

Summer 2011

The Gamer

Heather Cook
Kennesaw State University

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.kennesaw.edu/etd>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [Film and Media Studies Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Cook, Heather, "The Gamer" (2011). *Dissertations, Theses and Capstone Projects*. Paper 463.

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Kennesaw State University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Dissertations, Theses and Capstone Projects by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@Kennesaw State University. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@kennesaw.edu.

The Gamer

By

Heather Cook

A capstone project submitted in partial fulfillment of the

Requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in Professional Writing in the Department of
English

In the College of Humanities and Social Sciences of Kennesaw State University

Kennesaw, Georgia

2011

College of Humanities & Social Sciences
Kennesaw State University
Kennesaw, Georgia
Certificate of Approval

This is to certify that the Capstone Project of

Heather Cook

Has been approved by the committee
for the capstone requirement for

the Master of Arts in Professional Writing
in the Department of English

July 2011

At the (month and year) graduation

Capstone committee:

W. C. Edge

Member

Jeffrey Stepanoff

Member

THE GAMER
A SCREENPLAY

by Heather Cook

EXT. FLETCHER CREEK ROAD - DAY

DREW MONTGOMERY, 18, tall, lean, with a striking face, sits atop a green bicycle riding beside an old Dodge Dakota, where his older brother, TRAVIS MONTGOMERY, 19, drives. It appears that the two are racing. The song "Take on Me" by A-Ha plays.

EXT. BENJAMIN FLETCHER HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - LATER

Drew and Travis arrive on campus. Drew locks his bike up next to Travis' truck.

TRAVIS

You going to ask her out today?

DREW

You've asked me that everyday since fourth grade. Well, you were in fifth.

TRAVIS

Today could be the day.

DREW

You always say that, too.

The bell rings, and the two walk briskly to class.

INT. BENJAMIN FLETCHER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Drew sits in MR. RUSSELL's British Romanticism class. It's obvious by the people he's sitting with that he doesn't belong to a certain clique. The bell is about to ring, and the students are antsy.

MR. RUSSELL

...and your partner projects on the romantic poets are due on Monday. Don't forget; MLA format on the papers, or it's an automatic 'B.'

His voice trails off as students begin to pack their bags.

MR. RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I'm not being a jerk; I'm just preparing you for college. I hope you all understand. See you tomorrow.

Travis, tall, dark, brawny, and obviously older than everyone else, looks over at Drew, who is still seated in his desk.

TRAVIS

You coming?

DREW

No, I'll see you at the truck. I've got to ask him something.

TRAVIS

Alright, champ.

MR. RUSSELL

Hello, Drew. What can I do for you?

DREW

Hi, Mr. Russell, I'm having a difficult time with my project.

MR. RUSSELL

I knew Blake would be difficult. I shouldn't have included him in the list.

DREW

No, it isn't Blake. He's great. It's just...

MR. RUSSELL

Do you need help with MLA? Because I know the writing center can--

DREW

No, I've got MLA down pretty well. It's just...

MR. RUSSELL

Well?

DREW

It's Mary. Is there any way I can get a new partner?

MR. RUSSELL

Is she not doing her part?

DREW

No, that's not it. It's just...

MR. RUSSELL

What?

DREW

It's just that I can't work with her. That's all.

MR. RUSSELL

Well, you have to have a better reason than that. What's the problem?

DREW

(giving up)

Never mind. She's a great partner.

MR. RUSSELL

Great. See you tomorrow, Drew.

DREW

Bye, Mr. Russell.

EXT. BENJAMIN FLETCHER HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - LATER

MARY

Hey, Drew! Wait up!

Drew stops and sighs before he even turns around.

MARY (CONT'D)

You sure do walk fast! Do you want to come over to my house today to go over our project?

MARY STEVENS, a petite, blonde cheerleader, is wearing tight, flared jeans and a very low cut blouse. She is the envy of every girl and the object of every guy's lust. Every guy except Drew.

DREW

I don't know. I have a baseball game later tonight. Plus, I don't think there's really that much to go over. I've done my part.

MARY

(disappointed, but unrelenting)

Okay, well maybe tomorrow?

DREW

Um, probably not. Listen, I've got to go. I'll see you tomorrow.

MARY

I'll call you!

Cut to:

INT. TRAVIS' TRUCK

Drew puts his bike in the back of Travis' truck and climbs in the cab.

DREW

Dang, that girl is so dumb.

TRAVIS

I don't know what your problem is.
I'd tap that! All. Night. Long.

He howls and closes his eyes to daydream. The car starts to veer onto the right shoulder.

DREW

Hey! Do you mind watching the road?!

TRAVIS

Calm down.

DREW

I am calm.

TRAVIS

So, how are you liking your senior year?

DREW

Oh, it's just great. Though, I've been told it's sweeter the second time around. Isn't that right?

TRAVIS

I'm going to kill you when we get home.

DREW

Calm down. Plus, you know what today is.

TRAVIS

No, what's today?

DREW

Thursday.

TRAVIS

So what? The baseball semi-finals are tonight.

DREW

Yeah, that's right. And before the game?

TRAVIS
Ohhh, Bikini Bliss!

DREW
Yeah, yeah. Call it what you want.
But I've got front row seats.

INT. DREW'S ROOM- LATE AFTERNOON

Drew sits on his bed working on his Brit. Lit. project. His book is opened to the poem "Bright Star" by John Keats, but he is obviously distracted as he looks out his window at the brunette, SAVANNAH BANKS, across the street. She is meticulously washing her car, paying close attention to the details, like a painter minds each brush stroke. Drew's mom appears in the doorway, startling Drew.

MOM
Drew, it's time for dinner.

DREW
(obviously distracted)
Okay, Mom.

Mom starts to walk out the door, but decides to follow Drew's gaze.

MOM
What are you looking at?

DREW
No one. I mean nothing.

MOM
Who's out there?

His mom heads toward the window to peek, but Drew grabs her arm to stop her.

DREW
No one, Mom. Please, I'll be down
in a minute, okay?

MOM
Oh, alright.

She pauses, then smiles at him.

MOM (CONT'D)
She's cute, you know.

DREW
Mom!!

MOM
See you at dinner!

INT. DREW'S KITCHEN- LATER

Drew's mom has made homemade lasagna, an old family recipe.
Travis is already sitting at the table.

DREW
Mom, this looks really great.

TRAVIS
(quietly and mockingly)
Mom, this looks really great.

MOM
Thanks, honey. There's bread, too.
It should be done in a few minutes.
So how's the lit. project coming
along?

DREW
It's coming.

MOM
Research problems?

DREW
Girl problems.

TRAVIS
His partner totally wants him.

Drew looks smug.

DREW
It's true. I am pretty
irresistible.

MOM
Ah, I see.

The oven timer goes off, and Mom hurries to get them out.
When they emerge, they are a perfect golden brown.

MOM (CONT'D)
You two should invite some friends
over for dinner tomorrow. I'm
trying out a new recipe for the
business, and I could use some
guinea pigs.

DREW

Alright. Cool. I'll see if the team wants to come over.

MOM

You can invite more people if you want...

DREW

Like who?

TRAVIS

Like Bikini Bliss! And I believe it's "whom."

Drew kicks Travis' shin under the table.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Cool it, little brother. We all fall in love at some point or another. You just fell when you were still in training panties.

Mom ignores Travis and continues to say-

MOM

Like some people in the neighborhood...

DREW

I don't know who you're talking about.

MOM

Sure, honey. Well if you change your mind, she's welcome to come over.

DREW

(ignoring her)

Well, I better go finish my homework before the game.

MOM

But the bread--

Drew grabs a piece on his way up the stairs and smiles at her.

INT. TRAVIS' TRUCK - DUSK

Drew and Travis pile their gear into the back of the pickup, and as they pull out of the driveway and head down the road, the sun is just beginning to set. Orange and pink illuminate the sky as the truck crunches over fallen leaves.

TRAVIS

Dude, why don't you just ask Savannah out? You've liked her pretty much since we were kids. You even liked her during our "girls-have-cooties stage."

DREW

I did once. Remember? Real good that turned out. And plus, I don't really have time for a girl right now with school. You know those AP classes are really killing me. Plus the team needs me, and my nights are kind of...occupied.

TRAVIS

What do you do at night?

DREW

Stop looking at me like that, idiot. (whispering now) I play video games with you, remember?

TRAVIS

What's the matter with you? We're in an enclosed vehicle. No one's going to hear you. Besides, who cares? You're like the best pitcher Fletcher High's ever had. You're a legend, man.

EXT. FLETCHER HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They arrive at the high school fields and unload their gear out of the back of the truck. They begin walking to the dugout. The night air is cool and crisp, and a light breeze, which carries the scent of grilled hamburgers, is blowing through the air. As they walk toward the dugout, a flyer blows into Travis' face.

TRAVIS

What the heck?

DREW

There's something in your face.

TRAVIS

(sarcastically)

Really? Thanks. I stepped in something.

He takes the flyer from his face and looks at his shoe.

There is fresh dog crap on it. Frustrated, he turns the paper over and reads-

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

"Headshots for Higher Education"
Whose sick joke is this?

DREW

Would you give me that? (reads the flyer) Trav, Bungie is coming here! Bungie is hosting a regional video game tournament here, at Fletcher's Creek!

TRAVIS

What's the prize?

DREW

(reading)

"The winner/s will receive a scholarship to any university of their choice anywhere in the fifty states." Trav, this is unbelievable. The first match is in three days. Oh, by the way, you smell like a turd.

EXT. FLETCHER HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELDS - NIGHT

The second inning has just started. Drew, the star pitcher is on the mound; Travis is behind the plate. The Fletcher High School Sea Gnats are up 3-0. The Cousteau Bucks's 3, 4, and 5 hitters are up, and Travis is calling the signs. There is some confusion between Travis and Drew, and Travis walks to the mound.

DREW

Since when is that a sign?

TRAVIS

Dude, she's here!

DREW

Who's here?

TRAVIS

Mary!

DREW

What? Seriously?

Travis points to the stands.

DREW (CONT'D)

This totally blows. I'll just ignore her. Man, you smell really bad.

TRAVIS

Hey, I have an idea. Shut up. And why don't you do something productive and hook me up?

DREW

Great idea. I have a better one. Why don't you call the signs?

Travis slaps Drew on the butt and trots back behind the plate.

UMPIRE

Ball 2!

Travis looks up at the ump, and lifts his mask.

TRAVIS

Hey, Grandpa, that was right down the pipe!

UMPIRE

Screw off.

TRAVIS

Touchy!

Travis relays another unintelligible sign to Drew.

UMPIRE

Ball 3!

Drew motions for Travis.

DREW

I've been thinking about it, and that really is a great idea. Alright, you can go now.

Travis goes back behind the plate. Drew throws another pitch.

UMPIRE

Strike 1! What is that smell? Smells like...like butt.

TRAVIS

That a boy!

MARY

Whoo! Go Drew!

Drew motions for Travis again. Travis trots up to the mound for the third time.

DREW

Alright, here's the plan. Stay with me the whole time after the game. She's bound to come talk to me. Once she comes up, I'll say something like "Oh, Mary, this is my brother, Travis. He's older." That's the first hook because from what I've heard, she's a sucker for older guys. After that, she should be all yours.

TRAVIS

Alright, what's the catch?

DREW

You have to enter the Bungie tournament with me.

TRAVIS

Deal.

DREW

Sweet dog.

The mound meeting lasts several minutes and the umpire is clearly growing restless. The coach trots to the mound.

COACH

Hey ladies, we're kind of having a game here. And it's kind of really important. I don't know if you've ever heard of a semi-final. So, let's think a little less boobs, a little more balls.

