

SEVEN MINUTES BUT THIS AINT HEAVEN

Written by

Mean Girl

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

The sounds of a PARTY. Laughing, trendy music playing.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

A room filled with TEENAGERS, an equal mix of BOYS and GIRLS, ages 16, 17.

CLOSE ON one them, ALLISON (16) a quintessential "mean girl" who, over the din of noise, spies something O.C. She squints her eyes and stomps through the room confronting her MOTHER (40s).

ALLISON
(incensed)
Mom! Would you please quit spying
on us.

MOM
I'm not spying honey, I'm
chaperoning.

ALLISON
Same thing! Everybody is going to
feel weird with you creepin' on us
in the background.

MOM
Okay, okay. I'll disappear.

ALLISON
(sarcastically)
Uh, thank you! Goodbye, Mom.

She waves her hands in a "shoo" type gesture.

MOM
Just behave yourselves. I don't
want the neighbors complaining
about the noise.

Allison rolls her eyes.

ALLISON
Okay, okay. Got it. Now bye.

Mom starts up the back stairway, giving one more look over her shoulder. Allison again gives the "shoo" gesture and then Mom is gone.

Allison gives a huff of relief, then turns to the party-goers.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Hey everybody! Let's do something
fun!

Hoots and whistles arise from the group.

A MALE VOICE
(O.C.)
'Bout time.

The group laughs and turns to look at JACK BROWN (17) a handsome rogue of a kid with mischief written on his face.

ALLISON
Whatever, "Jack Ass".

She sticks out her tongue at him as the others hoot with laughter again. Jack leers back at her.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Okay, how about we play "Seven
Minutes in Heaven"?

More hoots and approvals resound. Another teen, BRITTNEY (16) steps up.

BRITTNEY
Cool, but I vote you go first since
you're our "hostess with the
mostest".

Another round of guffaws and agreement.

ALLISON
Sure! I'm game. Why not!

She now eyes another handsome teen, BRETT (17) and winks at him. She picks up an empty bottle from the table and holds it up.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Okay everybody, circle up,
boy/girl, boy/girl.

The teens fall into place. Allison places the bottle on the floor and spins it. She gives one more hopeful wink toward Brett. The bottle spins, continuing as it nears Brett as Allison takes in an excited breath. The bottle then passes Brett and the GIRL next to him, only to come to a stop pointing directly at Jack. Allison's eyes widen in disbelief as another round of laughter bursts out and then the chant:

GROUP
Jack, Jack, Jack!

Jack and Allison stare at each other like two cats on a fence preparing for a fight. TRISHA (17) and BECCA (17) look on warily.

TRISHA
[whispering to Becca]
Oh, this ought to be epic. Those two have been fighting since kindergarten.

Allison shrugs and sighs, defeated at her own game.

ALLISON
Okay, whatever. Come on, Jack Ass.

She takes his hand and leads him to a nearby coat closet. They enter and shut the door to more hoots and catcalls.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

The space is cramped and dark, the teens' faces dimly lit by the light from Jack's phone.

JACK
(taunting)
Now what, Allie Cat?

ALLISON
Now nothing, Jack Ass. We stay in here for seven minutes, just like the rules say and then we go back out there, we'll act like we had a big make-out session.

Jack smiles slyly at her.

JACK
Yeah, well I'm not a good liar, so we need to at least kiss or something.

ALLISON
Or what?

JACK
Or I'll tell them all that you are a big faker.

Allison rolls her eyes in defeat.

ALLISON

Okay, you win. But set your timer and I'm not kissing you until there are only 5 seconds left. One quick kiss and that's it. Got it?

JACK

Got it.

Jack makes a "cha-ching" motion with his fist.

INT. - CLOSET - NIGHT

Jack and Allison watch his phone timer count down - 10, 9, 8,

JACK

Okay, it's your time to shine, Allie Cat. Lay a big one on me.

He points to his lips. Allison wrinkles her nose, closes her eyes and gives him a quick kiss, just as the timer sounds.

ALLISON

Thank God, now let's get out of here.

JACK

Or we could stay in here for a few more minutes.

ALLISON

Not on your life, Jack Ass.

She cracks the door open as the noise of the party-goers continues. All goes quiet at the creak of the door. Allison and Jack are immediately taken aback by the waiting crowd. They are the same friends, but now several years older...and all dressed in TUXEDOS and FORMAL DRESSES.

BRITTNEY

There they are! The bride and groom!

Allison is stunned. What? She looks quickly to Jack whom she now sees is dressed in BLACK TIE. She looks down at her own attire to find she is outfitted in a WHITE WEDDING DRESS. Jack is also dumbstruck as he looks to the crowd, now throwing flower petals and rice at the couple.

ALLISON

What in the world? What's happening?

JACK

I have no idea. A time warp or something.

ALLISON

A time warp? That's the stupidest thing you've ever said.

JACK

Well, whatever it is, we need to shut that door and reset it.

A thought occurs to him and there's that same sly smile again.

JACK (CONT'D)

Unless you like being married to me.

ALLISON

Ugh, not in this life! Shut that door!

They back into the closet and close the door quickly. All goes quiet outside. Jack flips the light on his phone and they are once again teens, dressed in their original attire.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Did I just have a nightmare?

JACK

Well, if you did, I just had the same one.

ALLISON

Well what now?

