

The Life Story of Tom Park

Screenplay by

Raymond Mack

First Draft - April 30, 2017

FADE IN:

EXT. SAINT VINCENT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

This story begins at Saint Vincent Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles, California. We hear a woman screaming on top of her lungs and breathing from the inside of the building.

INT. SAINT VINCENT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ER - NIGHT

Caroline Park, lays down with her legs spread wide open on a bed. She is accompanied with three nurses, one male and two female assistants. The male nurse is Dr. Augustine.

Caroline, since she going through labor pain - also known as giving birth to her very first newborn child - screams so loudly that everyone from other rooms can hear her.

The nurses try their best to calm her down by telling her to exhale in and out, but she keeps screaming and pushing at the same time, wishing this will be over anytime now.

INT. SAINT VINCENT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kevin Park, Caroline's husband, stands beside the door, looking down with his fingers on his chin. He paces back and forth, waiting on their newborn to arrive.

We can still hear his wife screaming and panting at the same time. After a few moments, it finally stopped and a cry of a newborn baby is now heard, which alarms Kevin.

After a moment, the door of the ER opens, revealing Dr. Augustine. He takes off his gloves and mask. He approaches Kevin with a gleeful smile on his face.

DR. AUGUSTINE
Congratulations, Mr. Park. Your
wife has brought you a beautiful
baby boy. Would you like to see
him?

Kevin nods his head, "yes," and walks inside the ER.

INT. SAINT VINCENT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ER - NIGHT

Caroline wraps their naked newborn with a baby blue towel. She fondles him tenderly and rocks him to sleep. She turns to the side and finds Kevin approaching them.

Kevin bends down to his knees beside the bed. The nurses watch the couple with sighs and smiles. Kevin looks at his newborn son and gently touches his forehead.

CAROLINE

What shall we call him?

Kevin looks at his newborn again, thinking of a name. It takes him no longer than a second to think of one:

KEVIN

Thomas. Thomas Anderson Park.

Caroline stares at Kevin and nods approvingly.

CAROLINE

That's beautiful.

(looks at Thomas)

Hey, Thomas. Yeah, that's you.

(back to Kevin)

We should call him Tom for short when he gets older.

KEVIN

Yeah, most definitely. Little baby Tom will grow up just like his father.

Caroline beams at them both. She is very happy to see that both the birthing process is completed and she gave birth to a beautiful, healthy boy. She continues rocking him to sleep.

CAROLINE

Yeah, I think Tom will be a special somebody someday.

Tom is fast asleep. We come closer to him. We hear the echoing sound of Caroline saying "somebody someday".

FADE TO BLACK.

We see collection of photographs of the Park Family including from birthday parties, school portraits, festival get-togethers, family reunions and countless other memories.

The last photograph shows a family portrait during Christmas when Tom was thirteen years old.

The echoing sound of Caroline's voice saying "somebody someday" is heard, then slowly decreases.

FADE IN:

EXT. MADISON HIGH - MORNING

A simple high school, which is revealed on the screen. We see the marquee, which is flittered in a dark green and amber tone. The mascot is an eagle, which is shown as a emblem on top of the marquee.

The marquee reads: "Madison High, home of the Mighty Eagles, welcomes you, class of 2005."

In the front of the school, we see a teenager standing there, looking at the school, monitoring his future life. He looks like he is at least fifteen years old and six foot tall. This is Tom Park, as a teenager.

He has jet black hair, blue eyes and a pale white face with little to no pimples on his forehead. He looks ready, well-prepared to attend high school. We hold on him for awhile until a montage starts.

MONTAGE:

- Three girls having a chat on the grass, sharing gossip.
- Athletes throwing a football to one another.
- A couple of Nerds reading comic and textbooks.
- Seniors getting prepared for exams.
- A school bus pulls up, making students inside to walk out.

END MONTAGE.

Back to Tom, he is walking to the entrance of the building. He finds that the three girls sitting on the grass. They are watching him, giggling and continue to share gossip.

INT. MADISON HIGH - MAIN CORRIDOR - MORNING

As Tom enters the building, he looks around in awe and finds lots of things that are unique to him including two trophies on a glass frame of two basketball championships and a medal reward of the track team.

There is a brass staircase in the middle of the corridor, leading up to the lockers and classrooms. It is so polished and shiny that it seemed like it was before school began.

Tom continues walking through the corridor, turns left to face the main office and enters inside.

INT. MADISON HIGH - MAIN OFFICE - MORNING

We can hear lots of telephones ringing left to right inside the main office. Lots of secretaries, treasurers and recent graduates are working on their jobs swiftly and with force.

Once Tom enters inside the office, he finds a place to make himself comfortable by sitting across a secretary's desk. She seems to be concluding her phone call.

Noticing Tom forces her to react: she hangs up the phone and stares at the computer instead of him, but she still is aware of his presence. With a clear of a throat:

SECRETARY

May I help you?

Tom leaps up and walks to the well-polished desk, his hands fond together.

TOM

I would like to meet the principal.

SECRETARY

(sternly)

What for?

Tom tries to gather his words in, but ends up stammering. The secretary nods his head, knowing what to do. Tom stops stammering.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Come this way. What's your name, dear?

TOM

Thomas Park.

SECRETARY

(stands)

Very well, Mr. Park. If you would follow me.

Tom nods his head. The secretary stands to her feet and opens up a gate next to the desks to let Tom in, which he does. Tom follows the secretary into small corridor, where two doors on opposite ends are present.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

(smiles)

He's the door on your right. Try not to scare him.

She departs and heads back to her workstation. Tom stands there and looks at the door, which reads in bold letters: "Dr. John K. Shepard, Dean of Students."

Tom overhears a voice inside. The voice sounds like an Canadian accent, but a voice that of an older person. Suggesting that this is the principal, Tom knocks, simply, on the door with his knuckles.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (O.C.)

Come in, the door is open.

Tom opens the door and enters inside the office. The door shuts making us see the fine print again.

INT. MADISON HIGH - PRINCIPAL SHEPARD'S OFFICE - MORNING

A cozy, elegant room. Lots of bookshelves on the wall, a bronze desk and many degrees from various college certificates are posted on the wall in glass frames, including those from UCLA, University of Missouri, Florida State University and University of Arkansas.

Close on a nameplate on the bronze desk, which reads "Principal Shepard." We see a pair of wrinkled hands fond together from behind the desk, revealing the Dean himself.

Principal Shepard, 64, is a thin man wearing a gray suit with stripes on it. His tie is black. He wears bifocal glasses. His eyebrows are thick and it seems as though it was never combed nor trimmed.

Shepard is accompanied by Tom, who sits in front of him, looking at the room with complete awe. Shepard notices and then smiles.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

Nice office?

Tom faces his principal quickly.

TOM

Yes, sir. Very nice.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

Well, good. I'm glad you like it. Do you know who I am?

TOM
Yes, sir.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD
Besides I am the principal of this school?

TOM
That's all I know.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD
Really?

TOM
Yes, sir.

The principal stands to his feet. He points at the diplomas and certificates he received.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD
UCLA. University of Missouri.
Florida State University.
University of Arkansas. Have you heard of one of these colleges?

Tom shakes his head, "no."

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)
No? Well, I went to these colleges to pursue a degree in business. As you can see, I'm not in a business building. I prefer being a principal.

The principal takes a sharp look; Tom is almost uncomfortable.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)
Is your father named Kevin?

TOM
Yes, sir.

Excited, the principal grabs his certificate from UCLA from the wall and hands it over to Tom, who receives it gently.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD
That is the college your father and I went to. UCLA. Which is down the road from here. Take a visit over there. You will love being on the campus.

Tom gives the certificate back to his principal.

TOM

(beat)
Sir?

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

Yes, Thomas?

TOM

Can you tell me something about
this school?

Shepard takes a deep, shallow breath.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

This is Madison High School. Our mascot is the Eagles. We are the top optional school in our district in the city of Los Angeles. They are two A's in our success: Athletics. We won the track competition this year. We've won two basketball championships. We almost won the baseball and tennis championship. Then, we'd won the State Championship in March 1999 in cross country. That's all in athletics. The other A is academics. Pretty self-explanatory. We take action in making sure that you, as a student, to take classes for you to graduate in 2005. If you fail to pass high school, and get your diploma, we will transfer you elsewhere so you can pass high school with flying colors. You do want to go to college, right?

Tom nods his head softly, taking this in.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)

Good. I expect you to be. I want you to attend UCLA like me and your father. This school also takes zero tolerance in bullying. Every year, a pupil here is bullied to death by Jocks, who think they're better than anybody out there. Do not trust a bully, Thomas. You can avoid going to places where bullies normally hangout: in the back. They draw graffiti, say some racial slurs. You don't want to be around them, Thomas. Anyway, you better get going.

He gathers his things, puts on his suit coat on and grabs a hat from the desk. Tom stands up, too, prepared to be ushered out of the office.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)

It was nice meeting you, Thomas.
Tell your father I said "hello" if
you don't mind.

TOM

Sure, Mr. Shepard.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

Now, you get yourself to class. It
starts in like, ah...
(checks his wristwatch)
Ten minutes. Oh, yeah, let me get
something from my desk.

The principal approaches his desk where he pulls at a drawer of paperwork staked neatly. He picks a special one, which is Tom's schedule.

Tom receives his schedule and reads it to himself. He looks through all of his courses in deep thought. By the time he is finished, he folds it and puts it in his pants pocket.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)

Find anything interesting?

TOM

Yes, sir. Thanks a lot.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

You're welcome. Hurry along now.
You're going to be late for
homerom.

Tom smiles, walks out of the door and is about to close it, but the principal holds him for a second.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)

Also, Thomas?

TOM

Yes, sir?

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

(smiling)
Welcome to Madison High. You are an
official Eagle.

Tom smiles and closes the door behind him. The bell rings.

INT. MADISON HIGH - HALLWAY (FIRST FLOOR) - MORNING

Close on a clock, which reads 8:01 AM.

A student, in the background, is running to his homeroom class. He runs across a "Wet Floor" sign. Face first, he slips and falls on the ground, hard. You can tell he is a clumsy person.

The bell rings again, but briefly, meaning class is in session, and if you're caught late, you'll be in detention.

INT. MADISON HIGH - MRS. DOTSON'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

The classroom is full of arts and crafts abound throughout the entire room. From self-portraits in painting to a craft of woodcarving, the classroom is suitable for those interested in the subject.

The photograph of the teacher is placed on the desk: an elderly woman around in her slight sixties, gray hair and, like Principal Shepard, she wears bifocal glasses.

However, this is homeroom with at least twenty students in here. It is awfully rowdy. Lots of them are normally throwing paper balls, playing pencil break, looking at the classroom, etc.

Tom, in the front row, sits by himself. He is waiting on the teacher to arrive, hoping the noise will decrease anytime now. When the door swings open, the student from before enters in.

The student smiles as he notices how bad-ass this class has become. He is pale faced, green eyes, spiked-up brown hair and five foot seven inches tall. His name is Reggie McPherson.

As Reggie finds an empty seat, he finds one behind Tom and sits. Inwardly, he looks at Tom as if he is the most familiar person he ever laid eyes on.

He looks at his face, thinking, "Where do I know him from?" He taps him on the shoulder.

REGGIE

Hey, buddy.

Tom turns around to face Reggie.

TOM

What's up?

REGGIE

You look very familiar like I've known you a couple of years ago.

Tom is so confused that he says nothing until Reggie blows him a slight punch in the shoulder.

TOM

What did I do to deserve that?

Reggie laughs.

TOM (CONT'D)

Well?

REGGIE

Don't you remember me? I was your friend from elementary school. Reggie McPherson, at your service.

He lets out a hand to shake, which Tom gladly shakes.

TOM

Remind me of how do you know me.

As soon as Reggie is about to answer, the door swings open and Mrs. Dotson enters, arriving a little late.

She is wearing pink overalls and a long skirt that barely reaches her ankle. She is also wearing stockings for close inspection.

The class is still rowdy, but slowly decreases as they find Mrs. Dotson, who is now standing in the front of the students. Her arms are crossed and she begins to scan the entire room.

The room is now quiet, not even a pencil drop can be heard. Mrs. Dotson's voice is that of a soft, but thick Southern accent.

She doesn't seem like she's from California, but sounds like a Texas native.

MRS. DOTSON

Good morning, freshmen class of 2005. My name is Jean Dotson, your homeroom teacher and soon to be Fine Arts and Crafts teacher.

I am honored to be before you today, telling you all about the rules and expectations in Madison High School, but firstly, I've been working here going on forty years and I haven't regretted it since. I hope you really enjoy this. First and foremost, we all have to learn to pay attention.

We come to Tom and Reggie now, obviously not paying attention.

REGGIE

So yeah, I know you from elementary school around Los Angeles. Still can't believe you don't remember me.

MRS. DOTSON

(with more authority)

To pay attention.

Reggie finds out that Mrs. Dotson is looking straight at him. He leans back on his chair, embarrassed. The class bursts out laughing, including Tom, who can't hold it in any longer.

Mrs. Dotson, hands on her hips, continues lecturing the class as Reggie continues to slump on his chair.

REGGIE

(whispering)

Getting really tired of this shit. On my first day of school already getting into trouble.

Tom busts out laughing, holding his mouth, unnoticed. Reggie does not find this funny at all. In the background, we hear the bell ring.

INT. MADISON HIGH - HALLWAY (SECOND FLOOR) - MORNING

Stedicam on Tom and Reggie as they walk through the packed out hallway full of students. They are about to go to their first period class.

REGGIE

What was that all about?

TOM
I guess she wants you to
(in a mocking voice,
laughs)
Pay attention.

Reggie is about to blow him another punch, but Tom blocks him and can't help but to laugh. They come across a door, which is room 218. Reggie looks through with a closer look:

Many students, mostly Nerds, are inside, sitting. The Nerds gather all their textbooks and, like always, puts apples on the side of their tables. The teacher, Ms. Dewey, sits behind her desk writing on a sheet of paper.

Way too disgusted to watch any further, Reggie leans back on the side of the door.

REGGIE
(in a singsong voice)
Awkward...

TOM
What?

REGGIE
Look in there. Lots of Nerds. Jesus Christ, that's too much for me to handle.

TOM
Wait... do you take Algebra One with me?

REGGIE
Yeah.

TOM
Dude, are you kidding me? Small world, huh?

Reggie holds on to Tom's bruised shoulder.

REGGIE
Do me a favor: shut up.

Reggie pats him on his bruised shoulder, but Tom doesn't flinch. They are about to go inside, but Reggie hesitates.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
(muttering to himself)
Fuck.

TOM
Let's get this over with, Reggie.

They go inside. They are greeted by Ms. Dewey, who seems to be proud to see them.

EXT. MADISON HIGH - AFTERNOON

The school within itself during the daytime. A few hours has past.

The bell rings.

INT. MADISON HIGH - CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

It is lunchtime. The cafeteria is pretty well organized. They are three vending machines, a coffee counter and a merchant giving students some cookies for a fee. It's a pretty elegant room to eat.

MONTAGE:

- A group of Nerds, eating, taking notes.
- Athletic students eat greasy foods, sharing gossip.
- Cheerleaders eating, gossiping, giggling.
- The "special" kids, eating; some are playing rock, paper, scissors.

END MONTAGE.

We now come to Tom and Reggie, coming out of the food court and finds a place to sit. They sit next to the cheerleaders.

We are underneath the cheerleader's table. Under the cheerleader's skirts we find some with and without underwear. Reggie looks underneath his table and gasps.

REGGIE
Holy shit, dude. Some of their pussies look sexy as hell. Look, bro!

Tom shakes his head. He cannot believe this pervert.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Oh, come on, you pussy, look!

Tom doesn't look.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, you still haven't got any yet?

TOM

(smirks)

Does it matter at this point, dude? I am trying to eat and you're loosing my appetite.

REGGIE

Hey, here's an idea: how about I give you a spoon so you can eat my ass?

From the entrance of the cafeteria, a blonde female, coming in from class, approaches the two guys, who are still talking. She looks at Tom, which she finds him very attractive.

This is Beverly Houston, the clumsiest girl you would ever want to meet. She keeps walking until she reached a puddle on the floor until she slips and falls hard.

Her books and notebooks are scattered everywhere. We can hear isolated laughs from students who watch nearby. Frustrated, she bangs her fists on the floor and tries to get up.

Tom and Reggie look at the situation. Tom leaps up, deals with it by helping Beverly out. Beverly is aware of his presence, thanking goodness for some humanity.

TOM

You should be more careful.

BEVERLY

Thanks for your help. Gosh, I am so clumsy, it's psychotic.

TOM

It's okay. I got you.

Beverly eyes finally meet on Tom's. Her eyes glow and her heart melts. She smiles hard as Tom helps her up once he was finished organizing her stuff.

BEVERLY

Thanks. What's your name?

TOM

Tom. Tom Park. What's yours?

BEVERLY

Beverly Houston. Nice to meet you.

She grabs a note pad from her pocket and writes down her number and hands it over to Tom.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Call me. I'll come to the phone as fast as you would think.

Tom looks at the paper, which reads 555-2152, and puts it in his back pocket.

TOM

I'll call you when I get the chance, Beverly.

BEVERLY

(waves)

Okay, bye!

She storms off to the food court happy and cheerful. Reggie, from the other end of the table, claps very slowly to congratulate his friend.

REGGIE

And I thought you would never have a chance to get some pussy. You've passed the first test in my book of *How to Get Pussy 101*.

Tom chuckles at the joke and sits back down next to Reggie and chews on his lunch. Reggie continues staring underneath the cheerleader's table and shivers excitedly.

TOM

Dude, you really want to bang them don't you?

REGGIE

Yeah, I would. I see all kinds of pussy down there: trimmed, shaved, bushed. I wonder which one is the captain.

TOM

Go ask; I mean, you are the one who wrote that book which I thought was a joke for starters.

Reggie dishes off to the cheerleader's table and speaks with them. Tom continues eating, doesn't mind being left alone. After a few seconds, Reggie comes back with milk and food all over his shirt and face.

TOM (CONT'D)

Well, how did it go?

REGGIE

Not well, Tom. Not well at all.

Tom finds that he how messed up he looks, which makes him almost choke on his food with laughter.

TOM

What happened?

REGGIE

They threw their shit at me.

(clears throat)

Man, I hate snobby cheerleaders. I met one I knew from junior high.

TOM

Who?

REGGIE

This chick named Janet. The bitch barely flunked the eighth grade 'cause she missed so many days.

Tom rolls his eyes. He cannot believe this guy.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Yes, before you ask, I would bang her. Lots of girls love anal, though.

A beat. Tom is confused, thinking, "What is anal?"

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Don't tell me you don't know what anal is.

TOM

(shakes his head)

Not really.

Reggie bursts out laughing; Tom is still, however, confused.

TOM (CONT'D)

What? I might be an "anal virgin", too, you know.

Reggie sits back down, wipes his food-flittered face and looks at Tom closely like he's having a huge, deep discussion.

REGGIE

Okay, look, I suppose you probably already know how to fuck a girl in the pussy, most commonly the G-spot, right?

TOM

Yeah.

REGGIE

Okay, if the girl mentions that she has had anal sex before, you have to the other hole below the pussy. Yes, that hole.

Tom is uncomfortable, but he is getting this at the same time, taking notes in his head. His brain cells are ticking like a clock, waiting for answers.

TOM

The hole that you, you know, dis--

REGGIE

--Discharge from the body, yes, that one, but girls don't do that. It may sound stereotypical, but that's what us guys believe in.

Reggie stares at the cheerleaders.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Like Janet over there.

Janet, in the middle of all seven cheerleaders on the table, is brunette, thin and her skin is all tan. Her tan-lines are visible through her collar bone.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

She is the anal virgin.

Tom was about to say something, but decides to just nod his head in agreement until Reggie explains himself a bit more further:

REGGIE (CONT'D)

You can have her all you want, man. I just want to have someone new. Someone who I haven't fucked. I hope I'll find the right one.

TOM

You will. You will find that somebody someday. Just like I will.

And after that, they both fist-bump each other. The bell rings.

REGGIE

Gym time.

They both groan. We hear a whistle blow.

INT. MADISON HIGH - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Two horizontal lines, each separated by gender and height, stand before a basketball court, which is the gym. The bleachers are solid-colored, each row representing the school's colors (forest green and amber).

The students, around twenty or so, wearing gym shorts and a T-shirt, are looking straight ahead with visible eye contact with the person in front of them. Most of them are either shaking nervously or trying to be cool.

In the middle of the line gap, a man shifts through, whistle ready. This is the Physical Education teacher Coach Jerome Fergus. He is 52, buff and six foot tall.

According to his photo frame on the wall, Fergus is a military veteran and a very cutthroat person. He is also the coach of the football and track & field team.

He looks at his entire class, one by one, inch by inch, male and female. Tom and Reggie, isolated from each other for once, looks both unafraid and uncomfortable at the same time.

COACH FERGUS

Good afternoon, maggots and dollies. Please address me as sir as your first words and your last. It is prudent for you to do so. Allow me to introduce myself. I am your physical education instructor, Coach Fergus. You will do constant stretches before you do the exercises. We will perform many of 'em such as push-up's, pull-up's, sit-up's and tug-up's. Neither one of you will...

(notices something)

Holy Jesus...

The Coach finds himself a overweight student from the far end of the guy's line. He approaches the student, quick as possible. Once reached, he stands directly at the Fat Student, eyes bulging, veins popping.

His bulk starts to tighten.

COACH FERGUS (CONT'D)
How much do you weigh, maggot?

FAT STUDENT
Sir, 278 pounds, sir!

COACH FERGUS
Jesus H. Christ. What are you
trying to offend me for?!

FAT STUDENT
Sir, I didn't mean to, sir!

COACH FERGUS
You make me want to vomit! You look
like a jellyfish, or better yet you
look like one of those Teletubbies!
Shed some weight, you waste of
puke.

FAT STUDENT
(nearly crying)
Sir, yes, sir!

Reggie can be heard snickering softly, which causes the Coach
to notice.

COACH FERGUS
(booming)
Who is laughing?! I didn't tell one
person to start laughing!

Reggie stops snickering for a moment. The Coach starts
walking forward in between the gap, forcing everyone to pay
attention to him.

His voice makes you think he has a bipolar disorder.

COACH FERGUS (CONT'D)
As I was saying, before I gotten
interrupted by a living Teletubby,
neither one of you be considered
unhealthy. You will look good in a
bathing suit. You are here, not
only to workout, but to study the
importance on your physical well
being and education, hence the name
"physical education". You will
survive. I guarantee it. Right now,
you are bums. Do you bums
understand that?

STUDENTS

Sir, yes, sir!

COACH FERGUS

(to the Fat Student)

Especially you, fat ass.

He blows his whistle.

In another time, we see everyone doing basic types of stretches including from the chest, upper back, lower back, outer thighs, etc. We can hear everyone panting while the Coach watches them.

The Fat Student is trying his best, but every time he pulls a muscle, he sweats uncontrollably. The Coach bends down across from him, disturbed beyond belief.

COACH FERGUS (CONT'D)

How many did you do, bum?!

FAT STUDENT

Sir, two, sir!

(to himself)

I can't feel my legs.

He breaths in and out. The Coach gives him a slight hand gesture for him to stop.

COACH FERGUS

(calmly)

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

FAT STUDENT

Sir, working out like you told me to, sir!

COACH FERGUS

You do not need to yell, maggot.
What's your name?

FAT STUDENT

Sir, Leonard King, sir!

The Coach starts to laugh at Leonard. Leonard cries his guts out, but no tears seem to fall down on his eyes, only sweat and grime. He is the only person in the gym who smells bad.

COACH FERGUS

You want to take ROTC class, too,
don't you?

Leonard shakes his head, "no." Pity poor Leonard is now being stared at by a couple of his classmates. The Coach watches them, yelling:

COACH FERGUS (CONT'D)

What are you staring at? Get back to work!

The students continue to workout. The Coach turns back to Leonard.

COACH FERGUS (CONT'D)

I better not see you eat lunch today, puke-brain. I will destroy you if you eat greasy foods.

LEONARD

Sir, yes, sir!

In another time, the line is now horizontal. The aftermath is that of sore students. Most of their arms and legs are red and full of bruises.

COACH FERGUS

Okay, maggots. That's it for class. See you tomorrow afternoon for step two.

The bell rings.

EXT. MADISON HIGH - AFTERNOON

School is over now. Lots of students come out from the front entrance, cannot wait to go home after a long day. Reggie and Tom now come out of the school, looking bruised, in pain and wishing this day never existed.

No matter what, though, Reggie keeps looking at girls inappropriately, which makes Tom roll his eyes. We are in the middle of their conversation:

REGGIE

...So yeah, I'm like, "Fuck that bitch, she doesn't need to give me a hand-job to please me."

TOM

I, well, hand-jobs are overrated in my opinion. I prefer the girl giving me head than a hand-job.

We hear a car honking its horn from the parking lot. Caroline Park, Tom's mother, is reaching in through the drivers' window and blows the horn once more.

The van is that of a lime green 2001 Mercedes-Benz.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh, crap. That's my mom. Later, dude. See you tomorrow.

They fist-bump each other. Tom walks toward the Mercedes-Benz and enters inside. Reggie slightly waves at Caroline. Caroline, awkwardly, waves back, thinking, "Who is waving at me?"

