

**MILO**

Episode 1 - "This is me"

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**INT. MILO'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

The room of your average high school student. Clothes strewn all over the floor. South Park plays on the TV, the volume down low. Piles of comic books by the bed.

MILO, 16, lies face-down in bed, drool running down his face. He snores loudly.

**INT. MILO'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING**

STEPHANIE, 40s, Milo's mother, reaches the top of the stairs and heads for Milo's room. She's dressed in business-casual.

She KNOCKS on the door.

STEPHANIE  
Time to get up, let's go!

**INT. MILO'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Milo grunts in his sleep. Rolls over.

Stephanie POUNDS on the door again.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
Now, Milo!

Milo lets out a GROAN, rolling onto his back. He stares at the ceiling, unable to bring himself to move.

**INT. MILO'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Milo sits on the edge of his bed, trying to get his bearings. His hair a mess.

**INT. MILO'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

A small room with barely enough space for the shower, toilet and sink.

Milo showers, singing to himself.

**INT. MILO'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Milo, now dressed, checks his reflection in the mirror. He shakes his head, not liking what he sees.

Milo rolls on some deodorant, then flicks off the light. Heads downstairs.

**INT. MILO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

A breakfast of eggs, bacon and waffles sits on the table, complete with two glasses of orange juice.

Stephanie sits at the table, half-way through her plate.

Milo hurries in and grabs a seat. He helps himself to a mouthful of bacon.

Stephanie looks across the table at her son.

STEPHANIE

I should be home by seven. Call my cell if you need anything. If you can't get ahold of me, call the office. No buying anything with my credit card, and don't set anything on fire.

MILO

One time. One time! When are you gonna let it go?

Stephanie pauses, thinking it over.

STEPHANIE

When you're my age.

Milo dramatically counts on his fingers. His brow scrunched in concentration, like it's taking a lot of brain power.

MILO

But that's, like, fifty years from now.

Stephanie shoots Milo a dirty look. Her eyebrows raise in protest.

STEPHANIE

Excuse you?

MILO

Calm down -- it's not good for someone your age, Mom. Your heart's gonna explode in your chest and you'll collapse, wheezing on the cold floor, alone and forgotten.

A beat.

Stephanie stares at him. A bit of egg dangling off her fork.

STEPHANIE

No more violent movies, either.

Milo shoves a large piece of waffle into his mouth.

MILO

No promises.

**EXT. MILO'S HOUSE - MORNING**

A small but nice home in the center of middle class suburbia.

Milo locks the door, backpack over his shoulder. He heads down the driveway, turns, and continues along the sidewalk.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - MORNING**

Milo walks to school, hands in his pockets.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Milo!

Milo looks up to see KEVIN, 16, glasses, Batman shirt, running his way.

KEVIN

You were supposed to text me this morning.

MILO

I overslept.

The pair start walking down the sidewalk together.

KEVIN

You're still coming over, right?  
My parents aren't gonna be home,  
so we can have a party or  
something.

MILO

That's what you said last time and  
all we did was read comics and  
play video games.

KEVIN

You say that like it's a bad  
thing.

They share a laugh.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING**

A sea of students get off the bus and head inside. Groups of cliques loiter on the front steps, waiting until the last minute to go inside.

Milo and Kevin stand across the street from the school, looking like they'd rather be anywhere else.

KEVIN

You think anyone will notice if we don't show up today?

MILO

Office keeps track of that stuff.

KEVIN

So I guess we gotta go in then?

MILO

Looks that way.

Milo steps off the curb, heading for the school.

Kevin starts after him. He sees something, grabs Milo's arm.

KEVIN

Douchebag alert.

Kevin points to LEVI, 16, a cliché pretty boy jock type. He wears his letterman jacket. Currently absorbed in a conversation with two CHEERLEADERS.

MILO

I was hoping he'd be inside by now.

KEVIN

Probably got distracted by the bimbo sisters.

MILO

What do we do?

KEVIN

You distract him and I'll hit him over the head with a baseball bat.

MILO

Is it sad that I'm seriously considering that?

(beat, thinking)

Wait, why do I have to distract him? Why can't you distract him?

KEVIN  
Because I have the baseball bat.

MILO  
Did you bring it with you?

KEVIN  
No...

MILO  
Then it does us no good, does it?

