

MY SO-CALLED LIFE

Life of Brian

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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  
(curt)  
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 GALANOY, 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)

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)

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)

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  
 (lame)  
 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)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

What?

SHARON

Well, it was pretty obvious what she was thinking.

BRIAN

What?

SHARON

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

BRIAN

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

SHARON

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

BRIAN

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

SHARON

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*.

BRIAN

So getting back to this Delia thing.

SHARON

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

BRIAN

Wait. Did she actually say anything?

SHARON

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)

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)

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)

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)

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

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)

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

What I do? It's not just about  
sneakers. It's about feet.

(he smiles)

Come on. I've got my acrylics in  
the art room.

They start walking down the hall.

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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)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

Oh... Right.

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)

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

ACT THREE

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAHAM

Patty. Look. I appreciate your trying to help. But how can I say this? You aren't. Helping.

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)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

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)

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)

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)

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...

DELIA

Oh.

BRIAN

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

ACT FOUR

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)

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)

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

BRIAN 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)

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)

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. The 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)

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