

VYING FOR AFFECTIONS

Written By

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INT. HOPE CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Iowa. 2014.

Low quality video footage. The voice of WILL ROADS rings out as he conducts interviews of his fellow CLASSMATES. The classroom is buzzing with the endless possibilities of the weekend.

WILL

Otto! How do you feel about the game tonight?

OTTO, a jock and a thespian, stands over the desk of HAILEY, a popular girl.

OTTO

Please. They don't stand a chance.

WILL

Famous last words.

OTTO

Hey, no. Let this be a record. The Cardinals will be the 2014 state champions.

WILL

(Laughs) Okay, sure man. Where you gonna be in 10 years?

OTTO

Ten years?

WILL

That's what they told me to ask.

OTTO

Hm. Playing for the NFL.

HAILEY

Yeah right.

OTTO

What? What?

WILL

Hailey, where are you going to be in 10 years?

HAILEY

Anywhere but here.

JON, Hailey's boyfriend and a jock, appears behind her.

JON

She's going to be on the sidelines  
cheering me on.

He kisses her on the cheek. She pushes him off.

HAILEY

Please. I'm going to have my own  
fashion line.

WILL

Yeah? What's your-

A loud bang on the door pulls Will's attention. We see TRENT  
WOODS(17M), senior, loud, attention seeking and rebellious,  
pounding on the door.

KEVIN

Will! Will!

Will turns to reveal KEVIN, junior, sitting on the writing  
part of his desk.

WILL

Kevin, where are you gonna be in 10  
years?

Behind Kevin is IRENE KIJEK (16F), junior, meek, with a  
posture that shrinks into itself. She sits, avoiding eye  
contact with the camera.

The camera focuses in on her more and more while Kevin  
speaks.

KEVIN

Jesus. Where won't I be?

WILL

Whatta you mean?

KEVIN

I'm gonna be famous. I'm gonna be  
everywhere. You're gonna get sick  
of seeing this face.

WILL

I already am.

They laugh.

INT. KIJEK RESIDENCE MUD ROOM - DAY

A nice upper class suburban home decorated with entirely too many knick-knacks. Irene enters. It's quiet.

IRENE

Mom?

No response. She looks at the whiteboard on the wall. "Dinner meeting 5PM -Mom". Irene writes back "Football game, won't be home till late. - Irene".

With a sigh, she heads upstairs.

INT. IRENE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Irene enters. It's a cornucopia of romantic movie posters.

She turns on a small TV, an old black and white film plays. MARGARET, the female lead of said film, stands at a train station.

MARGARET

I would've thought he'd be here by now.

Irene energetically acts along with the scene. She knows every word. As she does, she tries to pick out an outfit.

Margaret slowly walks away from the station but HARRY, the male lead, runs after her.

HARRY

Margaret! Wait! Please!

They run into each other's arms.

MARGARET

I thought you'd left for good.

HARRY

I would never leave without you.

MARGARET

But, can't you see? We're from two different worlds.

HARRY

None of that matters. Nothing can change the way I feel about you. Come with me.

Irene plops in front of the TV as the two movie stars kiss. She smiles to herself.

INT. IRENE'S CAR - EVENING

Irene enters the drive thru of Frosteez's, a local fast food chain, and pulls up to the ordering machine.

IRENE

Hi, uh, can I get a number-

FROSTEEZ'S WORKER

Irene?

IRENE

Elise? I didn't think you were working tonight.

ELISE

Of course I am! Jesus! Get up here, I already know your order.

Irene pulls up to the first window. ELISE JOHNSON (16F), a junior, Irene's best friend, and a bit of an outsider, opens the window.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Do you have time before the game? If I take my break now we can eat together.

IRENE

Yeah!

ELISE

Cool. That'll be \$5.50. I gave you a little discount.

Irene hands Elise some cash.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Be warned. Its a madhouse in here.

Elise hands Irene her change. Irene pulls forward. At that same moment, Trent Woods jumps in front of her car. She nearly hits him.

TRENT

Oh shit.

He laughs as a GROUP OF BOYS appear from behind the building. Trent runs to catch up to them, barely paying Irene mind.

She's annoyed.

Finally, she parks her car.

