fuck. I guess you're right. Don't want to keep you from your family on a Sunday.

Jeff lets out a relenting sigh.

JEFF

My family right now consists of a fat pitbull who only gets out of bed when I make bacon. I could use something exciting right now.

ANDIE

Really?

JEFF

You want to take a luxurious drive in a 2004 Honda Civic?

18 INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

Jeff's knuckles are pulled white over the worn steering wheel, and he glances over at Andie a little too often, as if making sure she is still interested. A heap of miscellaneous items - t-shirts, coins, empty soda bottles - sits in the back seat, obviously thrown there hastily to accommodate the new passenger. A soft drink cup bumps against Andie's foot, but she doesn't seem to notice - she's on a mission.

Andie stares out the window, watching intently as they travel down the streets she grew up with. She points and makes comments here and there, noticing changes to the town and things that have remained the same. Before she knows it, the Honda Civic is pulling onto Irma Bennett-Shaw's street.

ANDIE

So, how was Irma when you visited her the last time?

JEFF

I'd like to say she's changed, but she really hasn't. There were so many Jesus figurines in her house staring down at me I thought I was going straight to hell through a portal in her kitchen.

Jeff laughs nervously, then Andie joins in, laughing harder and harder as the seconds pass. Soon tears start forming in her eyes.

JEFF

I didn't think it was that funny.

ANDIE

(stuttering between spurts of  
laughter)

I'm just picturing...you falling  
through Irma's kitchen...into the arms  
of the devil...

JEFF

(mocking Irma)

You dare to sin in my pure household?

ANDIE

(also mocking Irma)

There's a special place reserved for  
you in the flames of hell!

Jeff has to make a conscious effort to keep his eyes on the road through the humor tears forming in his eyes. As their wheezing lessens, his expression turns serious once more, lips turned downward in a frown holding the weight of what's on his mind.

JEFF

So... I hate to ruin your image of  
Rushing Waters. But I feel like I  
should tell you that it's not  
exactly... Rushing Waters anymore. It  
went through some major changes --

ANDIE

(cutting him off)

I mean, it's been a while since we  
were there. I'd be surprised if it  
didn't go through any changes.

JEFF

Well these changes are a little bit  
more drastic than getting rid of the  
ancient paddle boats.

ANDIE

What kinds of things are we talking  
about?

JEFF

Well, the --

ANDIE

(interrupting)

Watch out!!!!

Jeff slams on the brakes just as someone runs into the road, chasing after a cat that darts to the other side. There's a THUD as the person rolls onto Jeff's windshield, then plops back down to the pavement in front. Jeff and Andie look at one another, eyes wide in shock. The cat contentedly licks its paws on the side of the road.

JEFF

I just hit someone with my car.

ANDIE

You did. You did just do that.

JEFF

Should we go out and check?

ANDIE

Yeah, I think that might be a good plan.

19 EXT. OUTSIDE IRMA'S HOUSE - DAY

The two exit the car, walking around to the front with shaking legs. The person they find is a WOMAN, a thirty-something, wearing a floppy gardening hat and sunglasses attached to a band around her neck. She's not dead -- she's groaning and has a few scratches on her arms and knees, but other than that, she is unscathed.

ANDIE

Oh my god.

WOMAN

Don't use the lord's name in vain you asshole!

ANDIE

Irma?

The woman rolls over and squints up at the two figures standing over her. She's confused looking at Andie, but then glances to Jeff and gives a dramatic eye roll.

IRMA

I tell you to read a few chapters of the Bible a few years back and your response is to hit me with your car. Very classy, Jeffrey.

JEFF

I am so sorry, Irma. You know I didn't

mean to. Please don't call the cops on me. Here, let me help you up.

Jeff reaches out to help Irma stand, but she swats at him and stands on her own. She smooths out her pants and winces at a scratch on her elbow, but more than anything, she just looks mad.

IRMA

You're lucky I just finished making breakfast and don't want to be bothered by any cops right now. Go get my cat, will you?

(she turns to Andie)

And who are you?

ANDIE

Irma, it's Andie. Andie Breslow. I'm so sorry, that was a terrible accident.

An expression of disbelief grows on Irma's face.

IRMA

No kidding. Marsburg-native-turned-movie-star Andie Breslow?

Andie can't help it when the edges of her mouth begin to ease up into a smile -- she's not a stranger to this power she has over people. Despite the smile, Andie can't help but knead her knuckles into her palms nervously, unsure of how to approach this uncharted territory with Irma.

IRMA

You should've heard what the congregation had to say about your intercourse scene in your last movie.

ANDIE

(her smile instantly turns into a frown)

Ah, there's the Irma I remember.

IRMA

Did you come all the way here from Sinville to hit me with a car and then be rude to me?

Andie coughs and regains her composure -- remembering why they came there in the first place. Jeff is busy running around trying to catch Irma's cat.

ANDIE

No, actually. I'm sorry about that. I, uh, I actually came to talk about buying the camp.

IRMA

Who wants to buy the camp?

ANDIE

I do.

IRMA

What? What do you want with it?

ANDIE

I want to save it. I heard it was going under and I wanted to help.

IRMA

So you want to give me a boatload of money to restore the camp, then just head back to make more salacious movies about Amish people and their "awakenings"? Yeah, I saw that one.

ANDIE

I don't want to just give the money and dip. I want to be a director. I want to commit my time to this. My summers growing up would have been nothing if it weren't for Camp Rushing Waters.

IRMA

Camp Rushing Waters? You do know it's not --

Jeff suddenly appears next to the two women holding a restless cat, who bites at his arm and resists his firm grasp.

JEFF

Can we please get this thing inside?

IRMA

Fine. Come this way little Omnipurrtent.

Irma leads the way into her home, a slight mischievous smile growing on her face.

20 INT. IRMA'S HOUSE - DAY

It's like walking into a perfectly staged furniture store. Everything in Irma's home is neatly placed, flawlessly dusted. Everything feels like it's where it should be. Even the Jesus figurines - despite the sheer amount of them - seem like they belong. Irma leads them to her pristine kitchen, where Andie and Jeff take a seat the the stools set out in front of a welcoming plate of gingerbread cookies.

IRMA

Would you like some tea?

ANDIE

I'm okay, thank you.

IRMA

So, you want to buy the camp. Do you have any visions for it? Do you know what kind of director you want to be?

ANDIE

Honestly, I haven't thought about much about it. I didn't even know that I wanted to do this until this afternoon. This is really dumb of me, isn't it?

Irma can barely hide the cunning smile that is growing on her face. You can almost see the ideas brewing.

IRMA

Actually, it's not dumb at all. I think it's very noble of you to do this act of kindness for our campers.

ANDIE

You know what? You're right. I'm not just doing this for me, I'm doing it for the kids. It's a win-win.

IRMA

Absolutely, Andie.

Andie's visible excitement falters a bit as a skeptical look creeps into her eyes. Irma doesn't notice.

IRMA

As former camp director, I would really hate to see it go under. And you know, directing a camp is a really



big undertaking. I would be more than happy to help you get everything up and running. We could work together!

ANDIE

(slowly)

I mean, that would definitely make my life a lot easier. I don't know the first thing about running a camp.

IRMA

I would have to consult with the board members, but other than dotting some I's and checking some boxes, I can't imagine we'd have much to worry about. No one wants to see the camp disappear.

JEFF

Andie, are you sure you don't want to re-think this a little bit...

IRMA

(cutting him off)

Of course she doesn't! What is there to re-think! This is her calling.

Irma rushes to a nearby drawer, pulling out a pad of paper and a pen. She begins to scribble quickly.

JEFF

Andie, I think you really need to take a look at the changes that have been made to the camp.

IRMA

So what about a few changes? What matters is that hundreds of kids won't be denied the best summers of their lives thanks to Andie.

ANDIE

It's okay, Jeff. I want this.

JEFF

You do not know what you're getting yourself into.

Irma shoves the piece of paper in front of Andie's face. On it is a messy paragraph, in which the terms of agreement are stated about Andie purchasing the camp. There's a line at the

bottom of the page for Andie's signature, and Irma holds out the pen.

IRMA

Nothing is legally binding, of course,  
but if I could have your word I  
believe I will be able to convince the  
board of this agreement.

Before Jeff can stop her, Andie takes the pen and signs her name. Jeff nervously runs his fingers through the air, and Irma looks at him smugly.

JEFF

Andie...

ANDIE

Hey, thanks for looking out for me,  
but I really need this. I can't quite  
explain it, but there's this hunger in  
me to do something more than stand in  
front of a camera and read a bunch of  
words that aren't coming from me. I'll  
be helping so many kids, like Irma  
said.

JEFF

Okay...

IRMA

What's your number, Andie? I'll give  
you a call as soon as I hear back from  
the board. They won't be doing  
anything work-related since it's the  
Sabbath, but I'm sure they'll respond  
on Monday.

ANDIE

The Sabbath?

IRMA

They abide strictly by the Ten  
Commandments. As do I, of course.

ANDIE

Oh God. I mean...gosh?

21 INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

Jeff's car bumps haphazardly down an uneven gravel road. The vast expanse of country fields have given way to an

increasingly dense forest, and pretty soon the vehicle is swallowed up in the thick of imposing trees. Light from above is shielded by tightly packed leaves, and the darkness and emptiness feels almost eerie to two of the car's three passengers.

Andie and Jeff are silent as they crane their necks, hoping to catch sight of the impending camp. Irma is talking about this or that, but her words are drowned out by the music playing on the radio: the classical symphony accompanying a journey into the unknown. Andie is obviously tuned out, but as she sees a sign approaching in the distance, she becomes more alert and sits up straighter in her seat.

ANDIE

Wow, I really don't remember it being this deep in the forest.

IRMA

(ignoring her)

Anyway, the board was absolutely thrilled to have a donor.

ANDIE

I find it interesting that they didn't reach out to me directly.

IRMA

Oh, they're busy bees. Processing the contract, preparing all other documents, writing up the handbook... And you'll be meeting them today, of course.

ANDIE

They know I'm not just a donor, right? The contract said I would be the new camp director.

IRMA

(smile faltering slightly)

Co-director.

ANDIE

Right.

IRMA

The board was very adamant about making sure there'd be someone running the camp who has the experience of having done it before.

ANDIE

It makes sense. Don't you think, Jeff?

JEFF

You read all of the fine print in that contract, right Andie?

Andie nervously fumbles with the packet of papers in her hands.

ANDIE

I did, actually. And it outlined the changes that have been made to the camp. I know it's focused more on instilling good morals and making the campers be the best they can be. I'm not sure how I feel about some of the stricter guidelines that were put in place, but I feel like Irma and I can talk those over...

JEFF

Did it say anywhere in there what the camp's new name is?

ANDIE

Um, no, but...

JEFF

Well you can see it now.

Andie looks up from the contract in her lap to the large sign that is now close enough to make out the words. As Andie reads them, her jaw drops slightly, but it's perceptible to Irma. The sign advertises the camp as: THE PURITY PROGRAM.

ANDIE

Purity?

IRMA

Oh look, there's Hank! He's one of the board members.

Andie glances ahead to a pristinely up-kept cabin, with a MAN sitting on a rocking chair on the front porch. He wears reading glasses and propped up on his potbelly is a maroon book. Based on the verse plastered on the side of the cabin and the crucifix hanging from the door, it's not hard to guess that this maroon book is a Bible. Jeff glances back at the sheet-white Andie, and can't help the "if-you'd-have-listened-to-me" look that crosses his face.

IRMA

You can park right in front of the main office here.

22 EXT. MAIN OFFICE FRONT PORCH - DAY

As Andie, Jeff, and Irma get out of the car, the man on the rocking chair gets up slowly and greets them with a jovial smile. At first, Andie can't take her eyes off of his bouncing belly, but eventually she notices the name tag telling her that this is, indeed, HANK.

HANK

Well, you must be Andie Breslow. I'm Hank. How do you do?

ANDIE

I'm just fine, thank you. It's nice to meet you.

HANK

A blessing for me as well, my dear.  
(directed to Jeff)  
And you are?

JEFF

Jeff Scrote. Pleasure.

HANK

Indeed. Irma, so great to see you, as always. Shall we go inside?

IRMA

Of course.

Hank hobbles over to the door of the main office, tucking his bible into an inner pocket of his jacket. He holds a hand on the crucifix for a few moments before opening the door and gesturing the three others inside.

23 INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

The interior of the office is an open assembly room, like a small theater that's been gutted out. There's an unoccupied stage on one end, and a few administrative desks gathered at the other. But for the most part, the center of the room is very sparse, other than a group of five folding chairs positioned in a circle, two of them already occupied.

In on of the chairs is an older woman with graying hair wound up tightly into a librarian's bun and tight frown marks

etching her face. Her name-tag indicates that her name is RENA. In the other occupied chair is a skinny, jittering man whose name-tag denotes him as CARL. His eyes dart around at the new inhabitants of the room, and he continuously rubs his palms on his jeans.

HANK

Rena, Carl. This is Andie Breslow, and uh...

JEFF

Jeff. Scrote.

Andie can't help but smile after she hears Jeff's last name, but no one else is close to a grin.

RENA

Welcome. My name is Rena.

CARL

And I'm Carl.

RENA

Please join us so we can go over the terms of agreement. Hank, please grab an extra chair for Mr. Scrote.

Hank hobbles over to the stack of chairs at the side of the room and brings one over to the circle. It makes a loud screeching noise as it drags across the linoleum floor, and Andie and Jeff try their best to stifle their laughter. When Rena clears her throat, they go silent instantly.

RENA

I do hope that you will take matters seriously.

ANDIE

Of course, ma'am. We apologize.

