ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BRIAN’S HOUSE DAY - BRIAN’S ROOM- DAY

We PAN across a messy room: paperbacks, clothes strewn everywhere, boyhood knickknacks. We hear BRIAN’S MOM.

BRIAN’S MOM
(V.O.)
Brian honey!

We reach a TRIPOD with a camera aimed out the window and follow it until we reach Brian, staring through the lens.

BRIAN’S MOM (cont’d)
(V.O.)
Are you ignoring me sweetheart? If you are, it’s okay. Just tell me.

BRIAN’S VOICE
My mother’s a behavioral psychologist.

As we ZOOM slowly towards Brian’s face, we hear BRIAN’S DAD.

BRIAN’S DAD
(V.O.)
Bernice, if you left him alone, maybe he’d break out of this prolonged latency.

BRIAN’S VOICE
And my father’s a Freudian psychiatrist.

BRIAN’S MOM
(V.O.)
Our child is not in latency!

BRIAN’S DAD
(V.O.)
Keep living in denial, Bernice.

BRIAN’S VOICE
Which basically means that they fundamentally disagree with each other. On like everything.

Brian still looks through the camera. His free eye widens.
BRIAN’S POV THROUGH CAMERA

A WINDOW with slightly parted curtains. ANGELA is momentarily visible as she passes.

INT. BRIAN’S HOUSE - BRIAN’S ROOM - DAY

Brian blinks away. That’s what he had been waiting for.

BRIAN’S DAD
(V.O.)
Bri? Everything alright?

BRIAN’S MOM
(V.O.)
Feel free not to respond.

BRIAN’S VOICE
(staring out his window)
At Angela’s house they probably like laugh. And eat unbalanced meals. And talk about things that don’t have deep, symbolic, meaning. They’re probably this like normal family.

CUT TO:

INT. CHASE HOUSE -BASEMENT- DAY

Danielle screams at the top of her lungs as Patty runs a brush through her hair. Graham searches through the piles of junk.

DANIELLE
OW! CHILD ABUSE!

PATTY
Well, it’s tangled!

GRAHAM
(searching)
Where the hell is it?

PATTY
Look, I can’t do braids in the basement.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DANIELLE
(muttering, annoyed)
I’ll do my braids myself.

Danielle takes the brush and heads upstairs. Patty goes to the pile of junk and immediately finds a roll of wallpaper. She smiles at Graham:

PATTY
Is this actually happening? Are you actually going to wallpaper the bedroom?

GRAHAM
What’s the big deal?

PATTY
Only that wallpaper sat there through the entire Bush administration.

GRAHAM
I just figured since I’m not working right now... You know, it’ll keep me off the streets.

PATTY
So... you feel okay about...? I mean, you’ve done this before. Right?

GRAHAM
(curts)
Patty, I can wallpaper a room.

PATTY
Right. I’m sorry. This is really great.

INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MORNING

Brian walks alone through the CROWDED HALLWAY. He camouflages himself behind a doorway and lifts his camera.

BRIAN’S VOICE
The problem with life? Is that it’s so obvious.
POV THROUGH CAMERA

HOLLY GALANOC, attractive, flirts shamelessly with KYLE. We zoom in on Holly, moving down her body, lingering on her bare legs.

BRIAN’S VOICE
For instance, the fact that the really hot girls automatically adhere themselves to poor scholastic achievers.

SHARON approaches from down the hall with two GIRLS. They hold a stack of oak tag POSTERS. She sees Kyle with Holly and heads past them, obviously hurt. Brian and Sharon exchange a look just as Sharon rounds a corner. Brian follows her out of frame.

INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL – ANOTHER PART OF THE HALLWAY – DAY

Sharon checks that the poster she just hung isn’t crooked. Brian steps up. After a beat...

SHARON
What!

BRIAN’S VOICE
I just saw what happened. And I just want to say that if it would help to voice your feelings. I’m here.

BRIAN
So... Ya get dumped?

SHARON
Wipe that smirk off your face, Krakow.

And she storms away. Brian reads the poster:

“WORLD HAPPINESS DANCE

Come one, come all and DANCE in a support of WORLDWIDE HAPPINESS!”

BRIAN’S VOICE
School dances are a plot. To destroy what’s left of your self esteem. I mean...

(CONTINUED)
Suddenly Brian stops, mid-thought seeing ANGELA approach. He continues to read the poster with studied intensity. She stops to read it.

BRIAN
Hate to tell you, Chase. But your hair’s like faded.

ANGELA
Shut up, Krakow.

BRIAN
But maybe you want it that way. Maybe you’ve like tired of that fast lane. Red hair, wild parties, leather whips.

ANGELA
In your dreams.

BRIAN’S VOICE
Okay, stop picturing her with a leather whip. Like immediately.

RAYANNE
(O.S.)
Angel Food! Where have you been hiding?! It’s been minutes!

Rayanne and Rickie walk up; Brian is less than thrilled.

RAYANNE (cont’d)
So, Krakow, trying to score some big points with Angela?

BRIAN
Oh, that is like so accurate.

BRIAN’S VOICE
The most challenging part of talking to Rayanne Graff is trying not to stare. At certain parts of her.

Rayanne grabs Angela and whispers something. They both dissolve into giggles. Then Rayanne looks back to Rickie and the three of them start to walk off. Brian watches them go, his expression souring.
INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

STUDENTS and the SCIENCE TEACHER file out of the classroom leaving Angela, the week’s monitor, to put things away. Rayanne and Rickie walk in, mid-conversation. Rickie walks up to a model of a brain and stares at it.

RAYANNE
I mean, World Happiness. Who thought of that?!

ANGELA
Sounds like Sharon.

RICKIE
Definitely Sharon.

ANGELA
So, are you like going?

RAYANNE
(starting to draw on the blackboard)
What!?

ANGELA
I know. I just thought in this like really obvious way? It could be sort of... fun.

RAYANNE
(realizing)
Angela, if you’re expecting Jordan Catalano to ask you...

ANGELA
What?!

RICKIE
Maybe she just wants. To like dance.

ANGELA
Exactly!
(a beat)
Wait. So there’s like no way?

RAYANNE
Jordan Catalano doesn’t like go to school dances. As like policy.

ANGELA
Right. I sort of figured, so...

(CONTINUED)
RAYANNE
I mean, if you wanted to go, which of course you don’t, you could let Brian Krakow ask you.

