

THE LUNCHROOM

Episode 5x13

"Time Stands Still (1)"

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TEASER

INT. LUNCHROOM - MORNING (BEFORE SCHOOL)

JOEL MAYBERRY, CASEY JENNINGS, and BRIAN VANDELE are sitting at a lunch table, talking. The room is covered with advertisements for the upcoming prom.

JOEL

How come in zombie movies the survivors always use guns? If I was in one of those situations I would use swords and knifes.

BRIAN

Swords and knifes? What are you high?

JOEL

Do you realize how useful a pointy object would be with zombies? All we got to do is use them to poke the zombies in the eyes so they're all blind, then we have nothing to worry about. I mean, are you really that concerned about a blind zombie?

BRIAN

It won't do shit because zombies can smell fear.

CASEY

I'm more concerned about them growing wings and learning to fly. Zombies plus wings equals we're fucked!

JOEL

Zombies with wings *is* scary shit.

BRIAN

God help us if they learn to roller blade anytime soon...

Joel and Casey shudder in fear. A very enthusiastic WILL COOPER and a depressed looking BROCK WARNER walk up to the table and sit down.

WILL

What's up bitches? Guess who's going to the prom.

BRIAN

*Idiots who want to waste their time  
with other idiots.*

WILL

And now us!

Will pulls out a pair of tickets from his pockets.  
Embarrassed, Brock reaches out and takes the other ticket.

JOEL

Whoa, wait a minute. You guys are  
going to the Prom?

WILL

You bet your Prince loving ass we  
are.

BROCK

(unenthusiastic)

Yay...Prom...Woot.

CASEY

I didn't even know you guys found  
dates.

BROCK

We don't.

CASEY

No dates?

BROCK

(sarcastic)

Shocking, isn't it? I'm not even  
sure why I'm going.

WILL

You need to get out and live a  
little man! That's why you're  
going.

(beat)

And to be my wing man.

CASEY

You're going to prom to pick up  
chicks?

WILL

Technically just one chick.

Everyone groans.

BRIAN

Again with this Ellen girl. Doesn't she hate you or something like that?

WILL

We worked things out.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Will stands by ELLEN CONNER who is gathering her things from her locker.

WILL

Sorry again about trying to completely cut you out of my life for some stupid girl.

Ellen shoots him the evil eye. Will laughs nervously.

WILL

(laughing)

Boy looking back at this, we are going to laugh one day.

Out the the blue, Ellen turns and punches Will in the crotch. He struggles to stay standing.

WILL

(in pain)

You know, I think I had it coming.

ELLEN

Yeah, you did.

Will collapses to the ground. Ellen walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. LUNCHROOM - PRESENT

Everyone winces at Will's story.

CASEY

(re: story)

That is the opposite of what is good.

WILL

It was like an angry horse trampled my sack.

Everyone but Will laughs.

WILL

Besides Ellen isn't the only reason I'm going. I'll be damned if I'm one of those losers who misses their senior prom.

Brian shakes his head.

BRIAN

Man what happened to you? I remember the good old days in junior high when we all made a pact never to go any stupid High School dances, including prom.

WILL

Yeah but we also said we would call ourselves The Centerville Avengers and have girlfriends within a year.

Brian is suddenly saddened.

BRIAN

(depressed)

Wow. I forgot how much broken dreams can hurt.

Everyone laughs. REICHTHER runs up and sits down. He is completely out of breath.

REICHTHER

Greetings my fellow social outcasts. Who wants to be in my band?

Everyone exchanges looks.

WILL

You have a band?

REICHTHER

Well, technically no. I'm starting one.

More confused looks.

JOEL

Um...Why?

REICHTHER

They're holding a talent show next week and I want to win it.

Everyone laughs.

WILL

Let me get this straight: You want us to get together, form a band, and win the talent show? I know I've told you this before Reichter but you've got to ease up on the *Saved by the Bell* reruns.

REICHTHER

Yeah, yeah go ahead and mock me. But you guys don't even know, last year some retarded kid who sang *Amazing Grace* won. There's like no competition!

JOEL

(groans)

Dude, don't say retarded.

CASEY

Yeah it's politically incorrect you fag.

WILL

Billy is a tough act to follow, Reichter. He's won ever since he was a freshman.

REICHTHER

Yeah and he sang the same song each time and it sucks. A full band could blow him so far out of the water.

JOEL

I don't think you get it Reichter -

REICHTHER

(overlapping)

Yeah, yeah, Joel I got it. I'm a monster for taking on a tard.

Joel sighs.

REICHTHER

So who wants to join the band?

CASEY  
Do you even play an instrument  
Reicther?

REICTHER  
Yeah I've been playing guitar since  
I was eight.

Everyone looks stunned.

BROCK  
No you haven't! You lie you lying  
liar!

JOEL  
How come we've never seen you play?

REICTHER  
You guys never asked. And when we  
went camping the magical moment  
where we broke into a sing-along  
around the camp fire never  
materialized.

CASEY  
That does explain that guitar in  
his tent.

BRIAN  
Are you any good?

REICTHER  
Oh I'm amazing. Not to brag or  
anything but my mom did say I  
wasn't exactly the worst thing to  
happen to rock and roll. So who's  
interested?

JOEL  
No.

WILL  
Not a chance.

BROCK  
Nope.

CASEY  
Sorry but no.

BRIAN  
(excited)  
I can play the drums!

WILL

What? Since when?

BRIAN

Since I was born man. My dad's a great drummer.

BROCK

What the hell are you talking about?

BRIAN

Paul Giamatti said it in *Shoot 'em Up* if your dad is good at something then you're automatically great at it.

BROCK

Just because Paul Giamatti says it doesn't make it true.

Brian slaps Brock.

BRIAN

Never question Paul Giamatti!

REICHTHER

(to Brian)

Do you have your own drum kit?

BRIAN

My dad will give me one for sure. He's always wanting to bond nowadays since I only see him like once a month.

REICHTHER

You're in. We start this Saturday.

WILL

But that's prom night.

REICHTHER

So?

WILL

You're missing prom for a band practice?

REICHTHER

You don't get it man, I can feel it in my bones. This band is going straight to the top! That sweet talent show money will be mine!

BRIAN

You mean ours?

REICHTHER

Uh, yeah. That's what I meant. Come on Brian let's find some more members.

Brian and Reichter get up and run off excited. The remaining guys all shake their heads.

SMASH CUT TO:

OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE

Marvin Gaye's "Ain't That Peculiar" plays over the opening credits.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Establishing shot. It's a classy hotel (for Indiana.) The parking lot is packed. Dressed up teenagers make their way toward the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. PROM - ENTRANCE - SAME

Various couples file in through the main door where they are greeted by new principal DIANE BALLARD. She shakes each person's hand, welcoming them to the prom.

Joel enters in a very stylish tux with his date, ASHLEY LOCKHART by his side. She's a young black girl, most likely a freshman, no more than fifteen years old. Her smart face is overshadowed by a flashy smile and sexy eyes.

After greeting Ballard, they walk toward the main dance hall. Joel seems to be annoyed.

