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.

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.

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?
REICTHER
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 Reicther but you’ve got to ease up on the Saved by the Bell reruns.

REICTHER
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, Reicther. He’s won ever since he was a freshman.

REICTHER
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 Reicther -

REICTHER
(overlapping)
Yeah, yeah, Joel I got it. I’m a monster for taking on a tard.

Joel sighs.

REICTHER
So who wants to join the band?
CASEY
Do you even play an instrument Reicther?

REICHTHER
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?

REICHTHER
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?

REICHTHER
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?

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

Brian and Reicther 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 then 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

ASHLEY
(sorry)
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)
    Hmm. 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 obnoxiuously. 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.
Brian did.

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

Reicther did.

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

Beat as Brock realizes what he’s said.

We’re an unusual group of friends.

Will drinks some punch.

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.

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

Will refuses to take his eyes off her.

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.

Uh-oh. Slumping is never good.

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. REICHER’S HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME

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

WILLIAM REICHER 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.

REICHER
(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.

REICHER
(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.'

REICHER
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?

REICHER
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
It's 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.

REICHER
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?

REICTHER
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. Reicther groans.

REICTHER
Settle down everyone!

Everyone quiets down.

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

Joseph and Kirk nod, Brian looks angry.

REICTHER
Okay Kirk, how long have you been playing bass?

KIRK
Since I was ten. I used to play this band call *The Jeff Goldblum Experience*. 
REICHER
Can you play us something?

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

REICHER
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.

REICHER
Pretty good, but you were a bit flat.

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

REICHER
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.

REICHER
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. Reicther 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.

REICHER
What are you doing!?

BRIAN
Going to see what our lyricist wrote.

REICHER
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.

REICHER
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.

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

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

REICHER
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.

REICHER
Really?

BRIAN
Yeah man. Trust me.

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

REICHER
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 use to be a Health teacher.

She 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

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

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
(shrugs 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. REICHER’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.

REICther
(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.

REICHER (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.

REICHER
Sorry, what?

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

REICHER
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 cheater and a douchebag.

LANECE
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. REICHER’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Reicther is staring at an open fridge, distressed. Brian enters.

BRIAN
Reicther?

REICHER
Yeah.

BRIAN
What are you doing?

REICHER
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 Reicther.

BRIAN
Come on man, the band needs you!

REICHTHER
But what do I SAY!?

BRIAN
I don’t know just say something Reicther-y. It’ll all work out man.

REICHTHER
You just don’t get it do you Brian? Girls don’t like Reicther-y! Reicther-y drives them away! They hate Reicther-y!
BRIAN
Don’t you want Laura to see the real you?

REICHER
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.

REICHER
But how do I know she really likes me?

BRIAN
I only mentioned you and here she is.

REICHER
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.

REICHER
We’re not calling the band that!

BRIAN
Damn. I thought that would work.

Brian starts to walk away.

REICHER
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?

Reicther 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 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