

*Natalie is with Henry outside a club.)*



NATALIE

Come ON. This is my favorite club. Let's go in.

HENRY

Isn't three clubs a little much for a Tuesday night?

*(checks his cell)*

Wednesday morning?

NATALIE

Oh, come on. They're playing my favorite song.

HENRY

They're all your favorite song. What are you on?

NATALIE

Adderall. Xanax. And Valium. And Robitussin.

HENRY

When did you become a bad influence on me?

NATALIE

Hey, I am under stress. My mom is in a hospital being electrocuted.

*(Natalie goes into the club. Henry follows.)*

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NATALIE

*(shouting over the music)*

Seriously — she gets it like every day for two weeks. I can't even deal. I'd never let them fuck with my brain like that.

*(She pops a pill and downs it with Red Bull.)*

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HENRY

*(also shouting)*

No, you're strictly a do-it-yourself-er.

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*In the club, Natalie collapses.)*

HENRY

Natalie! Natalie! Damn.

*(He helps her stand and leave the club.)*

This is like the fifth night in a row I've had to come find you at some random club.

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NATALIE

Okay. You can go. I'm, like, seventy percent less messed up now.

*(He doesn't go.)*

Seriously, my dad's gonna be home any minute. He's bringing my mom from the hospital this morning, and you don't want to be here.

HENRY

Will you call me?

NATALIE

Just go!

*(Finally, he does.)*