ANGELA
Excuse me, but then I’d be like at the dance with Brian Krakow.

COREY
(O.S.)
So... excuse me?

They look up; Corey stands in the doorway funky hat and glasses, HANDPAINTED SNEAKERS. He’ll wind up at F.I.T. but hasn’t heard of it yet.

He smiles. Rickie looks at Corey, shy, but obviously intrigued.

RAYANNE
Can we like help you?

COREY
I was just... Is Ms. Chavatal around?

RAYANNE
Do you like see Ms. Chavatal?

Corey nods at Rayanne, matching her cool. Then his eyes move to Rickie. Rickie is visibly affected by his gaze.

COREY
(to Rickie)
Cool vest.

Corey walks off. We stay on Rickie, his eyes frozen where Corey just was, taking in what happened.

INT. LIBERY HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Brian focuses his camera on Sharon who talks to DELIA FISHER, intelligent, outgoing, a bit of an outsider.

BRIAN’S VOICE
I became yearbook photographer because I liked the idea that I could sort of watch life without having to be part of it. Which when you

(MORE)
CONTINUED:  

BRIAN’S VOICE (cont’d)  
think about it? Is a really  
upsetting idea.

POV THROUGH CAMERA

Moving from Sharon to Delia, then close on Delia’s warm,  
expressive face. Suddenly, Delia stares right at us. She  
starts towards us! Our view jolts away from Delia and  
becomes completely out of focus.

Brian petrified, holds his camera guiltily at his side as  
Delia and Sharon walk up.

BRIAN  
(defensive)  
I’m yearbook photographer; this is  
my job!

SHARON  
Brian, I wanted to introduce you to  
Delia. She’s new.

DELIA  
(smiling at him)  
Hi!

BRIAN’S VOICE  
(attempts at suave)  
Hi... Hi... Hi...

BRIAN  
(lamely)  
Um... Hi.

DELIA  
So... It’s really nice meeting you.

BRIAN  
Oh. Yeah...

Delia continues to smile, maybe even significantly. He  
stares back at her. After he doesn’t say anything:

DELIA  
Maybe I’ll see you around.

And she walks off. Brian watches her go.

SHARON  
Nice, Krakow. Real, suave.

(CONTINUED)
What?

Well, it was pretty obvious what she was thinking.

What?

Wake up! What do you want her to do, scream it at the top of her lungs?

Wait. So you’re saying... What are you saying?

I’m saying she likes you. Ask her to the dance.

Hold on. Wait. You mean this World Happiness thing?

It is not a thing. It’s a dance. Which I am trying to make into a great dance. Which is like almost impossible since apparently the idea of school spirit is like out the window.

So getting back to this Delia thing.

She’s working at Big Guy Burger tonight from three-thirty ‘til eight.

Wait. Did she actually say anything?

Let’s just say, it was very clearly implied.

Sharon walks off. Brian stands there, taking this in.
INT. BRIAN’S HOUSE - BRIAN’S ROOM - DAY

Brian lays on his bed staring up at the ceiling.

   BRIAN’S VOICE
What’s always amazed me? Is fishermen. How they wait there forever and when something finally tugs on their line? They like don’t panic.
   (sitting up)
The strange thing is since I’ve established verbal communication with Delia Fisher, I still think about Angela. Constantly. God, that inane leather whip remark. I truly sicken myself. I just have to stop being her little puppet. I vow to never again show up at Angela’s door with some lame excuse.

INT./EXT. CHASE HOUSE - ENTRANCE WAY - DAY

Graham opens the door, Brian is there. Graham’s hands are full with wallpapering equipment.

   BRIAN
Hi! I mean, hello. Um... I sort of lent this Atlas to Angela? Which she was technically supposed to return. Like in March.

   GRAHAM
Oh. She isn’t here now...

Graham drops a brush. He goes down to reach for it and drops something else. He looks to Brian who just stands there.

   GRAHAM (cont’d)
Could you just--?
   BRIAN
Oh... Right!

Brian picks up the fallen items and follows Graham as they begin to head up the stairs.

   BRIAN (cont’d)
So. Putting up wallpaper?
   (MORE)
CONTINUED:

BRIAN (cont'd)
(Graham turns to him, intrigued)
I hate it when you get those air bubbles.

GRAHAM
(looks at Brian in a new way)
You've done this?

INT. CHASE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Brian expertly brushes glue onto a sheet of wallpaper. Graham and Brian carefully line it up to the adjacent sheet of wallpaper and burnish it to the wall.

BRIAN
Wait. The morning-glories aren't lined up. In my room one seam is a little off. And I stare at it. Constantly. It's like destroying me.

Graham looks at Brian. Brian looks at Graham, doesn't know quite how to get into this:

BRIAN (cont'd)
So... You're like... What. Retired? I mean, not retired.

GRAHAM
I'm sort of planning what to do next. I don't want to jump blindly into something. Of course you know, on the other hand...
(beat)
I mean, it's sort of like... wallpaper.

BRIAN
(beat)
Wow.

GRAHAM
I mean there's hundreds of patterns out there. So it's kind of daunting. Because you're going to have to live with your decision for a long time.

Brian nods, this all hits him on a very personal level.

(CONTINUED)
BRIAN
Let’s say you’re deciding between two particular patterns? One of them you definitely know that you really like. Like a lot. And the other one? Is nice wallpaper and all. But you’re not sure it’s really...

GRAHAM
For you?

BRIAN
Exactly. But the really great wallpaper? Let’s say is like totally out of your price range. So... do you take the other wallpaper even though you don’t let’s say really desire it? That much? Or do you wait until the really great wallpaper is like cheaper?

GRAHAM
Well, I guess it depends on how badly you need wallpaper?

BRIAN
I would say pretty badly.

GRAHAM
Well... I guess that says it.

Brian nods intensely, taking this in. Then deadly serious:

BRIAN
Yeah.

INT. BIG GUY BURGER - NIGHT

Delia is up front taking orders. Brian gets in line and watches Delia smile, as she waits on the GUY in front.

BRIAN’S VOICE
I can’t believe this. Apparently, Delia Fisher smiles at everyone. She probably comes from one of those small towns where everyone’s friendly and smiles at you for no reason. I hate that type of town.