JACK

Let's give it a couple minutes and then we'll try again.

That sly smile creeps back.

JACK (CONT'D)

Should we try another kiss? You know, maybe break the spell we started.

Allison looks doubtful.

JACK (CONT'D)

Do you have a better idea, Allie Cat?

ALLISON
Okay, whatever. But just one.

They kiss again, but linger just a second longer this time.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
This better work. I am NOT kissing
you again.

Jack cracks the door open a second time. All remains quiet as he pushes it far enough to see we are in...

INT. HOSPITAL - LABOR AND DELIVERY SUITE - DAY

Allison lays on the delivery table, screaming in pain as a DOCTOR and NURSES attend her.

ALLISON
Oh my god! I'm having another
contraction. It hurts so bad! How
much longer, Doctor?

DOCTOR
Take it easy, just a couple more
pushes and the baby will be here.

Allison screams out again, then looks directly at Jack standing feverishly at her bedside.

ALLISON
This is all your fault, Jack Brown!
Look what that stupid kiss has
gotten us into!

Jack is speechless.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Well don't just stand there, help
me off this bed and back in that
closet before God knows what else
happens!

Jack hesitates.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Don't just stand there, Jack Ass!
Get us back in that closet!

Allison pants as another contraction hits her. Jack helps her off the gurney and half carries, half drags her back to the closet, the door closing behind them with a SLAM! The closet is again dark and quiet, the only sound is Allison's continued panting.

JACK
Are you ok?

ALLISON
(still panting)
I don't know.

JACK
I mean, are we still pregnant?

ALLISON
WE? WE were never pregnant, Jack
Ass. It was me and me only panting
like a dog on that damned table.

Her panting breaths start to subside. Again, Jack flips the light on his phone to reveal them returned to their teenage selves.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Is this some sort of hellscape
vision of our future? I mean it
would have to be hell or something
if we were together wouldn't it?

JACK
Would it be so bad? I mean, I felt
kind of excited seeing you in a
wedding dress and then...having our
baby.

Allison lets a bit of softness creep into her voice for the first time.

ALLISON
You know, you and I have been
fighting since the day we met.

Jack smiles, remembering.

JACK
Yeah, you punched me in the chest
for stealing your hair ribbon on
the swing set at the playground.

ALLISON
Actually, I guess it's the one
constant thing I've been able to
count on my whole life...

She returns to the "real" Allison.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I mean, you being there to torment
me and make my life miserable.

She looks up to find Jack's face inches from hers.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Oh no you don't. You are NOT
kissing me again! Who knows what
fresh hell will be waiting out
there the next time!

She sighs, but melts a little as Jack plants a lingering
kiss. Jack reaches out and turns the knob to open the door
once again as we hear an immediate chorus of...

CHILDREN
(O.C.)
Stop it! You hit me!
Momma, she hit me! He took my toy!
Uh huh, did not! Did too!

An INFANT'S wails resound O.C. A TODDLER enters the room and
smears chocolate (or is that poop?) on the sofa while the din
of the older two siblings' fight continues.

ALLISON
Nope. Nope. Nope.

She pulls the door to with an even louder SLAM!

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Oh my God! How are we ever going to
get out of here?

Jack shrugs, out of ideas.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I mean, can you imagine having a
house full of little brats like
that?

Jack smiles and nods.

JACK
Maybe. Someday. Looks like they're
going to be just like their Mom and
Dad.

ALLISON
Very funny, Jack Ass.

Jack considers Allison for a moment and then the sly smile slowly creeps back.

JACK

Look, the kissing is getting us nowhere. Maybe to get back where we were, we are supposed to uh, you know, up the game a little. What'd ya say?

Allison glares at him.

ALLISON

I say, no wonder my mother thought I needed a chaperone when you were around. I mean just look at the mess you've gotten us into.

JACK

Me? This was your stupid party game, Allie Cat. You personally own this entire freak show.

ALLISON

Are you calling me a freak?

Her lips tremble and tears start to form. Jack softens.

JACK

Hey I'm sorry, Allie Cat...Allie. I have no idea what's happened here. Maybe if we just take a deep breath...

ALLISON

(interrupting)
No kissing this time!

JACK

No kissing this time...

JACK (CONT'D)

Maybe if we just take a deep breath, close our eyes and open that door together, we'll be back at the party with our friends, just like nothing ever happened. C'mon, let's give it a try.

Allison sighs and shrugs.

ALLISON

Why not? Maybe that will work. I mean how much worse can it get?

JACK
Okay, let's go for it.

Jack takes Allison's hand, they close their eyes, breathe deeply as we see Jack's free hand reach out and open the door onto...

INT. NURSING HOME - NIGHT.

A dimly lit room with two hospital beds parked side by side, an elderly Jack in one and a graying Allison in the other.

ALLISON
(bitterly)
Brilliant.

JACK
I don't know, it hasn't been all that bad. After all, I've apparently gotten to spend my entire life loving you and from the looks of it, we'll go out the same way... together. It's kind of romantic, don't you think? Kind of like that scene from "The Notebook" where they both die together in the old folks' home.

Jack smiles and nods with satisfaction as he closes his eyes, until...SMACK! A set of DENTURES hits him directly in the side of his head.

FADE TO BLACK.

ALLISON
(O.C.)
Jack Ass!

THE END