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SUPER: SENIOR YEAR - 1998

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The halls are empty for the moment. With one minute till passing period, this is the calm before the storm.

The bell rings and students file into the hallways. It is mass chaos. Students are bumping and pushing there way to their next class.

Scott, a senior with a bean pole frame and thick wire-rimmed glasses, talks with his slightly over-weight friend Tobias by their lockers.

TOBIAS

Today's the day Scott.

Tobias claps his hands together and rubs them.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

November 18th!

Tobias shows the date on his Casio digital watch. Scott pushes away Tobias's arm.

SCOTT

I know the date dick wad. I'm just tryin' to act smooth about it.

TOBIAS

Well Mr. Cool, your running out of time. Little Miss Stacy is about to head to cheerleading.

Tobias points across the hall to Stacy.

SCOTT

No shit. You don't think I know her schedule? I know her schedule, man.

TOBIAS

You know Stacy's schedule better than Stacy knows her schedule. That ain't what I'm worried about.

SCOTT

Just chill. I got a plan.

Scott reaches into his locker and grabs a spray of Drakkar. He squirts two sprays onto his shirt and begins to cough. He throws the canister back towards his locker, but misses.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
How's my hair?

TOBIAS
Compared to what.

SCOTT
Compared to your mom, num-nuts.

TOBIAS
Here...

Tobias licks his hand and attempts to rub Scott's head.
Scott flinches.

SCOTT
What the hell, man?

TOBIAS
You had a straggler. The whole
side of your head's jacked up.

Scott swings open his locker a bit farther to reveal a mirror
that is taped to the inside. He attempts to push down the
hairs, but they are not cooperating.

Dontrelle, the star football player, walks by Scott and slams
him into the locker. Scott bounces off and falls into
Tobias.

DONTRELLE
This ain't beauty shop faggot!

Dontrelle pounds fists with a guy he is walking with. Scott
recovers and brushes himself off.

SCOTT
Fuck him. I'm going in.

Scott leaves his locker and approaches Stacy who is walking
down the stairs. Out of nervousness, Scott has his hands
deep inside his pockets. He tries to get right behind Stacy.

Scott is mimicking her every move trying to get her
attention. Stacy is walking with her friends and is not
giving Scott the time of day.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Stacy?

Stacy does not hear Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 (A bit louder)
 Stacy? Stacy?

Stacy hears her name and turns around. She accidentally smacks Scott in the chest. The blow makes Scott lose his balance.

He tries to grab onto the railing, but Scott can't get his hands out of his pockets. Scott tumbles down the stairs. The whole school turns to watch.

Thud! Scott hits the floor at the bottom of the stairs. The students erupt in laughter as teachers run to his aid. His whole face is bloody. Stacy races to Scott's side.

STACY
 Rick? Rick, you ok?

Scott smiles up at Stacy, and then passes out from the pain.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE TO:

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - MORNING

Scott is looking into a school bathroom mirror. His head is bandaged, and his jaw is black and blue with bruises. His hair is shaved on the right side from where they put stitches in. This is the image Scott saw every morning last semester.

TOBIAS
 Did you ask about the home school option?

It hurts for Scott to talk.

SCOTT
 Homeschool? My parents won't even pay for a math tutor. I'm screwed.

TOBIAS
 Well...just think of it this way. You weren't getting any before, and you certainly won't get any now.

SCOTT
 Thanks for the pep talk. Your always a real help.

This is the worst acting job Scott has seen. Even for a model. Scott fakes a laugh.

SCOTT
That's...good.

Scott's fake compliment only encourages Shauna.

SHAUNA
How art thou out of breath when
thou hast breath to say to me that
thou art out of breath?

SCOTT
Actually...I've been meaning to ask
you something.

SHAUNA
Is the news good or bad, answer to
that.

SCOTT
Um..could you kinda stop that for a
second? It's sorta making nervous.

SHAUNA
No problem Romeo. What's up?

SCOTT
Thanks...I was wondering if you
kinda wanted...

Shauna interrupts Scott in mid sentence.

SHAUNA
Wait...did you see that? I just
like stopped mid-conversation and
totally changed my accent.

Scott looks a little confused.

SCOTT
Oh yeah. That was great. Have you
been working on that or something?

SHAUNA
Wait. Watch this.

Shauna mentally gets ready by taking a deep breath.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
Do thoust hath any Coca
Cola...dude?

Shauna gives Scott a high-five.

SCOTT

Nice...it's really cool how you can just do that.

SHAUNA

That was totally Shakespeare into like California surfer. Elliott has been helping me after class.

Scott looks over to stage right where the director, Elliott is standing smoking a cigarette. He is tall, lanky and wears sport coats that are two sizes too small.

SCOTT

Oh wow. Are you guys like...together or something?

SHAUNA

Together? Oh God no. Technically I think he's fucking Allison.

SCOTT

Allison? The brunette Allison? She's like 18. He's what...29?

SHAUNA

Actually...she just turned 17...but don't tell anyone. Totally on the down-low, since they technically did fuck once while she was 16. Shhh...

Shauna puts her finger up to her mouth.

SCOTT

You gotta be kidding me?

SHAUNA

Romeo? You said you wanted to ask me something?

Shauna takes a cell phone out of her bag and flips it open. She starts reviewing all his texts. Scott contemplates asking her out. The whole conversation has made him nervous.

Shauna waves over Scott's shoulder. Scott turns around and sees this rocked up guy giving the head nod to Shauna.

SCOTT

Yeah...I just wanted to remind that it's Scott. I'm Scott. Scott Banister.

SHAUNA

Oh my God...thank you. I didn't want to have to ask you. Did you totally sense that feeling I had or something?

SCOTT

Well you kept calling me Romeo and I just wanted to make sure.

SHAUNA

I went over to Elliott like three weeks ago and he was like I think its Spencer or Sean or something. And I was like shit.

SCOTT

Oh no...that's cool. I was just wanted you to know.

SHAUNA

Cool...well...Goodnight. Parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.

SCOTT

Aww...again with the Shakespeare. Very nice.

Shauna gets up and gives Scott a half fake hug. Scott nervously pats her on the back.

SHAUNA

I'll see you next week Spencer.

SCOTT

Oh yeah...definitely.

Shauna walks over to her boyfriend and kisses him on the cheek.

BOYFRIEND

Who's that guy?

SHAUNA

That's Spence, my acting partner. Don't worry. I'm pretty sure he's gay.

Shauna walks out the side door as Scott walks toward Tobias.

SCOTT

Fuck me and fuck my fucking life.

TOBIAS

Oh come on. It's very hard to compete with a guy like that.

SCOTT

Compete? I'm not even in the fucking competition.

Scott grabs his coat off the dressing room chair. Tobias and Scott exit the theater onto the street.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THEATER - NIGHT

TOBIAS

You just don't have any confidence right now. C'mon. Let's get a drink or something.

SCOTT

Confidence? I have had confidence twice in my life. About twenty minutes ago before that little debacle. And then ten years ago on those stairs. And we all know how that turned out.

TOBIAS

Technically, all of high school knows how that turned out.

SCOTT

Forget this. I'm going home.

TOBIAS

I'm kidding man. Just one drink. My treat. Gotta break you out of this funk.

Scott looks at his watch.

SCOTT

One drink. That's it.

TOBIAS

By the way. Did you know that Allison chick is pounding Elliott? Classic.

Scott rolls his eyes.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Scott and Tobias are sitting on barstools right next to the bar. Three empty shot glasses a piece sit next to the beer they are now drinking.

They have an audience of about three to four patrons and the bartender, as Tobias goes into a joke.

TOBIAS

Alright everybody...I got a joke.

SCOTT

Listen up people...my friend the comedian.

TOBIAS

So this guy walks into a bar. A bar much like this, and a night much like tonight.

SCOTT

What is this a ghost story?

TOBIAS

Hey, hey, hey. My joke.

Tobias burps before he finishes the story.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

The guy walks up to the bartender and says I'll have seven shots of tequila. And the bartender is like...seven? Let's just start with one. And the guy refuses. Seven...come on seven right now. So the bartender fills up seven shot glasses with his best tequila. The guy says tonight I celebrate my first blow job. The bartender is like...hell let's me make it eight. On the house. The guy says...no, no if seven don't get the taste out of my mouth...nothing will.

The bar laughs as Tobias finishes off his beer.

SCOTT

Tobias here has sworn off tequila ever since that day.

The bar laughs as Tobias gets off his seat and moves toward Scott. Scott gets up to defend himself. Scott and Tobias are laughing as Scott falls backwards.

Scott trips and falls into two guys at the bar. One of the guys beer splashes all over the bar.

BEER GUY
Mother fucker!

The beer guy turns around and grabs Scott by the collar

BEER GUY (CONT'D)
You think that's funny faggot?

SCOTT
Total accident. I can pay for it
and stuff.

The beer guy looks over Scott. Scott flinches.

BEER GUY
Holy fucking shit. Jimmy look at
this guy. You know who this guy
is? Scott Fucking Banister.

JIMMY
Oh shit...Stair worm!

Jimmy slaps Scott on the shoulder.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
How's it been? Word on the street
is you were dead or something.

SCOTT
No, no..still alive and kicking.
You remember Tobias.

TOBIAS
Yeah...I was the fat fuck you guys
kicked the shit out of in seventh
grade.

BEER GUY
Oh shit...Fat kid. How you doing?

TOBIAS
Not bad...my therapist says only
ten more years and I'll be cured.

Tobias sarcastically crosses his fingers.

BEER GUY

Hey you guys coming to the reunion?

SCOTT

Reunion?