Kevin hangs his head.

KEVIN  
No.

Milo takes a deep breath, then continues forward, keeping his head down.

Kevin follows suit.

They walk through the lines of STUDENTS, trying to blend in and go unnoticed.

They get closer and closer to the entrance. It seems like Levi isn't going to notice them.

The boys can't believe it. They're almost inside when --

LEVI (O.S.)  
Hey, losers... You're not going to walk by without saying hello are you?

They turn to see Levi coming toward them, an arm around each cheerleader.

KEVIN  
Sorry, Levi. Didn't see you there.

LEVI  
Yeah, right. Something tells me you were trying to avoid me.

MILO  
Can't image why we'd do that.

LEVI  
Nobody asked you, string bean.

Levi releases the cheerleaders and approaches Kevin, who, amazingly, stands his ground.

Levi eyes Kevin's backpack. He reaches for it.

LEVI  
What's for lunch today?

Before the boys can react, Levi SNATCHES Kevin's backpack. He unzips it, pulls out a bagged lunch.

LEVI  
Awe, how cute. Your Mommy made you a very special lunch. Did she remember to add the love?

KEVIN  
Does your mom still need to get drunk to blow your dad?

LEVI  
Ouch. That hurts.

Levi dangles the lunch high over Kevin's head.

Kevin struggles to reach for it.

KEVIN  
C'mon, Levi.

MILO  
Give it back!

Levi turns his attention to Milo. He SHOVES Kevin to the ground and gets in Milo's face, holding the lunch in front of him.

LEVI  
Want me to give it back?

MILO  
Yes.

LEVI  
I can do that. I was just having a little fun. All you gotta do is say please.

MILO  
Fine. Please give it back.

LEVI  
See, was that so hard?

Levi turns. Walks to the trash can, opening the bag as he goes. DUMPS THE LUNCH INTO IT.

LEVI  
Happy now?

Levi grabs his cheerleaders and marches inside.

Milo looks around at the CROWD OF STUDENTS gawking at them. Some of them snicker. Finally, they disperse, getting back to their lives.

Milo helps Kevin to his feet.

MILO  
You okay?

KEVIN  
Yeah, I'm fine.

Milo rolls his eyes, heading up the front steps.

MILO  
Come on.

Kevin follows him. He eyes the trash can as they pass. Considers reaching in there for it.

Milo stops, turns.

MILO  
No.

KEVIN  
It wasn't in there that long.

MILO  
No.

Kevin sighs.

KEVIN  
Fine.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MORNING**

Milo and Kevin stand at their neighboring lockers, grabbing their books.

KEVIN  
What do you think would happen to him if he had to go a whole day without being a prick?

MILO  
He'd explode.

BRITNEY (O.S.)  
Who's gonna explode?



Milo looks around --

BRITNEY, 16, approaches them. She's smart, funny. The ultimate girl next door.

Britney opens her locker.

KEVIN

Levi.

BRITNEY

Why is he so obsessed with you?

MILO

Guess he doesn't have anything better to do than be an asshole and screw cheerleaders.

BRITNEY

Why don't you tell Principal Matthews?

MILO

Then he'll say we're wusses.

KEVIN

He's a senior. Maybe he'll graduate in the next couple years.

BRITNEY

Right...

(to Milo)

Maybe he's in love with you and just doesn't want to admit it.

MILO

Please, I could do so much better than Levi.

BRITNEY

Is that hard to do?

Milo and Kevin shake their heads in unison.

Milo's eyes drift over Britney's shoulder. To a young man down the hall --

Tall, dark and handsome with a killer fashion sense. This is ADRIAN, 17.

Britney looks over her shoulder at Adrian. Turns back to Milo.

BRITNEY

Why don't you stop the looks from across the hall thing you got going on and go talk to him?

Milo snaps out of it.

MILO

I can't do that!

BRITNEY

Why not?

MILO

What if he thinks I'm stupid, or ugly or something?

BRITNEY

He won't think that.

MILO

That's worse. What if he likes me, we start going out, then I do something to screw everything up and then we end up hating each other. I'll have to transfer schools and change my name.

KEVIN

And that's a both lengthy and expensive.

Milo shoots him a dirty look and goes back to rummaging through his locker.

BRITNEY

You know, I heard he broke up with Derek last week.