EXT. FROSTEEZ'S PARKING LOT - EVENING

Irene exits. Another car passes slowly. Much to her surprise she realizes Will Roads (16M), junior, a bit nerdy but incredibly charismatic, is behind the wheel.

He doesn't seem to notice Irene. Her body melts, nearly dropping her car keys. For years she's been hopelessly in love with him, and yet she still had no poker face.

He drives off. Irene composes herself and heads inside.

INT. FROSTEEZ - EVENING

Irene enters to pure chaos. Half of the high school seems to have flooded the restaurant. It's completely overwhelming.

Irene sees a table full of students she knows. She waves, but they don't see her.

Irene struggles through the crowd of people, feeling like she constantly has to make room for them, without them making any room for her.

Irene looks for Elise who is now at the front counter, confronting Kevin.

ELISE

There's no milkshake on your receipt!

KEVIN

That's because I have a coupon!

Elise snatches the paper out of his hand.

ELISE

This isn't even for this restaurant.

KEVIN

Come on Elise!

ELISE

No, you have to buy one, just like everyone else! It's only 2 dollars Kevin.

KEVIN

I wish Morgan was working, she would've helped me out.

ELISE

I am helping you out. I don't think you should have a milkshake before your big game. Might get the runs.

KEVIN

Ha ha. (Muttering) Psycho bitch.

Kevin storms away and 3 MORE STUDENTS replace him. Elise locks eyes with Irene and looks at her as if to say "Kill me."

Irene, overwhelmed, heads to the bathroom for a breather.

INT. FROSTEEZ BATHROOM - EVENING

Irene enters to find ALEXIS, a popular senior and captain of the dance team, fixing up her makeup.

IRENE

Hey.

Alexis gives a polite smile but otherwise doesn't pay her mind.

Irene heads into the stall. She is quickly distracted by a voice. A man's voice.

MAN

Come on Alexis can't-

ALEXIS

Shh! God. Follow me.

Footsteps leave the stall and Alexis guides the man, as quickly as possible, to the exit.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

(To the man) This didn't happen.

They leave. Irene sits in a shocked silence.

INT. FROSTEEZ - EVENING

Irene leaves the bathroom and sees Elise cleaning a table.

IRENE

Elise-

ELISE  
Save this table hold on.

Elise stacks up the trash onto a tray and walks away.

Irene notices Trent, who is still in the parking lot with his friends. He has a trumpet in hand and is playing it loudly.

Elise finally returns with the food.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
Your order. No pickles.

Elise sits down.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
Please don't ever let me work on a football Friday again. This place is hell. A living hell.

IRENE  
I saw Alexis in the bathroom.

ELISE  
Cool?

IRENE  
With some guy, she was like sneaking him out.

ELISE  
Did you see who it was?

IRENE  
No but-

ELISE  
You had one job!

IRENE  
I know but I saw the shoes!

ELISE  
I'm not surprised it's Alexis anyway.

A loud trumpet sound stops them, courtesy of Trent from the parking lot.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
Even outside of school he's still like this? Do you think I can call the police on them for loitering?



IRENE

I don't know.

ELISE

Did you almost hit him with your car?

IRENE

No-well kind of. He's the one who jumped in front of me.

ELISE

Wow. Real cool guy behavior.

IRENE

It's whatever. I just wish you could save me from marching band tonight.

ELISE

Aw, I've heard the band's pretty good this year though.

IRENE

Mr. Jennings sure seems to think so, but no one watches us. Why do we have to go to every single game?

ELISE

At least you get to leave at halftime right?

A CRASH, one of the other tables has spilled pop everywhere. They quickly attempt to fix the situation.

UNDERCLASSMEN 1

They're out of napkins. Elise!

ELISE

I'm on my break.

UNDERCLASSMEN 1

Come on!

ELISE

Use your shirt or something, I'm on my break! (To Irene) They don't pay me enough for this.

They scoff back in annoyance at her, and move to another table leaving the spill.

IRENE

Did you see Will?

ELISE

Nope, no. That man ordered three cheeseburgers and a chicken sandwich, you do not want to date a man who ordered three cheeseburgers and a chicken sandwich.

IRENE

Jesus, okay.

Some more STUDENTS enter. Elise nods, Irene shrivels up into herself, but manages a wave.