BEER GUY

Yeah you know. Rah, rah, rah. Go mean green. Maybe fuck that divorced cheerleader. Do some blow off the urinals for old time sake.

SCOTT

Yeah...We were sorta thinking...

Scott is interrupted by the chants from Beer Guy and Jimmy.

JIMMY AND BEER GUY

Go Mean Green! Go Mean Green! Go Mean Green.

Jimmy and Beer Guy slam their glasses on the counter as they chant.

Scott motions to Tobias to get the hell out of there. Scott and Tobias make there way to the door.

BEER GUY

Class of '98 Stair Worm. Class of '98.

Scott raises up a fist to symbolize solidarity.

SCOTT

Let's get the hell out of here. I just want to go home.

INT. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Scott lays in bed. The alarm clock by the bed reads 12:38. Sun shines through the cheap mini-blinds in the room. Scott has the covers over his head.

The phone rings...and rings...and rings.

Scott is very slow to react. He finally makes a move and picks up the receiver.

SCOTT

(Morning Voice)

Hello?

You can hear Tobias on the other end of the receiver.

TOBIAS (O.S.)

Wake up sleeping beauty. We have only one month to get you ready.

SCOTT

One month? What the hell are you talking about?

TOBIAS

Don't play dumb with me baby. Besides. I'm on a lunch break. Some of us actually work for a living. Chop, chop.

SCOTT

Substitute teaching is an admiral profession. I just happened to ignore the jobs today. Recuperating from last night.

TOBIAS

Get you ass out of bed and meet me for lunch. You got ten minutes.

SCOTT

Don't even think about convincing me...

TOBIAS

Ten minutes. One Mississippi, two...

Scott hangs up the phone and looks at the clock. He puts his covers over his head. Pauses. Flings the covers off his body.

SCOTT

Damn!

INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Scott walks into a restaurant located in a suburban city off the main highway. It is your typical chain restaurant. Funny pictures hang on the wall. Waiters are wearing the required amount of flair.

Scott looks around and spots Tobias at a table in the center of the restaurant. Scott sits down across from Tobias.

TOBIAS
Can you believe this fucking
weather?

SCOTT
I know..it's October, and we're
reaching 98 degrees.

TOBIAS
Shit...It's hot as an Asian pussy
in here...

Tobias waves his hand in front of his face. He scans the
room to locate the nearest waiter.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)
Good God! Can we get these fans
going in here? We in Saigon or
something?

The customers in the restaurant begin to stare at Tobias.

SCOTT
Will you shut the hell up.

TOBIAS
(yelling)
My friend here is a little
embarrassed that I have to yell to
get some AC up in here.

SCOTT
Shut...the...hell...up.

A CUTE WAITRESS approaches the table.

CUTE WAITRESS
Sir. Is there a problem?

TOBIAS
Thank God. I'm trying to lay down
the perfect plan to get my friend
here to get laid, and it's like 125
degrees in here.

Scott turns his head in embarrassment. The waitress looks
around for the manager. No luck.

CUTE WAITRESS
Actually sir. The fans are
controlled by our corporate
offices, in Des Moines, Iowa.

TOBIAS
You gotta be shitting me?

CUTE WAITRESS
No sir...sorry. Besides...I don't think your friend would have any problems getting laid.

The waitress winks at both men. Tobias grins. Scott can't even look at her.

CUTE WAITRESS (CONT'D)
Do you need anything else?

TOBIAS
No...actually wait. Can we get some beers...and some...queso or something.

CUTE WAITRESS
Sure...Not a problem.

TOBIAS
Say thank you Scott.

Scott puts up his hand to wave.

SCOTT
Thanks.

The waitress smiles and goes to fill the order.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You suck man. This isn't some singles bar.

TOBIAS
She liked you Scott. For Christ sake man. When are you going to see this?

SCOTT
I don't need my best friend to pull a Vince Fucking Vaughn in a fucking Chili's. Go take your *Swinger* shit somewhere else or I'm outta here.

TOBIAS
I'm telling you Scott. You need some fucking confidence. I would give my left nut to look like you. You're one of the lucky ones.

SCOTT

Lucky how?

TOBIAS

Lucky in the fact that you actually improved with age. You look ten times better than high school. Most of those guys at that reunion will be bald and fifty pounds over weight.

SCOTT

I knew it. I'm not going to that reunion man.

TOBIAS

Just listen to me.

SCOTT

No way. Fuck you.

TOBIAS

Hey! This is your one chance to say fuck off to all those pricks from high school. And in the process, finally fuck the shit out of Stacy.

SCOTT

Stacy? You're out of your mind.

The waitress comes back to drop off their drink order. Scott turns away as Tobias gives her a big smile. She smiles and leaves.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(Whispers)

Like I was saying...you're out of your mind.

TOBIAS

Actually...I think I am perfectly sane. Remember that day?

SCOTT

I remember falling down sixteen steps and breaking my jaw. That's what I remember.

TOBIAS

I remember a man about to make history.

(MORE)

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

A man that said forget the norms,
I'm asking this girl out. Bad luck
or not, on that day, that very
moment, you had the courage of a
lion. And today...we get that lion
back.

Scott takes a sip of his beer.

SCOTT

Alright magic man. How in the hell
do you expect me to do any of that
shit again?

TOBIAS

One word...practice.

SCOTT

Practice?

TOBIAS

Mother fucking practice.

Tobias slams the table.

SCOTT

How do you plan to do that?

Tobias reaches into his bag and throws down an old yearbook
on the table. It reads Tom Jacobs High School, 1998. Go
Trojans.

TOBIAS

Like I said...practice.

Scott flips through the yearbook.

SCOTT

You gotta be shitting me?

TOBIAS

Listen to me. This is your
assignment. Find the second
ugliest guy from the class of '98.
Become that guy. Be that guy.

SCOTT

Be that guy? What the hell?

TOBIAS

You claim to be this actor. Act
mother fucker.

Scott looks at the yearbook again.

SCOTT

I don't know. Tobias man...I don't know...

TOBIAS

Just take the yearbook and get into character. This is your one chance to get that girl. We have one month until our reunion. We gotta get you in form.

Scott continues to flip through the yearbook.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

By the way. That yearbook your reading...Tom Jacobs. They have their shin dig this Saturday.

SCOTT

Saturday!?

TOBIAS

You better get studying big guy.

Tobias takes a drink and smiles.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scott is laying on his couch flipping through the yearbook. He is contemplating doing this outrageous idea.

Scott picks up the phone and dials Tobias's number.

INT. TOBIAS'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The phone in the kitchen rings and rings. A young kid, Toby, waddles into the room. He is five years old, blonde hair, a wild child.

Toby walks up to the phone and watches it ring. He gets the barstool from the bar and drags it over to the phone. He climbs the stool and grabs the phone.

TOBY

He-wo

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scott is surprised that Tobias's kid answered the phone. It's 10:30. They should be in bed.

SCOTT
Toby, my man. Is your dad there?

INT. TOBIAS'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

TOBY
Poop!

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT
Ah...Very funny. Is your dad there?

INT. TOBIAS'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

TOBY
Poop! Poop! Poop! Poopey poop.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT
Toby! Get your dad, big guy.

INT. TOBIAS'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

TOBY
Poop! Poop! Poop!

Tobias walks into the kitchen and hears Toby on the phone. He grabs away the receiver from the kid. Toby cries and runs out of the kitchen.

TOBIAS
Jesus Christ...Hello.

Scott is heard over the receiver.

SCOTT
Thank god. Your kid was driving me crazy.

TOBIAS
That kid is a freaking moron. Seriously...I am really considering getting him tested. That's all I hear all day...poop, poop, poop. Crazy as his mom, hands down.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT
I have one question? Why the
second ugliest guy? Why not go for
the gold.

INT. TOBIAS'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

TOBIAS
So you're in?

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT
I didn't say that. Just answer
that one question.

Scott walks over to the microwave to check on his dinner.

INT. TOBIAS'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

TOBIAS
I'll tell you exactly why. You
pick the ugliest guy at the school.
Bad move. That guy has motivation.
His whole childhood he was shitted
on. That guy has something to
prove. That guy is going to come
back to that reunion and kick some
ass. I call it the Nutri Slim
Theory.

Scott is heard over the receiver.

SCOTT
Nutri Slim?

TOBIAS
The commercials. You always see
those fat guys who take some pill
and boom, you got six pack abs and
a threesome every night. You can't
compete against that. No one can.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tobias can be heard over the receiver.

TOBIAS
So are you in?

Scott takes a long pause. He looks around the room.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)
Scott? You in?

SCOTT
I'm in.

TOBIAS
Excellent!

INT. CAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Scott and Tobias sit in the parking lot of Tom Jacobs High School. Outside the window you can see mobs of people filtering into the school. They are wearing dresses and suits. Very formal.

Tobias takes a moment to examine Scott. He reaches over and adjusts his tie.

TOBIAS
Remember...his name is Chad Smith.
He played chess, was part of the
orchestra...like third chair, and
of course, he was over weight.

SCOTT
And what if this guy happens to be
at the Reunion?

TOBIAS
He won't.

SCOTT
And if he is?

TOBIAS
You're an actor...improvise.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - CONTINUOUS

The gym is decorated like it's 1998. Movie posters and band albums line the walls. Streamers go from corner to corner.

Loud music pumps out of speakers. A band is up on the stage getting ready to go on.

People are mingling around. Some are coupled up. Some are loners.

The crowd is mixed with two categories. Over weight people and bald people. A speckle of beautiful people are intermixed.

Tobias and Scott enter the gym. Scott picks up a glass of punch and downs it. Tobias starts to move to the music.

Tobias scans the room and spots a beautiful woman. He tugs on Scott's arm and motions for him to look.

