

**WHERE
YOU
WANT
TO
BE**

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by

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EXT. MORNING. CLARKVILLE HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT.

"First Friday of the School Year. August 2004. 8:05 A.M."

"CUTE WITHOUT THE 'E'" BY TAKING BACK SUNDAY BEGINS.

Shots ranging from a wide exterior of the school building, empty hallways, cafeteria, band room, football field, and similar static location stills match the opening, extended riff of the song. When the drums kick in, so do the skateboarders.

A trio of high school-aged emo kids skateboard in between the parked cars outside the main entrance of Clarkville High School. All three skateboarders are lanky and sport a variety of band t-shirts like Death Cab for Cutie, Rufio, and The Starting Line.

SKATER 1 comes to an unexpected halt as he rounds out on the sidewalk nearest the street entrance to the parking lot. A car driving past on the main road in front of the school plays Chingy's "Holidae Inn".

SKATER 2 and SKATER 3 circle behind SKATER 1 and come to a stop. The car ramps up onto the entrance and comes to a stop as well. The driver side window rolls down revealing a seventeen year-old Black male, BROCK. Smoke billows out from around him as he frantically attempts to wave it away.

BROCK

(waving his hand furiously) Shit!

SKATER 1

Smokin' the grass instead of goin' to class?

BROCK

Man, they put me in P.E. with Wynston first period and I can't stand that dude.

SKATER 2

...but it's the first week of school.

BROCK

I know...and they already expect me to be suffering!

The emo trio chuckles at BROCK's nonsensical argument.

BROCK

Listen, we still good? Y'all help us get drunk, we help y'all get crunk?

SKATER 1

You know it. I'll have Chino drop the haul off at your uncle's house tonight. He still stay by the gas station?

BROCK

Yeah. Bet. Drop by Brett's after school and I'll let him know we good.

The trunk of the car BROCK sits in suddenly opens and another Black male, SEAN, pops his head out and looks around as if confused.

SEAN

Why the hell have we been stopped for so long?

BROCK

Get your ass back in the trunk. We leavin' now.

SKATER 1

(laughing) What the fuck?

BROCK

My man doesn't have an off-campus pass for lunch.

SKATER 1

School hasn't even started yet. There's no one checking cars.

BROCK

He's a sophomore.

SKATERS

(collectively) Ahhhhh...

The car begins to drive away. As the car passes the emo trio SEAN yells toward the group as he takes a bite out of a breakfast sandwich.

SEAN

I needed my McGriddle!

SEAN pulls the door down over himself as the car pulls back

onto the main road and eventually out of sight. As this happens "Holidae Inn" fades out as a hip-hop radio DJ blasts into the audio.

RADIO DJ

You're jammin' to forty minutes of today's hottest hip-hop and R&B! We're bumpin' back to back continuous music with another fresh new jam heard here first on the people's station - Power 92 Jams!

"IF I CAN'T" BY 50 CENT BEGINS.

As Brock's car drives off another car, a 90's model vehicle pulls into the parking lot quickly finding a spot. Three individuals step out of the car. CHANCE is the driver. Chance is an average height, average weight seventeen year-old whose dirty blonde hair hasn't seen a set of shears in at least six months. In the back are Chance's sophomore brother, JUSTIN, and his girlfriend RACHEL. The three of them exit the car and shut their doors, each pulling on their backpacks as they do.

RACHEL

I'm gonna leave my dance bag in the car okay, Chance? Don't leave today until I get it out of here.

Chance is half listening as he and Justin are having a completely separate conversation. They have already begun walking toward the school building.

CHANCE

(to Rachel) Sounds good! (to Justin) I don't care if I can't find anyone to go with or not, I'm seeing that this weekend!

Rachel catches up to the guys. Chance is in front, giving the couple some space. Justin puts his arm around Rachel, looking over at her and giving her a peck on the lips.

RACHEL

What are you seeing this weekend?

JUSTIN

Without A Paddle. I wanna see it too.

RACHEL

Oh, is that the one with the guy from *Punk'd*?

CHANCE

Yeah.

CHANCE

You were a boyscout, weren't you?

JUSTIN

No, but I ate a brownie once.

The two guys burst out laughing as the conversation has lost Rachel.

RACHEL

What? What are y'all talking about?

JUSTIN

It's from the movie.

The three of them continue walking toward the school. "If I Can't" continues as the camera takes us on a tour of the exposed halls of Clarkville High. The expected cliques, the unexpected comrades, Pepsi and Fruitopia soda machines line the halls, while the Hollister, American Eagle, and Aéropostale branded shirts run rampant though only a select few wear Abercrombie & Fitch.

The camera lands on a group of five white guys walking together around the back of the campus.

The five guys include:

KIRBY: big in both personality and size. He's naturally funny but it's clear his quick wit is his defense mechanism for those that pick on him for his weight. He's a natural born leader and very charismatic with a handsome face and clean sense of style that counters and flatters his fluffiness.

BOGGS: a big personality as well, but in a much different register. Boggs is a football player whose physical presence is more intimidating than anyone else in the group. Boggs is direct and unfiltered in what he says no matter the setting or who he's speaking to. He's lewd as often as he can be, provocative solely to piss people off yet somehow endears himself to those around him despite still being mean to those he's closest to. Boggs sports a football jersey over his white t-shirt tucked into jeans with a silver ball bead necklace.

RICHARD: not as overtly brash as Kirby can be and much scrawnier. Richard was homeschooled through elementary and middle school and his unstable temperament often times shines

through when trying to overcompensate for his more idiosyncratic tendencies. That said, he's the most formal and considerate of his friends - funny and daring, but the only one unafraid to openly discuss genuine emotion.

JAMES and JOSEPH TALLEY: twins who hang back more than interact. James is slightly cooler and more naturally a part of the gang while Joseph is a bookworm who only hangs out with this group because his brother does. James wears t-shirts, jean shorts, sneakers, and is a similar build to Chance while Joseph wears glasses, khakis, and polo shirts that show his slight tummy. The rest of the guys refer to them simply as "The Talleys".

Richard carries a Little Caesars pizza box and is very intentional about greeting those they pass with an offer of a cold slice for a dollar.

RICHARD

I've got pepperoni and sausage fresh from last night.

KIRBY

Keith, fellas, any of y'all need some breakfast?

Kirby motions a wave towards a few of the good ole boys (and girls) gathered around a remodeled pick-up across the parking lot. KEITH and his friends laugh as Richard holds up the pizza box.

KEITH

(tapping his tummy) I think we're all set for now, Kirby!

KIRBY

Alright. Y'all gonna wish you had come second period!

Keith and his friends laugh again, but Kirby's group are already moving on when Keith hollers back.

KEITH

Don't forget my folks should be AWOL tonight.

Kirby turns around and gives Keith two thumbs up.

KIRBY

Toight!

RICHARD
(with a Spanish accent) Pepperoni!
Embutido!

A group of attractive, preppily dressed girls walk in front of the guys and hurriedly shake their heads "no" to the offering of cold pizza. We can hear whispers of "eww" and "gross" under their breath.

As the girls pass Chance cuts through the middle of them and joins his friend group.

CHANCE
Excuse me. Sorry.

One of the girls near the back of the group makes eye contact with Chance quickly before her eyes dart downward. Chance lets out a slight chuckle as he makes his way over to and greets James, Joseph, and Kirby before Boggs interrupts the moment.

BOGGS
God, the sophomores are hot this year.

CHANCE
C'mon Boggs, don't be that senior.

KIRBY
Honestly took him longer than I expected...

JOSEPH
...we just got here.

Kirby shoots Joseph a look as if to say "exactly".

BOGGS
Y'all can kiss my ass. And don't tell me how to act, Chance - just cuz you let a senior knock up Brooke, doesn't make you a motherfuckin' expert.

CHANCE
I'm just trying to help you not come off like a douchebag.

BOGGS
What the hell ever. It's not like she dropped out or anything.

James and Joseph both look to Chance as Boggs responds.

JAMES

What the hell is a douchebag anyway?

CHANCE

I actually could not tell you.

The group rounds the corner to enter the exposed hallway passing a group of guys all wearing football jerseys.

JC is a tall, thin figure whose jersey is embroidered with the coveted Captain's "C". His sidekick, NICK, is your stereotypical, classically handsome prep of a white boy whereas D-BO, a larger black guy with an untamed afro, plays the role of the hype man.

RICHARD

May I interest you fellas in a slice?

JC

Richard, your brother know you're out here trying to make an extra profit off his pizza?

RICHARD

Caesar knows what it's like to get stabbed in the back...I got pepperoni and sausage. Fresh!

KIRBY

(popping his head out from behind Richard's shoulder) Fresh from last night!

RICHARD

Only a buck a slice!

JC

I think we're good. Don't want too much on the stomach before the game tonight.

Behind JC, D-Bo holds up a dollar and is communicating silently with Richard by pointing at the pizza, trying to tell him that he'll take a slice of sausage.

KIRBY

Dude...it's a fucking scrimmage.

JC

It's about the diet, Kirby. How would Major Franzen feel about you

participating in these backdoor deals?

NICK

(laughing) That's right! You're a fuckin' ROTC nerd! Where's your uniform, commander?

KIRBY

(ignoring Nick) I'm no expert, JC, but I've heard your boy Nick here knows all about back door deals.

NICK

What? I don't do no gay shit.

Richard, Boggs, D-Bo, Miles, and even JC laugh at Nick's idiotic insecurities despite his alpha facade. During this quick moment of respite from the conversation D-Bo hurriedly makes the exchange with Richard for his slice of pizza, JC shaking his head in disapproval.

JC

(laughing) Good luck, boys. (pointing in Boggs' direction) Boggs - you don't eat too much either.

NICK

Too late.

Boggs flexes on Nick while muttering under his breath. Nick immediately ducks for cover and backs up before realizing Boggs, Kirby, and Richard are laughing at him. Nick tries to recover by walking casually past them.

Chance, James, and Joseph are noticeably quiet during this interaction. As JC and the rest of his gang walk past, Boggs either nods his head or has a handshake with several of his teammates. JC gives Chance and James an up nod and the two of them return it. Joseph has since pulled out a book and begun to read while waiting on his friends.

Richard begins to walk in the opposite direction of JC and his athletic entourage with the others eventually following.

RICHARD

Fresh pizza! Pepperoni and sausage!

BOGGS

(catching up to the group) I call what doesn't sell.

JAMES
 (grabbing his crotch) I got some fresh
 sausage for ya, Boggs!

BOGGS
 Shut the fuck up, dicksucker or I'll
 give your mom some fresh sausage.

JOSEPH
 (dropping his book) Wow, really went
 ninety to nothing there, Boggs.

KIRBY
 He's just mad he's JC's little bitch.

CHANCE
 Could have went with something
 nicer...like anal assassin...or fairy
 farmer.

BOGGS
 Fuck y'all.

KIRBY
 (to Chance) Those feel really
 specific, you fuckin' homo.

RICHARD
 Fairy Farmer?

JAMES
 Anal Assassin would have been nicer.

KIRBY
 I don't know. Cocksuckers always make
 me happy.

Nick passes the group, jogging back from the direction our
 main group just left. Nick laughs as he overhears Kirby's
 most recent line of dialogue.

NICK
 Don't act like that peckers ever been
 in a female's mouth, Kirby.

Kirby's a little taken aback; his face showing slight
 discouragement but he hides it, immediately retorting as if
 he barely heard Nick.

KIRBY
 Don't act like you don't tuck your

shit and stare at it in the mirror,
you puss.

Nick turns around and starts jogging backwards as he's already passed the group up, putting his hands in his pockets only to pull them back out with his middle fingers up.

NICK

Y'all better hurry if you're headed to Finkbeiner's. They said he's already in a tizzy after yesterday.

Nick turns around and runs out of sight.

RICHARD

Did that fucker just use the word tizzy?

Boggs goes ahead and grabs a slice of pizza out of the box and begins to scarf it down. His mouth is full as the guys pass a group of emo and goth kids in the hallway.

BOGGS

(mouth full) I bet they'd be happier if they had some pizza.

The rest of the guys laugh, Richard in particular is more amped than expected as a couple of the goths flip Boggs the bird.

RICHARD

"Caw! Caw! Bang! Fuck! I'm dead"

Not a single laugh. Kirby recognizes SARAH among the emo/goth group and calls her out. SARAH isn't as extreme in either the emo or goth direction, but is also very clearly among her people. Despite it being mid-August Sarah wears a gray and green striped sweater with regular wash jeans and white converse.

KIRBY

Aww c'mon Sarah, tell your buddy he can't wear a trenchcoat if he hasn't seen *The Crow*.

Sarah can't help but smile at Kirby and nod her head in agreement.

SARAH

I'll tell him to get right on that.

Kirby spins around as the group has continued walking and bows to Sarah with his hands in a prayer position before turning back around to face the direction they're walking. Meanwhile, Chance is bringing up the rear also motioning towards the groups of emos and goths.

CHANCE

I'm really sorry, Brandon...I'll see you in art.

One of the male goths who stands at the edge of the group looks up toward Chance and gives him a thumbs up but no more.

BOGGS

(talking to Richard) Is it weird the goth guys piss me off but the emo chicks kinda turn me on?

RICHARD

No, I get it. There's an allure.

BOGGS

An emo chick with a nice set of tits. Lethal.

Chance catches up to the front of the group where Kirby has started mingling with another clique already. This is a group that largely consists of black athletes, cheerleaders, and actual cool kids.

QUENTIN is a 6'2" 250+ lb. pure athlete balanced by the sweetness with which he greets each of Kirby's friends. PORSCHA is the senior co-captain of the cheerleaders. MILES is Porscha's boyfriend and another of the football players. RUSSELL is a light-skinned black guy with a unique look about his face who possesses a clear sense of comedic timing and is surrounded by a flock of girls.

RUSSELL

Look at all these white dudes. Y'all look like the Hobbits from those *Rings* movies traveling in a pack like this.

Both friend groups laugh at Russell's comment. As they do, Russell daps up Boggs and Chance.

RUSSELL

How you been, Chance?

CHANCE

I'm good man, you gonna cover sports

for me this year?

RUSSELL

Hell naw, dawg. I'm doin' as little in that class as possible.

QUENTIN

(to Kirby as they dap one another up)
Senior year, baybee. Y'all headed to Cal?

KIRBY

Yessir.

QUENTIN

Bet. I'll see you in there. Boggs, what's up pimpin'?

Boggs and Quentin dap one another up as Porscha drops in after hearing the Calculus comment.

PORSCHA

Y'all smart mother fuckers too much for me.

CHANCE

Hey now Porscha, don't lump me in there. I got Sample and Burroughs back to back.

Porscha and Chance dap one another up and hug.

PORSCHA

That's what I'm talkin' about Chancey boy. I got Sample too, but I'm already checked out.

CHANCE

(laughing) We're seniors now, we too old for that shit.

Porscha laughs and winks at Chance as he continues walking. Chance points back at her. Kirby, Boggs, Richard, James and Joseph end their conversations with others in the group and begin to move on as well.

BOGGS

Alright Q, we'll see you in a few.

The group of friends continues down the hall, heading toward what is marked as the math hallway.

CHANCE

You talk to Amber yet?

KIRBY

Not yet, but plannin' on it today.