TRAVIS

Oh, I'm not on that team, Coach.

COACH

Montgomery?

TRAVIS

Yes, Coach?

COACH

Shut up.

TRAVIS

Yes, Coach.

EXT. FLETCHER HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The game is over, and the Fletcher Sea Gnats have won the semi-finals.

DREW

Party at my house tomorrow night!

The team cheers, and the players start to get their gear from the dugout.

DREW (CONT'D)

(to Travis)

Alright, she's coming. You ready for this?

TRAVIS

Yeah, yeah. Let's do it.

DREW

Mary, hey, how are you, girl?

MARY

(a little shocked by his change in demeanor)

Hey, Drew. You did such a great job tonight!

DREW

Yeah, I know. Hey, have I introduced you to my brother Travis? He's older.

TRAVIS

(smoothly)

Hey, I'm Travis. It's very nice to meet you, Mary.

Mary is obviously taken by Travis.

DREW

Alright, well I've got to go. To the bathroom. See you.

TRAVIS

I'll catch you later, Drew.

DREW

Yeah, take your time. I'll probably be a while.

INT. DREW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Drew and Travis sit in papa san chairs facing a large television. The light from the screen illuminates the dark room.

DREW

Bam baby! That's what I'm talking about!

TRAVIS

Headshots all day long.

DREW

Do you have the rocket launcher?

TRAVIS

Yeah.

DREW

Can I have it?

TRAVIS

Not a chance.

The words "game over" can be heard from the TV.

DREW

Well, dang. Our team sucks.

TRAVIS

Our team always sucks.

DREW

You want me to put us in for another round?

TRAVIS

Yeah, sure. I'm going to go get some grapes. You want some apple juice?

DREW

Always.

Travis leaves the room, and Drew enters another round. Moments later, Travis returns with armloads of food, including pretzels, a bowl of red grapes, a glass of apple juice, and ice cream sandwiches.

DREW

Hey, toss me one of the sandwiches.

TRAVIS

Sure thing, little brudda.

DREW

Don't call me that.

TRAVIS

But you are!

Travis pinches Drew's cheeks.

DREW

Hey, cut that out! So how'd it go with Mary?

TRAVIS

Really great. She's totally into me.

DREW

That's it?

TRAVIS

Yeah, for now.

Travis shoves a grape and pretzel in his mouth at the same time.

DREW

I can't believe you named yourself "a pony princess."

TRAVIS

You better believe it.

The match starts, and once again, Drew and Travis are on a team. Seconds after the match starts, Drew dies. The words "You were killed by 'a chicken salad sandwich' " are heard from the television.

DREW

What the heck? How is he in this match? This is like the third time we've played against that scab eater!

TRAVIS

Hey, didn't we play against him last night?

DREW

Yeah, and I think the night before. How is that possible?

TRAVIS

I don't know. He hasn't killed me yet, though.

DREW

Maybe because your name is a pony princess.

TRAVIS

Or...maybe because I'm freaking awesome.

INT. MR. RUSSELL'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Class is about to start, and students are flirting and conversing. Paper airplanes are thrown from the corners of the room.

MR. RUSSELL

Drew, can you come here a minute?

Drew walks up to the front of the room.

MR. RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I've thought about what you said, and I've decided to give you a new partner.

DREW

Really? Wow! Thanks, Mr. Russell. I appreciate this very much.

He eagerly shakes Mr. Russell's hand.

MR. RUSSELL

That's not necessary.

Russell pulls his hand away and wipes it on his pant leg.

MR. RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Have you heard about Matt? Well he's broken out with a nasty case of the bed bugs, and Savannah needs a new partner. I've decided to assign Mary to a new group.

DREW

Sa-Savannah?

MR. RUSSELL

Yes, do you know her?

DREW

Only for the past eleven years.

MR. RUSSELL

Well, great. Perhaps that will work toward your benefit. I've already informed her, and later during class I'll give everyone time to work on their projects.

Drew just stares at him.

MR. RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Drew?

DREW

Yes, Mr. Russell?

MR. RUSSELL

That is all. You can sit down now.

DREW

Thank you, Mr. Russell.

Drew walks back to his seat slowly and time seems to crawl at a slug's pace as he quietly mumbles to himself.

DREW

You got this, buddy. No big deal. She's just a girl. A really pretty, smart, funny, artistic...

He cuts himself off.

DREW (CONT'D)

You got this. You totally got this.

SAVANNAH

Hey, Drew! Looks like we're in the same group!

Drew scratches his head and chuckles nervously.

DREW

Yeah, so how much do you have done? I guess I should ask which poet you were working on or something like that.

Everything's already starting to get awkward.

SAVANNAH

Well, I did have Keats, but Mr. Russell said you were working on Blake. I'm okay with working on Blake if you want.

DREW

Oh, no. That's not going to be necessary. I'll scrap what I've been working on, and you can fill me in on Keats. Didn't he die really young or something?

SAVANNAH

Uh, yeah. And it's really alright. We can do Blake. I've actually started looking into him.

She pulls out a pocket encyclopedia. A folded, tattered paper falls out of her bag at the same time. The beginning of the song "True" by Spandau Ballet begins to play as the camera zooms in and focuses on the words at the top of the page: "Ode to Savannah" by Drew Montgomery. Drew picks it up for her. It is a poem he wrote her years earlier.

DREW

You dropped this.

He hands it to her. She looks embarrassed.

SAVANNAH

Oh, thanks.

DREW

So anyway...Keats. Dead, huh?

SAVANNAH

Do you want to come over this afternoon?

DREW

Um, sure. For what exactly?

SAVANNAH

For our project.

DREW

Oh, yeah. Right. Sure. So um, I'm going to go to the bathroom now.

SAVANNAH

Have a nice time. I mean, good luck. I'm sorry. I mean, I'll see you later.

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

TRAVIS

Seriously, dude? You told her "I'm going to the bathroom." That's hot.

People are going to think you've got IBS.

DREW

Shut up. What would you have said? It was just getting so awkward.

TRAVIS

Well you alleviated that.

DREW

Do you even know what alleviated means?

TRAVIS

Of course I do.

DREW

No, you don't. You probably read that on the Cheerios box this morning.

TRAVIS

Hey, would you behave? Now do me a favor and shut up. Mary's coming.

Mary walks up to the table with a cafeteria tray in hand.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Hey, Mary.

He pushes Drew out of his chair.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I saved this seat just for you. It's already warm.

MARY

Aw, Travy, you're such a gentleman.

After Drew dramatically gets back up, he pretends to gag himself with his finger. Travis glares at him. If looks could kill, Drew would be dead. Drew pulls out a sandwich out of a plastic baggy from his brown paper bag and begins to eat and listen.

MARY

So today has been the most best day ever, Travy. This morning, I woke up, and my hair was already perfect. I didn't even have to run a brush through it. Not even my fingers! And Lucy, my sister, you remember me telling you about her,

right? Well, she had already done my homework for me, so I didn't have to do it in homeroom, and ah, Travy, this day couldn't get any more perfecter.

DREW

Um, it's actually "more perfect."

MARY

What? Did you say something?

DREW

Wow. Really?

Travis glares at him again. Drew looks down at his sandwich and continues to eat. He pulls some carrots out of a Ziploc baggy and a little cup of peanut butter. Travis isn't eating anything.

MARY

And you know what I really love?

DREW

What, bunnies?

MARY

No, guess again.

DREW

No thanks.

TRAVIS

I'll guess schnoogums. You love me don't you?

MARY

I was actually going to say whales.

Drew laughs to himself.

MARY (CONT'D)

And I just saw this documentary called "The Cove," and oh my gosh, I cried like the whole time. Those poor little souls just being butchered like that all the time, and we just sit here in America and eat their flesh like, like, well, like we eat bread!

Drew stops eating altogether and stares at her.

DREW

I'm pretty sure those were dolphins.

TRAVIS

We eat dolphins in America?

DREW

No, Travis, it was in Japan.

Mary is still lamenting the whales, or dolphins, or whatever the Japanese eat.

MARY

And Travy, the water was red. And I mean, it wasn't food coloring.

DREW

No, actually I think it was Kool-aid.

Travis kicks Drew under the table. Drew starts laughing.

DREW (CONT'D)

Alright, well, I've got some business I need to catch up on in the bathroom. I'll see you guys later.

Drew walks off, mildly limping.

TRAVIS

I'm sorry, now what were you saying about the whales?

MARY

I love makeup, too. Does your brother have irritable bowel syndrome? I saw that on a documentary too, and he sure does use the bathroom a lot.

TRAVIS

Yeah, it's too bad really. Do you want to come over for dinner tomorrow?

INT. SAVANNAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Drew and Savannah are in Savannah's kitchen working on their Brit. Lit. project. It's obvious that they've been working for a while. There is a five-foot cardboard cut-out of John Keats by the kitchen window behind them. Drew is admiring the cut-out.

DREW

You know, I'm really impressed. I feel like a total slacker. All I did was write a five-thousand-word paper, but you, you blew this project out of the water. Russell's going to be dumbfounded.

SAVANNAH

You really think so? I mean, it didn't take that long, but I did have to Photoshop some legs on him. That did take a while.

DREW

You Photoshopped his legs?

SAVANNAH

I couldn't find any pictures of them, so...yeah. I did.

DREW

Well, I think you did a mighty fine job. I couldn't even tell. They're pretty muscular. He looks like a body builder, but only from the waist down.

SAVANNAH

I was wondering about that.

Savannah's mom walks into the kitchen, frazzled, with the phone to her ear. She places her free hand over the speaker and says-

SAVANNAH'S MOM

Savannah, Savannah's friend, could you please do the dishes? The curator and his staff are coming over tonight.

Savannah looks at Drew.

SAVANNAH

Sure, Mom. Oh, this is Drew. You remember him, right?

SAVANNAH'S MOM

Yes, sure. Of course I do. Nice to meet you Drew. Now if you two would excuse me, I've got to go sell a wooden rhinoceros by six o'clock.

She quickly walks out of the room.

SAVANNAH

I'm sorry about that.

DREW

It's okay. At least she didn't call me Katie this time.

Savannah shyly smiles at him.

DREW (CONT'D)

So, the dishes?

SAVANNAH

What about our project?

DREW

We're pretty much done. And plus, we have a cut-out of freaking John Keats. We got this in the bag.

They both get up from the table and walk toward the sink. Savannah grabs two kitchen towels that have pink lips all over them. Savannah hands him one.

DREW (CONT'D)

Oh, good.

SAVANNAH

Sorry. The other ones are dirty.

DREW

Don't worry about it. My masculinity hasn't been tested in a while.

The two start an assembly line, Drew washing the dishes and Savannah drying them off.

SAVANNAH

I have an idea.

DREW

Okay, shoot.

SAVANNAH

I'll quote a line from one of Keats' poems, and you have to tell me the poem it's from. It'll be good preparation for our presentation.

DREW

Alright. Good idea. Go for it.

SAVANNAH

"She dwells with Beauty--Beauty
that must die."

DREW

"Ode on Melancholy."

SAVANNAH

Wow. I'm impressed. You didn't even
hesitate, but that was an easy one.
Try this one: "Beauty is truth,
truth beauty - that is all ye know
on earth, and all ye need to know."

DREW

"Ode on a Grecian Urn." Is that
really all you've got?

SAVANNAH

Okay, I see how it's going to be.
What about this: "And this is why I
sojourn here alone and palely
loitering, though the sedge is
withered from the lake and no birds
sing."

Drew stops washing the dishes, leans over the side of the
sink, and stares at her in deep thought.

DREW

Nice try, but I believe it's from
"La Belle Dame Sans Merci." Am I
right?

SAVANNAH

Right.

DREW

Okay, last one. Give me your best
shot.