Andie, Jeff, Irma, and Hank take their seats around the circle. Jeff takes a notepad out of his pocket and Andie looks at him, eyebrow raised.

JEFF

Can't hurt, right?

IRMA

First and foremost, we thank you for your generosity, Ms. Breslow. I must admit, I was a bit skeptical at first

of your intentions after having seen  
 -by accident, I should say  
     (she kisses the cross necklace  
     hanging around her neck)  
 - some of your films. I didn't think  
 you to be a god-fearing woman of sound  
 faith. But Irma spoke to me about you  
 and I trust that her word is good. And  
 that your word is good, for that  
 matter.

ANDIE

I don't know quite what Irma said--

CARL

(interrupting)  
 I'm sorry to jump in, but...Ms.  
 Breslow? Would you mind buttoning the  
 top two buttons of your blouse?  
 It's...not appropriate. For this  
 environment.

Andie turns a deep shade of red and reaches quickly for her  
 top two buttons, grimacing when she notices where Carl's eye-  
 line is directed. He catches her noticing and coughs loudly,  
 looking up at the ceiling and down at the floor -- anywhere  
 but Andie's general direction.

RENA

Thank you for pointing that out, Carl.  
 Ms. Breslow, we at the Purity Program  
 have very strict protocol for what our  
 staff can wear. We want to set the  
 proper example for our Angels.

ANDIE

Angels?

HANK

The campers here are called Angels. If  
 they are called it, they are more  
 likely to act like it. That's our  
 vision.

RENA

We will start out today by telling you  
 what a typical day at the Purity  
 Program looks like. Then we will go  
 over what we expect from you. And then  
 if you have any questions, you are  
 more than welcome to ask. Does that

sound good?

ANDIE

Actually, I have a lot of questions  
right now --

CARL

We'll get to that!

Andie jumps at the shrillness of his voice and glances over to Jeff, who is writing madly on his notepad. He then makes eye contact with Andie and shakes his head.

RENA

So, let's begin with what a typical  
day looks like for our Angels.

BEGIN PURITY PROGRAM DAY MONTAGE:

-- Young campers ("Angels") are woken up by the sound of a trumpet at 6:00 am. They each kneel by their beds and say a morning prayer.

RENA (V.O.)

Angels are awoken by the heavenly horn at 6 a.m. precisely. They must say their morning prayers before going to the mess hall.

-- The neatest mess hall you've ever seen is filled with lines of campers standing single-file with arms at their sides. No one and no thing is out of place, and everyone waits their turn. When it comes time for the campers to eat their oatmeal breakfasts, another prayer is said.

RENA (V.O.)

We emphasize proper dining etiquette and giving thanks for the blessings given to us each morning at breakfast.

-- Campers assembled into an auditorium, watching a video with rapt attention. This is followed by singing and then chanting, with many of the campers closing their eyes and holding their hands above their heads.

RENA (V.O.)

Much of the morning is taken up by lessons and worship. We show videos that teach Angels how to properly follow the word of the Lord. Often they are so moved by these videos and



the following musical worship services  
that it overtakes their entire little  
bodies.

-- Campers eating lunch at the mess hall in the same precise  
manner. The food is bland and suspiciously similar to what  
was served at breakfast.

RENA (V.O.)

At lunch we uphold the same standards  
as at breakfast.

-- Campers sitting in small circles around the campground  
with bibles in hand, speaking to one another. At one point  
they all grab hands and close their eyes. Some are crying.

RENA (V.O.)

We do small group sessions after lunch  
that are facilitated by Christ  
Counselors. We give the Angels a topic  
to discuss, and our Christ Counselors  
are there to guide if their morals are  
not shining through in the discussion.

SMALL KID

(to the group circle)

But sometimes I just want an extra  
cookie from the cookie jar!

CHRIST COUNSELOR

But remember, Jimmy. Jesus is watching  
you. And Jesus does *not* want you to  
have that extra cookie.

-- The campers are participating in a variety of sports and  
activities: tennis, tag, canoeing, etc. All of the campers  
are wearing long sleeves and long pants, and many of them are  
sweating profusely.

RENA (V.O.)

We of course have outdoor time as  
well. But so as not to satisfy their  
wandering desires, we require all  
Angels to wear finger-length and toe-  
length athletic gear. Play the game,  
don't play with the devil.

-- The campers are in the mess hall once again. Nothing new  
here. Bland food is eaten, prayers are said.

RENA (V.O.)  
Dinner standards the same, of course.

-- Campers are back in the auditorium, listening to an old man on the stage speak. Some of the faces in the crowd appear scared as the man starts wagging his hands around and speaking so intensely that his spit makes the front row a splash zone.

RENA (V.O.)  
We bring in a speaker after dinner to give testimony to our Angels. We find it to be very valuable for them to hear from stories that they can relate to on a personal level.

-- Campers kneeling and uttering one final prayer before getting into their beds. It's obvious that some of the campers are burnt out and neglecting to say anything; they're just looking around their cabins to make sure that they aren't caught.

RENA (V.O.)  
And then one more prayer before bed time at 9:00 sharp. The passion for prayer shines through all day, and most of the Angels get so excited to say their final prayer and thank God for another wonderful day!

END MONTAGE.

Andie's jaw has dropped once again, but this time, there is no attempt to conceal it. Jeff, who was writing madly, has stopped and is also looking stupefied. Irma is nothing but smug, proud of the plot that she has entrapped Andie in.

ANDIE  
Can I ask questions yet?

RENA  
(as if not hearing her)  
So now, what we expect from you.

ANDIE  
Did you hear me?

HANK  
Ms. Breslow, please.

RENA

Because you are primary proprietor now of the Purity Program, we realize that there are certain aspects that are from this point on out of our control. However, as you surely read in the contract you signed, you have relinquished some of your responsibilities and proprietorship to Irma, here, as your co-director. And because Irma seeks to carry on the Purity Program's legacy, many aspects of the camp as is will likely remain the same.

ANDIE

I read the contract in its entirety, and I didn't see anything that requires me to let Irma to keep things as they are.

As if rehearsed, the four members of the Purity Program board -- including Irma -- reach beneath their folding chairs and procure their own copies of the contract that Andie signed.

HANK

If we could direct you, Ms. Breslow, to section F, subsection 8, line 2. "If I so choose to appoint an individual to help in my efforts on an equal level of authority, I shall ensure that this individual receives an equal say in camp decisions and programming."

ANDIE

Okay, well. It's not like Irma will have full control. We will have to find a balance between her ideas and mine.

Again, as if practiced beforehand, the four sets of board member hands flip their packets to a different page.

CARL

Please see section N, subsection 2, line 1. "If appointed individual of equal authority proposes a different vision from myself, we will select the option that is easier to execute."

RENA

And seeing as the camp is already set up with everything that Irma would propose, I think we can all agree that her options would be easier to execute.

ANDIE

I'm starting to feel like I should get a lawyer involved.

IRMA

Sure, Andie. Get a lawyer involved. Let's draw out this whole process. And I'm sure you would want your adoring public eye to see you as someone trying to bring down a camp dedicated to good morals and making children happy.

ANDIE

Are you sure these children are really happy?

Irma hesitates for a moment - just a moment - but it's enough for Andie to catch a look in her eyes that the rest of the board doesn't seem to notice. It's a look of remorse, perhaps even regret, but it fades almost as instantly as it came to Irma's face in the first place.

RENA

The smiles on these children's faces speak for themselves.

Rena pulls out a pamphlet and shoves it in Andie's face. On the cover are various photos of children in the Purity Program, but the fact that Rena described their expressions as "smiles" is almost laughable. The children in these photos appear strained, uncomfortable. Those who are immersed in the activities seem brainwashed.

Andie looks over at Jeff, who continues to write in his notebook. He looks over at the pamphlet and shakes his head before reaching for his cell phone and taking a photo of the cover.

ANDIE

Okay, well. I have a lot to think over. I have every right to get a lawyer if I want one, but I don't want to rush to make any decisions.

HANK

Do what you have to do, Miss Breslow. But may I point out that it is May 6th, and the first week of camp is typically in mid-June. If you want to retain a lot of the clientele from previous years instead of starting from scratch with little more than a month to do so, I would recommend making these...*decisions*...as quickly as possible.

Andie's face drops as she looks out the window at the flowers blooming in the gardens around the main office. The sun shines bright; in any other circumstance, it would be an uplifting sight. But for Andie, the dread of such little time manifests in her unconcealed frown.

24 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Andie and Irma sit across from one another at a small table in the corner of Red's Beans. Andie's knuckles are pulled white over her steaming mug of coffee. Irma is obviously attempting to appear relaxed, but there's an itch to her - she moves a little too often, her contented smile isn't consistent. She's doubtful in a conversation that should have no doubts.

ANDIE

I really don't want to make this harder than it has to be.

IRMA

I don't either. I just care about the well-being of these children.

ANDIE

Well, the end result is something that we can agree on. I'm just not sure if we agree on the way of getting there.

IRMA

As Hank said in our meeting, time is running short. We can talk about pressing changes now, but I think for the most part we should play it by ear.

ANDIE

That doesn't sound like the Irma I know, always planning everything.

Remember that one year at Rushing Waters when we had to perform a 2-minute skit about washing our hands and you spent three hours trying to figure out the most efficient hand-washing method?

IRMA

You can't say I wasn't the cleanest girl at the entire camp. And our skit killed it, remember?

ANDIE

(laughing slightly)

Oh, I remember. All the counselors fell in love with us.

IRMA

It wasn't just the counselors who were in love with you.

Andie is taken aback; she looks at Irma with eyebrows etched together.

IRMA (CONT.)

Oh, c'mon. You seriously weren't aware of Jeff's ginormous crush on you?

ANDIE

Oh, please.

IRMA

I'm not kidding. Maybe you were too busy calling me Irritable Bowel Syndrome to notice him drooling over you like a dog.

Andie can't help her face turning bright red.

ANDIE

You know we called you IBS? Look, Irma, that was really immature...

IRMA

It's really no big deal.  
 (she hesitates for a moment and regains her feigned composure)  
 But, it is one of the many things that led me to champion the new cause of Rushing Waters, or should I say, the Purity Program. No Angel would ever be

caught calling another Angel a bad name.

ANDIE

Right. I guess we should get back to the point then. What's our first step?

IRMA

Recruitment. A lot of the Angels from previous years believe that the camp is closed and obviously don't know yet about our agreement. We need to get the word out and make sure that everyone knows our ideals and what we stand for.

ANDIE

We might get more interest if we advertise it as a summer camp rather than a purity program, which is what our new ideals will reflect.

IRMA

I don't know about --

Irma is cut off by a haggard-looking MAN, mid-to-late-forties, who has been hovering by Andie and Irma's table.

MAN

Hi there.

IRMA

Um, hello.

MAN

Are you...are you Andie Breslow?

ANDIE

Yes. I apologize, but we're in the middle of an important conversation.

MAN

I know. I was listening.

Andie and Irma exchange a glance.

MAN (CONT.)

I know of a way that you can get the word out about this camp. And I really want the chance to help THE Andie Breslow. I dream about you every

night.

ANDIE

(through gritted teeth)

Thank you sir, but--

MAN

There's a spring parade two towns over next week. People from all over come by. Floats advertise all kinds of things. If your camp were to have a float, it'd catch a lot of eyes.

ANDIE

That's actually not a bad--

MAN

In my last dream you were a jungle woman swinging from vine to vine.

ANDIE

That's...nice.

IRMA

That's so inappropriate.

MAN

I was wearing a loincloth.

ANDIE

I'm going to have to stop you there.  
Thank you for the information, sir.

At the realization that this man is not going to take a hint and leave, Andie and Irma begin to get up from their table, despite the fact that their coffee mugs are still nearly full. They walk to the door, but pause before heading out. The man watches them with a creepy grin.

ANDIE

(in a hushed voice)

Though that interaction will haunt me for a while, I do think the parade is a good idea.

IRMA

I'm not usually one for unnecessary whimsical displays, but we have little time and few choices.



ANDIE

Let's meet soon to work on a float?

IRMA

Fine. But if there is a loincloth  
anywhere in sight, I will throw you  
off of it.

The two of them laugh, then appear surprised at the moments of harmony. Irma makes an abrupt exit, and Andie follows. Neither of them notice the hooded figure, standing behind the creepy man, scrolling through the freshly captured photographs on his cell phone.

25 EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

For something that had been pulled together in less than a week, the Purity Program float is an impressive sight. It's a large decorated platform attached to the bed of a truck that belongs to Jeff's friend BRUTUS, who insists on driving it. The platform is covered with colorfully painted canvases reflecting different activities that the camp has to offer: kayaks, volleyball courts, fire pits, and more. It appears to be a compromise of ideals: it showcases the fun of a summer camp through main images, but smaller, "purer" elements are sprinkled throughout, including angels, crucifixes, and Bible verses.

Jeff is putting on some final touches to the paint job, Irma is going from volunteer to volunteer and touching up their clothes (which include khakis and shirts buttoned to the top, despite the spring warmth). Andie counts the flyers in her hands, which advertise the camp the same way that the words on the side of the float do: Camp Rushing Waters - Making campers better people one lesson at a time.

Andie sighs at the flyers and candies in her hand and makes her way over to Jeff.

ANDIE

Do you think people are going to  
respond well to the motto?

Jeff puts down his paintbrush. Sweat pools at the armpits of his light blue button-down.

JEFF

I guess people could think it means  
swimming lessons or tennis lessons. If  
they choose to ignore the "John 3:16"  
next to it in like 8,000 point font.

ANDIE

I just wish Irma had at least agreed to handing out normal candy. Like c'mon, Werthers Originals? Do we want people to think the camp is run by 90-year-olds?