RICHARD

Make all your words sweet because tomorrow you may have to eat them.

BOGGS

What the fuck does that mean, Dick?

JOSEPH

Yeah, I don't know that you're using that right.

RICHARD

I'm just trying to give our little cherub tips on how to court the ladies.

JAMES

And I'm just sayin' - we should probably get to Finkbeiner's.

The group turns to the right, opening a set of doors that take them inside.

INT. CLARKVILLE HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY.

Richard removes a piece of pizza before chunking the box in a trash can as the group of guys enter the interior hallway.

RICHARD

(eating pizza) Chance, what period is journalism?

BOGGS

I bet none of y'all dumbasses took FACS, did you?

CHANCE

Right after this. Do you *ALL* have AP Cal right now?

JOSEPH

(to Boggs) Why the hell are you in Family and Consumer Science?

KIRBY
(to Chance) Yes, fool.

BOGGS
(to Joseph) Have James explain it to you, queerbag.

CHANCE
Who has AP English seventh?

The group collectively respond with some version of confirmation except for Boggs.

BOGGS
What the fuck?

As Boggs speaks a male teacher, clearly familiar with this groups antics walks past. The teacher, MR. FINKBEINER, is a man in his early-50s with salt and pepper hair, gold-rimmed glasses, and a little sass to go along with his tropical patterned button-down and khaki combination.

MR. FINKBEINER
I heard that, Mr. Boggs.

Boggs begins to respond, but is interrupted.

KIRBY
Oh, he didn't say the wirty dord, Mr. Finkbeiner. It's a new band from Finland.

Mr. Finkbeiner stops just outside his classroom door, turning to face the group of young men just in time to respond.

MR. FINKBEINER
It's not about the truth, Mr. Rogers, it's about how it's perceived. Now, all of you get in here and find your seats.

The boys begin to file into the classroom, Kirby speaking to Mr. Finkbeiner once again as he passes him.

KIRBY
We really were talking about a band.

MR. FINKBEINER
Mhmm...

KIRBY

Want me to burn you a CD?

As Kirby responds a scrawny, red-headed boy with blonde highlights named JORDAN walks in between them and turns to laugh as Finkbeiner replies.

MR. FINKBEINER

Sit down, Mr. Rogers.

JORDAN

Hah! Mr. Rogers!

Kirby gives Jordan a mocking look and begins to respond with something inaudible as he walks into the classroom behind Jordan. Mr. Finkbeiner turns back towards the hallway where Chance and James are still talking.

MR. FINKBEINER

C'mon Mr. Talley, let's not delay the inevitable any longer. I enjoy being here as much as you, trust me.

Chance hurries off in the same direction the group came from. Mr. Finkbeiner pulls his classroom door shut and enters into what is a raucous group of seniors.

MR. FINKBEINER

(as he closes the classroom door)
Isabella, Cassandra Ann, Toaster
Strudel! Y'all settle down!

EXT. DAY. HALLWAY.

Chance exits the interior hallway, stepping back into the exposed main walkway that runs through the middle of the school. A few other students are walking to their classes.

As Chance reaches his hallway he leans in to open the door. When the door opens there is a young lady walking out simultaneously, clearly surprised the door opened for her as she was moving to open it herself.

The young lady, BROOKE, is beautiful and carries a warmth in her smile. Upon opening the door she is clearly as surprised to see Chance as he is to see her, but in a pleasant way.

CHANCE

Oop, sorry - oh, hey...

BROOKE

Hey!

CHANCE

(genuinely surprised) What are you doing here?

BROOKE

Trying to graduate. What are yooouuu doing here?

CHANCE

No, I guess, I mean, I didn't expect to see you...

BROOKE

Why?

CHANCE

I just thought since...

BROOKE

...since I had a baby I wouldn't finish my senior year?

CHANCE

No, not that, I guess I just, I thought it might look different or something.

BROOKE

Well, you're not totally wrong. I'm in the work program so I leave at lunch.

CHANCE

That's cool. Where are you headed now?

BROOKE

Finkbeiner.

CHANCE

(like an internal thought he says aloud) Everyone really does have AP Cal right now.

BROOKE

Oh really? (chuckles slightly) This block scheduling is throwing me off.

CHANCE

Yeah, Finkbeiner just shut his door

too.

BROOKE

Shit! I'll see you around - I gotta go.

CHANCE

See ya.

Brooke hurries off but turns around to present her warm smile and soft wave once again. Chance smiles in return and continues towards his own class.

INT. CLARKVILLE HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY.

A montage of teachers closing their doors, students settling into desks, already asleep at tables - drooling on their notebooks - while others move desks together to sit in groups occurs. The same emo kids from earlier skateboard through the hallways while other kids run on foot. Many kids entering classrooms after the bell has rung while a few staff members remain in the hallways already looking exhausted.

INT. MR. FINKBEINER'S CLASSROOM.

Finkbeiner is facing the chalk board and writing out a timeline of topics he intends to cover including inverse functions and the like, discussing them as he writes.

MR. FINKBEINER

Now I know y'all have forgotten half the crap you learned last year over the summer so we're going to go through college algebra and trigonometry - or, in other words - pre-calculus in a fashion that, hopefully, it will stick with ya...

Brooke attempts to enter the classroom quietly, but the door slams behind her quicker than expected. She stops in her tracks as does Finkbeiner's sentence.

MR. FINKBEINER

Late on the second day of school, Ms. Lovell?

BROOKE

I'm sorry.

Brooke begins to make her way towards a desk.

MR. FINKBEINER
Or is it Mrs. Fields now, right?

Brooke simply shakes her head "no" as she sits down. The hand of a student across the room shoots up. The student, LAURA, is a young lady who looks more like an old lady who is clearly attempting to speak as properly as she can. Laura is reluctantly called on by Finkbeiner.

FINKBEINER
What is it Laura?

LAURA
Yes, Mr. Finkbeiner, do you know if we'll be covering vectors and matrices and how we can manipulate the data within these?

As Laura speaks she is being awkwardly caressed by the student sitting behind her, CHAD, a male who seems very introverted but also looks several years older as suggested by his excess amount of body hair.

James and Joseph are sitting on the opposite side of the classroom, one in front of the other, watching this interaction take place. Expressionless, they simply stare in Laura and Chad's direction until one of them breaks the silence.

JAMES
Do you think she likes that?

JOSEPH
I don't know that he's doing it for her.

JAMES
Huh?

JOSEPH
He may have just forgotten the sensation of smooth skin.

JAMES
Ahh...

Near the back of the classroom Jordan turns around in his desk and slams a case of Slim Fast down on Kirby's.

Jordan doesn't say anything other than giving a slight smirk before beginning to turn around. Kirby looks from the cans up

toward Jordan.

KIRBY

Oh man, you didn't have to get me a
back to school gift, Jordie!

From behind Kirby we hear Quentin's voice. Quentin looks as if he can barely fit in the desk assigned him.

QUENTIN

That's a pussy move, Jordan.

The smirk on Jordan's face drops almost immediately, but before Jordan can come up with a retort Boggs stands up from his desk nearby and walks over, Jordan stands posing as if he'd be willing to go toe to toe with Boggs.

JORDAN

(looking past Boggs and straight at Kirby) If we're calling each other body parts, I'd much rather be the pussy than the lard.

KIRBY

(laughing) I didn't say shit, but why are you always trying to talk like you're writing a damn book?

Kirby takes a can from the plastic ring, cracks it open, and begins to drink. Finkbeiner notices the interaction at the back of his classroom over the shoulder of Laura.

MR. FINKBEINER

Mr. Boggs and Mr. Dove, take your seats please.

BOGGS

You're such a little bitch.

JORDAN

And you're worse than the rest of 'em. You're the muscle under the fat that'll never be used to it's full potential because you're too lazy to change.

KIRBY

There he goes again...

Jordan turns around and begins to sit back down at his desk.

Richard comes out of nowhere, grabbing the slim fast can from Kirby's hand.

RICHARD

Well, I'm a dick! So I hope you're ready to take this and shove it up your ass!

Richard begins chugging the slim fast and throws the can on the ground shortly after pouring what remained on his face. He immediately grabs another can and cracks it open and begins to chug the second drink as well.

Finkbeiner rushes toward the back as soon as Richard speaks. James, Joseph, Boggs, Kirby, Quentin and much of the rest of the class are all losing their shit laughing - some hysterically and others in disbelief.

MR. FINKBEINER

To the principal's office, Mr. Jolly!

JOSEPH

That stuff is a crazy laxative.

Finkbeiner grabs the can out of Richard's hand and goes to pick up Richard's backpack. Richard immediately grabs another can from Kirby's desk and starts to chug it. Jordan, who is still standing a few feet away, is now laughing as well. Richard stares at him as he drinks but is able to speak when he takes a break to catch his breath.

RICHARD

Good! Cuz this mother fucker has a shit storm coming right for him!

Finkbeiner stands back up whilst holding Richard's backpack. Upon realizing Richard has started drinking another can Finkbeiner freaks out even more and shoves the backpack into Richard's back ushering him toward the door. Jordan puts his hands up as they pass him in the aisle, eventually slouching down into his seat.

MR. FINKBEINER

(as he ushers Richard past Jordan)
Don't think you're getting off scott free either, Jordan Dove! Woe on the person who offends and causes others to sin!

Richard continues to drink the slim fast he's holding until he and Finkbeiner reach the door where he then spikes the can

into the trash. Finkbeiner opens the door and motions his arm as if to tell him to leave while holding out his back pack for him to take.

MR. FINKBEINER

I'll be calling the office to let them know to expect you, Jolly.

RICHARD

I understand. Sorry about the mess, Tommy Boy. Bring it in.

Richard is clearly done making a show and has turned the energy level back down to something more appropriate. He takes his backpack and goes in for a hug from Finkbeiner but the teacher doesn't reciprocate in the slightest.

MR. FINKBEINER

(flustered) Don't touch me. Jordan, gather your things and get to the office as well.

RICHARD

You're right. I'm a mess. Apologies.

MR. FINKBEINER

(pointing down the hall) Get the hell out of my classroom. I can't believe *this* is my AP class!

As Richard exits followed slowly by Jordan, Mr. Finkbeiner closes the door and turns to his class frustrated as ever. The laughter begins to settle. Chad is still rubbing Laura's arm awkwardly but she has had enough and shakes her arm away from his touch.

LAURA

Would you quit it?!?!

EXT. DAY. HALLWAY.

A short montage of students exiting classes and meeting up with friends occurs.

In the hallway, Quentin and JC stand with their group of football player friends including Nick, D-Bo, and Miles. More cheerleaders - who are also wearing their uniforms in celebration of the scrimmage that night - are sprinkled in between the players. We overhear just a snippet of conversation between Nick and a junior cheerleader named JESSICA.

JESSICA

I'm thinking of having some friends over for a party tomorrow night...

NICK

Oh yeah? Where you stay at?

JESSICA

Foxwood. Would you like to come?

Before Nick can respond, D-Bo interrupts.

D-BO

Is that a sexual invitation?

D-Bo starts laughing at his own joke immediately while Nick responds to his teammate by punching him in the stomach, D-Bo still laughing through the pain.

JC

Hey, watch it. We need him on the line next week.

As JC interferes the cheerleaders begin to walk off - laughing at the situation, Jessica turns around as she leaves, making sure Nick knows they're cool.

JESSICA

(waving) Bye Nick. Think about tomorrow and let me know...

NICK

(to JC) Then tell D-Bo to quit being such a fag. (to Jessica) I will, for sure baby! Holla at ya later!

D-BO

(still chuckling) Man, this guy don't know if that's Jessica C., Jessica K, or Jessica H.

NICK

Are you fucking with me? I thought her name was Jamie.

D-BO

Definitely one of them Jessicas.

QUENTIN

D-Bo's right, my man.

NICK

Shit!

D-BO

It's okay, you got 'till tomorrow to figure it out, baby.

D-Bo returns to his fit of laughter this time playing off Quentin's energy.

NICK

Regardless, y'all cock blockin' like a mother fucker.

Kirby and Boggs exit the hallway behind the group of football players. Boggs stops and begins talking to a few of his teammates while Kirby continues past them. Quentin breaks off from the group and catches up with Kirby.

QUENTIN

Yo! Wait up, Kirby!

Kirby turns around to realize who has called his name.

KIRBY

What's up, man?

QUENTIN

Just wanted to make sure you were good.

KIRBY

Oh yeah, dude. If every fat joke hurt my feelings I would've killed myself in second grade.

QUENTIN

Jesus. Don't let that shit get to ya. You comin' to the scrimmage tonight?

KIRBY

Me and Lil' Dick were goin' to, but who the hell knows now.

QUENTIN

(laughing) Listen, even if y'all can't come through the game tonight a bunch of us are going to the car wash after. (Quentin gives a suggestive look)

KIRBY

Oh yeah?

QUENTIN

For sure.

KIRBY

...I dig it.

INT. CLARKVILLE HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY.

A SKATEBOARDER who looks more like he's from the west-coast quickly pivots from the exterior hallway toward one of the interior hallways. "Seniors 05" is spray painted across one set of lockers. A TEACHER is exiting her classroom and almost collides with the Skateboarder after which she yells in his direction.

ANGRY TEACHER

No skating in the halls!

SKATEBOARDER

(yelling without stopping) We the big kids now, Ms. Cunningham!

The Teacher shakes her head and goes back inside her classroom.

INT. JOURNALISM CLASSROOM.

MRS. PAUL, a woman in her mid-40s wears an outfit clearly bought from Dillard's in the section for women of the generation before her. Her haircut is short but with a little 80's volume thrown in for good measure. She stands at the chalk board asking for article ideas when Chance walks in.

MRS. PAUL

Not a good look when the Editor is late to class, Chance.

CHANCE

Sorry, Mrs. Paul - Cunningham wouldn't let us leave even after the bell rang.

RANDOM STUDENT

Rung.

Chance darts his eyes around to where the voice came from and looks at the student with a furrowed brow.

CHANCE
Is that right?

MRS. PAUL
Where's Richard? I assumed you two
were together.

CHANCE
(whipping his head back around to Mrs.
Paul) Apparently Finkbeiner sent him
to the office.

RANDOM STUDENT
(under their breath) fuckin' editor.

Chance looks back and forth between Mrs. Paul and the random student, looking at the student as if to wonder what he's done to offend him.

MRS. PAUL
It's the second day of school.

CHANCE
Right. Trust me, it doesn't help what
my pitch for today was, either.

MRS. PAUL
Okay, class. Speaking of pitches,
let's think on those we've already
discussed and each of you write one up
to submit for our first issue.

The classroom is arranged with flat-top tables in the middle of the room with a counter top around the walls with multiple, old school Apple computers lined along them. Chance makes his way to an open seat at the flat-top table and begins to take out a notebook.

Another student raises their hand to ask Mrs. Paul a question concerning if they can submit a pitch for more than one section. These conversations continue as Chance leans back from the table to power on one of the computers.

Seated next to Chance is a younger cheerleader, KATIE, who he doesn't seem to know. We recognize her as one of Jessica's friends. She and Chance exchange a few glances before Chance begins to write in his notebook.

KATIE
You have really pretty eyes.

Chance looks up from his notebook, somewhat surprised Katie is looking in his direction. Immediately embarrassed as soon as he realizes she is.