Milo withdraws his head from the locker.

MILO

Seriously?

Britney smiles.

BRITNEY

I'd get a move on and ask him out. Before someone else does.

Britney takes off down the hallway, leaving Milo and Kevin alone.

MILO

You agree with her?

KEVIN  
I mean... she's not wrong...

Milo sighs. Shuts his locker.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - MORNING**

STUDENTS work on their computers in silence. Trying to focus. Their teacher, MR. HAWKINS, 40, sits at his desk.

Milo looks up from his monitor. His eyes slowly drift across the room to Adrian.

Kevin leans closer to Milo --

KEVIN  
Just ask him.

MILO  
Shut up.

KEVIN  
Tell you what, I'll give you  
twenty bucks if you grow a pair  
and ask him out.

MILO  
I'll give you twenty-five to leave  
me alone.

KEVIN  
Fine. Offers on the table.

Kevin gets back to work.

Milo continues to stare, angst-ridden, at Adrian.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY**

An absolute zoo of noise and teenagers with way too much energy.

At a corner table sits Milo, Kevin and Britney. More than happy to be removed from the others.

BRITNEY  
Okay --

Britney sits a bag of chips down on the table.

BRITNEY  
-- this is you.

Milo and Kevin stare at her, wondering where she's going with this.

She plops down a bottle of water beside the chips.

BRITNEY  
And this is Adrian.

She scoots the water and chips together until they are almost touching.

BRITNEY  
Now, the way I see it, you've got two options. You can either keep being afraid, and miss your chance to be happy with someone...

She slides the chips and the water further and further away from each other.

BRITNEY  
Or, you can stop being a little bitch and just tell him how you feel...

She quickly shoves the water and chips into each other.

Milo glares at Britney, shaking his head.

Kevin looks at the chips and water, nodding slowly. Like this is a whole new level of perception for him.

MILO  
We get it. Can I just eat my lunch now?

BRITNEY  
No. You're sad, you're lonely, and you're angsty.

Milo folds his arms like a child in time out.

MILO  
I'm not angsty.

Britney and Kevin stare at him. A *who are you kidding?* kind of look.

MILO  
Shut up.

Milo looks across the jungle of students, where Adrian sits with a group of friends. Laughing, smiling, telling all the inside jokes.

Britney leans across the table. Nods her head in the direction of Adrian's table.

BRITNEY

That could be you, ya know?

Milo stares longingly at Adrian. He wants to be sitting beside him so badly.

MILO

I could be there?

KEVIN

Dude? What, we don't matter now?

MILO

No... you matter... you're just not --

KEVIN

Adrian? That hurts. That really hurts.

Kevin lays his head on Milo's shoulder. Pouting.

KEVIN

We love you too, you know? I'm sorry we're not as awesome as Adrian, but --

Milo shoves Kevin away.

MILO

Shut up.

BRITNEY

The dance is coming up. If you don't ask him, it's only a matter of time until someone else does.

Milo continues to stare at Adrian's table. Lost in a thought storm of what ifs.

BRITNEY

I heard Drew Strong might ask him.

Milo's eyes dart across the table to Britney. He sits forward in his chair, fuming.

MILO

Drew?

Britney nods.

BRITNEY  
 Yep. That's the word around the  
 girls' room.

MILO  
 But Drew sucks.

BRITNEY  
 I know.

MILO  
 He's not right for Adrian.

BRITNEY  
 I know.

MILO  
 He's... he's Drew...

BRITNEY  
 I know! Now, are you gonna do  
 something about it, or sit here  
 and complain while Drew steals  
 your man?

Milo looks over at Adrian's table again. Psyching himself up.

MILO  
 I can do it, right?

BRITNEY  
 You can do it.

KEVIN  
 Yeah, you got this.

Milo takes a deep breath. Lets it out. Rises from his chair.

IN SLOW MOTION:

Milo turns and strolls confidently across the cafeteria,  
 sidestepping students. His eyes never wavering from the goal  
 ahead.

He gets closer... and closer... and closer...

He's almost to the table!

Adrian and his friends continue their conversation, unaware of  
 Milo's approaching presence.

As he draws nearer, Milo's confident expression fades, replaced  
 instead by a look of PURE TERROR.