Brian steps to the front of the line.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DELIA
Welcome to Big Guy Burger where
every guy’s a Big Guy.
(looking up)
Oh, hi.

BRIAN
Hi! Um, I was just... you know
happened to be in the neighborhood,
and so...

BRIAN’S VOICE
... So I thought I’d just say the
lamest thing ever verbalized.

DELIA
(impersonal)
What can I get for you?

BRIAN
Oh. Just a Hunk Burger.

DELIA
Big Guy Oversized Fries? Macho
Shake?

BRIAN
Just the burger.

DELIA
Will that be for here or to go?

BRIAN
Oh. Um. I guess to go. I just...
you know, should probably go.

Brian looks at her significantly. She rings up the register.

DELIA
That’s $3.49.

Brian smiles, defeated.

EXT. BIG GUY BURGER - NIGHT

Brian gets his bicycle unlocked.

BRIAN’S VOICE
There’s something about my life.
It’s just automatically true that
nothing actually happens. Ever.
CONTINUED:

He dejectedly tosses his burger into a garbage can.

    DELIA
    (O.S.)
    Not hungry after all?

Brian swings around. It’s Delia.

    BRIAN
    Oh. I was told not to eat red meat by my, um, doctor... So...

    DELIA
    Sorry about being so standard in there. My manager like watches us.

    BRIAN
    Oh, right.

    DELIA
    I’m glad you came.

She smiles and slowly approaches him. He stiffens.

    BRIAN’S VOICE
    Somewhere far away there was a car alarm. One of those really annoying ones? That make it seem like the entire universe is exploding?

Delia holds out her soda, offering it to Brian.

    DELIA
    Wanna sip?

    BRIAN’S VOICE
    But suddenly. It was the best sound I’d ever heard.

Brian silently nods. He puts his hand to the cup, and Delia allows her hand to linger for a slight beat. For a brief moment, some of Delia’s fingers, touch some of Brian’s. This is not lost on Brian.

    BRIAN
    So... I guess I should. Go or something.

    DELIA
    Me too.

Delia slowly backs away, toward the restaurant. Brian watches until she disappears within. A smile emerges.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BRIAN’S VOICE
So maybe this is what people mean. When they talk about. You know. Life.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Sharon is at her locker, Kyle stands nearby.

SHARON
So are you going to ask me to the dance? Or what.

KYLE
I was going to... Eventually.

SHARON
Oh. So you just haven’t gotten around to it?

KYLE
Exactly.

SHARON
(slams her locker shut, looks at him)
Look. Kyle. I’m under a ton of pressure, alright? The dance committee, student council, yearbook, band. I don’t have time to worry about being alone at the very dance I organized.

KYLE
Fine! Do you want to go to the dance?

SHARON
(beat, ultra-serious)
Yes. And if you screw this up? I’ll really hate you. Like forever.

Kyle looks at Sharon, terrified.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE HALLWAY - DAY

Brian walks along. Suddenly, his eyes register alarm, as
BRIAN’S POV

Delia stands at the other end of the crowded hallway, looking toward Brian.

BRIAN’S VOICE
How ridiculous my life is.
Constantly trying to ace some test,
so I could get some grade, so I
could get into some college, so I
could end up as some stupid
professional and basically recreate
my father. Why am I like this! I
have to ask Delia Fisher to the
dance. I have to.

But Brian doesn’t do anything. Delia, giving up on Brian,
gives a slight shrug and walks out of frame. Brian just
watches her go.

INT. LIBERY HIGH SCHOOL - GIRL’S ROOM - DAY

Sharon whites out sarcastic GRAFFITI inked onto a dance
poster. Angela enters. Sharon hides the white out, smiles.

ANGELA
So... the World Happiness Dance.
You thought of that, right?

SHARON
(that last straw)
You’re not going.

ANGELA
I sort of can’t. It’s just like
Rayanne and Rickie...
(catching herself)
Well, it’s just not the kind of
thing I’m really into anymore. I
mean, I’m sure it’ll be great and
everything.

SHARON
Oh, it’ll be fantastic!
(then, vulnerable)
No one’s going. No one! I can’t
believe how totally casual
everyone’s acting. Like they could
go or not go. Like I’m doing this
all for my health or something!

(CONTINUED)
ANGELA
I’m sure a lot of people will end up going. That’s the way these things always happen.

SHARON
Yeah, right.

ANGELA
No, really. People, you know, couple off. Pretty soon everyone will be going.

SHARON
(encouraged)
Really?

ANGELA
Yeah. Just watch. I’ll probably be the only person who ends up not going.

This idea sinks in on Angela.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

Rickie sits waiting outside a door that reads “MS. KRZYZANOWSKI--GUIDANCE.” He looks out at the hallway to:

RICKIE’S POV

Through a maze of kids’ sneakers, COREY’S SNEAKERS come into view. We pan up, looking for Corey, but instead find Brian tentatively walking up.

BRIAN
Hey. What’s going on?

RICKIE
Not much.

Brian notices a poster for the Happiness dance.

BRIAN
So... You going to the dance?

RICKIE
Doubtful... You?
BRIAN
I would kind of have to say, at this point? No.

Pause. Brian and Rickie would both maybe like to talk about this, but both can’t really figure a way into it. Finally, Brian just walks away.

Rickie looks back to where he spotted Corey’s shoes. No sign of Corey.

Suddenly, Rayanne bursts out of the guidance office with a big smile and a rush of energy.

RAYANNE
Guidance is so weird!

INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL – HALLWAY – DAY

Rayanne moves at a pace; Rickie keeps up with her.

RAYANNE
She looked at me all concerned wanting to know if I was planning to go to the dance. Like that wasn’t the stupidest question in history. So I like broke down and cried. It was hysterical.

RICKIE
But like, how’s it going? I mean, how are you doing?

RAYANNE
Ten days no drink, no drugs. I’m so clean you could eat off me.

Rickie suddenly stops. Rayanne follows his gaze to COREY who sits on stairway steps, carefully painting his sneakers with oil paints.

RICKIE
So you know that girl, Pam Troy?

RAYANNE
The one with the really bad perm?

RICKIE
No, the one with the diamond stud in her nose?

(CONTINUED)
RAYANNE
Oh. Who always wears crop tops? Who broke down and cried that time in Human Sexuality?

RICKIE
Right.

RAYANNE
Yeah, I know her. So what.