CHANCE

Oh, uhm, thank you. You too.

KATIE

You don't have to return the compliment if you don't mean it.

CHANCE

No, hey, yours are more green than mine are blue.

KATIE

So, you're the editor, huh?

Chance takes note of her thick Southern accent and naturally, without thinking, responds with something of a mimic.

CHANCE

As of yesterdee.

KATIE

(through a mixture of laughter and shock) Did you just make fun of me?

CHANCE

Shit. I'm sorry. I have no idea why I did that.

KATIE

(sarcastically) No, no - that's fine. I see how it is. Get a little power and it goes straight to your head. Typical male.

CHANCE

(comfortably setting in) My bad, my bad. (continues to laugh). It was like an unconscious impulse.

KATIE

Really exercising that Seniority already, huh?

Chance laughs even harder at this assumption as well as at her refusal to let it go. Chance does his best to continue the conversation without making it awkward.

CHANCE

What are you doing here anyway?

Katie gives a confused look.

CHANCE

In Journalism, I mean.

KATIE

Am I not supposed to be?

CHANCE

No, sorry, the cheerleaders just typically go for yearbook, ya know? Yearbook is pop while journalism's a little more punk sorta deal.

KATIE

Oh, this is my first year here, but I'd say most of them just want to be in yearbook so they can get themselves on as many pages as possible.

CHANCE

Oh, are you new?

KATIE

Just moved here, yeah.

CHANCE

Oh, I thought you were a sophomore. Where'd you move from?

KATIE

Nope, a junior. Far enough, hopefully.

Chance is taken aback by this but also more interested in what Katie is saying.

CHANCE

Sorry if that was getting too personal.

KATIE

(laughing) No. (pauses for a moment and gives a reassuring smile) I just had a really tough time last year.

CHANCE

That's cool you're already so involved in stuff here then.

KATIE

Yeah. I mean, I've been in tumbling my whole life. Love gymnastics but kind of hate that cheerleading is what it leads to...in high school at least.

CHANCE

I'm terrible. I guess I've never really thought about it like that.

KATIE

What do you mean?

CHANCE

I guess I've just always assumed cheerleaders were just, like, the clout-chasers of their grades.

KATIE

Wow.

CHANCE

I mean, I know it's a sport and everything. I love watching gymnastics during the Olympics, it's just...

KATIE

You just thought it was something they came up with to keep the girls busy while the boys played actual sports?

CHANCE

(laughing) Well that just makes me sound like a huge asshole.

KATIE

Are you a huge asshole, Mr. Editor?

CHANCE

I hope not.

KATIE

I don't think you are. Just seeing how thick your skin is.

CHANCE

Yesterday and today been good so far?

KATIE

So far, so good. Are you going to the red/white game tonight?

CHANCE

No, unfortunately gotta work until 10.

KATIE

That sucks. Who's covering it for the paper then?

CHANCE

So, usually we get one certified "cool person" in journalism a year and that's who covers sports.

KATIE

Ahh, makes sense.

Chance motions over to Russell who is sitting in the back corner of the classroom, not doing any work, but is somehow still surrounded by two or three girls.

CHANCE

I've tried to get Russell to do it for forever, but I don't think he'll be changing his mind senior year.

KATIE

Yeah, I wouldn't count on that.

CHANCE

Looks like you might have won that honor this year then.

"MEMORY" BY SUGARCULT BEGINS SOFTLY IN THE BACKGROUND.

KATIE

(jokingly) Snap a few pictures in between stunts? Take some notes after the halftime performance?

CHANCE

Please. I thought I might have to enlist Ben to do the sports page this year.

BEN is a tall, dark haired kid who inherently looks awkward and stands near the back of the classroom messing with different camera lenses.

KATIE

What's wrong with Ben? He seems cool.

Ben continues to look through camera equipment and switch out

lenses, seemingly evaluating each for what will work best for him at the game that evening. He is completely oblivious to anything else going on in the room.

CHANCE

(laughing) I love Ben. He's actually hilarious and goes to all the games, but I don't know that he would even call himself cool.

Katie chuckles and the two of them share a smile.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE.

As "Memory" plays, a montage moves through the school. Richard waits alone in the main office. Seeing no one paying attention, he pulls a half-gallon of milk from his backpack and drinks straight from the jug.

INT. BAND ROOM.

Kirby and Quentin play in band. Jordan, seated elsewhere, quietly mocks Kirby to nearby students. Kirby notices, but is more focused on stealing glances at AMBER, a cheerleader who doesn't notice him at all.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM.

Multiple dodgeball games rage during P.E. while COACH WYNSTON jokes with a group of giggling girls. James dives desperately for balls while Joseph stands off to the side, completely uninterested.

JOSEPH

This feels akin to watching Sean Penn act on *Two and a Half Men*.

JAMES

Why are you just standing there?!?
Help me out!

James gets pegged in the back, his shoulders dropping immediately.

JAMES

Shit.

JOSEPH

So are you out? Can I leave as well or?

JAMES

No, you're still in...somehow.

INT. FACS CLASSROOM.

In the kitchen-like classrooms dominated by females, Boggs stands out as he aids his classmates in baking brownies. While ever the gentleman during the baking process he scarfs down every single treat on the plate that his partner brings from the oven.

INT. JOURNALISM CLASSROOM.

As "Memory" comes to an end Chance and Katie continue to write in their notebooks. An alarm begins to sound and a male voice comes over the intercom system.

PRINCIPAL PRUITT

Teachers, please escort all students to your designated areas per the fire drill escape plan. This is a drill, but please take action immediately. I repeat, this is only a drill.

Halfway through the principal's announcement Mrs. Paul begins speaking over the speaker.

MRS. PAUL

Okay kids, everyone get your stuff together and take it with you. I doubt we're coming back to this period.

Students begin packing their things up while whispering to one another. Ben continues to be oblivious to what is going on around him, still standing in the back corner of the room organizing his camera equipment.

MRS. PAUL

Once you have all of your stuff together get in a single file line at the door. We're headed to the parking lot right outside. Ben, are you listening?

As Ben looks up upon hearing his name the focus shifts from Mrs. Paul's conversation with Ben back to Chance and Katie.

KATIE

First week of school and we're already having a fire drill?

CHANCE

Well, despite what Principal Pruitt says I'd be willing to bet it's a bomb threat.

KATIE

Bomb threat? Like a real one?

EXT. DAY. BACK PARKING LOT.

The parking lot behind the main school building is flooded with classes pouring out of it. Mrs. Paul leads her class to an open area where other classes have already begun to line-up.

MRS. PAUL

The malicious pranksters are already using the current climate of fear against us this school year.

Katie looks especially confused by this statement. So much so her response is almost involuntary.

KATIE

What do you mean, Mrs. Paul?

MRS. PAUL

Did you not have frequent bomb threats at your last school, Ms. Burdette?

Chance gives Katie a knowing look.

KATIE

I...don't think so.

MRS. PAUL

After Columbine and 9/11 there was a huge increase in bomb threats at schools across the country, but I'm afraid they've become more of a disruptive tactic as of late.

Russell, still with a flock of girls around him, interrupts Mrs. Paul from the back of the class line.

RUSSELL

She probably went to one of them all-white private schools, Mrs. Paul. You know there's zero threats at those kinda places.

The whole class bursts into laughter, including Chance, but he can see Katie is hurt by the comment despite the smile she puts on so as to not seem offended. Chance calms his laughter, the two of them locking eyes, Chance trying to share a reassuring smile.

EXT. DAY. FRONT PARKING LOT.

Band and gym students along with office admin pour into the front parking lot. The groups in the front parking lot mingle more as one large group. Coach Wynston and the band director have joined the circle of administrators to discuss the ongoing situation.

One of the admin is making a female student place her hands by her side to make sure her skirt is longer than her fingertips. Kirby, Quentin, Nick, Miles are huddled together.

NICK

Wait, Quentin, you're on red? I thought you were on the white squad...

QUENTIN

Nah, man.

NICK

Fuck.

KIRBY

Nick, what position do you even play?

NICK

Well, my favorite is doggy with your mom.

MILES

The only consistent spot this guy gets is front row in the team photo, amirite Big Q?

The group of guys starts to laugh as Miles and Quentin dap each other up. Kirby is somewhat distracted, beginning to walk away from the group.

KIRBY

I'll catch up with you guys later. Nick, let me know if I can get you my mom's number. We have two dogs already, but she loves a good bitch.

Kirby points and winks at Nick as he walks away. As Kirby

makes his way through the crowd he passes Jordan and his circle of friends but doesn't notice them.

Jordan notices Kirby and immediately taps on the shoulder of a stalky kid with a shaved head named SHANE. Jordan whispers something to Shane after which Shane looks pissed and turns to Jordan to have a more direct conversation.

Elsewhere, Kirby passes James and Joseph in the crowd.

JAMES

Hey!

Kirby turns around hastily to see who has called after him.

JAMES

We eating in the cafeteria today?

KIRBY

Yeah, y'all go ahead. Tell Boggs I'll be right there - just need to check on something real quick.

JAMES

Alright. We'll save ya a seat.

Kirby has already walked off before hearing James' response. James and Joseph begin to walk back toward the school as we hear the bell ringing and a muffled announcement.

PRINCIPAL (V.O.)

Sophomores please report to your sixth period classes, juniors and seniors go directly to lunch.

Kirby catches up to Amber, who is walking to her car, and calls after her in the most timid tone we've heard from him yet.

KIRBY

Hey...um...Amber!

Amber turns around after beginning to open her car door. She immediately smiles upon seeing Kirby. The two begin talking, her smile breaking into a laugh shortly after Kirby speaks.

EXT. DAY. HALLWAY.

Students flood the hallways from both parking lots, some making their way to class while others head towards the cafeteria, but everyone stops to catch-up with their

respective cliques before doing anything else.

INT. CAFETERIA.

Lines start to form along the walls on either side of the cafeteria. Boggs, James, and Joseph are near the front but not quite able to order yet.

BOGGS

Where the hell is everyone?

JOSEPH

Kirby said he was coming, but I think he was trying to talk to that cheerleader he likes.

BOGGS

The one with the nice titties?

JOSEPH

(equally disgusted and amused)
Uhm...sure.

JAMES

He was definitely talking to Amber, yeah.

BOGGS

Joseph, don't act like you don't judge titties. I see how many of those fantasy books you got.

JAMES

She does have a nice rack.

Boggs looks at James with a nod of approval, sticking his tongue out, raising his eyebrows, and shaking his head.

JOSEPH

Yup, that's exactly why I read books...the boob descriptions.

Boggs has stopped paying attention to Joseph as the three of them near the door that houses the lunch ladies behind a wall of warming tables that hold pre-Michelle Obama lunch options.

BOGGS

Guys, check this out...y'all ready?

Boggs pulls a small black box out of his pocket and presses a button on it. It makes a fart sound.

JAMES

Oh, shit...

James puts his hand over his mouth and begins to laugh but bottles it up as the trio cross the threshold from the larger cafeteria into the smaller room with the food. Joseph only shakes his head.

Behind the tables of food are two lunch ladies. NORMA, is an older black lady very much in the vein of a southern grandma. The other, CAROLYN, is a heavier white lady in her late forties or early fifties with a Canadian twist to her tongue and a rather poppy attitude. They both wear aprons and hair nets and neither seem easily phased.

JOSEPH

How's my favorite Canadian doing today?

CAROLYN

Hello sweetheart. I'm doing wonderful. What'll it be today for you boys?

James is still fighting back laughter. Boggs moves around uncomfortably trying to conceal the black box in his hand.

BOGGS

Oh man, I don't know Mrs. Carolyn. My stomach's feelin' a little funky.

As soon as Boggs finishes speaking he presses the button on the device in his hand, a loud fart noise coming from the tiny speaker. James is unable to contain himself and bursts into laughter. Joseph passes him by and steps up to the food table.

NORMA

Ain't nobody got time for this tomfoolery. Let's get trays and get to movin', Mr. Boggs. You want your usual?

JOSEPH

I'll just have nachos with chili, please.

CAROLYN

Coming right up, twin. Would you like anything other twin?

James collects himself quickly upon realizing Mrs. Carolyn is

talking to him. Boggs responds to Mrs. Norma.

BOGGS

You know I have to play tonight, Mrs. Norma. You think that'll help my stomach.

Boggs presses the button on the fart machine again, another loud noise erupting from his pocket along with more uncontrollable laughter from James.

NORMA

I think you better hurry yo ass up and tell me what you want before you get nothing.

Mrs. Carolyn finishes making Joseph's chili/cheese nachos and hands them over the table to him.

JOSEPH

Thank you, Mrs. Carolyn.

CAROLYN

You're welcome, love. Going once, other twin...what are we doing?

James collects himself once more after laughing at Mrs. Norma's response to Boggs.

JAMES

Can I do a hot dog and fries, chili and cheese on both?

Mrs. Carolyn nods and begins to makes James' plate.

NORMA

What'll it be, son?

We can see the temptation in Boggs' face, but he resists and instead gives Mrs. Norma the answer she knew all along.

BOGGS

Yeah, I'll do the usual. Extra jalapeños on the side, please.

As Mrs. Norma begins to make Boggs' tray he presses the button again just to see the reaction he gets. Other students making their way into the serving area convey a mix of confusion and laughter. Mrs. Carolyn hands James his plate of food as he tries to keep his composure while making his way toward his brother.

CAROLYN

You boys better quit being so cheeky.
What drinks do we want? Milk? Homo or
chocolate?

BOGGS

Joseph will take the homo milk.

Boggs and James start laughing but Joseph has already grabbed a styrofoam cup from beside the soda machine, scooped ice into it, and filled it up with a fountain drink.

JOSEPH

I already got Fruit Punch.

As Joseph exits the room Boggs hollers after him.

BOGGS

Of course you did!

James begins getting his drink as Boggs pulls out his red Motorola Razr and waits on Mrs. Norma to hand him his food.

BOGGS

(holding up his cell phone) When you gonna let me get those digits, Mrs. Norma? You know I can treat you better than ol' Kenneth can.

NORMA

Boy. I don't have one of those gadgets and you couldn't handle this now much less if I was forty years younger.

James cackles. Mrs. Norma sets Boggs' tray on the shelf and gives him a good look up and down. Boggs reaches out to grab his tray still trying to entice Mrs. Norma with his expressions.

BOGGS

You don't have to do me like that. I know you like me, gurl - I see those extra fries in there.

NORMA

Would you get outta here? I got work to do. Y'all play too much.

Boggs blows Mrs. Norma a kiss as he collects his tray and heads for the exit. As he does he presses the fart machine one more time eliciting a fair amount of laughter from the

students behind him. Carolyn and Norma laugh while shaking their heads at the same time. Under the sound of the laughter Boggs calls Mrs. Carolyn over.

BOGGS

Hey Mrs. Carolyn, can I get one of those homo milks?

Joseph, James, and Boggs make their way back into the main cafeteria. They find a spot to sit as Kirby comes walking in with a big, cheesy grin on his face.

All four guys take their seats, two on each side of the table. Kirby immediately starts to eat nachos out of Joseph's tray.

KIRBY

I did it, fellas...

BOGGS

(interrupting) You saw some titties?

KIRBY

Not yet. But the odds just went up for tonight.