Milo swallows hard, eyes widening in fear. He looks like a man walking to his execution.

As Milo reaches the table --

SLOW MOTION ENDS

-- he abruptly changes course, hanging a quick right and hauls ass out of the cafeteria.

Adrian and his friends continue their conversation. Oblivious.

Britney and Kevin look at each other. Britney makes a pained face, Kevin just shakes his head.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY**

Milo sits on the ground, back against his locker. Dejected. Disappointed. As broken a young man as there can possibly be.

Kevin and Britney walk up to Milo. Not sure what to say.

Britney sighs.

BRITNEY

How do you think that went?

Milo glares up at her.

MILO

You saw how it went. I chickened out. Drew can have Adrian, I don't care. Maybe they'll be happy together.

Kevin grabs a seat on the ground beside Milo.

KEVIN

You don't want Drew to get Adrian. I've gone to the bathroom at the same time, he never washes his hands. He's just walking around with God knows what on his hands. He's gonna give Adrian a staff infection or something.

Beat.

Milo and Britney stare at Kevin, who shrugs.

KEVIN

What?

Britney shakes her head.

BRITNEY

I think what he's trying to say is that you're better for Adrian. You know that. The only thing you have to do is --

Milo angrily gets to his feet.

MILO

Will you guys stop?! You keep acting like you know what it's like -- but you don't, okay?

BRITNEY

Hey, we've all had crushes before. You're not special.

MILO

Yeah, but you're not gay. It's... different. You guys just don't understand.

Milo stoops down and picks up his backpack. He storms off down the hallway.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - QUAD - DAY**

Milo sits on a bench, staring off into space.

JANITOR BUD (O.S.)

How ya doing, kid?

Milo turns his head:

JANITOR BUD, gray hair and stained jumpsuit, empties a trash can nearby. He smiles at Milo.

MILO

Fine, I guess. How are you?

JANITOR BUD

Oh, I can't complain.

MILO

Really? If I had to clean up after kids all day, I'd complain.

Janitor Bud casually shrugs.

JANITOR BUD

You get used to it.

Janitor Bud takes in the look on Milo's face. Like he's looking into his soul.



JANITOR BUD  
You're thinking about a girl,  
aren't ya, son?

MILO  
Something like that. It's just...  
I don't know, I really, really,  
like someone, but I don't think  
they know I exist and it's driving  
me crazy. And now I feel like I'm  
gonna die alone...

Milo catches his breath.

Janitor Bud leans against the trash can.

JANITOR BUD  
You got it bad, kid.

MILO  
I know...

JANITOR BUD  
Can I tell you a story?

MILO  
I'd say yes, but I'm gonna be late  
for --

JANITOR BUD  
When I was in high school, maybe  
about your age, I liked a girl. We  
were good friends. We spent all  
our free time together. We'd go  
for walks, go to the movies --

MILO  
They had movies back then?

Janitor Bud tries to let that go.

JANITOR BUD  
Yes, we had movies.  
(beat)  
Anyway, I was head over heels in  
love with her. She was the first  
thing I thought about when I woke  
up in the morning, and the last  
thing I thought about before I  
went to sleep. I had dreams that  
we would get married someday, have  
children, spend our lives together  
happily ever after.

Milo studies the sentimental look of Janitor Bud's face.

MILO

And you told her how you felt and she said she always loved you too, right? Now you guys have been together for like forty years?

JANITOR BUD

Nope.

Milo stares at him.

This wasn't the answer he was expecting.

JANITOR BUD

I was too much of a coward to tell her how I felt. After we got out of high school, she went off to college, found Mr. Right, got married and settled down. Now she's got a good life, a great job, and a wonderful family.

(beat)

She lived happily ever after and I'm a janitor at a high school.

Milo puts his face in his hands. That's the last thing he wanted to hear.

MILO

God, that's depressing.

Janitor Bud stares off into space, thinking. His life story replaying in his head.

JANITOR BUD

Yeah, it is, actually...

Janitor Bud turns to Milo.

The two share a look.

Milo stares into the old man's face, hoping like hell this won't be him in forty years.

JANITOR BUD

Don't end up like me, kid. If you don't tell this girl how you feel, you'll spend the rest of life regretting it.

Milo looks hopeful for a second --

MILO  
But it gets easier after a while,  
right?

