

FUCKING BORING

Episode 1

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MORNING ANNOUNCEMENT OPENING CREDITS - VARIOUS

4x3 aspect ratio. Standard def. That glorious analogue fuzz. An electronic DRUM BEAT kicks in--

-- STUDENTS roam the halls of BORING HIGH SCHOOL, they notice the camera and mug in front of it.

-- A TEACHER drinks from a hallway water fountain, unaware he's being video taped... ZOOM IN.

-- A hand spins a globe in the library... THUMBS UP.

-- On the field, a FOOTBALL PLAYER misses a catch.

-- A BUS pulls away from the school.

SUPER: *"THE BORING HIGH SCHOOL MORNING ANNOUNCEMENTS!"*

We CUT TO a man in cumbersome BEAVER MASCOT costume, standing before a crude backdrop. The lighting is awful.

BEAVER

Good morning, Boring Beavers!

The Beaver removes his head. This is KEN MESSNER, 40s, with an earnest congeniality that's plain lovable. His hair's sweaty, like he put on the costume earlier than necessary.

KEN

Hot in there! Principal Messner here, wishing you a happy and productive Monday. That first week of school sure was "da bomb," wasn't it?

Ken smiles. Proud of his use of such hip lingo.

INT. HOMEROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE: Ken's grinning mug on a boxy 4x3 WALL-MOUNTED TV.

SEVERAL HOMEROOMS - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE on the disenchanting faces of the STUDENTS ACROSS THE SCHOOL. All forced to watch these Morning Announcements via this live closed-circuit broadcast.

One KID covertly plays GAME BOY. ANOTHER sleeps, drooling. ANOTHER repeatedly flicks the ears of a SADLY RESIGNED KID.

KEN (ON TV)

Anyway, enough outta me! We're off to a great start, so let's keep it up! Take it away, Jessica and Paul!

INT. A/V CLUB STUDIO - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

THROUGH THE VIEWFINDER of a VHS CAMERA we PAN to JESSICA BETTS and PAUL PAULSON, 17, senior news anchors at a desk.

Jessica takes her job seriously. Perfect diction and posture. Conversely, Paul's a beefy jock. With the constant look of someone who just farted and can't wait for you to notice.

JESSICA

Thank you, Principal Messner. And here are today's announcements for Monday September 23rd, 1996. Auditions for the Drama Club's fall production of "Guys and Dolls" will be held Thursday after school. If you plan to audition, come with a song and a monologue. Break-a-leg!

PAUL

For lunch today. Corn dogs and tater tots. Do you like corn dogs, Jessica Betts?

JESSICA

No.

Paul looks into camera and nods. *GOT HER.*

JESSICA (CONT'D)

In world news, President Clinton has signed the Defense of Marriage act, which defines marriage between one man and one woman...

As Jessica and Paul continue this awkward broadcast, we PULL OUT into the darkness BEHIND THE SCENES, where an ARTSY GIRL at CAMERA TWO struggles with her focus. Her image is a blur.

BRUCE HELLMAN, a prematurely balding Bukowski at 16, notices the focus issue from his LIVE EDIT BOARD. Into his headset:

BRUCE

Camera Two... FOCUS.

A loud feedback SQUEAL screeches through the Artsy Girl's headset. She grabs her ears-- *OUCH.*

She attempts to radio back, but the SQUEAL/SCREECH somehow transmits through the studio monitors LOUDLY DISRUPTING the broadcast. Everyone in the studio GRABS THEIR EARS IN PAIN.

A MOUSEY GIRL at a sound board finally cuts the punishing sound, just in time to hear Paul exclaim into the silence--

PAUL

FUCK!

Shit. That was loud. Paul covers his mouth, fully aware of the trouble he's now in--

JESSICA

And those are the Morning
Announcements. Have a BORING day.

The end credits begin to roll as we travel to the back of the studio landing on THREE FRESHMEN DWEEBS. The triad of:

TYLER BOWEN, 14, a long-haired, string bean. In a black trench coat and a tie-dyed "Weird Al" T-shirt.

The stoic and bespectacled MCQUAID, 14. Dressed in what appear to be hand-me-down clothes from an IT specialist.

And most prominently...

LUKE O'NEIL, 14, mixed ethnicity, in a vintage monster movie ringer T-shirt. Luke grips the straps of his backpack, with a quiet smile on his face. This place feels like home.

BRUCE

And we're clear! Jesus, second week
of school and shit's gone to shit.

Bruce rolls his office chair over to the triad.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Welcome to A/V Club, freshmen.

MOMENTS LATER

Bruce shows the triad around as other A/V CLUBBERS clean up.

BRUCE

It's your basic two camera setup
with a couple JVC KY-19's, running
through my Panasonic MX-10
switcher. Only I touch that. For
special events like assemblies,
school plays, the big game...

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 we shoot two or three in the field,
 and I cut 'em later on this RM-
 G800U tape-to-tape.

LUKE
 Where's your TBC?

BRUCE
 TBC?

LUKE
 Time Based Corrector.

Luke's stumped Bruce.

LUKE (CONT'D)
 You're shooting VHS and not S-VHS,
 so you should *probably* run through
 a TBC before going into your NLE.

TYLER
 FYI.

Bruce sizes Luke up.

BRUCE
 What was your name?

LUKE
 Luke O'Neil. And that's Tyler and
 that's McQuaid.

TYLER
 (Ned Flanders)
 Hi-diddly-ho!

MCQUAID
 (Mr. Spock)
 Greetings.

*

Bruce looks genuinely pained by Tyler's enthusiasm.

BRUCE
 Any questions?

TYLER
 How do you become a news anchor?

As Bruce explains it to Tyler, Luke's attention lands on the
 Artsy Girl trying to fix Camera Two. She looks at a loss.

BRUCE (O.S.)
 They're ASB. No affiliation with
 A/V. And you have to be a junior.

TYLER (O.S.)

Do you have to be able to read cue cards or anything?

BRUCE (O.S.)

We sure as shit don't let 'em pull it out of their asses...

Luke marches up to the Artsy Girl, leaving his buddies behind.

NEAR THE SET

This is KATE MESSNER, 15, with a choker around her neck and liberally applied mascara. She's otherwise devoid of make-up, in baggy jeans and a T-shirt. There's a beautiful calm to Kate. Or is it sadness? Hard to say.

LUKE

Having trouble?

Kate looks unsure why this stranger's talking to her.