JEFF

They won't be thinking that after they see the surprise I have in store.

ANDIE

Is this something I should be concerned about?

JEFF

Just leave the master to his work.

ANDIE

Whatever you say, Scrote.

Andie looks over to see Irma watching them with a frown. She hustles over in her pristine khakis and button down and steps in between the two.

IRMA

I've told all of our walking volunteers to hand flyers to any child that does not seem like a trouble-maker.

ANDIE

And how will they be able to tell that?

IRMA

Those throwing tantrums, causing scenes. Those with mothers who don't know the meaning of the word "modest."

ANDIE

Jesus, Irma. I mean -- jeez, Irma. Our sign-up period is three weeks. Just hand our flyers to any kid with a pulse.

A WOMAN with a device in her ear and a walkie-talkie in hand comes up to the three of them.

WOMAN

Parade starts in five. Please have all

of your walkers and riders find their places.

She walks over to the truck and appears to tell Brutus the same information. Jeff, Andie, and Irma distribute the rest of the flyers to the walking volunteers, then climb the small ladder that leads them to the top of the float platform. Before long, the parade begins to move along slowly, and the truck roars to life.

The crowd response during the first leg of the parade is very good; despite many eyebrow raises at the Werthers Originals, many eyes are drawn to the colorfully decorated float. Scanning the crowd, Andie and Irma can see many heads turned to one another, evidently surprised -- though they aren't sure of whether this is because the supposedly closed camp is re-opening, or because it's no longer blatantly called the Purity Program. The volunteers keep rushing back to the float for more flyers and candies; the supplies are going fast, and Andie and Irma nod at one another--this is a good sign.

When the float turns a corner and the second leg of the parade comes, Jeff makes a move towards a backpack nestled in the side of the parade float.

JEFF

So far, so good, huh ladies? I think it might be time to spice things up a bit.

ANDIE

I think it's going pretty well as is, actually...

IRMA

If you put on a loin cloth, so help me...

JEFF

Oh, c'mon. Let's have a little fun!

He pulls sparklers out of the backpack, and lights them before Andie and Irma can do anything to stop him. The crowd lights up figuratively as the sparklers light up literally.

JEFF (CONT.)

Look at all of the attention we're getting!

Andie and Irma - whose faces were initially frozen in shock - slowly begin to smile as they realize the enhanced response

from the crowd. All of a sudden the truck lurches abruptly and violently, as Brutus notices the bright display behind him.

At the lurch, Jeff loses his footing and trips forward on one of the hay bales sitting on the float platform. The sparkler in one of hands flies from his grip and makes it a surprisingly far distance. It's as if everything happens in slow motion as the sparkler travels over the heads of those in the crowd and lands perfectly on the grill of the famous hotdog stand "Walt's Wieners."

The world comes back to life as the grill goes up in flames, catching the fabric of the stall and igniting the stand in its entirety. Screams are heard from the crowd as everyone springs into action, fleeing the scene. Smoke tears through the clear spring air and flames raise as high as the tree tops.

In minutes, fire engines and firefighters rush to the scene. It's sheer calamity, and all that Andie, Jeff, and Irma can bring themselves to do is stare on in astonishment.

26 INT. OFFICE SPACE - DAY

WOMAN

Do you have any idea how careless that was?

The woman, ANNE, is a tight-lipped, no-nonsense fifty-something who sits behind a large burgundy desk. Golden awards adorn the shelves behind her and the walls are plastered with bright and eye-catching framed "Thrill Magazine" covers.

There is no shortage of noise and activity in the busy area seen through the windows of Anne's office. There are people running back and forth across the floor, carrying papers and cameras and holding hurried conversation in between meetings. Other individuals are typing away madly on their computers, with phones simultaneously lodged between ears and shoulders. If stress were a room, this would be it.

Despite the hectic surroundings, Anne's office is so silent you could hear a pin drop. There's a fierce tension hanging in the air, broken by the sound of a familiar voice: Jeff Scrote.

JEFF

I had no idea it would turn out the way that I did. I was just trying to

bring more attention to the float.

Anne draws her lips back into a humorless grin.

ANNE

(voice rich with sarcasm)

So happy to hear that you are taking this assignment seriously.

JEFF

I am taking it seriously, ma'am. I promise. I'm not going to let you down.

ANNE

I took a chance on you because of your close access to Ms. Breslow. Only when hell freezes over do I hire a freelancer with no previous experience. But for some reason the devil got a fucking ice age.

JEFF

You are not going to regret this decision. I've already gotten so much intel. And I know things are going to get good.

ANNE

Oh, really? And how do you *know* things will get good?

JEFF

With all due respect, ma'am, Andie bought this camp with no idea how much work it's going to take or how many people she is going to piss off. And, of course, some devoted fans know what Andie has been up to, but can you imagine the public reaction when the story breaks? Especially if she, or *when* she screws up?

ANNE

We don't take anything less than the best here. And this...sparkler incident...is really proving my perception that sitting across from me is not the *best*.

JEFF

Well, hear me out ma'am. What if the sparklers were *Andie's idea*? Our readers won't know the truth.

Anne pauses for a moment, thinking. Examining.

ANNE

That's not bad. But next time, these stories better be intentional. I'm not banking the legacy of Thrill on some convenient accidents.

Anne turns to her computer and begins to type furiously, as if already forgetting that Jeff is still in the room. Jeff rubs his palms on the knees of his khakis, tries (and fails) to discreetly wipe the sweat from his brow, then gets up to leave with an expression of mixed discomfort and determination.

27 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Andie and Irma stand in front of a sign advertising "Marsburg Senior High School," which is the large but slightly worn-looking brick building behind them. Sounds of a high school physical education class - a mix of teenage laughter and complaining - can be heard from a track nearby. Both Andie and Irma carry backpacks, two grown women very obviously not fitting into the sea of other backpack-carriers around them.

Irma holds in her hand a sheet of paper, a form with the words "Camp Rushing Waters Counselor Application" at the top in bulky font.

IRMA

I don't know about this. I don't want just any old high schooler counseling our Angels.

ANDIE

I hate to break it to you Irma, but we did set a beloved hot dog stand on fire a few days ago. I think I saw a couple of the excited potential campers almost choke on their Werther's Originals. Given the recruitment quality so far, I will literally take anyone that we can get.

28 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Andie and Irma stand at the front of the classroom and face a group of twenty or so high schoolers at varying stages of facial hair and acne treatment. What would otherwise be a tough crowd of glued-to-their-phone teenagers is instead paying rapt attention at the sight of Andie Breslow, a bona fide celebrity in the flesh. Even the TEACHER, a middle-aged woman who looks like she would take any opportunity for a smoke break, dazzles at the star in her midst.

ANDIE

(clearing her throat nervously)  
Hi, everyone. My name is Andie, and I'm here with my business partner Irma to tell you about an exciting summer opportunity for you all.

IRMA

(launching into an obviously pre-rehearsed spiel)  
Have you ever looked around you and just wanted to cry at the ills of our modern society? Have you ever wished you could change the horrifying behavior of that kid watching porn in the back of math class? That girl taking the lord's name in vain in the locker room? That teacher ruining her body with the devil's smoke?

At the not-so-subtle jab, the teacher shoves the box of cigarettes peeking out beneath her desk into the bottom of her purse.

ANDIE

Um, what Irma is trying to say is...we're opening up a camp this summer that will be your escape from all of the things that bother you about high school, and drama, and life in general.

IRMA

All while learning your good morals and spreading them to others!

Some of the faces in the crowd lose their blanket admiration and adopt confused expressions.

ANDIE

Well, you'll be able to form bonds with younger kids and make an impact in their lives, all while having the best summer camp experience you can imagine.

IRMA

We're looking for eager and enthusiastic Angels like you all to apply to be camp counselors for six-week, overnight sessions. You'll need to fill out these forms, then undergo extensive behavioral evaluations, intensive in-person interviews, background checks...

ANDIE

(cutting her off)

Actually, you'll just need to fill out the forms and then go through one interview so we can see where your passions are and why you want to be a counselor.

IRMA

(under her breath)

Andie...

ANDIE

(not acknowledging Irma)

Some of you may know the camp as The Purity Program, but it's undergoing changes and will no longer follow the same structure. Instead of focusing on saintliness, we'll be focusing on fun. We want this to be a way to escape stress, not to cause it.

Irma is scowling, but doesn't speak up.

ANDIE (CONT.)

Does anyone have any questions?

The room buzzes with anticipation as the teens look excitedly at one another. It's as if everyone but no one at the same time wants to be the one to raise their hand first. Before long, though, a hand shoots into the air, belonging to a greasy-haired boy in the back row.



## GREASY HAIR

What was it like acting with De Niro?  
Is he as cool in person as everyone  
says he is?

## ANDIE

I was thinking questions more about  
the camp and the opportunity to be a  
counselor...

## TEACHER

(in a painfully scratchy voice)  
Yeah use your noggin' next time,  
Dennison. Carry on, Miss Mark-- I  
mean, Miss Breslow. Sorry, I just  
watched "Crunch Time" last night with  
my great aunt.

## ANDIE

That's all right. Are there any other  
questions before we move onto the next  
room?

Another hand is raised quickly, belonging this time to a doll-  
faced blond-haired girl with a lollipop hanging out of her  
mouth.

## DOLL-FACE

I think it's so noble of you to take  
on this task of restoring the camp.

## ANDIE

Well, thank you. That's nice of you to  
say.

## DOLL-FACE

Is this why aren't acting in your  
husband's upcoming movie? "The Maker"?  
It'll be weird to watch a Michael  
Breslow film without you as the lead.

Andie is at a loss for words, and can't help the surprised  
expression from crossing her face. The class looks on in  
anticipation, and as the seconds tick by excruciatingly like  
hours, Irma comes to the rescue and takes the forms from  
Andie's hands. She lays them on the table and begins to usher  
Andie from the room.

## IRMA

Sorry guys, she's under contractual  
obligation not to talk about the

newest movie. We have to move onto our next class, but if you're interested in counseling the forms are up front...

Irma's voice fades into the background as Andie exits the class abruptly.

29 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Andie sits at a picnic table in the shade beneath a large oak tree. She's running her hands along the carvings in the trunk - names, dates, hearts, etc. - when Irma comes over, huffing and puffing.

IRMA

There you are. Jesus, Andie. You could have at least waited up.

ANDIE

Did you just say Jesus?

IRMA

(looking around to make sure no one else heard)  
Oh, goodness. I guess you're rubbing off on me. Why did you hightail it out of there so quickly?

ANDIE

It's a long story.

IRMA

Worried I'm going to judge you?

ANDIE

Maybe a little bit of that too.

IRMA

Try me.

ANDIE

It involves a sex swing.

IRMA

A part of me did not expect that and a part of me did. But all of me wants to hear more.

Andie smiles slightly.

ANDIE

Seriously?

IRMA

I may be religious, but I'm still a human. I might not agree with some things but it doesn't mean I don't get entertainment from hearing about them.

ANDIE

I didn't come back to Marsburg just for the hell of it. It was never a plan of mine. Once I left here after high school, I was content with the thought of never coming back. Never having to deal with my poor excuse of a father. Never really having to own up to the way I treated certain people, like you.

IRMA

So why did you?

ANDIE

Because the actress playing the main role in Michael's new movie is now also playing the Main Vagina in his new life.

IRMA

Oh...

ANDIE

Yeah, the sex swing purchase I discovered on Amazon wasn't exactly meant for me. And I saw it in use.

IRMA

Ohhhhkay. Gotcha. Say no more.

ANDIE

So now I'm back here in Marsburg because of an on-a-whim decision, working to restore a camp because of an on-a-whim decision, and I'm not really sure what the hell I'm doing. And the rest of the world is pretty much wondering the same thing. There's been pictures on Instagram, articles cropping up here and there like "what the hell is Andie Breslow doing in the

boonies?" People are already getting the wrong idea.

There's a pause as the two take in the gravity of the situation.

IRMA

Have you spoken to him at all? Your husband?

ANDIE

No. And I don't want to. You know, the saddest part of the whole walking-in-on-him-cheating situation was not the fact that he betrayed me, or anything like that. The saddest part was that when I saw it happening, I didn't really feel sad at all. It felt more like a wake-up call than a heartbreak. And I kept thinking to myself after, that if seeing something like that didn't upset me in the way it would have upset probably anyone else, then what have I been doing with my life for the past however many years? Have I just been wasting it with someone who felt more like an obligation than a reward?

Instead of responding, Irma takes her hand and tentatively places it on top of Andie's. There are no tears to wipe, but something in Andie's eyes says that the companionship is what she needs. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a Frisbee whacks Irma in the back of the head and she rips her hand from Andie's in response. A high schooler runs over to retrieve the disk.

IRMA

Are you kidding me?!

FRISBEE KID

Sorry, miss.

When the kid runs away and Irma tries desperately to flatten her now-knotted hair, Andie breaks out into laughter. Irma glares at her, but then can't help but smile too.

ANDIE

I'm sorry. I really needed that.

IRMA  
 (still chuckling)  
 I'm glad it was beneficial for you.

This is met with another laugh from both, and the silence that follows brings with it another palpable but unidentifiable feeling - the budding of a new friendship? The faintest of inklings that it's something more?

IRMA  
 It's May 20th. That gives us roughly four weeks to get everything done on our list if we want to open mid-June.

ANDIE  
 That is not much time at all.

IRMA  
 Then we better get to work.