TOBIAS

Becky Oliver. Drill team captain.
She is the goal tonight my friend.

Scott tries to talk over the music.

SCOTT

You sure that's Becky?

TOBIAS

I studied that damn yearbook for four days. I'm here for you bro. I'm not letting you down. Do you know what your going to say?

SCOTT

Yeah...I got it.

TOBIAS

Let me hear it.

SCOTT

Hey! I got this.

TOBIAS

Let me here it.

Scott rolls his eyes.

SCOTT

Oh my gosh Becky..is that you? I can't believe it has been 10 years. It's Chad...blah, blah, blah...ask for a dance, take her home.

TOBIAS

That's pretty good, but she's still probably going to have this weird look on her face.

(MORE)

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

She will pretend to remember you
and probably be nice, but be ready
with a back-up.

SCOTT

I got this dude.

Scott walks in Becky's direction. Currently she is standing
all by herself. Becky is looking around hoping someone will
notice her new boobs.

A guy walks toward Becky. Scott stops and pretends to dance.

The guy walks right by Becky. Scott decides to make his
move. His heart is pounding. He smiles at Becky. She
smiles back in a confusing way.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Becky is that you? You
look beautiful.

BECKY

Thank you...um...

SCOTT

It's Chad. Chad Smith.

BECKY

Oh my God...Chad. How are you?

Becky really is having a hard time remembering who Chad was.
She remembers the name, but that is about it.

SCOTT

I can't complain. Lost like 100
pounds since high school. Actually
just ran a marathon last week.

BECKY

Wow. That's great.

SCOTT

I try...It's hard to workout
sometimes though, with the law
practice and stuff, but I always
try to fit it in.

BECKY

Law? Wow? Here in Dallas?

SCOTT

Dallas, Austin...we are opening up
an office in Miami next Spring.

BECKY

It sounds like things are going really well.

SCOTT

I can't complain...what about you? Still dancing?

BECKY

Oh God...not since college. I clean teeth now. Dental Hygienist. Not as glamorous as law, but you know?

SCOTT

No, that's great.

BECKY

Well...I guess.

SCOTT

Hey, you want to dance or something?

Becky looks around the room.

BECKY

Um...sure.

Scott leads Becky out onto the dance floor.

Tobias looks on in excitement. Out of nowhere, two guys approach Tobias and stop and talk. One guy looks down at his name tag.

PHILLIP

Um...Kyle. You mind helping us out for a sec?

TOBIAS

Oh wow...Phillip. Not a problem. What needs to be done?

PHILLIP

We have two very important guests here tonight. You remember Chad Smith?

Tobias's heart sinks. He knows they have a problem.

TOBIAS

Yeah...um...I think...a little overweight?

PHILLIP

Yeah...I guess. Well, his parents are here tonight. There going to accept this award for him.

TOBIAS

Really? What award would that be?

PHILLIP

It's not really an award per say...more of an memorial type thing.

TOBIAS

Memorial?

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Tobias looks over at Scott on the dance floor.

Scott and Becky are really into it. They are really close. Scott has his hands around her waist. Becky whispers into Scott's ear.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRY WAY

Tobias looks like he is going to throw up.

PHILLIP

Tony and I wanted to keep it under wraps until we give this out, but...that cat died.

TONY

Big advocate of gay rights, and then the next year...boom dies from a severe case of gonorrhoea of the mouth.

TOBIAS

Oh shit. You can die from that?

PHILLIP

If your throat closes up you can.

An older couple walks up to Phillip and Tobias.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
 Oh good, here they are. Mr. And
 Mrs. Smith. This is Kyle. He's
 going to walk you to the stage.

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Things are heating up between Becky and Scott. Becky is laughing. Scott is smiling.

Out of the corner of his eye, Scott sees Tobias escorting an old couple to the stage. With each step Tobias takes, Scott is getting more and more nervous.

Tobias reaches the stage and helps the old couple up the stairs. A peppy girl, center stage, waves excitedly for the older couple to come over. They slowly make their way to the center of the stage.

The dancing continues between Scott and Becky. Scott is very distracted. He is barely able to keep up with the beat.

The peppy girl, Pam, taps the microphone. The music dies.

PAM
 Attention Tom Jacobs Class of '98.

The crowd screams as Pam lets out a woo hoo.

PAM (CONT'D)
 We have two very special guests here with us tonight. Give a big Trojan welcome to Gail and Bob Smith, our very own Chad Smith's parents.

The crowd really does not know who Chad Smith is, but still clap for the older couple. Becky instantly comes to attention when she hears Chad's name.

BECKY
 Oh my gosh. That is so cool. Did you drive them here?

Scott just smiles. He knows the bottom is about to drop out. He looks directly at Tobias. Tobias is sweating bullets. He motions for Scott to get the hell out of there.

The older gentlemen, Bob Smith, approaches the mic.

BOB SMITH

We want to thank Phillip and Pam for having us here. We appreciate all of the support from them as we go through this rough time.

Scott once again looks at Tobias. He then looks at Becky. Becky starts to look concerned.

Scott tries to break her grip, but she is too into the moment.

SCOTT

Do you want something to drink or something.

BECKY

What are you talking about. It's your parents.

Gail Smith smiles up on stage, trying to hold back tears.

BOB SMITH

It was a hard, long year with Chad and his throat gonorrhoea.

Becky quickly drops her hands from around Chad's neck.

BOB SMITH (CONT'D)

However, not once did Gail or I blame his homosexual practices for his sickness.

Becky pushes away Scott and looks into his eyes.

BOB SMITH (CONT'D)

In the end...

Bob looks over at his wife.

BOB SMITH (CONT'D)

We celebrate his life, in his death.

Becky feels sick. She starts to gag. The drive heaves start, and then she throws up all over Scott.

The crowd around Becky and Scott scatter. Scott is drenched with what appears to be a combination of red wine and shrimp cocktail.

Pam quickly runs over to the mic.

PAM
People, People...we have guests.
It took me like ten days to track
them down. Listen God damitt!

The whole crowd has their eyes on Scott at this point. He is covered in red vomit.

From the corner of his eye he sees Becky talking with three rather large men. Most likely the 1998 starting offensive line for the Tom Jacobs football team. They run in Scott's directions. He takes off toward the exit. They follow.

SCOTT
(re Tobias)
Get the fucking car!

Tobias runs out the exit. Scott is ten feet behind. The group of men have split up. Two are following Scott and Tobias, the other dashes out the opposite gym doors.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Tobias, then Scott, burst out the gym doors. They run into the parking lot. The two men follow.

Tobias and Scott dash in and out of cars. A couple arriving late open their car doors. Tobias smashes right into the door flipping over it onto the ground.

TOBIAS
Son of a bitch!

Scott yanks him up by the belt. The two guests get out of their car to help. Tobias and Scott are already long gone. The three football players meet up and chase after them.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Scott and Tobias are huffing and puffing. They can hear the football players close on their trails. They dive over a wooden fence into the backyard of a house on the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Scott and Tobias sit motionless. They hear the three guys run by yelling at each other. Scott and Tobias are some bit relieved, but still scared. They decide to wait it out. Scott is pissed.

TOBIAS

I know your pissed.

SCOTT

Pissed? I'm fucking livid.

TOBIAS

Hey. You know that sweet ass car chase scene in Bourne Ultimatum? It took those guys like six weeks to shoot that thing. Six weeks!

SCOTT

What does that bull shit even mean? Because frankly, I've been listening to your shit for over 20 years. And that's exactly what it is...Bull Shit!

TOBIAS

Exactly my point. We've been friends for over 20 years. I care about you man. We push on. Go for the grand prize. All this other stuff is just practice. Stacy is your car chase.

FADE TO:

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Scott has his head on the desk napping as his class works on busy work assigned by their real teacher. He could care less what is going on in the classroom. Free day.

Scott's cell phone buzzes. It awakes him from his nap. He reaches into his pocket and looks at the number. It is Tobias. He ignores it. The bell rings.

SCOTT

Have a nice rest of the day. Remember, Miss Rhoten will be back on Monday. Finish up your essays this weekend.

Students walk past Scott as he shuffles papers. He follows the last student out and shuts out the lights. The door shuts.

EXT. APARTMENT STAIRS - LATE AFTERNOON

Scott walks up his stairs to his apartment on the third floor. He reaches in his pocket and pulls out his keys. He looks up and sees Tobias sitting by his front door with two grocery bags.

SCOTT

Jesus Christ. Can you not take a hint?

TOBIAS

You have been avoiding my calls all week. We need to talk dude.

Scott pushes past Tobias and enters his apartment.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Scott throws his keys onto the table next to the door.

SCOTT

Talk? You ruined my whole weekend.

TOBIAS

Ruin it? You were fucking doing great until...

Scott cuts off Tobias.

SCOTT

Until what? Say it Tobias. Until what?

TOBIAS

I was going to say until the unfortunate circumstances.

SCOTT

I got puked on. Bits of shrimp all over my one good shirt.

TOBIAS

You want a new shirt? I'll buy you a shirt.

SCOTT

I could care less about the shirt.
Your plan sucked.

TOBIAS

The plan didn't suck. If Chad
Smith never died you would have
taken that Becky girl home. No
doubt in my mind.

SCOTT

Whatever, man.

TOBIAS

I'm telling you. That is exactly
why were doing this practice shit.
Come one month. You and Stacy will
be bumping and grinding all night.

SCOTT

Don't count on it.

TOBIAS

Don't tell me your bailing?

Scott walks into the den and turns on the TV.

SCOTT

I'm not bailing. I'm just not
listening to you anymore.

Tobias sits next to Scott on the couch.