ELISE

Want to hang out later?

IRENE

No, I'll probably be pretty beat. I'll just chill at home, watch something.

ELISE

Anything in mind?

IRENE

Maybe Pride and Prejudice?

ELISE

How can you love that movie so much yet refuse to watch the BCC limited series with me? It's so much better.

IRENE

Why would I sit for 6 hours when they already nailed it in 2?

ELISE

Well Colin Firth, for one. And two you haven't seen it so you don't know!

IRENE

My version has Keira Knightly.

ELISE

Obviously Keira is amazing, but I need to see your face when they introduce Mr Darcy. (British accent) 'And you sir? Are you fond of dancing.'

Elise turns around dramatically, mimicking the show. They both laugh.

EXT. FROSTEEZ - EVENING

Irene gives Elise one last wave before heading to her car.

She's stopped by a voice.

TRENT  
Hey, Irene?

She turns and sees Trent, now alone holding his trumpet case. He seems completely different from the boy we saw before, almost nervous.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Thanks for expertly avoiding my  
body earlier.

IRENE  
No worries.

TRENT  
Do you think you could drive me to  
band warmups? The guys kind of  
ditched me.

Irene looks at him, considering.

IRENE  
Sure.

INT. IRENE'S CAR - EVENING

Irene and Trent sit in silence except for the radio. Trent tries to break the silence.

TRENT  
This is a nice car.

IRENE  
Thanks.

TRENT  
I'm, uh, saving up money for my own  
ride. I'm super close.

IRENE  
You don't have a car?

TRENT  
No, I mean, my mom and I share  
one. (Beat) It's actually really  
annoying. I wait after school every  
day for her to pick me up.

(MORE)

TRENT (CONT'D)  
I'm 17, I should be able to go  
wherever I want.

Irene nods. Trent notes the time.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Oh shit.

IRENE  
What?

TRENT  
Shit, I'm gonna be late.

IRENE  
We don't have to be there for  
another 15 minutes.

TRENT  
No, no trumpets start at 6:30. If  
I'm late again Jennings is going to  
kill me.

Irene looks at the time: 6:26.

IRENE  
I'm sorry.

TRENT  
Do you think you could speed up?

IRENE  
What?

TRENT  
Please? You-you'd be saving me.  
We're so close, if we just went a  
little faster we could make it.

Irene is already going the speed limit. She looks at the  
time. Then at Trent. He pleads with her.

The light in front of them flashes yellow, and instead of  
stopping Irene goes faster. Running the light.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Yes! Oh my god, thank you so much!

This encourages her. Trent has the biggest stupidest smile on  
his face. She speeds up moderately, taking a quick turn.

Trent hoops and hollers. Irene looks over at him, she's kind  
of delighted?

They make it to the stadium. 6:29. She comes to a quick and clumsy stop.

TRENT (CONT'D)

That was awesome. (Beat) I need you to drive me to everywhere. I'll never be late again!

Irene smiles politely. The sound of trumpets in the distance.

IRENE

I think you need to-

TRENT

Oh yeah, yeah. Shit. Thanks again!

He runs away with a wave. Giving her one last look, as if really seeing her for the first time.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD BATHROOMS - NIGHT

Irene exits the bathroom, now in her marching uniform. She runs into MS. KIMBLE, the theatre teacher, holding a stack of posters.

MS. KIMBLE

Irene! Looking very sharp.

IRENE

Oh. Hi Ms. Kimble.

MS. KIMBLE

Have you seen these yet?

She holds up a poster for the school play. It reads "NO MORE BOATS! A mystery for the ages! Play auditions 10/5 during theatre class or after school 4-5 pm."

IRENE

No. Wow, these look amazing.

MS. KIMBLE

I know! And they're hot off the presses. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to drum up enthusiasm. Once the football players see this they're going to drop the knee pads for some stage presence.

Ms. Kimble leaves. Irene rounds the corner and sees another play poster.

She stares at it with quiet determination.

Her thoughts are interrupted when-

DARREN  
Irene! Good, you're dressed.

IRENE  
(Unenthusiastic) Hi Darren.

They walk up to the practice shed.