SAVANNAH

You're not going to get this one.
"The moving waters at their
priest-like task of pure ablution
round earth's human shores; or
grazing on the new soft-fallen mask
of snow upon the mountains and the
moors."

Drew looks up from the dishes and into Savannah's eyes.

DREW

"No! Yet still steadfast, still
unchangeable, pillowed upon my fair
Love's ripening breast to feel for
ever its soft fall and swell, awake
for ever in a sweet unrest - still,
still to hear her tender-taken
breath, and so live ever: or else
swoon to death." "Bright Star,"
written autumn, 1819.

Drew holds Savannah's gaze a moment longer, takes his hand out of the soapy water, reaches to touch her face and to kiss her lips, and just as they're mere inches apart, Savannah's mom sticks her head into the kitchen, and the two jerk apart.

SAVANNAH'S MOM

How are those dishes coming? Those people will be here in about half an hour, and this dang elephant won't sell.

SAVANNAH

I thought it was a rhinoceros.

SAVANNAH'S MOM

Did that already. Now it's a tungsten and ivory elephant. I swear it's cursed. Never sells. Alright, I'll let you two get back to work. I'll give you guys a cookie or something when you're done.

Savannah's mom returns back to the living room, and her phone conversation with several rare collectibles dealers can be faintly heard from the kitchen. Realizing the awkwardness that now rests in the room, Drew splashes soapy water onto Savannah. Completely shocked, Savannah turns to his innocent looking face.

DREW

What?

Savannah then reaches her hand into the sink and flings water on Drew's face.

DREW (CONT'D)

Oh, it's on.

Soap and water fly all across the kitchen as the two battle it out. Savannah grabs the sprayer and showers Drew. After about ten minutes of flinging dishwater at each other, they collapse on the floor in front of the sink laughing. The

kitchen is soaked.

DREW (CONT'D)

Do you want to come over for dinner tomorrow?

Savannah brushes a wet strand of hair from her face.

SAVANNAH

I'd love to.

EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - DUSK

Travis and Drew are in the front lawn decorating for the dinner get-together. Travis is sitting on Drew's shoulders as he hangs lighted lanterns in a tree, whose leaves are now a brilliant orange and yellow.

DREW

I don't see why I have to be the base. You're like half a foot taller than me.

TRAVIS

Yeah, bro, but you're thicker.

DREW

That's kind of offensive.

TRAVIS

Think of it like this. If we were trees, I'd be a pine, and you'd be the mighty oak. You'd be capable of withstanding tornado force winds. Sound better?

DREW

I guess, except I'm still holding your 170 pounds on my shoulders.

TRAVIS

Shut up. I'm almost done. You want to impress Bikini Bliss, right?

DREW

Why do you call her that? When have you ever seen her in a bikini?

Travis tries to stand on Drew's shoulders now.

DREW (CONT'D)

Hey, do you mind? I can't pitch if I don't have a shoulder.

TRAVIS

Would you cool it? I've just got to put this...last lantern...on that branch.

DREW

Which one?

He points to the very top.

TRAVIS

It's going to look like a freaking Christmas tree. Except on fire.

DREW

Whatever. Why Bikini Bliss?

TRAVIS

Oh, I don't know. Probably because it just irritates you. And to answer your other question, I've never seen her in a bikini. It's always been a one-piece. Too vintage I guess. Why do you care so much? It's not like you're even together.

DREW

I'm working on it. Did you invite Mary tonight?

TRAVIS

Yeah, why?

DREW

I was just thinking that she would make you look smart in front of everyone.

Travis kicks the back of Drew's head.

DREW (CONT'D)

Would you cut it out? You want this old oak to drop your sorry pine butt on the ground? And plus, I'm just watching out for my big bro.

TRAVIS

She is dumb isn't she?

DREW

Trav, she's dumber than you are.

INT. DREW'S KITCHEN - LATER

Mary, Savannah, and the entire baseball team have arrived for the dinner party and are seated at a long table. Savannah and Drew are seated across from each other, and Mary is sitting as close to Travis as she possibly can. Travis is obviously enjoying all the attention. Drew's mom emerges from the kitchen with a platter that has a whole roasted duck on it smothered in ice cream.

DREW'S MOM

Tonight I have prepared for you duck a la mode with a side of rehydrated okra and parsnip salad.

MARY

(whispering to Travis)
What's "a la mode" mean?

TRAVIS

I think it means it's Italian.

MARY

Oh.

DREW'S MOM

Enjoy!

MARY

Excuse me, Ms. Montgomery? My allergist said that I am allergic to Italian food.

DREW'S MOM

Well, no worries, Mary. This isn't Italian. "A la mode" simply means "with ice cream." Now, don't be shy! Dig in!

The entire baseball team starts spearing the duck, which is nestled in the middle of the table.

PLAYER 1

This is actually pretty good.

PLAYER 2

Yes, I believe I taste a hint of tumeric? Am I right, Ms. Montgomery?

DREW'S MOM

You're exactly right! There are also some toasted almonds and a drizzle of Saba on the duck. I hope none of you are allergic to nuts.

One player quickly stands up from the table.

PLAYER 3

Excuse me, where's the restroom?

DREW

It's right down the hall, Ezekiel.
I'll take you to it.

Before Drew can stand, Ezekiel rushes down the hallway and starts dry heaving.

PLAYER 1

I'm sure in his culture that is one
of the highest of compliments.

Several other players nod and confirm in agreement.

DREW

I'm going to go check on him.

Drew leaves the table.

SAVANNAH

Ms. Montgomery, this okra is
absolutely amazing. If my mother
had made this for me when I was
younger, I think I wouldn't have
such an aversion to green
vegetables.

MARY

(whispering to Travis)
What's "aversion" mean?

TRAVIS

(whispering to Mary)
I think it means "allergic."

MARY

Oh, Savannah, I am also allergic to
green vegetables.

She pushes her plate away. Everyone stares at her, then ignores her.

DREW'S MOM

Why thank you, Savannah. At least
some people appreciate my cooking.

She turns and stares at Travis.

TRAVIS

What? The ice cream is awesome.

MARY

Yeah, that's my favorite part, too!

TRAVIS

I bet Mom hand churned it for hours. Am I right? Huh? Huh?

DREW'S MOM

(irritated)

Um, no, it's actually Breyer's.

Dry heaving can still be heard from the bathroom. Drew finally comes back to the table, wiping his hands on his jeans.

DREW

He's alright.

PLAYER 2

Oh, good. I didn't want to have to play short stop for him if he died.

DREW

He's just having a mild reaction to the almonds, but don't expect to see him any time soon.

Everyone continues to eat, and the only sound that can be heard for a while is the clinking of utensils and Ezekiel dry heaving. Finally-

DREW'S MOM

Now, Savannah, I can't tell you how happy I am that you could make it tonight. It's all Drew's been talking about the past day.

Drew looks down and covers his face in embarrassment. Savannah touches Drew's foot under the table with her own.

SAVANNAH

I'm really glad I could come. And this food is awesome, Ms. Montgomery. Drew told me that this was a test run for your business?

DREW'S MOM

Yes, yes it is. Business has been really slow lately, and money's been tight. I was hoping to revamp the menu to pick up a younger crowd.

SAVANNAH

Well, I think you've done a great job.

TRAVIS

Yeah, Mom, great job.

Travis starts to clap slowly, and the rest of the table joins him and gives her a standing ovation.

DREW'S MOM

Well, thank you. Is everyone finished? I'll start clearing the table.

SAVANNAH

Let me help you.

DREW'S MOM

Oh, no. I've got it.

SAVANNAH

Please?

MARY

Oh! I'll help too! I love playing housewife!

Savannah and Mary help Drew's mom clear the table.

PLAYER 1

Travis, do you still have your Xbox?

TRAVIS

Sure do. Still know how to give a good butt-whooping too.

DREW

In front of the ladies? Really?

TRAVIS

Yeah, why not?

PLAYER 2

Yeah, who knows, Savannah and Mary could be closet players.

DREW

I seriously doubt it. Not somebody as artistic as Savannah.

TRAVIS

Oh, please. Gag me.

PLAYER 1

Alright, so we're going to do this?

TRAVIS

Heck yes. Mikey, you're on my team along with Noah, Trey, Ned, and Mary.

DREW

So that means Ezekiel's on my team.

TRAVIS

Yeah, what's the problem.

DREW

There's no way he'll be out of the bathroom by then. I'm down a player.

TRAVIS

Worried?

DREW

No, it'll just hurt a lot worse when we hand it to you.

He smacks Travis on the back.

DREW (CONT'D)

Just watching out for you Super Senior.

Travis punches Drew in the arm.

PLAYER 4

Who's going to tell the girls?

TRAVIS

Not it.

The rest of the players echo Travis.

DREW

Seriously guys? We're in high school. Whatever. I've got a pair.

Drew smiles at them as struts to the kitchen.

INT. DREW'S KITCHEN

MARY

...and Nordstrom had the best sale

last weekend, and I got so much neat things.

DREW'S MOM

That's great, Mary. Can you hand me that dish rag?

MARY

Oh...I'm not really supposed to touch damp cloths. My allergist said that they may contain mold spores, which I'm highly allergic to.

Savannah hands the cloth to Drew's mom.

SAVANNAH

Here you go, Ms. Montgomery. Now what were you saying about the Baked Alaska?

DREW'S MOM

Oh, yes, I'm planning on making one for Drew and Travis soon. It'll be a really special treat.

Drew walks into the kitchen.

DREW

How are the dishes coming along?

DREW'S MOM

Just fine, honey. Everything's about done, so Savannah and Mary, you're free to go.

DREW

Oh, perfect timing. The guys decided that they want to have a video game tournament. I tried to dissuade them, but they were persistent.

MARY

How fun! I've always wanted to try those games that Travis plays with. I'm good at everything I try, so why not?

DREW

What about you, Savannah? Don't feel any pressure. If you don't want to, we can figure out something else to do.

SAVANNAH
(reluctantly)
No, that's okay. Sounds fun.

INT. DREW'S ROOM - LATER

Everyone is crammed into Drew's room in front of his little TV. Drew, Travis, Savannah, and Mary are about to play.

SAVANNAH
So how does this work?

DREW
The goal of the game is to kill
Travis and Mary as many times as
you can.

SAVANNAH
Alright, sounds easy enough. How
does the controller work?

TRAVIS
Seriously?

Several of the baseball players snicker. Savannah doesn't look bothered, so Drew ignores them.

DREW
Your "R" button is the trigger, use
"Y" to change weapons, and use the
joystick to move around.

SAVANNAH
Are there grenades?

DREW
Of course there are grenades! Throw
those with the "L" button.

SAVANNAH
Alright, I think I got it.

TRAVIS
Did you get that, Mary?

MARY
Um, what? Oh, I wasn't really
listening. I'm a natural, so I'll
figure it out as we go.

TRAVIS
Okay...

DREW
Starting in 3...2...1.

Moments after the game starts--

TRAVIS
Drew, did you just snipe me?

DREW
No, I don't have the sniper.

TRAVIS
Savannah?

SAVANNAH
Oh, I'm not really sure. I just found this long gun, and there was a cross on my screen, so I pushed the "R" button.

DREW
You just sniped him! Great job!!

TRAVIS
(irritated)
Yeah, great. Mary, where are you?

Travis looks at her screen.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
No, the action's over here.

MARY
Oh, I just can't get my guy to move that way. He's just...retarded or something.

DREW
Or something...

TRAVIS
Guys, hang on, let me invert her screen.

Travis takes Mary's controller and adjusts the options. However, Drew and Savannah continue to play.

MARY
Travy, it just said that I died.

TRAVIS
What the heck, Drew? I said hang on.