No matter, though, because Reggie departs from sight. Caroline enters in her Mercedes-Benz, starts the ignition and drives off out of the school property, going at least fifteen miles per hour.

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Tom is looking deadbeat on the floor while his mother drives through the streets of Los Angeles, focusing on the road with her enormous sunglasses on.

CAROLINE

So, honey, how was your first day of school?

TOM

(sleeplessly)
It was okay.

CAROLINE

Just "okay"?

TOM

Yeah.

CAROLINE

Met someone special?

TOM

I wouldn't say special, but I've met a childhood friend of mine.

Caroline turns to the left after reaching a traffic light.

CAROLINE

Really? Who?

TOM

Reggie. Do you remember him, Mom?

Caroline doesn't say anything for awhile now, which startles her son a bit. Tom looks at the window, waiting for a response.

CAROLINE

(deep sigh)

Reggie McPherson?

TOM

Yeah.

CAROLINE

Oh my God. It's been years hasn't it?

TOM

Yeah, I guess so.

CAROLINE

I just remember you two being the best friends in the world until he gotten locked up in juvenile for shoplifting.

Tom can't believe this. Of all what Reggie acted like on the first day of school, he didn't know that he has a criminal record.

TOM

For how many days?

CAROLINE

Not days, baby, weeks. He's been behind bars for six weeks. He chose that over community service.

TOM

Wow, Mom. Who told you this?

CAROLINE

His father, Bill. Bill is a troublemaker and, sad to say, his son is going to be just like him: a criminal who steals, lies and cheats. He likes to have sex random hookers down the road from us. He committed fraud at the Staples Center. He works there still. His boss claims he is innocent, but he's really not. He's guilty.

(beat)

Thomas Anderson Park, I love you, baby, you're my one and only child. I better hope you're not easily impressed with Reggie. I am afraid that he is going to be like his father. I know he was different when you met him in elementary school, if you can remember that far back. Has he done or said anything that made you question to yourself about his behavior?

Tom shakes his head "no."

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Wait until your father hears about this when we get home. He's going to have a field day.

Tom stares at his mother blankly, turns back down at the floor and sighs softly. Caroline watches him, sighing as well and keeps her focus on the road ahead.

EXT. PARK HOUSE - AFTERNOON

They reach a house, two stories high, known for its red front door. This is the Park household. As Caroline parks through the driveway, she spots new neighbors across the street, two houses down, but says nothing.

The two get out of the car. Tom's backpack slumps slowly on his shoulder. They enter inside without saying a single word.

INT. PARK HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Close on a clock, which reads 6:04 PM. We hear soft classical music from Mozart playing on a stereo.

MONTAGE:

- A family portrait of Caroline, Tom, and his father, Kevin.
- A vase of rose-petal flowers on a glass coffee table.
- A UCLA diploma certificate with "Kevin Park" written on it.

END MONTAGE.

In the dining room table, Caroline and her son are eating dinner by a small, glowing candle in the middle of the table. The music intensifies in the background, getting close to the ending.

Caroline and Tom hasn't said anything for a minute or so. For all these beats between them has been going on since Tom was only twelve years old as if Caroline can't bear to understand the teenage anatomy of today's generation.

We hear a door swing open. The two react and see that Kevin has come home from work. He wears his work clothes - a red tie over a plain white suit - and carries a suitcase full of files and paperwork.

He lays it down on the floor next to his chair and removes his suit coat. He walks toward his wife, kissing her on her forehead, walks toward his son, messing with his hair and finally sits down.

His dinner is already prepared in front of him. He begins praying as a normal routine. Once he is finished, he looks directly at his son and beams.

KEVIN

How was school today, son?

Tom stares at his father, but eats his dinner very slowly.

TOM

It was okay.

KEVIN

That's swell, right? Do you meet anyone new?

TOM

Yeah. Mom will tell you.

Kevin turns to his wife suspiciously. Caroline shrugs her shoulders, but tells her husband anyway:

CAROLINE

He's met the McPherson boy from elementary school.

Kevin clears his throat, putting his glass of wine to the side, looking at both his wife and son with suspicion and an "are you insane" kind of look.

KEVIN

Well. A McPherson, huh?

CAROLINE

Yes, dear. Just like he said.

Caroline smiles a little, knowing this is going to be one awkward situation.

KEVIN

(to Tom)

Son, have we told you about his past mistakes? Like his dad most of the time?

Tom nods his head, "yes."

CAROLINE

I've just reminded him on the way here.

Caroline takes a little swing off of her wine glass.

KEVIN

(to Tom)

What is his name?

TOM

Reggie.

Kevin looks at his wife, shakes his head a little and turns back to his son.

KEVIN

Tom, he's a criminal. You do not need to associate with a criminal who is easily impressed with leading you to the wrong path. I want you to graduate with flying colors. I want you to pay attention in class.

There is an echoing sound of Mrs. Dotson's voice.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Also, to learn a lot of subjects, do your homework and focus on taking some serious notes. Your mom knows I've done that and she loves me for being such a Nerd.

CAROLINE

(nods approvingly)

He's right, Tom.

Tom says nothing for a moment. His father knows how hard it is to teach his adolescent son to deal with some certain situations (such as this, for example.)

Taking his plate with him, Tom leaps up from his chair and walks to the kitchen. His parents watch him.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

TOM

I'm going to wash the dishes and head to bed. Night, Mom and Dad.

KEVIN

Good night, son.

CAROLINE

Night, dear.

Tom's parents, staring at each other and eating, decide it was best to not say a word to each other.

INT. PARK HOUSE - TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is nearly 9:00 according to the time on the alarm clock on the bedside table.

Tom's room is full of posters of famous movies (Star Wars, Jaws, The Breakfast Club, Indiana Jones and Fight Club) and musicians, (Backstreet Boys, Tupac Shakur, Blink 182, etc) comic books and other nerdy items.

With the light on the bedside table turned on, Tom is laying on his back and looking up in the ceiling with a baseball on his hand, playing catch by himself and daydreaming about something (probably Beverly).

Suddenly, Tom hears a certain tapping noise coming from outside his window next to the Jaws poster. He leaps up out of bed and approaches the window and opens it.

The summer evening air hits him suddenly as he looks ahead and finds a girl, in a pink robe, throwing small pebbles. Tom blinks a few times to catch his thought, and to his sudden gasp, he knows who this is:

It's Beverly. "Beverly is looking gorgeous," he thought. He chuckles to come see her and leaps out of the window.

EXT. PARK HOUSE - NIGHT

Once Beverly notices Tom come outside, she lets go of the pebbles, that she threw, back on the ground where she found them and walks toward her new friend/crush.

She looks very nervous, but confident at the same time. Tom glares up at her like he's seen an angel that came down from heaven.

The streetlights reflect our characters with a slight beam, which helps because we wouldn't see them at all in a pitched black matter. When Beverly speaks, however, she speaks very soft and dream-like.

TOM
Hey, Beverly.

BEVERLY
Hey, stud.

TOM
What are you doing around here?

BEVERLY
Oh. I moved into the neighborhood today.

TOM
I thought you were stalking me.

BEVERLY
Well, that too. I recognized your mom's Mercedes on the driveway.

Tom's point-of-view shows his mother's lime green Mercedes-Benz on the driveway. Light brown dirt is on the hood and markings on the back window, which says "wash me" and a smiley face.

Beverly, briefly, starts to giggle.

TOM
Oh my God. How did you know that was my mom's car?

BEVERLY
Oh, stud, I know things. Just like you've forgotten to put your pants on.

Tom peers down below his torso and finds out he has no trousers on. He sprints back to the window, goes inside his bedroom, puts some pajama bottoms on and gets back outside.

The waiting Beverly is giggling the whole time. Tom comes back outside, but this time much more properly.

TOM
I hope you didn't see my--

BEVERLY
--Your dick? No, stud. I don't want to see that.

(thinks on that)
 ...Yet.

She smiles a little bit more creepier now. Tom shakes his head, fast and looks at the home across the street, two houses down.

It is two stories high, has an orange front door and has gray slide through paintings for the wall.

TOM
 Is that the house?

He points to it; Beverly turns to face it.

BEVERLY
 Yeah. It's like yours, but yours has a red door, sticking out like a sore thumb.

TOM
 Yeah.

BEVERLY
 Are you coming to school tomorrow?

TOM
 Yeah.
 (meaning)
 Yes, of course.

BEVERLY
 (smiles)
 Is Reggie McPherson going to be with you?

Tom shrugs his shoulders.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
 He's a pervert.

TOM
 How?

BEVERLY
 He harassed me at science class today.

TOM
 He what?

BEVERLY
 In class, we were talking about the basics of science.

The lab is quite big. Anyway, we had to have lab partners. I have to be with a girl, who is named Patricia. The other two were boys Reggie and his partner Max. Reggie gave me a smirk that so disgusting. I almost wanted to punch him in the nuts, but then I don't want to start anything at the first day of school. After he came from the bathroom, he grabbed my thigh. Nobody, but me, saw it coming.

She scoffs, but Tom can't make sense of the scenario she described. Nodding his head, he looks at Beverly through her green eyes.

TOM
(suggesting)
You need a hug after that?

Beverly smiles and nods her head, "yes." They hug amorously through the streetlights on the road. The sounds of crickets can be heard distantly.

It is a quiet, warm night in a Los Angeles neighborhood. The sky is clear while these friends are hugging each other. Their bodies glow like the stars in the sky.

Once they are done, they come to yet another "uncomfortable silence" until Tom breaks the ice:

TOM (CONT'D)
Well, Beverly, is there anything else you want to talk about? It's just us now.

BEVERLY
(shakes head softly)
No, not yet. I don't want our parents to see us outside at this time or they'll ground us on the first weekend of school.

TOM
Yeah.

Tom understands, though, but you can tell he wants a much more conversation. He has to realize that he has school tomorrow and that he and Beverly will meet in the same place at the same time in the morning.

BEVERLY

Oh, by the way, I take a bus, you know, to school. Just in case you didn't know.

Tom nods his head in an "okay" sort of way. They both stare and smile, happy to see each other.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Can't believe we are practically neighbors.

TOM

Yeah. I know, right?

BEVERLY

Yeah.

(beat)

Well, good night, stud. I'll see you at school in the morning.

TOM

Night, Beverly. You too.

Through the power wires, we can see both Beverly and Tom on the street. They are walking opposite sides to their houses.

EXT. PARK HOUSE - MORNING

The sky is blue, the weather is dense and full of fog. It is seventy-one degrees outside. We can hear the morning radio play on nearby cars as they pass by through the neighborhood.

A bus, on Beverly's house, parks on the curb to wait for her, honking it's horn so loudly that the entire neighborhood can hear it.

It's been a year now. Freshmen year is long over and nothing has changed except on the front yard of the Park household, there is a couple of plants and rosebuds on the side of the house.

INT. PARK HOUSE - TOM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Close on Tom's alarm clock: 5:59 AM. Then it changes to 6:00. It blares a rock and roll instrumental tune.

Blindly, from his bedside table, Tom's hand reaches to the alarm and starts snoozing it. We can hear him groan his life away, groggy as usual.

INT. PARK HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

The shower faucet turns on, water blasting out at us. Tom enters in and does his daily morning shower routine. Meanwhile, he gets out, puts his clothes on and heads out of the bathroom.

INT. PARK HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

With his hair wet and not combed, Tom enters through the kitchen. Tom is only a year older now and his voice has deepened. Once he comes through the kitchen, he finds that his mother cooking breakfast on a skillet.

She notices Tom coming in.

CAROLINE
Morning, babe.

TOM
Morning, Mom.

She stacks a heavy spoon of scrambled eggs on a plate with bacon on the side and serves her son.

CAROLINE
Good nurturing for my sophomore. Go have a seat with your father before he goes to work.

TOM
Where is he?

CAROLINE
In the living room. I'll meet you two there.

Tom walks to the living room as his mother keeps cooking.

INT. PARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Kevin is seated on a living chair with his legs crossed and glasses on, reading a newspaper article of the *Los Angeles Times*. The TV is on, showing the daily morning news at six.

Tom enters and sits on an elegant Italian love-seat. He places his plate on the coffee table and chews his breakfast.

TOM
Morning, Dad.

KEVIN

Good morning, son.

TOM

What's new in the world?

KEVIN

Well, for starters, there was a twister that hit Oklahoma last night; it gave people quite the scare. Lots of damage from houses, farms. It's a load of chaos. See, look, on the news right now as we speak.

ON TV: A female news correspondent is in Oklahoma. She is reporting live just outside a torn up barn, telling us that there has been an F-3 tornado that has swept through the state.

BACK TO SCENE: Tom watches while his father bursts out with a small chuckle.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Five dead times fifteen wounded. That's why I am glad there is no need for a twister around here, we have earth--

TOM

--Earthquakes here, yeah, Dad. I hate natural disasters.

KEVIN

Don't say you hate them, son. The Man Upstairs has a reason for all that. Just be thankful you didn't have to go through it like your mother and I.

Caroline enters the room with a plate full of breakfast meals (such as bacon, eggs, grits [Tom hates grits] and a mug of coffee) and sits on the love-seat next to Tom and chews on her food.

CAROLINE

What did I miss?

KEVIN

I was just explaining to Tom that an F-3 twister swirled through some farms and houses at Oklahoma last night.

CAROLINE

Really? Wow.

TOM

I told him that I hated natural disasters.

CAROLINE

Well, baby, well all do, but we got to learn to accept what God has giving us. You know, He has a plan for us all.

Tom nods his head, already being lectured the same thing, which he finds, obviously, very annoying. He has finished eating his breakfast and walks to the kitchen, washing the dish.

Kevin keeps reading the *Los Angeles Times*, while Caroline watches the news, sipping on her mug of coffee.

EXT. MADISON HIGH - MORNING

Caroline pulls up in front of the school's curb. Tom is riding shotgun, organizing his things for his sophomore year.

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ - MORNING

Caroline looks at her son with a look of both worry and being proud. Tom doesn't make eye contact to her.

CAROLINE

Thomas?

TOM

Yes, Mom?

CAROLINE

Be good, okay?

TOM

I will.

CAROLINE

I mean, you have two more years to go.

(embraces her son's
cheekbone)

You still look handsome. I know you're going to be a ladies man...

TOM
 (in an awkward spot)
 Mom...

CAROLINE
 Sorry, dear. I just know how high
 school is. Just be good, okay?

TOM
 I will, Mom. Trust me.

CAROLINE
 I do, baby, but these kids you
 consider "classmates" are bad news
 and I don't want you to be apart of
 it.

Tom sighs softly.

TOM
 Gotta go. I don't want to be late.

He opens the passenger door to exit.

CAROLINE
 I love you, baby.

TOM
 I love you too, Mom.

CAROLINE
 Be safe and learn something!

EXT. MADISON HIGH - MORNING

Tom walks to the entrance of the building. Minding his own business, he sees Reggie, talking to some enthusiastic girls on the side of the front door. The girls seem to be enjoying the conversation that they are having.

Approaching them, he can hear catch the subject of what they are talking about: Parties and Star Wars. We can hear the two girls giggle at Reggie as if he told a joke about something or someone.

The girl on Reggie's left is Ellen Stevenson, brunette, a party animal, confident and very attractive. To his right is Karen Lin, Asian features, a party animal, good sense of humor, short and skinny.

The girls look at Tom approaching the group like he is the most attractive person they'd ever seen.

TOM

Reggie.

REGGIE

Tom.

TOM

Well, ain't this nice. Are you
double dating?

The girls giggle.

REGGIE

Very funny, man, but no. We're
talking about sci-fi movies.

TOM

Anything I am aware of?

REGGIE

Hmm... Well, we just talked about
Star Wars for a couple of minutes.
Now Karen here wants to talk about
Star Trek and that Planet of the
Apes movie that came out last year.

TOM

(to Karen)

The Tim Burton version?

Karen nods her head, "yes."

ELLEN

(to Tom)

You like movies, too, dude?

TOM

Yeah! I got a couple of posters in
my room.

KAREN

Oh, good. What kind?

TOM

Um, Star Wars, of course. Fight
Club, Indiana Jones, Break--

REGGIE

(almost an alarm)

Dude!

TOM

What?

Reggie leans over to whisper in his ear; we can hear what he is saying, though:

REGGIE

You just broke the first rule of
Fight Club: You do not talk about
Fight Club.

Tom realizes his mistake, but recovers.

TOM

(to the girls)

Sorry, I've meant the Brad Pitt and
Edward Norton movie. You know, the
one that came out in '99. The year
The Matrix and The Phantom Menace
came out.

Reggie gives him a sharp thumbs up, which makes the girls giggle with content. Tom starts to smile, he can't believe the recovery worked.

INT. MADISON HIGH - MAIN CORRIDOR - MORNING

From inside the building, we see that Beverly is watching Tom, Reggie and the girls chatting on the side of the front door.

Tom, as soon as he waves "goodbye" to them, comes inside the building and finds Beverly standing there, arms crossed. According to the scenario, something seems off.

TOM

Hey.

Beverly says nothing. She looks at the window and responds slowly.

BEVERLY

You're still talking to that creep,
are you?

TOM

Who?

Beverly turns, neurotic beyond belief.

BEVERLY

Don't mess with me, Tom! You know
who I'm talking about!

TOM

Reggie?

BEVERLY

Yes, that creepy asshole you
associate with.

TOM

Beverly...

BEVERLY

I thought you and him weren't that
sociable anymore. I guess I was
wrong.

(then, nearly sobbing)

What's wrong with you?

TOM

Beverly, he's been a friend of mine
since I was six, and--

BEVERLY

(yelling, almost a threat)

--I don't care if he's your friend
since you were six. I didn't have
friends since I was ten. I was the
unlucky one in the family. Nobody
seems to care about me, Tom. You
are the one I care about like a
true friend. Don't waste your life
with that creep. He's not right and
you know it.

Beverly is panting heavenly after saying all of what she said
to Tom. She approaches him slowly and starts to play with his
hair.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

You are loved, Tom. I love you as a
friend. Perhaps, nothing more.
You're going to be late. I'll speak
to you at history class.

And she's off. Tom stands there, by himself, wondering what
just happened. He watches Beverly go to first period up top
of the staircase and sighs in thought.

Reggie enters the building with the girls and finds Tom
standing by himself and bumps him on the shoulder.

REGGIE

What's up, man? You look tense.

TOM

Nothing, it's Beverly. She doesn't
want me to associate with you
anymore.

Reggie scoffs; he knows this is not the first time this happened.

TOM (CONT'D)

She's my a friend and nothing more.

Reggie scoffs again and stares at his best friend.

REGGIE

Oh, come on, you sore loser!
Beverly's probably on her period.
She'll wear it off sooner or later.
Listen, uh, Ellen and Karen wants
to have a beer peg party this
evening to celebrate.

TOM

Celebrate what?

REGGIE

That we are sophomores, dude! We're
going to drag lots of Mary Jane,
drink lots of beer. You better lie
to your parents about this or we'll
get busted by the pigs.

TOM

Where is it going to be?

REGGIE

Karen's house. Her parents are
going out of town for a week.

TOM

What?

REGGIE

Yeah. It'll be fun, but let's not
kid ourselves too early, we got
school to go to.

Tom nods approvingly, but remembers what his mother just said about Reggie's misbehavior a year ago and it's still in his mind this year.

As the bell rings, he, Reggie and the girls walk upstairs to their first period class.

INT. MADISON HIGH - MS. DEWEY'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

Ms. Dewey is lecturing the class on Geometry. The white board is filled with equations and vertical lines. The class is filled with Jocks and Nerds.

Some of the class are not paying attention to her, but the Nerds are doing the exact opposite as well as taking notes.

We come to Steve Yorkshire, the main Jock and star quarterback of the school's football team. He is fit, six foot two inches tall, African-American, hip and very snobby.

He is speaking with Reggie and Tom, who sits behind him. Steve never bullied these two before, but give him time, he might do it just to be funny or clever.

They are whispering so softly that Ms. Dewey cannot hear them from the direction she is standing.

STEVE

(to Tom)

So you're going to Karen's beer peg party, bro?

TOM

I guess, Steve. It's whatever.

STEVE

Shit, you're getting famous fast. I'm proud of you, bro.

TOM

Thanks, I guess.

STEVE

(to Reggie)

How about you, fuck face? Are you going to bring the supplies?

REGGIE

Yeah.

STEVE

Like what? Better not be any weird shit.

REGGIE

Don't worry, bro. It is taken care of.

STEVE

Good, 'cause I'm about to bring in the goods myself.

Tom and Reggie nods, chuckling. With a whack of the ruler, Ms. Dewey catches Steve off guard with a stern warning:

MS. DEWEY

Yorkshire, pay attention!

Steve groans. Tom and Reggie snickers from underneath their desks.

STEVE

Ya'll almost got me in trouble
again!

Ms. Dewey is writing a smooth straight line on the white board, putting numbers in order from the first end to the line to the last.

When the bell rings, the class stands up until Ms. Dewey stops them on their track.

MS. DEWEY

Hold on! Wait until I say it's okay
to go.

The class groans and sits back down. After a few moments, Ms. Dewey whacks her ruler on the desk as a signal to let the class leave.

INT. MADISON HIGH - HALLWAY (SECOND FLOOR) - MORNING

We are following Tom, Reggie and Steve through the crowded hallway, side by side.

STEVE

You two should know that I need an education. I can't be getting in trouble with you fools. Man, glad class is over. I was about to be bored as hell in there.

Reggie pats him on his shoulder, trying to calm him down, but Steve shrugs him off.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Get off of me. I'm not with that gay shit.

REGGIE

It's all good, bro. We were just don't want us to feel like you're being ignored is all.

STEVE

Coach has no choice but to kick me off the field.

The gang continues walking until they see an open gap with a bright light from a great distance.

It is directly in front of them. Someone, or something, is approaching in between the gap.

Donald "Don" Scott, a chubby, six foot tall "newbie" comes in through the gap with his hands marching like a soldier from the Army, rushing and pacing. Everyone around him gazes with laughter and an "are you serious" kind of look.

He has a Mohawk. He has tattoo sleeve of flowers and skulls on his right arm. He is wearing a oversized navy blue jacket over baggy blue jeans and tennis shoes.

He walks around Tom, Reggie and Steve, bumping into them as he walks past.

DONALD

Out of my way, fuckers.

He goes downstairs to the main corridor below. The gang watch him go to the main office with surprised looks on their faces.

STEVE

That dude just bumped into me, man.

TOM

Chill out, Steve. He probably didn't mean to.

STEVE

If I see him after school, I'm going to beat his ass.

REGGIE

Don't. He might be fresh meat. Don't worry about him while we got a party to go to.

STEVE

Whatever, man.

INT. MADISON HIGH - CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Tom, Reggie and Steve are eating lunch at the cafeteria. Steve is winking at a nearby cheerleader. The cheerleader winks back and waves at him.

Tom and Reggie, however, are watching Donald. He is sitting on the corner table, socializing with the Rebels Group, which is about ten or so around the table.

Rebels, as some say, are the group of students are into the Status Quo such as eating herbs, protesting and drinking.

They are always teasing the Nerds and think they're better than the Jocks.

Donald seems like, according to his hand gestures, the highest ranked Rebel of the group.

TOM

He sure loves to shoot his mouth off.

REGGIE

Let's go see what he is up to.

The two stand up and walks toward the Rebels hangout table and overhears what Donald is talking about:

DONALD

...she started to suck my dick so hard that I blasted my cum in her fucking face. It was worth it.

He gets a laugh from the group around the table. Noticing Tom and Reggie, Donald turns to his side and greets them rudely.

DONALD (CONT'D)

What's up, bitches?

He lets them have a shake of his hand. Reggie, about to shake on it, suddenly is tricked by Donald.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Tricked you. What's up, though? You want to suck me off or something?

REGGIE

Well, no, ass-wipe, but we just want to invite you to this beer peg party coming up this evening.

DONALD

A beer beg party, huh?

REGGIE

Yep.

DONALD

I'll come, but I need to know some info like, you know, a lot of things.

Reggie gives him a brochure of the party invitation. Donald reads it and hands the brochure back to Reggie. He looks pumped already.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll go. Better bring lots of beer. I like that hard liquor.

REGGIE

Of course, but we are going to need to know your name first.

DONALD

Don is my name. Don Scott. Now shove off, me and a gang are talking about this girl I've fucked last night. Is that right boys?

REBEL STUDENTS

Fuck yeah!

Donald nods his head. Reggie and Tom scoff, waiting for more. Donald stands. The table leans slightly once he leaps off.

DONALD

So you two want to do something sneaky?

Tom and Reggie look at each other; they cannot believe it was this easy to get accepted from Donald. As they nod their heads, "yes," Donald gives them a crooked smile.

The bell rings.

INT. MADISON HIGH - JANITOR'S CLOSET - AFTERNOON

A large closet. There is a whole lot of cleaning products in here (mops, brooms, dustpans, etc.) This is the janitor's closet. It is not as all restricted, but students are not allowed here.

Inside are Tom, Reggie and Donald. It is only sixth period and they seem to be "skipping" class. Donald grabs a ladder from the other end of the room and sets it below the air vents.

DONALD

So, since you guys are having party, I'll show you my version of one.

He stands on top of the ladder and grabs a screwdriver from his pocket and unscrews some of the nails from the air vent. Reggie and Tom watch him to do the procedure.

Both of them seem not nervous about this.

TOM

What are we about to do?

DONALD

You'll see. It's not something you see everyday in school, I'll tell you that.

