

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

PAN around the PRIVATE PLANE section of the AIRPORT. JILLIAN approaches the plane. She gives a sigh as she sees LANCE loading stuff on board.

She tries moving to the steps leading inside without him noticing, but no such luck. Just as quickly as she steps foot on the first stair, Lance spins around. Instantly notices her.

LANCE

Babe...

Lance approaches, goes to put a hand on her arm. She bats him off quickly, shakes her head.

JILLIAN

Don't.

She starts up the steps and Lance lunges at her. Grabs her arm.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Get off me, Lance!

She pushes him away.

LANCE

I'm sorry for last night. Newt and I lit up last night, and I was -- I wasn't thinking. I'm sorry, Jillian. I want to be with YOU!

JILLIAN

Well, it's too late for that, Lance. I thought I could lose my virginity to you, I thought I could TRUST losing it to you. I should've listened to Mandy...

Lance laughs incredulously.

LANCE

Are you kidding me? Mandy's the girl who saunters around the school in her slutty outfits like she's Megan Fox on the set of TRANSFORMERS...

Jillian just SCREAMS. Like a child having a temper tantrum. Clearly there's more to the quiet, sweet girl we've seen so far.

JILLIAN
Just SHUT UP. Please! Let me
talk, damn it.

Her whole body tremble and shakes...

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
You betrayed me. Totally and
utterly betrayed me. I want you to
give me a ride home in your rich-
bitch mom's limousine, walk me up
to the porch, look my mom in the
eye and tell her EXACTLY why you
broke my heart.

OUCH. Burn.

LANCE
And what am I supposed to tell her,
exactly, Jill?

JILLIAN
That you chose your fucking weed
over me. You chose to... to sex up
some random whore because your
penis wasn't ready for the same
commitment as your mouth...

And with that, Jillian charges into the plane. Leaving Lance
without another word.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

PAN up to show JILLIAN watch over a group of students working on ladders. She's got a clipboard in hand, making sure they put together the banner they're balancing perfectly in the middle of the room.

JILLIAN
Just a little bit more... There ya go.

They start putting it in as Jillian marches toward the doors. Quentin walks over to her.

QUENTIN
It's like, REALLY hot in here, do you think we could get the air conditioning on?

Jillian sighs.

JILLIAN
I can't handle that right now, Quent, I'm busy.

She goes to stride away.

QUENTIN
You don't have to overwork yourself, Jill, I'll get it.

JILLIAN
Wouldja?

QUENTIN
Just get me the keys, and I'll pop it on.

JILLIAN
Thanks -- but can I trust you back there without fucking up everything? Remember, this is a prom, not a hockey tournament...

Quentin laughs. She's getting ridiculous.

QUENTIN
Just RELAX. It'll be fine, I'll just crank it down a few degrees, that's all.

JILLIAN
All right, all right. I just want this night to be perfect.

QUENTIN

Well with all the work you're doing
to get it done, it'd shock me if it
wasn't.

She hands over the set of keys and he starts off as Jillian
smiles proudly, taking in the compliment and absorbing it
completely.