TOBIAS

That hurts man. I'm just trying to
help. I know your hurting. You've
been hurting ever since '98. I'm
tired of it.

SCOTT

That makes two of us. I'm tired of
my screwed up life.

TOBIAS

Then do something about it.
Here...

Tobias dumps out the contents of the grocery bags onto the
couch. There are eight high school yearbooks scattered on
the couch and floor.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

Pick a school. Any of those man.
All of these schools have some form
of reunion this month.

SCOTT

Let me guess. This time I'll be
playing an amputee midget that was
the drum major.

TOBIAS

Hey, don't get cute. I missed half
a days work to get those.

SCOTT

Hell Tobias.

TOBIAS

I've circled some good choices in
these yearbooks. I narrowed it
down...you choose from those.

SCOTT

No way.

TOBIAS

I'm telling you. Practice makes
perfect.

SCOTT

Fuck you.

TOBIAS

I'll tell you what. I go to. Team
effort.

Scott looks at Tobias.

SCOTT

Here's the deal. One more mess up,
screw up, fuck up...it's over. I'm
pulling the plug.

TOBIAS

He's back ladies and gentlemen.
You won't regret this. I got your
back.

SCOTT

I have one questions before I agree
to anytihng. How in the hell are
you gonna prevent another screw up
like last time?

Scott stares at Tobias.

TOBIAS

To answer your question...I have created a simple hi-fi computer database of Windows technology which allows programmers such as myself to hack into *Classmates.com*, *MySpace*, and other high school organizations so I can cross reference updated profiles to make sure we stay away from those who have just signed the paperwork on their second divorce, popped out three kids, and stretchmarks that go from their tits to their taint.

SCOTT

No shit?

Scott takes a seat. Tobias hands Scott a yearbook from the mighty stack.

TOBIAS

Open her up. Pick any girl you want.

Scott thumbs the pages and looks.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

I don't have all day. Just pick some fucking girl.

SCOTT

What the hell? Calm down. How about her?

Scott points to the picture of this hot girl.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Melissa Paige.

TOBIAS

Dude! Melissa? That girl has been a whore since elementary school.

SCOTT

Can you blame her? She had double D's in the six grade.

Tobias enters in Melissa's name into his super computer. It instantly cross references her name into *Classmates.com*, *MySpace*, and others.

TOBIAS

Check it. Boom. Thirty seconds.

Tobias clicks on her *Classmates's Page*. There's a picture of Melissa with her husband that's a marine, two kids, and a dog.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

See? You can't pick worth shit. Two kids and a fucking dog she thinks is a kid.

SCOTT

Shut the hell up and type in Stacy's name.

TOBIAS

You haven't *Googled* her?

SCOTT

I've *Googled*. All I get is some girl in Peoria who needed a new kidney or something.

TOBIAS

I don't think we should. We might regress in your progress.

SCOTT

Why? Don't tell me she's fucking married. You've already looked haven't you?

TOBIAS

I'll show you, but you have to promise me something.

SCOTT

I'm not promising you shit. She fucking married isn't she? No wonder I couldn't find her. Forget this. It's over.

Scott goes to his fridge to snag a beer.

TOBIAS

Jesus Christ. Would you take a look at yourself? Do you ever stop to thank the Lord for all the gifts he's bestowed on you? You have been blessed man.

(MORE)

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

But no...no...YOU have to go crying like a little bitch, out of control and shit. You think you be content with all the pussy you've been getting recently...

SCOTT

I'm not out of control.

TOBIAS

Okay. You asked for it.

Tobias reaches over and types in *Stacy Cambridge*. Her picture pops up. She's gorgeous.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

Dude, you see that shit? Ain't no rings on that finger. Those tits held up.

SCOTT

I don't get it. Why couldn't I find her.

TOBIAS

Once again I am here to save you. Look what it says.

Stacy's Classmate's message says: "*After my parent's divorce I started using my mom's maiden name.*"

SCOTT

Oh, by the way. We won't be needing your little program too much. I got a secret weapon.

TOBIAS

A secret weapon? What can be more helpful than yours truly?

Tobias begins typing into his program.

SCOTT

Hey...If I tell you, it's not a secret.

Scott walks off drinking his beer.

TOBIAS

Dude...come on.

Scott smiles and throws a yearbook down onto the table by Tobias.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

Come on...

SCOTT

Alright, but no messing with the
weapon. She doesn't know shit.

TOBIAS

Ok? Spill it.

SCOTT

Shauna!

Tobias looks stunned.

TOBIAS

You gotta be kidding me.

Tobias slams his hand on the couch.

SCOTT

Nope! Perfect practice.

TOBIAS

How?

Scott tosses a script at Tobias.

SCOTT

Read it and weep.

Tobias reads the title on the first page.

TOBIAS

Has it Been Ten Years?

SCOTT

My Masterpiece.

TOBIAS

Genius dude!

SCOTT

Hey...it's a gift.

TOBIAS

I'm proud of you dude. You know
what they say...practice makes
perfect.

Scott laughs.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)
Which reminds me...

Tobias throws down an envelope on the coffee table.

SCOTT
What the hell is that?

TOBIAS
Open it.

Scott opens the envelope. It reads Crescent Moon.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)
That my friend is a pass for one
night stay at some new hotel. All
expenses paid.

SCOTT
Where did you get these?

Scott eyes the tickets.

TOBIAS
I got them in the mail a while
back. The wife and I were supposed
to go this week...there yours.

SCOTT
You sure? She won't be mad?

TOBIAS
She has been mad for two years.
One night at some place isn't gonna
fix shit. Little deeper than that.

SCOTT
I know man. It's gonna be ok. I
think my best man status still
holds after six years. Not gonna
let anything happen.

TOBIAS
Hey! This is your night. Just
remember...practice makes perfect.

Scott and Tobias do the guy hug and Tobias walks out the door. Scott shuts the door and turns around to look at the stack of yearbooks.

SCOTT
Yeah...practice.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Scott pulls up in his ten year old car. He looks at the hotel, and then back at his directions. The hotel looks like shit.

The hotel is two months old, but should already be condemned. Half the building is not painted and the marquee out front reads *\$25 a Hour. No questions.* Scott is very nervous.

Scott parks the car and heads toward the entrance.

EXT. OUTSIDE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Scott approaches the lobby doors. They are supposed to open automatically, but they get stuck halfway. Scott turns sideways and squeezes through.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Scott throws down his coupon. The hotel manager runs the coupon through an outdated computer.

HOTEL MANAGER
Tobias Turner. Room 121.

The hotel manager hands over a key to Scott.

SCOTT
Thanks. Where is that exactly?

HOTEL MANAGER
C'mon boy. It says here this is your third time to stay in this room.

Scott looks at the key. He has to improvise.

SCOTT
Yeah, but I'm usually half drunk when I get here...you know how it is.

HOTEL MANAGER
Go left outta here. Follow the corner. Third door on the left.

SCOTT
Thanks.

HOTEL MANAGER

Boy, don't go screwing up my room.

SCOTT

No, I'm really tired, just probably gonna hit the bed.

HOTEL MANAGER

Yeah...right.

Scott walks out the doors toward his room.

EXT. HOTEL SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Scott follows the wall looking at the room numbers. He is contemplating leaving, but decides it can't be worse than his apartment.

He reaches room 121 and puts his key inside the lock. He turns the knob and enters the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott steps inside and is startled by a woman laying on his bed. The woman is long and slender. She is wearing a short, short dress and two inch high heels. She is laying on her stomach watching TV. Her feet dangle right above her ass.

SCOTT

Oh shit. My bad. Wrong room.

Scott begins to walk out.

PRACTICE

No baby...this is your room. I'm Tobias's girl. Cal me Practice.

SCOTT

His girl?

PRACTICE

He figured you'd be a little nervous. He said to tell you practice makes perfect.

SCOTT

He's used you before?

PRACTICE

Me? No. My friends? Yes.

SCOTT
He's married you know?

PRACTICE
Baby, half our clients are.

SCOTT
But---

PRACTICE
Would it make you feel better if I
told you I was working my way
through college...med school or
something?

SCOTT
Are you?

PRACTICE
I can be anything for an hour.

SCOTT
I don't know. How does this even
work?

PRACTICE
Very simple baby. We fuck.

Practice sits up and takes off her top exposing a very nice chest. Round. Ample. Perfect.

Scott is scared out of his mind. He stumbles into the room and walks as close to the wall as possible.

SCOTT
Let...uh let me freshen up a bit.

PRACTICE
It's your hour baby.

Scott falls into the bathroom and shuts the door. Practice lays back down and watches TV again.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott leans against the bathroom door and locks it. He lays his ear against the door to hear what Practice is doing. The television drowns out everything.

Scott pulls away from the door and turns on the water at the sink full blast. He flips open his cell and makes a call.

INT. TOBIAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tuesdays are Mommy's night out at TOBIAS'S house. Which means his wife is out with her friends playing *Bunko*, while Tobias babysits his little shits. Daddy is halfway through reading the classic children's short story *The Little Engine that Could* to his daughter EMILY when he starts to yawn. The task is especially difficult when Tobias's son, TOBY, is chunking matchbox cars at his head.

TOBIAS

I think I can, I think I can.

This is more of a chant than a story for his daughter. Tobias is dead tired, but still has four more hours before his wife will be home to save him. The house phone rings. Tobias is saved by the bell.

Tobias throws Emily off his lap and onto the couch.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

Daddy needs to get that...Toby, why don't you read to your sister.

Two more cars fly toward Tobias. I guess that is a "no."

Tobias makes his way to the kitchen where the closest phone rests on the wall over the kitchen counter. Out of nowhere, his son dives *WWF* style at his legs and latches on.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

Toby...Toby! Read to your sister.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT stands there willing TOBIAS to answer his phone.