RICKIE
So I was thinking of asking her. You know to the dance.

RAYANNE
Why?

RICKIE
Yeah, I know you think the dance is really stupid, but...

RAYANNE
(indicates Corey)
No, I mean why don’t you ask him?

RICKIE
(stunned)
Shut up.

RAYANNE
Well, isn’t that who you really want to go with?

RICKIE
Shush!

RAYANNE
(whispers)
Well, isn’t it?

RICKIE
(whispers)
Well... Yeah, in some imaginary universe that exists like in my mind, but...

RAYANNE
(beat)
Just leave this to me.

Rickie turns to Rayanne.
CONTINUED:

RICKIE
(with intensity)
Rayanne, if you say one word to him, I will kill you.

INT. CHASE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

The room is a mess. Graham struggles to hang a sheet of wallpaper, paying attention to the seams. Patty enters.

PATTY
Hi! --
(breaking off, re:wallpaper)
Are those morning glories not lining up? You know, if it’s just the slightest bit off, that’s all you ever notice.
(seeing something else)
Ooh. Is that a bubble?

She tries to rub it out with her finger. Graham’s put off.

GRAHAM
Patty, I tried every conceivable way to get rid of that bubble. It’s there forever. It’s a part of our lives. It’ll outlive us all.

PATTY
So I dropped off that brochure I did for the University with their precious perforations. Thank God that job is finally out of my life.
(throws this away)
Oh, while I was there I picked up a Continuing Ed bulletin.

Patty hands him a COLLEGE BULLETIN and begins to work on the bubble in earnest. Graham opens the bulletin to a marked page.

GRAHAM
Why did you circle all these cooking classes?

PATTY
Well, why do you think? I mean, isn’t it what you always talked about?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GRAHAM
This is some adult ed workshop. What I talked about was going full time to a culinary institute--

PATTY
Which we can’t afford...

GRAHAM
(overlapping)
Which we can’t afford. I know.

PATTY
But this we can afford. So why are you closing your mind? (beat, then positively) Will you just think about it?

GRAHAM
Okay.

PATTY
Great. I um, I put stars next to the good classes.

Patty shows Graham she got rid of the bubble. Graham smiles, annoyed.

PATTY (cont'd)
Just needs a little pressure.

INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

School’s letting out. We FIND Corey and Rayanne talking. Rayanne leans over as if to take off her sneaker.

COREY
Don’t take them off.

RAYANNE
What, you like paint them while I’m wearing them?

COREY

They start walking down the hall.

(CONTINUED)
RAYANNE
Listen, there’s something I’ve been meaning to ask you.

EXT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY
KIDS flee through the main entrance. Angela emerges. Through the crowd she sees Jordan at the corner leaning against his car. She hesitantly approaches.

ANGELA
Hi!

JORDAN
Hey.

ANGELA
So did you hear about that thing? That they’re going to like exterminate fourth period lunch?

JORDAN
I didn’t hear that.

ANGELA
Oh, it’s just something some people are obsessing about. I mean, sometimes? People let all these stupid things fill their minds, you know? To keep from thinking about what’s you know really important.

JORDAN
Hm.

ANGELA
Like this World Happiness Dance? I mean, it’s so stupid. What does that even mean? Like if we dance the world is really going to get happier? I mean, really. Come on. I don’t think so.

JORDAN
(beat)
There’s a dance?

ANGELA
Yeah! You know, there’s, um, like five hundred posters up around school about it.

(CONTINUED)
Silence. Angela looks at Jordan, who seems comfortable never talking again for the remainder of his life.

**ANGELA**
I guess I kinda mean that the idea of the dance is kinda...false. I mean, I doubt I’m even going. I’m sure you’re obviously not going. Right?

**JORDAN**
See, I have this philosophy. And the philosophy is? That I don’t make plans.

**ANGELA**
(stunned, impressed)
You have a philosophy?

**JORDAN**
If I go somewhere and someone I know is there. Then cool. There’s something... natural about it. But once you start making plans, then you have like obligations. Which basically blows. So my feeling is? Whatever happens? Happens.

**ANGELA**
(nodding)
I have to say. I really respect that.

Jordan hops into his car. Angela looks at him, waits a beat, wondering if he’s going to offer her a ride. He says nothing.

**ANGELA (cont’d)**
Oh, I can’t... I left my Geometry book in my locker, so...

Jordan drives off, leaving Angela with a forced smile plastered to her face.

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

A few stragglers are left. Brian walks along and stops dead in his tracks as he looks into:
INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - EMPTY SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Delia sits at a lab table looking into a microscope. Brian watches her. He looks like he’s about to say something, but doesn’t. Finally, he just starts to walk off, but Delia looks up. Seeing him, her expression brightens.

DELIA
Hi!

BRIAN
(falsely casual)
Oh! Hi!

DELIA
I’ve been looking for you all day.

Brian takes a couple of baby steps into the room.

BRIAN
I’ve been like really busy. I’m like carrying a triple minor and...

DELIA
I didn’t know you could have a triple minor.

BRIAN
They sort of bent the rules for me so...

BRIAN’S VOICE
Shut up! Shut up! I beg of myself!

Delia looks back into the microscope. Brian takes this as a cue, and starts to edge back toward the door, but she looks up again.

DELIA
So. Could you like help me? Ms. Chavatal wants me to catch up with the unit? You know, since I just transferred here? And I like have no idea what I’m even looking at.

Brian hesitantly walks over to the microscope. She stands close beside him as he looks into the lens.

BRIAN
Oh. Simple. They’re just paramecia.

DELIA
Oh! Can I look?

(CONTINUED)
Delia, softly grabbing hold of Brian’s arm, leans in to look through the lens. They’re very close. We move in on Brian’s face, his eyes widening.

BRIAN’S VOICE
Finally. And erection from actual physical contact.

DELIA
What are those little hairy things around the edge?

BRIAN
Those are cilia. They like propel the paramecia.

DELIA
God, you are really a life saver.

Delia looks into the lens again. Brian is just growing comfortable with this closeness when he glances out to the doorway:

BRIAN’S POV

ANGELA stands in the doorway looking at Brian and Delia, with a surprised, maybe even hurt expression on her face. Without saying anything, she turns and walks out of frame.

Brian continues to look out at the empty hallway, completely perplexed.