KATE

I'm good.

LUKE

These K-19's are janky. Can you stand over there, please?

Luke practically nudges Kate out of the way, and directs her to stand before the camera. He ZOOMS IN on her face. Kate's clearly out of her comfort zone, not that Luke notices.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Huh. You're out of focus.

KATE

I know. I'm trying to fix that.

THROUGH THE VIEWFINDER, Luke zeroes-in on Kate's eyes. He toys with the focus ring and other settings as Kate fidgets. There's a strange intimacy to the interaction.

LUKE

Well, you're in luck! I know exactly how to fix this.

KATE

You do? What's wrong with it?

LUKE

It's complicated, but I have the tools at home. Can I check this out, or something?

KATE

Are you a freshman?

LUKE

Technically.

KATE

Freshmen can't check out gear. Thanks, anyway. I'll figure it out.

LUKE

Maybe you can check it out and bring it to my place. I mean, unless you know how to fix it...

Kate disconnects the camera from its tripod. She sizes Luke up. He seems harmless, if not a little overtly self-assured.

KATE

Yeah, alright. Cool beans.

LUKE

The coolest beans.
(beat)
I'm Luke, by the way.

KATE

Hey. Kate.

The FIRST BELL rings.

Kate shoulders her backpack and leaves. Tyler and McQuaid appear by Luke's side, having witnessed this interaction.

TYLER

Damn, Gina! How'd you do that?

LUKE

Do what?

TYLER

Talk to a girl?

LUKE

Well, there's these things in your larynx called vocal chords. And when you speak they vibrate--

MCQUAID

I know what I saw, and I have to say... it was *most impressive*.

LUKE

What are you guys talking about?
I'm just fixing her camera.

Bruce trundles past the triad, en route out the door.

BRUCE

Slow your roll, homeslice.

LUKE

Huh?

BRUCE

That chick you were talking to?
Kate? Her dad's Mr. Messner.

LUKE

Who's Mr. Messner?

BRUCE

The Principal. Proceed with caution...

INT. HALLWAYS - MORNING - THAT MOMENT

Principal Ken Messner, in a cheap shirt and a tie, cheerfully trots down the thoroughfare. STUDENTS and FACULTY bustle to first period, as Ken brightly greets a few of them.

KEN

Mr. Knudsen! *Knudie!* We gonna put up some points at Friday's game?

MR. KNUDSEN

Wouldn't bet on it.

KEN

Well, I hope you brought a crow sandwich for lunch, cuz you're gonna be, uh...

Ken spots Kate, heading to class.

KEN (CONT'D)

Kate! Hey, sweetie!

Nearby STUDENTS stifle laughs as Ken arrives next to Kate. They tread side-by-side, not by Kate's choice. She picks up the pace. We can practically feel her shell hardening.

KEN (CONT'D)

Was that a home run this morning or what?! You and your A/V pals are just so cool and professional! Well, except for the F-word part, that wasn't so cool--

KATE

Dad, can we make a rule for this year?

KEN

Well, of course. I'm all ears.

KATE

Can you not talk to me at school anymore? Just treat me like any other student.

Ken looks a little surprised, but takes it in stride.

KEN

Okay. If that's what you'd prefer--

KATE

It is. Bye.

Kate jets ahead, prompting Ken to stop in his tracks.

KEN

Have a good day, sweetie!

Kate shoots Ken a "DAD!" look, over her shoulder.

KEN (CONT'D)

Sorry! Last time.

Ken takes a moment to reflect, then spots MISS STOCK, 30s, an attractive teacher at the end of the hall. He lights up, and excitedly waves, prompting Miss Stock to instantly dart into her class-- deliberately dodging him.

The SECOND BELL rings.

Ken stands alone in the now empty hall, scratching his head. WIDE-- he still wears the legs of the Beaver Mascot Costume.

INT. CAFETERIA - TRIAD'S TABLE - DAY

Lunchtime. A cross section of the small/mid-sized school. JOCKS and CHEERLEADERS stick to one area. BAND GEEKS hang in another. An array of '90s fashion buzzes from table-to-table.

Amongst other FRESHMEN NOBODIES are Tyler and McQuaid, in the midst of a debate. Luke joins them with his lunch.

TYLER

You're out of your mind! Luke, settle this, please.

MCQUAID

There's nothing to settle. I'm right and you're wrong.

LUKE

Settle what?

MCQUAID

Winning the lottery and dying the next day? The subject is 98 years old, there's nothing ironic about dying at 98. A black fly in your chardonnay? Unfortunate? Yes. Ironic? No. Rain on your wedding day?

TYLER

It's *ironic* because you chose THAT DAY of ALL DAYS to get married!

MCQUAID

It's not ironic, it's *moronic*. Do these people not have five day forecast? What fairy-tale world does Alanis Morissette live in?

TYLER

Canada. Can I have your chips?

Tyler digs into McQuaid's bag of chips. McQuaid huffs.

LUKE

Four years of *this*... I don't know if I can take it.

TYLER

At least we're all gonna get laid. EVERYONE has sex in high school.

MCQUAID

According to my calculations, there's a 2% chance I'm getting laid by senior year.

TYLER

Did you run my numbers?

MCQUAID

Slightly better. Not by much.

TYLER

What about Luke? A GIRL is going to his HOUSE! It's basically a date.

LUKE

It's not a date! Stop making such a big deal of it.

TYLER

What if she spends the night?

MCQUAID

She won't and she can't. It's Monday.

LUKE

Exactly, thank you! She probably doesn't even remember my name.

As if on cue, Kate walks by toting a SAXOPHONE CASE and her lunch tray.

KATE

Hey, Luke... Meet by the flagpole?

LUKE

Oh. Hey, Kate. Yeah. Cool!

Kate smiles and continues on. The triad stares after her.

TYLER

Holy schnikes.

McQuaid references his calculator.

MCQUAID

Um... Your odds just went up by 8%.

Whoa... For the first time, Luke begins to sense the implications. The possibilities. *IS it a date?* He glances toward Kate, as she takes a seat across the cafeteria.

BAND TABLE

Kate digs into her lunch, surrounded by BAND GEEKS immersed in a conversation that Kate isn't a part of. We linger with Kate for a moment... Alone in public.

The clattering CRASH of a lunch tray hitting the floor steals Kate's attention. The eruption of an ARGUMENT from a nearby table follows, grabbing the attention of many--

EMALINE (O.S.)