SCOTT

Answer the fucking phone, Tobias.
(whispers)

Scott puts his ear against the bathroom door. Just at that moment, Scott hears the hotel door slam open. The TV turns off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A big BLACK MAN is standing looking down at PRACTICE. He is tall as he is large.

BLACK MAN
Where's that fool?

PRACTICE
Chill out. He's in the bathroom.

BLACK MAN
Don't you ever tell me to chill the
fuck out. You got that bitch?

PRACTICE
Baby---

BLACK MAN
Don't baby me. Your boy in there
owes me some money.

PRACTICE
He's paid up baby. All's good.

BLACK MAN
Bull shit. Tonight you've just
gone up the mother fucking pay
scale.

The black man pulls out his gun from his waist band and taps
it on the bathroom door.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott jumps away from the door. He does not know what to do.

SCOTT
One minute.

INT. TOBIAS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tobias finally makes it to the kitchen phone.

TOBIAS
Hello?

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott finally believes there is a God.

SCOTT
Tobias...you asshole. I'm trapped in
your fucking hotel room.
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 Very bad situation we got here.
 Very bad. (whispers)

He puts his ear back to the door.

INT. TOBIAS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tobias is preoccupied as he continues to glance into the living room to check on his kids.

TOBIAS
 A man tries to do a good thing
 and...

INT. HOTEL - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott is about to hyperventilate.

SCOTT
 Listen to me, God dammit. It's a
 man. He's got me in this room.
 (whispers)

INT. TOBIAS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

There goes a *Matchbox car* into the fire place. Goal.

TOBIAS
 I'm telling you...you gotta check for
 the dick these days. Too many good
 plastic surgeons in Dallas. You've
 seen *Nip/Tuck*.

Tobias's son TOBY is now in the kitchen pounding everything with a plastic hammer from his *My Little Construction Set* he got for Christmas.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)
 Shit. I'm really sorry dude.

TOBY
 Shit, shit, shit.

Kids are like parrots when they hear a bad word.

TOBIAS
 Son of a bitch...not
 you...shhhh...Toby...we don't use that
 word. Shit, Scott, his mother is
 going to kill me.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott paces the bathroom.

GORDON

Listen to me, God dammit. Not the girl. It's the pimp. I'm about to get bent the fuck over unless you get your ass down here and save me.
(whispers)

INT. TOBIAS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

EMILY loves drinking from the dog dish.

TOBIAS

EM, that's Max's. Go get your sippy cup. Gordo, I don't know man...I've got the kids and everything.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott hears the butt of the gun on the door again.

BLACK MAN (O.S.)

Get yo ass out here boy.

SCOTT

Tobias! Get your ass down here now. (whispers)

INT. TOBIAS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Toby hits Tobias square in the nuts with the plastic hammer. The pain and nausea combo hits Tobias in a nano-second.

TOBIAS

Fuck me...son-of-a-bitch. I just got hit in the f-ing junk.

Tobias picks up a notepad from the counter and chunks it at Toby. The boy runs into the other room.

INT. HOTEL - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The consistency of the gun taps is becoming more frequent and louder.

SCOTT
 Seriously, man. My junk is about
 to get ripped off unless your down
 here in like five minutes.

INT. TOBIAS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

TOBIAS
 Okay, okay...let me pack the kids.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott is about to have a heart attack right on the crusty
 linoleum floor.

SCOTT
 Get here now.
 (whispers)

SUPER: Four Minutes and Thirty Eight Seconds Later

EXT. CRESCENT MOON HOTEL

INT. TOBIAS'S CAR

TOBIAS pulls his Volvo up to the front drop off area of the
 hotel. TOBY and EMILY have come along for the ride. EMILY
 is nodding off in her car seat, while Toby is next to her
 watching a DVD.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott is plotting his escape. He knows he could never
 overpower the Black Man, so the only logical choice is the
 window.

BLACK MAN (O.S.)
*You got 30 seconds. I'm pounding
 down this mother fucking door.*

SCOTT
 Just a little nervous. I want to
 be fresh. Let me wash up a bit.

BUTCH (O.S.)
*You better hurry the fuck up. You
 owe me some damn money.*

SCOTT

One sec.

Scott opens the window and makes his way through the small opening. Luckily they're on the first floor. He climbs out and drops to the ground.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Black Man puts his ear up to the door. The water has been running for quite some time.

BLACK MAN

Fool?

No response.

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)

Hey! White boy?

No response. The Black Man kicks in the door and spills into the bathroom. No sight of Scott. The window is open.

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)

Son-of-a-bitch!

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Scott sprints toward Tobias's Volvo. Scott is waving his hands like a wild man. This is a signal to start the engine and get the hell out of here.

Scott flings open the passenger door and jumps inside.

INT. TOBIAS'S CAR

Tobias's kids could care less what's going on.

TOBIAS

You okay, man?

SCOTT

Drive! Drive!

The Black Man stumbles into the parking lot and makes a straight dash to the getaway car. He is pissed. He jumps in front of the car.

TOBIAS

Oh shit.

TOBY
Shit, shit, shit.

Tobias lets his foot off the accelerator.

SCOTT
Run that fuck over!

TOBY
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Tobias slams his foot onto the accelerator. The Black Man dives off to the side. He fires two shots at the car.

Tobias drives off. The tires squeal as he leaves the lot. The car goes down the street into the dead of the night.

INT. CAR - OUTSIDE SCOTT'S APARTMENT

Tobias's car pulls up in front of Scott's apartment. Scott jumps out and angrily walks to his front door.

TOBIAS
I'm sorry man.

Without looking back, Scott throws the bird in Tobias's direction.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)
Alright. Will talk tomorrow.

Tobias reaches across and closes the passenger door. He watches Scott enter his apartment and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT

Scott walks into his apartment pissed off. He plops down on the couch and throws the yearbooks to the side. One of the books flies open to reveal the senior section.

Scott glances down and sees Donald Douglas starring back up at him. Scott leans down for a closer look.

SCOTT
Fuck it.

INT. THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

Scott walks out onto the stage with a handful of papers in his hands. Shauna is in her chair practicing lines.

SHAUNA
Romeo. What's up?

SCOTT
No Romeo tonight Shauna.

SHAUNA
What do you mean?

SCOTT
Tonight we got a new one.

Scott hands the papers over to Shauna.

SHAUNA
A new play?

SCOTT
Yeah. It's called *Has It Been Ten Years*.

SHAUNA
Cool. Who am I?

SCOTT
Some late twenty something named Avery. Hot as Hell.

SHAUNA
Cool.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - NEXT NIGHT

SCOTT walks into the cafeteria confident as hell. He walks up to a AVERY who is on the edge of the dance floor. He instantly recognizes her from her yearbook picture.

SCOTT
Avery? Baby. It's Donald.

AVERY
Donald?

Avery has no clue.

SCOTT

Donald Douglas. History class senior year. I knew it was you. Who else could be the most beautiful girl at this thing?

AVERY

Oh my gosh. That's like the nicest thing I have heard in a long, long time.

SCOTT

Then let's celebrate. Drinks on me.

Scott and Avery throw back a couple of shots at the bar. Liquid courage for the dance floor.

They dance. Ten minutes in, the alcohol takes over. Avery is all over Scott.

AVERY

Oh my god. Donald. I wanna do it in our old history room. Right on the teachers desk. Right now.

Avery is grabbing a hold of Scott's waist band. She tugs him closer to her crotch. She is hot, which makes Scott hot.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Avery leads Scott out into the hallway. She slams Scott up against the lockers. They begin to make out.

She grabs him again and leads him into an empty classroom.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

They kiss passionately. Scott has found his groove.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. WOODROW WAYNE HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Scott and Tobias walk up to the entrance of the high school. Tobias straightens Scott's tie.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Scott and Tobias enter. Tobias hits the bar. Scott walks up and greets the hottest girl.

SCOTT
It's me, Billy Trent. Has it been
10 years?

INT. STAGE

Scott and Shauna circle the stage rehearsing another reunion scenario.

INT. TURNER HIGH SCHOOL

Scott and Tobias enter. Tobias hits the bar. Scott walks up and greets the hottest girl.

SCOTT
It's me, Charlie Doyle. Has it
been 10 years?

INT. STAGE

Scott and Shauna dance to simulate a reunion dance floor. They are laughing and smiling.

INT. ONE OF THE VARIOUS REUNIONS

Scott is making out with a blonde.

BLONDE
We should have started this 10
years ago.

SCOTT
No time like the present.

INT. STAGE

Scott and Shauna are very close simulating a conversation at a reunion. It looks like they are about to kiss.

SHAUNA
A lawyer?

SCOTT
Got my Mercedes at home to prove
it.

INT. ONE OF THE VARIOUS REUNIONS

Scott is kissing a brunette.

BRUNETTE
A lawyer?

SCOTT
Got my Mercedes at home to prove
it.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY

Scott is making out with a random girl up against the lockers.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

Scott is on top of making out with another random girl at a different reunion.

INT. VARIOUS SCHOOLS

Intercut between different women with Scott making out in various locations around schools. The last location is Scott sitting at a teachers desk with a girl straddling him.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - MORNING

Scotts sits worn out at the teachers desk. He is subbing at his usual school. The bell rings. Students walk in.

RANDOM STUDENT
Hey. What up Mr. S?

A MALE STUDENT pounds fists with Scott. A bunch of GIRLS walk by and smile at Scott. The bell rings. Scott does not leave the seat.

SCOTT
I'm going to be nice today and
scrap Mrs. Larkin's lesson plans.
You guys can do whatever you want.

