

CRASS

Written by
Micah Troublefield

info@micahtroublefield.com
(803)448-0566

1

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

1

An empty parking lot in a quiet town. A hatchback sits in the corner.

CHLOE (O.S.)

I keep thinking of that scene in
The Graduate where Dustin Hoffman
is about to have sex with Mrs.
Robinson, but he's, like, freaking
out.

2

INT. CAR - NIGHT

2

In the passenger seat: CHLOE, mid-20's.

JORDAN sits beside her, the same age, his seat belt still on.

CHLOE

I mean, *I'm* not freaking out.

JORDAN

Wait, am I Mrs. Robinson in this
situation? Because this is like our
fourth date.

CHLOE

I don't know that team trivia
counts as a date, dude.

JORDAN

I won us a pitcher of Miller Lite,
so pretty sure I get to decide if
this is a date.

CHLOE

Are you saying you want to have sex
tonight?

JORDAN

No! Um. Yes?
(he takes a deep breath)
I *do* like you. Can we... Go back to
your place?

Chloe is slightly embarrassed.

CHLOE

Not unless we want to watch The
Voice with my parents.

JORDAN

No, definitely not. I'm not even remotely caught up yet. We could go to my house, but my parents are probably watching Cake Boss.

Chloe nods, looking down. After a beat.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I don't know, I think it's kind of romantic.

CHLOE

(nonchalant)

Cake Boss is many things to many people.

JORDAN

No. I'm saying this... Being alone, out here, is romantic.

Chloe is not convinced.

CHLOE

Yeah. I guess. It's also dirty car in a dimly lit alley.

Jordan looks at his unclean car, embarrassed.

JORDAN

I'm not trying to pressure you, I don't even know... You could be a virgin for all I know, and here I am some creep --

Chloe's face crinkles.

CHLOE

-- What? God no, I'm not a virgin.

JORDAN

Oh okay, no, that was dumb... How many guys have you...?

CHLOE

That is not even remotely a question you're allowed to ask... How many girls have you slept with?

JORDAN

(confident)

Four. Or, three and a half technically, but that's basically four. What about you?

CHLOE

No.

Jordan unbuckles his seat belt and faces Chloe.

JORDAN

More than three?

She nods, annoyed.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

More than five?

She nods her head.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Eight?

CHLOE

Stop.

JORDAN

Twelve?

Chloe exhales.

CHLOE

It's not an even number.

JORDAN

Oh. Fifte... That's cool. I'm
sorry.

CHLOE

Why are you sorry?

JORDAN

No, I mean... I just, I didn't...
I'm sorry.

CHLOE

Don't apologize. I'm fine with
whatever my number is. Do you have
a problem with it?

JORDAN

No. What? No, I don't...

Chloe makes up her mind.

CHLOE

Does that change your mind about
wanting to have sex?

JORDAN

I didn't really say I wanted to have sex. We can just talk, I was gonna ask if you've ever read the Harry Potter books? I heard she wrote them on a napkin or something...

Chloe cuts him off --

CHLOE

That's a first, *maybe* second date question. Of course I read them. We can... *have sex*... If you want.

Jordan stares out the window.

JORDAN

(he can't stop talking)
I feel like I made it weird, and now it's like this whole thing, and you're just being polite because you're southern, or I'm southern, but... I shouldn't have said anything, this isn't anything like The Graduate.

Chloe leans over, pulls Jordan's face towards her, and kisses him. Once they stop she speaks softly, close to him.

CHLOE

I want to have sex.

JORDAN

Okay. I'm probably better at having sex than I am at talking about it.

CHLOE

God, I hope so.
(a brief pause)
Should we go in the back?

She looks over her shoulder at the backseat.

3

INT. CAR - BACKSEAT - NIGHT

3

The seats fold down with a thump. Chloe looks on from the front seat as Jordan unfolds a blanket.

CHLOE

You keep a blanket in your car?

JORDAN
 (not paying attention)
 Sometimes it's cold. Are you coming
 back here?

Gracelessly, Chloe fumbles over the middle console to join Jordan.

They lie in the cramped back, their legs bent. Jordan pulls the blanket over Chloe and kisses her. She stops him.

CHLOE
 Can you play some music? Or will
 that kill your car?

JORDAN
 (confident)
 No no, it takes like fifteen
 minutes for the battery to die,
 we'll be fine.

He leans forward over the seat and turns the key to start up the radio.

Chloe can't tell if he's joking or not.

Jordan flips through the stations until he finds an R&B song. He turns up the volume and returns to Chloe's side.

They kiss. The verse in the song becomes painfully obvious: It's "Wait (The Whisper Song)" by The Ying Yang Twins. The words are unmistakable.

"Wait till you see my dick, hey bitch, wait till you see my dick."