You think I'm some kind of slut?!

Meet EMALINE ANDRETTI, 16, in smeared eyeliner, a baby doll dress, and fish nets. She's arguing with OLIVER SCHERMERHORN, 17, equal parts glam and grunge. King and queen of the Drama Club. Our Kurt and Courtney.

OLIVER

I KNOW you're a slut. *Thou hast slept with another!*

They gradually slip into Shakespearean-sounding language.

EMALINE

When?! When did I sleep with another?! *Untwist thy tongue. What merchant of deceit hath sold you such untruths?*

Most STUDENTS in the cafeteria have now ceased conversation and locked-in on Oliver and Emaline. The dramatic combatants stand on top of their table, ensuring all a good view.

The FACULTY LUNCH CHAPERONES look *so confused*.

OLIVER

Look to thine own reflection! In thy sleep when thou didst dream, thou didst chirp infidelities!

EMALINE

Dreamers often lie, asleep in their beds! As oft as boys let me into their heads.

We SLOWLY ZOOM IN on Kate, matching a REVERSE on Oliver and Emaline. Kate watches them... Quietly. Curiously.

OLIVER

Thou hast made me do this, you slutty hoe!

Oliver produces a PLASTIC BUTTER KNIFE and "plunges" it into his gut. He takes his time; milks his "death," then collapses. Emaline throws herself over Oliver's body.

EMALINE

NOOO! Dagger, I am thy scabbard!

Emaline "cuts" her throat with the plastic utensil, BURSTING a ketchup packet for extra bloody effect. She wags her tongue and gurgles. Really hamming it up. Finally, she "dies."

A beat. Oliver pops to his feet, followed by Emaline.

OLIVER

And SCENE! I am Oliver Schermerhorn.

EMALINE

And I am Emaline Andretti.

OLIVER

Auditions for "Guys and Dolls" are this Thursday after school in the auditorium! THIS could be you.

EMALINE

WE are obviously playing the leads, but other roles remain available!

OLIVER & EMALINE

Join us!

They take a BOW to a smattering of applause. Having not received a satisfying herald, Emaline grabs Oliver and begins to MAKE OUT with him. THERE'S the applause she wanted.

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY - LATER

Kate opens her locker and peels off her sweaty gym shirt. Just 15 lockers away, Emaline applies deodorant while gabbing with a FRIEND. Kate watches Emaline, somewhat absently.

EMALINE

Did you see Mr. Swicky's face?! He was like "*Uh. What do I do? What do I do?*" Classic me...

Emaline looks up-- catching Kate's gaze, directly. Kate snaps to and realizes she's been staring. She averts her eyes and hurries to put her shirt on. Embarrassed.

EMALINE (CONT'D)

(calling Kate out)

Like what you see, *Sweetie*?

Kate quickly closes her locker and gets out of there.

EMALINE (CONT'D)

LESBO, much?

Emaline and Friends laugh, then return to their conversation.

INT. FACULTY LOUNGE - COPY ROOM - DAY

Ken swivels into the view, gingerly leaning against the door frame. Miss Stock uses the copier, unaware of his presence.

KEN
(sudden, flirty)
Afternoon, Miss Stock.

Miss Stock YELPS, scared. Ken JUMPS, scared in turn.

MISS STOCK
Jesus Christ, Ken...

Miss Stock looks at Ken with a burdensome expression. And as he speaks, she gently guides him inside and closes the door.

KEN
Sorry, it's just-- I feel like I've hardly seen you since school's started. Did you get my voice messages? Your answering machine must be getting pretty full.

MISS STOCK
Ken. We had... *fun* this summer.

KEN
Agreed!

MISS STOCK
Summer's over.

KEN
Oh, don't worry. Even though I'm "your boss," according to the employee handbook our "goings-on" are entirely permissible. Provided we don't copulate on school grounds, so...

Ken smiles. He's not getting it. Miss Stock lets out an exasperated SIGH. She's going to have to spell it out.

MISS STOCK
Ken. You're so nice. Too nice probably. But if I'm being honest... I don't think you're emotionally ready to be in a real adult relationship.

Ken takes pause, to wrap his head around this disclosure.

KEN

Hmm... Well, I guess I'll have to work on that. Maybe if you're free tonight we could talk more about it--

MISS STOCK

(out with it)

I'm not attracted to you, Ken. Physically. Like... *at all*.

Ken nods with an open expression. As if he were receiving constructive criticism. But underneath-- wow, this hurts.

MISS STOCK (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

KEN

What? Of course! You know-- I'm actually glad you said something. Like I always say, "Honesty, *brutal* honesty, is the best policy," And, well, I can only thank you for that... I truly appreciate this. Really, I do... Friends?

Ken extends his hand. Miss Stock takes it and shakes, but she needs to be clear--

MISS STOCK

(taking no pleasure)

Colleagues... might be better?

KEN

Colleagues. Hey, I'll take it!

Miss Stock collects her copies.

MISS STOCK

Oh, and Ken--

KEN

Yes?

MISS STOCK

The copier's low on toner.

Miss Stock leaves, and Ken allows himself to deflate. Another TEACHER enters, and Ken immediately picks himself back up.

EXT. STREETS OF BORING - DAY

Residential but rural. Wooded and green. This is Boring. Luke struggles to carry Kate's heavy camera, as they tread.

KATE
You wanna take turns?

LUKE
Nah, I got it... Who's Tori Amos?

KATE
What do you mean?

LUKE
You have her name on your backpack?

KATE
You've never heard of Tori Amos?
She's a singer and she plays the
piano.

LUKE
Like Elton John? My mom plays his
records a lot. He's pretty cool.

KATE
Mmm, not really. She sounds like
nothing you've ever heard before.

LUKE
Like what?

KATE
I don't know. You've never heard
it, so how can I explain it?

LUKE
Try.

Kate scoffs. *Who is this little freshman?* Luke stares at Kate, awaiting explanation. She puts her thoughts together.

KATE
Okay, so... there's this one song
where halfway through she just
starts crying... And she's just
singing and crying and playing the
piano, and it's just so *real*...

LUKE
Wow. Cool.

KATE

Yeah... she's bad ass. Her first album, it's called *Little Earthquakes*. Know what that means?

LUKE

No, what?

KATE

Orgasms. She totally named an entire album after orgasms!
(suddenly self-aware)
Or... I don't know-- that's what I heard.