BEGIN CAMP PREPARATION MONTAGE:

-- INT. CAMP OFFICE - DAY

Andie and Irma are in their shared office, which appears to be divided right down the middle when it comes to organization: Andie's side is scatterbrained, messy - flyers are strewn everywhere and there are about thirty tabs open on her computer. Irma's side is pristine and neat - everything has its place. Both women have stacks of filled out counselor application forms on their desks. They are both making calls and ticking items off of lists. Little bits of phone conversation can be heard here and there:

INTERCUT DIALOGUE:

IRMA  
 So can we book her for that Friday evening, the 22nd?

ANDIE  
 No, I said 50 pool noodles, not 50,000...

IRMA  
 Yeah, we're going to need someone to come out here ASAP. We have an infestation in one of our cabins...

ANDIE  
 Yes, we will have peanut-free food

options...Oh, only foods with peanuts?  
 What kind of dietary restriction is  
 that?

Irma shoots her a glance.

-- INT/EXT POOL SHED - DAY

Andie and Irma, now joined again by Jeff (whose notebook sticks out visibly from his back pocket), are hoisting kayaks out from the pool shed. Andie flinches and spits as she comes into contact with a cobweb hanging on the ceiling. Irma laughs at her.

ANDIE  
 (to Irma)  
 Hey, can you grab me that bucket in  
 the far corner?

Irma moves to the bucket, then lets out an eardrum-piercing screech as the mouse beneath comes scurrying out.

IRMA  
 You little --

ANDIE  
 (in between fits of laughter)  
 I don't think the mouse understands  
 English.

Irma walks over and gives Andie a playful slap on the arm. Jeff watches closely, and upon seeing this new type of interaction, his hand moves almost imperceptibly to his notebook.

-- EXT. CABINS - DAY

Andie and Irma are putting a fresh coat of paint onto the cabins. Irma flinches every time Andie paints over the cabins' previous names (Bible chapters). When Andie sees how this affects Irma, she makes the conscious decision to keep the cross symbol next to the cabin names.

ANDIE  
 Gotta remember the roots, right?

Irma smiles. That means a lot.

END MONTAGE.

30 INT. MAIN HALL - DAY

It's the day of counselor interviews and the main hall at Camp Rushing Waters is abuzz with excitement. Many of the potential counselors are craning their necks for a better view of Andie, who sits confidently at one of the folding tables set up in the vast space. Irma and Jeff, clipboards in tow, occupy the other two tables. They each all out names as the interviewees rotate, and the disappointment is visible on the faces of each of those who are not called out to be interviewed by Andie. Some snippets of particularly interesting interviews stand out:

Jeff speaks with a girl who has may more piercings than cares to give, evidently.

JEFF

So, why do you want to be a counselor at Camp Rushing Waters?

GIRL

My probation officer told me I needed to.

JEFF

Do you...get excited at the thought of helping kids?

GIRL

That sounds pervy.

Jeff glances at his notebook on the table. A post-it note barely sticks out, but the words that are visible are "FIND THAT STORY."

JEFF

You're available all summer long, yeah?

Jeff circles "recommend acceptance" on his evaluation form. Irma sits across from a teenaged BOY who sports a mullet and camo-colored snapback hat.

IRMA

What kind of values do you follow on a day to day basis?

BOY

You know, I just try to be kind. Life is short, you know? Why would anyone waste their time being mean? Also, I

love country music.

IRMA

I'm not quite sure if country music is a value.

BOY

It's something I value a lot, you know?

Irma grimaces, but it is hard to be upset with the smiling youngster in front of her. Irma looks over at Andie, who smiles a similar smile to the boy in front of Irma, and for a moment, Irma is able to overlook the camouflage hat and bull's horns on this boy's t-shirt. Without a moment's more hesitation, she circles "request for acceptance" on her paper.

Meanwhile, Andie is interviewing a girl, whose name tag indicates that her name is KASEY. Kasey sits at the edge of her seat, positively buzzing with anticipation. Her blond hair appears almost as white as the pearly cross hanging around her necklace. She kneads her knuckles into her palms; the excitement is obviously mixed with some level of nerves.

ANDIE

So you've been a counselor here before.

KASEY

Yes, for the past two years actually.

ANDIE

How was your experience?

KASEY

It's been amazing, truly. Our work through the Purity Program has been able to shape young minds for the better.

ANDIE

I'm glad to hear that. But you do know this isn't strictly the Purity Program anymore. We're making some pretty big changes, focusing on things like fun and escape rather than purity and virtue. How do you feel about that?

KASEY

To me, religion is my escape. It just



so happened that the Purity Program was based in what I consider to be my personal getaway. I don't think it's the faith aspect that made me love it so much, though. It was seeing how happy the kids were, and how I was able to influence their summers.

Andie shifts in her seat. She can't help but glance up at the plaque resting atop the balcony in the main hall that says "above all, love." She takes a moment, listening to the hubbub, seeing the enthusiasm on the faces of such a diverse crowd.

ANDIE

I want this camp to have the same impact that that one did.

KASEY

Well, you're working with Irma, aren't you? No offense Andie, because I really am a fan of you, but I trust Irma to really get things done. She cares so much.

ANDIE

Kasey, I promise you that this year we will live up to the previous years in the Purity Program. You won't be disappointed.

Kasey smiles, fingering at the cross around her neck.

KASEY

I believe you. But can I speak really frankly for a second?

ANDIE

Please do.

KASEY

I'm Christian, but I trust you. There are some parents out there - Christian parents of Christian kids - who may not have that same level of trust starting out.

ANDIE

Thanks, Kasey. I get that. I'm just going to have to do the best I can.

## 31 EXT. CAMP RUSHING WATERS - DAY

Almost as soon as Andie had reached down to admit Kasey as one of the camp counselors, the scene switches abruptly to the first day of camp. A few weeks have passed, and the time and effort spent by Andie and Irma throughout the beginning of the summer have manifested into a fully functioning - albeit slightly sloppy - summer camp. The campground is alight with energy and activity. Counselors are corralling younger children into groups, teary parents are hesitant to get back into their cars, Irma and Jeff are checking off names on clipboards, and Andie stands on an elevated structure - bullhorn in hand - shouting out miscellaneous instructions to anyone who looks like they need it. Despite the mayhem, however, there is a positive energy circulating. Circulating as far as possible until it hits its dead end: Parents for Purity.

Soon, Andie's bullhorn isn't the loudest noise coming from the Rushing Waters campground. A horde of people - mostly middle-aged with brows tightly knitted together and hands balled into fists - rolls up in a series of vans, side doors adorned with angry posters. All say something to the tune of "No longer pure!" or "A summer of sin!" The members of the horde begin to shout nonsense - or at least that's what it sounds like to Andie, who can only make out unintelligible rabble as the angered voices blend together into disruptive cacophony.

The smiles on the children's faces begin to fade, and parents pause on their way back to their cars. Counselors look at one another, not sure what action to take. Andie and Irma exchange a glance, and it's hard to determine whose eyes reflect more fear. Andie raises the bullhorn to her lips.

ANDIE

(words choppy, broken up by the crowd)

Okay, okay. Please! Everyone needs to calm down.

Her words have no effect. If anything, the crowd grows louder. In the midst of the craziness, few heads turn when Jeff dips from his assigned post and removes his phone from his bag.

ANDIE

Can you please calm down? You're scaring the children.

This gets the crowd to calm a little bit. One MAN makes his

way to the front of the mass. Sweat pools at his brow and armpits, and the uneven scruff on his face gives him a distinct haven't-showered-in-a-while look.

MAN

You're a disgrace! You think you're so high and mighty, the world sees you as a saint for re-opening the camp, but they don't see what you're actually doing.

ANDIE

And what does that mean? What am I *actually* doing?

MAN

Ruining our children! See that little boy there?

(he points to a redheaded, round-bellied boy, can't be more than 8 years old)

Without the Purity Program, he's going to end up on the streets! Pushing drugs! Getting teardrop tattoos!

The little boy's cheeks turn red.

ANDIE

C'mon, *that* kid? No, that's beside the point. I think you should be ashamed of yourself. If you want your kids to have these so-called "pure" values, then why don't you teach them yourself? As their *parents*?

The man is obviously flustered. The crowd's angry remarks resume and flood into one another. The little redheaded boy begins to cry and Jeff covertly snaps a photo.

MAN

Oh, yeah? Well...I saw you in that movie last year and you weren't even that good! I gave you a "rotten" on rotten tomatoes!

ANDIE

You think I care? I got three million dollars just to say a few lines and kiss Adam Driver. And let me tell you, it wasn't even worth it!

What was once a group of raised voices has now turned into an uproar. The expression on Andie's face is full of regret, and it only grows more regretful as parents usher their campers to their cars and counselors have to console more and more overwhelmed kids who stand in the crossfire of both the Parents for Purity and Andie's hot-tempered comebacks. Irma grabs Andie's elbow, a little too harshly, and pulls her to the side.

IRMA

Seriously, Andie? Are you trying to ruin all of the progress we've made?

ANDIE

I'm sorry. I don't know how to handle these people.

IRMA

Let me deal with it.

Irma takes the bullhorn from Andie and steps onto the elevated surface.

IRMA

Hello! Attention please! Many of you know me from the Purity Program. Please just hear me out. Despite the name change and slight leadership change, I can guarantee you that...

Her voice fades to the background as Andie stops listening. She runs her fingers through her hair and escapes behind one of the cabins, not wanting everyone to see the tears forming in her eyes. She pulls her phone out of her pocket because of its incessant buzzing - she must have found the one spot at camp with one bar of cell service.

But at the sight of the texts, it seems that there is more than one spot with cell service; a video of Andie's outburst has already been posted on social media and has begun to circulate. A text from Julia says "hope everything's okay. We're working on getting rid of the video."

Plenty of other texts are asking what's wrong, what's going on, etc. The buzzing, the flashes of texts, the rabble in the back...it's all too much for Andie in that moment. The tears fall at once and they don't stop. The last thing Andie is worried about is Jeff, who gives a remorseful glance that Andie never sees before raising his phone and taking a picture.

32 EXT. OUTSIDE OF MAIN OFFICE - EVENING

Jeff sits on a bench just beyond the entrance of Camp Rushing Waters' main office. Despite the fact that there is no one in sight, Jeff's leg bounces nervously and his hand shakes as he picks up his cell phone and types in Anne's phone number. A few moments pass as the ringtone drones on, but Anne's terse voice finally interrupts the last ring.

ANNE

Yes?

Jeff body gives an involuntary jolt and he hunches over his phone, as if shielding Anne's voice from his surroundings. He speaks in a tone so low it's barely audible.

JEFF

It's Jeff.

ANNE

I know.

JEFF

So, uh... what did you think of the story?

ANNE

I bet you're feeling very confident in yourself, aren't you now? It's not that often that a new hire, let alone a freelancer gets a cover page article.

JEFF

Thank you.

ANNE

That wasn't a compliment.

Jeff can't help but roll his eyes - exercising the freedom of the audio-only phone call.

ANNE (CONT.)

I will admit that this is good content. It has the perfect storm of elements that make for an insatiable article in the eyes of our readers.

JEFF

(more hesitant this time)  
...Thank you?

ANNE

But in my eyes, it is not enough. What's another starlet on the verge of a breakdown? Some movie star breaks a nail and cries just as hard as Andie Breslow is on that cover. Readers will eat up the article, talk about it for a day or two, then move on. It's forgettable.

Jeff sinks lower into his already slumped position, the posture of prowess disappearing almost as instantly as he hears Anne's sickly sour voice.

ANNE (CONT.)

I took this chance on you because I need something that lasts. Something that puts Thrill magazine above the rest. Something that will be career-changing and life-shattering and everything in between.

There's another pause and Jeff isn't sure if she's done. But Anne still has her parting words.

ANNE (CONT.)

Stay out there. Keep searching. Bring me *that* story.

The phone goes dead and Jeff lets out a sigh. He watches from a distance as a few of the counselors shepherd campers into their cabins, and as the mess hall cooks discard items into the dumpster. The world feels calm and quiet in spite of the gathering storm brewing in Jeff's mind. His phone buzzes again and he jumps slightly, but it's just the nightly text reminder that Andie sends to the staff. This time, her message reads: "Proud of all of your hard work so far. Sometimes things are tough but we will power through and make this the best experience possible for our campers. Thank you everyone, and tomorrow is a new day!"

Jeff closes his eyes and puts his head in his hands. He then grabs for his phone again, and begins writing a text to Anne: "I'm not the guy for this job." Before he can press send, though, another message pops up on his screen, this time from his landlord saying: "I need that rent from you by tomorrow at the latest." It's all too much at once, and Jeff locks his phone, neither sending nor responding, but left on the edge of the precipice, not sure whether to make the jump.

## 33 INT. BOARD LIVING QUARTERS - EVENING

Andie lies on her bed in the cabin designated for members of camp board, which at the moment is only occupied by her and Irma. She stares at the ceiling with her phone lying on her stomach. Her eyes are puffy - that period after crying when the tiredness sets in. Irma is on a bed next to her scribbling in a notebook. The night air beyond the screen windows is mostly quiet, accentuated occasionally by the sound of a summer breeze and chirping crickets. Andie shifts, finally, to watch Irma.

ANDIE

What are you doing?

IRMA

I'm just at a loss. Who could have taken that picture of you? Written that story? The whole thing goes down and two days later it's on the cover of this national magazine?

ANDIE

(a sigh of defeat)

Any leads on the culprit? I mean, one of the parents could have taken the picture and sold it to the magazine. And the paparazzi has a strange way of finding me, that could be it.

IRMA

I have a hard time believing that. Whoever wrote the article had insider knowledge about what's been going on here.

ANDIE

I don't have the brainpower right now to think about this. I just have to stay on my best behavior I guess. I'm really sorry, Irma.