He unhooks some of the nails from the air vent.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Now, I want you two to get up top of the air vent before we get caught.

Tom and Reggie look awkwardly at each other.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Come on, dudes. We are about to see something spectacular.

Donald smiles at the two, but Tom and Reggie hesitates for a bit, but decides to get over and done with when they hear distant footsteps from the hallway.

INT. MADISON HIGH - AIR VENTS - AFTERNOON

A very petite air vent. It is so small that the gang are behind each other, stomach laid flat on the vent, moving very slowly so that won't start anything.

Donald, of course, leads the pack with his elbows pressed hard on the vents. We can now hear showers and girls giggling from below.

The gang reacts by gasping in shock of what they are hearing. They scurry next to each other slowly and peers down below to find something in particular.

INT. MADISON HIGH - LADIES' LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

A very steamed up place only Donald can feast his eyes upon: a locker room filled with the cheerleaders, including Janet, having a shower after practice. Most of them are naked and you can see everything!

The steam of the shower goes through the vents Tom, Reggie and Donald are watching on. We can tell that they are having the time of their lives, watching the naked girls showering.

The cheerleader coach - Jan Robinson, 42, bisexual, tough as nails, sadistic - enters inside, fully clothed, yells at the cheerleaders:

COACH ROBINSON

Wash it all, ladies! You got practice tomorrow morning at second period. Do not be late or you'll be kicked out of the team.

INT. MADISON HIGH - AIR VENTS - AFTERNOON

The gang watch with smiles and laughs. They cannot believe this is happening. Donald, though, looks like this is the first time he's been watching more than one naked girl in his life.

REGGIE

You know how to get a guy a boner, Don. I appreciate this, dude.

DONALD

Don't mention it, dudes. This is what a party supposed to be like.

TOM

Couldn't agree more.

Reggie leans over a little further. From his point-of-view, we see Janet, fully naked. Her breasts are small, her buttocks is wrinkled and her pubic region is very hairy.

Much to Reggie disgust, he bumps his head against the vent.

REGGIE

That is some fucked up shit.

TOM

What?

REGGIE

Janet. Remember the girl I was talking about last year?

TOM

Yeah.

REGGIE

Look at her.

Tom's point-of-view shows the exact same thing Reggie has and covers is mouth with laughter.

DONALD

What are you two laughing at? I'm trying to enjoy this view and you two are missing out.

REGGIE

It's just that I know a girl down there.

DONALD

Oh, yeah? Which one, pussy?

REGGIE

The one with the mean bush.

DONALD

That's messed up, dude. You know her name?

REGGIE

Janet Holiday. She is called the anal virgin.

DONALD

Get out of here! Are you serious?

REGGIE

Right hand to God.

DONALD

Dude, did you...?

He swings his arms up and down, miming sexual intercourse.

REGGIE

That's the last thing I want to do.

DONALD

Oh. Would you rather have sex with that girl down there?

Reggie leans over a little closer. From his point-of-view, he sees yet another naked girl. She is blonde, pretty and petty-sized. Her buttocks are huge as if she had many butt injections.

Reggie smirks and nods his head, "yes", to Donald. Donald nods back and busts out a small laugh. Reggie shifts his head to face the awestruck Tom.

Tom seems to be enjoying the moment, but never wants it to end.

REGGIE
All good, buddy?

TOM
Hell yeah.

The gang continues peering down in amazement.

TOM (CONT'D)
(to Donald)
How are we going to get down from
here?

DONALD
We will wait until they leave. It's
too risky to retrace our steps.

Tom nods approvingly.

INT. MADISON HIGH - LADIES' LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

In a later time, we see Donald screwing out the nails from the air vent and opens it. Tom first, they exit the vents and into the locker room. The room itself is pretty much empty, but the cheerleader's outfits are folded and hanged on the wall.

Even though the room is empty, the steam, from the hot showers, starts to fade away little by little. A strong fragrance of perfume hits Tom squarely in the face.

TOM
Good God, that smell...

DONALD
Yeah, it's from Bed, Bath and
Beyond. I recognize that fragrance
anywhere.

As he leaps down on the surface, followed by Reggie, they come to find out the coast is clear for real this time, then they wait on Donald, whose body seems to be very off balanced.

He falls down on the floor, hard, causing a vibration through the locker room, but nobody seems to feel it outside of the room.

He leaps up to his feet and fixes the air vent nails to leave no trace behind. Once he is finished, the gang walks to the back door and quickly shuts the door behind them.

INT. MADISON HIGH - MS. KING'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Ms. King - 31, brown skinned, thick - is the English II teacher. She is lecturing her class with adjectives and pronouns. It seems like the Jocks aren't present here. They're mostly Nerds and Rebels.

Tom is the only one without a social group, but he is sitting behind Karen, who passes him a small, folded sheet of notebook paper.

Tom opens the note. It reads, in small cursive, girl-like handwriting: "Don't forget about tonight. 6:00".

He turns the note around and writes "I won't" in a very neat, but small handwriting. He hands it back to Karen, who receives it. At once, she reads it and turns to Tom and smiles.

Tom smiles back and pats her on the shoulder. Karen fondles his hands together and, lightly, approves this.

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Earlier that day, Tom just left from school and on the way home. His mind is racing back and forth, ready to go to the party any moment now.

His mother is beyond the wheel. This is one of the few scenes where Tom and his mother are having a chat like always, but we do not hear what they are saying.

We only hear rock music playing, but not on the radio.

EXT. LIN HOUSE - EVENING

It is 6:00 in the evening. The house we come to see now is a middle-class, three story home with enough decorations on it. Asian flowers are scattered across from the front yard in a decorative way.

As we slowly push in through the front door, we see Karen Lin and her best friend Jackie Ross - African-American, nerdy, skinny and a party animal - checking off names on the guest list on a spare clipboard.

Many guests, from different social groups, have to either come in to join the party because they're on the guest list or get kicked out because they're not.

It is a crowded line and mostly everyone is wearing swimming trunks. The weather outside is nearly in the mid to upper seventies, which is very rare for nighttime Los Angeles.

Karen's boyfriend, William Howard - a bald student, who looks mighty strong - is standing beside the door, wearing an all black T-shirt and pants. His headset is ready and arms crossed. He is one of the bouncers.

INT. LIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A pretty much an exclusive club-type party: lots of students are seen dancing to rock music on an open space in the living room. It is a glorious time to party.

MONTAGE:

- A group of Rebels, sitting on a couch, passing a joint.
- A couple of male students are having beer peg stands, drunk of their ass.
- Female students eating Asian food, gossiping.
- The other bouncer, Duff Collins, monitoring the party, headset ready.

The party seems pumped up. There is no Nerds in sight, sadly, because they were not invited.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. LIN HOUSE - EVENING

Continuing their checklist, Karen and Jackie finds that Tom and Reggie has finally came. Tom is wearing his swimsuit with a towel over his arm. Reggie is wearing the same, but a tight sleeveless shirt, carrying a bag of cocaine.

KAREN

Oh good! You two made it.

REGGIE

Yeah, he almost got us late.

Reggie blows a punch on Tom's shoulder, but not as hard as it was compared to meeting him last year. The girls' giggle and finds Tom's buff-ness attractive.

KAREN

Where's that other guy you'd--?

DONALD (O.C.)
(calling out)
It's time to fucking party!

Donald is on the curb, closing Reggie's truck with a loud slam. He wears his bathing suit and a Nirvana T-shirt. He bursts in the front door in between Tom and Reggie.

KAREN
(clears throat)
What's your name?

DONALD
Don Scott.

Karen looks up his name on the guest list. Donald smiles of how bad-ass the party sounds from the inside. He finds that Reggie is carrying the bag of cocaine.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Dude, what the fuck? You brought
some blow?!

Karen stops searching, everyone looks at Reggie and the bag at the same time, surprised and in shock. Reggie couldn't find the right words for the situation he is in, but he pulls it off:

REGGIE
I had to bring some supplies.
(beat)
For Steve Yorkshire.

Everyone, including Tom, starts to laugh. Reggie feels like he's in an awkward position.

DONALD
No worries, bro. Get your ass in
that party and give that blow to
Steve, whatever his last name is.
We'll meet you downstairs.

Reggie departs and enters through the party. Karen, turning red by blushing and laughing, holds her cool for a moment and checks off Don's name on the list.

KAREN
There you are. Don Scott.
(smiling)
Enjoy the party!

DONALD
You bet your sweet ass, I will.
Later, dudes!

Donald goes inside the house to join the party. Tom and the girls glare at him as if he is going to be the wildest party guest yet.

INT. LIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In a later time, we see that the guests are having a great night, having the time of their lives. Tom is currently having a chat with Donald with Karen and another girl.

The girl is named Jenny Newman. She's a junior who loves to hang out with the lower class-men. She is a red-head, thin, freckled and very easily impressed with just about anything.

JENNY

So, yeah, I have total confidence that you guys are going to ace the finals. It's not that hard.

TOM

Oh, yeah?

JENNY

Yeah, the math is two plus two.

DONALD

Math sucks. Especially Pre-Algebra. I always hated that subject.

He takes a swing off the cup of beer, which is the Tom Green beer. He takes a couple of more swings.

TOM

Whoa, buddy.

KAREN

Yeah, dude. You're going to be the first one to pass out.

DONALD

Relax, I already saw Ethan pass out upstairs. He's totally fucked.

INT. LIN HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Close on the bag of cocaine being poured onto a silver tray.

Steve Yorkshire, shirtless, wearing a gold chain and watch, leans over to the mound and sniffs the cocaine very deeply. He looks as if he just got done from smoking marijuana because his eyes are bloodshot red and droopy.

Beside him, we can see Ethan Augustine, the guy who is the first to pass out. His bottle of beer is on his side, dripping on the carpet and his mouth is drooling. We can hear him snore lightly.

In front of Steve is Reggie and two other guys, sitting side-by-side on chairs. On Reggie's left is Jackson Malone, skinny, clumsy, charismatic and a Jock. On Reggie's right is Wilson McDonald, tall, a party animal, materialistic and a Rebel.

They are watching Steve inspect the cocaine by giving the mound another smell. He leaps up and looks at Reggie.

STEVE

Is this from New York?

REGGIE

Fresh from the farm.

Steve stacks the mound with a razor blade and begins to sniff through the long line with a rolled up dollar bill. His reaction to it makes him stand to his feet and cheers in excitement.

STEVE

This is some good shit.

Happy as he ever been in his life, he waits until Reggie, Jackson and Wilson to snort a row with straws.

INT. LIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom, almost intoxicated, is walking around through the party, mumbling the lyrics to the song on the stereo. He looks around and notices someone who is familiar to him. He blinks to make sure.

In Tom's point-of-view, he can see that it is his best friend, Beverly, talking to a guy named Jeff, who has Indian features, brown hair and average-sized. When he talks to her, his hand gestures are strong, causing a huge distraction.

We can't hear what they are talking about through the loud music, but we can tell the conversation isn't running very smooth. After a moment, Beverly throws her beer, from her cup, directly at his face.

Jeff's face is now soaking wet and sticky. To his surprise, he slaps her across the left side of her face. Beverly gasps and storms out of the door and into the backyard. As Tom watches her go, he shakes his head.

EXT. LIN HOUSE - NIGHT

An Asian decorated patio that is modest to the decor. It is very stylish. There is nobody here, but Beverly. She is sobbing her eyes out, her left cheek is red after being slapped hard across the face.

She stands there. Her hands are shaking, her eyes are full of tears. From behind her, the door opens, revealing Tom, in a shirt this time, looking at Beverly with a worried look in his face.

TOM

Hey.

Beverly turns around to face Tom and turns back around to face in front of her. It seems as though she doesn't want to look at nobody for awhile. She slowly responds:

BEVERLY

(quietly)

Hi.

TOM

I saw what that guy just did to you and--

BEVERLY

--Tom, don't worry about it. Like my mom said, "Guys are jerks. Why do they exist?"

A beat. Tom, nodding his head, comes to Beverly and wraps his arms around her shoulders. She starts shivering in pain as if she is touched by an angel.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

(softly)

My face stings.

TOM

Shh! It's okay. I'm sorry for what happened and your mom's right: Guys are jerks. I'm a jerk, too.

BEVERLY

(shakes head)

No, Tom, you're not a jerk.

TOM

Thanks, but--

BEVERLY

--You're a sweetheart. Someone that I love thoroughly as a friend. I liked you until you started associating with that creep.

TOM

I barely associate with him. Yes, he came, but he's probably drunk or something.

BEVERLY

(coldly)
...Or dead.

Tom, grabbing Beverly, sprints to the nearest cover, which is a rosebud bush from the Lin's garden, they overhear something from the front of the house.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Tom, what the hell are you doing?

TOM

Shh! Listen.

The noise continues. The sound of police sirens can be heard through the street. Tom and Beverly look at each other, then in front of them.

From Tom and Beverly's point-of-view, a police cruiser parks on the curb, gets out and walk to the entrance of the Lin house.

BEVERLY

(whispering)
We better do something, Tom. I'm too young to go to jail.

TOM

I know. Follow my lead.

Tom, crouching down on the bush, creeps to the backyard and jumps over the gate. Beverly follows him and does the same. They successfully made their escape.

INT. LIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The party is still going on. Mostly everyone is on the floor passed out and dancing to the music. It plays louder than ever, making the windows vibrate.

Karen, obviously intoxicated, is talking to Wilson, Jackie and Steve on the couch, monitoring the party and slurring when they are talking.

Duff Collins approaches them. His hands begin to shake with sweat and fear.

DUFF
Karen, we have a problem outside.

KAREN
What?

DUFF
The police have arrived.

Karen sighs and leaps up from the couch. There is a loud bang from the front door. The music stops.

KAREN
(standing)
Okay, everyone. The party is off.
The police has arrived. Go hide
somewhere and do it quickly. This
is not a drill.

Everyone groans, including Steve, who doesn't want this party to end.

STEVE
I'm out. Thanks for the invite,
though, Karen.

Karen nods her head. There is another loud bang from the front door. This, now, forces everyone to take action. Everyone quietly gathers a few things and tip-toes quietly to the back door and exit.

INT. LIN HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Karen walks to the front door, opens it and finds the two policemen, standing side-by-side. Karen suddenly freezes. She is scared for life.

KAREN
Hello, officers.

POLICEMAN #1
Do you own this property?

KAREN
Excuse me?

POLICEMAN #1
(with a more authoritative
tone)
Do you own this property?

KAREN
(stuttering)
Yes, sir.

The policeman takes notes on a sketch booklet.

POLICEMAN #1
How old are you?

Karen leans back and falls silent. The two policemen waits for a response. Sobbing hysterically, Karen forces to give up.

KAREN
Okay, officers. You caught me. I am fifteen years old throwing a party for my friends as a celebration for being a sophomore, but please don't take me behind bars.

The policemen stare at each other and back to Karen, taking more notes.

POLICEMAN #1
Okay. Since you confessed, may we take a look at your ID?

KAREN
Yes, sir.

She grabs her driver's permit from her back pocket and hands it over to the speaking policeman. The policeman looks at it with a sharp eye.

POLICEMAN #1
Interesting.
(to other policeman)
Look, Doug, she's Asian.

POLICEMAN #2
Don't we eat banana's for breakfast, George?

Karen is thinking, "What is a banana?" Banana is a racial slur for Asians.

POLICEMAN #1
Sure do. Mostly dinner, though.

They share a quick laugh. Karen watches them, confused. Her arms are shaking awfully fast, spooked beyond belief.

POLICEMAN #1 (CONT'D)
 (stares back at Karen)
 Well, Ms. Lin, I will like for us
 to step inside the house.

KAREN
 Sure.

Karen opens the door. Her hands are shaking. The policemen barge inside the foyer.

INT. LIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is empty. The party is over. Karen waits for the police to take notes on the living room. She is nervous. The policeman scans the area further by going upstairs.

INT. LIN HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

The policeman looks around. This room is also empty, but Ethan's passed out body is still there. The policeman inspects him, holds his throat to check that he is breathing, which, of course, he is.

The policeman leaps up and begins to sniff something. It's the cocaine. On the coffee table, he sees the tray of coke. There is only one line and a small mound visible.

He starts to take notes and puts the cocaine into his own bag, gathering evidence.

INT. LIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The second policeman is continuing to take notes from the living room floor. The other policeman arrives from upstairs and faces the nervous Karen.

POLICEMAN #1
 Do you have a reason for the
 evidence I saw upstairs?

KAREN
 What evidence?

The policeman grabs the bag of cocaine and holds on to it for a minute. Shocked, Karen sighs in despair. She might be going to jail after this.

POLICEMAN #2

Let me see, your parents are out of town, right, Ms. Lin?

KAREN

(shaking)

Yes, sir.

POLICEMAN #1

Explain why, miss, do you have cocaine in your bed--

KAREN

(blurting out)

--It's the guest room!

POLICEMAN #1

Well, I am sure your parents are going to have a lot to talk about. When are they coming back?

KAREN

Monday morning at six.

POLICEMAN #1

Very well, Ms. Lin. We will see you then. Till next time you have a party with illegal drugs - such as this - you are going behind bars.

KAREN

(almost crying)

Yes, sir.

The two policemen exit the house, mumbling racial Asian slurs. We can hear them laugh until the door is closed. Karen watches them enter their police cruiser and drift off through the street with their sirens on.

Then, she bangs herself against the wall, hard, and slowly slumps down until her body reaches the floor. She is ruined: her greatest fears of having the police on her doorstep, while having a party, has been finally fathomed.

She realizes now that this is not a dream. This is all real. All Karen can do now is weep. Her crying sounds so loud that we can hear it echo through the house. Her emotions cannot hide after what has happened.

William, her boyfriend and hired bouncer, comes out from the back door and slams it shut. He approaches Karen and begins to hold her tenderly. She cries on his shoulders. William, understanding this as it goes along, kisses on her scalp.

INT. PARK HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Close on the clock, which reads: 1:56 AM.

Tom, finally made it home from Karen's house, is very intoxicated. He vomits by kneeling in front of the toilet bowl. His sickness is that of consuming way too much beer at the party.

There is a knock on the door: it's Tom's mother, in a very worried voice.

CAROLINE (O.C.)

Tom, are you okay in there?

TOM

(slurring voice)

Yeah, Mom. Just...

(throwing up)

...ate something that--

CAROLINE (O.C.)

--You better not be drunk in there or your father is going to get your ass kicked!

TOM

I'm not drunk! I just ate something that didn't agree with me.

We can hear Caroline's footsteps, leaving the bathroom door. Tom starts to throw up again on the toilet bowl. He wraps his head with his arms, breathing and controlling his dizziness.

INT. PARK HOUSE - TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom is laying down on his bed, trying to get some sleep but can't. He knows the hangover is going to be much worse in a few hours. He continues breathing and closes his eyes.

INT. PARK HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Close on Tom's face, his eyes are closed.

In the early morning, Tom is bathing in the tub, with bubbles. He has a huge headache. He wishes that it will go away soon, but nothing seems to be working.

CAROLINE (O.C.)

Tom, breakfast is ready!

Tom nods in an "okay" sort of way. He stays in the tub for awhile and submerges himself into the water and gets up for air. His hair and face is full of bubbles.

INT. PARK HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Wearing a shirt and his gym shorts, Tom wraps his ears with a face towel, cleaning them thoroughly, and enters in the kitchen and is greeted with the smell of omelets and bacon.

He serves himself a plate while his mother is washing dishes. They say nothing for a minute or two. Kevin is reading the morning news off the *Los Angeles Times* as a morning routine. He sips on a I Love LA coffee mug.

As soon as Tom sits, the doorbell from the front door rings, which makes everyone in the room jump. Kevin stares at Caroline suspiciously, then at Tom, who gets up and walks to the door.

TOM
I'll get it.

The doorbell rings again.

INT. PARK HOUSE - FOYER - MORNING

Tom opens the front door. To his surprise, it is his friend and neighbor Beverly. Beverly is wearing a Bee Gees T-shirt and jogging pants as if she just left from the gym.

BEVERLY
Hi.

TOM
Hey.

BEVERLY
How are you?

TOM
Fine, yeah, thanks. How are--

KEVIN (O.C.)
(calling out)
Thomas, who is that at the door?

TOM
(calling out)
In a minute, Dad.
(to Beverly)
That was my dad and, uh...

From behind Tom, Kevin walks in through the front door and stands beside Tom, looking at Beverly with a sharp twist in his eye.

KEVIN

Hi.

BEVERLY

Good morning, Mr. Park. It's nice to finally meet you.

KEVIN

Likewise. Who are you?

BEVERLY

I'm Beverly. Tom's friend from school and the--

KEVIN

--The girl from the house with the orange door?

BEVERLY

(laughs nervously)
Yes, that's the one.

The three stare at each other while this happens. It's very awkward, though, but Kevin storms off.

TOM

(sing song, softly)
Awkward...

BEVERLY

Yeah. Uh, anyway, I need you to come with me.

TOM

Where?

BEVERLY

To the gym. I know you want to spend some quality time with me, right?

TOM

Yeah. Can I ask my parents real quick?

BEVERLY

Sure.

Tom walks out of the foyer and into the kitchen while Beverly waits. She looks at the foyer with interest.

From her point-of-view she is looking at the photo frames of Tom's childhood, including the Christmas one when Tom was ten, which we saw at the opening title sequence.

Tom comes back. He is ready, pumped up and prepared.

TOM

All good. Let's go.

INT. HONDA ACCORD (MOVING) - MORNING

Beverly is behind the wheel and Tom is riding shotgun. While Beverly is driving, she smoothly does. She's just got her driver's permit a few weeks ago during the summer break. Tom hasn't got his yet, but he is thinking of getting it.

We are in the middle of their conversation. A glimpse of the topic may be how Beverly is driving to other things. It's a rapid fire session of they way they communicate with each other.

TOM

So how did you get your permit again?

BEVERLY

Two weeks ago. My mom bought this Honda Accord for like fifty bucks at a dealership somewhere around town.

TOM

Nice.

BEVERLY

Yeah. It drives very lazy, but it gets stuff done and then some. Maybe you should drive. I mean, lots of drivers are looking at you, thinking you should drive me somewhere instead of me.

TOM

For being a righteous gentleman, I suppose they're right. I am thinking about getting mine, just don't know what kind of car I want.

BEVERLY

Get a truck. My dad has a crusty-looking 2001 Toyota he made me drive one time.

TOM
How did that go?

BEVERLY
I was scared. Trucks are not for a lady, no matter what size it is. I'm actually being straightforward, you know, 'cause my dad keeps telling me about weather or not I'm going to drive something different than a Honda. My mom loves these babies. My dad used to call 'em the "slut wagon" because prostitutes love to have sex in these cars with a complete stranger, you know?

TOM
Yeah. I think I know what you mean.

Tom smiles and couldn't help himself to chuckle a little. Beverly smiles, too, knowing she's being teased, but she's already used to this.

EXT. GYM - MORNING

Beverly pulls up on the gymnasium parking lot, which is crowded with cars though Beverly finds an empty spot and escorts.

INT. GYM - YOGA ROOM - MORNING

A proper placed room. There is around fifteen women in here. It smells like sweat and grime, but a small bottle of fragrance squirts out automatically to relieve the room, smelling like pine trees.

The yoga instructor - female, Jamaican decent, five foot nine inches tall - is telling the women, now on mats, what to do during a yoga lesson. A chalkboard is seen from behind her.

Beverly is paying attention to her yoga teacher as she lays down on her stomach, arms stretched out from her torso. Tom is watching this awkwardly, but stares at Beverly's buttocks.

He overhears classical music coming on from the stereo, which is Mozart's Piano Sonata No. 11, or the Turkish march.

The yoga teacher poses a move to where the ladies in the room copy off of. Tom continues watching Beverly's buttocks. He's erection is tempting him from the inside, but he is trying to stay cool.

INT. GYM - DINING SALON - DAY

A few hours has passed and Tom and Beverly are chewing on some food in the dining salon. They are both eating hamburgers. The women from before give Beverly taps on the shoulder as they walk upstairs.

Tom nods in a greeting way as the ladies walk off. Beverly eats her burger so viciously that it seems like she has a plane to catch, which is a good thing. On her side is an energy drink.

INT. HONDA ACCORD (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Beverly is driving, with Tom on the passenger seat, from the gym. They are completely silent, but nothing seems like they gotten into an angry situation.

The sunset is blustering in front of them. They are on Sunset Blvd. They passerby celebrity houses and mansions, which turns out to be as gorgeous as one could imagine it would be.

EXT. EL PORTO BEACH - AFTERNOON

We are in El Porto Beach near Los Angeles International Airport. The orange, glowed sunset reflect the ocean's waters. We see Tom and Beverly are having the time of their lives.

MONTAGE:

- Tom and Beverly ordering cotton candy, playfully eating it.
- They are riding bikes near the skate park.
- They are splashing water at each other on the tip of the shore.
- They are sitting on the sand next to each other as the sun slowly sets through the afternoon sky.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. EL PORTO BEACH - NIGHT

It is nighttime and Tom and Beverly are still sitting on the sand near the shore line, gazing at the stars. There is nobody around but them. It is a cool and windy night. We can hear crickets from the nearby woods area.

The cool breeze hits Tom and Beverly, which almost causes a cold shudder from Tom. His arms are filled with goose-bumps, making his arm hair spring.

In the lonely sky above, we see stars and the half moon until, suddenly, a bright shooting star drift from the moon and into the ocean's waters. This causes Beverly to react to it by pointing at it until it disappears.