JANITOR BUD  
Oh, God no.

Janitor Bud turns and picks up the trash bag.

JANITOR BUD  
Hope that helps, kid.

MILO  
It really didn't, but thanks  
anyway.

Janitor Bud shrugs and walks away.

Milo sighs, thinking everything over. A lot on his mind.

THE BELL RINGS.

Milo grabs his backpack and heads inside.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY**

Milo hurries down the hallway.

The bathroom doors swings open and out steps -- of all people  
-- Levi.

Milo tries to stop --

TOO LATE.

Milo CRASHES into Levi, rebounding backward and falling onto  
the ground, cushioned by his backpack.

Levi looks down at Milo, smirking. If he had a mustache, he'd  
be twirling it.

LEVI  
Hey, it's Supergay, the boy queer  
wonder.

Milo stands, leaving his backpack on the ground. He walks up to  
Levi -- nearly chest-to-chest -- and looks up at him.

MILO  
Really clever, Levi. How long did  
it take you to come up with that?

Levi looks around.

LEVI  
Where's your bodyguards?

MILO  
It's just me.

LEVI  
Interesting.

Levi checks both directions in the hall, making sure there aren't any teachers around.

LEVI  
I didn't know you could do anything on your own.

MILO  
I didn't know you could breathe and talk at the same time -- good for you. Your parents must be really proud. Maybe you can be the first person in your family to graduate before they're thirty.

Levi chuckles. He's almost impressed.

LEVI  
You really wanna do this?

MILO  
You bet your ass I do!

Milo THROWS A RIGHT HOOK INTO LEVI'S JAW.

Levi recoils, clutching his face. He can't believe Milo actually hit him. More importantly, he can't believe it actually hurt.

Even Milo looks surprised at his action. He looks down at his still clinched fist.

Levi LUNGES at Milo, fist raised. PUNCHES him hard in the stomach, sending Milo back into the lockers.

Milo struggles to get his footing. He kicks his backpack out of his way. HITS LEVI HARD with another punch. A KICK TO THE SHIN.

Levi grabs Milo's arms, stopping any more punches. HEADBUTTS Milo.

Milo scrunches his eyes closed tightly. Reeling from the pain. He fights it, ready for more.

Milo KICKS Levi in the balls.

Levi clutches his groin as he CRUMPLES to the ground. Moaning in agony.

Milo climbs onto of Levi, PUNCHING and KICKING with everything he's got. A wild man possessed.

Levi rolls over, sending Milo to the ground. He scrambles onto Milo, holding down his arms.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL - OUTSIDE OFFICE - DAY**

Milo sits in a chair outside the PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE. He kicks his legs like a little kid, a small ice pack pressed against his bloody lip.

The SECRETARY looks up from her work at Milo. Shakes her head.

Milo smiles at her.

She looks away.

Milo inclines his ear to the door, listening to the sounds of Levi's angry voice from within the office.

His smile widens. Music to his ears.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE - DAY**

PRINCIPAL MATTHEWS, 50, stern, suit and tie, sits behind his desk.

Milo sits across from him, still clutching the ice pack to his lip, still looking happy as can be.

PRINCIPAL MATTHEWS

Do I have to remind you that we have a zero tolerance policy for bullying?

MILO

I didn't start it, Mr. Matthews.

PRINCIPAL MATTHEWS

Well, Levi says you did.

MILO

And how many times has Levi been here because he got into a fight?

Principal Matthews doesn't answer.

MILO  
How many times have I been here?

Principal Matthews sighs. He sees where he's going with this.

PRINCIPAL MATTHEWS  
You're a good kid, Milo. You don't  
cause any trouble. I'd prefer if  
we kept it that way.

MILO  
Oh, you and me both, sir. I  
certainly wouldn't want you to  
think I was going to make this a  
habit or anything.

PRINCIPAL MATTHEWS  
Good.

MILO  
I assume I still have to be  
punished, though, right?

Principal Matthews nods.

PRINCIPAL MATTHEWS  
Oh yeah. Detention. Two weeks.

MILO  
Two weeks?

PRINCIPAL MATTHEWS  
And I'm going to have to call your  
mother.

MILO  
But --

PRINCIPAL MATTHEWS  
No buts. Zero tolerance.

MILO  
But, what about Levi?