BOGGS

Keith's?

JAMES

Amber down to hang out?

BOGGS

Twins, y'all comin' to the game?

KIRBY

Basically said she wants to get it on.

JAMES

(to Kirby) Bigballin'. (to Boggs)
Probably, yeah. What are y'all doing after?

Kirby continues eating Joseph's food.

JOSEPH

Do I need to go get a second tray?

KIRBY

I'm gonna go get somethin', chill the fuck out.

JOSEPH
I'm just sayin'

KIRBY
Yeah, Q wants to meet-up at the car wash. Where are Chance and Richard?

We can tell in James' reaction he's a little hurt Kirby didn't explicitly invite he and his brother to join them at either the car wash or Keith's.

JAMES
No update on Richard?

BOGGS
That shit was hilarious.

JOSEPH
He's probably in the bathroom shitting his brains out.

Kirby turns his head in consideration as Joseph might actually have a point. James laughs at his brother's comment as well.

BOGGS
I ain't seen Chance since before Finkbeiner's.

INT. JOURNALISM CLASSROOM.

Chance sits at the same computer he sat in earlier, working on the layout of the year's first edition of the school newspaper. He stops working after a beat and turns in his chair to look toward Mrs. Paul who is seated on a stool at a drawing table more towards the front. They are the only two in the classroom.

CHANCE
Should we do a story about the bomb threats?

MRS. PAUL
How do you mean?

CHANCE
I guess I mean from the perspective of what you said earlier...people using the panic of 9/11 and stuff to still cause fear.

Mrs. Paul moves closer to Chance, leaning against a table. She crosses her arms, intrigued yet seemingly unsure of what the angle might be.

MRS. PAUL

We're only just now coming up on the third anniversary of the attacks...it may still be too raw of a subject to touch.

Chance turns his chair around to talk with Mrs. Paul face to face.

CHANCE

It wouldn't be about the attacks necessarily. It would be more about the small ripple effects that came after that might get lost to time.

MRS. PAUL

That's actually...a very mature thought, Chance.

CHANCE

(timidly) Thanks, yeah.

Another beat of silence occurs as Mrs. Paul considers the factors.

MRS. PAUL

I tend to think no matter when or where you grow up it's tough being a teenager, but these certainly feel like unique times.

CHANCE

Did Vietnam feel close to home?

MRS. PAUL

Not unless you knew someone who went over there.

CHANCE

Right...I only know Vietnam from the movies. Have to wonder when they'll start making ones about 9/11.

MRS. PAUL

Probably not for a while. Nostalgia certainly has a way of weakening our hold on the truth, though.

CHANCE

I just mean, like, everything kind of felt like a fantasy land until 9/11 and now it's like we can't find our way back.

MRS. PAUL

That's because you're a kid. It's one of the perks of a good childhood, Chance. The older you get the more decisions you're asked to make, the more opinions you'll naturally have and the more you realize there's always a fight being fought.

CHANCE

There's just still such a sense of loss. (beat) Like...I don't know...like we haven't recovered yet.

MRS. PAUL

Oh, absolutely. I don't know how time will treat 9/11. I just want to make sure we handle it correctly.

CHANCE

I think we just have to be honest. Like you said, nostalgia is a delusion. What we write will be a link to what it was actually like.

MRS. PAUL

You're optimistic thinking anyone will hold onto our little school paper.

Both Chance and Mrs. Paul pause for a moment, Chance laughing lightly despite the sting of the previous comment.

MRS. PAUL

Let's write it.

Chance looks up, surprised, and turns his chair around to face the computer to begin typing again.

CHANCE

Tight. I have some great ideas for interview subjects.

Mrs. Paul stands up from the seat she'd taken on the table. She begins to walk back toward her spot at the front of the classroom but before she does, turns around.

MRS. PAUL

What was your pitch going to be for today by the way?

CHANCE

(chuckling to himself) Oh, I thought Richard could write a monthly column about whatever was on his mind and we could call it, "Inside Lil' Dick's Head" or something.

MRS. PAUL

Definitely not.

INT. CAFETERIA.

Kirby, Boggs, and the twins are still seated in the same spots but now Kirby has his own tray of food. Notably, he has a salad.

BOGGS

...asking a single person to be everything someone else is looking for in a partner is a hell of a lot. I'm just saying I'm humble enough to know I'm not going to be that for someone else so why should they expect that from me?

KIRBY

(confused) Wait...what are we talking about?

JOSEPH

I mean, it's actually sound logic. I just don't know that it holds up when you're saying they shouldn't expect more from you than wanting to see them naked.

BOGGS

See, Joseph gets it.

James laughs at Boggs' response.

KIRBY

Anyways, I asked her if she'd be at the old Walmart parking lot after the game tonight and she said she didn't know but that if I was going she might consider it.

BOGGS

Wait...you're telling me you didn't even get a confirmed date?

JAMES

Don't be a dick, Boggs.

BOGGS

What? I just want to make sure we're not blowing smoke up his ass.

KIRBY

She's definitely interested. She was definitely flirting.

BOGGS

Okay, I guess we'll find out tonight then. (under his breath towards James)
And don't talk to me like that again, ya fuckin' retard.

James gives Boggs a look challenging his empty threats. Boggs flexes back in a quick, intimidating fashion to which James can't help but flinch.

KIRBY

I guess if Richard isn't in AP English we won't be going to the game though.

BOGGS

(to James) That's what I thought with your bitch ass.

JOSEPH

And Chance has to work.

KIRBY

Yeah, I don't know where the hell that dude is. What did he have sixth?

JAMES

Wasn't it journal...

In the middle of James speaking we see his eyes go wide at something happening behind his friends.

Shane has quickly walked up behind Kirby and Boggs and proceeds to punch Kirby in the back of the head. Kirby immediately falls off his seat and onto the floor. Boggs attempts to stand up but Shane's posse are fast to push him further away as he gets to his feet.

Shane immediately gets on top of Kirby after knocking him to the ground and continues to punch at him. The majority of the students in the cafeteria quickly flock to the scene of the fight.

James stands up immediately, he and Joseph backing up from the action slightly. James attempts to pull Shane off of Kirby. Shane elbows James in the stomach after a beat sending him backward. James is caught by Quentin who appears through the crowd.

Quentin effortlessly lifts Shane off of Kirby and stares through him.

QUENTIN

Don't be stupid.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE.

Kirby is seated in the office. There is a seat in between them, but Richard is still there as well. Kirby is visibly bruised on his face but his spirit remains unshaken.

KIRBY

Talked to Amber earlier...

RICHARD

Oh shit, yeah?

KIRBY

Yeah, might hang out with her tonight.

RICHARD

That's what I'm talkin' about!

A police officer swings the door open and enters the office with a few of the administrative staff.

POLICE OFFICER

Bald headed faggot?

Kirby and Richard both whip their heads around to see who is speaking and more importantly, who he might be speaking to.

RICHARD

What did he call you?

POLICE OFFICER

(chuckling slightly) In fact, that is what Mr. Shane Shaver said you called him, inciting the incident at lunch

today. Did you call him that?

KIRBY

Nope, but I wish I had now.

The police officer continues to try and stifle his laughter while the admin behind him shake their heads.

POLICE OFFICER

Okay, Mr. Rogers - please tell me your side of the story.

KIRBY

I was eating lunch and got punched in the head.

POLICE OFFICER

So you're saying you've had no other interaction with Mr. Shaver today or recently at all?

KIRBY

I don't talk to him. I know who he is because we've gone to school together for forever, but I don't know him well enough to comment on his bedroom activities.

POLICE OFFICER

Okay. There are plenty of witnesses who confirmed you didn't start the fight and didn't have much time to defend yourself before Quentin intervened. Principal Pruitt, did you have any other questions?

A white male in his early fifties with a picture perfect combover and perfectly kept mustache steps forward. It is evident PRINCIPAL PRUITT is something of a goober from the first moment we see him.

PRINCIPAL PRUITT

No, if you're all set, officer - I think we're fine. You're free to go, Kirby.

Kirby begins to stand up and put his backpack on.

PRINCIPAL PRUITT

(looking from Kirby to Richard) Is there something I can do for you,

young man?

Richard looks around to ensure it is in fact he that Pruitt is speaking to.

RICHARD

Uhh...no? I just wanted to be present as moral support for my friend here.

PRINCIPAL PRUITT

Oh okay, how nice of you. Looks like you got some food on ya during the scuffle.

Richard looks to Kirby, having a moment of realization that he trepidatiously moves forward with. The police officer can't help but stifle his laughter.

RICHARD

(again, trepidatiously) Uhh...yes sir.

PRINCIPAL PRUITT

Well okay then. Bell's about to ring for last period. Both of you go on and get to wherever you're supposed to be.

Without asking any further questions the boys gather the rest of their things and hurriedly exit the office. The police officer continues to laugh under his breath.

EXT. DAY. HALLWAY.

Kirby and Richard walk down the empty hall, laughing with one another.

KIRBY

I wondered how Jordan was already back in band when you weren't at lunch. Do you know what he got?

RICHARD

Nah man, he was in Pruitt's office for like five minutes and then left.

KIRBY

...and Pruitt just never said anything to you?

RICHARD

Nah, basically followed Jordan out the door; didn't even look my way.

KIRBY
Where you headed now?

RICHARD
AP Euro.

KIRBY
Ahh, I had that yesterday.

RICHARD
You?

KIRBY
Counselor's Aid.

RICHARD
Get the fuck outta here.

KIRBY
Yup.

RICHARD
That's forreal?

KIRBY
Just kickin' it with Mrs. M.

INT. HALLWAY.

Kirby and Richard enter one of the enclosed hallways where Chance is standing at his locker. As Chance finishes putting on his backpack he sees his friends walking toward him and immediately takes note of Kirby's black eye.

CHANCE
Holy shit, dude! The twins told me what happened but I didn't think he got you that good.

Kirby and Richard reach Chance's locker just in time for Kirby to slam the locker closed in response to Chance's question.

KIRBY
Fuck you, gaywad! Where the hell have you been?!?!

CHANCE
I had to go back to Journalism after the bomb threat. Rutherford was wondering where you guys were too.

KIRBY

Should have told her I was busy getting assaulted by Shane Shaver.

CHANCE

What in the actual fuck though?!?

RICHARD

For the record, I didn't witness this either, I've been in the office since first period.

CHANCE

James said Finkbeiner sent you to the office for something with Jordan Dove?

KIRBY

Yeah, he was there for me and stood up for me which is more than I can say for your sorry ass.

CHANCE

Are you actually mad?

KIRBY

I'm mad at that fuckin' little ginger snap because I know he's the one that told Shane I called him a "bald headed faggot".

CHANCE

Did you call him a bald headed faggot?

KIRBY

No! Jordan told him I did because he's too chicken shit to fight me himself!

CHANCE

Sorry! Just trying to make sure I understand.

RICHARD

Jordan brought a case of slim fast to Finkbeiner's and put it on K's desk so I chugged that shit and might have yelled some expletives.

KIRBY

Maybe the greatest thing I've ever seen.

RICHARD

Thank you.

KIRBY

We're taking him to the car wash tonight, so y'all need to be the -

CHANCE

I thought that was only for sophomores?

KIRBY

Chance, if you don't quit bein' a little bitch I'm gonna tie you up next to him.

CHANCE

Lucky me, I gotta work tonight.

RICHARD

Then don't forget. Snitches get stitches.

KIRBY

...and wind up in ditches.

CHANCE

Okay, guys. I gotta get to AP Euro.

RICHARD

Oh, yeah, me too.

CHANCE

Let's go then. Kirbs, I'll holler at you later. I'll have my cell on me at work.

KIRBY

Yeah, okay, but I'm not counting on you to show up when I need you.

CHANCE

Good talk.

Chance and Richard head one way, Kirby hesitating for a moment before joining them.

RICHARD

I thought you had to go to the counselor's office?

KIRBY

I do.

RICHARD

Isn't that the other wa -

Before Richard can finish the question Kirby reaches across and smacks Chance square in the nuts, causing him to double over in pain.

CHANCE

Oh my shit!

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM.

Porscha ventures into the locker rooms where other members of the cheer team are touching up their make-up and getting ready to leave.

Katie, Jessica, and Amber are notable among other girls in the room that also include seniors BETHANY and JAMIE, the co-captain of the squad, as well as sophomores LINDSEY and JASMINE.

PORSCHA

Alright y'all, Coach Willis said to be out in five minutes if you're going to get food. We have to be back at the tennis courts by 4:30.

JAMIE

That's just over an hour, girls - let's get a move on.

Porscha walks over to a locker to grab her bag while still talking.

PORSCHA

They got phones and watches, Jamie. They know what time it is.

Jamie is a little taken aback, but gives Porscha a side eye as she finishes putting on some lipstick before beginning to put everything back in her own make-up bag.

PORSCHA

You going to eat, Jamie?

JAMIE

Yes, should the captains eat together? Do you wanna go eat together?

PORSCHA

Nah girl, I was just wondering why you're putting on lipstick right now if you're about to go get a bite.

Jessica and Amber do their best to hold back their laughter, but can't help it completely. Katie is clearly a little shocked by Porscha's candor, but Jamie whips her head around as soon as she hears the laughs and snorts coming from the group of juniors.

JAMIE

Shut-up, you two. Bethany, let's go if you're riding with me. As a captain (shoots Porscha a stare), I need to be back first.

Jamie and Bethany finish collecting their things and walk toward the exit. Before leaving completely, Jamie turns around.

JAMIE

I have two extra seats if anyone wants to join us and get advice from a senior with years of experience.

Without a second of hesitation or waiting to see if anyone accepts her offer, Jamie turns around and leaves. As soon as Jamie turns, Bethany rolls her eyes to the rest of the group before turning to follow Jamie out.

PORSCHA

Only thing that girls cheer experience has helped her with is spreading those legs as wide as she can.

Amber has just taken a drink from her water bottle when Porscha responds immediately causing her to nearly regurgitate it. The other girls in the room can't help but laugh as well.

PORSCHA

Sophomores, either of y'all got a car?

Lindsey looks terrified a senior has spoken to her, looking from Porscha to Jasmine for some kind of help/direction.

JASMINE

Oh, no - we were just gonna stay on campus and walk over to the tennis courts in a bit.

PORSCHA
You got cash?

JASMINE
Yeah.

PORSCHA
Then you better go get something good
to eat while you can because you don't
wanna try and cheer on a stomach full
of cold pizza.

Lindsey and Jasmine hurriedly gather their stuff to follow Jamie and Bethany out. Before exiting the room, Jasmine stops to ask Porscha a question.

JASMINE
Are you sure the food is worth
listening to Jamie for an hour?

PORSCHA
Unfortunately, yeah. Just smile and
nod, we'll be gone in nine months.

Jasmine sighs heavily and looks to Lindsey who just kind of shrugs. The two of them then hurriedly leave together. Porscha engages with a few of the girls in the background though their conversation is unintelligible as it is swiftly interrupted by Amber.

AMBER
As a junior who will have put up with
y'all for two years when it's all said
and done they have no idea what
they're in for.

Porscha overhears Amber and turns her attention toward her.

PORSCHA
Listen, if you think y'all tired of
her...

KATIE
Gonna be a long year?