Scott leans back in the chair as students scatter around the room and start to talk with their friends. Two FEMALE STUDENTS approach Scott at the desk.

FEMALE STUDENT 1
Mr. S? Do you go to clubs and stuff?

SCOTT
Sometimes, I guess. Why?

FEMALE STUDENT 1
We went to the Lizard Lounge last night and stupid Lisa forgot her fake ID.

SCOTT
Too bad.

FEMALE STUDENT 1
So I was like...Fuck you Lisa...

Female Student 1 puts her hands over her mouth. This gives her an excuse to sit on the edge of the desk right by Scott.

FEMALE STUDENT 1 (CONT'D)
Oh my gosh. I am so sorry Scott.

SCOTT
It's ok. Let's just watch our mouths. Ok?

FEMALE STUDENT 1
So I was like freak you Lisa. I wanna dance. And she was like freak you Julie and we were like forget you. So me and Heather totally got in and danced. It was so cool.

SCOTT
Wow. Pretty impressive.

FEMALE STUDENT 1
We even scored some Seven and Seven from this cute college guy. It was so awesome.

SCOTT
Julie. I really don't think I should be hearing this sorta stuff being your teacher and all.

FEMALE STUDENT 1

Oh. I am so sorry. Will leave.

SCOTT

It's ok. There are just rules and stuff.

FEMALE STUDENT 1

No it's cool. But Mr. S.

SCOTT

Yeah?

FEMALE STUDENT 1

You should totally come next time me and Heather go out. It would be so fun.

SCOTT

I think I might be a little old for you two. I would just hold you girls back.

FEMALE STUDENT 1

I doubt it. Bye Mr. S.

The random girl jumps off the desk and in the process knocks off a piece of paper. She purposely bends down to expose her ass and her black thong to Scott. Scott takes a quick glance then looks away.

The random girl smiles and hands the paper to Scott. Scott smiles back.

SCOTT

Thanks.

The two girls walk away giggling. Scott looks down at the paper in his hand. It is an invitation for Mrs. Larkin's ten year reunion at Little Elm High School. She has marked the box *Will Not Attend*.

Scott smiles.

INT. THEATER STAGE

Scott enters the stage carrying a script and another yearbook for him and Shauna to practice with. Shauna smiles as Scott walks over.

Tobias is hammering on the opposite side of the stage. He smiles.

SCOTT
Hey. What up?

SHAUNA
Hey Scott. Another reunion?

Scott smiles because Shauna finally remembered his name.

SCOTT
Yeah. I thought we practice before we have to do that little thing for Elliott tonight.

SHAUNA
That's cool. We almost got this thing down cold.

SCOTT
We're gonna blow those others out of the water.

Scott bumps fists with Shauna. She laughs.

SHAUNA
Whatta we got?

SCOTT
Little Elm High School.

Scott hands Shauna the yearbook.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Page 47...Melissa Page.

Shauna flips to page 47 in the yearbook. She scans the page.

SHAUNA
Oh wow. Very cute...I'm flattered.

SCOTT
Are you kidding? You're ten times more pretty than that girl.

Shauna smiles.

SHAUNA
Aww...thanks baby...

SCOTT
Hey...it's true.

Shauna smiles again as she looks at Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
So this girl was like captain of
the cheerleaders. Student Council
President. All that kind of shit.

Shauna closes her eyes.

SHAUNA
Ok. Let me think a bit...

Shauna starts to rub her temples.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
Ok...got it. Whenever your ready.

Scott silently counts to three in his head, and then turns to
walk to Shauna.

SCOTT
Oh my God. Melissa. Do you know
how long I have been waiting to
kiss you?

Scott leans in to kiss Shauna. Their lips are a few
centimeters apart. Shauna closes her eyes.

Scott backs away.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Whoa, whoa, whoa...let me try that
again. I need different kinda lean
when I go in.

Scott turns around, and then back toward Shauna.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Oh my God. Melissa. Do you know
how long I have been waiting to
kiss you?

Once again, Scott leans over to kiss Shauna. She closes her
eyes again. They are closer this time than last.

Once again Scott backs away.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
That was perfect. We're gonna nail
this thing tonight.

Shauna opens her eyes. She is a little disappointed.

SHAUNA

Oh yeah. For sure...you know what, I'm gonna put on some make-up or something before we do our little thing tonight...ok?

SCOTT

Oh yeah. No problem. See you in a bit.

Shauna gets up and runs to the bathroom.

Scott stretches a bit and nods to Tobias. Tobias puts down his hammer on the ladder and walks over to Scott.

TOBIAS

You ready for tonight big boy?

Scott watches Shauna leave the stage.

SCOTT

What? Huh? Oh...of course...Little Elm...Class of '98.

TOBIAS

Hey! You alright. You got a show tonight.

SCOTT

I know...just give me a sec.

TOBIAS

So who is the target tonight. Drill team? Debate?.

SCOTT

Huh?

TOBIAS

Hey man. Snap out of it. This is the last night before the big show.

SCOTT

I know...just thinking a little.

TOBIAS

Hey. It's best not to think. Use too much blood and that other thing gets messed up.

SCOTT

It's acting Tobias. You stay with set building and I'll do the acting thing. Besides...I've scored for the past six reunions....thaks to Shauna.

TOBIAS

I'm just saying...

Shauna walks back on the stage. Scott interrupts Tobias.

SCOTT

I know. Those damn Rangers will continue to suck ass to they get some decent pitching.

TOBIAS

Pitching?

Tobias has no clue what Scott is talking about until he sees Shauna walk past him onto the stage.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

Tell me about fool. They are never gonna make the playoffs with the roster they have now.

SHAUNA

I hate to break up this little guy moment here, but Scott, you wanna take a walk with me while I smoke before our little thing? Maybe practice some lines.

Scott looks over to Tobias. Tobias smiles.

SCOTT

Of course...sure. Let me get my jacket real quick.

Scott runs off stage to get his jacket as Shauna reaches in her purse and pulls out a lighter and cigarettes.

Scott runs back toward Shauna as she walks to the exit door. They both leave the theater onto the street.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THEATER - NIGHT

Scott and Shauna exit onto the street. It has gotten colder since they were last outside. You can see the steam coming off their breath.

Shauna lights her cigarette.

SHAUNA
Damn. It's cold.

SCOTT
I know. It must of dropped like
ten degrees or something. Hey, you
want my jacket or something?

Shauna blows cigarette smoke out of her mouth.

SHAUNA
Really? Sure, yeah, I guess.

Shauna takes one more drag and throws her cigarette on the
ground. She steps on the butt to extinguish the flame.

Scott takes off his jacket and hands it to Shauna.

SCOTT
Here you go.

Shauna takes the jacket and quickly puts it on. It is a tad
too big for her, but her boobs fill out the gaps nicely.

SHAUNA
You know I broke up with my
boyfriend last week. We were like
going on six months I think.

SCOTT
Wow! Really? Any reasons?

SHAUNA
Oh, I don't know. Alot I guess.
You know sometimes how it's just
not the right fit?

SCOTT
Totally.

Scott breathes warm air into his hands to keep warm.

SHAUNA
What about you?

SCOTT
Me?

SHAUNA
Any prospects? Girlfriends? Booty
calls.

Scott lets out a nervous laugh.

SCOTT
Nah, not really. Just trying to
keep my options open.

SHAUNA
Many options?

SCOTT
Oh yeah, you know. Just doing my
thing.

SHAUNA
Interesitng.

SCOTT
What?

SHAUNA
Oh nothing. Just interesting.

Scott smiles at Shauna.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
So what do you think? Time to show
this class who the kings of acting
are?

SCOTT
Damn right. Let's hit it!

Scott and Shauna walk toward the door. Scott holds open the door as Shauna walks through and Scott follows.

INT. STAGE

Scott and Shauna walk onto the stage. The class is already setting up on stage for the showcase. They are moving chairs as Elliott directs people of where to sit.

The actors take their seats as Elliott stands in front of them. There are six chairs with six actors occupying the seats. You have Allison, Daryll, Richard, Anna, Shauna and Scott.

Elliott prepares to address the class.

ELLIOTT

In the great words of Noel
 Coward...Consider the
 public...Never fear it nor despise
 it. Charm it, interest it,
 stimulate it, shock it now and then
 if you must, make it laugh, make it
 cry, but above all...never, never
 bore the living hell out of it.

The actors have no clue what he just said. Most are reading
 over the scripts they are presenting tonight.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

Richard. Anna...shock us.

Richard, an older balding man in his fifties, gets up out of
 his seat. Anna, a smaller 30 year old, bounces behind him.

Richard turns his back to the audience. Anna begins to
 stretch to prepare for her scene.

Richard violently turns around.

RICHARD

You filthy bitch!

Scott curiously looks up from his script.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You disgust my with your vile
 sluttiness...you whore...you cheap
 whore. You slept with my
 brother...you whore...

Anna just shakes her head back and forth to say no.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Whore!

Richard takes a step forward.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Whore!

Richard takes another step forward. He is right in Anna's
 face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Whore!

Just as Richard delivers his line Anna slaps him in the face. The clap against his cheek is loud. Richard's head spins on his neck.

Elliott jumps from the side to the center of the stage.

ELLIOTT
Marvelous...simply marvelous.

Richard and Anna bow and take their seats.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
Shauna...Spencer...your turn.

Scott rolls his eyes. Him and Shauna take center stage.

SCOTT
I'm Scott.

SHAUNA
And I'm Shauna...and this is Has it
Been Ten Years...

Scott and Shauna scoot apart from each other. Shauna quietly counts to three. On three Scott breaks into character.