The moon ahead starts to glow. Clouds are approaching, but not gray clouds.

BEVERLY

Oh, look a shooting star.

(beat)

I know what I want to wish for.

TOM

Oh yeah? What's that?

Beverly doesn't respond to answer his question, but then compromises:

BEVERLY

It's a secret. I can't tell you unless you really pay attention to your life.

TOM

I do. I really do.

BEVERLY

Well, I will tell you in another time.

Tom nods approvingly. He stares at Beverly. Beverly stares back. They lean in on each other and start to feel passionate. Their lips, meeting each other inch by inch, are then suddenly connected.

They kiss with passion through the evening sky. The beautiful sound of the ocean and crickets continue to make this night pleasant as possible. Whether this is a dream or real, it is very romantic.

The sound of the ocean and crickets suddenly blend in to the squeaking noise of dolphins. Two dolphins are seen from the ocean, making honest love, with interrupts Tom and Beverly.

Beverly gasps at what she is seeing. Tom, still, looks at the dolphins with a smile on his face.

EXT. PARK HOUSE - NIGHT

It is around eight in the evening. Beverly's Honda Accord parks on the street of the Park household. We can hear them laughing inside the car.

INT. HONDA ACCORD - NIGHT

They are still laughing by hearing a funny story on the radio. Once it is finished, Beverly sparks up a joint and passes it to Tom, who receives it, inhales it and breathes out.

He starts to cough uncontrollably, but violently.

BEVERLY

All good, stud?

TOM

Yeah.

BEVERLY

I told you. I am a professional at the weed game.

TOM

Who gave it to you?

BEVERLY

(scoffs)

Karen Lin. These are, uh, leftovers from the party. I was surprised it was still in my pocket since yesterday.

TOM

Wow.

Tom is amazed, though, he is surprised that she didn't get the marijuana from Reggie, who is an addictive smoker. Beverly puffs the joint for her turn.

Tom turns and from his point-of-view he sees a shadow at the living room's window inside his house. He doesn't know if he was high or if it was actually real.

Panicking, Tom brushes off the ashes of the weed off of his shirt and sprays some of Beverly's perfume on.

BEVERLY

What?

TOM
My mom. She's in the house.

BEVERLY
Okay, stud. I'll see you at school.

TOM
Okay, Beverly.

They lean over to briefly kiss on the lips.

BEVERLY
Love you.

EXT. PARK HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom exits the Honda and gives Beverly one last kiss for night.

TOM
Love you too. Bye.

Beverly swifts off to pull up in the driveway of her house as Tom comes to the front door. He sees that the light from the living room has turned off.

He doesn't know if he's in trouble, high or what. He opens the door and storms inside.

FADE TO BLACK.

We hear typing, telephones ringing, etc. over the black screen.

FADE IN:

INT. MADISON HIGH - PRINCIPAL SHEPARD'S OFFICE - MORNING

Close on Principal Shepard's nameplate on his bronze desk.

However, Shepard sits behind his desk, reading one of his books from his shelves in his office. He reads it with his bifocal glasses.

The room has changed since Tom's first greeting with the principal: more books, extra chairs and a black drawer near the entrance of the office, which is black and very tall.

There is a knock on the door. The principal takes his bifocal glasses off and clears his throat.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

Come in.

The door opens, revealing a gray haired man, six foot tall, in his late sixties as if he has been working for the school for a very long time. This is the assistant principal Stanley Green. Green is very smart, though, and well-educated.

He is with a Rebel Student, who is wearing handcuffs on her wrist, her forearm is being gripped on Green's hands, which she finds very uncomfortable and unsettling.

ASST. PRINCIPAL GREEN

Good morning, John.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

Well, Stanley, good morning.

ASST. PRINCIPAL GREEN

Yeah.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

To what I owe this pleasure?

ASST. PRINCIPAL GREEN

Oh, nothing much, just caught this student skipping class.

The Rebel Student shrugs her shoulders. She is an African-American, thin and wears a skirt that is up to the knee and a tank top, revealing her stomach. She, then, growls.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

What's your name?

REBEL STUDENT

Kathy Adams.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

Well, Ms. Kathy. Do you know why skipping class is prohibited on school's property?

Kathy nods her head, "yes", but tries to break free from Green's strong grip on her forearm.

KATHY

Goddamn it, let me go!

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

(bangs table)

ENOUGH!

(beat)

You are going to be suspended from school for an entire week. If you do it again, you will be expelled--

Just then, the handcuffs, that Kathy was wearing, suddenly unshackles itself.

Rebellious and doesn't care what they say or do, Kathy storms off of the office, turns around, flashes her breasts and throws the middle finger gesture at Shepard and sprints away.

Shepard, unimpressed - but mostly embarrassed - shakes his head and grabs a walkie-talkie from his desk.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)
Officer Bloom, this is Principal Shepard. We got a student on the run.

OFFICER BLOOM (O.S.)
(on walkie-talkie)
Copy that, boss. Describe her clothing, over.

INT. MADISON HIGH - HALLWAY (SECOND FLOOR) - MORNING

A quick glimpse of Kathy. She punches a policeman on the face. This causes her to be slammed onto the wall with force. The policeman pulls her hair when he does so, viciously.

The other policemen and security guards start to cuff her and hold her bitterly against the wall. She can't stand this is going to be a tough moment, but there is no clean getaways whatsoever.

Blood drips suddenly from her hair, making her forehead bleed. Turning away from this, we see Tom and Donald walking in the same hallway, watching what is going on as well as other students that passerby.

DONALD
That bitch got what she deserved.

TOM
What did she do?

DONALD
She was skipping class, got caught by Green, the assistant principal and ran off with her handcuffs mysteriously gone from Green's wrath.

TOM

Wow.

DONALD

Yeah, but we have to do something.

TOM

What?

DONALD

Have you jerked-off before?

TOM

(what?)

"Jerked-off"?

DONALD

You know, masturbate. Play with your cock.

TOM

(awkwardly)

No...

DONALD

Well, there is a first for everything. No homo, by the way.

Tom stares at him awkwardly, shrugging his shoulders and thinking, "This guy is worse than Reggie."

INT. MADISON HIGH - BOYS' RESTROOM - MORNING

The restroom is not all bad, but there is a couple of urinals and stalls as if the plumber was unprepared. There is a couple of sinks, too, but they are awfully dirty and has been unused for months.

As Tom and Donald enter inside the boys' restroom, they are greeted by a very bad odor that hits them in the face.

Donald pinches his nose.

DONALD

Someone forgot to flush the toilet.

TOM

Yeah.

Tom pinches his nose as well. A Jock Student barges out from one of the stalls and starts to whistle his way out of here. Donald blocks the door to stop him.

DONALD

Dude!

JOCK STUDENT

What?

DONALD

Wash your hands, you idiot. What is the matter with you?

JOCK STUDENT

Fuck you, fat ass.

The Jock shoves him off and exits to the hallway. We can hear yells and laughter from the hallway.

DONALD

Makes me sick, man.

TOM

Tell me about it.

DONALD

Anyway, we better get going. Be sure to flush the toilet before doing "the deed".

TOM

Remind me why we are doing this again.

DONALD

To explore your manhood, dude. You can't expect girls to have sex with you if you have a small cock. Get in there!

Tom and Donald enter their own stalls, each one two stalls away from each other on opposite sides.

A few moments later, Donald and Tom are seen masturbating in different stalls. Donald whacks his penis so hard that his pleased moans start to creep Tom out, but Tom continues to masturbate.

A student, a Nerd, quietly comes into the restroom. He walks to a urinal and finds Tom's shoes, standing up. He begins to worry what is going on until he leaps up.

From the Nerd's point-of-view, he looks at Tom masturbating. We only see Tom from the head to his chest and nothing below.

The Nerd flinches and falls down on the ground and bangs his head on the wall, nearly fracturing his skull from the back of his head.

On Donald's stall, he hears what is going on. Pissed off, he tucks his penis back into his underwear, zips up his pants and finds the Nerd on the ground.

The Nerd's glasses are shattered and a line of blood is clearly visible, drooling down from his forehead to the tip of his nostrils.

Donald's bulk starts to tighten.

DONALD (CONT'D)
You little pervert!

NERD STUDENT
Oh, crap!

The Nerd jumps to his feet and runs away. Donald starts to charge after him and bangs on Tom's stall with his fist.

DONALD
Come on, Tom! Enough jerking-off!
We got another mission to do.

Tom ignores him and continues to masturbate. He loves this so far. After a few seconds, he realizes a smooth feeling: his mouth, dry and then, his first ejaculation.

Sighing deeply and well satisfied on his first time masturbating, he tinkles his tip of his erect penis and puts it back into his pants. He washes his hands thoroughly and walks out of the restroom.

INT. MADISON HIGH - HALLWAY (FIRST FLOOR) - MORNING

As Tom exits the restroom and into the first floor hallway, which is packed with mostly female students, he sees a couple of cheerleaders waving at him, but then stops walking to find something strange on Tom.

From their point-of-view, we see Tom's pants. His erect penis is showing through his jeans. The cheerleader's start giggling. They whisper into each other's ear.

Tom is finally noticing this. He walks back inside the restroom to change. The cheerleaders continue giggling.

INT. MADISON HIGH - HALLWAY (SECOND FLOOR) - MORNING

The hallway is vacuous. Mostly everyone is either in their classrooms or in the main and secondary offices.

Donald is running his life away, charging after the Nerd he has faced in the restroom. Reaching a dead-end, he finally halts on his track as Donald grabs him and pushes him on the floor.

The shivering Nerd stammers so much that Donald begins to mock him and his behavior. This is so frightening that you may flinch for a moment. Donald, suddenly, starts kicking the Nerd's gut.

The Nerd is painfully screaming up top of his lungs to stop, but Donald keeps kicking him until he starts weeping. Tom arrives in the scene, his forehead is sweating.

Donald, fists tightened, finds Tom behind him and scoffs in disbelief.

DONALD

What took you so long?

TOM

Sorry, have to take care of some
"business" downstairs.

Donald starts breathing rapidly in and out. Tom looks at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

What?

Then, Tom looks at the Nerd, gasps and realizes he is in pain.

TOM (CONT'D)

(shocked)

Is this the mission you want us to
do? Bully someone who is unarmed?!

DONALD

Yes, he is the main reason his dick
is so small. Hell, I bet his balls
is tiny as my thumb.

TOM

Relax, what did he do?

DONALD

He saw you jerk-off. The little
faggot saw something he wanted.

TOM

He doesn't want my dick, Don--

DONALD

--Fuck you! You should have saw him stare at you when you were jerking-off.

(beat)

He wants to give you a blowjob!

TOM

Blowjobs are overrated, but coming from this guy, I want to hear him say it first.

DONALD

Hear him say what?!

TOM

Saying, "Tom, I want to suck your junk."

DONALD

You're realizing that, that this faggot wants to give you a blowjob?

A moment of silence. Tom leans back on the wall next to two double doors and shakes his head, "no."

Without hesitation, the menacing Donald stomps onto the Nerd's head with his boots. Another stomp after another. This is something that Tom will never seem to forget in his entire life.

He grabs Donald from his wrists and forces him to back off. Donald ignores it and stomps on the Nerd some more. The last one is more harsh. He storms away and goes downstairs.

Tom stands there and watches the corpse. A pool of blood is seen around the Nerd's head. He is either dead or just plain injured. Tom gasps, shakes his head and walks away.

This is a disturbing sight to begin with and will startle you. After the bell rings, signaling that class is over, we can also hear a siren from an ambulance.

EXT. MADISON HIGH - AFTERNOON

A young paramedic and a couple of his assistants gather the Nerd's helpless body on a bed and puts him inside the back of the ambulance. The paramedics close the back doors.

The young paramedic approaches the mother of the Nerd and speaks to her while taking some serious notes on a booklet. The mother can be heard crying, wondering what just happened to her son.

Everyone, students and teachers, are all outside watching the paramedic and the mother talk to each other. Donald, face covered in sweat, shakes his head, not regretting his decision-making. Tom is next to him, eyes bulging.

After the young paramedic was finished talking to the mother of the Nerd, they drift off to the street with the siren blaring. It's an emotional moment for Madison High.

Principal Shepard and Asst. Principal Green watch the ambulance leave from sight. Shepard's face is pale as a ghost. He seems worried of what has happened.

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Tom is on his way home from school. He is driving in his mother's car. He drives very slowly.

Tom's eyes slowly begin to tear a little. He sniffs his tears away, trying not to reminisce of the tragic event earlier.

Then, out of nowhere, making him jump to his skin, Tom's cellphone starts to ring. It continues ringing until Tom reaches a red traffic light. He answers with a crying voice:

TOM

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. LOS AMIGOS MALL - AFTERNOON

Beverly is sitting outside a food court. She is located at a very crowded mall. She eats a turkey chicken wrap with French fries and onion rings as a side-dish.

She places five bags - from different stores, such as from Hollister, New York Minute and Gap - beside her legs from underneath the table she is sitting behind on.

She just came to the food court after shopping, but currently she is on the phone with Tom. Her eyes are wide with worry, fear and regret.

BEVERLY

Hey, stud.

TOM

Hey, Beverly. What's up?

BEVERLY

Oh, I'm at the mall.

(beat)

Window shopping, you know. How about you?

TOM

I'm driving home. It's been a long day at school since you were absent.

BEVERLY

I've heard, yeah, from Ellen that a Nerd got killed and--

TOM

--Sorry to intrude, but I don't want to hear about it anymore. I know who did it and I don't know why he did it in the first place.

BEVERLY

Who, Tom? I want to know so we can get on this bastard.

TOM

(deep sigh)

Beverly, I rather show you than to tell you. I might get blamed for this.

BEVERLY

I understand. Listen, call me when you come home. I will be on my way to the neighborhood after I'm finished eating.

TOM

Okay. What are you eating anyway?

BEVERLY

(chews food, mouth-full)

I'm sorry, what?

TOM

What are you eating?

BEVERLY

Um, some turkey and chicken wrap with some French fries and onion rings. I can't eat it all.

TOM
I'll be there.

Tom hangs up and so does Beverly.

EXT. PARK HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Tom pulls up on the driveway with ease. Once he turns the car off, he gets out and enters inside the house. His eyes are still covered with tears.

INT. PARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Tom enters the living room, which is empty. His parents are probably at work or enjoying an afternoon outing out-of-town. He slumps on the couch, face first. He is exhausted after what he just witnessed at school.

INT. PARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

We dissolve into a time lapse from afternoon to evening. Tom's parents still aren't here. Tom is snoring on the couch, fast asleep. There is a knock on the door, which forces Tom to wake up from his nap.

Another knock from the door. Tom has no choice now to get up from the couch. He rubs his eyes and walks to the front door.

INT. PARK HOUSE - FOYER - EVENING

Tom opens the door, revealing Beverly, in a night gown. Nothing too major, though, but Tom wakes up and realizes her.

BEVERLY
You look like you just woke up,
stud. Where are your parents?

TOM
Not sure. I think they're out of
town somewhere. Come in, though.
Let's watch TV or something. I'm
bored out of my mind. I don't want
to have sex. Just to, you know,
relax and put my mind at ease.

Beverly smiles. She can't believe that Tom doesn't want sex to cheer him up.

INT. PARK HOUSE - TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Later that same night, Tom and Beverly are in his bedroom watching a movie on the TV. It is the last scene from Jaws when Chef Broody kills the shark.

Beverly and Tom watch it with content, while Beverly leans her head against Tom's shoulders, enjoying the movie bit by bit. They are also eating ice cream sandwiches.

Just then, out of nowhere, to their surprise, the front door is open. At once, we hear a familiar voice coming from the living room:

CAROLINE (O.C.)
Honey, we're home!

The sound of the front door is closed. Beverly and Tom, in alarm, leaps off the bed. Tom opens his bedroom's door and walks through the hallway and goes downstairs with Beverly.

She is wearing one of Tom's khaki beach shorts. She tries too hard to pull them up to her waist and catches herself from falling on the floor.

INT. PARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In the living room, we see Tom's parents, in formal attire, waiting on Tom to come downstairs to see them. Kevin puts a vase of flowers, which he bought, on the coffee table.

In a few spare moments, they see their son coming down, followed by Beverly, who seems rather nervous about this.

CAROLINE
There's my little junior.

TOM
(waves)
Hey, Mom. Hey, Dad. Where have you two been?

CAROLINE
(scoffs)
Didn't you forget that today was me and your father's wedding anniversary?

Tom made a huge mistake and he knows it. There is a long beat, until Beverly's face meets Kevin's and Caroline's. With enormous thought, Caroline just smiles.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Who is this lovely lady,
sweetheart?

TOM

Mom, this is Beverly. A friend of
mine from school. Dad, you already
know her from last year.

KEVIN

Yes, son, I do.

A beat, this time much, much more awkward. The entire room
stares at one another.

BEVERLY

Well, it was nice to meet your
parents, Tom, but, uh, I've gotta
go.

TOM

Okay, Beverly. See you tomorrow.

As they both wave "goodbye" to each other, Beverly leaves the
house and closes the door behind her. Tom watches her go and
smiles.

From behind him, without him noticing, his parents are
scowling at him, with their hands on their hips and tapping
their feet.

EXT. PARK HOUSE - NIGHT

Meanwhile, in the same night, while the house's lights is
turned off, we can hear familiar voices having an argument
coming from inside:

CAROLINE (O.C.)

Did you two have sex?

TOM (O.C.)

No, Mom!

CAROLINE (O.C.)

You should have called me when she
was here!

TOM (O.C.)

I was asleep. She came in
unexpectedly.

INT. PARK HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The master bedroom is a small, but organized room with lots of bookshelves all over the place. The bed is queen sized with a pink mattress with wooden railings. The smell in the room is the fragrance of roses and cherries.

Tom is standing across from his mother, who is sitting on the bed's side with the lamp on dim. Kevin is next to her, reading a book with his bifocal glasses on, trying to pay more attention to the book than to hear the argument.

However, since this is a tense argument, Tom is only yelling while his mother speaks with a calm and quiet voice.

CAROLINE

Didn't I tell you about those "fast girls" during the summer? We go through every single topic there is about high school life. I don't know weather or not you were listening to me.

TOM

I was listening to you, Mom, but she's different.

CAROLINE

Yes, baby, but I want you two to go out on the town. If you get her pregnant, you'll be grounded for a month with zero privileges, including that phone!

She stares at her son, almost weeping. She stares at him very deeply and gestures him to come closer to her, which he does. Then, they embrace each other fondly.

She pats her son on the back while his head is on her shoulders.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Just be careful, baby. One more year and you can do whatever the hell you want while you're in college, okay?

TOM

Yes, ma'am.

CAROLINE

I love you.

TOM

Love you too.

They hold onto each other for awhile now. Kevin, placing a bookmark on the novel he was reading, curls up in bed and turns off the light on his side.

KEVIN

All right, Thomas. Off to bed.

TOM

Yes, sir.

Caroline and Tom break up.

KEVIN

You too, darling. I have to get up in the morning for work.

CAROLINE

Okay.

As she watches him go, Tom leaves the room and shuts the door behind him and heads to bed.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Do you think I'm being too harsh, honey?

KEVIN

No, sweetie. You are doing your job. For Christ's sake, he's not a baby anymore.

CAROLINE

I know. He's our only son. I just don't want us to have grandchildren just yet, you know?

KEVIN

I know. Madison High should have a Sex-Ed class.

CAROLINE

(curls up on bed)

Yeah, good night.

She turns off the switch on the light and smiles at us. The streetlights beam through the window.

INT. MADISON HIGH - MR. MEEKS' CLASSROOM - MORNING

Close on a banana, not peeled yet. Then, it is being wrapped by a regular condom.

For obvious reasons, this is sex-education class. A chalkboard is presented behind the teacher, which reads "Sex-Ed, where safe sex is the best sex."

The teacher, however, is bald, nearly fifty and has been teaching this subject over a month since school started. His name is Mr. Oliver Meeks.

Mr. Meeks is teaching the class about condoms and how to use it properly. Speaking of the class, it is very quiet and it is shaped like a biology lab. There is less students than a normal class present.

This is just an ordinary class though, because this isn't a graduation requirement, but it is still a life lesson of sexual intercourse and the safety procedures.

In the back of the classroom, we see Tom, Reggie and Donald, sitting side-by-side. They are snickering to each other as if the lecture is, otherwise, straight up comical other than very serious.

DONALD

Condoms suck! I want to fuck a girl without rubber on my dick.

TOM

Really, Donald? You want a girl pregnant don't you?

DONALD

Screw it! Condoms don't suck. They're just overused.

We can see Mr. Meeks stroking the banana, which is still wrapped with the condom. It looks like he is giving it a handjob, which makes Reggie burst out laughing.

REGGIE

Look, dudes! The teach looks like he's giving the banana a handjob. Next thing he'll do is give it a blowjob!

Tom and Donald shake their heads, snickering. Noticing this, Mr. Meeks points directly at Reggie.

MR. MEEKS

Mr. McPherson!

REGGIE

Yes, sir?

MR. MEEKS

Why don't you tell the class what
you just told your friends back
there?

REGGIE

(confident)

Whatever.

He leaps off the chair and walks to the front of the
classroom while everyone watches. Tom, nudging on Donald's
shoulder, whispers in his left ear.

TOM

What the hell is he doing?

DONALD

I don't know. I know for one thing,
though.

TOM

What?

DONALD

He's going to choke and I know it.

TOM

And what if he doesn't?

DONALD

(shrugs)

Then the joke is on us.

Reggie, now in the front of the class, stands still and
notices that Mr. Meeks isn't fooling around with his hands on
his hips.

Tom and Donald watch as if this is going to be the funniest
thing ever, holding in their laughter while they look at
Reggie.

Reggie laughs nervously as the class watches him, waiting on
him to speak. This happens at least five seconds because he
is starting to choke as Donald predicted.

He deeply sighs and looks at the bored class.

REGGIE

I said I wanted to know more about
fellatio.

The bored class now seems like he just became the class clown as they bark out with loud laughter. Reggie, doesn't know if they're laughing at him or with him, turns red, embarrassed.

Mr. Meeks gestures the class to stop laughing. After a few moments, the class falls silent, paying attention to hear what Mr. Meeks is trying to respond to Reggie's answer, holding in their laughter.

MR. MEEKS

Do you really want to know about
fellatio, Mr. McPherson?

REGGIE

(gulps)
Yes, sir.

More laughter, another gesture from Mr. Meeks, then, silence.

MR. MEEKS

Well, honestly, Mr. McPherson, you
should know since you brought it
up.

REGGIE

I don't!

MR. MEEKS

Very well, then. Fellatio is a
sexual simulation on a man's penis,
also known as oral sex. Have you
had oral sex before, Mr. McPherson?

Reggie says nothing and looks at the class. The females, only a couple, seem to be whispering about him. Donald and Tom give him a thumbs down.

MR. MEEKS (CONT'D)

(impatiently)
Well?

After a few moments, Reggie slumps to his knees on the floor, crawling toward his table, which makes the class laugh even more.

Mr. Meeks gestures the class to stop laughing again and the class falls silent. The teacher sits behind his desk and writes something down on a sheet of paper.

MR. MEEKS (CONT'D)

I'd like to see you after class,
Mr. McPherson.

If you don't see me after class, we will discuss this at the principal's office. Is that clear?

Reggie, now sitting, nods his head, "yes." Once Mr. Meeks finished writing, he stands up and faces the class and continues his lecture on condoms.

Reggie, now leaning on his chair, is scared, angry, nervous and embarrassed all at once. Donald nudges his shoulders and gives him a small note.

Reggie takes it opens it. It reads: "Ur a pussy."

He rips it into two pieces and folds his arms. Tom and Donald snicker a bit. Reggie finally speaks:

REGGIE

I hate speaking in front of the class.

DONALD

Are you sure you want to come to the Pool Bayou this weekend?

REGGIE

(grinding his teeth)
Not. Sure. Yet.

DONALD

Well, you have to hurry. Invitations are due tomorrow. 'Till then, the deal's off.

REGGIE

(shrugs)
Whatever.

The bell rings.

The class leaps to their feet to exit the classroom while Reggie just sits there, scowling at Mr. Meeks, who is giving some exit notes and stares at Reggie, startled with anger and worry.

INT. MADISON HIGH - HALLWAY (SECOND FLOOR) - AFTERNOON

Tom and Donald are waiting outside Mr. Meeks' classroom. They can hear that they are having an argument. What blends in is the sound of a banging locker.

A girl, with brown hair and green eyes, is trying to open up her locker. She has tan skin and the strap line of her midriff top is visible like a tan-line.

This girl is named Jessica Martin.

Tom, noticing Jessica, decides to help her out while Donald stays put, overhearing the conversation between Reggie and Mr. Meeks, which is tense throughout.

As Tom approaches Jessica, he helps her out with the locker by opening it with all of his muscle. Inside the locker itself is full of photographs of Jessica's friends and her childhood.

What's holding it in tight is the amount of books placed sideways, which forces to come out of the locker.

JESSICA

Thanks. That's the last time I ever put junk in my locker.

She grabs one of the textbooks off the floor and carries them. As soon as she looks at Tom, her emotions changes from rage to in love. She forces a quick smile.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

So, thanks.

TOM

You're welcome.

After her smile fades, Jessica realizes her friends coming out from a classroom. Her friends are Alison McGee, junior and Kristina Parker, a much older sophomore.