PORSCHA
It is, new girl. I know you a junior
too, but be thankful you'll only get a
year here as the underclassmen.

AMBER

You want to come eat with us, Porscha?

PORSCHA

Nah, I gotta go pick up the pizzas,
but Jessica - party still on at your
place tomorrow, right?

Jessica looks up as she and Katie had begun to zip up their
bags in order to leave.

JESSICA

Yeah, yeah. You gonna make it?

PORSCHA

You know it. Okay, I gotta run y'all -
Jamie think she gotta be the first
back but I actually do.

Porscha picks her bag up and takes off out of the locker
room. Amber grabs her things next and ushers Jessica and
Katie to come with her.

AMBER

Let's go, ladies. I'm drivin'.

EXT. AFTERNOON. AMBER'S CAR.

A mini-montage occurs of the girls dancing and laughing in
the car as they drive through town with the windows down and
the radio blaring. They arrive at a fast food restaurant,
exit the car, and make their way inside.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT.

The three girls carry their trays of food to a table and sit
as a crew member - JOE, a bloated man in his late fifties who
wears an apron, a flushed skin tone, and way too much cologne
- wipes down tables behind them.

JESSICA

(coughing) That guy is wearing so much
cologne...

AMBER

By the looks of him, he should have
had a heart attack yesterday...

Katie and Jessica chuckle a little, watching Joe for a beat
as he seems out of breath simply from wiping down tables.

AMBER
How many people you expecting
tomorrow, Jess?

JESSICA
No idea. Obviously most of the girls
know. I told the dance team too...and
a lot of the football guys.

AMBER
Ohhh, is Nick going to be there?

JESSICA
I talked to him this morning, but
don't know if he'll show.

KATIE
He will.

JESSICA
How do you know?

KATIE
I mean, why wouldn't he?

AMBER
Well, it wouldn't be a loss either
way...

JESSICA
Amber!

AMBER
I'm just sayin'

KATIE
Why? What don't I know?

AMBER
He's just a dip shit.

KATIE
Ahh

JESSICA
But he's so hot.

AMBER
I heard he has a tiny dick.

JESSICA

Amber!

AMBER

I said I'm just sayin' (rolls her eyes at Jessica). What about you, Katie? You bringing anyone?

KATIE

Oh, I don't know if I'm going to make it.

JESSICA

What? Why not? It'll be perfect for you - you'll get to know everyone so much better.

KATIE

No, I know, I'm just not the best with parties.

AMBER

You already have other plans, don't you? Who with? You can trust me, I won't tell Jess.

Amber looks over to Jess after speaking only to immediately laugh at herself. Jess is just shaking her head.

JESSICA

You're so dumb.

KATIE

No, I really don't. I'm a total homebody.

AMBER

I get it. We'll miss ya, but you're definitely gonna miss a drunk Jamie dance routine.

JESSICA

Don't let her off that easy, Amber.

AMBER

I'm not gonna force the girl to do something she doesn't want to.

JESSICA

C'mon, Katie - there has to be someone who caught your eye. Who can I invite?

KATIE
(shaking her head, embarrassed) No
one, really -

Joe's coughs interrupt the girl's conversation as he sets a stack of trays he's just finished cleaning on the table behind them.

JOE
Can I get any of this out of y'all's
way?

The girls are somewhat startled first by the sound of the trays hitting the table and then by Joe's raspy, abrasive voice.

AMBER
We're good, sir.

JOE
Refills on anything?

AMBER
(starting to cough) That cologne,
geez.

JOE
Pardon me?

AMBER
(picking up her cup) I said more Dr.
Pepper, please.

Joe takes Amber's cup, picks up the trays from the table behind him and makes his way back toward the counter.

AMBER
(taking a deep breath) God almighty...

After releasing her deep breath Amber along with Katie and Jessica can no longer contain their laughter about the awkward moment.

INT. AP EURO CLASSROOM.

Chance, Richard, and the twins sit among a full class of students who are impatiently awaiting the ring of the final bell. The teacher stands at the front of the class still speaking as if there's an hour of school left.

AP EURO TEACHER
Monarchs like Henry VIII, Charles V,
and Ferdinand and Isabella, really
laid the foundation for modern
political institutions which is how
you get power centralized around
someone like good ole Dubya.

In the middle of the teacher speaking the bell rings and the class gets up without hesitation, making their way for the exit.

AP EURO TEACHER
Have fun this weekend, but not too
much. Real work starts Monday!

INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE.

Kirby is gathering a few books into his backpack from a round table that sits in front of a desk where a woman in her mid-forties sits. The secretary is typing away on her computer while staring at her bulky monitor.

KIRBY
Smell ya later, Mrs. M.

The secretary sitting behind the desk chuckles at Kirby's casual nature.

MRS. M
We'll see ya Tuesday, hun.

Kirby exits the counselor's office.

EXT. AFTERNOON. FIELDHOUSE.

Boggs is in the midst of a group of his fellow football players. The group exits the fieldhouse, walking toward their vehicles when a coach comes storming out of the door behind the group.

COACH
Boggs!

Boggs stops dead in his tracks while the rest of his teammates continue walking past him. Boggs closes his eyes and takes a deep breath before turning around.

BOGGS
(under his breath) Fuck.

Boggs turns around to face his coach while seeming to know why he's called after him.

COACH

I thought I told your fat fuckin' ass to get some sophomores and have them take these tables up to the tennis courts?

BOGGS

I forgot, man.

COACH

Yeah, well now you're gonna have to figure out how to get those up there by your damn self.

Boggs doesn't stop to listen to the coach but instead keeps walking right past him towards a pile of collapsible tables.

COACH

Son, I wanna be able to swear by ya, not at ya, okay?

Boggs doesn't respond but simply mutters some swear words of his own.

EXT. DAY. BACK PARKING LOT.

Our trio of skateboarders again weave through the parked cars on their boards as students of all shapes, sizes, and cliques make their way either to their cars or onto one of the buses lined up along the back of campus.

BRANDON and a friend from the goth group as well as Brandon's younger sibling (who is not goth) open the doors to a worn, silver Chevy Cavalier.

YOUNGER SIBLING

I call shotgun!

GOTH KID

C'mon, man...that's bullshit.

BRANDON

He called it, dude. You gotta call it.

The younger sibling, a squirrely white kid wearing baggy blue jeans and a Miles Davis tee that looks like it came from Hot Topic laughs tauntingly at his brother's friend.

GOTH KID

You're like twelve years-old. Are you even allowed to sit in the front?

YOUNGER SIBLING

"You're like twelve years-old". Aren't you queers supposed to be hardcore metal darklords or some shit? Quit being such little pussies about where you're sitting and ride the damn bench.

The goth kid looks to Brandon as if to ask for help but Brandon just shrugs his shoulders.

BRANDON

You gotta call it, man.

As Brandon speaks he gets in the drivers seat with the others following suit. Inside the car, Brandon's younger sibling picks up the CD case that was sitting in the passenger seat and begins to flip through it.

GOTH KID

At least let me pick the music.

Brandon starts the car.

BRANDON

That's fair, give him the CDs.

Brandon's younger sibling ignores the previous conversation, pulls a CD out from one of the slips, and places the disc in a small portable CD player that sits in the cup holders, only playing through the car speakers thanks to a cassette tape adapter. The younger sibling presses the same button on the discman several times to skip a few tracks before looking to his older brother.

YOUNGER SIBLING

Drive. You don't want to get stuck behind the buses, do ya?

"STATIC ON THE RADIO" BY CHRONIC FUTURE BEGINS.

Brandon laughs and pulls out of the parking spot hurriedly while his friend in the back seat throws up his hands in disbelief. They exit the school, driving past the front lot where Chance is making his way to his car. Justin and Rachel come running after him, yelling to try and catch his attention before he gets in and drives off.

JUSTIN
Chance! Wait up!

Chance's head pops up at the recognition of his brother's voice.

RACHEL
Don't leave yet!

Justin and Rachel have caught up to Chance by the time he turns around to see them.

JUSTIN
She left her bag in your car.

CHANCE
I remembered.

RACHEL
You not goin' the game, Chance?

Chance opens the driver side door and tosses his backpack into the passenger seat as he listens.

CHANCE
Nah, I gotta work till 10.

RACHEL
That hella sucks.

CHANCE
Ehh. May meet up with some of the guys after. Y'all be careful though, you know they're gonna be taking sophomores to the carwash.

Chance closes the car door and turns around to talk.

JUSTIN
We'll be good! Promise!

CHANCE
Keep your cell on ya in case I need to grab you from anywhere after I get off.

JUSTIN
We should be good, but I'll let ya know either way.

Chance and Justin continue to talk as Rachel joins them after

checking her bag to make sure she has everything she needs. She puts her arm around Justin's as he and Chance finish speaking.

While Chance, Justin, and Rachel stand in the parking lot they are interrupted by the sound of a truck driving past at a speed much faster than permitted in a parking lot. Kirby drives the 2000 model Chevrolet 2500 Crew Cab with Richard in the passenger seat, half hanging out the window as he yells and flips off Chance and the others as they pass.

RICHARD

You got served, bitches!

Kirby and Richard zip out of sight, leaving Justin and Rachel laughing and Chance shaking his head but laughing still.

CHANCE

Alright...I gotta get outta here.
Y'all need a ride anywhere right now?

RACHEL

No, I have to get to the tennis courts. Helping set-up for the back to school rally.

CHANCE

That's right.

Chance and Justin dap up.

CHANCE

Love you, dude.

JUSTIN

Love you too.

Chance then puts his arm around Rachel and gives her a big squeeze. Rachel laughs.

CHANCE

You guys have fun and stay safe. I'm serious!

Chance laughs and gets in his car as a few more cars drive past prior to Rachel and Justin heading towards the tennis courts.

EXT. AFTERNOON. TENNIS COURTS.

Kirby and Richard have circled the parking lot and are now by

the tennis courts themselves where various cheerleaders, dance team members, and football players as well as other students are setting up for the Back to School rally. Notably, Boggs is finishing setting up tables. As Kirby circles the truck around, Richard leans out of his window to yell at Boggs.

RICHARD

Let's go fatty!

Without hesitation Boggs looks up to see Kirby and Richard looking at him and laughing because he in fact looked up without hesitation.

BOGGS

Man, fuck y'all.

Boggs' response, despite seeming hostile, is mostly muted as he stands up and runs toward the truck.

BOGGS

Hop in the back, bitch ass trick.

Richard does so without quarreling as Boggs opens the door and climbs in the passenger seat. Kirby takes off as Boggs closes the door.

EXT. AFTERNOON. NEIGHBORHOOD.

Kirby drives through a nearby neighborhood where plenty of lawns feature the kind of landscaping and decor Kirby, Boggs, and Richard are hoping for. Kirby stops outside of a house where Boggs and Richard quickly get out, run up to the front and begin collecting as many garden gnomes as they can hold. While running back toward the truck Richard drops one as he reaches the curb causing it to break.

RICHARD

Peace, love, and midgets.

Richard picks up a few of the broken pieces and tosses them in the back of Kirby's truck.

KIRBY

Hurry the hell up, cracka!

Boggs and Richard hop back in the truck as Kirby takes off, this time before both doors shut. A montage of the three of them driving through the neighborhood and relocating gnomes from one garden to another - often times leaving them in compromising positions - ensues.

EXT. AFTERNOON. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT.

Chance pulls up to the same fast food restaurant where Amber, Katie, and Jessica are eating. Chance gets out of his car and walks inside.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT.

Chance enters the restaurant through the side door, carrying his uniform in his arms. Katie, Amber, and Jessica are inside still, but are gathering their trays and belongings. It's clear Chance has noticed them but quickly looks away and toward the counter where Joe is standing.

JOE

Chance! You ready to clock in?

Chance stops abruptly as if both irritated attention has been called to him as well as irritated Joe is starting to manage him as soon as he's walked in the door.

As soon as Joe says his name though, Chance looks toward the table where the girls are sitting and does a slight wave before looking back towards the counter.

CHANCE

Damn it, Joe! I just walked in.

JOE

I don't know what time you're on the schedule for.

Chance takes his flip phone out of his pocket, opens it, and then looks back to Joe.

CHANCE

Not 4:25.

JESSICA

Oh shit! Is it really that late?

The three girls hastily dump what is left on their trays into the trash cans and gather their things.

CHANCE

It is. Y'all supposed to be at the back to school deal in 5 mins?

AMBER

We are! We can do it!

CHANCE
(sarcastically) I believe in you!

The girls have thrown everything away and grabbed all their bags concurrent with the conversation thus far, but as it is time for them to actually leave Chance meets Katie's eyes for the first time.

KATIE
So this is work tonight, huh?

CHANCE
(shrugging) This is it.

KATIE
Good to know, good to know.

CHANCE
If you need dessert after the game you should come back by.

AMBER
Oh my God, Chance. Did you just ask our new friend if she wants you for dessert?

Chance is clearly embarrassed but sees Katie is laughing allowing him to relax somewhat while simultaneously trying to formulate a response.

CHANCE
No, no. You know I didn't mean it like that, Amber. Don't do me like that.

AMBER
Mmm Hmm.

JESSICA
We really gotta go, guys. Chance, are you coming to my party tomorrow?

CHANCE
I don't *think* I have to work. I'll check and let you know.

Chance then shifts his attention from Jessica to Katie.

CHANCE
Are you going?

KATIE

I was thinking about it, yeah.

Both Amber and Jessica look at Katie, clearly shocked by her response.

CHANCE

Okay, cool. I may see you there then.

KATIE

Well, I may see you later first.

CHANCE

(somewhat surprised) Even better.

By this point Jessica is trying to pull both Amber and Katie out of the doors. Chance and Katie leave each other with a smile. The girls make their way hurriedly to the car once outside. Chance begins to head toward the counter, but stops, turns, and opens to the door enough for Amber to hear him.

EXT. AFTERNOON. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT.

CHANCE

Hey Amber!

AMBER

What's up?

CHANCE

Kirby talk to you today?

AMBER

As a matter of fact, he did. Might be meeting up with him later. Why?

CHANCE

Just curious. Been saying he would and wanted to know if I could call him out on it or not.

Amber gets in the car and rolls down the window as she starts the car and drives off, whipping around to give Chance a thumbs up.

AMBER

Fo shizzle my nizzle!

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT.

Chance laughs as he walks back into the restaurant with a big

grin on his face, still holding his uniform in his arms.

JOE

You gonna put that on or just stand
there lookin' like an idiot all night?

Chance drops his smile, turning to look toward Joe. He checks his phone quickly once more.

CHANCE

Ring me up for a double meal. I still
have twenty minutes, biotch!

Chance says this as he walks past Joe and heads toward the restrooms, presumably to change into his uniform.

JOE

Fuckin' kids.

EXT. EVENING. TENNIS COURTS.

The "Back 2 School Rally" is now in full swing. Several stations are set up on the tennis courts representing different clubs and organizations on campus. Porscha is bringing stacks of PIZZA PRO boxes over to the tables where Jamie, Bethany, Lindsey, Jasmine, Jessica, Amber, and Katie greet and engage with other students as they pass by.

Justin and Rachel stand behind one of the tables, laughing and flirting as Jamie walks past. Jamie calls out WHITNEY - the dance team captain - to make sure her minions stay in line.