DREW

It wasn't me. I'm just sitting over here in the creek. Savannah?

SAVANNAH

Oops. I think I accidentally fired.

TRAVIS

With the rocket launcher?

SAVANNAH

Oh, is that what this is? I thought it was a shotgun or something. I'm not very good at this kind of thing. Sorry, Mary.

DREW

Don't worry about it. And no need to apologize. Travis plays dirty all the time.

The game continues to go on like that, with Savannah racking up a ton of kills, more than Drew, and way more than Travis and Mary combined. The game ends quickly, with Drew and Savannah the winners.

TRAVIS

You sure you've never played this before?

SAVANNAH

Well, I've played once with my cousins, but it was a really long time ago. Beginner's luck I guess.

DREW

I am really impressed. You made us look like a bunch of noobs.

SAVANNAH

Thanks. What's a noob?

DREW

Don't worry about it. You did a good job. You guys want to go another round?

SAVANNAH

Oh, I don't know. It's getting pretty late. I should probably get back home.

DREW

Alright, I'll walk you.

Drew and Savannah walk out of the room and leave through the front door.

EXT. DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The night air is cool, and Drew takes his jacket off to put it over Savannah's shoulders.

DREW

We really schooled them. You know that? Well, I should say you schooled them.

SAVANNAH

I don't know. I didn't really even know what I was doing, but yeah, they lost pretty badly, didn't they?

DREW

You had double their kills combined!

SAVANNAH

It was all luck! I was just trying to follow you around.

Drew and Savannah cross the street over to Savannah's yard and walk up the hill to her front porch.

EXT. SAVANNAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The porch light isn't on, but the moon is full, and lightning bugs are out illuminating Drew and Savannah's faces. It is obvious, though, that Drew and Savannah are having a difficult time seeing each other.

DREW

I'm really glad you could come over tonight. I hope you weren't totally annoyed by my brother and our friends.

SAVANNAH

It was great! And I'm really glad you invited me.

They stare at each other awkwardly, Savannah waiting to be kissed, and Drew trying to get the balls to do it. Finally, Travis yells from their house across the street--

TRAVIS

Dang it, Drew! Just kiss her

already!

Drew and Savannah both look startled, but start to laugh.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm going now.

Drew reaches his hand up to what he thinks is her cheek, grabs her ear instead, awkwardly finds her face, and leans in to kiss her. Savannah does the same, but in the dim light, both are having a hard time finding each others lips. When they finally touch, Drew kisses the tip of Savannah's nose. She giggles and says-

SAVANNAH

Goodnight, Andrew Montgomery. Call me tomorrow?

DREW

Of course. Goodnight, Savannah.

Savannah walks inside, and in his excitement, Drew starts dancing in her front yard under the star-filled sky.

INT. DREW'S KITCHEN - MORNING

The song "Rawnald Gregory Erickson the Second" begins to play as two waffles pop out of the toaster. Drew and Travis are sitting at the kitchen table eating Eggo waffles. It is evident that they have just woken up because their hair is in complete disarray.

TRAVIS

Here it is: we've got twenty-four hours to become complete pros at Headshot.

Drew's stuck in a lover's trance.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Hey! What are you doing? Snap out of it!

DREW

Huh? What?

TRAVIS

Wake up!

DREW

Sorry. Alright, the tournament. Okay, shoot.

TRAVIS

Like I was saying, we have
twenty-four hours to become
complete pros.

DREW

Dude, we're screwed. We can't even
outscore a girl who's never played
before.

TRAVIS

That's why I have a plan.

DREW

What are you talking about?

Travis swirls around his cup of coffee.

TRAVIS

I've been jacked up all night
drinking this seventy two hour
energy. Been planning it all along.
I've got a great plan for the
tourney.

DREW

Seriously?

TRAVIS

I thought long and hard about how
to do this, so, bro, if you'll
follow me right this way...

DREW

But, my waffle...

TRAVIS

Bring it with you.

Travis leads Drew to the back deck, where different stations
are set up.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Behold, the keys to our success.

DREW

You've got to be kidding. Nerf
guns?

TRAVIS

It will help us with our aim, young
tadpole.

DREW

What else?

TRAVIS

We have a series of Youtube videos
with various finger exercises.

DREW

(reading the video title)
"Ten Exercises for Finger
Endurance." Really?

TRAVIS

And then, of course, we have the
secret weapon: ancient Chinese
secret finger trap.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

(in a Chinese accent)
This will help us...work together.

They sit down.

DREW

This is ridiculous. Shouldn't we
just play the game?

TRAVIS

(still in Chinese accent)
Young grasshopper, you fail to see
the fruits of these ancient Chinese
se-ca-rets!

Drew and Travis begin training with the nerf guns, and the
finger exercises with a montage of shots to Dead or Alive's
"You Spin Me Round." The music stops once they get to the
Chinese finger trap.

TRAVIS

All we have to do is get our
fingers out of this trap.

Travis starts struggling and pulling.

DREW

Hey! Would you cut that out!

TRAVIS

What else do you propose?

DREW

Well, that way obviously isn't
working.

They both sit on the ground.

DREW (CONT'D)

Why don't we just cut it off? It's made of paper.

TRAVIS

Dude, that would defeat the whole purpose of this training exercise.

DREW

Who cares?

TRAVIS

I care. I want to go to college.

They're both silent for a while.

DREW

Fine, we won't cut it off. Any ideas?

TRAVIS

Nope, but I really got to take a dump, so unless you can figure out how to get this off in ten seconds, you're coming with me.

DREW

What?!

TRAVIS

...nine...eight...

Travis continues to count.

DREW

Wait, wait, wait!

TRAVIS

...four...three...

DREW

Trav, this isn't funny.

Travis starts heading back inside the house, pulling Drew with him. Cut to-

INT. DREW'S BATHROOM - LATER

Travis is sitting on the toilet reading with Drew next to him on the floor. A large towel is thrown completely over Travis so that he looks like a terry cloth lump on the commode. Shorts are down around his ankles.

DREW

I can't believe I'm doing this.

TRAVIS

Sorry, little brudda. Better think faster next time. You think I'm enjoying this?

DREW

You don't seem to not be enjoying it.

TRAVIS

What?

DREW

Double negative. I wouldn't expect you to understand.

TRAVIS

Hey, listen to this. "Just pull the needle and thread together through the loop..."

DREW

What? What the heck are you reading under there?

TRAVIS

Just a little article I found in Southern Living.

DREW

Hmm. Okay.

TRAVIS

For your information, the ladies love it when you're up-to-date on sewing, horticulture, and home decor.

DREW

So anyways...

TRAVIS

Maybe one day you'll understand little bro.

DREW

So what's that quote say? Wait a minute! It's all coming back to me now! I saw this on a Saturday morning cartoon. Give me your hand.

TRAVIS

(in a girl voice)
You already have my hand, Drew.

DREW
Right. So we just shove our fingers
together, and we should be free.

The camera zooms in on the trap coming closer together.

DREW
Nailed it. I'm going to go take a
bath now.

The camera zooms in on Travis flushing the toilet, and the
scene ends.

INT. DREW'S GUEST BATHROOM - LATER

Drew is taking a bubble bath. There are so many bubbles that
you can only see Drew's head and feet sticking out of the
tub. He grabs his cell phone and dials Savannah's number.

SAVANNAH
Hello?

DREW
Hey!

SAVANNAH
Oh, hey Drew! What's up with you?

DREW
Aw, cute you rhymed. I'm just
taking it easy to prep for our
awesome presentation! But that's
not why I called. I was wondering
if you wanted to go out with me
tomorrow night.

SAVANNAH
I'd love to! Where are we going?

DREW
It's a surprise.

SAVANNAH
I hate surprises!

DREW
That sucks. I'll pick you up at
seven. See you tomorrow!

INT. COUNTY LIBRARY - DAY

It's the first day of the Bungie Tournament and Drew and Travis enter the library confidently. Once inside, they find that the librarians and the tournament workers have built six-foot fortresses out of books. Travis and Drew register at the front and walk into their fort.

DREW

This is insane.

TRAVIS

Yeah, those librarians look like zombies.

DREW

They probably stayed up all night making sure each fort was still within the Dewey Decimal system.

He chuckles at his own joke.

TRAVIS

What's that?

DREW

Never mind.

TRAVIS

You know, I'm feeling pretty good about this. I feel smarter just sitting around all these books. Kind of like osmosis. You know?

DREW

Sure.

The host, LARS BAROQUE, a young guy with long wavy hair, frayed jeans with holes, and flip flops, enters the room.

LARS

Hello, everybody, and welcome to Bungie's First Annual "Headshots for Higher Education" Tournament. I'm your host, Lars Baroque. Our lovely librarian ladies have set up these fabulous fortresses for your playing pleasure. In each of your forts, there's a game system, the game, and two controllers. Here's how it's going to work. First player to fifty kills or team to a hundred kills wins. It's double elimination, so don't you fret. There'll be plenty more time for killing and the chance at getting

the money. And at the end, there could be something special in store for today's winners. If there aren't any questions, we'll start.

A contestant raises his hand, but from Drew and Travis' perspectives from within the fort, they can't see anyone except Lars.

GAMER 1

Hey, um where's the bathrooms?

HOST

We've actually placed bedpans beneath your feet so that your gaming isn't disturbed. You can personally thank me later. Alright, we'll start in five, four, three, two...

GAMER 2

Wait! Wait! What about me? I'm a girl! I'm not using a bedpan.

HOST

Tough luck, honey. Alright, let's start this. Five, four, three, two...

DREW

Ready for this?

TRAVIS

Rightio, little bro.

HOST

...one. Gamers, load your shotguns.

The tournament commences, and Drew and Travis are off to a good start, getting twenty kills in the first five minutes.

DREW

Where's the competition?

TRAVIS

Kinda looks like we're killing them all.

Round one of the tournament is nearly over, and Drew and Travis are ahead by a long shot. They need two more kills to win.

DREW

Do you have the rocket launcher?

TRAVIS

Yeah.

DREW

Can I have it?

Travis sighs loudly.

DREW

Come on, they're both in The Wild
Boar!

The Wild Boar evidently is a vehicle with a turret.

TRAVIS

Fine.

Travis drops the rockets, and Drew picks them up, jumps into the air off a rock face, and launches two rockets at the vehicle. Once he does that, the game turns off, and Lars Baroque starts running in circles around the forts waving his arms in the air.

LARS

Ladies and Gentlemen, we have our
winners of Round 1!!! What are your
names, lads?

DREW

I'm Drew.

TRAVIS

And I'm Travis.

LARS

Excellent! Excellent names! Drew
and Travis, you will automatically
progress to the winners bracket of
bracket play!

DREW

You mean, we don't have to play
another round?

LARS

No!

Lars smiles at them awkwardly for a few silent seconds.

LARS

And for all you losers, Round 2
will begin tomorrow, bright and
early! The losers who played at the

Courtroom will join you for the final match up to determine WHO WILL BE IN BRACKET PLAY with my friends,

To Drew and Travis:

LARS (CONT'D)

What's your names again?

DREW

Drew and Travis.

TRAVIS

It's actually Travis and Drew.

LARS

...with my friends, Trew and Davis!
Congratulations again!

Drew and Travis stand up slowly allowing the blood to rush to their legs. Travis picks up the bedpan.

TRAVIS

I better go empty this.

DREW

Gross. You used that?

TRAVIS

I'm not ashamed.

DREW

Just leave it.

TRAVIS

You think there's a maid service here?

DREW

Since when do you care?

TRAVIS

Women do a lot for us, Drew. I just hope you realize that one day soon.