IRMA

It's okay.

ANDIE

No, it's not. I know how much you care about this camp. It's one thing to have someone like me march in and make these changes, and it's another thing for me to cause it to go under

completely.

IRMA

It's not going to go under. The first few days are always a little rough.

ANDIE

Are you trying to say that the Purity Program also started out with a public protest and the scarring of young minds?

IRMA

(laughing)

Hm, not quite. But one year, we did have a Jesus impersonator and it really did not go over as well as we thought it would.

ANDIE

Oh that's just sacrilegious.

IRMA

You're one to talk!

The two women are on their sides facing each other, on separate beds but it feels like the distance between them is shrinking.

ANDIE

If you think an insider wrote this... I want to have a staff meeting. Just to feel it out.

IRMA

I think that's a good idea. When are you thinking?

ANDIE

Tomorrow morning. Instill the fear so it can't happen again.

IRMA

That even scared me a little.

Andie takes her phone from her lap, minimizes the Thrill Magazine article, and navigates to the messaging system that contacts the entire staff. She types out: "mandatory team meeting tomorrow during breakfast. We'll meet in the mess hall side room. Should be quick." Then she presses send. Irma's phone dings on her side table and she gives Andie a



nod of approval.

IRMA

We should probably go to sleep soon.  
That alarm gets earlier and earlier  
every day it feels like.

ANDIE

Or...we could make fun of the rest of  
this magazine.

IRMA

What's another half hour?

Andie gets up and sits at the edge of Irma's bed and the two navigate to page one, just like two young campers experiencing the thrill of going against the rules. They sit so close they touch, but neither mentions it nor moves an inch. The crickets chirping in the darkness outside is the melodic soundtrack to a night of rising spirits and the hope that Everything Will Be Okay.

34 INT. MESS HALL - MORNING

Andie and Irma sit at the head of a long conference room table, facing the twenty or so counselors, the mess hall cooks, the groundskeepers, the cleaning staff, and Jeff. The campers are separated only by a thin screen, and the young children's craning necks force Andie to speak in a hushed, yet stern voice.

ANDIE

Some of you may have seen the article  
that was published about me in Thrill  
Magazine yesterday.

Jeff subconsciously begins to sink in his seat, but picks himself up immediately so as to avoid eyes directed toward him.

ANDIE (CONT.)

I'm hoping none of you counselors saw  
it because of our no-phone policy, but  
I'm not naive.

Some of the counselors can't help but turn to one another, a twinge of blush creeping onto their cheeks. One of these counselors decides to speak up in a very unconvincing manner.

COUNSELOR #1

What article are you speaking of,

ma'am?

Andie shoots daggers at the counselor at first, but then collects herself.

ANDIE

I'm not getting into that now. But what I'm trying to say is, I know that article didn't come from the paps...

Counselors are whispering. Another one of them seems utterly confused.

COUNSELOR #2

(whispering, unheard by Andie)

Pap smear?

Andie continues, raising her voice slightly to cut off the noise.

ANDIE

I know the information came from someone here. You know who you are. So either come forward now, or stop what you are doing. We're onto you.

Heads around the table swivel. The campers in the mess hall are getting antsy.

ANDIE

That's all I wanted to say. Everyone please get back to what you were doing now.

The counselors and staff hustle back to their respective places. Jeff, however, hangs back, trying to suppress his nervous tics that are growing more prominent by the second. It's time for damage control. He approaches Andie and Irma, who are speaking quietly to one another.

JEFF

You guys know who wrote that article?

ANDIE

I wish. But you have to use fear tactics sometimes right?

Jeff laughs a little too loudly, the relief overtaking him.

ANDIE

Is it you?

For a split second Jeff is stunned, unsure of how to react, but he doesn't need to. Andie starts laughing and pats him on the shoulder.

ANDIE

Kidding. You'd be the first one I'd call on to beat up the one who's doing it.

She and Irma walk back into the mess hall, leaving Jeff short of breath from the range of emotions. The emotion that settles over him, though, is the regret. It manifests in a heavy sigh and teary eyes. He discreetly checks his phone messages once more before heading back into the mess hall, and it's just what he needs to fix his resolve: 4 more messages from his unrelenting landlord.

BEGIN "JEFF NEEDS THAT STORY" MONTAGE:

-- EXT. LAKE - DAY

The counselors are teaching the campers how to properly put on life vests and get into kayaks. A young girl starts crying from fear but Kasey, being the stellar counselor that she is, consoles the girl and gets her to slowly ease her way into the boat. Another kayak, occupied by the redheaded boy from earlier and Probation Girl, drifts toward the middle of the lake because Probation Girl is too busy trying to tan. Jeff, still an unsuspecting mainstay at the camp watches the kayak move farther and farther away - obviously suffering from the internal debate between whether to say anything or let it go as his hand itches for the digital camera in his pocket.

Before he can snap a picture of the dangerous sight, Andie notices and blows her whistle to get their attention. Probation Girl snaps to attention and scrambles to take the oars from redheaded boy, who is now also red-faced from trying to paddle back to shore on his own. When the two finally make it, Andie is ready to chastise Probation Girl, but she can't bring herself to it when the redheaded boy hugs her and says:

REDHEADED BOY

That was SO COOL!

-- INT. ARTS AND CRAFTS ROOM - DAY

Irma's hands, face, and old-shirt-turned-smock are covered in paint and feathers. She stands in a room full of long folding tables covered in newspapers, paint, and nearly every decoration accessory imaginable. The campers are working on

little mailboxes to put on their bunk beds for other campers to put notes in. Each craft is covered in an array of googly eyes, pipe cleaners, glitter, you name it.

As Irma is tending to one side of the room, the group of smaller children on the other side of the room are supervised by four counselors, one of which is Camo Boy from Irma's interview session. He's paying very close attention to his own craft mailbox, painting a too-accurate hunted deer on the side of it. He's so invested in his painting that he doesn't notice the SMALL BOY next to him dipping little macaroni art pieces into glue and eating them. Soon, the little boy notices he's made quite the mistake. He turns to the counselor next to him.

SMALL BOY

I don't feel so good.

He doubles over and vomits onto the ground next to him and the occupants of the table jump back immediately.

CAMO BOY

(exasperated)

C'mon little dude, my buck was looking so good.

Irma rushes over to glare at camo boy and coax the little one to the first aid tent. Jeff stands by with his phone in tow, ready to expose Rushing Waters for poisoning its campers, but before he can navigate to the camera, the rest of the counselors are quickly cleaning up the mess and comforting the rest of the kids standing by. Jeff can't help but be impressed.

-- INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

It's dinner time and all of the campers and counselors are devouring their pulled pork sandwiches after a long day of activity. There's a general buzz of noise: talking, forks clanking, the cook in the kitchen putting items away. Andie, Irma, and Jeff eat at a table in the far end of the room. There's a satisfaction emanating from two members of the table, but the third member - with phone in tow, as always - is itching for something new. He's also itching to make sure he hasn't left a paper trail.

JEFF

Did you find any more information yet about the person who wrote that piece about you?

ANDIE

No one's come forward or been caught.  
And there hasn't been another article  
as far as I know, so that's a good  
sign.

JEFF

I bet it was one of the  
groundskeepers. They disappear  
throughout the day. I never know where  
they're going.

ANDIE

Possibly. But as long as it's not  
happening, I don't want to point any  
fingers or cause any more trouble.

Soon the volume in the room diminishes and heads begin to bow. The sound of a collective whispering overtakes the room, and Andie and Irma's satisfaction soon turns into concern. The younger children are confused, the older children begin to snicker. Many are turning to face one girl, PRIYA, who takes the stares from the crowd as an indication to get up and run from the room. Irma follows the crying girl, and Andie gets up to stand in front of the tables.

ANDIE

Someone tell me what's going on here.

The campers are hesitant at first, glancing at one another to see who will speak first. The counselors gathered at the far table appear confused as well; the gossip hasn't reached them yet.

ANDIE

Well, if no one's going to talk...

CAMPER #1

It's the immaculate conception!

The crowd erupts into a mixture of nervous and excitable laughing and chatter.

ANDIE

What? What are you talking about?

CAMPER #1

(in a deliberately hushed tone,  
yet audible to everyone)  
Priya's pregnant.

Jeff leaps to his feet. Andie did not expect that answer.

ANDIE

Okay, okay. Everyone calm down.

(to Camper #1)

Can I speak to you outside please?

The "oooh"s of the crowd are unavoidable. Andie herds the camper, a 14-year-old girl, out the door of the mess hall.

35 EXT. OUTSIDE OF MESS HALL - NIGHT

Andie puts her hands gingerly on the girl's shoulder. Jeff watches them, discreetly, through the window of the mess hall.

ANDIE

Please explain to me what is going on.

CAMPER #1

I don't want to be a gossip, but a couple of us in the cabins last night heard Priya say she missed her period. And a couple of nights before she was talking about how her stomach hurt.

ANDIE

That doesn't mean she's pregnant, honey.

CAMPER #1

But a couple of us were talking about it, and we think it's the immaculate conception. We know Priya hasn't lost her virginity. But we learned all about how Jesus was born at camp last year.

Andie's jaw drops despite her best intentions to remain stoic.

ANDIE

I don't know what they told you at camp last year, but if Priya has not lost her virginity then she is not pregnant. If she or any of you has any other questions, you can come talk to me about it. But for now, please stop spreading rumors.

The girl appears embarrassed, but relieved. She scurries back

into the mess hall, obviously happy to be the bearer of news that everyone else is on the edge of their seats to hear. Andie sighs and rubs her forehead, but then she begins to giggle and can't seem to stop herself. Jeff, still looking through the window, lowers his phone in apparent defeat.

END MONTAGE.

36 EXT. OUTSIDE OF MAIN OFFICE - EVENING

Jeff paces back and forth just in front of the main camp office, his knuckles pulled white over the phone clenched in his hand. Sweat beads at his forehead and he tries not once, not twice, but three times to type the number into his phone before giving up and shoving the phone into his pocket. The sun is just beginning to set and the shades of the sky are becoming darker; another hour will plunge the camp into total blackness. The few campers that run from the bathhouses to their bunks are illuminated by the lowering sun and the faint yellow lights lining the camp's dirt pathway.

A DING sounds from Jeff's phone, and his face contorts into an expression of panic before he reaches back into his pocket. A message appears on the screen from Anne, reading: "where the hell is my story? The EIC is breathing down my neck. You better get me something soon or it's over."

Jeff sighs and rubs his forehead; not unlike how Andie appeared after first learning of the supposed immaculate conception. He continues his frantic pacing, practicing what he would say to Anne on a call.

JEFF

I have some soundbites of Andie talking about sex to a tween girl...I mean one of the campers thought she was pregnant...can you imagine what the parents would say if they got wind of that? But that'd be pretty morally wrong to slander a young girl...right? Fuck. Would a pregnancy scare affect her college chances? Wait, fuck, no. I'm not a monster.

Jeff hits the "reply" button on his phone and begins typing out a response to Anne. He's already typed out "I've been trying, trust me. She's not giving me anything good enough" and is about to hit send when he is interrupted by two voices. Jeff creeps along the wall of the main office and turns the corner. He has to pull back quickly so as not to be noticed when he spots Andie and Irma, both holding

flashlights, huddled together and speaking in slightly hushed tones.

IRMA

Are you sure we should be doing this now? It's going to be dark soon.

ANDIE

I messed up the schedule and now all of the counselors are planning to wake their campers up bright and early for a nature hike. I don't want to send them out without any idea where they're going.

IRMA

Can't we just postpone it?

ANDIE

It's supposed to rain like hell the next few days and the kids have been begging. C'mon, it's an adventure for us too!

IRMA

I guess I could use some time away from all of the kids. As long as I get to sleep in an extra half hour tomorrow.

ANDIE

If you want to sleep until 6:30 rather than 6:15, then be my guest. Now let's go. We should have an hour or so before it's pitch black.

The two women make sure their phones are turned on in case of any emergency counselor calls, check their flashlights for batteries, then head off into the woods that extend far past the back of the main office. Jeff takes one last glance at his phone to see another message from Anne: "?????" He takes a deep breath, then shoves the phone into his pocket once again and begins his pursuit of Andie and Irma.

37 EXT. FOREST - EVENING/NIGHT

Andie and Irma make their way through the forest, pointing out elements for the hike and marking different trees and boulders with various colors of paint. Jeff, fifty or so feet behind them, struggles to maintain his closeness without making noise to draw attention to himself. With each attempt



to get close enough to hear their conversation, he snaps a tree branch or steps on a crunchy pile of leaves and is forced to hide as Andie and Irma look back for what they assume to be forest wildlife. Jeff is getting restless as the women keep moving forward and the sky grows darker. Finally, they stop and check the document they've been marking and using as a makeshift map.

ANDIE

So, if we have them turn around here and follow the path we just marked, that should be just about two and a half miles.

IRMA

It seems like a good distance to me. The younger ones will get cranky if it's any longer.

ANDIE

Agreed.

IRMA

Ready to turn back?

Andie pauses for a moment, taking in her surroundings. Jeff watches from a crouched position behind a large boulder nearby; he's managed to lessen the distance between them enough so that he can make out their conversation. By this time, both women have turned on their flashlights - the soft light from the stars and moon aren't enough to brighten the pathway. Crickets chirp harmoniously and water running down a creek flows peacefully a little ways away.

ANDIE

Mind if we sit here for a second? I think this is the first time I've actually been able to calm down in a while.

IRMA

It is nice here, huh?

ANDIE

I feel like I can finally breathe. I don't think I've been able to catch a proper breath since I was told a camper might be pregnant.