EXT. PRACTICE SHED - CONTINUOUS

DARREN  
I have to tell you, and this cannot leave this circle, but the freshmen do not know how to play.

IRENE  
They're trying their best.

DARREN  
If that's their best then we're hopeless. Also, don't look now, but Trent Woods is staring at us.

Over her shoulder she spots Trent. He is indeed staring.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
Gross. Anyway we need to have a group meeting ASAP. I've gathered everyone else.

Irene tries to ignore her growing curiosity towards Trent. Darren and Irene join THREE OTHER CLARINET PLAYERS.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
Clarinets? Alright. Everyone feeling okay about our new song? I know the sixteenth notes can be a little challenging for some.

The group nods affirmatively.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
Okay, good. But just in case, I think we should run them a few times. Just to check.

Irene locks eyes with Trent once again. He gestures, making fun of Darren. Irene smiles.

DARREN (CONT'D)

We all need to remember our breath support. We support the notes. No note left behind!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD STANDS - NIGHT

The small but energetic pep band finishes a song and sits.

The game continues but Irene only has a passive interest. She looks over to the student section. It's neon night so everyone is dressed in the brightest colors imaginable. They chant and stomp in time.

Irene feels eyes on her. She looks back and sees Trent giving her a look.

She turns back around feeling delight and confusion.

Darren waves wildly to his parents.

DARREN

I tell them they don't have to but they come to every performance. Ugh. Where are your parents?

She doesn't even bother looking around.

IRENE

Not here.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Halftime is about to start. The marching band lines up on the side of the field, preparing to perform.

As the football players leave the field, so does the crowd. They flock to concessions, the bathroom, anywhere but the stands.

EXT. PRACTICE SHED - NIGHT

The band tears down for the night. The third quarter of the game starts in the background.

Irene puts the last bit of her uniform back in the case.

She looks over her shoulder and sees Trent, now wearing neon, jumping on the back of another BAND MEMBER.

Irene zips the case.

TRENT

Hey!

Irene is surprised to find Trent now standing behind her.

TRENT (CONT'D)

How's it going?

IRENE

Fine, yeah.

Irene notices several bandmates staring, Darren included.

TRENT

Nice. Um-I was wondering if, maybe, you'd want to stay and watch the rest of the game with me?

If Trent was nervous before he's even more so now.

IRENE

I don't usually stay.

TRENT

Oh. Yeah, of course.

Beat. The eyes on them feel like daggers.

TRENT (CONT'D)

We wouldn't have to actually watch the game.

IRENE

What?

TRENT

We could just hang out? I know a spot, it has a pretty good view.

IRENE

Yeah?

Irene feels a twinge of excitement, but is torn.

TRENT

Yeah.

Irene takes a moment to think, trying to ignore the glances. She's never "hung out" with a boy before. She smiles and nods.



EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Trent and Irene sit on the hillside. The view is beautiful, miles of plains in the distance, with the bright stadium just below them.

It's quiet, in a pleasant way.

Trent has laid out some jackets. A plate of concession nachos sit between them, but neither are eating.

IRENE

It, uhm, really is a nice view.

TRENT

Right? I-I knew you'd like it. You can really see everything from up here.

IRENE

Yeah. All the lights almost make it look like a big city.

They definitely do not.

IRENE (CONT'D)

I take it you're a football fan?

TRENT

God no. I couldn't care less. I mostly just hang out with friends. It's like the only time I get to hang out with people outside of school.

IRENE

Yeah, totally.

TRENT

But I'm happy I blew off the guys to hang out with you tonight.

They lock eyes for a moment.

TRENT (CONT'D)

I saw you looking at the play poster.

She's surprised he noticed her.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Are you gonna audition?

IRENE

Well, I have to, for class. I won't get a part anyway. I'm not very good.

TRENT

I'm sure that's not true.

IRENE

I-uh-I've done tech the last few years, and chorus for the musicals. It's fun.

TRENT

You're gonna get a part.

IRENE

Uh huh, sure.

Beat.

TRENT

So what are some of your-

IRENE (CONT'D)

Why did you decide to-

They stop and laugh.

TRENT (CONT'D)

No, you go.

IRENE

The trumpet. Why did you decide to play the trumpet?