Luke's eyes are WIDE. A girl just said "*orgasms*." This is getting intense. He's gotta play it cool.

LUKE

They should hand out little cookies at her concerts.

KATE

Huh?

LUKE

Famous Amos? Those cookies? They're a little crunchy. But if you put 'em in milk for 15 to 25 seconds they're not bad. Like a *Little Earthquake*, right in your mouth!

Luke registers his unintended insinuation. GULP. But then... Kate laughs. She shakes her head and looks at Luke with an amused smile. Luke smiles back.

They approach a Volvo Wagon on their path. Parked on the side of the road by a sign which says: "ENTERING BORING, OREGON." Four Teva-wearing ROAD TRIPPERS laugh at the signage.

PHISH T-SHIRT

Hey little man, take our picture?

LUKE

Sure.

It seems like this request isn't unusual to Luke or Kate. Luke hands the VHS Camera to Kate, and takes a disposable camera from Phish T-Shirt. The Trippers pose by the sign.

LUKE (CONT'D)

In the back, tiny step to the right. One, two, three...

CLICK. Luke takes the shot and returns the disposable camera.

PHISH T-SHIRT

Thanks, dude.

NAPPY DREAMS

Hey, what's it like to live out here? Is it like... *totally boring?*

LUKE

Yeah, that's a good one, we'll have to remember that.

The Trippers pile into the wagon, and pull a U-turn. Leaving Luke and Kate to watch after them, almost wistfully.

LUKE (CONT'D)

They never actually make it *into* the town. They always find the sign, take a photo, then leave.

KATE

Lucky them.

They watch the Volvo disappear in the distance.

EXT. LUKE'S HOME - DAY

The lawn's overgrown. A modest fixer-upper with a big garage. Luke and Kate arrive at the curb and Luke checks the mailbox. He produces out a small cardboard box.

LUKE

Shit... Columbia House.

KATE

What'd you get?

LUKE

Oasis.

KATE

That's supposed to be good.

LUKE

It is, I have it... I forgot to mail the thing back. D'you want it?

KATE

Oh, thanks, but... you could get a lot of store credit for this.

LUKE
Seriously. Take it! It's good.

Luke forces the box into Kate's hand.

KATE
Thanks.

Kate follows Luke into his garage, increasingly aware of his casual generosity.

INT. LUKE'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Fluorescent lights ZAP to life, revealing all manner of VIDEO EQUIPMENT. Monitors, cameras, and beyond. Everything's covered in a layer of dust.

KATE
Whoa. You have a ton of gear.

LUKE
Yep. I'm going to film school after I graduate. Probably USC or UCLA. Or NYU. What about you?

Luke heaves Kate's camera onto a workbench, as Kate explores the garage. Luke begins to play doctor with the camera.

KATE
I'm only a sophomore. Kind of early to be making college plans.

LUKE
So why'd you join A/V Club?

KATE
Oh. You have to have two electives, so band and A/V. I like the sax, for now. And A/V seemed mellow.
(beat)
My dad was trying to get me to run for ASB too. It's like I'm supposed to be an exemplary student just because of who he is.

LUKE
Oh, yeah, Mr. Messner. He seems cool.

KATE
Not the term I would use.

Kate explores the garage further. A comfortable beat.

KATE (CONT'D)
What about your parents?

LUKE
My mom is five miles over Europe
right now. She's a flight
attendant.

KATE
And your dad?

LUKE
Don't got one.

KATE
(reverently)
What happened?

LUKE
Well, *Old Leroy O'Neil*, he just up
and left one day. Tucked me in,
said goodnight, and in the morning
all that was left was this gear. He
filmed weddings and shit. Whatever.
Ancient history, really.

KATE
Do you miss him?

He does. Desperately so. Something he'd never admit.

LUKE
Nope! So your dad's the Principal.
What's *Mrs. Messner* do?

KATE
She died when I was a kid.

LUKE
Oh. Sorry... How'd it happen?

KATE
She was sick.

LUKE
We don't have to talk about it.

Luke continues to work on the camera, giving Kate some space
to open up if she wants... *She feels safe, so she does:*

KATE
After she died, I had to talk to
this counselor.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

And they had me make this silly arts and crafts project. It's called a Scream Box. It's like-- a paper towel roll connected to a shoebox. I was supposed to scream into when I needed... but... I never used it.

(beat, laughs)

My dad did though.

(beat)

Then, when I came back to school, after she died... the *whole class* knew I didn't have a mom anymore. And it was like... everyone just stopped talking to me. It was like I was her ghost or something. Just... invisible.

Luke's captivated. But Kate catches herself-- feeling as though she may have opened up too much.

KATE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'll shut up now.

LUKE

No, no. You should talk more often.

(romantic notion)

I guess we're both on our own in a way. What a crazy little world.

And what a sweet little dweeb. Kate resumes her exploration of the garage, as Luke continues working on the camera.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I like being on my own...

As Luke continues-- Kate opens one of many CARDBOARD BOXES. Inside, prominent is... a PLAYBOY MAGAZINE. Kate stares at it with cautious curiosity. She glances up at Luke, who remains unaware of her discovery. Kate stares at the Playboy...

LUKE (CONT'D)

...Sometimes my mom's gone for a whole week. I get to stay up late. Rent R-rated movies. They know me at Video Shack. I'm more of an adult than a teenager, really.

Kate finds another box, filled with UNLABELED VHS TAPES.

KATE

What's on these?

LUKE
They're probably blank.

KATE
The protection tabs are popped.

Luke joins Kate, and curiously examines the VHS tapes. Kate heads over to the workbench, and stares at the now COMPLETELY DISASSEMBLED camera. A heap of shrapnel. *Was this a camera?*

Luke rushes back to the workbench, easing Kate's concern.

LUKE
Oh, yeah! So... it's a little worse than I thought. Sadly. I think I'm gonna have to keep it overnight.

KATE
Bruce is gonna have a cow.

Luke thinks fast, and produces a hulking CASE from a shelf.

LUKE
Here, we can use this one for now. It's S-VHS, so it's way better.

KATE
Okay. Cool. Thanks. Again.

LUKE
You're welcome.

A moment. That feeling when you've met someone you know will be in your life for a long time. It's strange and wonderful, but a little too much for Kate right now.

KATE
I'll get out of your hair.

LUKE
You could stay in it, if you want. Hang out with the lice. Hah. Just kidding, I-- I don't have lice.