Irma laughs and shakes her head. Jeff angles his phone to face Andie and Irma, who sit cross-legged now, across from

one another.

IRMA

I was so shocked by that. I guess I never really understood how much what we taught these kids could have an influence.

ANDIE

They're so moldable. They'll believe everything and make up anything.

IRMA

Kids are weird. That's for sure.

ANDIE

And sometimes kids are bullies. Kinda wish I was the type of kid to believe I was the next Virgin Mary instead of the little asshole I was.

IRMA

(chuckling)

The Virgin Andie.

ANDIE

(laughing now too)

Yeah, not since I was like fifteen.

Irma's laugh is stopped by a cough, and she blushes slightly. Jeff glances at the battery on his phone - 8%. But he can't miss this opportunity.

ANDIE

Oh, oops. Didn't mean to make you uncomfortable.

IRMA

(playing it cool)

You didn't make me uncomfortable. It's not like I've never been with anyone before.

ANDIE

I meant to ask you. Have you ever been married?

IRMA

Um, no. Too focused on work and church I guess. I never really had time for it.

ANDIE

Oh, come on. You must have dated  
though?

IRMA

Never really seriously.

ANDIE

So you've never been in love? Sorry.  
That's personal.

Irma clears her throat again, and it coincides with her flashlight blinking. She picks it up, a little too abruptly, and scuffles to her feet.

IRMA

It's getting really dark now. We  
should get back.

Andie sighs, but gets to her feet too. The women start walking back on the path as a heavy silence hangs between them. Jeff holds his breath as they pass the boulder he hides behind - a little too closely - and he lets it out only when they are a safe distance away. He is about to lock his phone and put it away, but when the conversation strikes up again he continues to record.

ANDIE

I'll take that as a no, then?

IRMA

To what?

ANDIE

That you've never been in love.

IRMA

Well...you know, I heard a sermon once  
that talked about three different  
kinds of love. There's eros, philia,  
and agape. I think that...well, for me  
--

ANDIE

(cuts her off)

You know what kind of love I'm talking  
about. It's okay if you haven't. It's  
not weird or anything.

She looks at Irma for her response, but no words come. Andie playfully shines her flashlight at Irma's face, but Irma

swats it away and doesn't smile. She just looks forward, focusing on the path ahead.

ANDIE (CONT.)

Sorry. I didn't mean to pry.

The silence continues for a little longer. Jeff has to be extra careful to conceal his footsteps.

ANDIE (CONT.)

I have to hand it to you, Irma.  
Running a camp is seriously not as easy as it looks. I'm both shocked and impressed that you've been doing this for so long.

IRMA

It's what I love to do. And, and it's been great working with you. Honestly.

ANDIE

What would your younger self say to you if she heard you saying that to me right now?

IRMA

(laughing)

She'd probably want to kick my butt for being so nice to you.

ANDIE

Honestly, I kind of hate that you're being so nice to me, Irma. After the way I treated you when we were kids, you have every right to hate me.

IRMA

One of our biggest lessons in the Purity Program was forgiveness. I don't really see the point in holding a grudge, especially over something that happened when we were so much younger.

ANDIE

I'm really sorry for acting like everything in the Purity Program was wrong. And I really am sorry for being a child dipshit.

IRMA

You were a child dipshit, I was a child tight-ass. We all had our things.

ANDIE

Just a *child* tight-ass?

IRMA

Don't push your luck, Breslow.

Andie and Irma have stopped walking at this point, and they're facing each other, the space shrinking between them. Jeff watches with bated breath and films with a shaky hand... his battery percentage is teetering on 2%. Irma clears her throat.

IRMA (CONT.)

(in a voice so soft its barely audible)

Have you ever been in love with a friend?

Andie raises her eyebrows.

ANDIE

You mean like Jeff?

It's as if Irma's fixed effort has been broken. She turns from facing Andie to watching the ground, playing with her flashlight, doing anything that will keep her from looking at the woman in front of her.

IRMA

Yeah. Kind of like that.

And then Andie understands. She steps closer to Irma, further taking away the space between them. There's silence for a few seconds followed by a swift motion that happens before anyone can expect it. Andie grabs Irma's face in her hands and kisses her.

Irma visibly tenses up, not sure what to do with her hands or arms or any part of her body. Jeff's eyes grow wide - his phone is at just 1% now. The kiss doesn't last for very long, just a couple of seconds, and then Andie pulls away and looks at Irma with wide eyes. Irma doesn't say anything.

ANDIE

Oh, shit. Maybe I read that wrong.

Instead of vocalizing her response, Irma takes a deep breath and then leans back into Andie, grabbing her by the waist and returning the kiss with possibly even more enthusiasm. This one lasts a little longer than the first, urged on by the mutual acknowledgement of requited feelings. When they pull away, both women smile.

IRMA

Nope. You didn't read it wrong.

Andie is about to respond, but this time it's her flashlight that blinks. By this time, the sky is nearly at its inkiest black, and Andie and Irma wordlessly run forward down the path, time having gotten away from them.

Jeff stops the recording as the only light illuminating the subjects of his capture has run away with them. As he closes the video, he sees various texts and many missed calls from Anne. Glancing at the 1% still staring menacingly at him from the top right corner, Jeff types out a quick text to Anne: "got something worth the wait. I'll text you soon." He then scurries off as fast as he can without giving away his presence to the women who are now quite far ahead, but could spot a phone light from any distance in this state of darkness.

38 EXT. OUTSIDE THE MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Andie and Irma lean against their cabin and try to catch their breath after sprinting the last quarter mile through the forest to beat the dying flashlight. When they've regained their composure, they stand up straight and face one another, the events of the past hour hanging between them like a tangible object.

IRMA

(whispering)

That shouldn't happen again should it?

ANDIE

(also whispering)

Not out here at least. But you can't see much in the cabin when the lights are off.

Irma nods and the two of them make their way into the cabin. Moments later, Jeff emerges from the forest. He's battling with his phone; its battery has finally run out. He rummages through his backpack for the charger, then escapes to where we can assume the closest outlet is. The expression on his face is hard to read: satisfaction and regret mixed together

make him look just a little crazy.

39 INT. MAIN CABIN - MORNING

The trumpet sounds at precisely 6:00 in the morning outside of Andie and Irma's cabin. Andie's bed is empty. Irma's bed is occupied by both of them, wrapped up together. It looks natural and easy. Irma groans at the sound of the trumpet and she rolls over, refusing to get up. On the other end of the spectrum, Andie's eyes shoot open and she gets out of bed almost immediately.

Andie looks at Irma in the bed that she was just in, and she smiles slightly. But the smile is soon overtaken by an expression of panic. She runs to each of the windows and looks out to see if anyone is watching. She quickly throws on a sweatshirt and replaces her pajama pants with jeans, then opens the door and scans the campground in front of her. A few sleepy campers and counselors are starting to make their way to the bathhouses, but nothing seems fishy. Andie sighs and goes back over to where Irma is sleeping.

ANDIE

Time to get up.

IRMA

You said I could sleep in, remember?

ANDIE

I promise you that an extra half hour will only make you more tired.

Irma's eyes open slowly as she yawns and stretches. She looks over at Andie's bed and sees it fully made and not slept in. It's as if the events of the night hit her at once like a knock to the head. She glances over at Andie, who is going back and forth between watching Irma nervously and glancing through the windows. Irma buries her head in her hands.

ANDIE

I don't regret anything from last night, if that's what you're wondering.

IRMA

I'm glad.

ANDIE

I'm just so worried about someone seeing something. We have to be more careful.

IRMA

You're right. I can't even imagine what would happen if the board found out.

ANDIE

Exactly. And considering what happened last time when I lost my cool, I'm not sure who to trust around here. There are eyeballs on me at nearly all times.

IRMA

I mean, we can wait until after camp ends. If you want.

Andie steps closer to Irma and with one last glance through the windows behind her, she gives Irma a quick kiss on the forehead.

ANDIE

We just have to be careful.

At the sound of a loud KNOCK on the cabin door, both women jump. Andie rushes to the door and opens it to find a counselor, KASEY, holding the hand of a young camper.

KASEY

I'm really sorry to bother you, Andie. But Wes, here, had some questions about the breakfast this morning and he didn't want to...

Her voice fades into the background as both women are relieved at the problem at hand.

40 INT. MESS HALL - MORNING

It's business as usual. The campers are gathered around their tables in the mess hall, chattering half-sleepily and half-excitedly. The counselors are more on the sleepy side, but still acting normally. There's soft conversation. Plenty of forks and knives clinking on plates. Andie and Irma sit at their table, smiling contentedly at the lack of ripples caused by the events of the night.

IRMA

Is Jeff coming in today?

ANDIE

What is it, a Tuesday? He probably had



to go into the office today.

The conversation is cut off by the all-too-familiar sound of collective whispering and sight of heads bowed. This time the whispering originates at the counselors' table, where it seems an object is being passed from hand to hand. Andie and Irma narrow their eyes and try to spot what the object is, but they can't see from where they are at the table. Both women make the move to get up at the same time, but Irma beats Andie to the punch and makes her way over to the counselors.

IRMA

What are you all going on about?

The teenaged counselors exchange glances, fear creeping into each of their expressions. The bearer of the object is the boy with the mullet, RICKY, who tries but fails to covertly cross his arms over the object on the table. Irma spots him and extends her hand.

IRMA

You know I have to see it, Ricky.

RICKY

It's uh...it's my nude photo. I don't want to show it to you.

Irma rolls her eyes.

IRMA

Something tells me that's not what it is. Can anyone confirm or deny?

The counselors are silent, examining their peers to see if any will speak. No one backs up Ricky's claim.

IRMA (CONT.)

If someone doesn't tell me what that is, there will be consequences for everyone.

A voice pipes up from the mass. It's Kasey.

KASEY

Oh, just show her Ricky.

Ricky moves his arm to reveal a cell phone. The screen is black, revealing nothing yet. Irma picks it up. By this point, Andie has joined Irma at the table.

ANDIE

Seriously? I get that you guys aren't supposed to have cell phones but you guys were talking like you'd discovered the meaning of life...

KASEY

It's what's on the phone.

A slow-burning panic sets into both Andie's and Irma's expressions. Ricky takes the phone from Irma and puts in the passcode. An article pops up on the screen once the phone is unlocked. An article published that morning at 6:00, with the headline "Summer Camp Scandal: Andie Breslow Seen with New Female Flame."

Beneath the headline is a grainy photo, but the setting and subjects are obvious: it's Andie and Irma in the middle of the forest, lips pressed together, oblivious to the photographer in their midst.

As if it had been choreographed, a slow roar builds from the outside of the mess hall the same instant that Andie and Irma see the article. At first it's faint, but before long the roar is very audible. And it's very obviously the sound coming from an amalgamation of voices. Angry voices. The panic for Andie and Irma is no longer slow-burning. Irma is the first to begin the rush outside, and before Andie is hot on her trail she takes a moment and can't help but wonder aloud.

ANDIE

(whispering)

Who took this?

41 EXT. CAMP RUSHING WATERS - DAY

It's lost on Andie and Irma how the mass of people can be so large, consisting mostly of parents apparently up before the crack of dawn reading gossip articles before work. If they thought the group on the first day of camp was large, though, then they were in for a rude awakening. The Parents for Purity has seemed to double, maybe even triple in size. And this means more posters, more bullhorns, and more angry glares. Some familiar faces from last time stand out among the crowd, including the man with the haven't-showered-in-a-while aesthetic. He leads the pack, but aggression emanates from all angles.

Something else that's new in this mass that wasn't there the last time is the presence of cameras and reporters, who may

even be louder than the parents. They're already pushing their way towards the front, trying to get as close as possible to the two women who stand, dumbfounded, unable to control the chaos at their feet.

Jeff slyly enters the campground, using the horde of people to shield himself from Andie and Irma's view. He makes his way to the edge of the crowd and slips behind the cabins that line the main pathway. He crouches out of view of both parties and takes out his phone, which is now fully charged. A new text from Anne reads: "Big response. We need to see how it plays out. Well done."

Jeff smiles slightly and puts the phone on record mode. He creeps from behind the cabin just far enough so that he can get a clear angle of Andie, Irma, and the front lines of the crowd. The man leader steps in front of the two women and puts on his most intimidating act.

MAN

Do you have anything to say for yourselves?

This is met with an emphatic response from the crowd; various hoots and yelps of agreement rain down on the two women. Both Andie and Irma are at a loss for words.

MAN

It took a lot to get over these new changes to the Purity Program and let our kids stay. But we trusted Irma to keep things under control.

A WOMAN with raggedy brown hair and far too much makeup pushes her way to where the man stands.

WOMAN

You disgust me, Irma. Both of you. What kind of example are you trying to set for our children?

She spits at their feet. Andie's lip twitches and Irma hangs her head, but no pity comes from the crowd. Only Jeff, who is close enough to see their slight movements, shows some remorse. His smile falters, and his hand lowers. When the first tear falls down Andie's face, he can't bring himself to record any more. He texts a response to Anne: "can't get a good vantage point. I'm sure the paps will get enough." A DING sound soon after indicates that his sent text was met with a near immediate response, but he doesn't make the move to check. He just sits and watches, his expression fading

from satisfaction to sadness with each passing moment.

In the meantime, the crowd has not relented. Every time Andie or Irma shows the slightest emotion, the roars grow louder. Faces of campers and counselors can be seen pressed up against the windows of the mess hall, and a few curious counselors have come outside to watch while the others wrangle the campers indoors. Some cameras and news reporters have pushed their way to the very front, and in an instant there are nearly ten microphones shoved in the faces of the two speechless women. The line is blurred between news reporters and paparazzi, but all are trying to get the story.

