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FADE IN.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - DAY

The island sparkles, clean, bright and shining in the late June sunlight.

EXT. SCOOPS - DAY

We see SCOOPS, an ice cream shop. A sign in the window reads "SUMMER HOURS ARE HERE!"

INT. SCOOPS - CONTINUOUS

A long, slow, luscious montage of scoops of ice cream in glorious close-up. A single drop of vanilla escapes one eager mouth and drips down onto the front of a tight, white t-shirt bearing pink cursive script reading "SCOOPS."

CLOSE ON

A coffee CANISTER with a glued-on sign reading "TIPS" is being passed around and decorated with colorful magic markers.

Hands are writing the names of colleges as the bubbly teenage employees chatter excitedly: Brown. Cornell. Vassar. Penn State. Rutgers. And, finally, Harvard.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL

CHRISTINA (18), small-but-scrappy with dark hair and eyes, staring down REESE (18), a willowy, patrician blonde.

Reese hands Christina the tip jar and marker.

Christina looks at the "HARVARD" Reese has just written. She drops the marker in the jar without writing anything. It makes a loud metallic clunk.

SCOOPS. INT - LATER THAT DAY

The Scoops staff are lined up like oddly cheerful soldiers awaiting their orders. RAY (65), the jovial, pot-bellied, white-bearded manager, is handing out assignments.

RAY

All right team, welcome back to the nut house. I want you to welcome our new team members, Reese and Christina. You guys want to say a few words?

REESE

Well, I'm originally from New York and I'll be starting at Harvard in the fall.

RAY

Love my Ivy Leaguers. Christina?

He looks at Christina, who seems hostile to the idea of public speaking.

CHRISTINA

Um, I used to work at the Dairy Queen on Route 6. For two summers. And, uh, I'm from the Island.

RAY

Right. We Islanders will be sticking around long after you kids leave.

(Beat)

All right.

He consults a clipboard.

RAY (CONT'D)

Leo, I want you and Jen on the till tonight. You still remember how to do that or did a year at college addle your brains?

LEO (19) and JEN (19), two J-Crew-beautiful teenagers, nod, smiling.

JEN

We remember, Ray.

RAY

Good. Liz, our lovely floor manager, you're scooping. Rhonda, you're scooping.

LIZ and RHONDA grin, flexing and kissing their biceps.

RAY

Craig you're in the back with me,  
we're gonna make a fresh batch of  
butterscotch. Nicole, you're on the  
waffle cone press --

NICOLE

(With mock enthusiasm)

Yes!

CRAIG gives her a gentle slap upside the head.

RAY

And Christina, can you put that DQ  
training to use and give Reese a  
crash course in scooping and  
packing?

CHRISTINA

Sure.

(Deadpan, to Reese)

Love those Ivy Leaguers.

Reese raises an eyebrow at her.

RAY

I want you all to have a good  
opening night here, people!  
Remember, you're selling the  
sweetest, the creamiest, the only  
small-batch ice cream on the  
Island! Made right here in the  
store, and served with love!  
Welcome to another summer!

The staff members laugh indulgently at his enthusiasm as they  
drift over to their stations.

Christina walks toward the counter alone, ignoring Reese.

INT. SCOOPS - EVENING

Christina is demonstrating scooping technique. She exudes a  
detached, bustling-professional air. Reese still seems  
faintly amused.

CHRISTINA

The secret to packing is that you don't want to pack it too hard or you'll break the cone, but you don't want to pack it too loose or customers will feel ripped off and complain. You know how the summer people can be.

REESE

Oh, yeah.

CHRISTINA

You wanna do one?

REESE

All right.

A grimy little KID sticks his face right next to the glass.

CHRISTINA

Go ahead.

REESE

Hi, welcome to Scoops! What can I get you?

KID

I want the lobster ice cream!

KID'S MOM

Josh, you are not having that. What flavor do you really want?

KID

Mom! I want the lobster.

KID'S MOM

You're not gonna like it!

CHRISTINA

We don't even have that flavor. He's thinking of Mad Martha's. They have it over there.

KID'S MOM

Oh. Well, he'll have the Rocky Road then.

REESE

You want that on a sugar cone, waffle cone, or cup?

KID  
Waffle cone.

REESE  
(To Christina,  
sarcastically)  
I don't know how to pack waffle  
cones.

INT. SCOOPS - EVENING

The store is busy. Christina is on the front lines. Reese is also working incredibly hard, determined to shine on her first time out. Reese, though clearly impressed at Christina's skill, is slowly getting better.

Reese confidently grabs a hot scoop and digs out the ice cream. She meticulously packs the cone.

REESE  
Here you go! Enjoy!

CHRISTINA  
That was good. Now you just to do  
it like a million times faster.

REESE  
Well, do you want it fast or do you  
want it good?

CHRISTINA  
Both!

EXT. THE ALLEY BEHIND SCOOPS - NIGHT

Reese and Christina are putting out the garbage. They have bandanas around their heads, not unlike Vietnam vets.

REESE  
So. You're pretty handy with a  
scoop.

CHRISTINA  
Well, when you've been doing it as  
long as I have you get good at some  
things.

Christina takes out a cigarette.

REESE  
 (Lighting it for her)  
 Two years, right?