SCOTT
Oh my God...All this time, all
these years that have past...I
never realized how perfect you
really are.

SHAUNA
Oh my God...that has to be one of
the nicest, kindest things I have
heard in a really long time.

SCOTT
I see your beautiful face right
here...right in front of me, and
all I want to do is kiss you.

Scott and Shauna lean in. Their lips are getting closer and closer together. They barely touch as Elliott storms onto stage interrupting the moment.

ELLIOTT
Bravo, Bravo! Outstanding!

Scared by Elliott's voice, Scott and Shauna violently jerk their heads back. They never kiss.

Scott and Shauna just stare at each other.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

You see people. With a little work, creativity you can become masters at this craft.

Scott stumbles back and starts to walk off stage occasionally looking back at Shauna. Scott is heading toward the exit.

Tobias walks right in front of Scott before he hits the door.

TOBIAS

Hey where you going? I'm almost ready to take you to the Little Elm thing.

SCOTT

I don't know...I'm just not feeling it tonight.

TOBIAS

What are you talking about. This is the big dress rehearsal. Our reunion is tomorrow night.

SCOTT

I got this man...I just need to think a little.

TOBIAS

Think? That's the worse thing you can do. Come on.

SCOTT

You know what? I can go solo on this one. No big deal.

TOBIAS

Solo? I'm your wing man baby.

SCOTT

Tobias...just be with your wife tonight. I can handle this myself.

TOBIAS

You sure?

SCOTT

I'm positive man. I'll fill you in...I promise. I forgot my coat. I'll call you in the morning.

TOBIAS
Alright...if your sure. I'm
hitting the road. Good
night...have fun.

Tobias extends out his fist. Scott reluctantly pounds his fist into Tobias's fist. Tobias exits on the street.

Scott heads back stage to retrieve his coat.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Scott heads into the dressing room and walks toward his coat sitting on a chair. Shauna walks out from the shadows.

SHAUNA
You know...we never really got to
finish are little scene tonight.

Scott is startled a bit.

SCOTT
Oh shit, you scared the shit out of
me.

SHAUNA
Sorry.

SCOTT
No it's cool. Just had to pick up
my jacket.

SHAUNA
You hear me?

Scott walks over toward Shauna.

SCOTT
No, sorry...a little preoccupied.
My mind's all over the place.

SHAUNA
I said, we never really got to
finish that scene.

SCOTT
I know. Elliott gets a little
excited sometimes.

Shauna walks closer. She is basically on top of Scott.

SHAUNA
Tell me about it.

SCOTT
I wouldn't want to play charades
with that fool.

Shauna laughs a bit.

SHAUNA
Do you think we should finish?

SCOTT
Our scene? I mean we could if you

Shauna does not let Scott finish his sentence. She grabs him and they kiss. They slowly part lips.

SHAUNA
You like that?

SCOTT
Yeah...

Scott grabs Shauna and they begin to kiss passionately. Shauna starts to unbutton Scott's shirt. Scott goes for Shauna's belt on her jeans. They continue to kiss as they undress each other.

They both fall to the floor and begin to have sex.

FADE TO:

INT. SHAUNA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Scott and Shauna lay motionless in her bed. The covers are half way off exposing naked bodies. Their clothes are balled up on her floor.

On top of Scott's jeans and shirt Scott's cell phone is vibrating and lighting up. It's Tobias calling.

Scott reaches down for his phone without opening his eyes. He is fishing blind. He pats the floor and eventually finds his phone.

He sees it is Tobias calling. He starts to get out of bed and heads to Shauna's bathroom.

INT. SHAUNA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott answers his phone.

SCOTT
(whispers)
Hello...

You can hear Tobias through the receiver.

TOBIAS
Dude...fill me in. What's the
story? You nail Melissa?

SCOTT
Nail Melissa? No...Dude. I'm at
Shauna's house.

CUT TO:

INT. TOBIAS'S OFFICE - MORNING

Tobias is at his desk on his cell phone. The office is very plain except for the art depicting Wall Street. Tobias is talking on his phone, but is checking the stock quotes on the computer at the same time.

TOBIAS
Oh, hell no. Did you just say
Shauna? My man.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAUNA'S BATHROOM

SCOTT
It just sorta happened. I went
back for my coat, the next thing
you know we're on the floor, and
then her bed.

CUT TO:

TOBIAS'S OFFICE

Tobias is grinning from ear to ear.

TOBIAS

I'm telling you. You guys have been working close with this theater slash reunion thing...it happens man. Look at Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAUNA'S BATHROOM

Scott cracks open the bedroom door to look out at Shauna. He closes the door back.

SCOTT

I guess man. I tell you what. How about lunch. Same place as last time. I'll fill you in.

CUT TO:

INT. TOBIAS'S OFFICE

TOBIAS

Definitely. I'll see you then. Cool. Congrats man.

Tobias hangs up his phone.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAUNA'S BATHROOM

Scott flips his phone closed and looks at himself in the mirror. He smiles.

Scott opens the bathroom door and goes back toward the bed.

INT. SHAUNA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott slides back into bed. Shauna rustles a bit underneath the sheets.

Scott kisses her on the forehead. She smiles.

SCOTT

Hey, baby. I'm gonna meet Tobias for lunch...is that ok?

Shauna smiles and pats Scott on the head.

SHAUNA
You boys have fun.

Scott gets out of bed and puts on the rest of his clothes.

SCOTT
I'll call you when were done.
Sound good?

Shauna smiles and waves.

Scott kisses her on the head and leaves.

EXT. OUTSIDE SHAUNA'S APARTMENT - STREET

Scott exits the building. He has a spring in his step. The restaurant is not far, so Scott decides to walk.

He passes a flower shop on his way to the restaurant. He turns back around and goes inside.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Scott enters the shop. The whole store is wall to wall flowers. They are even hanging from the walls.

Scott approaches a little ASIAN FLOWER MAN who is preparing a flower arrangement behind the checkout. The Asian man speaks perfect English.

ASIAN FLOWER MAN
Can I help you? Something for wife
or girlfriend?

SCOTT
Um...Actually I don't really know
for sure.

ASIAN FLOWER MAN
Ah...the in between stage. Not
enough confidence to call her
girlfriend yet.

SCOTT
It's not really like that. We're
sorta just really good friends at
this point.

ASIAN FLOWER MAN
Judging from that hair, it looks a
little bit more than friends hey?

Scott's hair is matted down a bit. He tries to fix it with
his fingers. Scott smiles a bit.

ASIAN FLOWER MAN (CONT'D)
I'll take it from that smile I'm
right. You know...once you go from
hook-up buddy to a girl that gets
flowers, it changes the whole
dynamic.

SCOTT
I'm cool with that. Yeah...I'm
really cool with that.

ASIAN FLOWER MAN
Hopefully she is too.

Scott looks a little nervous.

ASIAN FLOWER MAN (CONT'D)
I'm kidding with you. Sit and
relax. I'll whip up something real
quick.

Scott sits down and looks at the different arrangements they
can make. He starts to overanalyze his situation with
Shauna.

SCOTT
What did you exactly mean...you
know.

ASIAN FLOWER MAN
About the her being ready thing?

SCOTT
Yeah.

ASIAN FLOWER MAN
Nothing. Don't worry about it.
You just gotta be careful, you
know?

SCOTT
Yeah...

Scott's mind is wandering about his situation.

ASIAN FLOWER MAN

I'm done.

Scott snaps out of it.

SCOTT

Huh...what?

ASIAN FLOWER MAN

I'm done.

SCOTT

Ok...cool. Well thanks.

Scott pays the guy and walks to the door.

ASIAN FLOWER MAN

It's gonna work out. With not
her...some other girl.

Scott walks out the door onto the street.

EXT. OUTSIDE ON STREET - CONTINUOUS

Scott hits the street and walks to the restaurant where he is supposed to meet Tobias. His flowers swing by his side as he walks toward the entrance of the restaurant.

Scott walks inside the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Scott walks in to see Tobias at the same table as last time. Tobias motions him over.

Scott sits down and lays the flowers on the table.

TOBIAS

Ahhh...you shouldn't have.

SCOTT

There for Shauna num-nuts.

TOBIAS

I'm just messing with you. Calm
down dude.

SCOTT

I don't know man. This whole thing
happened really fast.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I mean two months ago, did you see any of this happening?

TOBIAS

Dude...I thought you were gonna become a nun or something.

SCOTT

Shut the hell up Tobias. I'm being serious.

TOBIAS

Hey...I'm kidding. I'm envious of you. You have had like five or six different girls in two months. Blew away my record.

SCOTT

You ever think I'm envious of you?

TOBIAS

Me? What the hell for?

SCOTT

Your life man. I'm telling you I went into college thinking my whole life was gonna change. I'd meet some girl, get married, have some kids...you know...be normal.

TOBIAS

Why in the hell would you want to be married?

SCOTT

We're getting older Tobias. It's just time to grow up a bit.

TOBIAS

Forget that...give me Stacy any day.

SCOTT

Stacy...I don't know about that any more man. Why go after Stacy...I got Shauna?

TOBIAS

Why go after Stacy. Have you lost you damn mind? Stacy the goal man. She has been the big bright light at the end of this reunion shit. Your giving up now?

SCOTT
I'm not giving up. It just feels
right dude. You know...Shauna.

TOBIAS
It feels right now because you just
slept with her. Give it time that
whole thing could fall apart.

SCOTT
I'm telling you. It's just right.

TOBIAS
You know matter what you do, I'm
supporting you. Shauna,
Stacy...whatever makes you happy.

SCOTT
She makes me happy.

TOBIAS
Then dude...go for it.

SCOTT
Yeah...yeah I think you're right.