TRENT

Yeah, it's funny actually-I wanted to play the saxophone-there's nothing quite like a good saxophone solo. But my mom insisted that I play the trumpet because grandpa's old horn was just collecting dust in the basement.

IRENE

I think trumpet sounds just as beautiful.

TRENT

It's grown on me, and the clarinet?

IRENE

I don't know. I guess I thought it seemed easier than a brass instrument, you know, the mouth shape, and I liked how small the case was.

TRENT

Absolutely, yeah, I also picked based on case size.

Irene rolls her eyes. The crowd below them goes wild. The Cardinals have scored another touchdown.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Shit. They really might be state champs this year.

IRENE

Yeah, they're pretty good I guess.

TRENT

That's just what those assholes need. They think they're so cool playing high school football, but they're just going to be washed up losers in a few years.

IRENE

Isn't that just a stereotype?

TRENT

It's a stereotype because it's true. Look. See.

He gestures to the stadium, Irene focuses in on the game below.

TRENT (CONT'D)

The players are just like theatre performers. Right? It's all a show.

IRENE

Okay.

TRENT

But the funny part is, unlike a play that needs, like, good word of mouth to succeed. People will always, always come out and watch these idiots play no matter how shit they do.

IRENE

Yeah, and they're doing really well?

TRENT

But this same crowd would be here even if they weren't.

(MORE)

TRENT (CONT'D)

Like most of the students, just like me, couldn't care less, they're just here because it's something to do.

IRENE

I don't know, I guess I've never thought of it like that.

TRENT

The only people who care are on the field, vying for the affections of the crowd.

Irene looks at Trent. After a beat he turns to her, a moment of anticipation lingers between them. They awkwardly stumble through their conversation, nervous.

TRENT (CONT'D)

You look really great tonight.

IRENE

Thanks.

Beat. His hand touches hers, she doesn't pull away.

TRENT

Can I kiss you?

IRENE

What?

TRENT

(Stumbling) I'd like to kiss you.

They look at each other.

IRENE

Yeah, okay.

Trent leans in slowly, they both reek of never been kissed. Trent gets close and misses, kissing her lower cheek/chin. She giggles nervously.

He goes in again and sticks the landing. The crowd begins to cheer, the Cardinals have won the game.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Irene and Elise walk down the hall carrying boxes full of costumes. Elise talks on, not realizing Irene is in a daze. She's barely listening.

ELISE

LD debate is really more challenging because it's debating moral or societal questions. Not to mention, in public forum you have a partner. I'm up there debating all by myself.

Elise realizes Irene isn't present.

ELISE (CONT'D)

And the topic this month is: Flat Earth? Who says it has to be round?

IRENE

What?

ELISE

You okay? I'm usually a very engaging speaker.

IRENE

(Scoffs) Yeah, I'm sorry. I guess I just have a lot on my mind. Nothing major.

Elise looks her over, she knows Irene is hiding something.

ELISE

Okay.

A group of students rush past them. STUDENT 1 yells back.

STUDENT 1

There's a fight in the junior lot!

Irene and Elise share a glance, then follow suit.

EXT. JUNIOR LOT - DAY

A huge GROUP OF STUDENTS have formed a circle, making it almost impossible to see what's in the middle. They scream.

GROUP

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

Elise and Irene push their way to the middle.

ELISE

Excuse us!

Suddenly they see it: Trent. He stands in the center of the chaos but with no opponent in sight. Irene flushes at the sight of him.

GROUP  
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

Trent hypes up the crowd, running around the circle giving high fives and playing into the energy. He loves it.

ELISE  
This is so embarrassing.

IRENE  
(unconvincingly) Yeah, totally.

The crowd continues to chant, but other voices break in.

SENIOR BOY 1  
Get on with it!

JUNIOR BOY 1  
Where's the other guy?

The crowd gets rowdier every second. It doesn't look like the opponent will show. Trent attempts to continue the hype.

TRENT  
Looks like Rudy Claymore is a  
COWARD!

This doesn't please the crowd, they wanna see blood. Trent starts to sweat. Irene overhears some girls next to her.

SENIOR GIRL 1  
He probably made this all up.

SENIOR GIRL 2  
It's kind of pathetic.

The crowd grumbles, slowly turning on Trent.