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

INT. CHASE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian and Graham struggle to hang a difficultly placed sheet of wallpaper. Graham is exhausted, determined. The room looks like a hurricane hit it.

BRIAN
So remember when we were discussing wallpaper?

GRAHAM
(focused on the job)
Okay... lower. A little lower...

BRIAN
It’s just so weird when you have chosen your wallpaper? And you think you’re like pretty happy with it? But then every time you pass by that other wallpaper? You know, that you sort of like more...?

Patty enters, does a double take seeing the bedlam.

PATTY
Hi! Brian!

BRIAN
(edging toward door)
Hi! I was just--

PATTY
(to Graham, throwing it away)
So did you get a chance to look at that bulletin?

GRAHAM
Not yet.

PATTY
Tomorrow’s the last day to register.
(beat)
Why are you waiting? I mean, I thought you planned to do this.
GRAHAM
At this point. The way things are right now? It doesn’t feel right to make plans. I just rather let whatever happens, happen.

Beat. Then Patty turns to Brian.

PATTY
(upbeat)
Brian, why don’t you get yourself something to drink?

BRIAN
Why?... Oh. Okay. Thanks! I mean, yeah...

Brian awkwardly slips out of the room. Patty fruitlessly attempts to straighten up.

GRAHAM
Look!

PATTY
Graham this is a real opportunity! There are very important chefs running some of those classes!

GRAHAM
Oh, sure. Like who?

PATTY
Steffan Dieter.

GRAHAM
Who?!

PATTY
You know. That guy. From that show “Steffan’s Kitchen.”

GRAHAM
That guy died.

PATTY
He did not die.

GRAHAM
Are you sure?

PATTY
Graham, he’s obviously alive. He’s teaching Stocks, Soups and Sauces!

PATTY
(tremendously upset)
I don’t think I’ll be able to sleep here. I think I’m going to sleep downstairs.

Patty exits with the bedding. Graham tries to hang the sheet of wallpaper but it tears. Frustrated, he rips it off the wall. He sits down looking around the room, defeated.

INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Delia catches Brian and they walk down the hallway. They both hold BROWN BAG LUNCHES.

DELIA
Hi!

BRIAN
Oh... Hi.

DELIA
Are you eating out on the steps?

BRIAN
Um... yeah. I mean, I didn’t have anything really planned so...

DELIA
Great! I brought dessert.

WE CUT TO:

EXT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - SIDE DOOR - DAY

Brian and Delia emerge through the door and walk down the steps.

DELIA
So. Have you thought about the dance?

BRIAN
Oh. Not much. You?
CONTINUED:

DELIA
It’s just if I’m not going to work Saturday? I have to like switch with someone, right away.

BRIAN
I see.

DELIA
So... I mean, if I’m going to go? I would need to know. Like now.

BRIAN
That’s... yeah. Hm.

Brian comes to an awkward stop. He leans against the railing. As Delia waits expectantly, we CUT TO:

EXT. LIBERTY HIGH - FRONT STEPS - DAY

Rickie and Angela sit on the steps. Rickie steals glances at COREY who sits some distance away painting A GIRL’S SNEAKERS. Meanwhile, Angela steals glances at Jordan who stands with a HOLLY GALANOY (previously known as “a Babe”). Angela looks back at Rickie, catches him looking at Corey.

ANGELA
Rayanne’s right.

RICKIE
About what?

ANGELA
About Corey. That you should ask him to the dance.

RICKIE
She told you!

ANGELA
It’s okay. I understand.

RICKIE
No you don’t. Understand. You don’t understand because... you don’t. You couldn’t.

Jordan walks off with the babe. Angela watches them go. Beat. Angela turns back to Rickie.
ANGELA
Oh, you’re right, Rickie. I could never understand having an obsession for a person that I have zero hopes of ever becoming involved with. That situation is totally beyond my experience of life. I forgot.

RICKIE
Okay. You made your point.

ANGELA
We’re hopeless.

CUT TO:

BRIAN AND DELIA

Brian’s in the middle of a long tongue tied speech.

BRIAN
... and so in conclusion I guess the truth is that, you know, if you’re like amenable that, you know, um, I can’t like work twenty-four hours a day. All work and no play, or whatever so...

DELIA
Brian. Are you asking me to the dance?

BRIAN
Um. Yeah.

Delia smiles. And we CUT BACK TO

EXT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL – FRONT STEPS – CONTINUOUS

RICKIE
Look at us, surrounded by people we can never have.

ANGELA
Look at them. Leading their fun filled lives.

RICKIE
No. I’m not gonna look. I’m gonna stop thinking about him right now.

(CONTINUED)
ANGELA
Me too. About my him. We don’t need them...

RICKIE
Exactly. We are people in our own right. Tragically lonely people.

ANGELA
But we have each other. Don’t we? I mean, just because we’re not going to that stupid dance.

ANGELA (cont’d)
Oh my God. Rickie, we’ll go together. That way we won’t be alone.

RICKIE
It’s perfect. Oh, I feel so much better. You know? Just to know that it’s settled.

Corey approaches. On his way past them.

COREY
Hey. See you Saturday.

RICKIE
Excuse me? What?

Corey stops, turns.

COREY
Oh. Rayanne said that the three of us were gonna kind of hang together. At the dance? Did I... get that wrong?

RICKIE
Oh. No. You got it completely right.

COREY
Cool. So... Saturday.

Corey walks off. Rickie and Angela look at each other.

ANGELA
Wow. So Rayanne actually... did it.

(CONTINUED)
RICKIE
The truth is, as much as I’d never admit it to Rayanne? Because it’s like dangerous to? This is why she’s such a good friend.

ANGELA
(delicately)
So, well, I guess I should just go with you and Rayanne and Corey. Right?

RICKIE
I guess. Except then it might seem like you and I are together? Like boy-girl together.

ANGELA
Oh. It might?

RICKIE
Yeah, like a double date or something.

ANGELA
Oh, yeah. I guess it might.

RICKIE
Whereas if it’s just me and Corey and Rayanne...?

(he’s starting to scare himself)
Wait a second. Oh my God! This is too obvious isn’t it? Maybe you should come.

ANGELA
No. I shouldn’t. You’re right.

Angela’s gaze moves to:

BRIAN AND DELIA as they simultaneously bite into Big Guy prepackaged apple pies. Angela steps up. Brian’s eyes widen.

ANGELA (cont’d)
Hi!