PRINCIPAL MATTHEWS  
Don't worry. He'll be right there  
with you.

Milo rolls his eyes.

MILO  
Great...

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON**

Milo stands at his locker, collecting his stuff.

Britney and Kevin stand around him. Kevin looks impressed, Britney looks livid.

KEVIN

How did it feel? Was it the best thing ever?

MILO

Not gonna lie, it was pretty freaking awesome.

BRITNEY

Is that how you're going to solve all your problems now?

MILO

That's not fair! Levi's always beating up people.

BRITNEY

Yes, and you're suppose to be better than he is.

KEVIN

Ha! Screw that. It's about time someone knocked him down a couple pegs. What was he suppose to do, let him beat the crap out of him?

BRITNEY

No... I don't know... but he shouldn't have --

ADRIAN (O.S.)

Hey?

Everyone falls instantly silent. All eyes turn to see --

Adrian -- the man, the myth, the legend -- standing there. A smile on his face.

ADRIAN

You're the guy who beat up Levi, right?

Milo's mouth opens, but no words manage to escape. He finally forces out --

MILO

Yeah...

ADRIAN

You're my hero. That guy is such a loser. He is literally like if toxic masculinity became a person.

Milo laughs. A little awkward. He ends the laugh abruptly.

MILO

Thanks.

ADRIAN

Next time he's giving me crap, I'm gonna give you a call.

MILO

Sounds good.

ADRIAN

Later.

MILO

Bye.

Adrian walks away.

Milo, Britney and Kevin stare at each other. *What in the world is going on today?*

MILO

Did that just happen?

BRITNEY

Yes, it did.

KEVIN

If you were waiting for your signal, that was probably it.

MILO

You think?

BRITNEY

He wanted you so bad, it's kinda sad, honestly.

KEVIN

You gotta get that dude! Before he gets away.

Milo SLAMS his locker shut. Brushes past Britney and Kevin. Hurries after Adrian.

MILO

Hey! Wait up!



Adrian stops, turns to face Milo.

Milo swallows his nerves, putting on a confident front. Or maybe it's not a front at all.

ADRIAN  
What's up?

MILO  
Do you have a date to the dance?

Adrian smiles. Shakes his head.

ADRIAN  
No, I don't... Why?

MILO  
I was just wondering -- thinking  
-- um... Do you wanna go to the  
dance with me?

Adrian nods, pleased.

ADRIAN  
Sounds good. You can pick me up at  
eight.

MILO  
Eight o'clock. I'll see you then.

ADRIAN  
Can I see your phone?

Milo digs his phone out of his pocket. Unlocks it. Hands it to Adrian.

Adrian adds his name to Milo's CONTACTS. Hands the phone back.

ADRIAN  
Text me later.

Adrian looks Milo over, liking what he sees, then turns and starts down the hallway.

MILO  
Will do...

Milo looks down at his phone. At Adrian's name and number. Fighting the urge to scream.

Milo turns and heads toward Britney and Kevin.

Britney nods approvingly.

Kevin gives Milo a SLOW CLAP. Like the end of an 80s movie.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON**

The swarm of students disperse from the school, running for the buses.

Milo and Kevin walk down the steps. Milo beams, taking a deep breath. A look of triumph.

KEVIN  
Come on, let me hear it.

MILO  
Hear what?

KEVIN  
That I was right.

MILO  
Never gonna happen.

KEVIN  
It's not that hard.

MILO  
I'd rather die first.

SUDDENLY --

Levi -- the left side of his cheek bruised and puffy --  
SHOULDER CHECKS Milo HARD on his way down the steps.

Milo takes it in stride. Not even Levi can bring him down now.

LEVI  
Out of the way!

MILO  
Oh, sorry, Levi. I didn't mean to  
be in your way.

Levi stops. Turns to face Milo. Even standing two steps below him, he towers over Milo.

MILO  
I don't know how I'll ever live  
with myself.

LEVI  
I just wanted to say thanks for  
the detention. Every day. For the  
next two weeks.

MILO  
Don't mention it.

Levi chuckles. Shakes his head. He can't believe this kid.

LEVI  
You've got a smart mouth, you know that?

MILO  
Oh, stop. You're just saying that.

LEVI  
It'd be pretty bad if something happened to it.  
(beat)  
See you in detention.