Alison is tall, African-American, skinny and charismatic. Kristina is fairly light-skinned, short and very much the sex doll in the entire school. She has a large heart tattoo on her chest.

Back to Jessica and Tom, Jessica writes her number down on her notebook and shows him, which reads: "555-1263. Call me".

JESSICA

Listen, uh, I got to go, here's my number. Memorize it and call me when you get home. I will answer it as soon as possible.

She closes the notebook and storms off to greet Alison and Kristina. Tom, stunned, writes down the same number on the palm of his hands with a ballpoint pen.

Moments later, the door of Mr. Meeks class is open. Reggie bursts to exit, which Tom and Donald realize that he is more red than normal. He looks over to Donald and nods his head.

Donald cheers in delight and gives him the invitation card that was in his backpack. As Reggie takes it, he starts heading to the nearby water fountain and drinks from it.

Donald, then, turns to Tom, smiling with an evil smirk in his eye and starts to laugh insanely. He looks pumped up and ready to party.

At once, hearing Donald cackle, Reggie stops drinking from the water fountain and stares at Donald. Tom looks at Donald, too, expecting something to happen.

Donald continues to smirk in an evil way. We, then, hear alternative punk rock music playing.

EXT. THE POOL BAYOU - DAY

The sun is bright. The sky is clear. This is the Pool Bayou in the richest area at Beverly Hills, California. A very cool looking place to party with a very large Olympic-sized pool behind a elegant looking manor.

Outside of the party, on the right side of the manor, is tennis courts and a golf course with elderly people surrounding the area, playing the sports.

As we continue to see the party, lots of high school students are either dancing, swimming, skinny dipping, smoking marijuana, snorting cocaine and drinking beer. It is a pretty bad-ass party.

There is a bar stool, too, with a young cocktail bartender serving and mixing all kinds of alcoholic beverages imaginable, which causes the party-goers to cheer in excitement.

On top of the balcony, the son of the one's who own the manor is looking down at the party. He turns and finds a couple of fully nude girls giving him a "great time." This is Benjamin Osborn.

Benjamin is a very handsome fellow, wearing a bathing suit over a buttoned down top and a pair of khaki beach shorts.

He has a very materialistic personality that makes him a snobby person and it is often very hard to impress him due to his parents that never lack on wealth and power.

He looks down at the party again, happy as ever that it is going well. He grabs a microphone from his butler and taps on it.

When the music stops, the crowd has given him his undivided attention.

BENJAMIN
(on microphone)
Is everyone having a great time
here at the Pool Bayou?

The crowd goes nuts. They share a toast to Benjamin. Benjamin grabs his toast and cheers to the crowd with a swing of his glass.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
(on microphone)
Let's party some more!

The music continues as the crowd cheers. Benjamin throws the mike on the ground and goes downstairs. At once, when the crowd is looking at him, he begins to charge at a certain target:

The pool. Once he find a good place to jump, he runs to the pool's diving board and jumps into the pool, causing a monumental splash! It hits every girl that was relaxing on the lounge chairs.

They scream in delight and jump in the pool altogether. Meanwhile, in another part of the area, we see Tom and Donald, drinking a cocktail, in a large hot tub with a couple of girls.

All four of them are drunk. The girl's breasts are clearly visible through the reflection of the water. The girl on the left is Alexis and the one on the right is Nicole. They're actually twin sisters.

DONALD
So have you ladies known each other
long?

NICOLE
We're twins. Don't you see the
similarities?

Donald scoots over to look more closely at Nicole and Alexis.

DONALD
Yes, I can see it. You two are
goddesses. Do you two look like
mom?

ALEXIS
 (scoffs)
 Well, yeah, obviously!

DONALD
 (smiles)
 That's awesome!

In a rapid fire speaking tone, Nicole and Alexis both talk like twins, each one finishing off their sentence:

ALEXIS
 She's the flirtatious one.

NICOLE
 She's the bookworm.

ALEXIS
 Our mom is different.

NICOLE
 She's a line cook...

ALEXIS
 ...at the local diner...

NICOLE
 ...down the street from here.

Donald leans back and takes a swing off of his cocktail, amazed.

DONALD
 Wow. You two look great, though. I can spot only one difference between you two other than the personality?

ALEXIS
 Oh, what?

DONALD
 Those!

Donald stares at their breasts and points at them. He's right, though, because one size is bigger than the other. This makes the twin sister's laugh.

Tom lays quiet, trying to laugh, but instead is left out, suddenly missing someone and wishing she was here. It's Beverly. He wishes, right now, she was here with him.

Speaking of her, Tom's cellphone starts to ring from his swimming trunks pocket. The familiar tune continues ringing.

INT. GYM - YOGA ROOM - DAY

In the yoga room at the local gym, Beverly sits on a couch, on the phone, waiting for Tom to answer, which he doesn't. With no choice, Beverly leaves a voice mail.

She looks worried and frustrated.

BEVERLY

Hey, Tom. This is Beverly. Listen, uh, I am at the gym right now and I was wondering where you are. I miss and love you very much. Call me when you get this message. Oh, yeah. I got a new phone number. It's 555-3225. Call me as soon as you can. Bye.

She hangs up the phone, looks at the room around her and sighs deeply in thought. Then, she realized what Tom is at and what he might be doing.

She stands up and walks toward the exit, continuing to mutter to herself. We can see her walking to her Honda Accord from the window's perspective.

Then, being the clumsy person that she is, falls hard on the concrete sidewalk. Ignoring this, she stands to her feet and continues to walk to her Honda Accord as if nothing happened.

She is both angry and confused.

INT. THE POOL BAYOU - PARTY ROOM - DAY

Back at the party, we are inside the manor. Compared to many places you'd expect a bad-ass party to take place, this is the one to have a night out to hangout with friends.

It is surrounded by over twenty students from Madison High as well as other teens from different high schools. The area is racially divided to its core.

The party room's arrangements is full of beer pegs, ping pong tables for a game of beer pong, a pool table and a DJ booth, which a young DJ named Clark is playing hip-hop music.

MONTAGE:

- A group of students passing each other a joint, slumping on a couch.
- Two guys play beer pong on one of the ping pong tables; seven others watch.

- A Jock gives a Rebel his first time beer peg stand.
- Tom and Donald playing pool along with Reggie, who just came in a moment ago.

END MONTAGE.

Reggie is up, trying not to have a fault, but does when the cue enters through the hole when he tries to hit a red ball toward the target, but misses.

REGGIE
Son of a bitch!

Donald is up, grabbing the white ball out of the hole and tackles his aim at the orange ball and hits it squarely into the hole. Tom claps slowly.

DONALD
And that is how you play pool.

Suddenly, an eruption from upstairs is making the party room shake like a minor earthquake. Nobody in the room panics, but they look upward on the ceiling. Something is going on:

TOM
What was that?

The gang shrug their shoulders. From behind them, Kristina, wearing a skimpy bathing suit, revealing her butt-cleavage, begins to walk upstairs to find out what's going on.

Tom and the gang watch her go upstairs, curious to see as well, but leans back.

INT. THE POOL BAYOU - HALLWAY - DAY

Kristina continues walking upstairs and tracks the music by placing her left ear on nearby doors. The music increases more and more as she reaches a door on the far end of the hallway.

On the door, there is a red sticker that reads: "Dance Room".

Kristina opens the door. We do not see what is inside yet, but we do see her expression on her face, shivering with both excitement and wonder at the same time.

INT. THE POOL BAYOU - PARTY ROOM - DAY

Everyone in the room looks up at the stairs, waiting for Kristina to come downstairs with what is going on.

When they realize that it's been a moment, they continue dancing through Clark's DJ music.

Tom and the gang continue their pool game, which Tom is up and preparing for a counter attack.

TOM

Wonder what's up there.

REGGIE

Probably a orgy or something.

TOM

I doubt it.

He hits the cue on a purple ball.

INT. THE POOL BAYOU - DANCE ROOM - DAY

The Paramore song keeps playing as we finally see what is inside the dance room: like Reggie has guessed, which turns out to be correct all along, is a very wild and packed-out orgy.

In fact, it is a lesbian orgy. Lots of girls are naked and having sexual intercourse in various positions. We see straps, dildos and many other sexual objects cluttered on the floor.

Everyone, but Kristina, is naked. Fully. Not one speck of clothing is seen. The entire room smells like sex, sweat and fear. It seems like a fun house.

As Kristina continues overlooking through the room, she finds a very good looking woman on a pole, dancing like a stripper. She is a MILF.

She looks like she is in her early forties with a body of a twenty-one year old. There is no wrinkles on her as if she hasn't aged at all. Her name is Kimberly Lawrence.

She grinds to a halt and finds that Kristina is walking toward her and that she's the only one wearing clothes. She stares at her gracefully with such seduction.

When she speaks, it is a British accent which is very soft, mellow and very seductive like Mrs. Robinson from The Graduate.

KIMBERLY

Hello.

Kristina freezes. Her mind is slowly off track for a moment and thinking, "Is she talking to me?" To her surprise, she is talking to her.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
 Don't be afraid. I'm all ears.
 (beat)
 What's your name?

KRISTINA
 I'm Kristina Parker.

KIMBERLY
 Pleased to meet you, Kristina. I'm
 Mrs. Lawrence, the only MILF in
 this place.

KRISTINA
 "MILF"?

KIMBERLY
 It means, mom I'd like to fuck.
 You've never seen American Pie?

Kristina shakes her head, "no."

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
 (a brief tsk)
 Pity.

KRISTINA
 I'm sorry, Mrs. Lawrence.

KIMBERLY
 Ah, don't be.

She inspects her clothing by leaning over. Kristina breathes heavily as she does so.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
 Don't you realize that everyone
 here is naked?

KRISTINA
 Yeah.
 (meaning)
 Yes, ma'am.

Kimberly chuckles sightly, which confuses Kristina a little bit with a puzzled look in her face like she'd done something terribly wrong.

KIMBERLY
(in a fierce voice)
Remove your clothes!

Taken aback, Kristina nods her head approvingly and begins to gradually take off her clothing. As soon as she is wearing nothing but a black bra on, Kimberly stops her with a hand gesture.

What happens next, it happened so fast that Kristina begins to yelp: Kimberly takes off her bra, but takes it off by force, pulling it off of Kristina's chest, snapping and breaking it.

Now, completely nude, Kristina feels a bit more uncomfortable now. We clearly see goose bumps on her arms and stomach.

Her nipples on her breasts are erect and pointy, which causes Kimberly to giggle. Kristina giggles, too.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
Let's dance, Kristina.

KRISTINA
You bet!

Kimberly drags Kristina to dance to Paramore's song on the stereo. The dancing is not as bad as you might think. It's pretty clear that every girl is having sex or dancing erotically in the nude.

INT. THE POOL BAYOU - PARTY ROOM - DAY

Tom, Reggie and Donald are continuing their pool game. Everyone, in the background, seems to be having a great time. Once Donald aims at a green ball, a sudden interruption occurs:

Kristina and Kimberly, naked and drunk, come downstairs, giggling and touching each other in their private areas. They squeal like girls in a Bee Gees concert.

Alarmed, the entire party room, mostly guys, watch the girls and suddenly become aroused. They laugh and cheer heartily as they look at these naked and horny girls having fun as they go back upstairs.

Steve Yorkshire, gathering some juice, taps Reggie on the shoulder and whispers in his ear. We do not hear what they are saying, however, it's clear that Reggie is ordered to follow Steve upstairs.

A nod of the head from Reggie to Tom and Donald, telling them he'll be right back for a moment.

INT. THE POOL BAYOU - HALLWAY - DAY

Reggie and Steve are walking through the hallway, but in a tip-toed motion. They overhear moaning sounds from another room, which comes from the middle door on the left side.

Steve hushes Reggie as they come across the door. There is another red sticker, which reads: "Guest Room." The moaning, inside, increases as they come closer.

They open the door slowly.

INT. THE POOL BAYOU - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Kristina, by herself, is still naked on a twin sized bed and masturbating with a pink vibrator. She moans more loudly now, almost reaching orgasm.

Her knees, which is bent, blocking anything explicit to us, but you can still tell she is masturbating with the vibrator. As she turns her head around, to face Reggie and Steve, she starts to laugh.

Reggie and Steve don't get why she is laughing, but enjoy watching her masturbate.

KRISTINA

You two better show me a good time.

Steve and Reggie look at each other, nodding in glee, and looks back at Kristina, who is not embarrassed at all. She grabs her cum-filled vibrator and puts it on the bedside table.

KRISTINA (CONT'D)

You two better have a condom. I'm not going to get pregnant. Think smart, but not dumb. Strip.

Reggie looks as though she has lost her mind for forcing him to use a condom. It reminds him of the lecture from Mr. Meeks class awhile ago and how he gotten into trouble.

Steve, however, does what he was told and strips to his boxers and relaxes on the bed beside Kristina. Reggie just stands there, watching them.

Not only he is nervous, but he is shocked that he hasn't brought a condom to protect himself with.

STEVE

What are you waiting on? Are we having a threesome or not?

REGGIE

Yeah, for sure, but I've forgotten something.

Steve and Kristina stare at him, thinking, "Don't tell me he forgot a condom."

KRISTINA

You forgot a condom, didn't you?

Reggie nods his head, "yes."

STEVE

Dude, you got to bring a condom for emergency situations like this.

(beat)

Hold on a minute.

Steve leaps off the bed and grabs a condom from his jeans pocket from the floor. He hands it over to Reggie.

STEVE (CONT'D)

This my last condom. Use it wisely.

He lets out a hand to shake. They both shake on it but in their "signature" style. Kristina, then, clears her throat.

Reggie and Steve lay down with Kristina. They begin to have sexual intercourse with her, but we do not see it as the door closes by itself.

We can hear giggling. After a moment, Kristina starts to moan pleurably.

EXT. THE POOL BAYOU - DAY

Heavy gray cloudy skies rumble through the bayou. We can hear distant thundering in the distance. Everyone outside watches the storm come in and starts preparing to exit through the gate as soon as possible.

Cars and trucks are seen on the curb of the manor, around seventy or less. The owners get inside their cars and trucks and leave quickly. The party is over. According to the guests emotions, it is very content to say the least.

The storm comes closer and closer due to the thunder being much more louder, then a downpour of heavy rain falls into Earth's soil, making the female guests gasp and cry for having their hair wet.

Benjamin Osborn, waving "goodbye" to his guests, holding an umbrella, smiles in total victory. His party was a modest success. Many of the guests are, however, glad that they came.

Once everyone left, he turns back around to enter inside the house and finds Kimberly Lawrence, soaking wet, wearing a robe. She leans over his shoulder and whispers in his ear.

What she is saying is inaudible.

INT. THE POOL BAYOU - HALLWAY - DAY

The sound of thunder and rain can be heard from inside the house. Benjamin walks to the hallway to go to his bedroom, but stops on his feet when he overhears a noise coming from the guest room.

He stays still for awhile. The noises is that of very loud orgasmic, pleasurable moans. He chuckles slightly, but then sighs deeply. Kimberly, from downstairs, watches him.

As the moans get increasingly louder, Benjamin walks to the guest's room door. He sniffs a little. The smell of sex hits him in the face. Taking a hint, he opens the door.

INT. THE POOL BAYOU - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Kristina is under the covers, again completely nude. She is moaning so loudly that the rain and thunder from outside seem to have drained a little.

There is a hump on the middle of the bed. In fact, they are two humps visible. Kristina moans once more. She hasn't realized that Benjamin has entered in the room.

When she finally realizes he is there, it is already too late:

BENJAMIN

What the fuck?

The humps from the bed move. Steve and Reggie get off the bed at once, wearing nothing but their boxers. They look nervous, muddled and surprised.

They seem to have had sex with Kristina under the sheets, but Steve's mouth is covered in cum, suggesting he gave her oral sex.

An erection underneath their boxers can clearly be seen. They instantly cover their crotch with both hands.

When Kristina stops moaning, she shivers at the sight of Benjamin, whose face is turning red in anger and rage, tempting to kick them out.

Behind him stands Kimberly, who is standing on the door, hanging a pink robe on her wrist. Nervous, Steve and Reggie have screwed up big time and they know it.

They grab their clothes from the floor with one hand while holding their crotch with the other.

STEVE
(stuttering)
Benjamin, I can explain--

BENJAMIN
(a fury cry)
ALL OF YOU, GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

Kristina sprints out of the bed. She grabs the robe from Kimberly, wears it and is out of sight. Steve and Reggie are gradually putting on their clothes.

Benjamin viciously throws his flip-flops at them. The two start to charge at the door. Steve closes it behind them. This time, after all what happened, the party is officially over.

Benjamin and Kimberly stare at each other, already pissed off at what just happened. However, she steps inside the guest room's bathroom to freshen up.

Benjamin tidies the bed and sprays a certain fragrance that smells like an oak tree. He and Kimberly have never have spoken a single word to each other since.

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ (MOVING) - DAY

When the heavy rain continues to pour down on the windshield of the Mercedes, Tom drives slowly and avoiding a car accident across the street from the side of his home.

EXT. PARK HOUSE - DAY

He parks his car on the driveway. There is nobody home.

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ - DAY

After he shifts the car on park, Tom sits there for awhile. He briefly laughs to himself, thinking of a joke that Donald has probably told him during the party.

He looks at the windshield at finds something familiar from across the street. From his point-of-view, it seems like a human-sized figure, but shadowed.

Tom wipes the windshield, finally seeing it more clearly: It's Beverly, soaking wet, wearing an Abbey Road T-shirt, a pair of jogging pants and raining boots.

She is staring directly at Tom. After a moment, she walks toward his car.

Tom puts the window down to see his friend/crush. Beverly seems to be very upset according to the facial expression on her face. Her hair is much more soaked and wet than usual.

A small rumble of thunder can be heard distantly.

BEVERLY

Where have you been?

A beat. Tom doesn't answer. Instead, he gets out of the Mercedes.

EXT. PARK HOUSE - DAY

After he closes the front door, he stands in front of Beverly. Not only he hasn't yet answer her question, he gives her a hug, but ends up rejected in the process.

BEVERLY

(more authority)

Where have you been?

TOM

(beat)

At the Pool Bayou. Didn't you see a notice at school?

BEVERLY

Yeah, I did. I thought you were going to spend time with me.

TOM

I thought you were coming to the party.

BEVERLY

After Karen's episode at her house,
I am officially done with attending
parties.

TOM

Yeah.
(suggesting)
You want to come in?

BEVERLY

(nodding, can't help but
to smile)
Sure.

INT. PARK HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

It is still raining outside. There is no thunder being heard,
just the sound of downpour. Tom and Beverly are each having a
mug of coffee, sitting opposite of each other as if they're
having a "date" at a coffee shop.

With a towel, Beverly wipes herself, trying to stay dry.

TOM

Today, I managed to meet another
person who is totally different
from Reggie.

BEVERLY

Is he better than that asshole?

TOM

Somewhat.

BEVERLY

(sightly tsk's)
Well, okay, but I have to tell you
something.

TOM

Go ahead.

BEVERLY

I'm transferring from Madison High
to the East Coast. I'll be still in
the neighborhood for awhile, then
move. It's just that Madison is a
major downpour recently.
(stares at the window)
No pun intended.

They both chuckle at the pun. Beverly sips on her coffee mug, waiting for Tom to respond to that.

He stammers a little, he finds very unsettling and couldn't find the correct words.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Are you okay with me transferring?

TOM

Sure, I mean, it's your life, right?

BEVERLY

Yeah.

TOM

Right, so I'm not going to, you know, force you to stay at Madison. It's okay. You'll visit me here and there, I hope.

BEVERLY

That's another thing: I won't spend time with you as much anymore.

TOM

Why?

BEVERLY

To focus on my school work. Next year is graduation. I want to graduate in another school rather than bland-ass Madison. The mascot, the Eagles, is so corny. Jesus Christ, Tom, this was the most hard-core decision I have ever made. At least I'm being honest with you.

TOM

Yeah, I am glad you are. I'll miss you.

BEVERLY

Really?

TOM

Yeah. I mean, you're going to leave before the homecoming game.

BEVERLY

The what?

TOM

Homecoming game. It's tonight.

Beverly takes this in awfully slow, but she gets it. As we push in on her, it's clear to us that she'll regret her decision sooner or later about leaving her best friend, crush and classmate.

From underneath the table, we can see their feet and knees touch each other. They still have feelings for each other and they know it is true.

A tear rolls down Beverly's eye as she embraces Tom's cheek. Then, she stands up, puts the towel on the table and leaves without saying a single word.

Tom is still sitting, drinking his coffee and thinking, "Did I just ruin our friendship?" He stands up, picks up the towel and drains the water on the sink.

After a moment, we hear a band playing in the background.

EXT. MADISON HIGH - FOOTBALL FIELD - EVENING

Close on a scoreboard, which reads that Madison Eagles is leading West Coast Bears "7 to 25."

We are outside the football field at Madison High's grounds. The stadium is flooded with students, teachers and staff members. There is an uproar of cheers and boos coming from all directions.

The Madison High cheerleader team is singing and dancing to the crowd, yelling "Eagles" and spells it, clapping in rhythm. Their skirts are small that their underwear can clearly be seen underneath.

The band, playing the traditional "Darklands March", is orchestrating so loudly that we can barely hear the cheerleader's chanting. The band teacher, Roselyn Marks, heavy, conducts them with slow hand gestures.

The football players gather information from their coaches. Coach Fergus, the head coach of the team, gathers his sadistic voice to look at his team with a sharp eye. He looks deadly and doesn't take crap from nobody.

The other team, West Coast High School, is the hardest team to beat during homecoming. Their coach is also cutthroat, but not as brutal and imitating as Fergus. Their jerseys are red and black skinny stripes.

At once, the teams are preparing to move on the field, ready to play on the second quarter. The whistle blows from the referee and the game starts.

From the bleachers, we come to Tom, Reggie and Donald. They watch the game, eating nachos and hot dogs with Sprite on the side. Beside Reggie is Leonard, the Fat Student from gym class during their freshmen year.

He is now very buff, strong, still heavy-looking, but still very weak mentally. He shivers at the sight of Coach Fergus, remembering his cutthroat teaching methods during gym class.

With a deep sigh, Leonard turns his back away from the field, wishing he wasn't here right now.

LEONARD

He still gives me the chills!

TOM

Who?

LEONARD

Coach. He threatened to punch me in the dick if he saw me eating foods like this.

DONALD

Forget it, dude. I mean, not like that, but grow some balls. He isn't going to do shit to you.

Leonard stares Donald's boasting, which makes him a little more nervous. He chews on his nachos.

LEONARD

(mouth full)

You weren't in gym class in freshman year.

DONALD

Dude, look on the bright side: you're fit enough to join the football team.

Leonard suddenly thinks on that for awhile.

DREAM SEQUENCE: Leonard, by himself, wearing football gear, looking straight ahead. There is a football coming straight at him. He runs around the field to catch it.

Once he catches it, his fears has been realized: an opposing team comes charging toward him with forearms bulked up.

They tackle Leonard roughly. The football is thrown out in the air.

For what it seems like a normal tackle, it wasn't. As soon as the players leap off Leonard, he is heard groaning in pain. The sight of him is rather disturbing to see: his bottom torso is missing.

His bloody and gory entrails and organs are exposed. He still moans in pain, shockingly alive. The Coach pushes through the players. In an echoing voice, the Coach yells at him.

COACH FERGUS

Get up, you pile of puke!

BACK TO SCENE: The echoing sound of Fergus yelling goes through the mind of Leonard when he shifts back into reality. Tears are seen to be rolling down his right eye.

Tom, Reggie and Donald watch him, curious to see what has happened. Tom snaps his fingers and waves in front of Leonard's face.

TOM

Leonard? Are you okay, dude?

This doesn't seem to help. Leonard, drooling, slumps on the side and faints. A loud crack from the wooden bleachers can be heard. The gang look at each other.

DONALD

Maybe he thought of being a football player might be rough on him.

REGGIE

No shit, Sherlock.

Meanwhile, from the gate, we see Jessica Martin and her best friend, Alison McGee, handing their tickets to the merchant and finds an empty spot to sit on the crowded bleachers.

Just then, eye contact has directly hit both Tom and Jessica as soon as possible. Jessica, smiling, grabs a hold of her best friend's hand as she walks up to the very top of the bleachers and sits next to Tom.

Tom, smiling as well, looks at Jessica gather her things together. Both of them are staying cool and calm, being themselves.

JESSICA

Hey, stud.

Tom, thinking, "Did she really just call me that?" is suddenly surprised. She sounded like Beverly when she said "stud."

TOM
Hey, Jessica.

JESSICA
You forgot to call me. I was worried that you didn't fall for me as much as I fell for you.

TOM
I did.
(meaning)
I really did. I just have bad memory is all.

JESSICA
It's okay. Me also. You still want it?

TOM
Sure.

Jessica is blushing. She can't believe it was so simple to talk to a guy she is crushing on. She tears off a small sheet of paper from her notebook and writes her number and a separate message underneath.

She gives it to Tom, who gladly takes it and puts it in his wallet.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'll call you as soon as I get home this time.

JESSICA
Promise?

TOM
(gestures a pinky promise)
I promise.

They both propose a "pinky promise" and watch the game. The crowd goes nuts when they witness Madison Eagles has scored another touchdown.

Boo's, from the West Coast Bears, can be heard from the other side. The scoreboard now shows that Madison Eagles is leading "7 to 32."

