

HOMECOMING

Written by

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INT. LIBRARY STUDY LOUNGE - AFTERNOON

Cramped. A table against a wall, chairs on each side. Room for two people.

ON THE TABLE: Textbooks, coffee cups, binders, laptops. Major study session in progress between --

HANNAH, 17, the proverbial girl next door. Welcoming smile. Exudes self-confidence. Across from her is--

MAX, 17. An everyman that blends effortlessly into a crowd or a wall, if needed. A guy girls would be attracted to if he had Hannah's confidence.

Hannah gulps her coffee as Max taps his iPhone.

HANNAH

...and did you hear Duncan asked Jess out by putting a cockatoo in her locker that said "homecoming?" over and over? I think she said 'yes' just to get the bird to shut up. I mean, isn't that just depressing? Are girls at this school really so shallow that they can't just have a guy ask her to homecoming without it turning into a Katy Perry concert with floats and lasers and balloons falling from the ceiling and -- HEY! Are you even listening?

Max nods, focused on the phone.

MAX

Yeah. Katy Perry's hot... Hold on, I just need to finish this text to Duncan.

(taps the phone)

Done. Did you hear what Duncan did?

HANNAH

Seriously? Where were you the last thirty seconds?

(off Max's shrug)

Can we get back to studying for this final, please?

MAX

Ugh. Do we have to? We've been over this a million times! Romeo. Juliet. She gets overly dramatic, pretends to die--

HANNAH

Well, it wasn't really pretending --

MAX

-- so she doesn't have to marry that European city dude.

HANNAH

Paris.

MAX

Yeah, that guy. She really didn't think it through. She should have just split with Romeo. Or Romeo should have talked with her dad and said "hey, I know I just met your daughter, but is it okay if we get married?"

HANNAH

I don't think we get to go with the Taylor Swift version on the final.

Duncan's phone PINGS. Max picks it up.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Will you put that down and--

Max reads a text. Makes a face.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

What?

MAX

Duncan says I should ask Madison to homecoming. There's gonna be this big dinner at his house and a party bus to haul everyone around.

Now, Hannah makes a face.

HANNAH

Epic. You're really not gonna ask her, are you?

MAX

Why?

HANNAH

Why? Because... Madison is...

(flustered)

I don't know! Jesus! Go with her --

MAX
Why do you care?

HANNAH
I just don't think she's your type,
that's all.

MAX
And you are?

HANNAH
(looks shocked)
Wow. You just made a huge leap in
logic there, buddy.

MAX
Did I? Okay.

Max rifles through his notebooks looking for something. He reaches down to his backpack on the floor, and see a piece of red paper sticking out of Hannah's backpack. He reaches over and pulls it out.

HANNAH
Hey!

MAX
(points)
What's this?

HANNAH
What does it look like?

MAX
A homecoming flyer.

HANNAH
Nothing gets by you.
(off Max's gaze)
They were... um, handing them out
in the hallway. Didn't want to be
rude and not take one.

MAX
So you going? You hadn't mentioned
it. I just assumed you weren't.

HANNAH
Well, you know what happens when
you assume.

MAX
Hey -- don't be an ass. I was just
curious.

Hannah looks away, embarrassed at her reaction.

MAX (CONT'D)

(pulls out a binder)

Do you think Romeo would have asked Juliet to homecoming in a weird way?

HANNAH

You've got all the weird questions today. But -- yeah, I guess so. I mean, he's infatuated with that girl Rosaline, but meets Juliet at the ball and winds up asking her to marry him that night. This was not a guy firing on all cylinders.

MAX

She still said yes.

HANNAH

Yep. And look where it got her. You act impulsively in love, you wind up drinking poison to make your lover believe you're dead.

MAX

(looks through binder)

You make it sound like that's a bad thing... Hey, do you have the notes from Mr. Tucker's class? I need to double-check something.

HANNAH

Yeah, hold on.

Hannah pulls out her own binder, and flips open to the last page, where a red piece of paper falls out. ON THE PAPER--

An image of Romeo gesturing to Juliet from a balcony. An obvious reversal of the scene from the play. In the image, Juliet wears a large MUM.

Hannah looks at the picture, initially confused.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

What the... How did this get...???

She looks up. Max climbs onto the table, looks down. As it dawns on her, an awkward, happy smile appears on her face.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Dude. You are not about to do what I think you're...

Max looks down at her impatiently. Hannah gives in to the moment.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(overly dramatic)
Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou
Romeo?

MAX
Ahem. This is supposed to be my
moment?

HANNAH
Got it. Sorry.

MAX
(gathers courage)
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!

Hannah looks at Max. Speechless.

MAX (CONT'D)
She speaks yet she says nothing:
What of that? Perhaps... perhaps
she can answer me this: Wilst thou
come to homecoming with me?

He reaches down and she rises from her chair. He steps down from the table. She hesitates, then eases in and places her arms around his neck.

MAX (CONT'D)
So what was all that stuff about
'girls being shallow?'

HANNAH
I thought you weren't listening.

MAX
You realize things ended very badly
for those star-crossed lovers.

HANNAH
Then we'll just have to re-write
the ending.

And as he leans in for a kiss, we--

FADE OUT.