EXT. LUKE'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Kate starts to leave, lugging the camera case.

LUKE
Want anything for the road? Pop Tart? Capri Sun?

Kate laughs. Charmed as can be.

KATE
 You're cute, but I got my arms
 full. See ya tomorrow.

And with that, she leaves.

A warm feeling wells up inside Luke. A smile spreads across his face. This is the greatest feeling of all time.

LUKE
 (quietly, to himself)
 Cute...

MONTAGE - AFTERNOON

-- A CD's popped into a Discman. PLAY. Ben Folds Five's rollicking "Kate" fills Luke's house with sunshiny vibes.

-- Luke DANCES around the kitchen, using a frozen Hot Pocket as a microphone. He chucks it into the microwave. Nukes it.

-- Luke's laundry goes into the washing machine. On the beat of the song, he closes the door with his rear.

-- Luke takes out the trash, dancing along to the beat.

-- Luke happily does his homework. He chomps into his Hot Pocket. Big mistake... TOO HOT.

-- We PULL OUTSIDE, looking in at Luke. He DANCES from room to room. A cross between "Home Alone" and "Risky Business."

INT. LUKE'S BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

We PAN AROUND this teenaged man-cave. A PULP FICTION poster. A MONTY PYTHON & THE HOLY GRAIL poster. Luke's bedroom/lair.

Luke enters, transporting the disassembled camera in the box containing all the protected VHS TAPES. He casually pops in one of the tapes--

The Ben Folds Five tune FADES away. And so does Luke's smile.

MAN'S VOICE (ON VHS)
 Testing, one-two-three.

ON TV: The burn-in date in is 5/20/1987. Nine years ago. The bottom half of a man's face fills the frame.

MAN'S VOICE (ON VHS) (CONT'D)
 Levels... Fresh.

The man sits, framed up. He tucks his long hair behind his ears. This is LEROY O'NEIL. Luke's dad. At 21, if not for his mighty goatee he wouldn't look much older than Luke does now.

LEROY (ON VHS)

"Captain's log..." Hah! Psych ya' mind. For today's video installment in the life and times of Mr. Leroy O'Neil... *that's me...* I wanna say a few words about gratitude. Some days it feels like life's gone to shit. Like, if an asteroid collided with Earth, decimating humanity, that wouldn't be such a tragedy. But then, other days, like today... I'm just happy to be alive.

Leroy smiles. Genuine.

LEROY (ON VHS) (CONT'D)

I'm healthy, I have a job, I have a woman, and my son... little Luke'em Nuke'em... He might be the smartest most passionate little man on the planet. And he's FIVE! The kid's blowing my mind. Now, I know what you're thinking, *"Leroy everyone thinks that about their kids!"* Could be... but I don't care.

Luke watches. A medley of emotions. Anger. Sadness. Hope.

LEROY (ON VHS) (CONT'D)

So... when the bank account gets low. When I'm feeling down. I know I can just look at my kid's face... and I'm grateful.

FEMALE VOICE (ON VHS) (O.S.)

Leroy?

LEROY (ON VHS)

Ooh, a lady. My lady. *Back off.*

A woman we only see from the waist-down appears behind Leroy.

FEMALE VOICE (ON VHS)

Dinner's ready.

LEROY (ON VHS)

C'mhere, baby.

FEMALE VOICE (ON VHS)

What'cha doing?

Leroy grabs the woman and plops her onto his lap. She BLURTS out a laugh. And we meet--

SHERRY O'NEIL, 21, so young and beautiful. The ethnic half of Luke's genetic make-up. Her smile is huge, like Luke's.

LEROY (ON VHS)
I love you, Sher-bear.

SHERRY (ON VHS)
I love you too.

They kiss.

LEROY (ON VHS)
Say hi to camera?

SHERRY (ON VHS)
Are you recording? Ugh, Leroy. I look like a trainwreck.

LEROY (ON VHS)
You look beautiful.

SHERRY (ON VHS)
Smooth talker... *Dinnertime.*

Sherry dislodges herself from Leroy's lap and leaves. Leroy smacks her ass as she goes. He leans into frame.

LEROY (ON VHS)
This may not be the life I imagined for myself, but goddamn... it's a good one.

Luke does everything he can to push all the feelings down. *He is not going to cry. He is not going to cry--*

DING-DONG! The doorbell rings.

Luke presses PAUSE and takes a deep breath, getting his emotions in-check. He ejects the VHS, then slides the entire box of tapes under his bed.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

THE DOOR OPENS on Tyler and McQuaid. Bearing food gifts.

MCQUAID
Permission to come aboard, sir?

McQuaid brushes past Luke, but Tyler pauses. Noting some amount of moisture in Luke's eyes.

TYLER

You okay?

LUKE

Yeah! Allergies.

He closes the door behind them, keeping it together.

INT. KATE'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Kate enters her immaculately clean house.

KATE

Dad?

Nothing. She's alone.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kate closes her door and dumps her backpack onto the bed. She opens the Oasis CD and pops it into a CD player.

The first track's not her speed. She skips it. Same with the second track. Skip. The third track is "Wonderwall."

The song pulls Kate in. Deep. We're right there with her as she discovers something special in the music. Spectacular.

Kate takes a deep breath. Centering. She glances toward her backpack on the bed. A loaded, hesitant glance--

Kate opens her backpack and produces... the PLAYBOY from Luke's garage. She swiped it.

Kate looks reluctant. Regretting her actions. She's never stolen anything in her life. But since she already took it...

Kate slowly opens the magazine. Articles. Articles. Naughty cartoon... *Aren't these supposed to have naked women in them?* The suspense is building, Kate thumbs a little faster.

Finally, Kate lands on a full page picture of a NAKED PLAYMATE. Kate's face becomes flush. Her heart races as her eyes scan the perfect-bodied blonde, up and down.

Kate swallows the lump in her throat and turns the page. More pictures of the Playmate, with a seductive look on her face.

Instinctively, Kate's hand reaches for the top button of her jeans... She pops the button open. Not even totally sure of what she's doing. She takes a deep breath...

Kate reaches for the zipper on the front of her jeans when--

KEN (O.S.)
Meatloaf or Ziti, sweetie?

KEN BARGES IN. He holds a frozen dinner in each hand. Kate quickly covers her lap with the magazine. HORRIFIED.

KATE
DAD!

Ken averts his eyes, though Kate's in no state of indecency.

