INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

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

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

OWEN
Why did you throw that at me?

EMMA
I don’t know what you’re talking about.

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

EMMA
Maybe your just imagining things.

OWEN
Whatever...

Owen gets back to work while Emma watches.

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

EMMA
Why not?

OWEN
It makes me uncomfortable.

EMMA
Why are you doing work anyway?

Owen goes back to writing.

OWEN
Might as well do something useful with the extra time.

EMMA
But the teacher is not even here right now, you could sleep if you want to.
OWEN
That would be against the rules.

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

OWEN
I came to school late.

EMMA
How come?

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

EMMA
That sucks.

OWEN
Yea, it does.

EMMA
You know this one time-

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

EMMA
It’s cool, I get it.

OWEN
Thank you.

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

EMMA
You know what I think?

OWEN
What?

EMMA
I think you need to relax a little more often.
OWEN
I think I’m quite relaxed.

Emma suddenly moves her desk closer to Owen’s.

EMMA
When was the last time you did something spontaneous?

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

EMMA
Like what?

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

EMMA
So?

Owen leans over to whisper.

OWEN
I didn’t show my parents.

EMMA
(sarcastic)
Wow, you’re really living on the edge.

OWEN
It’s not something I’m proud of...

EMMA
I feel dirty just talking about it.

OWEN
What are you in here for?

EMMA
I got in a small fight with someone.

OWEN
Was it physical?

EMMA
He did earn himself a bloody nose.
It was a guy?

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

Wow.

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

I guess so.

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

The adventures of turtle boy and rabbit girl!

A panicked Owen quickly snatches it out of her hands.

Uh, it’s my little brother’s!

Than your little brother has a great taste in comics.

You read them?

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

Exactly! It’s so underrated!

Definitely.

Owen appears more relaxed.
OWEN
I’ve never met a girl into comics before...

EMMA
Wanna make out?

Owen’s pencil tip breaks at the question.

OWEN
What?

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

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

EMMA
I’m just curious.

OWEN
Curious?

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

Owen reddens at the statement.

OWEN
I...

EMMA
You?

OWEN
I mean, I hardly know you.

EMMA
Isn’t that half the fun?

OWEN
What if the teacher walks in?

Emma brings her face closer to Owen’s.

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

A nervous Owen thinks it over for a few seconds.
OWEN
You smell really nice...

EMMA
I’ll take that as a yes.

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

Emma smiles as they release.

EMMA
So how was it?

OWEN
It tasted like strawberries.

EMMA
Special lipstick.

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

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

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

EMMA
I’m Emma by the way.

OWEN
Owen...

EMMA
You should come to detention more often.

Emma walks off, leaving Owen alone with his thoughts.

MR.DINDLE
You can leave now Owen.

OWEN
Yea, right...

Owen gets up from his seat and heads for the door.
OWEN
(V.O)
And that’s why I spent half of my junior year in detention.