

MY FIRST TIME

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INT. BAR - NIGHT

Crowded bar. By the bar sampling tequila and chugging cheap beer are CHRISTY, 20's, pretty with blue streaks in her dark brown hair; SANDRA, 30's, Christy's older sister, eyeliner running rivers down her face, forcing drinks down her face and dress.

SANDRA

I'm happy, I am! Divorce is great!
I love divorce! Why hadn't I done
it before?

Christy looks bored and annoyed.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Now I get to be like you--

Sandra pushes Christy a little too hard.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Alone, single, sitting on the couch
on a Saturday night eating cake.
That's the life! That's going to be
my life now.

Christy dumps a drink on her sister.

CHRISTY

Well, damn! Looks like you're gonna
have to go home.

SANDRA

Not tonight!

INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Clothes are scattered all over the floor. Sandra, with an extreme case of morning hair, lays snoring on the bed, hugging a bottle of white wine over the covers.

AMELIA, 20's, her chest covered with the sheets, still drinking from her bottle of wine, looks annoyed.

AMELIA

Seriously? Did she swallow a
motorboat?

Amelia leans closer to Sandra and examines her slumped body. She looks at the bottle in her hand and smiles, dropping a bit of the wine on Sandra's face.

Sandra moves a little but doesn't fully wake up.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Wake up call!

Amelia drops the rest of her wine on Sandra.

Sandra coughs and finally wakes up.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Good morning-ish.

Sandra looks around confused.

SANDRA
What the hell?

She looks under the covers, scared.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Why am I--

AMELIA
Naked?

SANDRA
Yeah.

Amelia sighs.

SANDRA (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
Why is the room so hot?

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Christy and Amelia carry Sandra into the apartment. Sandra is sweaty like she's been running a marathon drinks from a bottle of wine.

CHRISTY
It's not hot; you're just drunk.

AMELIA
Drunk? This goes a little beyond drunk.

SANDRA
She's pretty. I like her.

Sandra gets really close to Amelia's face. Christy looks like she's plotting something.

CHRISTY
She's real pretty, huh?

SANDRA

Yeah.

AMELIA

Has she ever been this drunk?

Christy and Amelia dump Sandra on the couch. She begins taking her shirt off. She struggles a bit.

SANDRA

Drunk? I'm not drunk.

Christy smiles.

CHRISTY

First timer.

SANDRA

I drink. Me likey drinks.

Sandra tries to stand but fails and instead crawls into Amelia's room.

Amelia looks annoyed. Amelia and Christy follow.

INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amelia and Christy watch as Sandra takes off the rest of her clothes and crawls into the bed, still hugging the bottle, points at Amelia.

SANDRA

Your bed is comfy.

Amelia crosses her arms. Christy laughs.

CHRISTY

Just let her sleep, I'll stay on the couch. She's never been this drunk, I swear.

AMELIA

And where am I suppose to sleep now?

CHRISTY

Just lay next to her. She's out cold. We can explain in the morning. Think of it as good sister-in-law bonding time.

Christy smiles and kisses Amelia.