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And that's another touchdown from the Eagles, leading the Bears by twenty-five points.

Tom and Jessica cheer at the same time, but then look at each other arousing each other with eye contact. Donald and Reggie seem to be cheering over the crowd.

EXT. MADISON HIGH - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Later that same night, some students stick around after the game in the courtyard. Tom, Reggie and Donald stick around, too.

Tom watches Jessica and her friends leave out of the school's building and drift off to the streets ahead. Donald watches Tom gaze, which he finds amusing.

DONALD

You must like her?

TOM

What do you mean?

DONALD

I mean you "like her" like her. I must say she is cute as .

TOM

(dream-like)

Yeah.

From the curb, we see Reggie's ride has arrived: a turquoise Toyota truck. Reggie waves his friends "goodbye" as he leaves.

Tom leans over the chair, wishing Jessica was here, as well as Beverly. He hears a spark being lit. Donald is sparking up a thick, brown blunt full of marijuana.

Donald inhales the joint. He starts to cough a little, but recovers just in time. He passes it to Tom.

DONALD

(wheezing)

Want some?

Tom takes it, hides it underneath the table and starts to inhale from the joint. He is used to this. He isn't coughing violently like the his first encounter with Beverly awhile ago.

A couple of seconds later, three football players approach their table. Steve Yorkshire is accompanied by Robert, the linebacker, tough looking and Harry, the wide receiver, clenching the football on his biceps.

They notice that Donald and Tom are high and easily influenced by the marijuana that they took. Their eyes are droopy and red.

The odor of it makes the other students nearby gasp and walk away.

STEVE
(to Donald)
You got some more?

DONALD
Yeah, let me check my pocket.

From his pants pocket, he grabs another joint, the only one he has left as if he is a sudden chain smoker. He gives it to Steve.

Steve receives it, sparks it and inhales it deeply. Everyone watches him. In a second, he starts to cough. His face looks as though this is the worst taste of marijuana that he ever tasted.

STEVE
What the hell is this?

DONALD
Bush-weed, fresh from the ground.

STEVE
(to his teammates)
Taste this.

He gives it to Robert first, he puffs and he loves it. He passes it to Harry. He puffs and he hates it. He gives it back to Donald, who puts it out on the concrete ground.

DONALD
Well, Yorkshire, you don't like these plants I see.

STEVE
I like plants, but not that plant. Don't play with weed, bro. Come on, bros. Let's go to the locker room 'cause Harry is starting to stink.

They leave out of the courtyard. Donald laughs so hard as soon as the players have a good distance for them to not hear them.

Tom is in a daze, high as a kite, eyes droopy, but his eyes aren't bloodshot red.

DONALD

Jocks are nobodies. They think they're preppy, stylish and know-it-all, but they're not. They're nobodies. They're probably sucking each other off or something, you know.

INT. MADISON HIGH - MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

A barbaric, wild locker room. Many of the guys' are in various stages of undress, having a shower and wiping themselves with towels. It's the worst place to be when you're a first time football player.

The offensive tackle, a heavy student weighing around 300 pounds, walks in the middle of the locker room, wearing nothing but white tidy whities, but exposes his bare left butt-cheek.

He begins to whip nearby naked guys with a gargantuan snap from his gray towel. The guys swarm away from it. Steve, showering, watches him in disgust, wishing he wasn't going to be whipped next.

The Coach appears out of his corner office, hands on his hips. His eyes appear to be exhausted after a long homecoming game and a win. He is proud, but very grieving that his team didn't make a much more higher score.

EXT. MADISON HIGH - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Donald inhales more from the joint. Wheezing, the joint is good and he knows it. Tom just sits there, quiet as a mouse and his mouth wide open.

DONALD

Dude, close your mouth.

TOM

Or else, what, Donald?

DONALD

Or else a cricket will fly in through your tonsils.

TOM
(annoyed)
Shut up.

DONALD
Bite me.

Tom mimes biting something, but stops the moment he and Donald overhear the sound of two girls squealing and giggling nearby.

From their point-of-view, two girls, very attractive, come out through the gate of the football field. They wave one of the cheerleader's "goodbye" as they come to the courtyard.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Check it out, man. Pussy.

TOM
Yeah.

As we come to a closer look on the girls, both of them are Caucasian, brunette, skinny and adorable. They're both sophomores and they are enthusiastic about anything.

Their names are Rebecca Holmes and Lana Hoffman. As the two look at the boys, which they find Tom mostly attractive, they sit down with them and sparks a joint for themselves.

Donald taps Rebecca, who is nearest to him, on the shoulder.

DONALD
Yo!

REBECCA
(after exhaling from the
joint)
Hi.

DONALD
What are your names?

REBECCA
I'm Rebecca. This is Lana.

Lana waves shyly and puffs from her small joint.

DONALD
I'm Don. This is my brother from
another mother, Tom.

TOM
(smiling, waving)
Hi.

The girls squeal as they finally heard Tom speak. Tom can't believe that every girl he has met likes him so much.

DONALD

What are you two going to be up to, tonight?

LANA

Nothing much, you know, the usual, hangout somewhere, with someone or somebody.

A beat. Donald doesn't respond.

REBECCA

Where are we going?

Donald stares at Tom and nods his head, thinking of a plan. Tom stares at him back, still surprised.

DONALD

You'd be surprised.

We hear rock and roll music played in the background.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - NIGHT

Later that same night, Tom and Donald are escorting Tom's Mercedes to a hotel's parking lot in the middle of the night. The hotel itself is average sized, three floors high.

The two get out of the Mercedes and opens the back door for Rebecca and Lana to come out. They both seem very excited about this as it goes along.

INT. MOTEL 6 - A ROOM - NIGHT

A crumbly hotel room in Los Angeles. Nothing you would expect a very nice and modern suite, but its still pretty descent on its decor and furniture.

What seems like a normal night, it is and then some: Tom and Donald are engaged with the girls they have met on bunk beds, Tom's partner is Lana, while Donald is with Rebecca. The girls are on top.

As Tom slowly leans in to Lana, she grabs a condom from the bed. Tom notices this and slowly whispers:

TOM

I have to admit something.

Lana stares at him, smiling.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm a virgin, and uh, doing this is, you know, kind of awkward.

LANA

That's okay, 'cause you know what?

TOM

What?

LANA

I'm a virgin, too.

TOM

No way.

LANA

Way.

TOM

That's crazy.

LANA

Yeah.

(beat)

What shall we do?

TOM

Giggle and pretend.

LANA

(shrugs)

So be it.

Lana throws the condom on the floor. They both wrap around each other. Then, they look up and sees that the top bunk is moving up and down. Rebecca and Donald seem to be having vigorous, but rough sexual intercourse.

Rebecca moans so loudly that the hotel rooms nearby can hear her. Tom and Lana continue to curl up in bed together and lays down to rest their weary eyes.

Donald and Rebecca continue to have sex. We hear constant pounding from other rooms, ordering them to keep it down because they're in the middle of sleeping, but we can tell that Donald and Rebecca don't care.

INT. MOTEL 6 - LOBBY - MORNING

The next morning, Tom and Donald are drinking coffee at the lobby room. They watch the girls leave by hailing a taxi. They enter a taxi with an Arab-featured driver.

It drives away, but fast.

DONALD

That was the best set of pussy ever.

TOM

Yeah.

DONALD

How was Lana?

TOM

Not better than Rebecca, but she's okay, I guess.

DONALD

How would you know that Rebecca is better if you didn't do her yet?

Tom stares at his friend, thinking, "Did he really just ask me that, or is he being a smart-ass?"

TOM

Oh, I can tell, Donald. Her moans were like,

(moans feminine-like)

"Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah."

(in his normal voice)

That's all I've heard last night.

You two are the party.

DONALD

Yeah, but do me a favor: shut up.

Tom snickers at the joke from Donald, remembering quite clearly that Reggie said the same favor to him during freshmen year.

TOM

Need a ride home?

DONALD

Nope. I've got a ride coming in about fifteen to thirty minutes. I can wait. You should go, though or mommy is going to beat your ass.

TOM
Aw, shut up. Later, dude.

DONALD
Later!

Tom walks to the entrance of the hotel and leaves. Donald just stands there waiting.

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ (MOVING) - MORNING

While Tom is driving, his cellphone rings. He answers it.

TOM
Yo.

Reggie is on the speaker, whispering as if he is into trouble.

REGGIE (O.S.)
Dude.

TOM
(annoyed)
What is it now?

REGGIE (O.S.)
Meet me at my Cousin Roger's trailer on San Fernando Rd. He wants to meet you. See you there.

TOM
But I'm exhausted.

REGGIE (O.S.)
He's waiting.

Tom hangs up. He beats the passenger seat chair with such strong force that you can already tell that he is already pissed off.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - MORNING

A trailer park in San Fernando Road. You'd expect a red-neck to pop up at any moment at this time. We overhear country music being played at nearby trailer homes. Some residents are seen eating breakfast outside.

We can see Tom's Mercedes approaching the park.

EXT. ROGER'S TRAILER - MORNING

Reggie is sitting on a park bench in the front yard of his cousin's, waiting. The same Toyota, that Reggie has, is parked on the driveway, muddy and in need of repair of a nearly torn front wheel.

He sees that Tom has arrived when the Mercedes parks on the curb. Tom gets out, slams the door shut and approaches Reggie, arms crossed.

TOM
What's goin' on?

Reggie says nothing due to the fact that we hear an argument from inside the trailer:

ROGER (O.C.)
Get out of here, you bitch!

ROGER'S GIRLFRIEND (O.C.)
Fuck you, you fat slob!

ROGER (O.C.)
You're the one whose been some stranger at the bar!

ROGER'S GIRLFRIEND (O.C.)
Whatever!

The front door swings open, revealing Roger's girlfriend, wearing skimpy clothes and torn up flip-flops. She stares at Reggie with an ugly grin on her pimpled face.

ROGER'S GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)
Tell your cousin to go fuck himself.

REGGIE
Hell, I can't control him.

ROGER'S GIRLFRIEND
Try.

She storms off to the other side of the road. The front door swings open again, revealing Roger McPherson himself: a brown-haired, slightly overweight, goofy, badly hygienic type of guy.

He chews on a twig in between his teeth. He stares at his cousin and bumps him on the arm.

ROGER
What's good, pussy?

REGGIE

(sighs)

You wanted to meet my brother from
another mother, right?

ROGER

What do you think? You think I'm
gay or something?

REGGIE

No.

ROGER

Then where is he?

Reggie nods at the direction Tom is facing. Roger stares at Tom with hilarity in his heart, thinking, "This guy?"

REGGIE

Well?

ROGER

(to Tom)

So you're the lady killer, huh?

A beat. Tom shrugs his shoulders. He didn't know that he was.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(to Reggie)

I thought you said he was the lady
killer, dude.

REGGIE

(annoyed)

I did, dickhead.

ROGER

What did you call me, shrimp? I
swear to God, I'll kick your ass in
front of him.

REGGIE

(coldly)

Try me, weasel.

Roger grabs his cousin off the ground, but fails miserably when he realized he's gotten much more heavier when he is only centimeters off the ground.

Instead, while setting him back down, he whacks him across the face with his entire hand.

Used to this, Reggie shakes his head, can't believe his cousin, whose been bullying him since he was little, can't pick him up anymore as they both share a laugh.

Tom watches this, chuckles to himself.

ROGER

I used to bully him.

(beat)

What's your name, by the way, since prune-brain doesn't want to properly introduce a friend of his?

Tom gulps in fear, hoping not to screw up. He straightens his posture and stares directly into Roger's eye.

TOM

Tom Park.

ROGER

No way! Son of that business tycoon dad of yours named Kevin?

TOM

Yeah.

ROGER

Ain't that something, man. Small world.

(nods at Reggie's direction)

His dad works with your dad.

TOM

Yeah, my mom told me that. His name is Bill, right?

ROGER

(laughs)

Brilliant, dude. Come inside, but beware, you'll see some whores on the couch.

TOM

It's cool.

INT. ROGER'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM & KITCHEN - MORNING

The interior of Roger's trailer is very unorganized, at least for a thirty-something owner who couldn't keep it tidy in any given situations. Food and strips of paper are cluttered on the carpet.

A couple of girls, topless and with panties on, are asleep on Roger's couch. They're curled up together with their mouths drooling on each other and beer bottles on their side.

They seem like girls that Roger has had sex with the night before, which he hires mostly every weekend after a long week at work. A picture, here, suggests he works at a recycling plant.

From the kitchen, which so happens to be in the same room, Roger is cooking scrambled eggs and bacon. Tom sits on his personal living chair, watching an erotic show on the TV. Reggie plays soccer by himself.

ROGER
(clears throat)
So, Tom?

TOM
Yeah?

ROGER
How are the girl's at Madison?

TOM
Pretty average.

Reggie stares at him darkly.

TOM (CONT'D)
With the exception of just one, who me and your cousin call the anal virgin.

Roger slams the skillet he was using on the counter. Tom, thinking, "I hope I did not just say that out loud" watches Roger approach and stare at him blankly.

ROGER
The anal virgin?

REGGIE
Janet Holiday.

Roger busts out laughing. Reggie and Tom does the same. The girls finally wake up.

GIRL #1
Will you shut the fuck up, Roger?

GIRL #2
Jesus, this damn hangover is killing me.

They stretch their arms and slowly walk toward the bathroom together. The gang stare at the girls.

REGGIE

She has no tits on her. Was that Holly?

Roger is scanning through his fridge.

ROGER

Yeah, that was Holly. The other is named Tiffany. I've asked her out at the bar. Think fast, Tom.

He throws a beer at Tom and he catches it. He reads from the label.

TOM

Samuel Adams.

ROGER

Seasonal, fresh and cold.

He throws another to Reggie. He catches it and the soccer ball at the same time with both hands.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Nice, cousin! I've taught you that, right?

REGGIE

(sarcastically)

Wrong.

A beat. We hear a shower running from the bathroom, which alerts the rest of the room.

ROGER

Looks like the babes are showering together.

REGGIE

Yeah. Speaking of shower, you got some Febreze or something, dude? It stinks in here.

ROGER

(mimes fisting)

Fist yourself.

He grabs a can of Lysol from the lower cabinets and sprays the room. The odor drifts away and a nice smell finally hits the guys in the face.

We can hear girlish giggling from the bathroom: orgasmic sounds of pleasurable moaning, squealing and banging sounds can be heard.

The girls seem to be having hardcore sexual intercourse.

REGGIE

(to Roger)

You know damn well you want a threesome with them.

ROGER

Yeah, I do, but I don't feel horny yet.

Reggie shoves his cousin to the bathroom's door, open it, pushes him inside, closes the door shut, grabs a key from his pocket and locks it.

TOM

I thought he said he didn't feel like it.

REGGIE

Mark my words, my friend, he wants it. He may not be horny, but he sure loves to--

ROGER (O.C.)

(calling out)

YOU FUCKING SHRIMP! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!

REGGIE

(calling out)

Go fist yourself!

A beat.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

(to Tom)

Does he remind you of someone?

Tom shakes his head, "no." We can hear the girls' squealing from the bathroom.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Ever seen American Pie 2 when Stifler wants to do anything to sleep with those lesbians?

Tom nods his head, "yes."

REGGIE (CONT'D)
He thinks he's the Stiffmeister.

TOM
I think I see it.

REGGIE
Yeah.
(beat)
Are you coming to junior prom?

TOM
I got to ask this girl out.

REGGIE
Who?

TOM
Jessica Martin.

EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - DAY

Close on Jessica Martin, smiling at us and talking to Tom in front of her.

In the background, we see her house: a two story home with a lime green front door and brown paintings for its wall decoration. Decorations filter the yard including gnomes and other lawn ornaments.

They're many flowers and other plants that surround the area, assuming that Jessica's mother is a green thumb. Jessica's father's car, a black Volkswagen, is parked diagonally on the driveway.

Her entire neighborhood, which is very close to Beverly Hills in milage, is very quiet. We can see other people socially engaging in a barbecue cookout from two houses down the road.

The conversation between Jessica and Tom is a little dense, but at the same time, very welcoming as we are still in a close up on Jessica, continuing to smile attractively at us.

Tom's Mercedes is parked on the curb as usual.

JESSICA
You want to what?

TOM

I want to take you out to prom.
Ever since, you know, we've
connected, you've had that way
about you that I liked. Well,
loved. You see what I mean?

Jessica processes this in her mind. Weather or not she thinks he is joking or serious makes her tremble invisibly.

Finally, after straightening up her natural blonde hair, she looks at him.

JESSICA

When is the prom?

TOM

In a couple of days. I don't have
my tuxedo yet.

JESSICA

And I don't have my dress yet.

TOM

That makes us even, then.

JESSICA

Yeah, I know, stud.

Tom is clearly not used to her calling him "stud" as it reminds him too much of his Beverly Houston. They both stare at each other and the ground awkwardly.

TOM

So, yes or no?

JESSICA

I have to think about it.

(beat)

Why didn't you just call me?

TOM

I was with my friend's cousin's
trailer.

Jessica nods in an "okay" sort of way.

TOM (CONT'D)

I mean, he's an okay guy. He's just
a pain in the ass sometimes.

Jessica giggles softly, covering her mouth with her jacket sleeve.

TOM (CONT'D)
 (smiling, briefly
 chuckles)
 What?

JESSICA
 (shakes head)
 Nothing.

Another moment of silence. Jessica looks at Tom's Mercedes on the curb.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 Is that your car?

TOM
 Yeah. It was my mom's at first, but-
 -

JESSICA
 --I want us to take a spin, you
 know, somewhere to buy our clothes
 for prom.

TOM
 (processing)
 So you're saying "yes"?

Jessica nods her head, "yes." It finally worked after all this time.

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ (MOVING) - DAY

Tom is driving, while Jessica rides shotgun. Jessica is monitoring Tom's driving skill as he drifts through a shopping center at Downtown Los Angeles, which is normally packed out during the weekends.

JESSICA
 How long have you've been driving?

TOM
 Since, I think, June of last year.
 My dad thinks that taking
 responsibility is a process and we
 all have to drive.

JESSICA
 Yeah, my mom always says that to
 me. She thinks driving makes you an
 independent person.

TOM
It actually does.

JESSICA
Really?

TOM
Yeah.

JESSICA
My mom has been trying to teach me
and I've always been flooring it.

TOM
Same happened to me the first few
times. I've gotten used to it by
now. I mean, it isn't a hard thing
to do.

JESSICA
Maybe you should teach me.

Tom stares at her then back at the road again. His thumb is
thumping the wheel, beating the music from the radio.

TOM
You want me to teach you to drive?

JESSICA
Sure why not. My mom's been begging
me to do it.

TOM
All right.
(beat)
Soon, okay?

JESSICA
Will do.

EXT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Tom parks the Mercedes in front of an ordinary clothing store
outside a very crowded plaza with a food court, a GameStop
and a small park for children to play on.

As soon as he parks, the song's chorus begins to increase.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Later that same day, Tom and Jessica are shopping on the formal section of the store. Jessica looks at herself in a lengthy mirror in front of her, wearing a dark blue dress.

Tom watches her and smiles.

TOM
That ought to do it.

JESSICA
You really think so?

TOM
I know so.

JESSICA
Aw, thanks. Try some tuxedos.

In a later time, Tom is now looking at himself in the mirror, wearing a pale blue tuxedo. He looks very sharp, but in his eye, he thinks it is very satisfactory to say the least.

He gestures Jessica to say something, but all she does is give him two thumbs up and a gleeful smile.

EXT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Tom and Jessica exit the store, carrying the clothes they bought in bags. We are in the middle of their conversation.

TOM
...And then he told me that
"masturbation" was part of a guy's
manhood

JESSICA
That's sick, dude.

TOM
Yeah, I know.

Tom cellphone rings, which alerts the both of them. Tom lets it ring for awhile when he looks at Jessica, who gives him "go ahead" hand gesture.

Tom looks on the phone screen, which the caller's ID marks "Don", and answers.

TOM (CONT'D)
Yo.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MADISON HIGH - COURTYARD - DAY

Donald, along with Reggie, are outside the school's courtyard near the playground. Donald is on the phone with Tom.

DONALD
Dude, get here fast!

TOM
Whoa, whoa. What's goin' on?

DONALD
You got to get here. Something has happened.

TOM
Okay. Give me at least fifteen to twenty minutes and I'll be there.

Tom hangs up and so does Donald.

JESSICA
What's going on?

TOM
A friend of mine.
(beat)
He's in need for an emergency.

JESSICA
Is it the one you said was a pain in the ass?

TOM
That is somebody else.
(beat)
You want me to drop you off?

JESSICA
Sure, thanks.

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ - AFTERNOON

The afternoon sunset has come upon us. Tom has parked his Mercedes on the curb of the Martin household to drop Jessica off.

Jessica gets out of the car, gives Tom an air kiss and waves "goodbye" to him. Tom does the same then storms out of the neighborhood swiftly.

Jessica turns to find out what is going on, but smiles to see how bad-ass he is.

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Tom is driving through Sunset Blvd. The traffic is pretty low. The sunset is still glowing from the sky.

EXT. MADISON HIGH - COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

The afternoon sky suddenly becomes between the glowing colors of yellow and orange like it is set on fire. Below the sunset, Madison High's courtyard is seen.

Donald and Reggie are still here, sticking around until Tom comes. Donald checks his wristwatch. Behind them sits a Nerd Student. His mouth is covered in Scotch tape.

He screams through the tape, but we can barley hear him.

DONALD
For fuck's sakes!

REGGIE
What?

DONALD
He told me he will be here from fifteen to thirty minutes. It's been forty minutes past the time he told me he'll be here.

A beat. Donald and Reggie look around.

REGGIE
(annoyed)
Here he comes.

Tom's Mercedes parks on the school's parking lot, shuts off the ignition, exits the car and walks to Donald and Reggie.

TOM
What's goin' on?

DONALD
(points at the Nerd)
This.

Tom sighs, thinking, "Not this again" and shakes his head in strong disgust.

TOM
Another bullying episode, Donald?

DONALD
Not just bullying, my friend.

He grabs a .99 millimeter pistol, with a silencer, from his back pocket and locks and loads. This scares Tom and the Nerd Student.

DONALD (CONT'D)
This is what we call lethal bullying.

TOM
Dude, what the ? Are you thinking about killing him?

DONALD
Not so. He's just got to answer a few questions. If he answers one out of, let's say seven, questions right, he won't be harmed, but will be treated with just a fist or a bump of this beautiful .99 millimeter.

TOM
(neurotic)
Are you insane? What the hell did he do?

DONALD
He snitched on us.

TOM
For what?!

DONALD
Remember the night, after the homecoming game, we smoked some weed on those tables over there.

TOM
(reminiscing)
Yeah.

DONALD
He snitched on us for that, so shut the hell up and let me handle business all right?

Tom nods his head in an "okay" sort of way, but nervous at the same time.

Donald paces back and forth, eyeing on the Nerd with an evil look in his face, then comes in front of him with his knees on the ground.

He removes the tape from his mouth and knocks the butt of his gun on his forehead lightly.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Did you hear what we said?

NERD STUDENT

(nervously crying)

Is that the first question?

DONALD

That's just the first part. Now answer my question: Did you hear what we said?

NERD STUDENT

Yes.

DONALD

Good. Now, Reggie, my friend here, is going to ask you a question. If you answer right, you won't get whacked. Otherwise, I'll pull the trigger on a body part of my choice. Is that clear?

NERD STUDENT

Yes.

DONALD

Reg?

Reggie, with a baseball bat in his hand, clenches it so hard that his palms start to sweat and turn red.

NERD STUDENT

Wait, what are you doing with a bat?

REGGIE

Don't worry about it. Now, question number one: Why did you snitch on us?

A beat. The sky becomes more orange now. The wind blows harshly. The Nerd Student can't help it, but instead he shrugs his shoulders.

This doesn't seem to work for Reggie as he is about to swing on his leg, but stops when the Nerd finally speaks.

NERD STUDENT
 (scared to death)
 Wait!
 (beat)
 I did it because I felt like you
 guys were doing the wrong thing.

DONALD
 And what did Shepard say? Yes,
 that's the second question.

NERD STUDENT
 I didn't tell Principal Shepard.

DONALD
 Then who did you tell on?

NERD STUDENT
 Assistant Principal Green.

REGGIE
 And what did he say?

NERD STUDENT
 That I must have a witness to prove
 it, otherwise he'll believe it and
 expel all three of you.

Donald laughs evilly, then reloads his .99 millimeter and
 hits the Nerd on the head. The Nerd groans in pain. Tom, from
 the side, couldn't bear to watch any further.

NERD STUDENT (CONT'D)
 I thought you said if I answer a
 question right, I won't get hurt.

DONALD
 To right you are. Next question
 goes to my brother from another
 mother. Tom? You got a question for
 him?

Tom quickly shakes his head, "no." He is beyond nervous,
 furious and poker-faced at this whole scenario taking place.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 As you wish. My turn, then. What is
 your name?

NERD STUDENT
 Ivan O'Donnell.

DONALD

O'Donnell? Is your mother named
Victoria?

IVAN

How'd you know that?

Donald whacks his gun on his temple this time, which hurts so bad that you can feel it. Ivan yells in pain, his temple on his head starts to bleed enormously, but to our surprise, Donald doesn't care.

He leans in front of Ivan, knees bent to the ground, focusing on him with yet another evil glare in his eye.