ASHLEY

And that's what happened in the second *Twilight* fan fiction I wrote. Man, isn't *Twilight* like the greatest thing that has ever happened ever?

JOEL

Um...no. Not even close.

ASHLEY

What?! How could you say that?  
Didn't you see the movie?

Joel laughs.

JOEL

What? Are you serious? No.

ASHLEY

(serious)

I can say without a doubt that  
*Twilight* was the most amazing movie  
I have ever seen in my life. It has  
*changed* me.

Joel stops dead in his tracks, realizing what he's in for tonight.

JOEL

Hey, you know what. How about I  
meet you inside? I'm going to use  
the bathroom okay?

ASHLEY

Yeah sure. I'll be by the punch  
table.

Ashley leaves while Joel rolls his eyes. He spots Casey and KAY JOHNSON in line at a Prom king/queen voting booth and heads over.

JOEL

Hate to bother you guys but do  
either one of you have some Tylenol  
or cyanide?

CASEY

Do you have a preference?

JOEL

Whichever works faster.

CASEY

Then in that case I don't have any  
cyanide. Sorry man.

KAY

(sarcastic)

Yeah I left mine in my other pants.

JOEL

(sighs)

She had to like *Twilight*. She  
couldn't be into *Harry Potter* like  
any decent normal human being.

Joel walks away.

KAY

Wait a minute what's Joel doing  
with that chick? Isn't he dating  
that one Asian girl?

CASEY

You mean Cathy? No, no. They broke  
up months ago. Didn't I tell you  
about what she did?

KAY

No but your face screams that it's  
juicy.

CASEY

(whispering)

She cheated on him.

KAY

(gasps)

Really? She cheated on Joel?

CASEY

That's not the worst part.

KAY

That's pretty hard to top.

CASEY

She got knocked up by the other  
guy.

Kay gasps even more.

CASEY (CONT'D)

And she didn't tell Joel about it  
until she had a miscarriage.

KAY

Get the fuck out of here! A  
miscarriage?

CASEY

I couldn't believe it myself.

Kay shakes her head, bewildered by this fact.

CASEY

Hell I still can't get over it. I mean getting pregnant with someone else's kid? And not telling Joel? That's the most despicable thing I've ever heard.

Without realizing it they are next in line where it's revealed that CATHY MATTHEWS is in charge of the booth.

CATHY

(overlapping)

Hi Casey.

Casey lets out a small scream. Kay freezes in fear.

CASEY

(nervous/startled)

Oh, hello Cathy. How are you?

CATHY

I'm doing fine. Are you ready to vote?

CASEY

(nervous)

You bet.

Casey and Kay exchange "Do you think she heard" looks. Cathy's annoyed demeanor indicates that she did.

They approach the table and take slips of paper.

KAY

So how does this work?

CATHY

The student council decided this year that students should be able to write in who they want for king or queen.

CASEY

That's surprisingly creative for the student council.

KAY

I bet it will make things more interesting at least.

CATHY

I guess but do you know how many fake names have been written in?

(MORE)

CATHY (cont'd)  
Right now Hugh Jass and Monk E.  
Butts are in the lead for King.

Casey and Kay burst out laughing.

CASEY  
(laughing)  
It's funny because she said butts.

KAY  
(laughing)  
Oh! The laughter is coming out of  
my eyes.

CATHY  
But guess who's right behind them  
in third?

KAY  
Barry McCockener?

Casey and Kay giggle like school children.

CATHY  
Casey Jennings.

They stop laughing.

CASEY  
(shocked)  
Casey Jennings? Wait a minute,  
that's who I am!

KAY  
Get out of here! You're shitting  
us!

CATHY  
I can assure you that I'm not  
shitting you. In fact, just like  
another fifteen votes or so and  
Casey could win it.

CASEY  
I could be Prom King?

Cathy nods. Casey likes the sound of it.

KAY  
Well now you can two more votes to  
that.

Kay and Casey both write on the ballots before turning them in. Casey starts to stare off into the distance, lost in thought.

KAY  
C'mon, Casey. Let's go inside.

She tries to leave but Casey remains in his spot, daydreaming.

CASEY  
(under breath)  
King of the Prom...

KAY  
Casey.

Beat.

KAY  
Casey!

CASEY  
(snaps out of it)  
Hmmm. What?

KAY  
Let's go in.

CASEY  
Oh, yeah. Okay. Let's go.

They head inside, Casey's mind still elsewhere.

CUT TO:

INT. PROM - MAIN AREA - SECONDS LATER

Once a a banquet hall in a hotel, this large room now serves as home to the Centerville Prom. Streamers are scattered everywhere. Balloons are on both the ceiling and the floor. About a hundred students are out on the dance floor, attempting to dance even though not one person seems to be able to. Another hundred students are off to the sides, sitting at tables and talking with their friends.

In one corner a white DJ, who thinks he's black, is operating a large speaker system. The Ben Folds song "You Don't Know Me" blasts out of the speakers.

MR. JOHN PARKER stands by the entrance door and watches the couples walk in. Right next to him is his fellow chaperon Rob Edison aka substitute teacher MR. E. While Parker has a look of utter contempt, Mr. E couldn't be happier to be there.

MR. E  
Man don't you just love Ben Folds?

Parker rolls his eyes.

PARKER  
Hey honcho, why don't you make  
yourself useful and get me  
something to drink.

MR. E  
You got it teaching buddy.

Mr. E walks away.

PARKER  
Teaching buddy? Jesus Christ.

Parker goes back to observing the people entering. He shakes his head after a couple where the guy is in a top hat and tails, and the date is in a leather biker outfit passes.

PARKER  
Takes all kinds.

He nods to the next couple, a rented tux and a blue chiffon dress.

Brock and Will enter, apparently unaware of how one usually dresses for a prom. Brock has a sport jacket that does not, should not, and can not go with the khaki slacks he's wearing. Will has a regular suit on, but the tie clashes terribly.

BROCK  
Why do people keep calling me  
Crockett?

WILL  
Because it looks like you raided  
the *Miami Vice* wardrobe department.

BROCK  
Was Crockett Colin Farrell or Jamie Foxx?

WILL

Hey! There's only one Crockett and  
his name is Don Johnson.

Will begins to look around.

BROCK

Do you see her?

WILL

No, not yet.

BROCK

Will, there was something I was  
meaning to ask you.

WILL

What's that?

BROCK

Why didn't you just ask Ellen to  
the Prom?

WILL

Good question, Brock. See I'm what  
some would like to call a "chicken  
shit." And being a "chicken shit"  
comes with some disadvantages...  
specifically in the social  
interactions department.

BROCK

So you're basically a pussy?

WILL

It sounds so hateful when you say  
it.

Parker walks over to them.

PARKER

Mr. Cooper, certainly with  
different company than I'd expect  
to find you.

Will and Brock straighten themselves up as Parker gets  
closer.

WILL

Well sometimes you can't help who  
you end up with.

PARKER

Indeed not.

BROCK

But it is important you're happy,  
right?

PARKER

Absolutely. I just, well, didn't  
think you would be happy with each  
other.