REPORTER 1

Can you tell us about the state of your relationship?

REPORTER 2

Does this mean a divorce from your husband, Andie?

REPORTER 3

How else have you neglected your campers?

At that question, Andie gets defensive and speaks up for the first time.

ANDIE

Neglected? We have not once neglected our campers. I don't care what you're referring to, there has never been a moment that the safety of our campers or counselors has been threatened.

The man leader re-takes his dominance in the conversation.

MAN

But what about the safety of their innocence? Their purity? How is macking on one another protecting that?

ANDIE

That's an unfair...

Her words are drown out by a re-ignition of the crowd's uproar. It's as though every time the man talks everyone has to give their verbal support. Shouts here and there address how the two women have "ruined the camp" and "ruined their children." Andie looks to Irma, but Irma can't meet her eyes.

On a whim, Andie reaches for the first microphone in front of her and holds it up.

ANDIE

Let me explain, please. Just give me this time.

The crowd quiets a bit, but none of the furious expressions soften. Still, Andie jumps on the opportunity.

ANDIE

I am not going to comment on my personal life or my relationships, let me make that clear.

The crowd revs up again, but Andie stifles it quickly.

ANDIE

BUT -- I will tell you my reasoning for being here because a lot of you seem to be questioning that. I never meant to ruin the Purity Program. And I sure as hell never meant to ruin your kids.

The crowd is restless, but still hanging onto her words.

ANDIE (CONT.)

Sorry, I know I said hell. Actually, I wanted to do quite the opposite. When I was a kid, I came to Camp Rushing Waters every single summer both as a camper and a counselor. It was the happiest time of my life. And I came back home recently for a variety of reasons, but I didn't know what my purpose would be once I did. So when my good friend Jeff told me that the camp was closing...

Jeff buries his face in his hands. He can't bear the guilt.

ANDIE (CONT.)

...I knew that was my purpose. I didn't ask the questions I should have, I know that now. I didn't know what I was getting myself into. I was not ready to continue the tradition of the Purity Program as it had become. But I still wanted each one of your children to have an amazing summer. I

wanted them each to have the escape that I did when I was younger. I know you're all upset with me now for one reason or another, but I would really like for you to continue letting your children have the best time here at Rushing Waters. It's been such an incredible summer so far, and I think the happiness of your kids should be far more important than anything you read in a gossip magazine.

By this time, many of the kids in the mess hall have pushed past the counselors to the outside and are gathered in a group, staring awestruck at the angry parents and sweaty reporters. Some of them have tears in their eyes as they cling to their friends. Hope sparks in Andie as she watches the parents make eye contact with their children, and their faces soften.

ANDIE

Can't you see how much your kids want to be here?

None of the parents say anything at first, but their silence is cut into by a booming voice coming from a man who has shoved his way to the front. His ill-fitting clothes sag off of him, and the sea of people parts for him only because of the stench that radiates from him. He's unkempt and unshaven, and stumbling as if he's just come out of a bar. It's Andie's father.

MICK

(drunkenly)

Hey, Andie! Hey. Yeah, everyone...that's my *daughter*. Hey Andie, I saw you necking with the church girl in that photo. And I just have to say, that explains a lot. I always knew you were a screw up, just couldn't ever quite put a finger on how to explain that.

Mick burps and wipes his mouth, as the crowd stares at him with disgusted expressions.

MICK (CONT.)

(continuing to slur his words)

The perfect little girl who always thought she was too good for her father. You take after your good-for-

nothing mother. But perfection can only last for so long, right? Now you're a public disgrace, you're ruining these young kids, and folks? Want to know the cherry on top? Her ex-husband called me today to try and contact Andie...and turns out, he's banging a new chick! Just like Andie!

(he lets out a guffaw)

Not so shiny and new now, are you, Andie? Maybe if you'd have cared at all, you'd have learned how to have a good life from dear old daddy...

Mick is cut off by his own coughs, and he doubles over, trying to catch his breath. The disgusted expressions that were once pointed toward Mick are now square on Andie. Andie is dumbstruck. The uproar of the crowd just rings in her ears and she can't bring herself to move, let alone say anything. She comes to, slightly, when Irma takes Andie's hand. Without thinking, Andie slaps Irma's hand away.

IRMA

Andie --

ANDIE

Don't. I can't.

Andie turns around and runs, past the mess hall, down the skinny gravel path into the woods. She only glances back once to find a teary-eyed Irma, standing helplessly as the reporters and some parents nudge past her, in pursuit of Andie.

42 EXT. FOREST - DAY

Andie is too fast for the reporters. After 20 minutes or so, she has far outrun the microphones and cameras and is solitary in the woods that line the camp. She checks to make sure there is no one behind her, and only when there's not a soul in sight does she take a break. She doubles over, catching her breath after the rush of adrenaline seeps from her body. Once the tears start to come, they don't stop.

She lets herself cry, pausing every so often to make sure there are no reporters or parents in pursuit. Her checks are usually met with silence, but then she begins to hear footsteps. It's not a group of footsteps accompanied by angry accusations, though. It's just a single set of footsteps making their way through the tangled brush of the forest.

ANDIE

Who's there?

Surprise registers on Andie's face when Jeff appears. It's almost as if she'd forgotten that he was there through all of the hubbub. Jeff has evidently been crying. For Andie, in the moment, it's the exact person she needed to see. As he gets closer to her, she falls into a sloppy hug. Jeff hesitates at first, but can't resist securing his arms around her tightly as she sniffles.

ANDIE (CONT.)

Did you just come from the office? Did you see all of that happening?

JEFF

Andie, I --

ANDIE

(cutting him off)

I don't know what to do. They're going to close the camp. I don't know where to go. How could I let this happen?

JEFF

Andie, it's not your fault.

ANDIE

I didn't think it could get any worse, and then my dad --

JEFF

(cutting her off this time)

Andie. You can't be so hard on yourself. Everything will be all right. We'll figure it out.

Andie takes a deep breath and takes a seat on a boulder near her feet.

ANDIE

You're right. We will. Thanks for being here for me. And through this whole thing. I couldn't have done it without you.

Jeff echoes Andie's deep breath and takes a seat beside her on the boulder. He keeps his head down and refuses to make eye contact with Andie.



JEFF

I have to be honest with you.

Another deep breath.

JEFF (CONT.)

I have been...hiding something from you.

ANDIE

I know. It's okay.

JEFF

Wait. You know?

ANDIE

(laughing slightly)

I mean, it was pretty obvious when we were kids. And then I was wondering why you were spending so much time at the camp instead of at your job...

JEFF

Andie --

ANDIE

You're in love with me?

Jeff's hands are in his hands - he can't take this anymore. He responds almost as soon as the words come out of Andie's mouth.

JEFF

I'm the one who sold you out.

There's silence. It's a calculated silence, full of unspoken thoughts suspended in the air. Finally, Andie breaks it.

ANDIE

What?

JEFF

I'm so sorry, I --

ANDIE

How? How could you do this?

JEFF

I know there will never be a good enough explanation but I lost my job a while back, I need money just to keep

my house. This was an easy way of making quick money.

Andie takes a moment, as if giving herself time to wrap her head around this revelation. The shock soon gives way to anger.

ANDIE

Oh, so it was easy, wasn't it? Because a problematic person like me just has endless material to sell out to Thrill Magazine.

JEFF

It has nothing to do with my personal feelings toward you, Andie. I was just desperate.

Andie stands up and looms down over Jeff, who cowers like a young boy.

ANDIE

I get that things may seem easy for someone like me. I don't have money problems, I know. But as you now know better than anyone, there's a whole lot of other things going on, and I thought this was my one chance to actually be a version of myself that I like.

JEFF

I'm sorry.

ANDIE

You took that from me. And now I can't get it back.

Without a glance back, Andie makes her way back through the forest, back to where the uproar had occurred, farther and farther away from the one who caused it in the first place.

43 INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Andie lies as still as a corpse on the raggedy comforter of the hotel room bed. It's the same hotel as the one she stayed in when she arrived, and it feels as though nothing has changed. But everything has. The boxy television set is muted but turned on, and some infomercial is playing. A far-too-happy woman chops vegetables on the screen, and her wide, pearly white smile makes Andie groan. Andie takes off her

slipper and throws it at the television set.

She sits up and rubs her eyes. From the look of the room, she's been here for a little while, but she hasn't made any effort to maintain cleanliness. Clothes are strewn about the floor, drawers hang open haphazardly, and empty take-out food boxes have made their home in the corner by the door.

Andie takes out her cell phone. She opens up a browser and searches for her name - a self-destructive activity that has evidently been performed more than once. The first article that pops up is one from a day ago, with the headline: "Andie Breslow's Camp Fails: Kids Return Home to Angry Parents." Andie sighs and hesitates, but decides to click on the article. Some lines of the article stand out in particular "Purity Program board dismantles camp, fires Breslow and co-director Irma Bennett-Shaw," and "Bennett-Shaw has not spoken out regarding the incident."

Andie's read too much. She exits out of the article with tears in her eyes and navigates to the call history on her phone. There's a few missed calls from Jeff. There's more missed calls from Irma spread over time, but none have come in during the last couple of days. Andie's thumb hesitates over Irma's phone number, but she can't bring herself to dial. Instead, she types in her assistant Julia's number.

Julia picks up after one ring.

JULIA (V.O.)

Andie, hi! It's been a while.

ANDIE

(voice breaking)

Hey Jules.

JULIA (V.O.)

You hanging in there?

ANDIE

Um. Not really.

JULIA (V.O.)

Oh, Andie. I'm sorry.

It's as if Julia's voice prompts a valve to release in Andie's mind, and the words just start flowing.

ANDIE

I ruined everything. I made no progress with my asshole father, my

supposed childhood best friend sold me out, and I ended the career of the person I was falling in love with. Not to mention the camp had to close down again.

JULIA (V.O.)

Wait...back up a little. The person you were falling in love with? Who is he?

ANDIE

Plot twist, it's a she. And it's probably not even worth telling the story now because I doubt she will ever talk to me again after I abandoned her.

There's silence for a moment.

JULIA (V.O.)

I know it seems like everything is everything is crashing and burning right now. But I've seen you deal with things before, Andie. Take it one step at a time. Figure out what you have to do to make peace with the situation.

Andie pauses for a moment. She gazes at the television set, which is now displaying a poker tournament, not unlike the one Mick had been watching last time Andie visited. One of the men at the table picks up his beer and takes a long swing. Andie takes a deep breath.

ANDIE

Thank you. I think I know my first step.

They say good-bye and Andie ends the call. Andie puts her phone on the table and gets up from the bed. She begins to pick up her clothing and pack it away into her suitcases. She closes all of the drawers and puts all of the empty takeout boxes into a trash can. She showers, runs a brush through her hair, and puts on a fresh outfit. She's about to head out the door when she remembers one more thing - the cherry on top: She puts on a fresh coat of bright, red lipstick, then leaves the hotels room without a moment's more hesitation.

44 EXT. ANDIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

Andie knocks on the door, then smooths her blouse and drums

her hands on her legs as she anxiously waits for a sign of life from inside. After a minute or so of waiting, she knocks again - louder this time. A voice shouts from inside.

MICK (O.S.)

I don't want to buy no damn Girl Scout cookies!

Andie clears her throat.

ANDIE

Dad, it's me.

MICK (O.S.)

Oh, christ. What do you want now?

ANDIE

Just let me in.

MICK (O.S.)

Oh, just come in and make it quick.  
You know the door's not locked.

Andie rolls her eyes but regains her composure, then steps once more through the all-too-familiar entryway.

45 INT. ANDIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

It's almost amazing how little the sight before Andie has changed since her last visit. Her father sits in the same position, in the same chair, drinking the same type of beer, and watching yet another poker tournament on the tiny TV in the corner. Mick laughs maniacally when he looks up to see Andie standing rigidly in his living room.

MICK

You look like a common street whore.  
No, you know what? You look like your mother.

ANDIE

I'm not here to listen to you. I'm here to talk and then I'll be out of your way.

MICK

You've some nerve to come in here --

ANDIE

(cutting him off)  
Nope. I'm talking.

Mick looks surprised at her assertiveness - surprised enough to stay silent for once.

ANDIE (CONT.)

You had no right to come to my work and speak like that about me. I am an adult. You cannot disrespect me like that. I know it fucked you up when mom left. Believe me, it did a number on me too. But when I needed you most, you were off drinking with your poker buddies and betting our money away. Money that I needed for college. You think I left just like mom did? What *choice* did I have, dad? I couldn't afford college, I could *barely* afford to make it out to California. But I made it work for myself and I made it work pretty damn well. So to tell me that I did life wrong, that I made the wrong decisions... it makes me laugh.

Andie lets out a mirthless chuckle.

ANDIE (CONT.)

I'm a successful woman. I don't need anyone or anything to tell me how to live my life. So for you to come to that camp, the *only* thing that let me escape from the hell of the childhood you gave me...well, that's the last straw. You won't hear from me again. Just the way you want it.

Andie clears her throat and stands her ground, waiting for the response to come. The veins in Mick's forehead are throbbing.

MICK

Is that it?

ANDIE

Yes.

Silence permeates the musty living room.

MICK

About time you stood up for yourself.

ANDIE

I think so too.

MICK  
Well, get on then.

He nods toward the door, then takes another swig of his beer.

ANDIE  
Goodbye, Dad. Take care of yourself.

MICK  
See you on the big screen, I guess.

Andie nods and leaves the living room. As she makes her way down the hall, she looks at the framed photo that's turned around, facing the wall. She flips it around to look at the front, seeing the photo of her parents sitting on either side of her younger self. Her mom's lips are painted a deep red.