DONALD

I'm asking the questions, do you
understand? Jesus Christ, you're
worse than Leonard King!

Tom, shocked, thinking, "Did he really just go there?" To his surprise, yes, Donald just really went there as he remembers Leonard being bullied by Coach Fergus during his freshmen year.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Now, let me ask you again: is your
mother named Victoria?

IVAN

(crying, softly)
Yes.

DONALD

I can't hear you, what?

IVAN

(again, softly)
Yes.

DONALD

I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

IVAN

(slowly, but a little
louder)
Yes!

Tom and Reggie begin to notice that Donald has now boiled up in total rage by locking and loading his pistol, aiming directly at Ivan's head, fingers on the trigger, ready to fire at any moment.

Tom tries to push him away, but instead is floored into the ground by Donald's defense. He is still aiming at him. The suspense is growing and increasing.

Close on Donald's finger; about to pull the trigger, which he does and...

Click. Another pull after another. *Click. Click.*

The gun is, to everyone's surprise, is out of ammo. Upset beyond belief, Donald has a much more lethal plan: with the butt of his pistol, he slams it hard on Ivan's forehead.

This causes blood to drool down on his forehead, running down to his nostrils. He yells in agony. Donald looks at him while rubbing the pistol with a white handkerchief.

Once he is finished, he throws the pistol into the ground and walks away. Distantly, he can be heard muttering to himself, cursing and angrily kicking on things that are near to him.

Reggie follows him, while Tom just stands there, looking at Ivan.

REGGIE

Hurry up, man. We'll talk about
this at school tomorrow.

Tom hesitates, then, with no choice, follows him and Donald out the courtyard and toward his Mercedes. As they drive off, Ivan can be seen holding his head in total agony and pain.

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ (MOVING) - NIGHT

Later that night, Tom, driving, is accompanied with Reggie and Donald. Donald, in the front seat, is so frustrated right now, we can see it in his eye.

As we are in the middle of the conversation between these three, the tense builds up when they talk, especially Donald, who hasn't regretted his decision.

REGGIE

Why did you try to kill him, dude?

DONALD

It was a threat. It's totally
different.

REGGIE

Be glad you washed the fingerprints
off on that gun or we'll be
screwed.

DONALD

Don't be such a total douche, Reg.
You wanted to beat his ass, too.

REGGIE

Yeah, but not kill the guy.
(softly)
You're losing it.

DONALD

Okay, OKAY! You got me.
(beat)
Once I'm at home, I'm going to
smoke some weed, take a shower and
go to bed. I have too much on my
mind. If I don't be myself tomorrow
at school, you know why. Hell, I
may not even go to the prom.

REGGIE

Oh, you're going to prom, alright.
You know you're like the
Stiffmeister in American Pie.

Donald shoots him a "are you kidding me" kind of look by leaning over the seat. He looks back to face forward. He sighs, now, in deep thought.

DONALD

(to Tom)
Just take me home.

TOM

Alright then!

Tom stops the Mercedes at a nearby house, which is the Scott household. Without saying a word, Donald gets out of the car and slams the door shut.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey, easy! I don't want car
insurance yet, buddy!

He realized that Donald hasn't replied back to him. Reggie just sits in the backseat, taking this in with a slight chuckle.

REGGIE

What an asshole.

TOM

Yeah, I guess.

We hear cheers and applause in the background.

INT. MADISON HIGH - GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON

A rowdy prep rally is taken place at the gym the next day. There is over three hundred people here. All social groups are separated, most of the time, on the bleachers. Teachers and other staff members are on the sidelines.

A teacher, Mr. Meeks, is seated in half-court and gets "pied" on by Karen Lin. She is wearing a crown, suggesting that she won the homecoming queen reward. Her jet black hair gloms like a shiny beam.

Now we are in a close up of various images of pornographic magazines being stacked on the bleachers. The magazines include *Hustler*, *Playboy*, *Oui* and *Swank*.

Tom, Reggie and Donald are on the bleachers. Donald is the one, however, who brought the magazines.

DONALD

Hustler, *Playboy*, *Oui* and *Swank*.
You two should be collectors like me to see fine pictures of smokin' hot babes naked and then some.

REGGIE

Where did you get these?

DONALD

My brother gave 'em to me. They're old, like nineties old, but they're also classics. Check 'em out.

Tom and Reggie flip pages through one of the magazines. Through the pages, we see images of topless porn models posing, a white photograph of a female teen celebrity in a bathing suit.

Reggie is very enthusiastic and zealous about this.

REGGIE

(points at a page, to Don)
Is this Tamara Holiday?

DONALD

Yep. Wasn't she beautiful in 1996?
She was like the Tara Reid of the mid-nineties.

REGGIE

(softly)
Wow.

Then, the crowd goes nuts when Karen "pies" another teacher on the court. The gang watch and cheer as well. Principal Shepard comes to the court and begins to address the school.

Next to him is Assistant Principal Green, watching the entire gym like this is more of a club than a school, acting like a bouncer. He, then, gives Shepard the microphone, whom receives it gently.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

(on microphone)

All right, Eagles. Settle down, please.

The entire prep rally decreases to a silent halt. Tom and Reggie, shockingly, pay attention, but Donald, of course, doesn't. The lights slowly turn off, which starts isolated murmurs from the crowd.

A stage light beams and tracks the principal as he prepares his speech with a note in his palms.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)

(on microphone)

As you may of heard that we had yet another unexpected tragedy here at Madison High. Ivan O'Donnell. Does anyone here know about or heard about him?

Isolated hands raise throughout the gym, around thirty or so, mostly from the Nerds; the female Nerds are seen weeping in the crowd.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)

(on microphone)

We need to have an extra, shall I say, prayers for the O'Donnell Family and the Rodriquez Family, too.

From the crowd, Donald looks up, shocked and in wonderment.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)

(on microphone)

We do not tolerate bullying, ladies and gentleman. Two death happened this year. Two is way too many. We need to stop the bullying, speak up and report the ones who bully you or see someone whose bullied in or out of the classroom.

Imagine you were bullied and you didn't know what to do, you will have to report it. Although...

Shepard's voice decreases as from the crowd, we can see Jessica Martin and her friends Kristina Parker and Alison McGee, looking around for attractive men, except for Jessica who seems to be looking for Tom.

As Tom peers down himself, hinting that someone is watching him and it was Jessica. They both make eye contact at the same exact time. Jessica smiles so hard, her cheeks turn red.

She, then, waves "hello" at Tom. Tom waves back with just the tip of his finger with a Playboy magazine on his hand. Lucky for him that he waved when the magazine shows its back cover without a design on it.

Then, an applause breaks out of the gym. The lights turn back on. From the court, the principal hands the microphone over to Ms. Dewey on the sideline table.

Donald continues reading from one of the magazines, specifically *Hustler*. The crowd goes nuts some more with increased talking.

INT. MADISON HIGH - MAIN CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Tom, Reggie and Donald are walking out of the gym after the prep rally has come to an end. Reggie and Donald peek through more images from the magazine, when Tom gets bumped into by Jessica, who just came out from the gym.

The hallway is viciously crowded and the hall monitors, from the double doors, are trying to keep it organized as possible, but fails to do so.

JESSICA

Hi.

TOM

Hey, what's up?

JESSICA

Oh, nothing much, stud. Are you ready for prom?

TOM

Absolutely!

JESSICA

Good. Me too. They say it's at the uh, cafeteria, but I got us a compromise.

TOM

What?

Jessica leaps up to Tom's ear and whispers. What she is saying cannot be heard. Tom's eyes widen as she whispers to him.

JESSICA

So, yeah. That's my compromise.

TOM

Really?

JESSICA

Yeah.

(beat)

I mean, if you want to after the dance. I'm horrible at dancing.

TOM

Me too. This is totally the first time I've danced since my niece wanted to see me dance after her ballet recital.

JESSICA

You have a niece?

TOM

Yeah, same name as yours, eleven years old, wants to be a ballet dancer. She's got some pretty damn good moves for her age.

JESSICA

That's awesome, but hey, Alison and Kristina are crushing you hard.

TOM

Who isn't?

Jessica giggles, knowing he's right and she can't help but to bite her bottom lip. They stare at each other.

TOM (CONT'D)

Shall we talk at prom?

JESSICA

Yeah, sure. I, well we, need some preparation before we drift off. I hope we become prom king and queen.

TOM

That's a little too far, Jessica, but I'll see you at prom. 6:00, right?

JESSICA

Right! See you at the cafeteria, or pick me up at the limo. You decide.

And she's off to the crowded hallway, trying to find a gap for her to exit this madness. We hold on Tom for awhile, smiling, couldn't believe how lucky he is to have such a side-chick after Beverly.

INT. PARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Later that day, Tom, with his mother, is preparing himself for prom. He stands before a mirror, straightening up. His mother fixes his bow tie from behind.

Clearly, though, Caroline is proud of her son. Her smile has never faded since he came home from school today. His father, watching the news on TV, is also proud of him.

Once Caroline finishes up his bow tie, Tom turns around to face his parents.

TOM

Well, what do you two think?

CAROLINE

(smiling)

You look handsome.

She grabs him on the cheek, teasing him. Tom almost wants to shove her off, but doesn't. Instead, he takes it, but finds it awfully annoying.

TOM

Mom...

CAROLINE

I'm just proud of you, Thomas. Just be good, okay?

TOM

I will, Mom. Trust me.

Caroline remembers, suddenly and quickly, that Tom has said the same exact thing to her when dropping him off at school during the beginning of sophomore year.

It not only hits her visibly, but it begins to haunt her.

CAROLINE
Just be careful, too.

The sound of a horn is being heard from the outside. From the Park's point-of-view they see a limo parked on the curb of the household. Donald is seen waving hysterically on top of the sunroof.

KEVIN
(to Tom)
Who the hell is that?

TOM
That's Donald Scott.

KEVIN
(contempt)
Thank God it's not that damned
McPherson boy.

A beat. Caroline and Tom stare at Kevin with an "are you serious" kind of look. The limo horn blares again as Tom escorts himself out.

TOM
Okay, gotta go.

CAROLINE
Wait!

Tom halts as soon as he is about to open the door. Caroline approaches him and puts a flower pedal on his breast pocket. Not only Tom approves of this, but shoots his mother a "what is this for" kind of look.

Caroline, understanding, pats him on the shoulder.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
(smiling)
For good luck.

Tom smiles back at her, blushes red and escorts himself out of the house. When the door is closed, Caroline just stands there, almost in total grief and sorrow.

EXT. PARK HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom walks from the sidewalk pavement to the limo to greet his friend. Donald is still on the sunroof. He is tacky, wearing a tuxedo with a pair of black cargo shorts and tennis shoes.

DONALD

There's the lady killer. Where's your date?

TOM

We're going to pick her up.

DONALD

Cool, cool.

TOM

Where's your date?

Karen Lin, dressed in a lime green skirt and dress top, pops out of the sunroof as if he name has been called.

KAREN

(cheerfully)

Here I am!

TOM

Karen?

KAREN

Yeah, this guy had the balls to ask me out.

TOM

How?

KAREN

Well, there was a lot of guys who wanted to ask me out, and, uh, I came across Donald with a whack in the arm; I simply said "yes" and he was--

DONALD

(laughs, finishing her off)

--Enterally grateful.

Tom smiles, laughing in his head; he can't believe this is actually happening. We hear pop music in the background.

INT. MADISON HIGH - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

The junior prom is very beauteous and superlative: balloons are scattered around every corner. Pop music is blasted on the loudspeakers. Students are dancing frenziedly and slowly.

A large banner on the stage reads: "Junior Class of 2005 Prom Night." It is nearly broken in shreds, assuming that Rebels have burned it.

The double doors to the cafeteria's entrance opens, revealing Tom, next to Jessica, Donald, next to Karen, and Reggie, who is wearing a very oversized tuxedo with tennis shoes and a Michael Jackson hat.

As they walk in, they are greeted by the smell of food and various perfumes and cologne. The smile on Reggie's face never left him.

REGGIE

That's ironic.

TOM

What?

Reggie points to his Michael Jackson hat, then at the stereo.

REGGIE

Michael Jackson, man.

Reggie suddenly cheers in excitement, entering the prom empty handed. For a moment, the other four glance at each other in the face. Donald lets out a hand for Karen.

DONALD

Shall we?

Without hesitation, the nervous, but confident Karen has no choice, but to take it.

KAREN

Of course!

And they're off. Tom and Jessica remain there, but we follow them to a nearby dining table. They sit opposite of each other. The dancers around them continue dancing, but also share gossip.

TOM

Quite the characters, huh?

JESSICA

Yeah. I mean, sure. I got no problem with it.

TOM

I got a surprise for you.

Tom is grabbing something from his pocket. Jessica only thinks this is a wedding ring, but they're too young to even think about getting married. It appears to be a box.

Gasping, thinking "no he didn't", Jessica claps her hands together as she notices Tom slowly opening it. It's a ring. Jessica stares up at him with a stunning look in her eye.

TOM (CONT'D)

Jessica Martin, will you be my girlfriend?

Jessica takes awhile to process this; she wants to say "yes", but her mind is so off track from surprise, that she can't find the right words to say.

Empathetic, Tom, simply, grabs the ring from the box. It's shine overflows the disco ball on the ceiling. Jessica hasn't said anything yet much to Tom's understanding.

He puts the jewelry on Jessica's right ring finger. It continues to shine. Even Jessica cannot believe he did this automatically. She looks at him, finally speaking:

JESSICA

I didn't say "yes" yet.

TOM

I know, but I know you are the one I've been looking for in my entire life.

JESSICA

You know there's a lot of girls that like you.

TOM

Not when you're involved, Jessica. You have those eyes that shows me you're faithful.

A beat. Jessica takes another moment of processing her thought. She looks at the ring, then back at Tom's face.

JESSICA

Okay. Yes. Yes, I do want to be your girlfriend.

She begins to smile, so does Tom. They lean over and kiss, which lasts for a minute or two. It is a romantic moment for the two of them.

From the dancing floor, we see Donald, with Karen's head on his chest, looking at the couple continuing to kiss, non-stop. He begins to shiver a little, gasping softly.

It seems Donald is disappointed, hoping Tom will become a playboy instead of being faithful. Karen leaps up and looks at him.

KAREN

What's wrong?

Donald nods at the direction where Tom and Jessica are. Karen looks.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(astonished)

Oh my God. It is real.

DONALD

Yep. My brother from another mother is not a playboy anymore. He's serious.

From the tables, Reggie, with a couple of girls laughing at his joke he's just told, suddenly looks at Tom and Jessica, too.

REGGIE

(astonished as well)

Jesus Christ.

Back to Tom and Jessica, they are finished kissing. They now begin to look at each other.

JESSICA

(softly)

Nobody has never kissed me like that before.

TOM

Same here.

JESSICA

I'm glad, now, that you proposed to me. Not by marriage, but, you know--

TOM

--Oh, yeah. You're welcome. I'm just in love with you.

JESSICA

Do you know what "love" is?

TOM

Yeah, an intense feeling of deep affection.

Jessica blushes red. Her mouth is wet and her lips are pure. She knows that this is the best day of her life and Tom can see it very much clearly than he has ever imagined.

As the song continues, it becomes more louder than normal. Noticing this makes Jessica smile more brightly than ever before.

JESSICA

This is my song.

She hums along the song. Tom smiles at her.

TOM

You want to go out later?

Jessica stops humming, gestures a "hold up" and grabs something from her purse. Tom waits for this. After a few moments, she brings up a single package of condoms.

This might be the most surprising thing that Tom has ever noticed. With a smile on her face and giving Tom a condom, which he receives, Jessica fondles her hands together.

JESSICA

Suit up.

From the dance floor, Donald and Karen are still watching the couple after Jessica gives Tom the condom.

KAREN

Holy shit.

(beat)

They're going to leave and have sex.

DONALD

(laughs)

Like, uh, Karen, we might do that, too, you know.

KAREN

Yeah, but Tom? Jesus, it's like he is wasting his virginity.

DONALD

He's not a virgin. Me and him had this party, and I witnessed him having sex. Post-sex, in fact.

KAREN
Wow, really?

DONALD
Yes, really.

KAREN
Wow...

On Reggie's side, he is also looking at Tom and Jessica, blown away, but very shocked about all what's going on.

REGGIE
(laughs menacingly)
Son of a bitch!

He bangs the table with his fist, continuing to laugh menacingly. The girls that are with him share whispers to each other about him, including the tennis shoes he is wearing.

Back to Tom and Jessica, they escort themselves out of the cafeteria, wrapping things up already and leave the school.

EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Later that night, we see Jessica's sliver, topless BMW Convertible approach her house with its headlights on bright mode. From inside, we can hear the radio playing a song from Linkin Park.

The Convertible parks on the driveway with a slight stretch. There are other cars here, telling us that her parents are out-of-town.

INT. BMW CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Tom was behind the wheel and Jessica is in the passenger seat. The music from the radio turns off when the car's ignition is turned off.

JESSICA
(looking through her
Convertible)
So, what do you think?

TOM
I like it. I wished I had a
Convertible. How much did you pay
for this?

JESSICA

My mom did. She said it was around
50% on sale. The regular price was
\$60,000. Do the math.

Tom simply laughs. Then, an uncomfortable silence as they
both chuckle sightly, staring on the ground.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

So, you want to come in?

TOM

I thought you'd never ask.

They both grin at each other.

INT. MARTIN HOUSE - JESSICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Just like Tom's bedroom, Jessica's room is full of posters of
many musicians (Backstreet Boys, All Time Low, Green Day,
etc) and movies (Mean Girls, The Age of Innocence, Sixteen
Candles, American Beauty, etc).

As the door opens, revealing Tom and Jessica, the lights turn
on automatically. The gloom lights reflect the room with
intensification with a very warm beam that makes Jessica
smile in her day-to-day comfort zone.

A laptop is seen on a large wooden desk with a the house
phone beside it. The room is very satisfactory and neat. This
seems like a girl's castle that one female hopes to have with
a decoration like this.

The window, across from the bed, is open, filling the room
with the breezy, autumn Los Angeles weather. Tom sits on
Jessica's bed. He is, then, greeted by the smell of Febreze
fragrance.

Tom puts his cellphone on the bedside table, looking through
the room with a smile on his face.

TOM

This is nice. Better than my room.

Jessica smirks. She turns on the light from the bedside table
and sits on Tom's lap. She feels that Tom has an instant
erection and blushes.

JESSICA

I think we need more than one
condom.

TOM

Why?

JESSICA

I can feel you. Also, I - not only want to make love - but I want to try something new with you.

TOM

There's something you should know about me first.

JESSICA

(listening close)

What?

TOM

I'm a virgin.

Jessica takes a moment to process this. Instead, she nods her head approvingly and gets off of his lap. She stands in front of him. Tom follows her closely while still sitting on her bed.

She starts to unbutton her dress, then takes off her bra and underwear. She is naked all the way through. Tom leans back on the bed, shaking, nervous, shocked.

We see Jessica fully naked from the back, revealing her buttocks as she stands there for a moment, waiting for Tom to undress, which, shyly, he doesn't. He just gazes at her.

To his surprise, her body is gorgeous and stunningly attractive with a much tan body. Tan lines are visible on her chest like she is wearing an invisible bra.

Then, moving to the bed, she curls up in front of Tom, poses with her hand on her head and starts to strip him. Tom couldn't help himself to do it on his own.

He lets her strip him until he is completely nude. Jessica grabs the condom from the bedside table and gives it to Tom to use, which he does as he puts it on.

The light slowly turns off. Tom curls on top of Jessica, then they start to have sexual intercourse. While he is on top, he feels that he is inside of her.

Feeling her, Tom deals with it and grinds slowly. Jessica moans pleurably. She grabs the nearest pillow beside her and puts it on her face and moans much more louder as Tom thrusts more faster.

Tom is finally persuaded that sexual intercourse is much more sophisticated and simpler than he had thought it would be.

He grinds her a lot now. Jessica is moaning, while he is grunting, trying to find her "G-spot" and then some, but he doesn't want her to reach an orgasm too soon.

MONTAGE:

- Tom is giving oral sex to Jessica while her knees are blocking his face. She moans pleurably.
- The pinwheel position. Jessica's lower crotch is on his, wrapping her legs around his torso.
- The doggy style position. Tom grinds her so fast that Jessica feels almost reaching an orgasm.
- The reverse cowgirl position. More moans and thrusting, but Jessica screams through the pillow.
- A quick glimpse of Jessica giving Tom oral sex, but Tom's penis is cleverly not shown.
- Tom thrusts Jessica while she is slumped upon the bed. She moans softly now. She is about to reach an orgasm.
- Tom, penis still cleverly not shown, ejaculates his sperm on Jessica's lower back. Jessica sighs.

END MONTAGE.

Post-sex, Tom and Jessica are now curled up in bed together, still naked. They are asleep.

Tom's cellphone starts to vibrate on the bedside table, but he doesn't answer. In a close up, we read a text message on the screen. It is from Donald. His message reads: "Ur lucky, dude. Congratulations!"

We continue to hear Tom and Jessica snoring. His hands wrap around her arms while she is laying flat on his chest.

FADE TO BLACK.

The sound of birds chirping blended in with cars passing by is heard through the black screen.

FADE IN:

EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - MORNING

The next morning at Jessica's house. Her Convertible is still parked on the driveway. Various cars passerby on the road. Time has passed as the weather changes from autumn to summer.

INT. MARTIN HOUSE - JESSICA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Close on Jessica's alarm clock, which reads: 6:32 AM.

The morning sun rays can be seen coming through the window like a silver lining. We see Jessica, awake and naked, crosses through to her dresser and finds clothes to wear for school.

On her bed, Tom is fast asleep. Then, his cellphone starts to vibrate, which makes him get up like his alarm clock has just been blared.

He wipes his eyes and looks at Jessica, getting dressed. From his point-of-view, Jessica puts on a black G-string, then gym shorts over it.

She hasn't realized Tom is awake yet so after putting on her trousers, she grabs a few other clothes and heads to the master bathroom, which is downstairs.

Tom's cellphone continues vibrating for a moment. He finally answers it.

TOM

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MADISON HIGH - CAFETERIA - MORNING

Donald, along with his girlfriend Karen Lin, is munching on eggs and bacon at the cafeteria. Students are seen in the background.

DONALD

Where are you at dude?

TOM

Jessica's house.

DONALD

Again?

TOM

Yeah.

DONALD

Is she treating you right?

TOM

Of course.

DONALD

How many times have you two had sex?

TOM

Does it matter?

DONALD

I'm just asking, dude. By the way, graduation is coming soon, but I got a feeling that someone didn't make it.

TOM

Reggie McPherson?

DONALD

Bingo.

TOM

He has been failing English, which is required for graduation, since I met him.

DONALD

True. Listen, another thing, you know, part two: Shepard is looking for you.

TOM

Why?

DONALD

I don't know. Maybe you're in trouble with the law or something.

DONALD (CONT'D)

You better come over here.

TOM

Aright. I'll be there.

DONALD

You better!

Tom hangs up. Once he turns around, he notices Jessica. Her arms are crossed, standing by the door.

JESSICA
 (simply)
 Let's go to school. I'm hungry.

Tom smirks, nods his head in an "okay" sort of way and gathers his things from the floor.

INT. BMW CONVERTIBLE (MOVING) - MORNING

Tom is driving and Jessica is on the passenger seat. The top of the Convertible is up. The summer breeze hits them in the face while Tom drives at constant, but mellow speed.

EXT. MADISON HIGH - MORNING

Tom escorts the BMW Convertible on the school's parking lot. We hear the voice of Principal Shepard as the couple gets out and enters inside the building from the back entrance.

INT. MADISON HIGH - PRINCIPAL SHEPARD'S OFFICE - MORNING

Tom is seated behind the principal's desk like he was on the first day during his freshmen year. Nothing has changed. Assistant Principal Green stands beside the door like a bouncer.

The principal himself paces back and forth, looking down on the floor with his thumb on his chin. He is in deep thought.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD
 Have you behaved recently, Tom?

TOM
 (self-assured)
 Yes, sir. I surely have.

The principal takes a chuckle. He continues pacing.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD
 I'm sure you have. However, since this is your senior year, are you happy you've made it this far?

TOM
 Yes.

The principal gives him a sharp look.

TOM (CONT'D)

Although I regret it now that I didn't participate in any sports at all. Coach Fergus is very ignoble, sir.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

I can't agree more.

(beat)

Have you met our assistant principal?

Tom looks over his shoulder. Green, simply, waves in delight and crosses his arms. Tom turns back to face his principal.

TOM

Once or twice. Three times now, I think, since we are here, sir.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

Interesting.

(beat)

Anything you'd like to do after graduation? We are looking for students, that graduated with flying colors, to volunteer in the office. You probably seen Steve Yorkshire working as a treasurer.

Tom nods in an "okay" sort of way, getting this as it goes along.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Do you have any questions for me?

TOM

When is graduation?

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

Two more weeks.

Tom, thinking, "Two more weeks?" is puzzled a bit and starts to feel staggered and apprehensive. He doesn't have a proper comeback as if it won't help at all.

His principal looks at his diplomas with his back turned.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)

(clears throat)

Stanley?

ASST. PRINCIPAL GREEN

Yes, John?

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

Take Mr. Park to class. I believe that is Ms. Davis classroom, right, Thomas?

Tom springs off the chair that he was sitting on. He is preparing to be ushered out.