Brock looks confused. Will cranes his neck, obviously  
looking for someone, distracting him.

BROCK

Well we've been friends for years.

WILL

Yeah, you've given us detention  
together at least a dozen times.

Parker nods in understanding.

PARKER

So that's where it started.

WILL

What?

PARKER

When you got together.

BROCK

Nah. We've been together for longer  
than that.

PARKER

I could swear that Cooper was with  
someone.

BROCK

He's with me right now.

Parker puts a hand on each of their shoulders, bringing Will  
back to the conversation.

PARKER

I for one am proud of you. It's  
very brave of you to come out like  
this.

BROCK

No one else is doing this?

PARKER

Well there's Tom Lawrence, but everyone's known about him for years.

Over on the other side of the room, TOM LAWRENCE dances wildly with another boy.

BROCK

Who and what now?

WILL

(realizing)

Whoa! Just...whoa!

PARKER

What?

WILL

We're coming stag.

PARKER

Oh. So you're not out loud and proud?

BROCK

No! How could I be gay? I like Gordon Lightfoot and origami.

PARKER

Interesting that you think that qualifies you for being straight.

Just then Mr. E returns with two cups of punch.

MR. E

You know I use to be in an origami class...until it folded.

He laughs obnoxiously. Parker quickly knocks his punch out of his hand where it spills all over the floor.

PARKER

Looks like you spilled our drinks.  
Better go get us some more.

MR. E

(perky)

You got it pal.

Mr. E leaves. Parker deflates, disappointed.

BROCK

Don't tell me everyone here's got a date.

PARKER

So far. I guess you two are the first to come "stag".

BROCK

(angry)

Man!

Will and Brock walk past Parker who looks at them with a sense of wonder.

PARKER

Aw well, dressed like that, they couldn't be...well, if they were together...nah! Brock could do better.

Will and Brock approach the punch table.

BROCK

Man, this sucks. Everyone has a date.

WILL

Well it is the prom.

BROCK

(mocking voice)

Come to the Prom you said.  
Everybody goes by themselves you said.

(normal voice)

That's you. That's what you sound like.

WILL

(re: Brock's impression)

The voice isn't whiny enough.

BROCK

Will, if we don't have dates then what are we doing here?

WILL

We can't miss prom. Nobody misses prom.

BROCK  
Brian did.

WILL  
Nobody who counts misses prom. He can try again next year.

BROCK  
Reichert did.

WILL  
He had to practice so he could beat a retarded kid.

Beat as Brock realizes what he's said.

BROCK  
We're an unusual group of friends.

Will drinks some punch.

WILL  
Look, I'm telling you, this will turn out great just you...

Will looks off in the distance and finds ELLEN CONNER. To Will's mind, she's fantastic. He stares, captivated. Gary Wright's "Dreamwaver" starts to play.

BROCK  
Just I what? You didn't finish your sentence Will.

Will refuses to take his eyes off her.

BROCK  
Jesus. Are you having your stupid 80's fantasy moment?

Will nods. He smiles, until ARTHUR WINCHESTER, in a perfect tux comes over and takes her by the hand, leading her elsewhere. The music quickly ends.

Will slumps.

BROCK  
Uh-oh. Slumping is never good.

WILL  
(in shock)  
It's Ellen...she has a date.

Brock lifts his eyebrow at the sight of Arthur and Ellen.

BROCK

Oh wow. What an unusual twist of events.

CUT TO:

INT. REICHTHER'S HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME

Reichter, Brian, JOSEPH SAID, and KIRK the pothead are standing around Reichter's garage. Reichter has a guitar, Joseph has a cow bell, Brian has drum sticks in his hands, and Kirk has a bass guitar.

WILLIAM REICHTHER is helping by hooking up a large amp.

WILLIAM

All right. Try it now.

Kirk plays a few notes which come loudly out of the amp. Everyone is excited and happy.

KIRK

Let there be music!

WILLIAM

Now remember, don't turn it up too loud or you might blow the thing out.

REICHTHER

(annoyed)

We won't dad.

WILLIAM

I'm just saying be careful is all. Your uncle had to sell a lot of weed to be able to afford it.

REICHTHER

(annoyed)

Fine. Noted. Is it alright if we have our band practice now?

WILLIAM

Okay, I get it. I've overstayed my welcome. If you need me, I'll be in the backwoods hunting turtles.

JOSEPH

(shocked)

How do you hunt turtles?

William walks over to the corner and picks up a very large MALLET.

WILLIAM

Very, very easily. Have fun kids.

William leaves. Reicther addresses his 'band.'

REICTHER

Okay, I just want to say that this first session is going to be very casual and informal. I just want to get a sense of where everyone is at skill wise.

JOSEPH

Do we even have a band name yet?

REICTHER

No, not yet, I wanted us to pick one as a group. Anyone have any ideas?

BRIAN

(quickly)

*Shoot for the Sharks.*

Puzzled looks all around.

KIRK

What the hell?

BRIAN

Its great man, it was a typo I once made when I was MySpacing this super model that liked my profile. I remembered it and thought it would make a great band name.

JOSEPH

(disgusted)

Ewww! Gross! Only child molesters and retarded teenage girls use MySpace.

KIRK

Yeah, people with any respect use Facebook.

REICTHER

Okay, that's one idea. Anyone else?

KIRK

How about the name *Threat Level Midnight*?

JOSEPH

Oh, I like it. Very James Bond  
like.

BRIAN

That name sucks. *Shoot for the  
Sharks* is way better.

JOSEPH

What about *The Bog Standard*?

BRIAN

What's a Bog?

KIRK

Aren't those the little discs you  
toss at each other?

REICHTHER

That would be a Pog, you dunce.

BRIAN

I don't want to be a band that  
supports Pogs.

JOSEPH

He said Bog you twat. Bog!

Brian, Kirk, and Joseph start arguing. Reichter groans.

REICHTHER

Settle down everyone!

Everyone quiets down.

REICHTHER

It's clear that we have a few  
contenders for a band name so lets  
just wait a while and see if we can  
all agree on something we all like.

Joseph and Kirk nod, Brian looks angry.

REICHTHER

Okay Kirk, how long have you been  
playing bass?

KIRK

Since I was ten. I use to play this  
band call *The Jeff Goldblum  
Experience*.

REICHTHER  
Can you play us something?

Kirk plays the bass riff to the Kyuss song *Space Cadet*. Reichter is very impressed.

REICHTHER  
Very nice. It's good to see we've got someone who's been around the block. What about you Joseph?

JOSEPH  
Well, I can keep a beat, and I can play along to *Don't Fear the Reaper*.

Joseph plays for a bit.

REICHTHER  
Pretty good, but you were a bit flat.

JOSEPH  
(confused)  
Okay...I'll work on that I guess...

REICHTHER  
What about you Brian? I see your dad bought you some expensive drums.

BRIAN  
Yeah, well he hesitated at first but then I said "where were you during my childhood." Then I pretended to cry and bingo: the drums were mine.

REICHTHER  
Did he teach you anything?

BRIAN  
Nah, I didn't need it.