INT. DREW'S ROOM - LATER

Drew is getting ready for his date and is adjusting his bow tie in the mirror. He's also wearing skinny jeans, a yellow button down shirt, a brown corduroy jacket, and plaid converses. His mom peeks her head in the door as she walks by with the laundry.

DREW'S MOM
Don't you look dapper!

TRAVIS
(yelling from down the hall)
What about me, Mom? Don't I look
dapper.

Travis comes out in whitey tighties and struts down the
hall.

DREW'S MOM
Travis, you're disgusting.

TRAVIS
Thanks, Mom.

DREW'S MOM
What's the occasion?

TRAVIS
He's got a hot date with Bikini
Bliss.

DREW
I would have thought Southern
Living taught you better than that.

DREW'S MOM
So that's where all my magazines
went...

TRAVIS
Whatever.

DREW'S MOM
Good luck, honey.

TRAVIS
Thanks, Mom.

DREW
She was talking to me.

Drew's mom walks away before they can confirm who she was
talking to.

TRAVIS
You look like a clown with that
stupid bow tie.

DREW
And you look like a douche.

TRAVIS

Point taken. I'll see you later.
Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

Travis winks at Drew.

DREW

Thanks. See you later, Trav.

EXT. SAVANNAH'S HOUSE - DUSK

Drew walks over to Savannah's house to pick her up for their date. Drew doesn't have a car, but he doesn't let that stop him. He's got a bike. He walks up to the door and rings the bell. Savannah walks out in a yellow tea length dress; her hair is in long waves.

SAVANNAH

Hi, Drew.

DREW

Wow. You're beautiful. I mean,
that's a nice dress.

He holds his arm out for her. Drew hops onto the bike, and Savannah stands on the back pegs.

SAVANNAH

So where are we going?

DREW

Not too far.

The two ride in silence for a few minutes until they reach the edge of the neighborhood, which opens up to a large expanse of woods.

DREW

Alright, we're almost there, but
we're going to have to go on foot
the rest of the way.

They start walking into the woods, and the trees are breathtaking. The yellows, reds, and oranges of the autumn are very vibrant, as pretty as a postcard. Drew carefully leads Savannah through the woods, holding her hand to ensure that she doesn't trip. Finally, they arrive at a clearing in the woods that's next to a little creek, where a picnic has been set.

SAVANNAH

Oh, wow! What is this?

DREW

Does this look familiar?

SAVANNAH

This is where we first met.

DREW

I hoped you would remember. Hungry?

SAVANNAH

Yeah, I'm starving. I can't remember the last time I ate a real meal. My mom's always so busy that she usually forgets to go grocery shopping.

DREW

That's horrible.

SAVANNAH

Yeah, I usually get stuck eating old chicken salad sandwiches.

DREW

I'm glad I didn't settle for Chinese take out.

They walk up to a blanket that's spread on the ground, and Drew begins unpacking the picnic basket. Drew hands her a bowl filled with noodles, a wrap that looks like an egg roll, and a plate with pork on it.

SAVANNAH

Wow. What is all this?

DREW

I don't know if you knew this about me, but I'm an eighth Filipino, and this is an old family recipe. My great grandmother is Filipino, and these are three of her favorite foods. In the bowl is chicken pancit. The egg roll looking thing is called lumpia, and it's really good in ketchup. And on the plate is pork adobo.

Savannah begins to chow down.

SAVANNAH

I didn't know you knew how to cook like this. This is amazing! I really love the puns!

Drew starts to laugh.

SAVANNAH

What?

He just smiles at her.

The two eat in silence until both are finished. When they're finished, Savannah falls over on her back.

SAVANNAH

That was freaking awesome.
Seriously. I haven't eaten that
well in...well I can't remember
since when.

DREW

Good, I'm glad.

Drew lays down next to her, but not too close. Above them is a clear shot of the stars, which are particularly bright tonight. Savannah is looking at the sky. Drew is looking at Savannah.

SAVANNAH

It's so beautiful.

DREW

Yeah, I'd say. Breathtaking.

Savannah finally feels his eyes on her and turns towards him. She smiles shyly and says-

SAVANNAH

What?

DREW

Savannah, will you be my girl?

SAVANNAH

Yes.

Savannah inches closer to him and puts her head on his shoulder as Drew closes his arm around her. The camera zooms away from the couple and toward the sky as the scene ends with Thomspon Twins "Hold Me Now."

INT. BENJAMIN FLETCHER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

It is Monday, the day of the English presentations, and Savannah isn't there yet. Class starts in five minutes, and Drew is about to fall out of his seat from freaking out.

DREW

Where is she?! She knows we've got

presentations today, and I just saw her last night.

TRAVIS

Hey, relax. I'm sure there's a good reason for why she's hanging you out to dry.

DREW

That's easy for you to say. Mary's already here, not that that really matters much.

TRAVIS

And what is that supposed to mean?

DREW

It means, dumbbo, that she's retarded.

Travis re-adjusts in his seat.

TRAVIS

Yep, I know. We're screwed.

MR. RUSSELL

Alright, class. Settle down. I know you're all anxious to go first and get your presentations out of the way. So instead of everybody hootin' and hollerin' about who's going to go first, I've decided that the groups will pick out of this hat to decide the order of the presentations.

The class starts to get loud as the groups pick their leaders.

MR. RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Let's begin...at the left side of the room!

Drew, Travis, and Mary are at the left side of the room.

MARY

Let me pick. I'm so good at this.

Mary reaches her hand into the hat and pulls out a number.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh. We get to go first!

TRAVIS

And you think that's a good thing?

Mary ignores him as she gets her notes together for the presentation.

MR. RUSSELL

Your turn, Drew.

Drew reaches into the bag and feels around for a long time.

MR. RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Today would be ideal, Mr. Montgomery.

DREW

Twelve.

TRAVIS

You kiss lady luck recently, man?
You probably won't even go today!

Mr. Russell makes it around the rest of the classroom, and it is finally time to begin the presentations. Savannah still is MIA.

MR. RUSSELL

Mary, Travis, I believe you're first.

TRAVIS

Yep, lucky us.

He glares at the back of Mary's head as they walk up to the front. Mary starts drawing on the whiteboard. Travis looks back over his shoulder and says to her--

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What the heck are you doing? That isn't part of our presentation outline.

MARY

Don't worry about it. I thought of something last night in my dream. It's going to be so neat.

TRAVIS

Whatever. Just don't screw this up, okay?

Now to the class--

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

A lake poet, the poet laureate, and

perhaps even a legend, William
Wordsworth, who many call the
father of the Romantic Age of
literature, was born in--

Travis' loses his place on his note cards. Somebody coughs.

TRAVIS

...was born in, um, 1770 and died
in 1950.

MR. RUSSELL

Are you sure about that, Mr.
Montgomery?

TRAVIS

Oh, 1850. My bad. Thank you, Mr.
Russell. As I was saying, he was
best friends with Samuel Taylor
Coleridge, who I believe Jason and
Tommy are presenting on, so I won't
go into too much detail about him.
Anyways, besides his poetry,
Wordsworth is also well known for
his preface to the Lyrical Ballads.
Now I'll turn it over to Mary who
will tell you all about it. Mary?

MARY

Thanks, Travy.

Some guys chuckle. Mary is standing in front of something
she's drawn on the whiteboard.

MARY (CONT'D)

Like Travy said, Wordsworth is well
known for his preface to the
Lyrical Ballads. And to show you
what the preface looks like, I've
drawn you a picture...

She steps away from the board to reveal a bunch of squiggly
lines. It looks like a three year old scribbled all over the
board.

MARY (CONT'D)

This is what the preface to the
Lyrical Ballads looks like.

Travis looks absolutely terrified.

TRAVIS

What she means is, this is what it
may look like to you right before

we've explained it.

MARY

No, actually I meant what I said.

She pauses, makes a very uncomfortable face, then--

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh, dear. I have to go! Please
excuse me!!

Mary dashes out of the room down the hall. Travis is left alone in front of everyone, with no more notes on his cards and no more information left in his brain.

TRAVIS

Um, so you see, the preface is really easy to understand! But Mary will do a much better job of explaining it to you, soooo...I'm just going to go grab her!

Travis then darts out of the room screaming Mary's name angrily.

MR. RUSSELL

Okay...that was...interesting.
Who's next?

The class continues one presentation after another until it's finally Drew and Savannah's turn. Unfortunately, there's still no Savannah.

MR. RUSSELL

Drew?

DREW

Yes, thank you, Mr. Russell.

MR. RUSSELL

It seems that you're missing your partner. You'll just have to give it your best, I suppose.

He slowly walks toward the front of the room continuously looking toward the door.

DREW

John Keats, born in 1795, lived a very tragic life of all the Romantic poets. He differed in views from William Wordsworth, and was in ways, a rebel of the romantics. Perhaps because of this,

though, Keats attracts the
anti-Wordsworthians.

He starts to stumble in his speech. Mr. Russell is staring
him down. Drew's got his eye on the clock now, praying down
the seconds.

DREW (CONT'D)
And he died at age--

The bell rings.

DREW (CONT'D)
Oh, time to go!

MR. RUSSELL
Alright, class. We'll continue this
tomorrow. Drew, you dodged a huge
bullet. Congratulations.

EXT. BENJAMIN FLETCHER HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - LATER

Drew finds Travis wandering around the courtyard on his way
to the truck. Travis looks pissed.

DREW
Hey, big man. Ready to leave?

TRAVIS
That girl is driving me nuts! What
the heck were all those squiggles
for?

DREW
At least she showed. I have no idea
where Savannah is. She could be in
Djibouti for all I know.

TRAVIS
Is that a real place?

DREW
Yes.

TRAVIS
Wow. That's pretty awesome. She
could be sick, dude.

DREW
She was fine yesterday.

TRAVIS
You never know, man. You never
know.

Drew and Travis get into the truck.

INT. TRAVIS' TRUCK

Just then, Drew's phone rings. It's Savannah.

TRAVIS
You gonna get that?

DREW
No.

TRAVIS
Alrighty.

After a while, a voicemail pops up on his phone.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
You gonna listen to that?

DREW
Maybe later.

TRAVIS
Give me the phone.

Travis grabs the phone out of Drew's lap and listens to the voicemail.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Dude, I never noticed how sexy Savannah's voice is.

DREW
Shut up, man. Seriously.

TRAVIS
Don't you want to know what she said?

DREW
No.

TRAVIS
Not even a little?

DREW
She totally ditched me!

TRAVIS
At least she didn't stand you up for a date.

DREW

It was worse than that! I don't get graded on dates.

TRAVIS

Says who?

DREW

You're retarded. Give me my phone back.

TRAVIS

She said she's sorry she couldn't make it. It was an emergency. I'm thinking a female emergency if you know what I mean.

DREW

No, dude. That's what your girl had today during your presentation.

TRAVIS

What? How do you know that?

DREW

Seen it before. You're not very observant.

TRAVIS

Well, anyways. She said she couldn't call because she didn't have any service where she was, which I think is pretty weird, but whatever. Just let it go, man. You don't even know what happened.

EXT. FLETCHER HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL DUGOUT - NIGHT

It's the night of the championship game, and the sky is very overcast. Severe thunderstorms have been predicted on the weather, and the baseball players are mumbling about it. The players take the field as the first drops of rain start to fall. Travis is behind the plate. Drew is on the mound, and he looks depressed.

ANNOUNCER

And pitching for your Fletcher High School Sea Gnats is all-star pitcher, Drew Montgomery!!

COACH

Alright, Drew. Don't screw this up. Low and outside unless I say otherwise, got it?

DREW
Yeah, Coach.

COACH
Got it??

DREW
Yeah, I got it.

The first batter steps up, and Drew goes into his windup.
The ball goes about five feet outside.