Andie takes a deep breath. She reaches into her purse and pulls out a post-it note and a pen. She uncaps the pen and writes her cell phone number on the post-it, along with the words: "if you need me. -Andie." She sticks the post-it note to the family photo, returns the rest of the items to her purse, then exits her childhood home without glancing back.

46 EXT. ANDIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

When Andie is outside once again, she removes her cell phone from her purse and types in Jeff's number. Her message to him reads: "I'd like to talk. Can you meet at Red's Beans in 20?"

The response comes quicker than Andie expects: "Of course."

Andie types back: "You're buying."

The response: "See you then."

47 INT. RED'S BEANS - DAY

The coffee shop is how it's always been; busy but not too crowded, with occupants sitting on secondhand loveseats and sipping from steaming mugs. Andie pauses upon entering, making sure that her appearance doesn't draw too many eyes. She keeps her head tilted and pulls a baseball cap that she has just donned lower on her face. She takes a seat in an unoccupied mini sofa near a bookshelf in the corner, as far away from other people as possible, and pulls out a random book to look busy with as she keeps her head drooped.

A few moments later, the bell on the door dings and in enters Jeff. He too wears a low-hanging baseball cap, but the rest of his appearance is one well-kept; he's in a nice button-

down shirt and khakis. He scans the room, and Andie makes an almost imperceptible gesture to indicate her presence. Jeff makes his way to her, visibly nervous, and sits in a seat across from her.

JEFF

(clearing his throat)

Thank you for meeting me. I didn't know if you would.

ANDIE

(speaking softly)

Try to keep your voice down.

(she laughs half-heartedly)

You know I need that better than anyone.

Jeff looks at his hands, ashamed.

ANDIE

You're not...recording anything now, right?

JEFF

I would never do that to you again.

ANDIE

What's been going on with you since our last conversation?

JEFF

(sighs)

Well, I told the people at the magazine that I blew my cover to you and they fired me without a second thought. It was kind of a relief, actually, knowing that I'd never have to see my boss there again...she looked like the minimum level of human that you need to be to not be classified as a skeleton.

He looks to Andie, worried they're far past the point of humor.

ANDIE

Oh my god, were you working for Anne McDuff? I've had my run-ins with her over the years. You're right, thank the lord her skin has the help of many, many injections.



Jeff laughs, a little too enthusiastically, and Andie shushes him.

JEFF

Sorry.

ANDIE

I don't want to keep you too long. I just wanted to tell you that I've been thinking about everything that's happened, and I...understand. Why you did that.

JEFF

Really?

ANDIE

I mean, I don't think I would do what you did, but I also don't know if I really have the right to say that. I haven't had to worry about a house payment or a payment for anything, really, in years. So I understand that circumstances were different for you.

JEFF

I could have found another way. A better way to get that money.

ANDIE

(laughing slightly)

Well, I'm not really going to argue with you there.

Jeff's cheeks turn pink with embarrassment.

ANDIE (CONT.)

I don't know if I can trust you as a friend again, but I want you to know that I forgive you.

Andie lifts her head slightly so that she can make eye contact with Jeff, who nods. Tears are in his eyes.

JEFF

I will always be sorry, Andie.

ANDIE

Thank you. You know how you can, at least kind of, make it up to me?

JEFF

How?

ANDIE

Give me Irma's home address.

Jeff takes out his phone quickly and texts Andie the address. When the message sends, Jeff shifts in his seat and accidentally bumps into the woman behind him who's carrying three drinks carefully in her arms. Upon impact, her drinks go flying and one crash lands on the table in front of Jeff, spilling almost entirely on Andie's white blouse.

JEFF

Oh, ma'am, I'm so sorry. Let me get some more for you.

At the commotion, all of the heads in Red's Beans have turned to face Andie, Jeff, and the now-frazzled woman. Within moments, cell phones start popping up to take pictures of the famous person in their midst.

ANDIE

I have to go, Jeff. I wish you the best.

Andie jumps to her feet and scurries from the shop as the phone cameras click. Jeff calls after her.

JEFF

Will I see you again?

ANDIE

I don't know.

48 INT. UBER - DAY

Andie sits in the back of an unassuming uber, her driver, WILLIAM, swaying his head rhythmically to the classical song playing from his cassette tape player. He's an old man with deep eye wrinkles and patches of gray hair, and he evidently has no idea that Andie is anyone more than a normal lady on her way to a normal place. William's glasses are thicker than anything Andie's ever seen and his driving can only be described as questionable, but Andie is too busy bouncing her leg and nervously looking out the window as they near closer to Irma's home.

Soon, the modest brown house that belongs to Irma comes into view and William rolls to a stop. Andie remains immobile, looking out the window at the house but not making any effort

to go closer, or leave the car at all.

WILLIAM

Uh, miss? Are you gettin' out, or what?

The house is still and so is the rest of the world. It's as if Andie does not want to disrupt the peace.

ANDIE

Actually...no. I don't think I can do this. She doesn't want to see me.

WILLIAM

Who doesn't?

ANDIE

Oh, no one. Can you take me back to this hotel please?

Andie holds her phone up to William, who grunts and dons thick glasses to read the address on the screen. He turns on the engine and begins the trip back. Andie watches through the back window as Irma's home recedes into the distance. Andie sighs and slumps against the backseat, positioning herself out of sight of the rearview mirror so that William cannot see her tears that have begun to fall. Andie barely has time to bask in her self-pity before she hears a loud BUMP. She looks up just in time to see a body rolling on the hood of William's car. William screeches to a halt.

WILLIAM AND ANDIE

Not again!

Andie throws her door open and runs around to the front of the car where, sure enough, Irma lies on the ground clutching her side. Her cat scurries back toward the direction of Irma's house.

ANDIE

Oh Irma, are you okay?

Irma groans, but it's more of an annoyed groan than a pained one. She hoists herself to her feet slowly, and by the time she is standing, William has hobbled his way over to them.

IRMA

What are you doing here?

ANDIE

(to William)

Sir, can you give us a moment please?

William hobbles away while whispering under his breath.

WILLIAM

I come all the way over here...

Irma can't bring herself to meet Andie's eyes.

ANDIE

I came here to apologize. For everything. I owed you so much than what I did.

IRMA

Then why were you driving away from my house instead of towards it?

ANDIE

Because I chickened out. I didn't think you'd want to see me.

IRMA

I mean... I'm not going to pretend everything is fine and dandy. You left me alone to deal with all of the damage. The parents, the board, the kids...how could you abandon the campers like that?

ANDIE

I know, I know. I'm sorry. I don't have an excuse for that. All I can say was that I had a lot going on.

IRMA

I know you did. I know that was hard for you. But Andie, you aren't the only one who was confronted with a lot that day. All of these people with the most traditional beliefs you can imagine finding out that the woman who was supposed to be the "saving grace" of the camp this summer was with another woman? That wasn't the easiest thing to deal with either.

She hangs her head low. William appears again.

WILLIAM

Can I accept another ride...or?

ANDIE

Not the time, William!

He scurries off again with a grunt. Andie grabs Irma's hands.

ANDIE

I can't make it up to you. And I wish I had handled things differently, but I can't change the past. I just want you to know how sorry I am.

IRMA

Thank you. Is that the only reason you were going to come see me?

ANDIE

I haven't been able to stop thinking about you.

IRMA

What have you been doing?

ANDIE

A lot of damage control. Trying to figure out what to do next.

Irma takes her hands back from Andie.

IRMA

Well, I hope you can figure it out. Thanks for the visit.

ANDIE

C'mon, Irma. I want you to be part of what's next. I've always wanted that.

IRMA

(quietly)

Why do I find that hard to believe?

She takes a step further away from Andie.

IRMA (CONT.)

Why do I feel like you being with me was just an experiment to try and figure out your life?

Andie doesn't respond right away, but narrows her eyes, stung

by Irma's remark.

ANDIE

You know what? Can you come with me? I have something I want to show you before I leave.

IRMA

What's the point in that?

ANDIE

Please. You'll never have to see me again after this if you don't want to.

Irma sighs but relents, getting into the backseat of the old clunker car as Andie tells their destination to William. The car takes a few times before revving into gear, and soon the brown house begins to shrink into the distance.

49 EXT. CAMP RUSHING WATERS - DAY

The road has turned from paved to gravel and William's car bumps especially violently as it enters the campgrounds. They pass the entrance sign and enter into what appears like a ghost town; the buildings aren't dilapidated but abandoned, as if the life had been sucked right out of it. It's eerie and silent.

IRMA

Why did you bring me here?

ANDIE

I have to show you something.

Andie tells William to continue driving, and when he arrives where the cluster of sleeping cabins are, Andie tells him to stop. She and Irma get out of the car.

WILLIAM

So what, I'm just supposed to wait here?

Andie hands him a \$100 bill.

WILLIAM (CONT.)

Take your time, ladies.

Irma follows Andie as she makes her way through the cabins. The grass surrounding the buildings has become an eyesore after weeks of neglect, and glancing through the cabin windows brings not the youthful decorations and bed covers

that it usually does but rather an overwhelming emptiness. Neither of the women speak as they take in their surroundings. Finally, Andie stops behind one of the cabins.

ANDIE

Remember cabin 12?

IRMA

Yeah. We lived in this one three summers in a row. One of those years is when you made up the nickname "IBS."

ANDIE

How old were we that year?

IRMA

I don't know. Like 11, 12?

ANDIE

Yeah, that's right. I obviously never told you this but there's a reason I made up that nickname.

IRMA

Because you and Jeff wanted a better way to torment me?

Andie shakes her head and kneels down in the grass. Irma watches her, eyebrows raised. Andie pulls back some of the grass and weeds, then starts digging through a dirt mound that rests against the side of the cabin. Before long, the mound gives way to reveal a small hole at the bottom of the structure. Andie reaches through the hole and gets nearly elbow deep before pulling out a small wooden box. The box is dirty and weathered, covered in bite marks and mud streaks, but still intact. Andie hands it to Irma.

IRMA

Are you proposing to me?

ANDIE

Uh, no. But way to steal my thunder.

IRMA

What is this?

ANDIE

Just open it.

Irma opens the box to reveal that it has been decorated

inside with paint in the shades of pink and red and purple. There are little hearts surrounding a name painted in a deep blue: Irma Bennett-Shaw. There's also a folded up piece of paper, also experiencing its own indications of weathering, but also intact.

ANDIE (CONT.)

I doubt you remember when we had to make this in arts and crafts. I remember wanting to make mine for you. I had the biggest crush on you, Irma. But I never in a million years thought you'd feel that way too, and I was really confused by how I was feeling, so I buried it back here.

Irma appears as though she is trying to say something, but she is at a loss for words.

ANDIE (CONT.)

So, no. Being with you wasn't an experiment. Being with you was acting on something that I've felt since we were here as campers. If I had told the younger version of myself that I'd even had a chance with Irma Bennett-Shaw, the girl with the cool scrunchies and brown eyes who could play the piano like a pro and always made sure to pray before each meal...I don't think I would have kept that buried.

Irma wastes no time in stepping towards Andie, lessening the distance between them until there's no distance at all and they're kissing with a passion fed by weeks, and years of pent-up emotion. The two become one, and when they pull apart, they do so reluctantly.

IRMA

Just so you know, calling someone Irritable Bowel Syndrome isn't the best way to woo her.

They laugh.

ANDIE

Neither is hitting her with a car. But here we are.

They take each other's hand and begin to make their way back



to William's car.

IRMA

So...what do you think you're going to do next?

ANDIE

I've been thinking a little more. I've always wanted to try my hand at writing, and I can do that from anywhere. My ex-husband isn't the only one who can write movies.

IRMA

Do you have any ideas in mind?

ANDIE

I think I have one.

50 INT. ANDIE'S HOME - DAY (MONTHS LATER)

Andie sits at a desk in her new apartment in Marsburg. She pushes her glasses up further on her nose as she types away madly, putting the finishing touches on a screenplay. She writes "Fade Out. The End." and then takes a deep breath, leaning back in her chair. Irma appears behind Andie with a cup of tea in hand and kisses Andie on the top of her head.

IRMA

Wait. Did you finish?

Andie nods slowly, then looks up at Irma with a beaming smile. She scrolls back up on her computer screen, all the way to the top of the screenplay where the title is revealed: "The Purity Program."

FADE OUT.

THE END.

## ACADEMIC VITA

**Kathleen Treadway Gergel**

[Katiegergel5@gmail.com](mailto:Katiegergel5@gmail.com)

<https://www.linkedin.com/in/katiegergelpsu/>

### **Education:**

The Pennsylvania State University, *Schreyer Honors College*

B.A. Film-Video | Bellisario College of Communications

B.A. Political Science | College of the Liberal Arts

Spanish Minor | College of the Liberal Arts

### **Thesis Title:**

The Purity Program: A Feature-Length Screenplay

### **Thesis Supervisor:**

Rodney Bingaman

### **Professional Experience:**

CommAgency

Producer/Videographer/Editor, *August 2018 – May 2020*

State College, PA

Discovery Communications, Inc.

Digital Marketing Intern, *June 2019 – August 2019*

New York, NY

Disney-ABC Television Group

Creative Marketing Intern, *January 2019 – April 2019*

Burbank, CA

The Smithsonian Channel

Digital Media Production Intern, *June 2018 – August 2018*

New York, NY

### **Honors and Awards:**

Film-Video Graduation Student Marshal

President's Freshman Award

Dean's List (all semesters)

Chapel Executive Intern Scholarship Recipient

Prudential Spirit of Community Awards, Distinguished Finalist

Member of Presidential Leadership Academy

Inaugural Member of Bellisario Fellows