Brian walks back to the drum kit at the back of the garage, really excited.

BRIAN  
I'm great at the drums in *Rock Band*!

Kirk rolls his eyes.

BRIAN  
This is *Learn to Fly* by the Foo  
Fighters

Brian starts to play. It sounds awful, he can't keep a beat to save his life.

KIRK  
(shouting)  
Stop! Just stop playing!

Brian stops.

BRIAN  
What did you think?

REICHTHER  
I think you need some work.

Brian looks disappointed.

REICHTHER  
Don't worry just get your dad to give you some lessons.

BRIAN  
(sigh)  
Okay.

The door to the garage is pulled up, revealing LAURA PENTECOST, carrying a notebook and pen. Reichter is noticeably stunned.

LAURA  
Hi guys.

She walks in. Kirk and Joseph exchange puzzled looks.

KIRK  
(perplexed)  
Um, Hi?

JOSEPH  
Who are you?

LAURA  
I'm Laura, Laura Pentecost.  
(to Kirk)  
Remember I'm the one that took you to the Nurse's office when you took too much Peyote in Mrs. Bryant's Health class.

KIRK

Oh! I thought you looked familiar.

Brian gets up and walks over to Laura.

BRIAN

I was talking to Laura about  
Reicther forming a band and it  
turns out Laura's quite the song  
writer and singer.

Brian winks at Reicther. Laura blushes a bit.

LAURA

I'm not *that* good, I just thought I  
could help out.

JOSEPH

(shrugs)

I guess it couldn't hurt to have  
some outside input.

KIRK

Did you bring any of your songs?

LAURA

Every single one I could find.  
Although the bad ones outweigh the  
good ones at the moment.

KIRK

Can we take a look?

LAURA

(nods)

Yeah, sure.

Kirk and Joseph go over to look at Laura's note book. Brian moves to look too but is grabbed roughly by Reicther and pulled to a corner.

REICHTHER

What are you doing!?

BRIAN

Going to see what our lyricist  
wrote.

REICHTHER

It didn't occur to you that you  
should ask *me* first, the band  
leader, about adding new members!  
You know how I feel about her!

BRIAN

I know.

REICHTHER

Damn it Brian, I'm going to say something stupid, she's going to get offended and leave! She's going to -

BRIAN

(overlapping)

She thinks you're cute.

REICHTHER

- think I'm a social deviant...What did you say?

BRIAN

Think about it man, its prom night. Prom night! She's missing Prom, to hang out with us, with your band.

REICHTHER

Whoa. She's missing Prom because of me?

BRIAN

All I said was Reicther was forming a band and she lit up like a bulb.

REICHTHER

Really?

BRIAN

Yeah man. Trust me.

Reicther sighs before taking a look at Laura who is showcasing her notebook lyrics to Kirk and Joseph.

REICHTHER

I don't know if I can do this man.

BRIAN

You'll be fine man.

Brian gives Reicther a reassuring pat on the back.

BRIAN

*Shoot for the Sharks* man, *Shoot for the Sharks*.

CUT TO:

INT. PROM - MAIN AREA - SAME

Parker remains standing by the main entrance, bored out of his mind. Mr. E stands next to him with an idiotic smile on his face as he keep a close eye on the students.

The song blasting out of the stereo is "Gravity" by John Mayer. Everyone is out on the dance floor slow dancing.

MR. E  
Man don't you just love being a teacher, John?

PARKER  
It's amazing how you just keep talking and talking although I haven't shown the slightest interest in what you're saying.

MR. E  
I mean we get to prepare these kids for their futures, for the real world.

PARKER  
Didn't you hear me? I said I'm ignoring you.

MR. E  
These kids look up to us. They look to us for advice, for guidance.

PARKER  
(realizing)  
Oh my God. Are you so self-involved that you just zone everybody else out just to hear yourself talk?

Mr. E is off in his own world.

PARKER  
Um, hello? Mr. E? Mr. E!

Mr. E snaps out of it.

MR. E  
Oh I'm sorry. I wasn't listening. I was imagining myself riding a unicorn.

PARKER  
Good grief.

Principal Ballard enters and heads for the punch table. Parker peps up at her sight.

PARKER

Diane! There you are.

Parker catches up with her.

BALLARD

Hey, John. Are you enjoying the festivities?

PARKER

Actually I was thinking about heading home.

BALLARD

What? Why?

PARKER

Not feeling too good. I think I'm coming down with a case of Nintendonitis.

BALLARD

Nintendonitis?

They reach the table.

PARKER

Yeah, that or Pac-Man Fever. It's too soon to tell.

Ballard sighs as she pours herself a cup of punch.

PARKER

But I think I should go home. I don't think I could live with myself knowing I gave them the fever.

BALLARD

I see. And how does one contract Pac-Man Fever, John?

She takes a drink.

PARKER

Not using proper protection. Geesh, Diane. You should know that. You used to be a Health teacher.

Shes chuckles. Both amused and yet slightly annoyed.

BALLARD

Sorry, John but I need you here to  
watch the dance.

PARKER

You don't need me. You've got that  
sorry excuse of a teacher, Mr. E  
around. Use him, he's got to be  
good for something.

BALLARD

He hasn't even been here a year,  
John. You've got more experience.  
Plus let us not forget you  
volunteered for this.

PARKER

I thought you said something about  
a *bomb*, not prom. I was confused.

BALLARD

Well it looks like your confusion  
got the better of you.

PARKER

C'mon, Diane.

BALLARD

No, John. You're staying. End of  
discussion.

She leaves as Parker begins to mutter various swear words under his breath. The camera PANS to the right to see Will and Brock at the other end of the table. Will is drowning his tears in cheap punch while Brock consoles him.

WILL

I had so much time. So much time. I  
could have asked her out a dozen  
times since I've met her but I  
didn't. All because I'm a chicken  
shit.

He finishes his drinks.

BROCK

Wow. I hope this isn't what I  
sounded like with Sarah.

WILL

Hey slim! I need a refill.

Tom Lawrence, who's working the table, turns to Will.

TOM

Will, you've had 17 cups. I think  
other people would like some punch  
too you know.

Will throws his cup at Tom.

WILL

I'm in pain you asshole!

Brock grabs Will and starts to carry him away.

BROCK

Sorry about that. He's having a  
rough night. C'mon Will. We're  
needed elsewhere.

He leads Will away from the table.

WILL

By the way your punch sucks!

Eventually they make their way out of earshot of the punch  
table.

BROCK

Picking on Tom, Will? Shame on you.

WILL

I need to lash out! I'm  
heartbroken.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey guys!

Casey pops up behind them like a killer in a slasher flick,  
slapping hands on their shoulders. Will and Brock scream.

BROCK

I think I...

Feels backside.

BROCK

Yep. I just shit my pants.

CASEY

Have you fine gentlemen voted me  
prom king yet?

Beat.

WILL

What? No. Not really.

CASEY

Come on! Ya gotta! You'll be cool!

BROCK

Why should I vote for you? Why  
couldn't I vote for me? Or Will?

CASEY

What? Why, that's just throwing  
your vote away!