UMPIRE
Ball 1!

Drew goes from the stretch now and throws another wild
pitch.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)
Ball 2!

Again, Drew throws another errant ball.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)
Ball 3!

Travis calls time and trots to the mound. Just as he reaches
Drew, a large lightning bolt strikes nearby.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)
Alright, ladies. Get off the field.

All the players evacuate the field and huddle in their
dugouts as the rain begins to pour.

TRAVIS
What's wrong with you?

Drew doesn't say anything and looks away.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Oh my gosh...you've got it bad.

DREW
Shut up, man.

Again, Drew is silent.

TRAVIS
Just remember, your team needs you
tonight.

Right as he says that, a player walks up and says--

JAKE

The ump just called the game! It's been rescheduled for tomorrow.

TRAVIS

That's great! Maybe by then Drew, here, will get his mojo back. Here's hoping!

Travis and the player spit on their right hands, slap each other's ears, and then smooth their hair with their hands.

DREW

Let's get out of here before it gets worse.

TRAVIS

Alright, alright. No need to get your panties all in a wad. See you tomorrow, Jakers.

JAKE

See you, Trav.

Travis's phone rings. Drew glances over and sees that it's Mary.

DREW

(mockingly)

You gonna get that?

TRAVIS

Yep.

DREW

Put her on speaker phone. I want to hear this.

TRAVIS

Fine. Hello?

MARY V.O.

Hey, Travis. I'm really sorry about today. I would tell you what happened, but I don't think you really want to know.

DREW

Called it.

TRAVIS

Shut it. (to Mary) It's alright. Except that we probably failed.

MARY V.O.

Actually, I spoke with Mr. Russell a little bit ago, and he said that we can make up the presentation. That's great, right?

TRAVIS

Yeah, it is. Alright, well I'm with the guys, so I'll talk to you later.

MARY V.O.

Oh, wait!

TRAVIS

Yeah?

MARY V.O.

I want to make it up to you. Would you have dinner with me tomorrow night?

TRAVIS

Hmm...are you paying?

MARY V.O.

Yes.

TRAVIS

Well then, sure. Oh, and I'd like to bring Drew with me. He's kinda down in the dumps. You'll get him too, right?

MARY V.O.

Ummm...

TRAVIS

Great. I'll see you tomorrow at seven.

Travis hangs up the phone.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

She totally wants me even more now.

DREW

Oh, is that what you were playing? Cuz if I were a girl, I'd be totally turned off.

TRAVIS

How would you know? You been

reading mom's magazines?

DREW

Takes a Southern Liver to know a Southern Liver.

INT. DREW'S ROOM - LATER

Travis and Drew are once again sitting in front of the television. They're in a match, and both are sweating profusely. Travis' muscles are bulging.

DREW

Dude, how'd your arms get so big?

TRAVIS

I workout. You know that.

DREW

Yeah, so do I. But yours look like giant, moist, chicken breasts.

TRAVIS

Uh, I'll pretend you didn't say that.

DREW

What's your secret.

TRAVIS

You wanna know the truth?

Drew nods between kills.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I button mash.

DREW

What?

TRAVIS

I button mash. I push random buttons on the controller really fast. It works out my fast twitch muscles in my arm. Pretty cool, huh?

DREW

Yeah. Can you teach me?

TRAVIS

Why should I?

DREW

For the ladies, dude. It's all for
the ladies.

TRAVIS

Alright. Watch and learn.

Travis pauses for a brief moment, takes a deep breath, and starts to punch the controller buttons as fast as he can with no particular pattern or thought in mind.

DREW

You look like a retard.

TRAVIS

Do these muscles look like tards to
you?

Drew follows suit and begins mashing buttons as fast as he can. Afterward, he has a huge bicep pump.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What'd I tell you? And you know
what the best part is?

DREW

Savannah's going to totally want me
even more?

TRAVIS

And when you're stuck in a match
and somebody sneaks up on you,
button mashing is the most
effective defense. I read it in
Gamers Monthly.

As Drew and Travis are pounding away at the controllers,
Drew's mom walks in.

DREW'S MOM

Time for dinner.

DREW

Okay, Mom. We'll be down in five.

INT. DREW'S KITCHEN - LATER

Drew's mom has made Baked Alaska, and she has just set it
aflame. Travis and Drew are mesmerized.

DREW

Isn't this dessert?

DREW'S MOM

Um, technically, yes.

TRAVIS

Awesome. You know, I saw a recipe for this in one of your magazines, and it's quite impressive that you made this. Well done, Mom.

DREW'S MOM

Thanks, honey. I know you two have been working so hard with your baseball championship and school projects, and I wanted this to be a special treat.

DREW

Aw, thanks, Mom. That's really nice.

DREW'S MOM

Oh! Let me go get the video camera so I can get your expressions when you eat it! It'll also be a good opportunity to get some footage for the new business website! Hang on!

Drew and Travis place it on their plates, and as Travis is leaning in, his hair catches on fire. With lion-like reflexes, Drew throws his grape juice at Travis' hair, extinguishing the fire. Unfortunately, half of Travis' hair is missing. Even more unfortunately, Drew's mom has the whole fiasco on tape.

DREW'S MOM

Oh my gosh! Travis, dear, are you okay?! Drew, go call 911! Oh my, he may have a concussion!

DREW

I don't think that causes that...

She begins to speak very slowly and loudly.

DREW'S MOM

Travis, what is your name?

TRAVIS

Mom, I'm fine. Drew, don't call an ambulance. Please. Just get me a mirror.

Travis appears to be more pissed than hurt. Drew rushes to the bathroom and brings back a mirror. Drew's mom has stopped filming and is now sitting with her hands in her lap, seemingly dazed.

DREW

It doesn't look that bad, really.
At least you've got half of your
hair. Thanks to me. It could be way
worse.

Travis is grimacing in the mirror as Drew begins to chuckle.

DREW'S MOM

Hey, I know! We could send this in
to America's funniest home videos!

DREW

Yeah, that's a great idea!

DREW'S MOM

We could win money! Which brings me
to the bad news of the night.

DREW

(suddenly concerned)
What's that?

Travis is still staring in the mirror.

DREW'S MOM

The new ideas for the business
aren't working how I wanted them
to, so we're going to have to start
cutting back even more until
business picks back up.

Finally, Travis says--

TRAVIS

What about my hair?

DREW

It's gone. You don't have to cut
back anymore big bro.

DREW'S MOM

I'm really, really sorry, honey,
but it's not in our budget right
now to get you a wig or anything.
You could always shave the other
side. I could do it myself if you
wanted.

DREW

No, I think it looks cool. It's
kind of like a Salt-N-Pepa look.
You could bring it back!

TRAVIS

Yeah. I'm going to go shave my head
now.

Travis walks upstairs.

DREW'S MOM

(calling after Travis)

Honey, come on, let me do it for
you.

Drew's mom follows Travis, and Drew is left by himself to
finish eating.

DREW

Don't mind if I do!

Drew scoots his plate over and takes the entire plate of
Baked Alaska and digs in.

INT. VEGAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Travis and Drew have met Mary at the nicest and the only
vegan restaurant in town. This lunch is supposed to be a
makeup date for Mary and Travis, but clearly everything
isn't going according to Mary's plan. Travis now has a
shaven head.

TRAVIS

Is there any meat in this place?

MARY

No, vegans don't eat meat, silly.

TRAVIS

Oh...well what the heck am I
supposed to eat?

MARY

The tofu steak is exquisite!

TRAVIS

Does it taste like real steak?

MARY

Of course not! Why would it?

DREW

Why are we here?

TRAVIS

I'm not sure...

MARY

I'm really sorry about yesterday. I didn't know what else to do. It was like oops! Aunt Flo, you're not supposed to be here yet!

DREW

Oh, wow. I've gotta go to the bathroom. Excuse me.

TRAVIS

(to Drew)

What the heck, man? Don't leave me here!

DREW

(to Travis)

Sorry!

Drew runs off.

MARY

Does he know they make medication for irritable bowel syndrome?

TRAVIS

Um. No, probably not. You should tell him.

MARY

Good idea. Now tell me what happened to your hair again?

TRAVIS

I'd rather not talk about.

MARY

Well, I will say I miss your hair.

TRAVIS

Tough luck.

MARY

I mean, look at all those bumps on your head! It's almost like the moon!

Travis looks pissed.

TRAVIS

Oh, gee thanks.

MARY

I meant it in the very best way

possible.

The two are silent as Travis continues to peruse the menu.

TRAVIS

Mary,...

MARY

Yes?

TRAVIS

You know, I've been thinking about us...

MARY

Yes, and?

TRAVIS

...and...I don't think this is working. I'm sorry Mary, but I'm dumping you.

MARY

What?

TRAVIS

Yep, and I wish I could say it's not you, it's me. But then I'd be a liar, which my mom told me not to be. So, I'm going to go to the bathroom now, and I guess I'll see you for that presentation.

Travis gets up and walks toward the bathroom where Drew is waiting.

DREW

Did you do it?

TRAVIS

Yep.

DREW

Happy?

TRAVIS

Dude, I know why you avoided that girl.

DREW

Yeah, well at least now you know. Let's get out of here.

EXT. FLETCHER HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD - PITCHER'S MOUND -

NIGHT

It is the night of the rescheduled championship game. Drew is on the mound, and Travis is giving a pre-game pep talk. The Fletcher High Sea Gnat fans are going crazy chanting Drew's name.

TRAVIS

Alright, buddy, you got this. Just focus and throw. Focus and throw. We're just playing catch, alright?

DREW

Yeah, yeah. I got it. Did you know Mary's here?

TRAVIS

What?! Where?!

Travis quickly covers his face with his glove.

DREW

Dude, she knows it's you. And plus, even if she didn't, which actually could be the case given her ridiculously low IQ, you have that giant helmet on your face.

TRAVIS

True. She's really, really dumb, but I don't want to underestimate her.

DREW

I'm pretty well pumped now.

TRAVIS

Rightio little brother. I got you.

Travis trots back behind home plate. Travis gives the signal for a fastball, and Drew winds up and throws it right down the pipe.

EXT. FLETCHER HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD - LATER

The Sea Gnats have just won the State Championships, and the whole team has Drew on their shoulders. Fireworks are going off in the background, and the concession stand has a smoker cooking up a victory meal for the team. Drew can just barely see Savannah standing in the bleachers.

EXT. FLETCHER HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL DUGOUT

Drew and Travis are packing up their bags when Savannah

walks up to the doorway. All the guys stare her up and down, some whistling.

SAVANNAH

Is Drew here?

PLAYER 3

Yeah, he's in the back.

SAVANNAH

Hey, Drew?

DREW

Uh, yeah?

SAVANNAH

Can I talk to you a minute?

DREW

Sure.

All the guys in the dugout stop what they're doing and start to listen.

SAVANNAH

Can we go somewhere else?

DREW

Like where?

SAVANNAH

Just somewhere alone.

DREW

Yeah, okay.

Drew slings his bag over his shoulder and follows her out.

DREW (CONT'D)

Excuse me, boys. Great game tonight. See you later.

They arrive by the Port-A-Potties.

DREW (CONT'D)

Nice choice of location.

SAVANNAH

Please don't be sarcastic.

DREW

No, I'm serious. I would have picked here, too.

Drew cracks a little smile hoping to put Savannah at ease.

SAVANNAH

I'm really sorry for missing our presentation, and I know I can't really make it up to you, but I'd like to try.

DREW

I'm listening...

SAVANNAH

I'd like to take you to the malt shop tomorrow night.

DREW

Expensive place. The one off Plattner?

SAVANNAH

That's the one.

DREW

Okay.

SAVANNAH

So you'll come?

DREW

I think I can work that into my schedule.