Chloe stops, looking at Jordan, again trying to figure out if he's joking or not. He stares back.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Um, that's not... Right.

Jordan leans forward and changes the station as "beat the pussy up, beat the pussy up" is repeated. A radio evangelist comes through:

EVANGELIST (RADIO)
 "...leave his father and mother and
 be joined to his wife, and the two
 shall become one..."

He changes the station again, a loud advertisement from AdamandEve.com. He reaches up to the visor, grabs a CD, and pops it in.

A harmless indie band plays, the volume turned down, as Jordan returns to the back.

JORDAN

Sorry.

He positions himself under the cramped blanket, sliding one arm under Chloe.

They kiss again. A grumbling noise starts, low at first. It's coming from Jordan's guts. It grows louder.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

That's not gas, I swear. I just forgot to eat.

CHLOE

Were you super busy today or something?

JORDAN

No. Why?

He leans back, away from Chloe. Exasperated.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Do you like Mexican food?

HARD CUT:

4

INT. CAR - TACO BELL DRIVE-THRU - NIGHT

4

Jordan orders food from a speaker as Chloe sits in the passenger seat, sifting through CDs.

JORDAN

I'll have a Quesarito Big Box with a large Baja Blaster, please.

(to Chloe)

Do you want anything?

Chloe shakes her head.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Add a Choco Taco to that, please.

He pulls forward, reaching for his wallet.

HARD CUT:

5 INT. CAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

5

The car is parked back in the same lot. Jordan takes a big bite of his Quesarito. Chloe sips from the soda, holding an untouched Choco Taco.

JORDAN
(talking through his
food)

I heard that you actually *can* swim right after you eat, like the whole cramp thing is an urban legend or something. I mean, I never listen to stuff like that anyway. Because... It's my life.

CHLOE
I'm pretty sure that's how Jeff Buckley died.

Wide-eyed, Jordan stares at her.

JORDAN
No shit?

6 INT. CAR - BACKSEAT - NIGHT

6

The blanket back in place, the kissing continues.

JORDAN
You're a lot prettier than I am.

CHLOE
Yep. You're a lot... Nicer than I am.

JORDAN
(genuine)
Thanks.

Chloe smiles.

CHLOE
I'm glad that we're going to...

She motions with her eyes down, very awkwardly referencing sex.

JORDAN
Me too. This is going to be really great for you.

They both laugh, even though it's a terrible joke. They kiss, more passionate this time. Chloe pulls back and exhales deeply.

CHLOE
Goddammit.

JORDAN
What? What's wrong?

Jordan glances under the blanket, concerned.

CHLOE
I drank too much of your Baja Blast.

7 EXT. CAR - NIGHT

7

Jordan and Chloe are on either side of the car, hidden by convenient shadows as they both pee. Jordan talks over the car.

CHLOE
Just curious, why do you still live with your parents?

JORDAN
I don't know. The economy? Or the fact that I don't understand money, or how to get money, or anything about being a grown up. What about you?

CHLOE
I'm just in town for Christmas.

JORDAN
Oh. You probably should've answered first.

He finishes peeing and zips up. He shakes off his shoe.

CHLOE
Um, will you hand me your Taco box?

JORDAN
What? Why?

CHLOE
Well, unless you keep toilet paper in your car...

JORDAN

Oh, right.

Jordan grabs the napkins as Chloe looks on, vaguely embarrassed.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I really wish my car wasn't so dirty.

He passes them over the hood, then sets a bottle of hand sanitizer on the hood of the car. He squirts some into his palm and rubs as he speaks:

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Do you want a beer? I have no clue how long they've been in my car, but they're probably fine.

8

INT. CAR - BACKSEAT - NIGHT

8

A beer can pops open. Jordan hands it to Chloe, who is sitting up now, leaning against the front seat. He opens another beer for himself, takes a sip, and gets comfortable.

JORDAN

So... What's a fourth date question?

CHLOE

I don't know, something more intimate I guess. Like, "What's the most embarrassing thing that's ever happened to you?"

JORDAN

Oh, yeah, no. That's a great question. If that's not a fourth date question, it should be, for sure. Let me think...

CHLOE

One time, in High School, I had to rewrite the lyrics to a song and make it be about Catcher in the Rye. My sister's boyfriend always left his CDs at our house, so I had just gotten into, like, cool people music. And I thought, by extension, it made me cool, I don't know. So I picked this song by The Clash.

JORDAN

This doesn't sound that embarrassing. It kind of sounds like you're bragging.

CHLOE

Yeah, well for extra credit you could sing it in the talent show, and I needed extra credit, so I even figured out back up dancer routines and everything.

JORDAN

(trying not to laugh)

Oh no...