KEN
Oh! Sorry, sweetie, sorry, I just wanted to know if you wanted...

Ken glances back at Kate and notices the Playboy on her lap. He cocks his head. His expression changes. Confused.

Kate's a deer in headlights. An awkward beat.

Ken's expression softens. He gets it. *He knows exactly what's going on here.* He sits next to her on her bed.

KEN (CONT'D)
You know, Kate... It's okay for you to look at this magazine. I've seen a few myself.

Kate's MORTIFIED. Frozen as the dinners in Ken's hands.

KEN (CONT'D)
What I want you to know... is...
(beat)
You don't have to *look* like the girls in these magazines.

Kate breathes an enormous sigh of RELIEF. Bomb defused.

KEN (CONT'D)
Real men fall in love with women of all shapes and sizes. Of... breasts, and uh... bottom... pubis areas--

KATE
Dad--

KEN
What I'm saying, is that *attraction* isn't merely a physical phenomenon. Despite what some people may believe...

KATE

Got it. Great. Thanks, dad. Can you get out of my room now, please?

Ken proudly nods. He pats Kate on the knee.

KEN

Ziti it is.

Ken closes the door behind him and Kate unfreezes. She falls back onto her bed. Completely wiped out.

INT. LUKE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

ON TV: The infamous POD PEOPLE episode of Mystery Science Theatre 3000. A cheap looking alien creature telepathically conjures a *Simon* game to play a disco song.

Luke, Tyler and McQuaid feast on a self-procured pot luck of WEIRD SNACKS. A tradition on MST3K night.

TYLER

She called you CUTE?!

LUKE

Yup.

Luke tosses a PEARL ONION in the air and catches it in his mouth. He makes a yuck-face as he chews.

TYLER

Why didn't you tell us that when we walked through the door?!

MCQUAID

What did she say *exactly*?

LUKE

"You're cute."

TYLER

Holy fucking shit!!! Why are you just sitting there?!

LUKE

What am I supposed to do?

McQuaid pulls out his calculator.

TYLER

(Beavis)

Heh-heh, heh-heh-- Ask her out, Butthead! Yeah, yeah!

Tyler pulls his shirt over his head and proceeds to march around the basement as "Cornholio."

<p>TYLER (CONT'D) (Cornholio) <i>I AM CORNHOLIO! I NEED TP FOR MY BUNGHOLE! Does Kate have TP?</i></p>	<p>MCQUAID I hate to say it, but he may be right. The iron <i>is</i> hot, or so it would seem. Your odds just went up to 65%.</p>	<p>* * * *</p>
--	---	----------------------------

Luke's eyes widen with nervous excitement. Tyler puts his impression on hold--

TYLER
McQuaid, how do you determine those odds?

MCQUAID
Math? What am I eating?

As Tyler and McQuaid continue, WE PUSH IN ON LUKE. His gears turn as an exciting revelation dawns on him.

TYLER (O.S.)
Twelve layer dip. Beans. Sour cream. Pace picante. Olives. Cheddar. Pickles. Chicken nuggets, you're welcome. Honey. Apple Jacks. Sliced apples... And another layer of cheddar.

MCQUAID (O.S.)
That's eleven layers.

TYLER (O.S.)
Top layer's oxygen... *for my bunghole... Heh-heh.*

LUKE
I'm gonna do it.

Tyler and McQuaid look at Luke.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna ask out Kate Messner.

MCQUAID
Just remember, there's still a 35% chance it goes horribly wrong.

TYLER
Ah, shut up, McQuaid... So, how you gonna pop the question?

INT. LUKE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

CLOSE: A loose leaf sheet of paper, handwritten:

-*Skywriting*

-*Singing Telegram*

-*Telepathy*

-*Fax*

Luke crosses out each option, seated at the kitchen table. He shovels a spoonful of cereal into his mouth.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hell-ooo?

In walks Luke's mom, SHERRY O'NEIL, 30. In a flight attendant uniform, dragging an overnight suitcase. The same beautiful woman from Leroy's video journal. She looks exhausted.

SHERRY

Child Protective Services drop by?

LUKE

Yeah, don't worry, the fake mustache worked great.

Sherry gives Luke a kiss on the cheek. She grabs a jar of peanut butter and rice cakes from the pantry. She pours herself a glass of white wine, and takes a seat.

SHERRY

It's 5PM in Paris. Don't judge.

LUKE

Oui, oui.

Sherry smiles. This is their rapport. Dry and light.

SHERRY

Tell me something good. How's school?

LUKE

Fine. I met a girl...

SHERRY

(perks up)

What's her name?

LUKE

Kate. She's awesome. She listens to all these bands nobody's ever heard of. She's pretty... She's basically the coolest person I've ever met.

Sherry smiles, somewhat wistfully.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I'm trying to figure out how to ask her out. I just want it to be *bad ass*.

SHERRY

It sounds like you really like her.
(beat, then)
I hope you'll be smart.

Luke suddenly sees where this is going. Ugh.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

You're at that age where everything seems so exciting, and it is! But if you're not careful... I was only a few years older than you are now--

LUKE

When you got pregnant with me.

Tender implications. Sherry takes a step back.

SHERRY

Girls like confidence. I think you just walk up to her and ask.
(thoughtful beat)
You're the best thing that ever happened to me, you know that?

Sherry smiles. This is a great mom and Luke knows it. They sit in comfortable silence over their wine and cereal.

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Kate changes out of her sweaty gym clothes-- certain to face AWAY from Emaline. Noting Kate's avoidance, Emaline nods to her two Friends-- *watch this...* Emaline peels off her gym shirt, and marches over towards Kate.

EMALINE

Hey, *Sweetie!*

Kate turns and Emaline feigns a stumble-- overtly pressing her chest against Kate. Kate RECOILS.

EMALINE (CONT'D)

OH MY GOD! Did anyone see that? She touched my boobs! Kate Messner totally just GRABBED my boobs! She's like OBSESSED WITH BOOBS!

KATE
Get a life!

Kate slams her locker door, annoyed and embarrassed. It's all so stupid and means nothing. BUT... having observed it all, TWO NOSEY GIRLS begin to whisper to each other.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

One of the Nosey Girls whispers into Oliver's ear. He removes his shades dramatically, spotting Emaline at her locker.

Oliver chucks his shades at Emaline, then approaches.

OLIVER
What up, slut?