TOM

Yes, sir.

The assistant principal, astonished, walks to his boss with a slight worry in his face.

ASST. PRINCIPAL GREEN

Of course, John, but do you remember that we finally gave hall passes to our, shall we say, students?

The principal turns, alarmed.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

What?

ASST. PRINCIPAL GREEN

We have given hall passes to our students before school began this year.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

Oh, yes, very well. Give him a hall pass.

(beat)

We have to talk, Stanley.

ASST. PRINCIPAL GREEN

Alright.

He opens the door to usher Tom out and hands him a yellow hall pass. Tom, taking it, walks out of the office and Green shuts the door behind him.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

He's a good kid; glad he is graduating.

ASST. PRINCIPAL GREEN

Pardon my asking, John, but how do you know him so well?

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

His father and I went to the same college together.

ASST. PRINCIPAL GREEN

It's a small, lonely world.
Everyone knows each other.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

You're right, but there's only one
small flaw about that, Stanley.
(smiles)
The world isn't small. It's just
over-populated.

The principal drinks himself a glass of water that was placed
on his desk.

The bell rings, much more prolonged than it has ever been in
a long time.

INT. MADISON HIGH - CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Close on the yellow hall pass, which is held by Donald.

In the same seating arrangement where Donald was calling Tom
this morning, is now with Tom, Karen, Reggie and Jessica.

Jessica is eating on grill cheese sandwich and Chinese rice
on the side. She munches it so viciously as if she hasn't ate
for days.

They are also with a freshmen girl, next to Jessica, who is
very nervous to sit next to Tom, who she finds, obviously,
very attractive. She has Mexican features with hazel eyes.
Her name is Heather Hernandez.

Donald gives back the hall pass to Tom, which he receives it
gently.

DONALD

Since when did they do this
bullshit?

TOM

Since the beginning of school. I
didn't notice any of these in the
hands of our peers.

REGGIE

Total bullshit.

TOM

Yeah.

KAREN

Be thankful that this is our last year, a few more weeks 'till graduation, so that the lower classmen can suffer.

TOM

True.

He takes a swing off a milk carton. Donald taps his fingers on the table. Jessica, finished eating, slumps her head on Tom's shoulder.

JESSICA

(whispers)

I'm full.

Tom softly laughs with her and kisses her on the forehead. Then, the bell rings.

INT. MADISON HIGH - HALLWAY (SECOND FLOOR) - AFTERNOON

Later that day, Tom and Jessica are walking around in the crowded hallway, on the second floor, with various students passing by, bumping into each other while class is in session.

It seems that nothing really has changed here since junior year. Although there is only one exception: a large bulletin board, which is placed on the wall, shows the homecoming queen: a Hispanic-featured student.

As the couple walk slowly, but steadily, against the crowded hallway, they approach Jessica's old locker, which turns out to be worn-out and full of dust and spider webs, which disgusts Jessica.

As she opens it, they encounter, not only textbooks, but photographs of Jessica's junior year and childhood, as well of her best friends Kristina Parker and Alison McGee, having some good times at various places around Los Angeles.

When Jessica looks at one of the photographs, she begins to weep. The tears are clearly seen, flowing down her left eye like a drop of rain pouring down.

JESSICA

It's too bad they're not here to graduate with me in this monotonous school.

TOM

I haven't really met them, but I'm sure they were nice.

JESSICA

"Nice" isn't a word to describe it, babe. They were the most frugal and intelligent people I've ever met and it's gone astray.

She grabs a photograph from the locker: a portrait of her friends and her on the beach, skinny dipping. We only see Jessica from the throat up, while we clearly see Kristina and Alison's bare breasts.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Oh, well. That's that.

She puts the photograph on her back pocket and turns to face her boyfriend.

TOM

I love you, Jessica. I really do.

Jessica smiles and amorously hugs him.

JESSICA

I love you too, Tom. Much more than you.

Tom smiles. Then, they start to hold each other's hand, swinging back and forth, which makes Jessica giggle.

TOM

(singing)

And I swear, by the moon and the stars in the sky.

Jessica giggles, blushes and beams.

JESSICA

Oh my God, that song was the thing back in the day.

TOM

(beat)

I want that to be our song.

Jessica leaps onto his arms. Tom, shocked and off-guard, grabs her. She wraps her arms around his neck and beams.

The bell rings. Class is in session. The hallway now is clearing bit by bit as hall monitors, from downstairs on the first floor, inspect the second by looking for students skipping class or being late.

We can hear constant running from students nearby, trying not to be caught by them in the process. This will annoy the crap out of these hall monitors. They are very strict about their jobs.

Tom and Jessica, surprised and tries to find a place to hide, they enter inside an empty room across from them, which is, to be told, as an old lecture hall center.

There is a small sign on the door, which is barely noticeable. It reads: "RESTRICTED."

INT. MADISON HIGH - OLD LECTURE HALL - AFTERNOON

The room is not that all bad. The aqua thematic coloring in filtered as the wallpaper with a lime green tile floor. The classroom itself is built up like a Harvard classroom.

A large podium is seen in the middle with a much bigger flat screen behind it. We see spider-webs from the air vents above. We can see a chair that was recently been sat on.

Tom and Jessica continue exploring the entire room with awe and wonderment. Jessica turns on a switch, which makes the entire room light up, but dimly.

Tom continues exploring until he finds a dusty, but old, textbook on the podium. He wipes the dust from its cover. The words are in gold letters. It reads: "U.S. History - A Study of Modern Life."

He turns a few pages from the book. To his moral surprise on his face, half of the book seems to be without any words at all, just blank pages. He persists on looking for a single page with words until he finds one.

It took him at least a hundred pages to reach to the first. Through the page, we see a list of words and photographs of many historical men and women of the Roaring Twenties including Babe Ruth, Billie Holiday and Charlie Chaplin.

Tom smiles gleefully and closes the textbook. Dust hits him in the face, but he's not worried about it. He clenches the textbook on his right arm.

He grabs his girlfriend with his left hand, running out of the classroom, until something or somebody stops them from doing so. This makes Jessica cover her mouth, gasping in fear.

A dark, shadowed, hooded figure is at the door. It's human scaled and very strange looking. The door opens slowly. We can see the expressions on Tom and Jessica, holding their breath in.

The door swings open dramatically. The figure is wearing a black jacket, black pants and oversized black tennis shoes. It takes off his mask, but we do not see the face. The face is pale, full of what appears to be various insects, but they're fake.

It begins to scream loudly, which forces Jessica to scream. Then, a genuine laugh from the figure. It appears to be a mask, which the figure takes off. It's Donald, pulling off a terrible prank.

DONALD

I'm sure you two have gotten scared like this before.

JESSICA

Don, you dick!

TOM

Yeah, dude. What is with that?

Donald hysterically laughs, couldn't believe his prank has finally pulled off. He closes the door and enters inside the room.

DONALD

It's just a prank, man. I'm like Michael Myers.

Donald looks at the textbook that Tom is clenching on. He stops playing now and takes off his black jacket.

DONALD (CONT'D)

What is that?

TOM

A textbook.

DONALD

I know that, but what is it about?

Tom hands Donald the textbook. Donald looks at the cover and blows the remaining dust off of it. The golden letters glow this time. He flips a few pages.

TOM

Took me a hundred pages to reach
the first actual page.

Donald, instead, reaches to the last page. He reads aloud:

DONALD

"Copyright, 1953. All rights
reserved."

(beat)

This book has been around for ages!

He, then, looks at the room. Nobody says anything to each other while Donald looks through the room with content.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Looks a bit like Harvard.

He scans the entire room. He is in glee, smelling the scent that, to us, seems like a room that will never age. As soon as he was about to approach a desk, there is a knock on the door. Principal Shepard can be heard from the hallway.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (O.C.)

I've heard it in here, I swear I
did.

In alarm, the gang decides to take action by hiding at nearby places and gaps. The door springs open, revealing Shepard himself, Assistant Principal Green and Greg Stone, an often-times neurotic and caring hall monitor.

As they sneak in through the lecture, their only evidence is that the light is turned on and nothing else. They're unaware that the textbook, that was last given to Donald, has not yet been found.

Stone is carrying a flashlight, beaming through open gaps and spaces, trying to find the ones who caused all the noise. No luck, though.

From one of the open spaces that has not yet been discovered, Tom and Jessica are hiding together. On the other side, Donald, clenching the book, is hiding as well, trying not to make a sound.

ASST. PRINCIPAL GREEN

What did you hear again, John?

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

A howl and a feminine scream. I
have never heard it this loud
before.

ASST. PRINCIPAL GREEN
 Maybe it's your imagination, John.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD
 It might be, Stanley. It just might
 be.

They continue walking around the building. Stone looks at the building with awe.

ASST. PRINCIPAL GREEN
 Isn't this place great though? Lots
 of history in this place. It looks
 like Harvard.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD
 It was built in 1948. After World
 War II, this school was once a
 university.

STONE
 And what was it called?

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD
 Madison University School of
 History and Religion.
 (beat)
 Anyway, we better get going. I
 assure you that the screams wasn't
 here. Let's check elsewhere.

The footsteps seem to drag a bit as we come back to the gang's hiding spot. They hear the footsteps leave the room, lights go off and the door closed.

Donald looks at Tom and Jessica and gives them a "the coast is clear" gesture as they slowly leave their hiding spot. In a moment, the bell rings from the hallway.

DONALD
 Holy shit.

EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

Tom and Jessica are located at a park, sitting on a bench. They cuddle with each other as the sunset from the sky slowly sets dramatically in front of them.

In front of them, kids are playing on swings, playing catch, tag and hide-and-seek and build sand castles on the sand. The couple pays no attention to them.

TOM

Two more weeks and it's over.

JESSICA

Yeah, wow, hard to believe that graduation is upon us. I just didn't get into this school that well, you know, 'cause it's flawed.

TOM

Yeah, I know.

There is a short beat between them, even though they are smiling and staring at the ground all at once.

JESSICA

What college are you going to?

Tom shrugs his shoulders.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What? You don't know? Well, I'm going to--

Tom hushes her lips as soon as possible, then, softly, pinches it.

TOM

Tell me after graduation.

Jessica blinks multiple times, trying to process this as soon as she can, but ends up falling short when Tom's attractiveness becomes a distraction to her.

JESSICA

(blushes)

Are you sure?

TOM

Yeah.

She grabs his wrist and tightens it in a loving and caring way.

JESSICA

Well, it's in two weeks. You better decide before graduation. There's lots of them out there.

Tom can't help but to smile at her.

TOM

I will decide when the time is right.

Like you said, they're millions of them out there. Maybe I want to go to the same college as you.

Jessica leans over to him tenderly.

JESSICA

Just do some research, okay, babe?

TOM

(simply)

Okay.

They tenderly kiss each other when the sun is in between their faces, glistening the scene, making it romantic as possible.

INT. PARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Later that same day, Tom is typing and searching for colleges on his computer, which is on his lap. His father is across from him, on a living chair, reading yet another segment of the *Los Angeles Times*.

Tom scrolls down on a search engine site of various colleges to choose from including UCLA, Harvard University, Yale and University of Florida.

In another tab, which is placed on the top left corner, is a porno site that he frequently sometimes visits. He closes the tab with just a tap of the mouse.

A page of UCLA.edu is shown. It has a blue background, showing us various options for Tom to choose from. He clicks on "Academics" on top of the page.

Another page is shown of photographs of UCLA's honor students, sororities and fraternities. A Nerd is shown in a photograph of him receiving his first scholarship in Communications.

This has Tom triggered for a bit as he looks more closely at the scholarship. Afterwards, he exits the page and turns his computer off by closing his laptop.

He looks at his father, thinking, "If he went to UCLA, maybe I should go to UCLA, too." He gets up from the couch and heads to his bedroom, carrying his laptop with him.

Kevin, suspiciously, watches his son leave, then back to reading a segment of the *Los Angeles Times*.

INT. PARK HOUSE - TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom, sitting on the side of his bed by the window, watches "Hey Arnold" on TV. Then his cellphone blares a very earsplitting ringtone.

Without any choice at all, he grabs his cellphone from the bedside table and looks at the caller's ID: Jessica. He answers it.

TOM

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARTIN HOUSE - JESSICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On her laptop and behind her desk, Jessica is searching through UCLA's website on the new Internet Explorer application. She is on her cellphone with Tom.

JESSICA

Hey love. I think I have found the right college for us.

TOM

Oh, yeah, where?

JESSICA

Think about it. It's just around the corner from Madison.

TOM

UCLA?!

JESSICA

Right! Isn't that what you were thinking?

TOM

I mean, yeah.

(meaning)

Sure. I would love to go to UCLA and have a scholarship over there.

JESSICA

Me too. Have you found out what major you want to pursue in?

TOM

Not exactly. How about you?

JESSICA
Cosmetology.

Tom laughs at this, thinking this a joke to him, but Jessica is very serious about this. She clicks on another tab of a Wikipedia article about the history of Cosmetology.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(chuckles)
What?

TOM
(sarcastically)
You and space do not mix with each other. It's like boiled eggs with mashed potatoes.

Jessica chortles at Tom's original, sarcastic remark to her major, covering her mouth so she won't sound loud.

JESSICA
You dimwit, that I love,
Cosmetology isn't space
exploration.

TOM
(smiles)
I was being sarcastic.

JESSICA
(wipes her tears)
I know. It's so clever and
hilarious...

TOM
...And original.

JESSICA
Yes, very original. Anyway, yes, I
am going to pursue in that major.
Fashion is my thing, I don't know
why.

TOM
It's because you're good at it,
babe.

What Tom cannot see behind him is his mother, Caroline, coming in through his door and enters inside slowly. She crosses her arms and looks at his son.

JESSICA
Yeah, I've got lots of plans for us
at UCLA.

TOM

Look forward to it.

He finally realized his mother is there as he turns around his bed, staring at her as if seeing a total stalker.

JESSICA

I've got to go. I'll speak to you soon, babe.

TOM

Okay, me too.

JESSICA

Love you.

Tom says nothing after that and hangs up. Jessica knows something is up, but hangs up as well and continues browsing on her laptop.

Tom's mother is still watching him.

CAROLINE

Come downstairs; your father and I got to talk to you.

TOM

(suspiciously)
About what?

INT. PARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Later that night, Tom and his parents are having a huge discussion. It's not an argument, though. Tom is seated on the couch.

His mother is sitting on the stairs, transfixing her fingernails while Kevin is massaging her tensed up shoulders.

KEVIN

What school do you want to go to, son?

TOM

(simply)
I want to attend UCLA.

A beat. Kevin and Caroline glance at each other, then Kevin's face turns back to his son.

KEVIN

Well, son, I am proud of you attending UCLA, but I can see you majoring in the same degree your principal and I've done.

Tom is quiet for a moment, trying to take this in the best way possible, then:

TOM

And what if I don't get a scholarship, Dad?

Kevin stops massaging his wife's shoulders. He walks toward his son, patting and clenching him on his right shoulder.

KEVIN

I don't mind if you don't have a scholarship, son. Just focus on getting that high school diploma and your mother and I will be more than proud.

Tom smiles, takes in a chuckle for his father and stares at his mother, waiting for her to speak, which she does. She stands up and wraps her arms around her son from behind.

CAROLINE

We are proud of you. I just hope to see you graduate.

KEVIN

With flying colors.

Tom can't help but to smile. His parents walk to the kitchen for a midnight snack, which is coffee-flavored ice cream. Then, they come back to the living room.

Tom is still sitting on the couch, thinking about his future life. Not only he is in tremendous thought, but his brains is like a ticking clock, ready to explode like a volcano.

A beat. Tom smiles meaningfully, looking at his parents.

TOM

Mom, Dad?

Caroline and Kevin stare at their son.

TOM (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thank you so much for being such supportive, you know, parents for being there for me and doing the best you can to raise me for eighteen years.

(then, softly)

I'm just eternally grateful 'cause, in this generation we live in, parents will never discipline their child or children to find the right path. Children these days are into video games and not books, being on their cellphones rather than hanging out with their parents. It's sad, you know, 'cause I want to be somebody, but I know a somebody from school who will do anything to change the world we live in, but he's like, uh, a troublemaker. I'm hoping he changes.

Again, they stare at each other. With a pat on the shoulder from his father, Tom stands and walks upstairs to his room. We can hear that the door is closed.

His parents watch one another, taking small bites from their ice cream.

CAROLINE

I hope he is graduating.

We can hear isolated applause in the background.

INT. MADISON HIGH - AUDITORIUM - MORNING

A few days has passed and it's Graduation Day at Madison High School. The class of 2005 is preparing to receive their diplomas, scholarships and other certificates.

On stage, we see the graduating class themselves, wearing their dark green and amber cap and gowns, sitting on chairs. Over a hundred or so are graduating, at least according to its estimate amount.

In front of the seats stand the Valedictorian (Mary Tucker, Hispanic features, thin and a Rebel) and Salutatorian. (Lincoln Baker, African American, also thin and a Nerd)

In the audience, which is a lot of people including parents, siblings, teachers and friends, sits Principal Shepard in the front, arms folded, ready to see the ones who made it.

Also in the crowd, sits Reggie McPherson, obviously didn't graduate. He is talking to his little brother on his right, explaining to him why he didn't graduate with his friends on stage. His emotions are dreading in his eye.

In the seats on stage, Tom and Jessica are in the middle row, looking exhausted after, what we assume, a party from the night before. When names are being called, applause, either isolated and rowdy, can be heard.

In the audience section, we see Tom's parents: Caroline is sobbing, carrying a handkerchief, wiping her tears. Kevin, however, is smiling and looking at the auditorium with an easily impressed look on his face.

Back on the stage, Don Scott and Karen Lin are whispering at each other's ear when they see a Nerd, which is in front of them, has a huge patch on his back pocket, revealing his polka-dot boxers.

The one announcing the names is Maxwell Stephenson, a college-bound freshmen, whom graduated at Madison High with a scholarship in Science and his social group is a Nerd. He is blonde, pale-skinned and has a deep and shallow voice.

Continuing the names, he looks at a card which he is holding, telling everyone in the audience the name on the card.

MAXWELL

(on microphone)

Jessica Martin, high school diploma, scholarship in UCLA with a major in Cosmology, with a 4.2 Grade Point Average. Way to go!

There is roaring applause from the audience.

JESSICA

I did it! Yay!

She stands up in front of Tom, who gives her a standing ovation, and walks to the front of the stage, gives Maxwell a firm handshake and - out of nowhere - begins dancing for the crowd and gets her diploma.

We hear laughter and more roaring applause as she walks off to sit next to Tom again. Tom gives her a thumbs up and hugs her around the shoulders. He is clearly proud of her.

TOM

I love you. Congratulations, babe.
You did it!

JESSICA

I love you, too, babe.

She smiles at him with a slight blush on her cheeks. They both kiss, embrace and hug all at once. Then, we hear another name from Maxwell being called:

MAXWELL

(on microphone)

Donald Scott, high school diploma,
with a Grade Point Average of 3.8.
Good job, buddy!

The audience erupts as Donald runs to grab his diploma, but makes a move that makes Principal Shepard shake his head. He suddenly uses the middle finger gesture and storms back off to his seat.

He notices Tom and Jessica there, clapping as well at him.

DONALD

Told you I'll do it, fuckers.

He laughs and sits back down with Karen and kisses her passionately and dearly.

In the audience, Reggie is seen with a standing ovation, cheering enthusiastically and rowdy. His cousin, Roger, next to him, forces him to sit down.

ROGER

Sit down, asshole. You're not
there. You're an embarrassment to
society right now.

REGGIE

(mimes fisting)

Go fist yourself!

Roger groans in disbelief, believing to himself that he made that remark up, but he can't believe his own cousin is using it.

At this point, we can't hear the names being called, though, we can only know the reactions from the audience. After a few more names being called out, Maxwell reads a card, but takes his time with it.

MAXWELL

(softly)

That lucky son of a bitch.

The crowd goes very quiet now, waiting for the name to be announced.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

(then, on microphone)

Steve Yorkshire! Come on down, my friend. High school diploma, scholarships from University of Florida and UCLA with majors in Professional Sports and Business. A Grade Point Average of 4.2 and a half. My man, Steve Yorkshire! Quarterback of the Eagles! Homecoming King! Get 'em up, get 'em up! Represent!

The entire room bursts into a rowdy, sensational applause with a standing ovation from all sorts of directions. It sounds like an earthquake has just lit the building.

Steve Yorkshire comes on stage, shakes Maxwell's hand and gets his certificates. With a dance move like no other, the crowd could not bare to stop clapping.

Steve faces the crowd and waves his hand around. He goes back to his seat the moment the crowd's applause start to decrease and the music to stop playing, which it does eventually.

In a dissolved time lapse, which is about two minutes past, Maxwell reads the last few cards from his hand and yells out a name, which is unheard at this point.

Tom approaches the stage, gets his diploma and waves at the cheering audience in front of him. He is obviously very happy and proud of his accomplishment.

In the audience, we see his parents, clapping for him with a standing ovation. Caroline is wiping off the tears in her eyes and smiles gleefully at him, giving him an air kiss.

Back on the stage, Tom continues waving at the crowd, then prepares to take his seat.

Another a dissolved time lapse, Maxwell is on the podium, still, looking at the audience with a very strong gleeful smile upon his face.

The crowd falls silent. They are listening and watching him very closely.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

(on microphone)

Ladies and gentleman, the Madison High graduates of 2005. Now a word from Principal Shepard.

Isolated applause. The principal comes to the stage, shakes Maxwell's hand and stands at the podium before the audience. He beams at them with a look on his face of eternal happiness.

He takes a sheet of paper from his suit pocket and lays it on the podium.

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD

(on microphone)

I am pleased to see the graduating class of 2005. May God bless all of you. You made it. I would like to share you a poem I knew from a friend of mine:

(recites)

A celebration. A time for looking back on lessons learned, adventures shared, bright moments filled with special meaning. A farewell.

We show the graduates emotions, from happy to sad, as Shepard continues the poem:

PRINCIPAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)

(on microphone)

A time for saying goodbye to old friends, to good times you've known. a time for packing away memories, treasures for tomorrow. A beginning. A time for looking forward, a time to set new goals, to dream new dreams, to try your wings to see what lies beyond.

Once he ends the poem, the crowd begins to clap meaningfully. The principal continues his speech, but it is inaudible. Like a flash of light, the screen turns white.

EXT. MADISON HIGH - COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

The graduation program is over.

The crowd, graduates and Madison High's staff are having a cookout feast in the courtyard, munching on some grilled foods such as hamburgers and hot dogs.

The sound of music, playing the ragtime piano of "The Entertainer", can be heard distantly.

Tom and Jessica, isolated from the crowd, are looking at each other. Tom embraces her cheek. They are still wearing their cap and gowns.

TOM
Well, we've done it.

JESSICA
And then some.

TOM
Are you ready for college in a few months?

Jessica stares at him.

TOM (CONT'D)
I mean, fall semester is the first semester I think.

JESSICA
It is, but I think we should try spring.

TOM
Really?

JESSICA
Yeah, I mean, the weather during the springtime is gorgeous. You should know that.

TOM
Of course I know that. God, I am such a dimwit.

JESSICA
A loved dimwit.

They snicker a little while as Tom's parents suddenly approach the couple with a warm, yet uncomfortable, way of welcoming.

CAROLINE
Thomas, we are so proud of you!

KEVIN
Yes, son, but don't screw up in college.

His parents laugh at the remark. Tom slightly chuckles, trying to ease this in. Without thinking, he seems he'd forgotten something:

TOM
Sorry, Jessica. These are my parents. Mom, Dad, this is my girlfriend Jessica.

Jessica waves "hello" in a very proper way of greeting. Kevin and Caroline wave "hello" back to her, shaking her hand firmly.

KEVIN

Nice to meet you and
congratulations as well, Jessica.

She nods in a "thank you" sort of way, but Caroline seems to disapprove just by looking at her, but deals with it calmly as she shoves a gawky smile on her face.

CAROLINE

(to Tom)
See you at home.

His parents cross off to the parking lot, mumbling to themselves about Jessica as they go, but Jessica doesn't bother to hear them as she turns to face her boyfriend.

JESSICA

You know what?

TOM

What?

JESSICA

Your parents are exactly like mine.
Shady and very weird.

TOM

That I can agree on.

JESSICA

Yeah, that, but I didn't want to
offend you or anything.

TOM

Don't worry, babe. Trust me, I
trust you. Your my love and for
that reason, I love you.

JESSICA

Oh, stud.
(leans on him)
I love you too.

They kiss passionately. The warm wind blows on them, giving them the most romantic moment of their lives by far. The cookout nearby is still going as many students are either talking to their parents, eating or socializing with others.

MONTAGE:

- Reggie McPherson, by himself, takes a huge swing of juice from a party cup. He begins to wonder why he didn't graduate with his friends. He throws the cup on the ground and folds his arms, angry.

- Donald Scott and Karen Lin are slow dancing against the music, leans over to each other and passionately kiss each other. They love each other so much that it is clearly seen on their eyes.

- Tom's parents are in the parking lot, slowly bumping into each other's hips through the beat of the music being played.

- Tom and Jessica remain together, slow dancing. This is the happiest time of their lives and they know it.

END MONTAGE.

The cookout seems to be decreasing now after a dissolved time frame. This story ends here and Tom and Jessica are still here, sitting on the grass and holding onto each others hand.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END