(turns awkwardly to Brian)
Can I like talk to you for a minute? It’s kind of an emergency.

(CONTINUED)
Continued:

Brian
(to Angela)
We were sort of...

Delia
No. It’s fine. I have to go anyway
(rising)
So. See you Saturday?

Brian
Um. Yeah.

Delia walks off. Brian looks at her.

Angela
So you like asked her to the dance?

Brian
Yes. In fact, I, you know wanted to
go with someone so I just thought
Her! So I just asked. It was, you
know... That simple.
(beat)
She seemed pretty much blown away.

Angela
(taking this in)
Oh. That’s great... Look, this is
going to sound really weird.
Rayanne is doing this thing for
Rickie? Because he has an enormous
 crush on someone. And it’s just
this very delicate balance. And I
know that you’re going with Delia
and I’m like really happy for
you...

Brian’s voice
And as she continued to basically
babble, it started to sink in that
something truly amazing was
happening.

Angela
... I was just thinking that since
we’re neighbors. It would be sort
of convenient... I mean, if there
was any way that I could just go
along.

(Continued)
BRIAN’S VOICE
When you stripped away all the blathering, Angela Chase was asking to go to the dance with me.

ANGELA
Just to like get me there. I mean, not that we’d actually be going together.

BRIAN
Of course.

ANGELA
Not like go go. I mean, you’re going with Delia. I just need a technical way to get there...

BRIAN’S VOICE
I would love to go to the dance with you.

BRIAN
It’s not a problem. I mean, fine. Tag along.

Angela smiles with slightly embarrassed relief. Brian’s eyes linger on her, significantly.

BRIAN’S VOICE
What cruel irony.

INT. HALLWAY – DAY

Rickie maneuvers through a crowded hallway, determined. Finally, he reaches Rayanne.

RICKIE
How could you do that!

RAYANNE
What did I do?

RICKIE
What did you do!? Invite Corey to the dance! With you and me...? When I specifically told you not to!

RAYANNE
Oh yeah.

Rayanne chuckles.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RICKIE
Rayanne, listen to me. This isn’t funny. Now, you’ve driven me crazy in the past. But I’m willing to overlook it. Because the truth is I want to go. But if you say one word to embarrass me while the three of us are together--

RAYANNE
Oh. I won’t be there.

RICKIE
What!?

RAYANNE
Well, I’m just not sure if I’m ready to go to an event like that. I mean, I talked to my counselor and she said that I might not be able to--

RICKIE
Who cares about your stupid drinking problem!? This is my life!

RAYANNE
Relax! It’s no problem.

RICKIE
Yes, it is.

RAYANNE
I will call Corey. Okay? I’ll explain the whole thing. Don’t worry it’ll be fine.

Rickie just looks at her.

INT. BRIAN’S HOUSE - BRIAN’S ROOM - DAY

Brian stands pensively staring out his window, the weight of the world on his shoulders.

EXT. BIG GUY BURGER - DAY

Brian stands waiting, nervous. Delia appears.

BRIAN
Hi.

(CONTINUED)
DELIA
You wanted to talk to me?

BRIAN
Yeah. Um, how are you?

DELIA
Brian? I only have like a minute, so...

BRIAN
Oh right... So... it’s sort of about the dance...

Oh.

DELIA
It turns out that I kind of forgot, you know, about this commitment I already had?

DELIA
(hurt)
Oh.

BRIAN
And you know, it’s kind of special or whatever, so...

This hits her hard. Brian registers it.

BRIAN’S VOICE
Of all the stupid things I’ve said which are like countless? I’ve never wanted to take something back more than that one.

BRIAN
I mean, maybe we can go somewhere else some time. I mean, catch a movie or whatever.

DELIA
So this commitment? Is like another girl or something? (Brian is voiceless) Brian. It doesn’t really matter who you told first. If it was me or her. You should go with the person you want to go with. I mean, if you’d rather go with her, that’s fine. All I ask

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DELIA (cont'd)
is that you’re honest with me.
Please.

BRIAN
I see. Okay. So, I guess I would.

DELIA
Would what?

BRIAN
Rather go. You know, with her.

Delia smiles at Brian. Immediately, tears flood her face.

BRIAN (cont'd)
I’m really sorry.

DELIA
Look, I have to get back in there.
So it would be really good if you would leave.

BRIAN
Delia.

DELIA
Please.

Brian walks off...

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

INT. CHASE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Patty sits reading. Graham enters from upstairs in his clothes. He is unshaven, and looks exhausted. Patty smiles.

PATTY
(sing-songy,
pleased with
herself)
I have a surprise for you.

Graham opens it, it’s a computer printout. He reads it.

GRAHAM
What does this mean? So I’m enrolled...

PATTY
Yeah, I know you’ve had your hands full with the wallpaper and everything so... Oh, and Graham, I just have this feeling that you’re really going to enjoy this.

GRAHAM
(stunned)
You signed me up?

PATTY
Well, yeah.
(very gently)
I mean, I know sometimes it’s hard for you to...

GRAHAM
What!

PATTY
(hesitant)
Focus?

This hits a nerve. Graham crumples the computer printout and tosses it into the wastebasket. He starts toward the stairs...

PATTY (cont'd)
Graham, I just thought... I mean, I know you like to cook--

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GRAHAM
(turning toward her)
It’s not that I “like” to cook.
It’s... It’s this thing I can just... do. The one thing I can do.

Graham starts toward the kitchen.

PATTY
(desperate to explain)
But that’s just the point. Sweetheart...

Graham exits. Patty heads toward the kitchen, but stops when the DOORBELL RINGS.

DANIELLE
(O.S.)
I’ll get it!

Danielle flies in and moves to the front door.

PATTY
Ask who it is first.

DANIELLE
(to the door)
Who is it?

BRIAN
(O.S.)
Brian Krakow.

Danielle opens the door. It’s Brian, dressed as if he’s put thought into it. He looks great.

DANIELLE
(stunned)
Oh my God.

BRIAN
Hi... Um, is Angela around?

Brian walks in. Patty looks at him, stunned.

PATTY
Oh my God.

BRIAN
We’re uh, going to that dance thing? Well, we’re not actually going with each other but...

(CONTINUED)
Angela appears on the steps. She looks beautiful. Brian takes in the sight of her. Then, barely audible:

BRIAN (cont'd)
Oh my God.