CHLOE

When I sang it, I thought that my friends were dancing with me and so I got really into it. And I'm not really sure how far I got before I realized they were, I don't know, twenty feet behind me. As far back as they could be, basically. So it's just me, singing this horrible thing. God, I'm getting anxious just thinking about it.

Chloe turns toward Jordan, smiling but not very happy about the story.

JORDAN

I bet you still remember the words.

CHLOE

What?!? No! My English teacher told me if he had done something like that in High School, he would've gotten his ass kicked.

JORDAN

You have to sing it, just one verse. I promise I won't laugh.

CHLOE

Noooooo fuckin' way.

JORDAN

One verse.

Chloe buries her face in her hands, speaking muffled and embarrassed.

CHLOE
Fuuuuuck. One verse?

Jordan gets comfortable, excited.

JORDAN
Okay, okay. Wait, let me get comfortable.

He shifts into a more relaxed position.

Chloe straightens up and clears her throat.

CHLOE
I hate you so much...
(she clears her throat and sings)
Lyrics about Catcher in the Rye set to "Lost in the Supermarket" by The Clash...

Never looking at Jordan, Chloe sings a full verse, mimicking the way the song is originally sung.

It's easy to see how it could be embarrassing, but it's just so damn cute.

Jordan watches; if he wasn't already falling for her, he is now. Chloe trails off.

JORDAN
See? I think that's really good --

He's cut off by Chloe, who starts singing again, cutting him off and not embarrassed anymore. She finishes. For real this time.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I peed in my ex's bed one night when I drank too much. That was pretty embarrassing.

Chloe smiles.

CHLOE
Yeah, I hate when that happens.

Chloe holds up her beer, Jordan taps it with his.

The car looks empty from the outside. Quiet music can be heard.

10

INT. CAR - BACKSEAT - NIGHT

10

Kissing. Jordan and Chloe are back under the blankets, no shirts and no more distractions. Any nudity is hidden by the blanket.

CHLOE

Do you have a condom?

JORDAN

Yeah. Is that weird?

CHLOE

No.

Jordan fidgets under the blanket as Chloe undoes her belt.

Jordan exhales as he gets everything situated, and pulls Chloe close.

JORDAN

I like you.

CHLOE

Dope.

Jordan kisses her neck, they're finally about to do it...

BRIGHT LIGHTS wash over the car, moving and then settling to the side. A car can be heard, stopping and shifting into park. The lovers freeze.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Shit.

JORDAN

Huh?

Two doors open outside, a couple can be heard talking to each other, muffled.

MAN (OUTSIDE)

I don't know why the hell there'd be a car back here this late.

WOMAN (OUTSIDE)

I think there might be someone inside.

MAN (OUTSIDE)

Grab me my flashlight, will ya? The big one.

JORDAN
Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

WOMAN (OUTSIDE)
See if someone's inside.

No time to think as a flashlight clicks on and shines through. Jordan leaps to action, jumping out from under the blanket and awkwardly, bare butt exposed to the world, falls over the middle console and into the drivers seat.

The car roars to life.

JORDAN
Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God.

Chloe grips the blanket tight, steadying herself with the door, trying not to slide around as Jordan slams on the gas.

With the eyes of a madman, Jordan honks the horn twice as he screams:

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Fuuuuuuck yooooouuuu!

CHLOE
(laughing)
Oh God!

11 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 11

A MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE are startled as the car roars off into the distance.

MAN
Well, that was fucked.

12 EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT 12

Jordan pulls the car over. He reaches back and grabs his pants, struggling to get dressed. Chloe is mostly dressed already, still in the back.

CHLOE
Why did you honk?

JORDAN
Because of how cool I am.

Chloe plops over the console, laughing. She joins Jordan in the front.

CHLOE

This was kind of a disaster, wasn't it?

JORDAN

Yeah, but it was the good kind of disaster, you know?

CHLOE

Do you want to just call it off? And, I don't know, maybe we'll hang out again before you leave town.

JORDAN

That's kind of a relief at this point. Do you mind if I make a stop before I take you home, though?

CHLOE

Are you hungry again?

HARD CUT:

13

INT. CAR - NIGHT

13

Jordan leans out his window, punching numbers into a panel.

The window rolled back up, Jordan pulls forward as water begins to pour over the windshield. A car wash.

Chloe turns the volume up on the radio. It's the kind of song you put last on a mixtape.

The windows are covered in a layer of soap, first one half and then the other. It's pretty romantic.

Chloe reaches over and grabs Jordan's hand, pulling it to the middle console. Jordan lays his head back, relaxed; Chloe looks at him, content. They stay like this, enjoying the music and the moment.

Without warning, Chloe jumps over the middle console into Jordan's lap, accidentally honking the horn in short bursts.

CUT TO BLACK.