JAMIE

Whitney, you got sophomores jerkin'
off their boyfriends over here.

WHITNEY

I'm sorry, what?

JAMIE

Listen, your stupid dance team is
unfortunately associated with those of
us with actual talent, so if you could
get your shit in line that would be
great.

Whitney begins to respond but the response is unintelligible as a group of goth girls making their way through laugh at the conflict between the preppier crowd.

The goth crowd is made up of Sarah, MORGAN, and JULIE. They all laugh at Jamie's nastiness as they pass the cheerleader's table.

SARAH

I kinda wanted some pizza, but I don't wanna deal with that hoe.

MORGAN

Right? She's been that way since the second grade though, wouldn't expect her to grow out of it senior year.

Looking around and landing on the ROTC station, Sarah becomes distracted.

SARAH

I gotta go by the ROTC table and see if they need any help.

Julie and Morgan's reactions aren't big, but are clearly deflated by Sarah's remarks.

JULIE

Eww. You know I hate that about you.

SARAH

No one's asking you to do anything, Jules.

JULIE

My mom gave me money to go ahead and order my yearbook. Come with me, Morgan!

Julie begins awkwardly running over to a table with a poster board taped to the front advertising yearbooks. Morgan slowly follows Julie while Sarah moves in the opposite direction.

Interrupting this separation is the screeching of tires in the background as Kirby's truck whips into the parking lot, stopping just outside the tennis courts. Kirby, Boggs, and Richard come pouring out of the truck and make their way over to the ROTC station where Sarah is standing, talking to the two ROTC STUDENTS in uniform that sit behind their table, both female. One of the ROTC ladies immediately takes off her hat and stands up when she sees Kirby closing in.

ROTC STUDENT

You were supposed to be here half an hour ago, asswipe.

KIRBY

You're lucky I'm here at all, Cadet Cunt.

SARAH

Geez Kirby.

The frustrated ROTC student stands up and begins taking her hair down and her uniform off, revealing a white tank top underneath. As she does so, Boggs and Richard attention shifts as Kirby has begun putting on his ROTC shirt and hat.

BOGGS

Damn girl, you dancin' at Peaches later?

The ROTC student gives Boggs a disgusted side eye as she switches her shoes and begins gathering the rest of her things.

ROTC STUDENT

In your dreams, dickweed.

Sarah, Kirby, and Richard all laugh at the underclassman's comeback while Boggs just shakes his head angrily.

BOGGS

I didn't want none of that anyway, ya sophomore slut. Heard you got the gonaseyphaherpalaids.

SARAH

Jesus Christ, Boggs.

BOGGS

You can shut the hell up too, Sarah.

Sarah rolls her eyes at Boggs before turning them to Kirby.

SARAH

(pointing to Kirby's eye) That from the uproar at lunch?

Kirby has a difficult time pulling his uniform shirt over his school clothes, but finally situates himself though is still a little flustered nonetheless.

KIRBY

Yup. A bald-headed faggot did this to me...or at least that's what I was told I called him to cause it.

SARAH

Yikes.

Kirby finally finishes buttoning his uniform and tosses his hat on his head, unbothered by how disheveled it looks because he knows he will be taking it back off as soon as he can.

KIRBY

I told Major Franzen he wasn't supposed to schedule seniors for this shit.

SARAH

I know. I saw your name on the sheet and noticed you weren't here yet which is why I came over.

KIRBY

Sorry about that.

SARAH

All good. Are y'all go -

Julie and Morgan begin heading toward Sarah, who notices, but isn't the only one as Boggs promptly interrupts Sarah after catching Julie's eye.

BOGGS

(mostly joking, but somewhat sincerely) Hey Sarah, do you think Julie would ever go out with me?

RICHARD

No way, you got bigger titties than she does.

KIRBY

Tig ol' bitties.

Sarah laughs at Richard and Kirby's responses, looking at them with a relieved expression. Boggs simply looks discouraged.

SARAH

I'll catch you guys later.

Sarah meets Julie and Morgan, the three of them exiting the tennis courts to make their way toward the football field. Kirby, Richard, and Boggs continue to look in their direction as they leave.

BOGGS

There's just somethin' about those emo chicks that gets me goin', man.

RICHARD

I'll tell you what, boys. There's no greater satisfaction than making a goth girl smile...

Kirby chuckles in response to Richard's statement while Boggs nods his head in agreement.

RICHARD

Speaking of, I think Sarah might be a little sweet on you, big boy.

Richard nudges Kirby slightly.

KIRBY

No way, dude. She'll probably end up a lesbian. All the cool ones do.

As Kirby says this his eyes shift from Sarah to where Amber is goofing around with her friends. Jamie is holding a megaphone and trying to figure out how to use it while Porscha tries to demonstrate how it works. As soon as Jamie figures it out she makes an announcement.

JAMIE

We'll be closing up shop here in the next fifteen minutes, everyone! Please begin wrapping things up and lets get ready to head to the field!

Richard walks up to Porscha, who is visibly irritated, and takes a whole pizza off her hands; the two share an exchange of sarcastic smiles. Boggs has ignored Jamie altogether, instead checking out different girls making their way around the tennis courts.

JAMIE

(muffled in the background) Teachers and club presidents, please make sure anything you brought with you is removed from the tennis courts and all trash is picked up and thrown away. Coach Wynston has asked we leave the courts as clean as we found them.

Richard returns to his friends, once again holding out a pizza box, offering them a slice. Boggs declines while

Richard starts to eat a piece himself.

RICHARD

Boggs, buddy, should you have been
down at the field or something by now?

Boggs still seems unphased as he eyes a couple of girls walking past him who are very clearly with their boyfriends. He nods as if to say "what's up" but the girls just snicker while the younger boys look away and hurry past.

BOGGS

Nah man, we don't have to start
getting dressed out until 5:45. Game
starts at 6:30.

RICHARD

I hate to be the bad time bearer, but
it's 5:52.

Boggs all of a sudden snaps out of his daze and pulls out his Razr to see that Richard isn't messing with him. Without saying a word he starts running toward the field house.

KIRBY

(yelling while laughing) Coach gonna
rip you another new asshole.

BOGGS

(in the distance, as he's running)
Fuck him and fuck you, Kirby!

Boggs' response is loud enough for much of the tennis courts to hear causing Amber specifically to look over toward where the yelling was coming from. When Amber's eyes find Kirby's he is already looking at her, smiling. He waves. She smiles back and waves, pointing to the shiner on his eye as well.

AMBER

(mouthing) What happened?

Kirby kind of rolls his eyes in response and waves it off.

KIRBY

(yelling) Tell ya later!

Amber laughs and gives him a thumbs up before looking away, Kirby keeping his eye on her for a beat before looking back to Richard who is still eating his pizza. Kirby grabs a slice out of the box Richard still holds.

KIRBY

I think that brings the asshole count to three today.

RICHARD

Vanilla, chocolate, and swirl!

The second ROTC student still sits behind the table listening to Kirby and Richard's conversation; she can't help but shake her head in disbelief and laugh. Upon hearing her chuckle, Richard turns around.

RICHARD

You want a slice? Only a dollar!

EXT. EVENING. CLARKVILLE HIGH FOOTBALL STADIUM.

A montage of the red/white game follows. Boggs, Nick, Quentin, D-Bo, JC, Brock and Miles along with countless others play. The student section cheer and move along with cheerleaders and dance team.

Chad and Laura snuggle up together in the hot August sun. Chad clearly doesn't want to be there yet Laura is on her feet fully participating. The dance team take the field for their halftime performance.

Justin cheers for Rachel, sitting beside James and Joseph. At one point, they are all cheering for Boggs, yelling his name and pointing in his direction, eventually getting his attention in such a way that a genuine smile can't help but break out across his face.

When the game clock hits zero the football players make their way to the student section to joining the rest of their classmates in celebration.

EXT. NIGHT. ABANDONED WALMART PARKING LOT.

Kirby and Richard pull into the parking lot of what was previously a Walmart but is clearly not in operation any longer. They circle around in Kirby's truck and park under one of the streetlights; the stadium lights present in the distance behind them.

EXT. NIGHT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT.

A single car sits in the drive-thru ready to drive off as soon as they receive their food.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT.

Chance stands, slumped in the nook of the drive-thru window. A manager, MARK, is a middle aged white male with glasses and a slight tummy made more apparent by his tightly tucked shirt. Mark is back and forth between the office and front lines where the rest of the crew fulfills orders.

LARRY and ERIC work on side sandwich station and grill, both of whom are late-twenties to early thirties black males who share a certain camaraderie and are clearly friends outside of work. DANIEL works on front sandwiches and is a bald white man in his mid-thirties who seems socially awkward despite his title of assistant manager. CAROL, a mixed young lady is the only other teenager working that night and is stationed at the front register.

For a brief moment both the dining room and drive-thru are dead.

DANIEL

Chance, are y'all clear over there?

Chance closes the window and turns toward the rest of the crew without really acknowledging Daniel.

CHANCE

Yep.

DANIEL

We're clear on the front too. Larry, will you cover sandwiches while I run to the back for more cheese?

Larry is already leaning against his side sandwich station, conversating with Eric.

LARRY

I got you, boss.

Daniel takes off in an awkward run toward the back. Eric can't help but laugh at Daniel's inherent dorkiness, mocking his run with spatula in hand. Chance and Larry laugh at Eric while Carol makes her way over from the front counter to the trio of guys.

CAROL

Y'all ain't right.

ERIC

That boy ain't right, ya know what I'm

sayin'?

Eric turns back to the grill as he speaks, shifting hamburger patties over and laying fresh ones from the mini fridge that sits beside the industrial grill. Chance steps out of the drive-thru nook when Carol approaches.

CHANCE

You didn't wanna go the game tonight, Carol?

CAROL

And risk getting taken to the car wash by a bunch of y'all seniors? No thank you.

Chance laughs as does Larry. Mark walks back toward the front but is seemingly having trouble with his eyes; he rubs them continuously.

LARRY

You alright there, buddy?

MARK

I pepper sprayed myself trying to make my own hot sauce last night. I gotta get me some goggles or somethin'.

Chance, Larry, Eric, and Carol are equally mystified by Mark's statement. Mark doesn't notice the reactions as he's cleaning his glasses with his shirt, rubbing his eyes once more before putting them back on his face.

ERIC

(laughing) What the hell?

CHANCE

(sarcastically) The goggles will definitely help, yeah.

Mark senses the judgment in the room, looking from Eric to Chance and then from Larry up towards Carol who are both clearly trying to restrain their laughter.

MARK

Are you little fuckers making fun of me?

The rest of the crew then fully burst out laughing, Mark affectionately slapping Chance on the back. They are quickly interrupted by a ding on the intercom system sending the crew

back to their stations.

CHANCE

Thank you for choosing XX, what can we get for ya?

Chance responds intermittently as the customer orders.

CHANCE

Okay, and what to drink with that?...Large size or as it comes?...Alrighty, \$6.85, please pull around.

Chance turns around to see Larry and Mark putting the order together.

MARK

Medium or large fry?

CHANCE

Just a medium.

Chance turns towards the drink station and fills a medium cup. He moves to open the window as the car pulls around revealing Brooke as the driver. Chance is a little taken aback, but he plays it cool.

CHANCE

I thought that sounded like you.

BROOKE

What are you doing here? Why aren't you at the red/white game?

CHANCE

I could ask you the same things.

BROOKE

I just got off work not too long ago, picked up little man, and am headed home but was starving.

CHANCE

Oh man, you're such an adult now.

BROOKE

I know, right?

Mark drops the bag beside Chance's cash register and looks out the drive-thru window to see who he's talking to.

MARK

Is he flirting with you? Do you need me to intervene?

Mark laughs at his own joke. Chance looks a little uncomfortable but Brooke simply laughs it off.

BROOKE

Not at all! We go way back.

MARK

If you say so. I wouldn't believe you if he wasn't so handsome!

Mark again laughs at his own joke as he walks away. Chance hands Brooke her food, continuing to lean out the window now that Mark is no longer hovering.

CHANCE

So you have the baby with you?

BROOKE

(taking the bag and cup from Chance)
Yeah, he's probably asleep - daycare really wears him out.

CHANCE

Oh man, you had to put him in daycare already? How old is he now?

BROOKE

Yeah, both of my parents still work and Ben doesn't really have much family around here plus he's being deployed next month.

CHANCE

Jesus.

BROOKE

Yeah.

There's an awkward moment of silence. The mention of Brooke's partner puts an immediate damper on the situation.

BROOKE

Hey, do you want to meet him?

CHANCE

The baby?

BROOKE

No, Jesus. Yes, the baby.

Before Chance can answer Mark yells at him from the front line.

MARK

Let's keep the cars movin', drive-thru. You're running up my time.

Chance is flustered, trying to respond to both Mark and Brooke when another ding sounds across the intercom.

CHANCE

Thank you for choosing XX, what can we get for ya?

Chance lets off the headset button and looks back to Brooke.

CHANCE

Do you want to park and come in? I'll see if I can take my break after this order.

Brooke doesn't respond verbally, but smiles and gives a nod before pulling her car into a parking spot. Chance turns back to the register and continues taking the order.

CHANCE

Okay, so that's two Chicken BLT salads and you want both with Honey Mustard dressing?

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM.

Brooke makes her way into the empty dining room, maneuvering her way through as she carries a car seat on one arm with her drink in one hand and food in the other. She finds a table and begins to get situated when Chance comes from behind the front counter into the dining area to join her.

CHANCE

(rushing to help) Oop. You got it?

BROOKE

I think we're good now.

Brooke has placed the car seat in the chair next to her and has begun pulling her food out of the bag. Chance comes around by the car seat to get a better look at the baby.

CHANCE

Yeah, sorry about that. Had to wait on Mark to take over the drive-thru before I could go on break.

Chance looks at the baby, who is in fact sleeping, and can't help but smile. Brooke takes note and smiles as well.

CHANCE

He has your dimples.

Brooke has started eating her food, but nods in agreement as Chance stands up and walks around to seat himself across from Brooke at the table.

CHANCE

How old did you say he was now?

BROOKE

Just turned nine months.

CHANCE

Wow.

BROOKE

Yeah. Has a few teeth, starting to pull up on everything, but best of all - he's finally sleeping through the night.

CHANCE

Hey, that's a big deal, right?

BROOKE

(taking a sip of her drink) Huge.

An awkward silence befalls the two of them. Daniel interrupts when he walks to the front counter and sees Chance in the dining room.

DANIEL

Are you on your thirty, Chance?

CHANCE

(irritated by the interruption) Yes Daniel.

Daniel nods and goes back to re-stocking paper materials on the front line. Chance is relieved when Brooke promptly begins the next leg of the conversation.

BROOKE

So what's the manager's deal?

CHANCE

He's a whole deal, man, and I have none of the details.

BROOKE

Okay, but he's definitely gay, right?

CHANCE

Has to be.

BROOKE

Has to be.

CHANCE

Never completely confirmed it. Talks a lot about having his "Air Force" buddies come over to his house from the base though.

BROOKE

Oh does he now? Well, he seems pretty sweet on you.

CHANCE

(laughing) Listen, what I'm saying is...you might want to let Ben know he's on the prowl.

BROOKE

(laughing) I'll be sure to do that.

"TINY VESSELS" BY DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE BEGINS.