SAVANNAH

Great. I'll see you at seven.

DREW

Seven it is.

Drew and Savannah walk away in separate directions as the camera zooms out for an overhead view of the field. Loud, cheering is heard from the concession stand as the after game party commences.

INT. MALT SHOP - NIGHT

There's been talk that a bad storm is rolling in, and the appearance of the sky is starting to speak truth to the weather man's reports. Drew has just arrived at the Malt Shop and is locking his bike up to a telephone post. Savannah clearly isn't there yet, and Drew walks in. Unfortunately, Mary is there, and it looks like she's been waiting for him. Drew turns around and walks the other way, but it's way too late for that.

MARY

Drew! Hey! Wait up!

He exhales loudly and turns around.

MARY

Funny you should be here.

DREW

Oh, is it?

MARY

I just wanted to congratulate you on your win last night. Pitching a no-hitter is pretty impressive.

DREW

Yeah, I know.

MARY

So what are you doing here?

DREW

Actually, I'm meeting someone.

He starts looking around frantically for Savannah.

MARY

Is it that girl?

DREW

Yes, if by that girl you mean my girlfriend.

MARY

Girlfriend? I thought she was just some charity case. You should really be with someone more your type.

DREW

Like who?

MARY

I don't know.

She bats her eyes at him.

EXT. MALT SHOP - SAME TIME

As Drew and Mary are talking, Savannah pulls up to the shop outside, sees Drew's bike, and gives herself a pep talk.

SAVANNAH

Alright, you got this. It's Drew.
You've known each other forever,
and he likes you and you like him.
No big deal, just act like
everything's okay between you two.
Alright. Just walk in. Just walk in
now.

She gets out of her car, checks herself out in the window,
and walks up and opens the door. To her surprise, Drew is
there with Mary, and as she enters, she sees, but doesn't
hear--

INT. MALT SHOP - SAME TIME

DREW

You know, you're really full of
yourself. Excuse me, I need to go.

As he tries to leave, Mary grabs Drew by the waist and lays
a big kiss on him right on the lips. Savannah is across the
room and is completely devastated. She doesn't know the
exchange the two just had, and she's really confused.

DREW

Get off me, you succubus!

MARY

What did you call me?

Drew pushes Mary off of him, and to his horror, he sees
Savannah staring at him, eyes wide and watery. Savannah
turns and runs out of the shop.

DREW

Savannah, wait! It's not what you
think!

But all his screaming is to no avail. She's already left the
parking lot. Drew runs out of the shop, heartbroken and
pissed.

EXT. COUNTY GYMNASIUM - DAY

It is the day of the bracket play game, and Drew and Travis
are exiting the gym where the game was held. It is raining,
and although they've won, Drew looks frustrated. Travis is
dawning a skull cap.

TRAVIS

Man, did you see that headshot I
had?! We're totally boss.

DREW

Yeah, it was pretty great. I'm just glad it's over.

TRAVIS

Dude, we're going to the championships! We're actually doing this!

Drew manages to crack a grin.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I never thought we'd be able to go to college, bro.

DREW

We're not there yet. Don't get your hopes up too high.

TRAVIS

I know, I know. I'm just imagining myself on some campus far away from here with textbooks and rulers and pencils and a cool backpack.

DREW

That does sound nice.

TRAVIS

...walking across the campus green while hot girls throw Frisbees all around me, the trees all in bloom because it's springtime. I just never thought I'd even be able to dream that. Man, I just feel like some princess who's almost met her prince.

DREW

Wow. I can't say I saw that in mom's magazines.

TRAVIS

Yeah, it's just some other stuff I've been reading. But, yeah, we're so close, bro. So close.

They're silent for a while until Drew gets a call from his mom.

DREW

(on phone)

Hello?

DREW'S MOM

Hi, honey. How'd the game go?

DREW

We won.

DREW'S MOM

That's great.

DREW

We're going to the championships.
We're almost scholarship winners.
Travis is totally psyched.

DREW'S MOM

He should be, and so should you be.
You've both worked very hard...in
everything. I'm so proud of you
both.

She's silent as she tries to gather the courage to say--

DREW'S MOM

Drew, honey, I've got some bad
news.

DREW

(suddenly alert)

What is it?

DREW'S MOM

Sweetie, my business just isn't
getting the job done right now, and
I've barely got enough money for
groceries this month. I've found
this consignment store over by the
Piggly Wiggly, and I think that
that could be a good way for us to
make a little income. But I'm going
to need both yours and Travis'
help.

DREW

Sure, Mom, anything.

DREW'S MOM

I hate to ask this of you both
because I know how much you love
it.

DREW

Is it the Xbox?

DREW'S MOM

I'm so sorry, Drew. I promise that

once we're back on our feet again,
I'll get you a newer and better
Xbox. I'll even have yours and
Travis' names engraved on it if
you'd like. I'm really sorry, Drew.
If there was any other way, I'd do
it, but right now, there's just
not.

DREW

It's alright, Mom. Travis and I are
on our way home now. We'll see you
soon.

DREW'S MOM

Bye, honey. I love you.

DREW

I love you, too, Mom. See you.

TRAVIS

So what's the deal with the Xbox?

DREW

We've got to sell it so we can get
some cans of spam.

TRAVIS

Great. That's just great.

INT. TRAVIS' TRUCK - LATER

The two are on their way home, and as they're pulling into
Drew's driveway, Drew hops out of the moving car and walks
toward Savannah's house.

TRAVIS

What the heck, man? Couldn't wait?

DREW

I've got something I've got to take
care of. I'll see you later.

TRAVIS

Don't hurt yourself.

EXT. SAVANNAH'S HOUSE

Drew knocks on Savannah's door.

SAVANNAH'S MOM

(on the phone)

George, could you hold on a minute?

Great, thanks. (to Drew) Hi,

Steven, can I help you?

DREW

Hi, is Savannah here?

Savannah's mom glances to the left of the door, makes some facial communication, and looks back at Drew.

SAVANNAH'S MOM

Um, no, she's not. Can I take a message?

DREW

Yeah, tell her I'll be around back.

SAVANNAH'S MOM

Uh huh, yeah, sure. (on the phone)
Okay, George, I'm back. So about that antelope...

Drew is clearly frustrated and marches around to the back of Savannah's house, right beneath Savannah's window. There is a giant maple tree that's somewhat next to Savannah's window, although it's really off to the side about ten feet. Drew begins to climb the trunk and to make his way to the top. Once there, he begins throwing leaves at Savannah's window, which isn't really working.

DREW

Come on, Savannah! I know you're there!

Finally, Savannah opens the window.

SAVANNAH

What are you doing?

DREW

Trying to get your attention.

SAVANNAH

But my mom said I wasn't home.
Don't you ever listen?

DREW

Yeah, I can see she was real right about that.

SAVANNAH

I just didn't want to see you. Not after what I saw.

DREW

That's why I'm in your tree. I know

what you saw, but what you saw
wasn't what you thought you saw.

SAVANNAH

Mmhmmm. Then what exactly was it?
Because to me, it looked pretty
bad.

DREW

I know, I'll admit it. If I were in
your shoes, I would be freaking
out, too. But please believe me
when I say it isn't what you
thought.

SAVANNAH

Then what was it?

DREW

Mary's liked me for quite some time
now, and she kissed me, which
completely took me off guard. I
hated it, and I wish it had never
happened!

SAVANNAH

You're full of crap.

With that, she slams the window shut and closes the blinds
leaving Drew alone in the yard to shred dried leaves by
himself.

INT. DREW'S KITCHEN - LATER

Drew enters the kitchen after coming back from Savannah's
tree. Travis is sitting at the table eating an ice cream
sandwich.

TRAVIS

So...how'd it go?

DREW

Sucked. I'm going upstairs. I've
got some things I've got to do.

Drew heads upstairs.

INT. DREW'S ROOM

The computer is on, and Drew is uploading a movie to
Youtube, the video of Travis' hair burning. Just as he's
about to upload it to Facebook, he sees an ad on the right
hand side of the screen for an online competition for the
best haircut video.

DREW
(reading)
"Got a funny video of one of your
haircuts? Send it in for our
'World's Most Hilarious Haircut'
competition. The winner(s) will
receive \$50,000."

His mouth drops.

DREW
(to himself)
Dang. \$50,000. Both of us could go
to school with that money.

Just then, Drew's mom walks in. While Drew's mom tidies up
his room, Drew quickly uploads the video of Travis into the
competition.

DREW'S MOM
So, how are things?

DREW
They're alright, I guess.

DREW'S MOM
You guess?

DREW
Yeah.

She continues to make up his bed.

DREW'S MOM
I haven't seen Savannah around for
a couple of days. Everything
alright?

DREW
Um, no, but I don't really want to
talk about it.

DREW'S MOM
Does it have to do with that Mary
girl?

DREW
How did you know?

DREW'S MOM
I knew that girl was trouble ever
since you turned her down the first
time.

DREW

I know. Sucks that I was born with this face.

DREW'S MOM

I didn't want to say anything. Travis seemed to be quite taken by her.

DREW

Yeah, he did.

DREW'S MOM

So what's this business with Savannah? Anything I can do?

DREW

There's just a misunderstanding. A big one actually.

DREW'S MOM

Did you explain it to Savannah?

DREW

Yeah. And she didn't believe me. She actually slammed her window and even the blinds on me.

DREW'S MOM

Oh, that's pretty bad.

DREW

If I were in her situation, I'd probably do the same thing.

Drew's mom pats down the bed and sits on it facing Drew.

DREW'S MOM

There was this guy who wanted to court me for quite some time after your father and I were engaged, but he never really understood that I wasn't interested in him in the same way. One day your father came to my house to bring me a beautiful bouquet of tulips, my favorite. The other guy, Spenser, had come to my house outside my window just moments before your father, and he was serenading me with a guitar. I was staring out the window at him. I was in shock, but when your father saw me looking at him, he

mistook it for interest.

She stares off nostalgically.

DREW

So what'd you do to get him to believe you?

DREW'S MOM

Well, I did something big and momentous for him so he'd know I still loved him.

DREW

How did you know what to do?

DREW'S MOM

I just did. When you think of something, you'll just know it. You'll feel it in your gut...and in your heart.

DREW

So did it work?

DREW'S MOM

We married and had you and Travis, didn't we?

DREW

Yeah, I guess so. I sure miss him.

DREW'S MOM

So do I, honey. So do I.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER BATHROOM - DAY

The day of the Headshot Tournament Championships is finally here, and it's been previously announced that it's a masquerade event.

DREW

I can't believe this is a masquerade event. I look so retarded.

TRAVIS

You look retarded? Dude, I'm dressed up like a freaking pony princess.

Drew dies laughing.

DREW

You totally did that to yourself.

The two look at each other in the mirror and adjust their costumes. Drew is dressed up like Steve Brule from the "Tim and Eric Awesome Show."

TRAVIS

Dude, this is it! How are you not freaking out?

DREW

I don't know. I guess I've just got other things on my mind.

TRAVIS

That's not good either! This is our chance, like our only chance, man! I don't want to collect garbage the rest of my life!

DREW

It would be pretty ironic since you don't even recycle.

TRAVIS

What are you talking about? Dang, man, this really isn't the time to mess with my brain.

DREW

What I'm trying to say is, don't think about it too much. Just don't overthink it. We've got this. We're pretty much the best in the county. Well, obviously, since we're here, but you know what I mean.

TRAVIS

Did you see who we're competing against?

DREW

No, it slipped my mind. Why, who is it?

TRAVIS

I don't know if you can handle it. You're all calm and acting mature. Wouldn't want to ruin it.

DREW

Lay it on me.

TRAVIS

We're versing "a chicken salad sandwich."