Brock and Will are offended.

BROCK

I'll do it later.

CASEY

You might forget. I'm counting on  
you man!

WILL

Take it easy. You got our vote,  
man.

CASEY

Go vote. You might leave because  
you're stag and not vote.

BROCK

We said we -

CASEY

DO IT!

Brock nearly jumps out of his skin. He looks blankly at both Will and a way too hyper Casey.

BROCK

I'll be right back. I'm gonna go  
vote now.

CASEY

You do that.

Brock turns on his heel and walks towards the voting area.  
Will turns to face Casey.

WILL

You okay man? That's...you're a  
little, I dunno, wacky on the junk  
or something?

CASEY

I dunno man. I want this. Don't ask me why, but I gotta have it.

WILL

Does Kay know you've gone a little...

CASEY

Don't tell Kay.

Casey grabs his head.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Oh my God, I sound married already.

Will puts an arm around Casey.

WILL

Let's get you a drink. This should help you focus.

They walk off.

CASEY

You're gonna vote for me? Right?

WILL

Sure, buddy. Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. PROM - VOTING BOOTH - MINUTES LATER

Brock finishes writing on his ballot. Cathy, still working the booth, takes notice of Brock's jumpy behavior.

CATHY

Brock, are you okay? You seem to be a little jumpy.

BROCK

Yeah, yeah I'm fine.

Cathy sighs.

CATHY

Did you run into Casey?

BROCK

How did you know?

CATHY  
Look behind you.

Brock looks behind him to see ten different people each appearing shaky and uneasy. They all look like they've just seen a murder.

BROCK  
Jesus.

CATHY  
You're telling me.

Brock hands her his ballot and begins to walk away. Joel and Ashley slowly approach.

JOEL  
Well, well, well. Here's a sight I never thought I'd see.

BROCK  
Me at a dance?

JOEL  
No, your outfit. You look like you escaped a John Hughes movie.

BROCK  
Hey! I didn't really have a tux this late in the game so I improvised a little.

ASHLEY  
Wait a minute, Brock Warner?

BROCK  
(confused)  
Yes?

ASHLEY  
Oh my God! It *is* you.

BROCK  
Um...hello girl I've never met before.

ASHLEY  
Oh we've met before. I'm Ashley, Ashley Lockhart.

BROCK  
Hi. I'm Brock -

ASHLEY

(overlapping)

- Brock Warner. I know. I'm sorry if I sound crazy but we had creative writing together last semester.

BROCK

(realizing)

Ohhhhhh! Oh shit now I remember. With Miss O'Neil right?

ASHLEY

Yeah. Sorry for gushing but I was totally in love with that story you wrote, *The Ronin of Sorrow*.

Brock is taken aback.

BROCK

You remember my story?

ASHLEY

Absolutely. I'm obsessed with two things in this world: vampires and Japanese culture.

Brock's eyes widen.

BROCK

You are?!

He stares, captivated. Gary Wright's "Dreamweaver" starts to play. She stares back with biggest smile on her face.

JOEL

Uh-oh. I know that look. 80's fantasy moment?

BROCK + ASHLEY

Yeah.

Joel is struck with an idea.

JOEL

You know I haven't voted yet. So while I'm doing that, why don't you keep Ashley company, Brock?

BROCK

(excited)

Really?

JOEL

Yeah. I mean, as long as Ashley  
doesn't mind?

ASHLEY

(excited)

Oh I don't mind! I don't mind at  
all.

Brock and Ashley exchange smiles.

JOEL

So I'll catch you guys later right?

ASHLEY

Yeah...later...

BROCK

Catch you later, Joel.

Brock and Ashley head off toward the main area, unable to  
take their eyes off each other.

Joel smiles at the sight of them.

JOEL

(shrugs)

Different strokes I guess.

CUT TO:

INT. PROM - NIGHT

Arthur and Ellen are sitting at one of the many tables.  
Arthur is sitting a little too close to Ellen, staring  
lovingly at her. She takes a drink of her punch before she  
notices.

ELLEN

Well, Arthur what else can I say  
about tonight other then it's  
been...four hours.

ARTHUR

I can't apologize enough for  
dinner. I didn't think my would eat  
with us.

ELLEN

I didn't think she would drive us  
here either.

ARTHUR

Car accident rates skyrocket during  
the prom. She just wanted to make  
sure we were safe.

ELLEN

But did she have to walk us in?

ARTHUR

She knows what she's doing. My  
mother is an intelligent and  
experienced woman.

ELLEN

Well maybe experienced, not so sure  
on the intelligent.

Arthur tries to hold back.

ARTHUR

Ellen, I believe you're forgetting  
our agreement.

ELLEN

Right, right. No insults.

ARTHUR

(shakes head)

If only I had a date dignified  
enough to respect my wishes.

Ellen elbows Arthur in the chest.

ELLEN

Next tie it'll be your tip.

Arthur quickly gives her some space. CHARLIE EMERSON, very tall, thin, curly hair, and thick rim glasses and his brunette DATE walk up.

CHARLIE

Hey Artie.

ARTHUR

(out of breath)

Hi.

CHARLIE

You okay man?

ARTHUR

Yeah, yeah. I'll be fine. Just out  
of breath.

CHARLIE

Who's this? Your date?

ARTHUR

You guessed correctly. This is my date Ellen Conner. Ellen, this is my friend Charlie Emerson.

Charlie shakes Ellen's hand.

CHARLIE

Hi. How are you doing?

ELLEN

Pretty fucking terrible, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Oh...Uh...(trails off)

Awkward silence. Charlie doesn't know what to say.

CHARLIE

Oh this is my date, Priscilla Diamond. She's from Haggerstown.

She shakes Ellen and Arthur's hands. Ellen tries to stifle her laughter but fails miserably.

ELLEN

(giggling)

Priscilla Diamond? You're screwing with me, right?

PRISCILLA

Screwing with you?

ELLEN

That can't be your real name.

PRISCILLA

No, that's my actual name.

Ellen laughs.

CHARLIE

(offended)

I'm sorry. Is something funny?

ELLEN

Yeah the name. It sounds like a stripper who shoots ping-pongs out of her vagina.

Arthur is embarrassed. Charlie and Priscilla are upset.

ELLEN

It sounds like something that Paris Hilton would name a Labradoodle.

CHARLIE

(furious)

You're a terrible person!

Charlie reaches into his pocket and hands Arthur a hotel card key.

CHARLIE

Here's your key, Arthur. Although I can't even imagine why you would want to bring this shrew with you.

Charlie and Priscilla storm off. Ellen is puzzled.

ARTHUR

(embarrassed)

You just had to talk didn't you?

ELLEN

Why'd that guy give you a key?  
What's it for?

ARTHUR

It's a hotel key.

ELLEN

Why do you need a hotel key?

ARTHUR

(flustered)

Because...I told Charlie and my friend Heath that we would meet them at a hotel after prom.

ELLEN

Whoa! What? We?

ARTHUR

Yeah we as in you and I.

ELLEN

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold the goddamn phone. Why the fuck would we go to a hotel?