The two bask in another awkward silence at the mention of Ben's name. They exchange polite smiles, Brooke taking another bite of her food and checking on the baby who is still sleeping. After a beat, Chance looks towards the clock that hangs over the front counter.

CHANCE

It's crazy, isn't it?

BROOKE

What's that?

Chance's eyes shift to the baby asleep in the carseat.

CHANCE

Just...like...how quick our lives changed.

Brooke is surprised by the change in tone. She knows this is the elephant in the room, but didn't seem to think Chance would ever broach the subject.

BROOKE

Do you remember that day at the church when you almost asked me to Freshman prom?

CHANCE

Oh yeah...I think I was actually gonna ask you out first because I wanted to go to prom as boyfriend and girlfriend.

Both share a relieved laugh at the thought.

BROOKE

We were boyfriend and girlfriend. We just never made it official.

Chance smiles. As does Brooke. Brooke looks at her child then down at her food but doesn't take a bite. After a beat, she speaks.

BROOKE

I bet if you *would* have asked me though, I would have never even met Ben.

CHANCE

Damn.

Chance lets out a slight laugh so as to cancel out any other reaction. Brooke seems unsure what to say, taking a quick bite of food and a sip of her drink.

CHANCE

But then I didn't end up being able to go to Freshman prom anyway, remember?

BROOKE

Yeah, because I still didn't go either.

Chance has no response. He feels guilty. He looks away, unsure of how to respond.

CHANCE
I'm sorry, Brooke.

BROOKE
(without hesitation) Don't be sorry,
Chance. I have my son and I love him
more than anything.

Chance nods in but is unsure what to say. Brooke wants to say more, but is unsure how to phrase the thoughts she's having - stumbling as she speaks.

BROOKE
I...get it though...I always kind of
imagined...like, the two of us
figuring things out.

Another silence sits between them. Neither is sure where to take the conversation from there.

CHANCE
Yeah, it's weird, right? And now it's
like...it's like sitting across from
the ghost of your own life.

BROOKE
(laughing at Chance's seriousness) I'm
not dead.

CHANCE
No, I know, I didn't mean it like
that. Just strange. I feel so immature
sitting across from you now.

BROOKE
(lightly) You should, yeah. You
should.

Chance nods in agreement, a smile spreading across his face.

BROOKE
I mean, I buy trash bags specifically
for diapers now.

CHANCE
Damn. That *is* some adult shit.

Chance smiles. Brooke does as well. Brooke checks on the baby once more. This time, small cries come from the car seat.

EXT. NIGHT. CLARKVILLE CITY STREETS.

Quentin and D-Bo cruise through the streets of Clarkville, knowing where they're headed, but looking around all the same.

D-BO

I talked to like every sophomore I could that I had classes with to make 'em think I'm friendly.

QUENTIN

They may outnumber us then with all them slow classes you have to take.

D-BO

Damn, man. You need ta chillax with that shit.

QUENTIN

It's the truth though, ain't it?

D-BO

I got one remedial math class. No need to be puttin' that on front street though.

QUENTIN

(laughing) yeah, alright...

EXT. NIGHT. ABANDONED WALMART PARKING LOT.

Quentin turns turns his car into the abandoned Walmart parking lot though the lot is no longer empty as anywhere from ten to fifteen cars and even more kids now fill the space. There is a hum of constant chatter and laughter.

Quentin and D-Bo park near where JC and Nick stand. Jamie and Bethany are close by while Jessica notably stays as close to Nick as possible. Porscha, Miles, Russell, and his flock of females are also present. Jordan and several others including Sarah, Morgan, and Julie are situated among other groups.

Amber, Katie, Jasmine, and Lindsey are clique hopping to try and identify what other underclassmen are present. They run into Rachel and Justin as they pass Kirby's truck where he and Richard sit on the hood while Boggs stands in front of them holding an old Dr. Pepper for his dip.

KIRBY

Hey! When is your brother getting off?

JUSTIN

I thought that was something you took care of?

Boggs and Richard laugh.

KIRBY

You mother fucker! Not the night to be a smart ass, sophomore!

Justin turns and laughs at Kirby's response, flipping him the bird as he does so. Kirby flips him off in return.

RICHARD

Are the twins not coming?

BOGGS

They were at the game but their dad picked 'em up after.

KIRBY

...yeah, they know I'm not haulin' their faggot asses around.

Kirby catches the attention of Amber who, accompanied by Katie in her clique hopping, have made their way to Kirby and his friends.

AMBER

I need to hear about this shiner, Kirbs.

KIRBY

It's a long ass story.

RICHARD

Y'all know Jordan D.?

Both Amber and Katie shake their heads "no".

RICHARD

Well, all you need to know is he can suck a chode.

Both Amber and Katie make a funnily disgusted face.

AMBER

Eww.

BOGGS

What up, Amber? (to Katie) Who is you?

Katie, with her hands behind her back clasped tightly, quickly releases a hand to wave at the three guys.

AMBER

Oh yeah, y'all probably haven't met...this is Katie. She's new this year.

KIRBY

You a senior or you in class with this Mary Sue?

Katie looks to Amber, confused. Amber looks from Boggs to Katie to Kirby.

KATIE

(shyly) I'm a junior, yeah.

KIRBY

(sensing their confusion) Don't worry, I don't know what it means either - just something my grandpa says.

AMBER

Well if your grandpa is anything like my grandpa then it probably isn't a compliment.

All of the guys chuckle though Kirby is clearly the loudest. No one points it out, but we see Richard recognize his friend's infatuation.

RICHARD

Where'd you wander in from, Katie?

KATIE

Oh, um, just across town. Not too far.

AMBER

Oh, Richard - you're in Journalism, right?

RICHARD

Yes'm.

BOGGS

Gaaaaaayyyyyyyyyy!!!

AMBER

Yeah, Katie is too.

Boggs laughs at his own joke even if no one else does.

RICHARD

I missed ole' Mrs. Paul today, but I was a little preoccupied.

Katie's expression illustrates a light bulb moment.

KATIE

Ohhhhh, you're the Richard Chance was talking about! The one who got sent to the office!

RICHARD

(proudly) Without a doubt I'm who he was referring to, yes.

AMBER

Yeah, I think Katie might have a little crush on your friend.

KIRBY

On Chance?

Katie sheepishly shakes her head "no" but Amber enthusiastically nods "yes".

BOGGS

You show him your boobs?

Richard immediately pulls down his own tee in order to show off his pecks. Kirby and Amber chuckle at Boggs' blunt questioning.

KATIE

(surprised and a little disgusted)
What? No.

BOGGS

Did he ask?

KATIE

(still slightly shocked) No.

BOGGS

Pussy.

KIRBY

Boggs is an acquired taste.

BOGGS

Can acquire a taste of this cum.

Boggs spits in his can.

RICHARD

(very bluntly, to Katie) You can ignore him even if you'll never forget the things he says to you.

AMBER

Boggs, you haven't let the summer soften you. I can appreciate that, my friend.

Boggs raises his can as if to say "cheers". Quentin and Miles walk up next to Kirby, Quentin putting his arm around him.

QUENTIN

Please tell me what happened at lunch only pissed you off more.

KIRBY

You do the math on that one as well?

QUENTIN

For damn sure.

Amber and Katie look to one another, both confused as to what Kirby and Quentin are talking about.

AMBER

Wait...what is happening?

Quentin nods his head in Jordan's general direction, Kirby glancing over to see him doing something he would consider embarrassing but that Jordan clearly thinks is impressive.

QUENTIN

Y'all ready then?

Kirby nods.

BOGGS

Fuckin' born ready.

RICHARD

Tell ya mama I said thank you!

"IF YOU C JORDAN" BY SOMETHING CORPORATE BEGINS.

The seniors begin rounding up all of the underclassmen and forcing them into the back seats of their vehicles. There is widespread panic among the underclassmen as the sophomores and juniors are wrangled into the back of cars or beds of trucks the vehicles begin speeding out of the parking lot.

EXT. NIGHT. CARWASH.

Jordan and his friends begin pulling the unlucky sophomores out of his car; very malicious in their intent. Kirby and Boggs playfully escort Amber and Katie out of the truck bed. Richard hops out of the vehicle, running around the carwash to see the hazing rituals taking place that include dousing the underclassmen in honey or shaving cream, throwing feathers at them, and wrapping them up in toilet paper.

Richard notices Jordan and his friends have brought out duck tape and are trying to bind Justin and Rachel's hands and feet. Without hesitation, Richard runs toward Jordan and his friends.

RICHARD

These fuckers ain't keepin' it real!

Quentin, Kirby, and both of their friend groups rally together to free Rachel and Justin ultimately resulting in Kirby, Richard, and Boggs using the duck tape on Jordan and piling on as much honey, shaving cream, and feathers to the point Jordan almost disappears. Richard runs toward Kirby's truck where he quickly returns with the case of Slim Fast from that morning, opening a couple of bottles and pouring it on top of Jordan's head. Kirby then directs Boggs where to hold Jordan so they can spray him down.

Other seniors join in before leaving Jordan alone in the stall, his friends slowly making their way back to him as the song fades.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT.

Chance is back in the drive-thru window. He pulls his phone out of his pocket to type a text message to Kirby.

CHANCE

(via text) Where y'all at?

As soon as Chance hits send he hears Mark's voice coming from the back and hurriedly shoves his phone back in his pocket.

MARK

Drive-thru clear?

Chance turns to look at the bagging station, grabbing some napkins from under the shelf and re-stocking them so as to appear busy. As Mark appears around the corner from the back, Chance responds.

CHANCE

Yessir.

MARK

Did you go ahead and break down the front ice cream machine like I asked?

CHANCE

Already done. Parts are washed as well and back up front.

MARK

Well go on and get out of here then. I'll clock you out at close.

CHANCE

Forreal?

MARK

As long as you promise not to go straight home.

CHANCE

(laughing) I smell like grease and cheese.

MARK

You have a change of clothes!

CHANCE

That's not going to cover the smell!

MARK

Get out of here before I change my mind.

Chance quickly removes his headset and hands it off to Mark as he moves towards the front register. Mark has to hustle to catch-up with him.

MARK

Hey buddy!

Mark makes his way to the front. As he does, Chance pulls his phone out of his pocket to check and see if Kirby has responded. He has.

KIRBY
(via text) Carwash.

Chance types a quick response.

CHANCE
(via text) Be there in 5.

Mark makes it to the front, standing behind the register.

MARK
Don't be in such a rush to find love,
kid. Save the meaningful stuff for
later. Just have some fun right now.

CHANCE
(giving a thankful nod) Will do, boss.
Thanks again.

MARK
Okay, take it easy now...and remember,
if she's easy...take it twice.

They both laugh as Mark is abruptly interrupted by the ding of the drive-thru bell. Mark presses the box on his hip and waves to Chance as he walks toward the drive-thru window, his voice trailing off as he does.

MARK
Welcome to XX. What can we do for ya
tonight?

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM.

Chance hurriedly makes his way to the men's bathroom where he hastily takes off his hat and shirt and begins to use the soap and water at the sink to wash his pits, his face, and wet his hair. Catching a glimpse of himself in the mirror after the quick wash, he stares at his reflection for a beat.

EXT. NIGHT. CARWASH.

Kirby, Richard, Boggs, Quentin, D-Bo, Amber, Katie, Nick, Jessica, JC, Miles and Porscha all stand around by their vehicles talking - many of them covered in shaving cream and draped in towels. The couples have started to isolate themselves as Miles has his arms wrapped around Porscha whereas Nick and Jessica are more or less making out. JC and D-Bo steal glances at Nick and Jessica, laughing.

D-BO

Mutha fucka could be in a Jessica sandwich and still wouldn't know which one is which.

JC

(shaking his head, looking from D-Bo to Amber and Katie) She knows he just wants to hook up, right?

AMBER

I've tried to tell her he got that nickname for a reason.

JC and D-Bo both laugh loudly enough for Nick and Jessica to stop making out momentarily and look in their direction.

BOGGS

Let's get the fuck outta here...

QUENTIN

Yuh. D-Bo, if you ridin' with me let's go.

BOGGS

Who all goin' to Keith's house?

Miles, Porscha, and D-Bo start to dap up their friends. Quentin turns toward Kirby as Amber and Katie make their way over to where he, Richard and Boggs stand.

QUENTIN

Glad we could make that happen, Kirbs.

KIRBY

Just make sure you're in Finkbeiner's on Monday.

QUENTIN

Oh, I wouldn't miss that shit for the world.

The two dap one another up as they speak, Quentin moving on to Boggs and Richard afterward.

QUENTIN

(to Amber and Katie) Ladies, y'all behave now.

The girls laugh, Quentin looking back to Kirby and raising his eyebrows as he looks back to Amber. Kirby laughs as

Quentin, D-Bo, Porscha, and Miles make their way to their cars.

RICHARD

Y'all not goin' out to Keith's, Q?

Miles and Porscha both laugh at Richard's innocent question. Quentin chuckles at the inherent reaction of his friends.

QUENTIN

Nah man, we don't go out that far in the country.

BOGGS

Might be worth it, y'all. Someone bound to have some titties out.

The guys laughs, the girls shake their heads, and everyone begins to disperse when Nick seizes the opportunity to try and clown on Boggs once more.

NICK

Only titties you're seeing tonight are your own big ass man boobs, Boggs.

JC nearly snaps his neck he looks in Jordan's direction so quick, immediately signaling for him to cut it out. Richard and Kirby just laugh, knowing the deep shit Nick has just stepped in.

BOGGS

Hey Jessica...

JC

(shaking his head) Fuckin' hell, man...

Jessica is surprised to hear her name after being in the middle of laughing at Nick's stab at Boggs. Boggs doesn't give her a chance to respond before following-up.

BOGGS

...do me a favor and ask tiny dick Nick if he knows your last name?

Nick flips Boggs the bird as soon as he hears his nickname but panics even faster when he hears the question. Jessica looks from Boggs to Nick. A huge smile spreads across Boggs' face while an awkward silence overtakes everyone else.

D-BO

Dayum...

JESSICA

Well?

D-BO

...my man really thought he had until tomorrow.

Nick looks to Jess with a forced smile, unsure what to say.

JESSICA

Do you?

A beat of awkward silence remains in the air.

NICK

I was honestly hoping one day you'd take mine.

The entire group erupts with a laughter. Amber walks up, yanking Jessica away from Nick in the midst of it all, but Jessica resists and stays firm in her footing.

JESSICA

I'll make it easy on you: Creer, Kelly, or Higgs? Tell me now.

Nick looks excessively nervous with each passing name that Jessica says, looking around at the group hoping one of them might provide him some type of lifeline. JC is trying to help, but after another beat of silence, Jessica looks Nick up and down.

JESSICA

Eat shit, asshole.

Kirby, Richard, Boggs, Quentin, Miles and D-Bo all point and laugh at Nick's comeuppance. Porscha runs to Jessica and gives her a huge hug.

PORSCHA

That's what I'm talkin' about, pimpette!

Jessica walks from Porscha's hug into Amber's arms, making their way behind where Richard, Kirby, and Boggs stand. Nick looks angrily at Boggs while Boggs smiles as he puts another dip in his mouth.

BOGGS

(to Nick) Don't play with it so much
and it might grow.