CHRISTINA  
 Actually, I've worked every summer since I was fourteen. I stole the permission forms out of the school nurse's office so I could get my working papers.

REESE  
 A veteran.

CHRISTINA  
 What are you doing here?

REESE  
 My family has a house in Edgartown. We've been spending summers here since --

CHRISTINA  
 No I mean "here."

REESE  
 Oh. "Here."  
 (Beat)  
 Earning money for school and whatnot. I picked the one place I was sure my mother would never set foot in. She's allergic to fat.

Christina exhales loudly, looking suspicious. Is this girl for real?

REESE  
 Christina -- do you need a ride home?

CHRISTINA  
 No thanks, my boyfriend's picking me up.

REESE  
 Oh.

She turns to leave.

REESE  
 'Night.

Christina continues smoking in silence, staring ahead.

Then she relents.

CHRISTINA  
Good night.

SCOOPS. EXT - NIGHT

Christina stands alone at the side of the street watching the cars drive by.

The lights in the store are turned off one by one. The street is empty, and she is alone in the dark.

EXT. REESE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Reese pulls her car up in front of the mansion her family calls a summer house.

INT. REESE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Reese's parents, JOHN and TAMSYN, are drinking cocktails in the living room.

REESE  
(Clearing throat loudly)  
Hi.

TAMSYN  
Reese. I put the new curtains up in your room.

JOHN  
How was your first day of work?

REESE  
Fine.

TAMSYN  
I certainly hope it's all out of your system now.

Reese huffs upstairs without saying anything.

JOHN  
Well done, Tamsyn.

TAMSYN

Oh, enough. You'd let here go to  
the moon if she wanted to.

Tamsyn gets up to make another drink.

INT. REESE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Reese walks into an overdecorated bedroom straight out of a design magazine. She gives the new curtains a cursory glance, and dumps her bag on the floor.

TRACKING

She walks down the hall to the attic door and enters her fortress of solitude.

ANGLE ON

An old ROCKING CHAIR in the attic. The attic is crowded with late '70s memorabilia, including a macrame owl and a Holly Hobby sampler with her birth date stitched on it. Reese turns on the radio, eases into the rocking chair and pulls a Bedazzler out of a wicker basket beside the chair. She begins to emblazon fuchsia rhinestones on her Scoops t-shirt.

EXT. CHRISTINA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Christina walks slowly up the hilly road towards her house, a modest, darkened dwelling at the end of a cul-de-sac, and opens the door. Inside, the bluish glow of the TV screen provides dim illumination. She picks up the phone, dials, and speaks softly into it so as not to wake the man passed out on the couch.

CHRISTINA

(into the phone)

You were supposed to pick me up.

INT. THE ATTIC - MORNING

Reese wakes up stiffly, having slept in the rocking chair. She gets up and turns off the radio, which has been on all night.

Reese looks out the window at her mother, who is gardening in the yard below.

EXT. REESE'S HOUSE - LATER THAT MORNING

Reese tries to sneak past her mother to the car without incurring comment, but gets caught.

TAMSYN

Please don't step on my dahlias.

INT. SCOOPS - DAY

Ray is teaching the staff how to make ice cream. Reese is wearing her Bedazzled shirt.

He hoists a huge tub onto the counter.

RAY

This is the real difference between us and them. When we say "home-made," we actually mean it. Unlike some people.

He plunks down two huge bags of limes.

RAY

Now the sorbets are easier, so we'll start with those. Some people say there's no dairy in a sorbet, but here we use heavy cream in just about everything. Just a little touch of it in the lime sorbet cuts the iciness and turns it into cold, creamy, citrusy heaven with a silky consistency. And Island-fresh sweet cream is what distinguishes our Key Lime sorbet from the other guys. Here. Everyone take a little spoonful.

He passes a small tub of it around and everyone dips their spoon in and has a taste.

REESE

Mmmm....

RAY

And the fresh lime juice, of course.

INT. SCOOPS BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Reese and Christina are slicing and juicing lime after lime, almost competitively.

Reese is wearing her Bedazzled shirt.

CHRISTINA  
Interesting shirt.

REESE  
Thanks. I could do yours, too, if you want.

CHRISTINA  
Really?

REESE  
Sure --

Ray pokes his head in.

RAY  
Girls, we need you out here now.

INT. SCOOPS -CONTINUOUS

The two girls walk into the maelstrom of evening rush. Customers press against the counter.

SKINNY CUSTOMER  
Do you have any non-fat frozen yogurt?

KOSHER CUSTOMER  
I need a kosher ice cream with marshmallows in it.

VEGAN CUSTOMER  
How can you not have any non-dairy alternatives?

Reese, Christina and the rest of the staff scoop away madly. As the store gets more and more crowded, Christina begins scooping with both hands.

REESE  
Look what she can do! That's amazing!  
(To customer)  
Isn't that amazing? Look at that!  
(MORE)

REESE (cont'd)  
An ambidextrous scooper! I think  
that deserves a pretty big tip,  
don't you think?

(She waggles the tip jar  
at them, beaming)  
This is a rare and wonderful  
talent, people.

CHRISTINA  
All right, stop!

Reese laughs and winks at Christina, who rolls her eyes and  
tries not to smile.