Graham emerges from the kitchen holding a beer.

GRAHAM
(to Patty, moving toward the stairs)
And you know something. When I want to, I can focus just fine.

Graham heads upstairs. Patty watches him, upset.

ANGELA
So, we’re picking Delia up?

PATTY
(to Brian, preoccupied)
So wait a second. Your Dad is picking you two up, right? Or is it three of you?

BRIAN
(beat)
As it turns out? Delia, can’t go.

ANGELA
Wait a second. Why?

BRIAN
(to Patty)
It’s... her aunt actually. She’s, you know, actually in the hospital.

Angela looks at him, alarmed. Brian smiles, uncomfortably.

INT. CHASE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is transformed, completely wallpapered. A perfect job. Everything has been cleaned and restored to order.

PATTY
(O.S.)
Graham? Graham?

Patty walks into the room and stops short, stunned. She looks around taking it all in. Graham enters from the bathroom. They look at each other. Long silence.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PATTY (cont'd)
Wow. I guess we found another thing you can do.

GRAHAM
You’re welcome.

Graham heads to the bed, lies down. Patty goes over, lays down beside him. They stare around at the wallpaper.

PATTY
My God. You should have seen the look on her face when he told her that the other girl wasn’t coming. They’re going to have such a terrible time.

They both laugh.

PATTY (cont'd)
Look... I know you probably feel like you can’t breath sometimes that I’m this horrible nag or something. Feel free to stop me any time.

(beat)
Look, I’ll put a stop on the check. I’ll call the registrar and tell them--

GRAHAM
Don’t do that.

(beat, she looks at him)
I sort of have to see if Steffan Dieter can still stiffen his egg whites. I mean, as long as I’m already signed up.

(beat)
I mean, thanks for signing me up.

She smiles. Patty takes another look at the room.

PATTY
God this room! It’s like we’re grown ups or something.

INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The WORLD HAPPINESS DANCE is in full swing. KIDS DANCE to CANNED MUSIC.

(CONTINUED)
The room is adorned with huge smiley faces. SEVERAL TEACHERS (among them, MS. LERNER and ANOTHER TEACHER) are sprinkled throughout the room. We FIND Corey and Rickie. Rickie talks -- nervous, but excited. Corey laughs, riveted to the story.

RICKIE
... So finally the mouse runs across the classroom, and I swear to God, starts like chasing Mrs. Shindelheim. Which is when she tripped over Nicholas Cahill. (beat) Which is why she the neck brace.

Corey cracks up anew.

COREY
You’re like really funny.

Rickie smiles; he can’t believe how well this is going. Then:

COREY (cont'd)
So. Where’s Rayanne?

RICKIE
(beat)
She didn’t call you?

COREY
No. Why?

RICKIE
Well, she told me she was gonna call you. Because she’s not...She’s not coming.

COREY
Why?

RICKIE
It’s sort of a long story.

COREY
Oh. Now I may have to reevaluate the whole night.

RICKIE
(deflated)
Oh.

CUT TO:
GYMNASIUM ENTRANCE

Brian and Angela walk in

BRIAN
A lot of people.

ANGELA
Yeah.

BRIAN’S VOICE
Okay. This is the simplest thing in the world. People do it every day. Just start a conversation.

BRIAN
Wow.

ANGELA
Yeah. So... Do you think, you could get me something to drink?

BRIAN
(gut reaction)
Get it yourself.
(recovering)
Oh. Okay. What do you want?

ANGELA
Just, you know, whatever.

Brian leaves. Angela scans the room Corey awkwardly walks away from Rickie; Sharon plays the bubbly hostess holding Kyle attached to her arm; no sign of Jordan.

THE BEVERAGE TABLE

BRAIN pours two glasses of punch. Rickie walks up. Rayanne and Corey dance in the b.g.

RICKIE
Hey...

BRIAN
Oh... Hi.

RICKIE
So, you and Angela are like... I mean, you came here together?

BRIAN
Sort of.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RICKIE
I was thinking of like, you know, hanging with you guys. But I don’t know if you’re here as like friends. Or you know, if it’s actually a thing. Because you know, it’s sort of like whatever’s better. For you.

BRIAN
Oh. Whatever... You know I mean, maybe you’d better not come over. (Rickie’s eyes show surprise) I mean, you know. We might want to like dance or something.

RICKIE
That’s really great.

Brian smiles and walks back to Angela.

BRIAN
It’s punch.

ANGELA
Thanks. So what did Rickie want?

BRIAN
Nothing.

Angela looks over and sees Rickie by himself, looking upset.

ANGELA
What did you say to him?

BRIAN
Nothing!... I just said, it was better that maybe he didn’t like hang out with us.

ANGELA
What!?

BRIAN
I thought that might be awkward or whatever so...

ANGELA
Rickie’s my friend.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BRIAN
He’s my friend too. It’s just that, what if... I don’t know, if we wanted privacy or something.

ANGELA
(horrified)
Why would we want privacy?

BRIAN
Well, we probably wouldn’t but...

ANGELA
Brian. What do you think is happening here?

BRIAN
What? Nothing!

ANGELA
Didn’t I explain what the whole reasoning for this was?

BRIAN
Um, yeah, but... I just thought if we wanted to say... dance or something--

ANGELA
We’re not going to dance!

BRIAN
I realize that! Look, it wasn’t some big plan or anything. I don’t even believe in making plans. Whatever happens, happens.

ANGELA
That is the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard in my life!

Angela spots DELIA standing by herself.

ANGELA (cont'd)
What did you say to Delia?!

Brian follow her gaze to Delia. He is speechless.

ANGELA (cont'd)
You don’t understand people, Krakow. That they need to belong somewhere. You are so heartless!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She storms off, but suddenly stops short, stunned as she sees JORDAN CATALANO standing with several BUDDIES. She smiles at him. Seeing this, Brian’s body shivers with frustration.

BRIAN’S VOICE
I mean, the fact that she called me heartless. That is just really good. That’s excellent. How ironic can you get without like puking.

CUT TO:

JORDAN AND HIS BUDDIES

Off to the side, above the world, sizing things up, not liking what they’re seeing. Angela considers whether to walk over, but Jordan averts his eyes, focusing on a cigarette stuck in his pack. Angela registers this and continues toward the door.