SENIOR BOY 1  
This guy's a loser anyway.

SENIOR GIRL 1  
Get over yourself.

TRENT  
I didn't make this up! Rudy just-

Trent panics.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Okay! You wanna see a fight? Then  
who wants to fight me?

No takers. Trent looks around desperately for anything he can do to appease this crowd.

He makes eye contact with Irene. His expression changes.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Wait wait wait! It's not a fight  
but-

The crowd stops.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Irene Kijek?

Irene's heart stops. All eyes move to her, Elise the most surprised of them all.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
I think you're just amazing. Will  
you be my girlfriend?

A few gasps from the crowd. Beat.

IRENE  
Yeah.

A couple of people in the crowd clap, but most disperse, gossiping. Elise, Irene, and Trent stand there frozen in a stare down.

Elise eyes Trent up and down before turning to Irene. She grabs her hand and drags her away.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

ELISE  
I don't think you've ever even  
talked to Trent!

IRENE  
Well we-

ELISE  
And now he's your-ugh.

IRENE  
I guess we sort of went on a date.  
After the football game.

ELISE

You went on a date with Trent?  
Trent Woods?

IRENE

And we kissed.

ELISE

You had your first kiss with Trent?  
Trent Woods? Are we thinking of the  
same guy?

Irene nods.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Jesus. Irene.

IRENE

I know he's kind of-

ELISE

Kind of an idiot? Continue.

IRENE

Maybe we were wrong. He's actually  
really nice. He was really  
attentive.

ELISE

He was probably-also-very attentive  
when he was trying to date Kasey  
Richards last week. Or Hannah the  
week before. He's been prowling  
around the underclassmen hunting  
for a girlfriend.

IRENE

I feel like we really connected.

Elise takes a step back.

ELISE

Why didn't you tell me?

IRENE

I just-I knew you wouldn't like it.

ELISE

Do you really want to date him?

Irene shrugs and nods.



ELISE (CONT'D)  
Your first kiss. Your first  
boyfriend. Trent fucking Woods.

Elise walks into the theatre. Irene stands alone for a moment. She turns to look at a nearby crucifix. It seems like even Jesus is looking down and judging her.

INT. THEATER - DAY

A little later. Irene paints a section of the set. She looks over to Elise, who is furiously painting a bench. Will Roads passes behind Irene and stops.

WILL  
That looks great. Jesus, like half  
the set is almost done.

IRENE  
Oh. Thanks Will.

WILL  
(Beat.) So Trent? Huh. I wouldn't  
have painted him as your type.

Will laughs and walks off. Irene flushes beet red.

ELISE  
Will, why are you even here?

WILL  
I'm just getting an idea of the  
ambiance of the set, you know, for  
my audition.

ELISE  
You gonna pick up a paintbrush  
then?

WILL  
Not a chance.

Elise rolls her eyes. Will exits.

Irene looks back at Elise, who halfheartedly pretends to still be furiously painting, but her anger is subsiding.

Ms. Kimble enters.

MS. KIMBLE  
Irene, Elise! Thank you both so  
much for your help. *No More Boats*  
is a notoriously ambitious show.

IRENE

I love a good murder mystery.

MS. KIMBLE

Me too! And casting this will be it's own murder mystery. Who will be who? Only two weeks till we find out! Are you girls excited?

IRENE

Mmhmm.

ELISE

Of course!

MS. KIMBLE

I know it's not as flashy as other shows. Sadly, there's not much to pick from. I mean, you'll never see us doing Grease. Too much teen pregnancy.

Ms. Kimble leaves. Irene looks over to Elise.

IRENE

Are you still mad at me?

ELISE

In theory.

IRENE

But in reality?

ELISE

No. Just be careful okay? And keep me in the loop!

Irene nods, feeling a little better.

INT. KIJEK RESIDENCE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Irene sits with her parents at the dinner table. JOHN, Irene's father and a man who reads as all business even with his family, finishes is up his last bites.

Irene's mother, PENNY, a seemingly put together but undeniably sad woman, sits staring blankly at the her plate.

IRENE

Play rehearsals starts soon, so I probably won't be around much in the evenings.

JOHN

That's great dear. Isn't it?

He looks at Penny. She smiles softly.

IRENE

I think grandma would've really liked this one.