Levi turns and continues down the steps toward the parking lot.

Milo waves as he goes. So over his crap, it's not even funny.

MILO  
It's a date. But don't expect me to put out. I'm not that kind of boy.

Levi fumes, but keeps walking as if he didn't hear.

Milo and Kevin turn to face each other. They burst into laughter. Then share a forceful high five.

**INT. MILO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

It's dark. Only a small sliver of light trickling in from the edges of the window.

Milo shuts the door as quietly as humanly possible. He can't believe it, he might have actually gotten away with it.

A lamp CLICKS ON behind him, flooding the room with a bit of light.

Milo sighs. So close.

He turns to see --

-- Stephanie sitting on the couch, arms folded. Her face stern. She nods toward the cushion beside her.

STEPHANIE  
Sit.

Milo sighs. Drops his backpack by the door, then takes a seat beside Stephanie.

MILO

So...

Milo's leg shakes anxiously. His feet tap on the floor.

MILO

How's it going?

STEPHANIE

Anything you wanna tell me?

MILO

Nope. Can't think of a thing. Glad we had this talk, though. I feel closer to you as a person. Boy, it's late. Better get to bed.

Milo starts to get up.

Stephanie grabs his by the shoulder and pulls him back down.

STEPHANIE

Really? That's how we're doing this? All right... you know, the school called today.

MILO

They did? About what?

Stephanie gives Milo's face a once-over. Noting his lip.

STEPHANIE

Oh, I don't know. But if I had to guess, I'm pretty sure it's got something to do with why your lip looks like you went five rounds with Rocky.

Milo reaches up and touches his lip. A look of faux surprise.

MILO

What? How'd that get there?

STEPHANIE

Milo...

Milo slumps back deeper into the couch. Folds his arms as well, now a mirror image of his mother.

MILO

How long am I grounded for?

STEPHANIE  
I haven't decided yet.

Milo looks hopeful.

MILO  
Really? Does that mean I'm not in  
trouble?

STEPHANIE  
I didn't say that.

Milo frowns. *Damn, so close.*

STEPHANIE  
I don't want you going around  
getting into fights. I mean it! If  
this happens again, I'm gonna  
ground you until you're fifty.

Milo looks sideways at Stephanie. A faint look of hope. He  
knows her well enough to figure out where this is going.

MILO  
But...?

Stephanie looks away, trying like hell to be a stern parent and  
authority figure.

MILO  
But?

Stephanie stays silent for a beat.

The smallest trace of smile begins to form in the corners of  
her mouth.

STEPHANIE  
I'm sure Levi deserved it...

MILO  
He did!

STEPHANIE  
I know, but you still can't go  
around starting fights, are we  
clear?

MILO  
Mom, I didn't start it. Levi --

STEPHANIE  
Are we clear?

With some reluctance, Milo nods.

MILO

I guess...

STEPHANIE

Good.

A long silence falls between them. Stephanie taps her fingers on her arms.

STEPHANIE

So, how did it feel?

MILO

Awesome! I swear, I thought he was going to start crying or something. I don't think he's ever had someone stand up to him before. When Mrs. Thompson found us, Levi said I sucker punched him on his way to class. I don't think she bought it either.

STEPHANIE

What did you tell her?

Milo shrugs.

MILO

I don't remember. I was still punching and kicking when she pulled us off each other.

Stephanie can't hold the tough parent routine anymore. She bursts into laughter.

Milo joins her.

#### **INT. MILO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Milo lies in bed, on his phone. Texting Adrian. Grinning from ear to ear.

A new text comes through from Adrian:

*You wanna hang out before the dance?*

Milo's eyes widen. That's a definite yes. He replies as fast as his fingers can move:

*Sounds great! Where do you wanna go?*

Adrian replies immediately:

*IDK. Maybe that new Chinese place?*

Milo is ready to burst. He replies:

*Deal. How about tomorrow after I get out of detention?*

Adrian's reply:

*Oh, right. You're a bad boy. OK. See you then.*

Milo texts back:

*See ya.*

Milo sits his phone on the nightstand, then lays back onto his pillow, looking up at the ceiling.

Like he was this morning before school. Though now, so much has changed.

Still grinning, Milo reaches over and turns off his lamp --

CUT TO BLACK.