WE CUT TO:

SHARON AND KYLE

Sharon follows Kyle’s gaze to HOLLY GALANOY dancing with COREY on the dance floor.

SHARON
That’s right. There’s Holly Galanoy. Maybe you’d rather be with someone like that.

KYLE
Like what?

SHARON
Like Holly Galanoy. Like Rayanne Graff. Like a slut.

KYLE
What are you talking about? I never said I wanted...

SHARON
(interrupting)
Maybe you need variety. Maybe you know...

(to a passing GIRL)
Hi, I love your shoes!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

KYLE

Sharon.

SHARON
(reasonably)
Kyle, if you feel trapped or something? You should just say it. Really. I mean, it’s okay.

KYLE
(beat)
Well, I guess I do feel... a little, you know, trapped.

SHARON
(stricken)
Oh.

KYLE
Look, I’m just saying--

SHARON
You know what? I’ll make it easy on you. We’re breaking up. It’s over.

She looks at him, waiting for him to protest, but he just stands there, silent.

SHARON (cont’d)
Listen to me. You’re going to dance with me tonight. You’re going to act like there’s no one in the world you’d rather be with. Because you owe it to me. Because I worked by butt of for this stupid dance.

(beat)
Do you understand?

KYLE
Yeah.

Sharon smiles through emerging tears.

SHARON
And just so you know. I really hate you right now.

And we CUT TO:

DELIA

Brian walks up. She stands there and just looks at him.

(CONTINUED)
BRIAN
Um, look.
(beat, breathes deep)
I was really wrong. I like realize that now. That what I did was pretty heartless or whatever.
And...

Delia starts to smile; Brian’s hopeful. But she is smiling at Sharon, who walks up. Kyle has his arm around her.

SHARON
I am so thrilled you’re here. You know Kyle, right?

BRIAN
Yeah, hi.

Sharon looks very coldly at Brian. Then to Delia:

SHARON
You know what? I’m glad that you decided to come on your own. It’s better. There are like so many really cute guys that I want you to meet.

Brian watches them go off, leaving him completely alone.

EXT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT
Angela walks over to Rickie, who sits alone on the steps.

RICKIE
So Rayanne never called Corey. So Corey’s re-evaluating the evening.

ANGELA
You know what we should do? We should just kill both of them.

RICKIE
That’s a really nice offer. But the truth is? That would only solve half the problem

ANGELA
What’s the other half?

(CONTINUED)
RICKIE
The other half is like, you know, the tough half.

ANGELA
Which is...?

RICKIE
(simple, quiet)
Which is just, you know, that I belong nowhere. With no one. That I don’t fit.

Silence. Rickie stares ahead, Angela looks at him, searching for what to say. Finally, she just reaches out to him. They fall into a long, tight hug. As they break apart, Jordan and his buddies emerge through the front door.

Jordan locks eyes with Angela, and comes to a stop several feet away from her. Jordan nods to his buddies, who head off toward the car.

Angela looks up at Rickie, not sure what to do.

RICKIE (cont’d)
(sincerely)
It’s okay.

Rickie heads off. Jordan and Angela look at each other. They both slowly walk up to each other.

ANGELA
Hey.

Jordan looks at her in a way that’s so blatantly intimate and sexual that Angela literally retreats a step. He sets his arms on either side of her, leaning his weight against a tree behind her.

Brian emerges into the darkened doorway. As he looks at Angela with Jordan, his feelings pour over his face. Unable to bear this, he turns back inside. And we CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

PULSING BASS DRIVEN DANCE SONG POUNDS. The dance floor is packed. (Ms. Lerner and a teacher dance together.) Brian walks in and sees Rickie approach Delia. They talk. Delia looks hesitant. Finally Rickie reaches out and takes her hand. They walk out onto the dance floor as we CUT TO:
EXT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jordan looks like he about to move in to kiss her. Angela braces herself, waiting. But he pulls back.

JORDAN (softly)
Why are you like this?

ANGELA
Like what?

JORDAN
Like how you are.

A CAR HORN begins to honk. Jordan takes a final look her and walks away.

ANGELA (calling after him)
How am I?

But Jordan doesn’t turn back. When Angela thinks about it a few seconds more, she really wants to know.

ANGELA (cont'd)
(louder)
How am I?

He hops in his car. Laughter echoes into the night. Angela watches the car screech away, devastated as we CUT TO:

INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Rickie starts to dance. His movements are elegant and exude emotion. Delia, realizing immediately Rickie’s in another league, allows herself to be twirled and led. A smile breaks out on her face. People start to notice. Being noticed gives Rickie fuel. His movements become more and more grand. There is something almost religious about his intensity. It continues to build. More people take notice. Rickie seems, for at least this moment, at peace.

EXT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

Angela sits leaning against a fence wondering “How she is.” A COUPLE emerge through the doors and immediately being making out. Angela rises and heads back inside.
INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Rickie builds to a finish as the song ends. A beat of silence. Then, as kids burst into spontaneous applause we find, Brian standing dumbfounded, staring at Delia. She catches his eye and just glares at him, triumphant.

Someone taps Brian on the shoulder. He swings around; it’s Angela.

ANGELA
Hi...

He doesn’t look at her.

A SLOW SONG starts up. Almost everyone dances (INCLUDING Rickie and Delia; Sharon and Kyle). Angela leans in close to him, to be heard over the music.

ANGELA (cont’d)
Brian, this was all my fault...

BRIAN’S VOICE
Her hair smelled incredible

ANGELA
... I mean, I ruined your night. And Delia’s night. I should have just stayed out of it.

BRIAN’S VOICE
Like this orange grove we passed when I was eight on our way to see my grandmother. The whole world was perfumed. And I don’t know--magic.

ANGELA
And I can’t really explain why I even got involved. But I’m sorry.

Angela pulls away.

BRIAN’S VOICE
But I guess that’s just like her shampoo, or whatever. So...

They stare out to the dance floor watching couples engaged in some of the most meaningful moments of their lives.

BRIAN
These things are so stupid.

(CONTINUED)
ANGELA
I know. No one ever has a good time.

(beat)
So. You want to... I don’t know. Dance or something?

BRIAN
Not with you.

(beat)
Well, you know. I’m just... I don’t really care about dancing that much...

ANGELA
Me neither...

And as they continue to stare out at the dance floor, not facing each other, we:

FADE OUT

THE END