ARTHUR

It's what you're supposed to do after prom.

ELLEN  
Says who?

ARTHUR  
Oh you. Stop playing around.

ELLEN  
I'm not going to any hotel room  
with you!

People around them start to stare.

ARTHUR  
Can I speak with you in private?

ELLEN  
Sounds good.

Arthur and Ellen get up and walk until they are out of earshot of most people.

ARTHUR  
Okay, I know your upset.

ELLEN  
Upset? I'm way past upset. I'm  
furious! I'm fuming! I'm  
contemplating where I could hide  
your body!

ARTHUR  
Look, Charlie was getting a room  
and I didn't want to be the odd man  
out.

ELLEN  
So you just gave in to peer  
pressure?

ARTHUR  
(embarrassed)  
Well...all my friends were doing  
it. I just wanted to be popular.

ELLEN  
I'm not going.

ARTHUR  
C'mon. They're going to rip me a  
new one if you're not there.

ELLEN  
I don't care.

ARTHUR  
Ellen, c'mon!

ELLEN  
No!

ARTHUR  
Well last time I checked I was your date. I paid for your ticket, I bought you that corsage, I paid for dinner. I think it's time we did what I want and I want to go to the hotel with my friends.

Ellen is taken aback.

ARTHUR  
C'mon, let's go back to the table.  
Before people start to talk.

Arthur turns and starts to head for the table. Ellen stays put and watches him walk away before turning and walking away. She disappears into the crowd of dancing teenagers quietly, without Arthur noticing.

CUT TO:

INT. REICHTHER'S HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME

Kirk and Joseph are trying to help Brian learn to play drums.

KIRK  
Just follow my bass and his cow bell.

They start playing. It goes perfectly with Brian keeping the beat with them. Then out of nowhere Brian freaks out into an improvised drum solo.

Kirk and Joseph stop, looking very angry. Eventually Brian's solo comes to an abrupt end.

BRIAN  
Why'd you guys stop?

JOSEPH  
What the hell was that?

BRIAN  
That was me rocking out man.

KIRK  
That's not what playing the drums  
is about man. You've got to keep  
the rhythm along with the bass.

BRIAN  
(scoffs)  
Yeah, the bass. Right.

Kirk takes offense.

KIRK  
What's that supposed to mean?

BRIAN  
Everyone knows bass is just guitar  
for chumps who can't play guitar.

Kirk's left eye twitches. Rage builds by the second.

KIRK  
What the hell are you talking  
about?

JOSEPH  
Kirk, let it go.

KIRK  
Stay out of this Joe! What are you  
getting at Brian?

BRIAN  
Name one bass player who isn't a  
total dork.

KIRK  
Oh, I don't know, how about Sting?

BRIAN  
(laughs)  
What a flamer.

KIRK  
Flea!

BRIAN  
I saw a live show where he wore a  
diaper on stage! Total freak!

KIRK  
Cliff Burton!

BRIAN  
He realized how lame bass was but he just got a wah-wah pedal so he didn't have to learn real guitar.

KIRK  
Les-Fucking-Claypool!

BRIAN  
His real name is "Leslie," how gay is that?

Kirk is very angry now.

KIRK  
Every great band has a great bassist in the rhythm section.

BRIAN  
What about The White Stripes?

Kirk is furious, Brian has struck a nerve.

KIRK  
Don't you even -

BRIAN  
(overlapping)  
Take *Seven Nation Army* for example. That was just Jack White shitting on bass by saying "Look at me I'm so awesome at guitar I can make it sound like a bass" Not that he would ever touch one of those four string monstrosities.

Kirk lunges at Brian. Joseph gets between them and tries to keep the peace.

JOSEPH  
Reicther! A little help here!

PAN to Reicther and Laura, sitting just outside the garage. His attention is solely on Laura.

REICHTHER  
(distracted)  
Sounds good guys. Your cow bell is still a little flat Joseph.

Joseph looks confused.

LAURA  
I really like these lines here,  
they're about my cat...

Laura continues talking but it's muffled. Reicther is busy freaking out.

REICHTHER (V/O)  
What do I say, I don't know. Maybe I should just tell her how I feel. But then she might think I'm weird. But what if she likes weird guys? I mean, she is *here* on Prom night. I mean, maybe she does like me...Or maybe she likes Joseph...or Kirk... or...\*gasp\* Brian! That dirty little bastard, he couldn't have Cathy so now he's trying to steal my girl out from under me! But if she likes Brian, why is she talking to me so much? Oh God, she's looking at me inquisitively! I should have been paying attention.

LAURA  
Reicther?

Reicther snaps out of it.

REICHTHER  
Sorry, what?

LAURA  
I was asking you what you thought of these lyrics.

REICHTHER  
Oh, they're great!

LAURA  
Really?

She starts to read them back.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Running down the street  
with some stolen diamonds  
don't ask about the diamonds  
just know I'm running  
the cops find me  
but my kung fu is better than them  
and so I win yeah!

Laura gives him a look.

LAURA  
You think those lyrics are great?

REICHTHER  
Oh, no I guess.

LAURA  
(teasing him)  
So you hate them?

REICHTHER  
No I, I mean, uh...I-I gotta pee!

Reicther dashes away.

LAURA  
Reicther I was just joking -

The door slams.

LAURA  
Damn.

CUT TO:

INT. PROM - REFRESHMENT TABLE - SAME

Parker is in line for something to drink. Only one person stands in front of him, KEITH GARTO. As this person is getting himself refreshments, he talks on the phone.

PARKER  
Are you almost do -

Keith holds up his finger for one second. Parker sighs and waits.

KEITH  
Hello? Samantha are you there? We really need to talk.

We can hear feedback from the phone but it's incoherent.

KEITH  
Look, this is hard for me to say but I think we need to see other people.

Parker gives Keith a look.

KEITH  
Look I'm sorry, I just think that you're smothering me.  
(MORE)

KEITH (cont'd)  
(phone chatter)  
Please don't cry, this isn't easy  
for me either.  
(phone chatter)  
Hey don't give me that! You're  
lucky I stayed with you as long as  
I did.  
(phone chatter)  
Fine, burn my CD's. I got an iPod  
bitch. I don't need CDs!  
(phone chatter)  
I never want to see you again  
either!

Phone chatter that is loud enough that we can clearly hear  
"Go to hell!"

KEITH  
I hope you break my fall.

Keith hangs up and turns to Parker.

KEITH  
(smiling)  
All yours buddy.

Parker is amazed.

PARKER  
Human behavior is so despairing.

Parker begins to pour himself a cup of punch. Will walks up to him.

WILL  
Say Mr. Parker have you seen Brock  
around?

PARKER  
I think I saw him heading toward  
the exit.  
(to himself)  
God how I envy him.

Will leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. PROM - LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

As soon Will enters he stops in his tracks. Ellen is standing near the doorway staring out into the night. A wave of satisfaction passes through Will's face.

WILL

Uh, hey.

Ellen turns around surprised to see Will.

ELLEN

(shocked)

Will? Hey how are you? I didn't know you were coming to prom.

