

INT. MR. MANSON'S ROOM - SAME

The announcements continue and the boys still attempt to listen.

SERENA STYLES
(continued)
...latht but not leatht: Sportth!

The last word sounds very moist.

WRETT
(sickened)
Ugh! You hear that? Hopefully
nobody was in the splash zone!

DYLAN
Shut up, Wrett!

CASEN
Thank you, Dy-

DYLAN
(irate)
Shut up!!!

SERENA STYLES
...The Thwim team ith sthtaying
home, fathing the thouth
thenterville Thaxonth and The boyth
bathketball team ith traveling to
fath the Thkidmoore Thea Therpenth.
Our Rivalth. Show your thchool
thpirit by attending theth eventh.
Thatth all for today, folkth. Thith
Hath been Therena Thtyleth wishing
you all a thuper duper happy
holidayth and merry chrithmath!
Thee ya!

The bell rings and everybody begins to file out. Dylan sits with his arms open in a confused demeanor.

DYLAN
What the hell?

WRETT
(mocking Serena)
I know, right? Catht a different
thpeaker.

(CONTINUED)

CASEN

You really are one of the most insensitive people I've ever met.

WRETT

(jerk)

Oh no. Casen's getting passionate again.

CASEN

Damn right, I'm passionate! Don't you think she's embarrassed about the way she speaks?

WRETT

Obviously not. She seems to find every opportunity to put herself into the public eye...or ear.

CASEN

Well, have you ever considered that maybe she does things like read the morning announcements in order to try accepting herself for who she is?

WRETT

Tell me, Casen. If you couldn't sing, would you do the talent show?

CASEN

That has noth...

WRETT

(cutting him off)

If you were blind would you take up archery?

CASEN

Look...

WRETT

(cutting him off once more)

If you weren't a complete piece of shit, would you join the lacrosse team?

CASEN

Well, that's impossible.

WRETT

Then why would someone who can't speak do so in such grandiosity?

(CONTINUED)

WYATT
(scribbling in his notebook)
Splendid word.

Wyatt's notebook is filled with cool words, rough illustrations and scribble marks.

CASEN
This is ridiculous. Luke, Dylan?
Any input?

DYLAN
(to himself)
They didn't announce it.

LUKE
Didn't announce what, Dylan?

DYLAN
Our competition. My robotics team is in the league finals and it doesn't even get an announcement! And, it's not like it will get recognized if we win because it'll be Christmas break!

WYATT
How...

Wyatt scans for a word in his notebook.

WYATT
...dastardly! Who is your opponent?

DYLAN
That's the worst part...the Skidmoore High Sea Serpents.

A hiss sound is heard, but there seems to be no clear source. The boys look around but reconvene after a moment.

LUKE
When is the tournament?

DYLAN
Are you serious? I've told you like a million times, Luke.

As the boys speak Casen gets a text message. He pulls out his phone and smiles as he types away.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

Well, it's been an interesting few weeks, wouldn't you say, Casen?

The boys look at Casen, who did not hear them address him.

LUKE

Casen.

WRETT

He's texting the girl that isn't his girlfriend.

WYATT

I thought it was Luke who did that?

WRETT

No, can't be Luke. I don't think he ever got Desiree's number.

LUKE

Yes, I most certainly did. We had a group project together in biology last year.

CASEN

That clearly doesn't count. And we'll see who is or isn't my girlfriend by the end of the competition. I've invited Natalie.

WRETT

Oh, so all of our nights have to be terrible now?

CASEN

What are you talking about.

WRETT

Inside jokes and giggles aren't going to work with this girl. It clearly didn't work before. All it did was make our lives nightmares whenever she was around.

CASEN

Oh, you've got a problem with Serena Styles and Natalie, then? Are you some kind of woman hater?

WRETT

I don't hate Natalie or Serena. The only woman I hate is you.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

He's got a point, though.

CASEN

Are you kidding me?

LUKE

I mean about the whole Natalie situation. I think if you go back to doing things like you've always done with her it'll stay the same.

WYATT

A stagnant pool only ripples from foreign stimulation.

CASEN

What?

WYATT

Cast your stone, Casen.

DYLAN

(matching Wyatt's energy)
Let it sink beneath her waves.

LUKE

Even if it doesn't work. What's the worst that could happen? At least you'd know what it is she wants from you.

WRETT

Why is it that you like her now? I thought she was like a little sister to you. Isn't that what you said.

CASEN

Feelings change.

DYLAN

Towards your sister?

LUKE

(to Casen)

It's worth a shot. I mean, I got further than I ever thought I could with Desiree by just being clear with my intentions.

(CONTINUED)

WRETT

Oh Jesus, here we go. Are we going to be hearing about your sexual misadventures with Desiree for the rest of time? I wouldn't be considering that a win if I were you.

LUKE

I don't consider it a win. But I'm officially the closest to the goal line than any of us.

CASEN

How did things work out with Desiree by the way?

WYATT

Her eyes are sad nowadays.

LUKE

Well, after the whole prank, not so well.

WYATT

Thank you very much.

LUKE

But, I think I've realized that in the midst of everything...

Wrett interrupting luke

WRETT

(looking away)
She's coming over here.

LUKE

(continuing)
... That went on that night, and every day before that, that I may have been wrong in liking...

Dylan noticing what Wrett is looking at.

DYLAN

Luke, She's coming over here.

LUKE

(To Dylan)

What?

(CONTINUED)

DESIREE
(timid)
Hey, Luke.

Luke turns around to see Desiree standing behind him. She has her hands in her sweatshirt pocket, pressing her upper and lower lip together and looking up to make eye contact as the boys turn around, only to quickly break and look at the tiles on the ground.

LUKE
Hey...hi, Desiree. What's up?

DESIREE
Could I talk to you for a second?

LUKE
Um...yeah. Definitely. (turning to the boys) I'll catch up to you in a minute.

WYATT
Are you sure?

LUKE
Yes, I'm sure.

WYATT
You don't need any back up?

LUKE
No, I don't need any back up, Wyatt.

WYATT
Do you still have that whistle you got in health class?

LUKE
Just go, guys.

The boys continue to walk down the hall. Luke and Desiree walk in the opposite direction.

LUKE
So, what's up, Desiree. Also, I just want to preface this by saying I had nothing to do with what happened that night. I literally was just as surprised as you were and I am so sorr-

(CONTINUED)