

Stuck Here With You

By

Spirit Shot

(c) Copyright 2011

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Studious sixteen year old OWEN, raises his head from his pile of work after being hit in the head with a paper ball.

He adjusts his glasses before glancing over to the right to find the culprit, the notorious sixteen year old EMMA, who stares straight ahead at the chalkboard as if nothing had happened.

OWEN

Why did you throw that at me?

EMMA

I don't know what you're talking about.

OWEN

We're the only ones in detention, who else could have thrown it?

EMMA

Maybe your just imagining things.

OWEN

Whatever...

Owen gets back to work while Emma watches.

OWEN

Could you please not stare at me like that while I'm working.

EMMA

Why not?

OWEN

It makes me uncomfortable.

EMMA

Why are you doing work anyway?

Owen goes back to writing.

OWEN

Might as well do something useful with the extra time.

EMMA

But the teacher is not even here right now, you could sleep if you want to.

OWEN

That would be against the rules.

EMMA

How did you end up in here if you follow the rules?

OWEN

I came to school late.

EMMA

How come?

OWEN

Some people thought it would be funny to steal my bike halfway there.

EMMA

That sucks.

OWEN

Yea, it does.

EMMA

You know this one time-

OWEN

No offense, you seem like a nice girl and all, but I'd really just like to get some work done.

EMMA

It's cool, I get it.

OWEN

Thank you.

Owen continues working for a moment before he again notices Emma's obvious stare.

EMMA

You know what I think?

OWEN

What?

EMMA

I think you need to relax a little more often.

OWEN

I think I'm quite relaxed.

Emma suddenly moves her desk closer to Owen's.

EMMA

When was the last time you did something spontaneous?

OWEN

I've had my fair share of wild and unpredictable predicaments.

EMMA

Like what?

OWEN

Well, this one time I got a failing grade on a math exam.

EMMA

So?

Owen leans over to whisper.

OWEN

I didn't show my parents.

EMMA

(sarcastic)

Wow, you're really living on the edge.

OWEN

It's not something I'm proud of...

EMMA

I feel dirty just talking about it.

OWEN

What are you in here for?

EMMA

I got in a small fight with someone.

OWEN

Was it physical?

EMMA

He did earn himself a bloody nose.

OWEN  
It was a guy?

EMMA  
Judging by how much he cried, I  
would use the term guy loosely.

OWEN  
Wow.

EMMA  
I'm a regular here anyway, place  
has a way of ticking me off you  
know?

OWEN  
I guess so.

Emma notices a comic book sticking out of Owen's backpack.  
Distracted by his work, Owen doesn't notice as Emma quickly  
slips it out.

EMMA  
The adventures of turtle boy and  
rabbit girl!

A panicked Owen quickly snatches it out of her hands.

OWEN  
Uh, it's my little brother's!

EMMA  
Than your little brother has a  
great taste in comics.

OWEN  
You read them?

EMMA  
What loser doesn't? Their  
hilarious, not to mention the  
suspenseful romance.

OWEN  
Exactly! It's so underrated!

EMMA  
Definitely.

Owen appears more relaxed.

OWEN  
I've never met a girl into comics  
before...

EMMA  
Wanna make out?

Owen's pencil tip breaks at the question.

OWEN  
What?

EMMA  
Make out, as in kiss, as in kiss  
me.

OWEN  
I know what it means, but why would  
you ask me to?

EMMA  
I'm just curious.

OWEN  
Curious?

EMMA  
To know what it's like to kiss a  
smart guy.

Owen reddens at the statement.

OWEN  
I...

EMMA  
You?

OWEN  
I mean, I hardly know you.

EMMA  
Isn't that half the fun?

OWEN  
What if the teacher walks in?

Emma brings her face closer to Owen's.

EMMA  
Haven't you ever wanted to try  
something a little risky?

A nervous Owen thinks it over for a few seconds.

OWEN  
You smell really nice...

EMMA  
I'll take that as a yes.

Owen watches as Emma shuts her eyes and pucker her lips. He takes a deep breath before closing his own eyes and pressing his lips to hers.

Emma smiles as they release.

EMMA  
So how was it?

OWEN  
It tasted like strawberries.

EMMA  
Special lipstick.

The two are interrupted by a stern, middle aged MR.DINDLE entering the room.

MR.DINDLE  
(walks over to his desk)  
Okay times up, you two are free to go.

A disappointed looking Owen glances over to Emma, who's already gotten up from her seat.

EMMA  
I'm Emma by the way.

OWEN  
Owen...

EMMA  
You should come to detention more often.

Emma walks off, leaving Owen alone with his thoughts.

MR.DINDLE  
You can leave now Owen.

OWEN  
Yea, right...

Owen gets up from his seat and heads for the door.

OWEN  
(V.O)

And that's why I spent half of my  
junior year in detention.