WILL

Yeah, yeah. It was kinda of a last minute decision.

ELLEN

Oh. Did you find a date or something?

WILL

No, not really. I'm here with, um, Brock.

Ellen lets out a small laugh.

ELLEN

(smiling)

Interesting choice.

WILL

Well we have been friends for years.

Both laugh.

WILL

So I take it that your date with Arthur is going well, considering that you're hiding out in the lobby.

ELLEN

Was I that obvious?

WILL

Glaringly obvious.

ELLEN

You know what that son of a bitch did? He actually got a hotel room with the intent of taking me there.

Will laughs out of disbelief.

WILL

Get the fuck out of here. Really?  
That little ferret face was going  
to put the moves on you?

ELLEN

He says he got it as a cover for  
his snotty friends.

WILL

Oh yeah I saw his friends earlier.  
You know there's a girl that goes  
to our school actually named  
Priscilla Diamond.

He laughs.

WILL

It sounds like fragrance that a  
French prostitute would use.

Both laugh.

ELLEN

I met her earlier. Suffice to say  
it did not go well.

WILL

That bad?

ELLEN

Her boyfriend called me a shrew.

WILL

(puzzled)

Shrew?

ELLEN

I'm shocked he used the word shrew.  
I mean, what is this, the  
sixteen-hundreds?

Again, the two share a laugh. Ellen slowly turns depressed.

ELLEN

I can't believe I ended up going to  
the prom with Arthur Winchester.

WILL

I was meaning to ask you about  
that.

ELLEN

Yeah? What about?

WILL

Why the hell *did* you go to prom  
with Arthur Winchester? I heard  
that you were coming alone.

ELLEN

I was but that little troll made it  
impossible to say no.

WILL

How so?

ELLEN

He asked me in front of the entire  
A.P. English class.

WILL

Whoa.

ELLEN

How was I supposed to turn him down  
in front of like twenty-five  
people? I'd look like a monster.

WILL

I think Arthur earns points for  
creativity.

ELLEN

So I agreed to go...and now I'm  
completely miserable.

Will puts a reassuring hand her shoulder.

WILL

Sorry prom isn't going so smoothly  
for you.

They begin to look at each other, lovingly. Will spots  
something in the corner of his eye.

WILL

Speaking of monsters.

Ellen turns. In the distance we can see Priscilla at the  
doorway flirting with a group of three boys.

ELLEN

Uh-oh, Priscilla.

WILL  
Is it me or does that sound like  
some underground sex club?

Ellen laughs.

ELLEN  
Let's get out of here before she  
sees us.

Will and Ellen tiptoe away to a small hallway without being seen by Priscilla.

CUT TO:

INT. PROM - HALLWAY - LATER

Joel wonders around looking for the bathroom.

JOEL  
(spots it)  
There you.

He enters.

CUT TO:

INT. PROM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joel enters and is greeted by JORDAN JONES, who is furiously making out with Tom Lawrence. Everyone stops what they are doing.

JOEL  
Oh, uh...Sorry to interrupt.

Not knowing what to do, Jordan suddenly slaps Tom.

JORDAN  
You gay abomination! Don't you know  
Jesus doesn't approve of your  
lifestyle!

Jordan is about to leave when he whispers to Tom:

JORDAN  
Meet me in the back of the kitchen  
in ten minutes.

Jordan leaves. Joel gives Tom a look.

TOM

What can I say? I like closeted men. All the sneaking around makes me feel naughty.

Tom leaves.

JOEL

At least they have each other.

Joel goes into one of the stalls. He sings to himself as he sits down and takes care of business. Joel notices some large writing on the stall wall.

JOEL

(reading graffiti)

"I just wrote on the wall. Take that society!"

Joel shakes his head in disappointment.

JOEL

Man, bathroom graffiti is getting really lazy.

Joel freezes in place when the main door opens and BEN TRAMER and his squirrely looking sidekick LANCE WATTERS enter.

LANCE

Man why won't you tell me what you're going to do to Cathy?

This peaks Joel's interest.

BEN

Because you'll end up telling someone thus the whole thing will be ruined.

LANCE

How am I supposed to help you if you won't tell me what I'm helping with.

Ben sighs.

BEN

(annoyed)

Fine. I'll tell you.

Ben leans in and is about to tell Lance the plan when he spots a pair of legs in one of the stalls.

BEN  
Wait a minute. Who's in that stall?

Joel freaks out.

JOEL  
(to himself/nervous)  
Uhh....um....  
(fake accent)  
Yo no hablo Inglés.

BEN  
(relieved)  
Oh okay. It's just that exchange  
student Pablo.

JOEL  
(fake accent)  
Sí señor.

LANCE  
Don't worry he doesn't understand  
English. He's from Finland or  
something.

BEN  
Anyway Melissa Little found out  
Cathy stops working the voting  
booth around 9:45. When she's done,  
Melissa and her friends are going  
to lead her to the dance floor.

LANCE  
How's that a prank?

BEN  
Because when they're in front of  
all those people the five of them  
are going to stand on the bottom of  
Cathy's dress and push her.

LANCE  
But won't that rip her dress off?

BEN  
Yes numb nuts! That's why we're  
doing it!

LANCE  
Why are we doing this though?

BEN

Because Lance, she's been spreading lies about me. Saying things like I'm a a cheater and a douchebag.

LANCE

I thought you did cheat on her. There was that video that -

BEN

Shut up Lance! Jesus, this is why you aren't cool like me! You've always got to bring logic into everything.

Phone rings. Ben checks his cell.

BEN

I think this is it.  
(answers phone)  
Hey Melissa, what's up.

Ben begins to leave and signals Lance to follow. Seconds pass before Joel comes out of his stall.

JOEL

Holy shit dude! I've got to find Cathy!

Joel leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. REICHTHER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Reichter is starring at an open fridge, distressed. Brian enters.

BRIAN

Reichter?

REICHTHER

Yeah.

BRIAN

What are you doing?

REICHTHER

I want to get a drink for Laura but I'm not sure if she would want iced tea or Pepsi.

BRIAN

Just pick man.

REICHTHER

I've also got to figure out what  
I'm going to say.

BRIAN

What do you have so far?

REICHTHER

Nothing!

BRIAN

Nothing? Dude you've been in here  
for an hour!

REICHTHER

Have I? Jesus, is Laura still out  
there?

BRIAN

Last time I checked.

REICHTHER

What's she doing?

BRIAN

We're practicing some song she  
wrote about running with diamonds.  
But we need a guitarist man.  
(chuckles)  
Kirk thinks bass is a real  
instrument.

He laughs it up but slowly stops when he sees he didn't even  
get a smile out of Reichter.

BRIAN

Come on man, the band needs you!

REICHTHER

But what do I SAY!?

BRIAN

I don't know just say something  
Reichter-y. It'll all work out man.

REICHTHER

You just don't get it do you Brian?  
Girls don't like Reichter-y!  
Reichter-y drives them away! They  
hate Reichter-y!

BRIAN

Don't you want Laura to see the  
real you?

REICHTHER

Girls hate the real me.