EMALINE
Um... *excuse you?*

OLIVER
Kenzie just told me you got felt up by some girl in the locker room. What the hell?

Emaline perks up at the opportunity to milk this moment for all its drama... time to toy with Oliver.

EMALINE
Untwist thy tongue, sir! Kenzie, hath sold you untruths!

OLIVER
Are you cheating on me with girls now or what?

A small crowd of STUDENTS begin to attend this "scene."

EMALINE
T'is true. A mistress for a maiden!

OLIVER
Emaline. STOP--

Emaline's building momentum. Fueled by the attention she's beginning to drum up. It infuriates Oliver even further.

EMALINE
A lady's touch upon my breast hath awoke most curious and mysterious feelings within me!

OLIVER

EMALINE! STOP IT! I'm not playing
the scene! Just tell me the truth!

EMALINE

*Oh, how my heart yearns for her!
Oh, how my loins quake! How free I
feel on this merry day!*

OLIVER

(changing tactics)

Okay, this is why you'll never be a
good actress, Emaline. You're SO
out of touch with your inner truth,
it's sad... I feel bad for you.

EMALINE

(for the kill)

WELL YOU HAVE A TINY DICK!

Huge reaction from the crowd. Oliver boils over... EXPLODES.

OLIVER

THAT'S IT! WE'RE OVER! DONE!

EMALINE

FINE!

In a final dramatic gesture, Emaline STOMPS on Oliver's
shades. Crunching them. She trots off down the hall, with a
winning smile on her face. Applause rains down on her.

OLIVER

You bitch! My grandma gave me
those! She has diabetes!

A FRESHMAN starts clapping for Oliver's "performance."
Unamused, Oliver awkwardly shoves the Freshman into a locker.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Luke spots Kate, from behind, seated on the stairs, listening
to her Discman. He takes a deep breath then heads toward her.

LUKE

Hey.

KATE

Hey! I was just thinking about you.

LUKE

You were?

Kate holds up the Oasis album, as Luke sits next to her.

KATE

I'm in love with this CD. I know it's super popular or whatever, but track three is kind of saving my life right now.

LUKE

Which one's that again?

Kate scoots closer to Luke and adjusts her headphones so they can both listen. She gestures, and Luke leans in.

They sit cheek-to-cheek, with their heads pressed together. Intimately listening. If Luke were to turn his head, even slightly, he could easily kiss her.

KATE

(quiet, musing)

I wonder who he's singing about.
Don't you?

Luke's heart might explode if he doesn't say something. Then-- As Luke intently listens to the song, an idea comes to him. An epiphany. He stands up abruptly.

LUKE

I gotta go.

KATE

Oh. Okay. See ya later.

Luke runs down the stairs, and out of sight.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

McQuaid tutors Tyler, who reads from a REMEDIAL ENGLISH BOOK. Deep in the background, Luke speed walks toward them.

TYLER

There. Was. Some. Thing. My...

MCQUAID

Mysterious.

TYLER

Can't you just invent something that will read this to me? Like a robot, or something?

MCQUAID

Not with my limited knowledge and resource. But when the robots DO take over, none of this will matter. We'll all just be brains floating in tanks. Slaves of virtual stimulation and synthetic, automated nourishment.

TYLER

Whatever gets me out of Remedial.

Luke arrives. Out of breath.

LUKE

Guys, guys! I've got it... and I need your help.

MCQUAID

With what?

Luke raises his eyebrows, he's got a plan. *Camper Van Beethoven's "Pictures of Matchstick Men" begins.*

MONTAGE

-- Luke pours over the instruction manual for the school's camera. He starts figuring out how to piece this pile of shrapnel back together.

-- The triad watch MTV. Jotting down ideas in notebooks.

-- In the GIRL'S BATHROOM, the Two Nosey Girls whisper to a THIRD, while staring at Kate. Kate feels the stares, but when she looks at them, they turn away, stifling giggles.

-- In the CAFETERIA, Tyler draws up some rough STORYBOARDS, as Luke describes ideas to him. McQuaid takes notes.

-- A few tables over, in the cafeteria, Emaline catches Kate's eye. She blows her a kiss and WINKS. Kate shrinks.

-- In the GYMNASIUM, with one of his dad's cameras, Luke frames up a shot of Tyler sitting in a chair. Happy with the frame, Luke and Tyler switch places. Luke nods, and McQuaid presses play on a BOOM BOX.

-- In the HALLWAY, Kate catches the eyes of STUDENTS staring at her with a knowing expression. It stirs paranoia in her. She spots groups of Students giggling as she walks by.

-- Luke stands against a WHITE WALL, in all black. Tyler films. Luke nods to McQuaid, who presses play on a boom box.

-- Kate scribbles on a piece of paper... "Why are you doing this to me?" She folds up the note, then slips it into a locker we know to be Emaline's.

-- Tyler bounces the rear of a parked car to make it look like it's moving. McQuaid films Luke wearing a RED BEANIE, pretending to drive. Lip-syncing along to something.

-- In the CAFETERIA, Emaline delivers a cupcake to Kate, with a folded note sticking out of it. Kate reads the note: "XOXO," written in lipstick and signed with a kiss.

-- THAT MOMENT, Kate spots Ken across the cafeteria. He sees her and smiles, waving. Kate shrinks. She crumples up the note and throws it away, along with the cupcake.

-- In the BOILER ROOM at school, Luke wears a silly hat with feather sticking out of it. He spins around, as Tyler pulls a couch tied to a rope towards the camera. *(This is all very mysterious... but it'll make sense shortly).*

-- Kate hands a note to Emaline and storms off, without any eye contact. Emaline reads the note: "Whatever you're doing, JUST STOP. PLEASE." Emaline sticks her chewed gum in the note. *(Also, in every shot of Emaline during this montage, we should notice Oliver brooding over her in the background).*

-- In his GARAGE, Luke hovers over his editing system, drinking Jolt Cola, and cutting footage deep into the night. Sherry peeks in and delivers some food. Curious what he's working on, but refraining from inquires. Luke's focused.

-- On Kate's LOCKER, the word "DYKE" has been scrawled on a square POST-IT. Kate quickly crumples it up, glancing around to see if anyone's noticed. *This is only getting worse.*

-- Luke screens this mysterious project for Tyler and McQuaid. They're impressed. Luke's pleased. He ceremoniously pops the copy protection tab from a RED VHS.

INT. A/V CLUB STUDIO - MORNING

Preparation for Morning Announcements are underway.

