

TITLE

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INT - CAR - DAY - DAVE AND SUZY HAVE JUST LEFT THE DINER WHERE SHE WORKS. DAVE HAS OFFERED SUZY A RIDE HOME.

DAVE

I think she knows about us.

SUZY

Norma?

DAVE

Mhmm.

SUZY

No. Fat Chance. I think she's hot to trot for you herself.

SUZY takes out a flask and takes a sip.

SUZY (CONT'D)

It's happy hour in France. Come on, cowboy, light your fire.

DAVE

Right. Just a little pick-me-up before homeroom?

SUZY puts it to DAVE's lips and he drinks.

SUZY

I thought I was your little pick-me-up.

DAVE

Baby... you are more like a three-stage rocket... a pocket rocket.

SUZY

And what stage are we in now?

DAVE

Are you sure that you old man is still on the road?

SUZY

Yes, he called me last night from Butte. That's a long ways away, and he ain't got a phone in his truck. So quit worrying and start scurrying Mr. Touchdown.

They pull up to SUZY's HOUSE to see her father's truck in the driveway.

DAVE
Butte?!

SUZY
Back up!

In a panic, DAVE backs the car up into the road and out of sight of the house.

SUZY (CONT'D)
I'll call you later.