BRIAN

You have to face this sometime,  
man. I know you're crazy about her.  
That's why I asked her to join in  
the first place.

REICHTHER

But how do I know she really likes  
me?

BRIAN

I only mentioned you and here she  
is.

REICHTHER

She might like you.

Beat. They both laugh.

BRIAN

(laughing)

Oh, I'm a walking punchline.

Brian shows a hint of sadness as he slowly stops laughing.

BRIAN

Look, you can cry about it all you  
want or you can go talk to her.

*Shoot for the Sharks man.*

REICHTHER

We're not calling the band that!

BRIAN

Damn. I thought that would work.

Brian starts to walk away.

REICHTHER

Why are you pushing this so hard?  
May I point out that you never  
talked to Cathy.

BRIAN

Yeah but do you want to me like me?

Reichter looks horrified. Brian leaves.

REICHTHER  
(disturbed)  
Dear God...

He grabs two Pepsi's and quickly heads out back the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. PROM - HALLWAY - LATER

Cathy stands against the wall looking through her purse. Another girl, a brunette sophomore named PHOEBE enters through one of the doors.

PHOEBE  
Hey Cathy. Heading out?

CATHY  
Nah. I think I'm going to stick around. See if I can't get a mercy dance from someone. Are you going to be fine watching the voting booth yourself?

PHOEBE  
It's just a booth. It can't be that difficult.

CATHY  
Whatever you say.

Phoebe leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. PROM - ENTRANCE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe enters and immediately stops. Casey is at the booth rifling through the vote box. He takes any piece of paper that doesn't have his name on it and shoves it into his pocket.

PHOEBE  
What are you doing?

Like a deer in the headlights Casey freezes. He grabs a few more of the votes and quickly shoves them into his pocket.

PHOEBE  
Hey! Stop tampering with the votes!

She tries to stop him but can't overcome his strength.

PHOEBE  
Someone help! Democracy is being  
violated!

Casey grabs one last handful of his opponents votes before getting right in Phoebe's face.

CASEY  
(threatening)  
Forget my face!

Casey dashes off like a thief in the night. Phoebe is left out of breath and perplexed at what just happened.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROM - HOTEL PARKING LOT - SAME

Mr. E and Mr. Parker emerge from the hotel's back exit. Parker is carrying a small flask.

MR. E  
Can you believe that? Justin Johnson actually thought he could sneak booze into the Prom. The Prom for God's sake! Is nothing sacred anymore?

PARKER  
We're not on a first name basis,  
Skippy.

MR. E  
Sorry, forgot the boundaries again.

Parker opens the flask up.

MR. E  
What are doing?

PARKER  
Getting rid of the booze.

Parker takes a big swig. Mr. E is mortified.

MR. E  
You're going to drink it?!

PARKER  
Well I'm certainly not going to fuck it.

MR. E  
I don't think teachers are allowed  
to drink.

PARKER  
That's good because tonight I'm not  
a teacher. I'm a chaperon. Big  
difference.

He takes another drink.

PARKER  
(offering)  
Want a taste?

MR. E  
Alcohol? No thanks. It's not really  
my cup of tea.

Mr. E laughs uproariously at his own pun. Parker just stares  
blankly at him.

PARKER  
(deadpan)  
There's nothing good about you or  
what you do.

This stops Mr. E's laughing. Parker continues to stare  
blankly at him until he gets uncomfortable.

MR. E  
I'm going to go back inside now.

Mr. E leaves in a hurry.

PARKER  
(to himself)  
Incompetent nimrod.

He takes another swig. Without realizing it a MAN in a black  
ski mask approaches.

MASKED MAN  
Hello John.

Startled, Parker drops the flask and freezes.

PARKER  
(scared)  
Jesus Christ! Who are you? What do  
you want? Money? Sex? Some  
combination of both?

The man removes his mask to reveal it's former principal BOB STEVENS. All fear leaves Parker.

PARKER  
(relieved)  
Oh! It's just Bob.

STEVENS  
In the flesh.

Parker takes notice of Stevens' bloodshot eyes and extremely greasy, messy hair.

PARKER  
Jesus, Bob. You look...just terrible. Like you've been living in a van and spending your time doing coke off the dashboard.

STEVENS  
Well it's hard to keep up appearances when you have no job. Once you have no more purpose in life you stop caring about what you look like.

PARKER  
Oh yeah. I heard about you being forced to resign. With most people I would console them but with you Bob I only have three words: In. Your. Face.

Stevens grows impatient and angry. Parker laughs.

STEVENS  
You ruined my life, John. I can't find work, my wife left me, and I can't get my own daughter to say one word to me.

PARKER  
Whoa, whoa, whoa! You can't pin that all on me Bob! Let's not forget you committed fraud, which I believe is still against the law.

STEVENS  
But you're the one that ratted me out to the school board! You're the one that's had it out for me for years. You're the one that's wanted nothing more than for me to fail.

PARKER

Oh Bob. You know me so well.

STEVENS

Now I'm going to make you pay.

Parker laughs.

PARKER

"Make me pay?" Are you suddenly a cartoon villain Bob? Maybe later we can plot to get rid of those Smurfs once and for all.

Stevens gets closer, ready to fight.

PARKER

(scoffs)

You don't scare me Bob. I could kick your ass any day of the week.

Stevens reaches into his pockets and pulls out a GUN. Parker's smile quickly disappears.

PARKER

Aw, a gun? That's not fair.

STEVENS

Why don't we go for a little drive, hmm?

Stevens gets behind Parker.

STEVENS

Start walking.

PARKER

I've got a bad feeling about this.

STEVENS

Oh you're only saying that because I've got a gun pointed at your spine.

The two walk into the packed parking lot. Eventually they disappear into the shadows.

CUT TO:

INT. PROM - NIGHT

Will and Ellen sit at a table. The body language of both people shows the comfort they have with each other, the conversation is as familiar as comfortable shoes. Will's arm drapes over the back of the chair and his legs are open. Ellen sits focused on Will, sitting across from her.

ELLEN

It's such a sad song.

WILL

How can it be sad? It's on the banjo. It's been scientifically proven that that no song can sound sad on a banjo.

ELLEN

Who says?

WILL

Steve Martin.

ELLEN

*The Pink Panther* guy?

WILL

My uncle has his old comedy albums.

ELLEN

He was a comedian?

Will looks hurt.

WILL

I know I've said -

Ellen sticks out her tongue playfully. Will smiles but is secretly relieved.

WILL (CONT'D)

Okay, sad song.

ELLEN

Yeah. I mean he separates himself from everyone who could be happy.

WILL

No he doesn't.

ELLEN

"The lovers. The Dreamers. And me."

WILL

But they are all looking for the Rainbow Connection. Together. He's part of it.

ELLEN

No, he separates himself. Like, it's Will and it's Ellen. We're not together.

WILL

We could be.

Ellen stops short as a Cathy comes by.

CATHY

Hey guys! You will not believe the night I've ha -

ELLEN

(overlapping)

Will, I'm in love with you!

Both Cathy and Will look at Ellen, stunned.

CUT TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED...

END OF EPISODE