Kate cautiously enters the studio, wondering if she's going to get knowing looks from her A/V Club peers. She doesn't. All seems normal, meaning no one's even noticed her.

Kate takes her place behind Camera Two, as she frames up the shot, the viewfinder dangles OFF. *It would appear that Luke's not quite as good at solving problems as he claims.*

As Kate re-attaches the viewfinder, Bruce appears, slurping from a mug that reads, "Grandfathers Are Always Right."

BRUCE
Are you a homo?

KATE
What?

BRUCE
I heard you're gay. Is that true?

KATE
No... that's silly.

Bruce heads to his edit station, and Kate's breath begins to quicken. *Shit. This is happening...* And McQuaid overheard it. He needs to find Luke right away.

BY THE LIVE EDITOR

Luke, holding the red VHS tape, barterers with Bruce.

BRUCE
What's on it?

LUKE
I can't tell you what's on it.

BRUCE
Is it porno?

LUKE
No.

MCQUAID
Um, Luke?

BRUCE
What's in it for me?

MCQUAID
Ahem! Luke!

LUKE
McQuaid, please. What do you want?

BRUCE
Six pack of Jolt?

LUKE
Deal.

They shake. Bruce cues up the red VHS.

BRUCE
PLACES!

Everyone takes their places. The house lights go down. We hear the OPENING CREDIT MUSIC as McQuaid pulls Luke aside. There's a thick tension beginning to gel.

MCQUAID
Some information's come to light.
It might be legitimate, it might
not, but either way... your odds
are compromised, and I think you
should reconsider doing this.

LUKE
What? No way. Why?

MCQUAID
I'm not entirely sure, but--

LUKE
Wait, are you jealous?

MCQUAID
(taken aback)
Jealous?

LUKE
Is that why you've been so negative
about this whole thing?

MCQUAID
That's absurd, I'm always negative.

Luke puts his hand on McQuaid's shoulder. Condescending.

LUKE
McQuaid, we're still gonna be
friends after I get a girlfriend.
Is that what you're worried about?

McQuaid looks appropriately offended. And bummed. He relents. Tyler excitedly wedges himself between Luke and McQuaid.

TYLER
Oh, man! Everyone's gonna *shit* when
they see this! In a good way.

ON A HOME ROOM TELEVISION SET

VARIOUS SHOTS of the Morning Announcements being broadcast across the entire school. Live.

JESSICA BETTS

Good Morning, Beavers! I'm Jessica Betts.

PAUL PAULSON

I'm Paul... Paulson.

JESSICA BETTS

Before we begin today, we have a special video presentation. It comes to us from--

PAUL PAULSON

ROLL TAPE!

IN THE STUDIO

CLOSE: Bruce presses play on Luke's VHS.

Black PRE-ROLL. Silence. Luke stands in the dark, heart beating through his chest. This is the moment.

THE VIDEO

Black & white. An industrial wall setting. Luke, in clown shoes, walks to a Fischer Price record player. Needle to wax.

The OPENING CHORDS of WONDERWALL ring out.

Luke, seated, plays along on an inflatable guitar. And now we get the picture. This is, thus far, a shot-for-shot remake of the popular "Wonderwall" music video. Ala Luke.

BACK IN THE STUDIO

A/V Clubbers look unsure how to take what they're seeing. *Is this for real? McQuaid can hardly watch. This might hurt.*

THE VIDEO

Luke lip-syncs along. And as the video continues, it becomes clear he's not just riffing on the "Wonderwall" video, he's homaging a number of music videos of the time. The whole thing plays like something a 14 year old Michel Gondry might have made. Low-fi, but so creative and cool. We see Luke:

-- Superimposed over himself, against a white background. Riffing on Desiree's "You Gotta Be" video.

-- In a car, wearing four different outfits and personalities. Riffing on Alanis Morissette's "Ironic" video.

-- Dancing in an industrial zone, in a big feathered hat. The furniture around him moves on its own. Riffing on Jamiroquai's "Virtual Insanity" video.

-- Being pushed in a shopping cart, through the local grocery store. Riffing on Radiohead's "Fake Plastic Trees" video.

IN HOMEROOMS ACROSS THE SCHOOL

CLOSE ON FACES. Some STUDENTS find the video to be a total joke. Others look utterly captivated. Emaline pretends to be unimpressed, but clearly intrigued. Oliver just watches Emaline. A master at brooding.

One freshman girl in a cheerleader uniform looks particularly taken by the video. She attempts to hush jeering classmates around her. This is ALISON TAFT, 14. (*We'll meet her soon...*)

In KEN'S OFFICE... Ken's captivated. All wonder and smiles.

IN THE STUDIO

ON KATE. She's smiling ear to ear. Loving the video. She glances back at Luke. Impressed.

Luke smiles and shrugs. But there's something to his stare that strikes Kate. Something's up. Kate returns her eyes to the monitor, now watching more closely. More seriously.

OASIS (ON TV)

*I said maybe... you're gonna be the
one that saves me...*

THE VIDEO

The song continues, now with Luke riffing on Beastie Boys' "Sabotage" video. Tyler and McQuaid get in on the action, wearing fake moustaches, playing cops.

The video (*which will represent an edited-for-time version of the song*) comes to a close, returning to the "Wonderwall" aesthetic. Luke holds up a photo. It racks into focus...

A PHOTO OF KATE.

The video CUTS TO BLACK.

IN THE STUDIO

Kate's heart falls into her stomach. It couldn't be more clear: LUKE MADE THIS VIDEO FOR HER.

She avoids any eye contact, as ALL eyes fall on her.

BRUCE (O.S.)
Camera One! Pan to Camera Two!

IN HOMEROOMS ACROSS THE SCHOOL

ON TV: The 4x3 image PANS OFF THE SET and behind the scenes, landing on Kate. Luke arrives next to her, in a two shot.

You could hear a pin drop. *What's going to happen?*

In his office, Ken's as engrossed as the entire STUDENT BODY.

IN THE STUDIO

Kate stares at Luke. Terrified of what he's about to say. Luke doesn't pick up on it. He just smiles.

LUKE
Kate... will you go out with me?

You can practically hear bones creaking, as everyone at the school leans in to hear Kate's response.

Kate's mind races. ON THE SPOT LIKE NEVER BEFORE IN HER ENTIRE LIFE. She takes a deep breath and opens her mouth to speak--

CUT TO BLACK.