Most of the group laugh once more as JC walks up to Nick and guides his friend away from the situation.

QUENTIN

Alright y'all. We actually out this
time.

Quentin and D-Bo walk to one car as Miles and Porscha eventually split off towards their own ride.

KIRBY

(to Amber, Katie, and Jessica)
Chance's on his way. As soon as he
gets here y'all can follow me out to
Keith's.

AMBER

(looking from Kirby to Katie) Oh,
Chance you say?

BOGGS

Man, fuck Chance. Let's go.

Kirby looks knowingly at Amber. He shrugs his shoulders as she does the same in response.

EXT. NIGHT. CLARKVILLE CITY STREETS.

Chance drives through the streets of town eventually pulling into the carwash where Katie is standing alone. Chance rolls down the window and hollers in Katie's direction.

CHANCE

You get stranded?

KATIE

More like Amber and Kirby abandoned
me.

Chance opens the door for Katie to get in and quickly circles around into the gas station next door.

EXT. NIGHT. BUCK'S JR.

Chance parks at a pump and gets ready to head inside as Katie remains in the passenger seat.

CHANCE

I asked Kirby for Keith's address. You good to go out there?

Katie nods her head in a playfully goofy fashion. Chance can't help but smile.

CHANCE

Okay, I'll be right back.

As Chance walks toward the gas station entrance, he recognizes a group of four or five guys as seniors who graduated the previous Spring.

SUPER SENIOR 1

OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH FOUR!

All of the guys join in the chants echoing their friend. Chance looks over, nodding in acknowledgment, before making a circle with his right hand and holding it up to the palm of his left where all five fingers are up signifying the class of "05". The guys "boo" unanimously as Chance drops his head and walks into the building.

INT. NIGHT. CHANCE'S CAR.

Chance is driving as Katie looks out the window. The car is silent, but not uncomfortable.

CHANCE

Ya know what's crazy?

KATIE

What's that?

CHANCE

I used to be so afraid of those guys back there.

KATIE

(laughing) What do you mean?

CHANCE

They graduated, like, three months ago, but I always thought of them as these way older kids who I'd never be like.

KATIE

And now you're one of them.

CHANCE

And now I'm one of them...except I still can't grow sideburns.

KATIE

Just don't still be hanging out at Buck's next August, okay?

CHANCE

No, I know. I gotta get the hell outta here.

KATIE

Kirby said anything?

Chance pulls his phone from his pocket to check.

CHANCE

Not yet. I know somewhere safe we can chill though.

Chance looks over at Katie who can't help but smile at what the obvious implications of his statement are. Chance nervously tries to recover.

CHANCE

It's not like a parking situation or anything, promise. I didn't mean to make things awkward or...I'm sorry.

KATIE

Don't apologize.

Chance can't help but laugh at himself.

KATIE

Not the first time you've tried to use that seniority today.

EXT. NIGHT. KEITH'S FARM.

A dozen or so high-schoolers hang around a bonfire as well as the house next to the field where the fire takes place.

Kirby and Amber sit on the tailgate of his truck, holding red solo cups, and watching the fire. Jamie is dancing by the fire, Jessica and Bethany are sitting on logs situated around it - Bethany comforting Jess - while a group of preppy males that includes JC watch Jamie, some intensely while others laugh.

Justin and Rachel sit on a rocking chair on the wrap-around porch and are making out. Nick walks out of the front door and sees them, followed by Keith. Nick reaching out as if trying to catch was has passed him by.

INT. KEITH'S HOUSE.

Boggs and Richard sit in the living room playing *Grand Theft Auto: Vice City* on the PS2. Other kids sit around them and flow in and out of the house. A keg sits in the kitchen. Boggs and Richard laugh at one another when a guy carrying several cups in each hand makes his way into the living room, handing them a few of the cups he's mostly spilled.

RICHARD

You wanna take a break and get some food?

BOGGS

I scarfed down a whole plate of brownies today and I think it's about to bite me in the ass.

RICHARD

I don't know if bites the right word.

BOGGS

I thought the girls in FACS would think it's funny, alright?

RICHARD

It not work?

BOGGS

Well I still ain't seen any damn titties today, have I?

EXT. NIGHT. KEITH'S FARM.

Amber and Kirby still sit on the bed of his truck easily carrying on a conversation.

Sarah, sitting on the opposite side of the fire, frequently steals glances across the way where she can see Kirby and Amber through the flames.

AMBER

I don't want a guy who only vacuums his car before a date so he can park and get lucky, ya know?

KIRBY

(chuckling) Wow, accusing me of only wanting sex and it's not even an official first date...really tells me a lot about what you think of me.

AMBER

(laughing) I just mean, I want a guy who's gonna still vacuum out his car ten years from now before a date so he can park and get lucky.

KIRBY

(looking around and pointing into the distance) I think there's a car wash not far from here...

Amber bursts out laughing and puts her hand on Kirby's leg, his eyes widening at the touch.

KIRBY

I mean I feel like I was just there, right? Didn't you see it too?

The two continue to laugh even as the conversation comes to a stopping point. Kirby finds Sarah's eye's for a brief instance. The two of them exchange smiles, Kirby conveying almost a sense of disbelief before looking away first after Amber begins talking again.

AMBER

Did you ever hear from Chance? Is Katie okay?

Kirby pulls the flip phone from his pocket and opens it up.

KIRBY

Oh shit, yeah. He's asking for Keith's address.

AMBER

Is Katie with him?

Kirby laughs to himself as he types something, showing Amber what he's written as soon as he finishes.

AMBER

(gasping) No! Did you already send that?

Amber starts laughing as Kirby nods his head "yes". His

ringtone goes off almost immediately.

KIRBY

She's with him. They're on their way
he says.

EXT. NIGHT. AIR BASE AIRSTRIP.

Chance and Katie are sitting on the hood of his car, their backs against the windshield. The radio is on in the background but is largely white noise.

KATIE

You live out this way, then?

CHANCE

Yeah, ten miles out the back gate down
that way. (pointing to his right)

Katie nods in response, continuing to watch the flashing lights of the airstrip.

CHANCE

So, you never told me where you moved
from.

This statement makes Katie uncomfortable. Chance seems to recognize this and moves from looking over at Katie to looking back at the sky the same as her.

CHANCE

Sorry.

KATIE

No, it's fine. I don't know why I'm
making such a big deal about it. Truth
is, I didn't move from anywhere - been
here my whole life, I've just been
homeschooled.

CHANCE

(chuckling slightly) Yeah, I don't
know why you're making a big deal
about that either.

KATIE

I'm just constantly worried about not
being able to fit in.

CHANCE

(continuing to laugh a little) I mean,

your folks did kind of throw you in the deep end at Clarkville.

KATIE

That's the crazy part. It wasn't them. I begged them to let me have a normal high school experience.

CHANCE

How's that goin' so far?

Katie looks over at Chance for the first time since he asked the question. She smiles after seeing that Chance is already looking at her and grinning.

KATIE

Not too shabby.

Chance brings his fist down in front of his face and closes his eyes in a celebratory fashion.

CHANCE

Not too shabby.

There is a moment of laughter between the two. We overhear the radio DJ more clearly in the silence between Chance and Katie.

RADIO DJ

TJ Mac is live on the request line, playing the biggest hits in the country! Get yours in now at 433-1077. Here's the latest from Avril! "My Happy Ending" - oooohhh don't we all love those, if you know what I mean!

"MY HAPPY ENDING" BY AVRIL LAVIGNE PLAYS.

KATIE

Oh! I love this song!

CHANCE

You an Avril fan?

Katie whips her head toward Chance, her expression one of disbelief.

KATIE

Are you forreal?

Chance shrugs.

CHANCE
I like "I'm With You".

KATIE
Her new CD is so good!

CHANCE
Oh, I haven't listened to it yet. My sister had her first one though and played it on repeat.

KATIE
I didn't know you had a sister too.

CHANCE
Yeah, Hannah, she's in eighth grade so she's at the junior high.

KATIE
Well, seems Hannah has great taste in music.

CHANCE
I don't know. If I had to pick an indie girly I'd say I'm more of a Michelle Branch guy.

KATIE
Indie girly?

CHANCE
You know, Avril Lavigne, Ashlee Simpson, Vanessa Carlton, that whole group...

Katie laughs at Chance's assessment.

CHANCE
What?

KATIE
Nothing, just such a journalism thing to say.

CHANCE
I mean, I'm just sayin'...

KATIE
Wait, wait...we gotta sing the chorus...

Katie jumps into the chorus of Avril Lavigne's "My Happy Ending" without hesitation, closing her eyes and singing at the top of her lungs.

KATIE

"You were everything, everything that I wanted! We were meant to be, supposed..."

After this first line and a half Katie opens her eyes and looks over at Chance who is smiling, but hasn't joined in.

KATIE

...supposed to be singing!

CHANCE

(laughing) I don't know the words!

KATIE

Oh, come on!

CHANCE

I'm sorry!

Katie shakes her head as if disappointed.

CHANCE

Thanks for sharing that with me though.

KATIE

What?

CHANCE

Your love for that song.

KATIE

I'm just trying to spread the word.

CHANCE

No, I really appreciate it...means a lot.

KATIE

(slightly taken aback) Well, you're welcome then, I guess...

CHANCE

Forreal. That song is now connected to you and this moment.

KATIE

Damn, you're right. I need to be more careful about what I share with people.

CHANCE

Yeah, wouldn't want to risk some idiot ruining your favorite things.

KATIE

Exactly. Good lookin' out.

CHANCE

Of course. You're fully associated with Avril now though.

The two smile at one another. A moment of silence, calm, and relief overtaking both of them.

CHANCE

What about you?

KATIE

Huh?

CHANCE

Any siblings?

KATIE

Oh, yeah, I have an older sister. We're not super close though.

CHANCE

She homeschooled as well?

KATIE

(chuckles) No, she was the classic trial child. What public school did to her made my parents want a different path for me...and we are too poor for private school.

CHANCE

She still live around here?

KATIE

No. She got out as soon as she could. Went to college, met a guy, got married. They live somewhere in Arizona now.

CHANCE

Oh wow. She's a lot older then.

KATIE

I mean, four years maybe? She thinks I'm the favorite even though it was her actions that determined why we were raised so different.

CHANCE

Damn. I've never thought about how much pressure was on me as the oldest.

KATIE

(with a smirk) Yeah, she would trip if she saw me right now.

"HANDS DOWN-RE-RECORD" BY DASHBOARD CONFSSIONAL BEGINS

CHANCE

If it's any consolation, Richard was homeschooled until like ninth grade and he's...mostly normal.

KATIE

Oh yeah, I met Richard...and I don't know if that's totally true.

They both laugh. Locking eyes with one another in a small moment of appreciation.

CHANCE

Richard can get a little nuts, but did you meet Boggs?

KATIE

I did. He's...somethin'.

CHANCE

(deep sigh) I can't believe you met all my friends without me. I guess that was bound to happen though.

KATIE

What makes you say that?

CHANCE

Because I have to fuckin' work. I have to work if I want to do anything but I miss everything because of this thing that is supposed to allow me to do

things.

KATIE

Yeah, that's not where you want to be.

CHANCE

It's not, is it?

Chance is upset at the realizations he's making. Both look around before Katie breaks the silence.

KATIE

So, what are you looking forward to most after you graduate?

Chance looks back toward Katie as she asks the question, but takes a beat to contemplate his answer.

CHANCE

More choices, I guess.

KATIE

More responsibility?

CHANCE

No, I mean - I don't want my choices to feel like responsibilities, ya know?

KATIE

(shaking her head "no") Maybe?

CHANCE

I don't know how to explain it.

KATIE

You want to be able to make memories that mean something to you?

CHANCE

Yeah, like, I've barely seen any of my friends today.

KATIE

Right. And you go into senior year expecting them to be a constant.

CHANCE

Yeah.

KATIE

Yeah, that's a big part of why I wanted to actually go to school these last couple years...

CHANCE

I really hope they're everything you want them to be.

KATIE

Me too.

Another beat of silence. Katie scoots closer to Chance on the hood until they're right next to one another, Katie bumping Chance playfully as she does so. Chance is searching his feelings trying to find words to better convey what he's feeling.

CHANCE

It's just like, you know how sometimes there's a millisecond in a song that is so pure, so exhilarating that you wish you could just exist in the feeling your entire life? But you know that's impossible...it's kind of devastating how impossible it is, but you have to tell yourself it's kind of beautiful too because your only hope of finding moments like that in different kinds of songs, through different kinds of feelings, is to live a life that means something to you, something more - even if it's not necessarily the life you'd imagined it would be. So when the end comes, your memories are this huge collection of pure, exhilarating milliseconds that send you hurtling towards heaven.

Katie says nothing. She looks intensely at Chance as his eyes finally meet hers once he finishes speaking. The two of them exchange looks until their faces are so close they can't help but kiss.

The kiss is quick, abruptly interrupted by a C-130 flying overhead. In the middle of all of this, Chance's ringtone goes off bringing the two of them back down to earth.

KATIE

Kirby finally text you back?

Chance pulls his phone out of his pocket and checks the notification. He laughs as he reads the response to himself first.

CHANCE

Yeah, he said I can only show up if you're with me.

Katie laughs as Chance types a response.

CHANCE

I told him I have you and we're on our way.

Chance smiles at Katie as he says the previous line, placing his phone back in his pocket and helping her off the hood of his car.

EXT. NIGHT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD.

Chance's car pulls up outside a suspiciously quiet house. Chance parks and they both make their way to the front door, the only optimistic point being the porch light is on.

KATIE

You sure this is it?

CHANCE

He said 501 was the house number, yeah.

As both of them reach the doorsteps Chance reaches forward to ring the doorbell. There is an extended beat where they are left waiting for someone to answer and in this moment Katie reaches out to grab Chance's hand. He looks down at her and smiles, their eye contact interrupted by an older woman in her nightgown who answers the door.

OLDER WOMAN

Can I help you?

The two teenagers are taken aback by the older woman, looking to one another and back at the lady before organizing their thoughts enough for one of them to respond.

KATIE

Is this Keith's house?

OLDER WOMAN

Do you kids have any idea what time it is?

CHANCE

Honestly, no. We're just trying to find our friends. They gave us this address.

OLDER WOMAN

(chuckling) I think you've been duped, honey.

CHANCE

So you don't have a son named Keith?

OLDER WOMAN

I got a Randy inside if you want to talk to him.

The older lady laughs at her own joke, pleased with her wit at this late hour. Chance is at something of a loss while Katie takes over the conversation.

KATIE

Okay, well we'll leave you and Randy to it. Sorry for the disturbance, ma'am.

OLDER WOMAN

Not a problem. You kids be safe...and good luck.

The older woman shuts the door. We hear her lock it behind Chance and Katie as they walk back down the doorsteps and onto the neighborhood sidewalk that outlines the street of houses they're currently standing on. Chance looks at Katie, still dumbfounded.

CHANCE

Those dicks.

"THE BEST OF ME" BY THE STARTING LINE BEGINS.

Chance and Katie walk back to his car, they hold hands until Chance opens the door so Katie can get in the passenger seat as he then walks around to get in the driver's side. The car turns on and begins to drive away.

GO TO BLACK.

As credits roll, Taking Back Sunday's "Set Phasers To Stun" plays.

END.