Scott grabs his flowers and rushes toward the exit.

TOBIAS
Dude...what about lunch?

Scott stops and turns around.

SCOTT
I'm going for it.

TOBIAS
Then go motherfucker...go!

Scott dashes out the door onto the street.

EXT. OUTSIDE ON STREET - CONTINUOUS

Scott is running as fast as he can with flowers in hand to go
back to Shauna's apartment.

Scott can see her place in the distance. He sprints on.

A car rushes by blocking him from crossing the street. He
waits. The car passes and Scott looks up toward her front
door. Scott sees Shauna with her ex-boyfriend. They are
very close. They are having a deep conversation.

Scott drops Shauna's flowers. They hit the ground. He continues to watch their conversation for a couple of more seconds. He opens his phone and dials Tobias.

SCOTT

Dude...meet at the hair place. No, just meet me there.

Scott turns and walks away.

INT. HAIR CUT PLACE - AFTERNOON

The salon is a average haircut place with eight chairs to fix hair. Three cutters our at work today. Two ladies cut two gentleman's hair, while a larger AFRICAN AMERICAN STYLIST cuts the hair of a little old lady.

Tobias sits in the waiting area talking with the African American Stylist.

AFRICAN AMERICAN STYLIST

I'm telling you fool. It's getting bad out there for us pimps. That pussy is drying up faster than a mother.

The old lady underneath the African American Stylist is oblivious to the conversation.

TOBIAS

I know. That's what I'm trying to tell my boy. He's one lucky son of a bitch.

AFRICAN AMERICAN STYLIST

But giving flowers to a bitch he just slept with...um, um, um. Boys got problems.

TOBIAS

I know. I try to teach them, but

Tobias is cut-off mid sentence as Scott walks through the doors. Scott is out of breath.

SCOTT

Son of a bitch. I'm am so blind.

Tobias jumps out of his chair.

TOBIAS

What happened?

SCOTT

I go back, and her boyfriend is standing in the door way. They were talking...la, la, la...want to have sex...la, la, la...ok oh yeah!

TOBIAS

Calm down dude. You're making a scene.

SCOTT

A scene? Forget this. I'm going to that reunion...Stacy is mine. I'm pounding the shit out of her.

The African American stylist is finished with his cut and walks the old lady to the exit. He walks back toward Scott and Tobias.

AFRICAN AMERICAN STYLIST

What'll be boys.

Scott looks at Tobias, then looks at the African American Stylist.

SCOTT

Make me a God!

Scott slams money on the counter.

FADE TO:

INT. SCOTT'S BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Scott is showering getting ready for his big reunion. You can see through the glass of the shower Scott shampooing his hair.

His phone, laying on the bathroom sink, is vibrating and lighting up. It reads Shauna.

Scott finishes up his shower and grabs his towel and dries off. He steps out of the shower and begins to comb his hair in the mirror. He puts down his comb and uses deodorant on his armpits.

Scott picks up his phone and walks into his bedroom to change into his nice clothes.

INT. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott grabs a shirt off his bed and puts it on.

Scott's phone vibrates again. He see's that it is Shauna. He ignores it. He puts on pants, tucks in his shirt and ties his tie.

Scott looks into his mirror on his dresser and smiles for approval. He picks up his phone and dials Tobias.

SCOTT
Hey man. I'm ready.

Scott rolls his eyes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Of course I know what I'm doing.
I'm gonna get Stacy.

Scott dabs a little cologne on.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
She's called like five times. What
do I care? You gonna meet me or
not?

Scott looks at himself in the mirror one last time.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
The theater? Just hurry up. Finsh
up fast and meet me there. Your
not gonna want to miss the big
event.

Scott hangs up his phone and walks out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER STAGE - NIGHTFALL

Tobias is finishing up his build when Shauna walks onto the stage. Tobias pauses to look at her, and then goes back to work.

Shauna spots Tobias and begins to walk over.

SHAUNA
Hey, Tobias, you seen Scott?

TOBIAS

Why?

SHAUNA

Nothing really...just wondering
where he's at, that's all.

Tobias tries to ignore he by going back to work. He can't.
He throws down his hammer and confronts Shauna.

TOBIAS

You broke our boy's heart you know.

SHAUNA

Huh?

TOBIAS

Scott. He's crushed.

SHAUNA

Crushed? What are you talking
about?

TOBIAS

Your boyfriend. Scott saw the
whole thing. He was bringing you
lunch.

SHAUNA

Oh shit. He didn't see what he
thought he saw.

TOBIAS

Same old story with cheaters. It's
never how you see it. You guys
have a million excuses. I should
know...I'm one of them.

SHAUNA

Excuses! I fucking kicked my ex to
the curb today. Yes he was at my
house, but that was so I could
throw all his shit onto the street.

TOBIAS

You guys didn't screw?

SHAUNA

Screw? No. I love Scott.

TOBIAS

Oh come on...

SHAUNA

No...it's true. This is the highlight of my day...coming here...being on stage with him...

TOBIAS

You serious...100 percent serious.

SHAUNA

Of course. Where is he?

TOBIAS

Um...

SHAUNA

Where's Scott?

TOBIAS

About to make one of the biggest mistakes of his life. Come on.

Tobias grabs Shauna's hand as they race out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

The gym is full of nineties memorabilia. The music is pumping. People are already dancing.

Scott walks in the back doors and checks out his surroundings. He makes his way to the punch bowl and runs into Jimmy from the bar.

JIMMY

Ah shit. You made it Stairworm.

Jimmy hands Scott some punch. He adds a little liquor from a flask he retrieves from his boot.

Scott downs the drink and sets the glass on the table. He walks off to find Stacy.

CUT TO:

INT. TOBIAS'S CAR

Tobias and Shauna are racing down the street to try and stop Scott. Shauna is on her phone trying to call Scott.

Tobias begins to slow down for a stop light. Shauna looks at him funny. Tobias slams down the gas and runs the light.

Shauna is still on the phone trying to reach Scott. Ring, ring, ring...

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - NIGHT

Scott left his phone in the car on the passenger seat. It vibrates and lights up. The face reads Shauna.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA

Scott walks into the crowd looking for Stacy. He bumps into Dontrelle who has gained about 75 pounds and has a receding hair line.

Dontrelle pushes him.

DONTRELLE
Watch it faggot!

Scott looks puzzled and a bit distracted.

CUT TO:

TOBIAS'S CAR - PARKING LOT SCHOOL

Tobias swerves into the parking lot squeeling the tires. They drive toward the entrance of the school.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA

Scott walks through an opening in the crowd. A clear path opens up exposing Stacy. Scott stops dead in his tracks.

Stacy is dancing and moving to the music. She still has a perfect form. The only difference is that her boobs look even bigger.

Scott contemplates his next move. He takes a step toward Stacy and stops. He is getting a little unsure of himself. He sticks his hands in his pocket.

He remembers back to the faithful day on the steps. He quickly removes his hands from his pocket bringing out a piece of paper in the process.

Scott picks up the paper and looks at it. It is Elliott's script for him and Shauna.

Scott looks at the paper, and then looks at Stacy. Scott drops the paper. It flutters to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE - OUTSIDE CAFETERIA

Tobias and Shauna weave through the parking lot trying to reach the front entrance.

TOBIAS

You take tables, I'll take the
dance floor.

Tobias and Shauna reach the entrance doors to the cafeteria and run inside.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Tobias and Shauna burst through the doors. Tobias goes to the right. Shauna to the left.

Tobias busts through the crowd on the dance floor. Toward the back wall he can see Stacy and what appears to be Scott. They are dancing. You can only see the back of Scott's head. Stacy has her head on the guys shoulder.

Tobias approaches the couple. Shauna can see Tobias walking toward the couple. A tear rolls down her eye. She walks deflated toward the doors that lead to the hallways inside the schools.

Tobias grabs the shoulder of the guy dancing with Stacy. He whips the guy around. It's not Scott.

TOBIAS

Oh shit, shit , shit...sorry...

Before Tobias can react, the man punches him square in the nose. The begin to fight. The crowd in the cafeteria gathers around to watch the fight.

In the back of the cafeteria you can see Shauna walk out into the halls.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shauna walks out into the hallway with tears in her eyes. She continues to walk rubbing her eyes not noticing Scott sitting in the hallway.

SCOTT

Shauna? What are you doing here?

Shauna whips around. She tries to hide her tears.

SHAUNA

Scott...but I thought...

Scott can see that Shauna is crying.

SCOTT

What's wrong? Why are you crying?

Scott gets up and walks toward Shauna. He approaches Shauna and wipes a tear from her cheek. She turns her back on him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I don't care. If you want to be with your boyfriend...that's fine. I just want you happy. Shauna...I love you.

Shauna turns back around to face Scott. She grabs his shirt and pulls him closer. They kiss.

FADE TO:

INT. THEATER STAGE - NEXT DAY

Scott and Shauna are kissing. Scott is in a tuxedo and Shauna is in a wedding dress. Tobias stands by Scott smiling. He has a bandage covering his nose from the fight the week before. A preacher stands behind them in the back.

Scott and Shauna release their kiss.

PREACHER

By the power vested in me, I now pronounce you man and wife.

The crowd claps and cheers.

ELLIOTT
People, people...

Elliott walks right in front of Scott and Shauna.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
That was pretty good for a dress
rehearsal. Six months from now, at
the real thing...I want it perfect.
Perfect you hear.

The crowd disperses as Scott, Shauna and Tobias walk off the stage. Scott and Shauna hold hands. Tobias slaps Scott on the back.

Tobias's kids run up and latch onto his legs. His wife is close behind. The group exits stage left.

FADE TO BLACK.