Drew looks up and shakes his fists as he screams--

DREW

Whyyyy???

Cut to:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER

All the members of the audience are dressed up as their "Gamer tags," and everyone is going crazy. It is clear that this is one of the highlights of the town's history. Drew and Travis walk to the middle of the room to shake "a chicken salad sandwich's" hand, who is dressed in full regalia.

TRAVIS

Hello. Welcome to your doom!

DREW

Wow. Was that really necessary?

TRAVIS

(aside to Drew)

I'm trying to lower his morale.

Lars Baroque struts out of the back room dressed as a giant oatmeal raisin cookie.

LARS

People, people, welcome! Welcome to the first ever Headshots for Higher Education tournament hosted in the B-E-A-UTIFUL Fletcher's Creek.

He jumps up onto a table.

LARS (CONT'D)

Over here in the right corner...

He points to Drew and Travis.

LARS (CONT'D)

We have "a pony princess" and "Steve Brule," hailing from Fletcher High School. These two battled all the way from the bottom and fought their way to victory through the winner's bracket. Let's hear it!

He jumps onto an adjacent table and points to "a chicken salad sandwich."

LARS (CONT'D)

And over here in the left corner we have the terrible, the ghastly, the incredible "a chicken salad sandwich!"

The audience goes crazy. It's clear that "a chicken salad sandwich" is the crowd favorite.

LARS (CONT'D)

Fighting tooth and nail through the loser's bracket, he's come a long ways folks, and he's playing for keeps. Get ready to get your heads blown off! Let's hear it for "a chicken salad sandwich!" Now gentlemen, let's have a dirty game.

Drew, Travis, and "a chicken salad sandwich" shake hands.

DREW

Good luck, man. May the best player win.

"A chicken salad sandwich" nods, and they head to their stations.

TRAVIS

What was up with that guy's hands? They were all soft and weird feeling.

DREW

Yeah, almost like a dead fish.

TRAVIS

Yeah. Gross.

The two sit down in a luxurious booth that's been set up in the community center. There is a plush couch with side tables on each side loaded with snacks and sodas. They are sitting about ten feet in front of their competitor. Lars Baroque is off to the side dancing.

LARS

Alright, ladies and gents, let me lay down the rules. First team to one hundred kills wins, and for our two man team, two hundred kills. Gentlemen, load your weapons. In 5, 4, 3, 2,...

DREW

We got this.

TRAVIS

Just stay away from my rockets.

LARS

One!!

The shooting begins, and the crowd goes silent. Huge televisions are set up around the center so that people can watch the action. Drew and Travis get kill after kill only to be constantly outkilled by "a chicken salad sandwich."

DREW

This guy is ridiculous. I haven't seen anyone like this in a while.

TRAVIS

Yeah, I haven't seen anyone this good since your girl whooped me and Mary.

Drew chuckles.

DREW

Yeah, some beginner's luck, huh? I bet she'd luck her way through this tournament!

They continue to search the online game map for "a chicken salad sandwich," who seems to have gone in hiding.

TRAVIS

We only need ten more kills, man, but I can't find him.

DREW

Yeah, me neither. His strategy is so lame. How'd he even get here?

Just as the words leave his lips, "a chicken salad sandwich" comes out of nowhere and kills both of them. Travis glares across the room at their opponent.

TRAVIS

Look at him over there. He thinks he's so smart.

DREW

Quit looking at him. Pay attention to the screen!

Finally, they find "a chicken salad sandwich," and kill him a good number of times. Now, only one kill is left...for both sides.

TRAVIS

Man, I'm so nervous. You know what happens to me when I get nervous.

DREW

Yeah, pretty much the same thing that happens to me. We don't have any more bathroom breaks left, Trav. Just hold it. I am.

When the tension seems it can't get any higher, "a chicken salad sandwich" stands up from his station.

SAVANNAH

Drew!

Drew, totally aghast, looks ahead at "a chicken salad sandwich" who has shed his mask to reveal none other than Savannah.

DREW

Savannah?!

She peels off the rest of her costume.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

I can't do this.

DREW

What?

SAVANNAH

You're on my screen. I have a clear shot of you.

Drew looks at his screen and sees nothing. He is still stunned that Savannah is his arch-rival.

DREW

When did this happen?

SAVANNAH

Just now. I can't do it.

DREW

No, I mean. How are you here? In this tournament? How are you this good?

Savannah leaves her station and walks over in front of Drew.

SAVANNAH

I've been a gamer all my life. My mom never talked to me so I talked to Spyro and Sonic.

DREW

But you're so good...and you're a girl.

SAVANNAH

Yeah, I know. I don't tell many people about this. I actually dressed up like a guy for the other tournaments.

TRAVIS

Like in the Civil War?

SAVANNAH

Um, sure.

DREW

You lied to me.

SAVANNAH

I know. I'm sorry.

She walks back over to her station and plops down. The crowd is completely silent, not even a baby cries.

DREW

Travis...

TRAVIS

Yeah, yeah, I know. Just do it before all my fallen hopes and dreams crush me to death.

DREW

Thanks.

Drew and Travis look back at the screen.

TRAVIS

You know what to do, right?

DREW

The only thing that will count as her kill is a suicide.

TRAVIS

Yep.

DREW

Do you have the rocket launcher?

TRAVIS

Yep.

DREW

I'm going to need it.

Travis walks over to Drew and drops off the rocket launcher. He sets his controller down. Drew picks up the rockets and fires into the ground in front of him. A voice that says "Suicide" echoes throughout the community center. It's over. Savannah has won. Lars Baroque comes prancing out of the audience.

LARS

Ladies and gentlemen, we have our first ever Headshots for Higher Education Scholarship winner, Savannah Banks!

His voice trails off into the noise of the roaring crowd as Drew and Travis pick up their belongings and head out to the truck.

TRAVIS

I really thought it was going to happen for us, man. I guess it just wasn't meant to be.

Savannah is taken on stage, and all is silent as she watches Drew walk out of the auditorium.

INT. MR. RUSSELL'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Drew and Travis are sitting in the far left corner of the room, purposefully positioned away from both Savannah and Mary. Their presentations are scheduled for today, and whereas they looked nervous before, they look over it now.

MR. RUSSELL

Alright, class, simmer down. We'll start in a few minutes to give the stragglers time to get in.

DREW

I don't want to do this today.

TRAVIS

Yeah, me neither. I don't even want to see that dumb girl again. She and her manipulative ways. I can't believe I was so stupid.

DREW

Don't worry about it. Happens to
the best of us.

Mary and Savannah walk in at the same time just as Drew
makes his commentary.

TRAVIS

Bad news comes in twos. Or was it
threes?

He yells to Savannah:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Hey, shouldn't you be playing your
video games in some closet, closet
player!

Savannah hears him, but turns away.

MR. RUSSELL

Alright, class, we have a riveting
line up for today. Travis and Mary
are up first followed by Drew and
Savannah. Couples day I suppose.

TRAVIS

Oh, we're not together anymore.

MR. RUSSELL

That's nice. Won't you come up and
grace us with what I'm sure will be
a lovely presentation.

Mary glances Drew's way and gives a little wink. Drew
quickly looks away disgusted. Travis and Mary head to the
front of the classroom. Travis fumbles with his cards.

TRAVIS

A lake poet, the poet laureate, and
perhaps even a legend, William
Wordsworth, who many call the
father of the Romantic Age of
literature, was born--

MR. RUSSELL

You can just start where you left
off before.

TRAVIS

(to himself)
How'd he even know that?

MARY

Well, what I was saying last week when I was so rudely interrupted by Aunt Flo, was that William Wordsworth was such a great poet. He was even the poet laureate, and he was also BFF's with Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Together, they composed the Lyrical Ballads, and William wrote the preface to it. But it's way too complicated to explain to you.

TRAVIS

(to himself)

And we know that you couldn't explain it if the dolphins in Japan counted on it...

MARY

Sooo we're going to talk about Tintern--

TRAVIS

(cutting her off)

Abbey. Thank you, Mary. I'll take it from here.

Just before Travis begins his spiel and in anticipation of his soon-to-come presentation, Drew gets up and goes to the bathroom. Savannah watches him leave.

INT. FLETCHER HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - LATER

Drew is pacing back and forth by the urinals muttering to himself.

DREW

You got this. You totally got this. You're a genius. Just stay calm. It won't be weird at all. It'll be just like old times, except that you're not really talking now, and you just let her win your chances at college, and now you probably won't get to go, but no worries. You got this. You're a winner.

The door slowly opens, creaking very loudly, and Savannah peaks inside at a muttering Drew. Once Drew sees her, he stops immediately. Savannah boldly walks inside and begins quoting Keats-

SAVANNAH

"I know it--and to know it is
despair to one who loves you as I
love, sweet Drew! Whose heart goes
fluttering for you everywhere, nor,
when away you roam, dare keep its
wretched home. Love, love alone,
his pains severe and many: then,
loveliest! keep me free from
torturing jealousy."

DREW

"Thy beauty wears a smile of such
delight, as brilliant and as bright
as when with ravished, aching,
vassal eyes, lost in soft amaze, I
gaze, I gaze!"

He steps closer to her, and it's clear by the soft
expression of her face, that she loves being serenaded.

DREW (CONT'D)

"Let, let the amorous burn, but
prithce, do not turn the current of
your heart from me so soon. Oh!
save, in charity, the quickest
pulse for me."

He walks up to her, and she comes to him. He takes her hands
and stares into her eyes.

DREW (CONT'D)

I love you Savannah, and I always
have from the very first time I saw
you wearing that yellow dress when
we were ten at the clearing in the
woods. You, you have my heart. Not
Mary, not Jill in gym class, not
even April the dancer. Not anybody,
but you.

Savannah stares at him with wide eyes.

DREW (CONT'D)

I know what you saw, but I promise
to you it isn't what you thought it
was. And I really want to go run
and hide from you right now because
I've just spilled my guts, and I've
told you I love you which I've
never told anyone except my Mom and
Travis.

She continues to stare at him.

DREW (CONT'D)

And I'd really appreciate it if you'd say something right now.

SAVANNAH

You let me win. You needed that money more than I did, and you let me win. I lied to you, and I'm sorry. I didn't want you to think I was a loser.

DREW

Wait, so you think I'm a loser?

SAVANNAH

No way. You're a guy. It's okay for you to be a gamer. But for me, it's not. What would academia think? What would my mother think? I'm a girl who instead of shopping for frilly dresses and sitting down at proper tea parties, sits in my room at night shooting people. What would you think?

DREW

I think you're brilliant and that you're the most beautiful girl that I've ever seen. I know that you wash your car like you've got OCD, and I know that your favorite color is yellow. I know that you're an amazing writer and that your face is still flawless, even when you're pissed at me. I know that you have a huge heart, and I know that you want to stop being mad at me right now. And most of all, I know that you're still all of these things while being a better gamer than myself or any guy I know.

He embraces her and sweeps her down into a long, romantic kiss in front of the urinals. The camera zooms out, and Drew and Savannah continue to makeout in the men's restroom as the camera slowly fades to black. Aha's "Take on Me" plays.

Cut To:

Roll Credits

INT. DREW'S KITCHEN - DAY

It's a month after the tournament, and Travis has just

walked down the stairs and is looking through the mail. As he's flipping through the bills, he sees a letter addressed to he and Drew. He opens the letter to find a check for \$50,000. He jumps up from his chair and starts to run through the house waving the check in the air. He runs into Drew at the top of the stairs.

DREW

I see you got the letter.

TRAVIS

I don't know what you did, bro, but
I love you!

He picks Drew up and parades him around the house on his shoulders.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

We're going to college!!

Credits continue to roll, then fade to black.