

Sam gives out the presents. The group rips them open. Alice looks at a book about Martin Scorsese with the inscription...

ALICE

"Alice, I know you'll get into NYU."

Alice turns to Mary Elizabeth who holds up a card with...

MARY ELIZABETH

40 dollars.

(reads card)

"To print Punk Rocky in color next time."

Bob blows soap bubbles into the air. Stoned. Mesmerized.

BOB

He knows me. He really knows me.

Sam looks at her present. An old 45 record of The Beatles classic "Something" with a card. She reads the card. Holds it to her chest. Very moved.

SAM

Come on out, Charlie.

They all chime in. "Let's go, young man!" "Charlie! Charlie!" Charlie opens the door off camera, and we see his entrance play off their faces. The reverse angle reveals...

Charlie dressed in his suit. Like the best of English mods in the 60's. For those of you who know the book, this is the cover. They all clap. It's magic.

PATRICK

Yeah! What a display of man I have ever seen!

Sam and Charlie look at each and smile.

66 INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - LATER

66

The door opens. Sam and Charlie walk into the dark room.

CHARLIE

Where are we going?

SAM

It's a surprise.

Sam flips the switch, bathing the room in light. Sam's room is so cool. A shrine to music. A xerox that says "The Beatings Will Continue Until Morale Improves." Virgin Mary icons. Snow globes. Kitsch.

CHARLIE
Is this your room? It's so cool.

SAM
Thanks.

Sam points to a green box with a red ribbon on her desk.

CHARLIE
You got me a present?

SAM
With all that help on my Penn State
application? Of course I did. Open it.

Charlie lifts up the box to reveal an OLD MANUAL TYPEWRITER.

CHARLIE
I don't know what to say.

SAM
You don't have to say anything.

Sam goes over and types. "Write about us sometime." He
smiles and types back. "I will." They look at each other.
We can hear a lovely ballad playing downstairs.

SAM (CONT'D)
I'm sorry we can't be here for your
birthday.

CHARLIE
That's okay. I'm just sorry you have to
go back and visit your dad.

SAM
I'm in such a great mood, I don't think
even he could ruin it. I feel like I'm
finally doing good.

CHARLIE
You are.

SAM
Me? What about you? When I met you, you
were this scared freshman. And look at
you in that suit. You're like a sexy
English school boy. I saw Mary Elizabeth
checking you out.

CHARLIE
(innocent laugh)
No.

SAM
Innocent. Worst kind of guys. Never see
you coming. And parents love you. That's
like... extra danger.

CHARLIE
Well, it hasn't worked so far.

SAM
Come on. You've never had a girlfriend?
Not even a 2nd grade valentine?

He shakes his head.

SAM (CONT'D)
Have you ever kissed a girl?

CHARLIE
No. What about you?

SAM
Have I ever kissed a girl?

CHARLIE
(laughs)
No! Your first kiss...

Sam gets this strange look in her eyes. A little haunted.

SAM
My first kiss? I was 11. His name was
Robert. He would come over to the house
all the time.

CHARLIE
Was he your first boyfriend?

SAM
He was my dad's boss.

Charlie goes silent.

SAM (CONT'D)
You know Charlie, I used to sleep with
guys who treated me like shit. And get
wasted all the time. But now... I feel
like I have a chance. I could even get
into a real college.

CHARLIE
It's true. You can do it.

SAM

CHARLIE

My Aunt... she had that same thing done to her, too. And she turned her life around.

SAM

She must have been great.

CHARLIE

She was my favorite person in the world... until now.

Sam smiles. She's very moved.

SAM

Charlie, I know that you know I like Craig. But I want to forget that for a minute. Okay? I just want to make sure that the first person who kisses you loves you. Okay?

Charlie nods. And with that, Sam leans over and kisses him. It starts softly, then Sam wraps her thin arms around him. Holding on for lonely life. When the song crescendos, and they part, Charlie and Sam look at each other. Finally...

SAM (CONT'D)

I love you, Charlie.

CHARLIE

I love you, too.

67 EXT. SAM AND PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

67

The porch lights are as golden as Charlie feels right now. We see the girls wave to each other and hug Sam.

GANG

"Merry Christmas!" "Good luck at your dad's!" "See you at New Year's!"

Patrick approaches Charlie in the doorway.

CHARLIE

Have a good time at your mom's.

PATRICK

Thanks. And Charlie... since you were born on Christmas Eve, I figure you don't get a lot of birthday presents. So, I thought you should have my clock. From the heart.