PENNY

It sounds just like one of those old silly movies she used to watch all the time.

John gets up from the table.

JOHN

I've got some more work to get done tonight. You got the dishes?

IRENE

Yep.

John leaves without a glance to Penny. Irene picks up her plate and reaches for her mom's.

IRENE (CONT'D)

You done?

PENNY

What? Oh, yes. You can take it.

Irene walks over to the sink and begins to do the dishes.

Shortly after, Penny rises.

PENNY (CONT'D)

I'm going to turn in early. Sleep well.

She gives Irene a small kiss on the cheek and leaves.

INT. IRENE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Irene sits on her bed doing homework. The TV plays a different old romantic comedy. LOTTIE, the female lead, stands outside of a bar with FORD. Irene mouths along.

FORD

He's running from the law, we don't know what he's capable of!

After a moment, Penny and John can be heard fighting in the background. We can't make out the words, only the sound of raised voices. Irene ignores it, pulling a play poster out of her notebook and staring at it.

LOTTIE

What they say about him isn't true.  
He's being framed!

FORD

You have to listen to me. He's  
dangerous Lottie.

LOTTIE

I'm going to help him.

Irene's phone buzzes. It's a number she doesn't recognize,  
but she picks up anyway.

IRENE

Hello?

TRENT

Hey, it's me, uh Trent. Your-Your  
boyfriend?

INT. KIJEK RESIDENCE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Irene is shocked. She quickly moves into her bathroom and  
sits in the tub, thinking it'll give her more privacy.

TRENT (CON'T)

Wow that feels weird to say doesn't  
it? I realized I never asked for  
your number, but I got it from a  
friend. How are you doing?

IRENE

I'm good. It's nice to hear your  
voice.

TRENT

(Laughing) It's nice to hear yours  
too. I wanted to say I'm sorry  
about earlier I really-

IRENE

It's fine. Seriously.

TRENT

Okay. I-Uh-I'm not really sure what  
to say. I've never actually dated  
someone before.

IRENE

I don't know what I'm doing either.

TRENT

I guess we can figure it out together.

IRENE

Sounds good to me.

TRENT

I was actually wondering if maybe I could walk you to some of your classes tomorrow?

Irene tries to hide it, but she's delighted by this.

IRENE

Tomorrow? Cool, yeah, I'd like that.

TRENT

Awesome. I do have to warn you. I've been told I have sweaty hands.

Irene laughs, covering her mouth to mute the sound.

TRENT (CONT'D)

I'm serious! I'm just preparing you now. This is what you signed up for!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Irene pulls books out of her locker. Trent approaches her.

TRENT

Good morning!

IRENE

Morning!

They smile at one another, unsure what to do with themselves. A few people behind them take notice.

TRENT

Sorry, I'm running a bit late. What class do you have?

IRENE

American History.

TRENT

First floor it is! You ready?

IRENE

Yeah, sure.

Irene closes her locker. Her and Trent lock eyes. A moment of awkward anticipation. It's like all of her movies. Their fingers brush then, suddenly, he grabs her hand.

They walk down the hall together, catching glances from everyone else who passes. They both seem overjoyed.

INT. THEATRE CLASSROOM - DAY

Elise and Irene sit in the back the classroom. They fold and steam mid-century placemats and napkins.

IRENE

Do you wanna hang out tonight?

ELISE

No. I have to pick up a shift at Frosteez. After Jared got stabbed last week I've really been avoiding the night shifts.

IRENE

You do know what you just said is insane right?

ELISE

Someone has to get the people their sweet treats.

IRENE

But at what cost.

ELISE

It's 4.50 for a regular.

Will, Otto, and a few theatre boys sit down. Irene looks at Will with the same affection despite her new boyfriend.

Otto turnarounds and pretends to make out with the air.

OTTO

Oh Trent!

Irene ignores him. Elise gives a look that could kill.

Ms. Kimble enters.

MS KIMBLE

Okay. Today I want to go through proper audition etiquette.

(MORE)

MS KIMBLE (CONT'D)

After that you're going to practice your monologues with a partner of your choice.

Irene gives Elise a knowing look.

INT. THEATRE - DAY

Groups are spread around the theatre practicing their monologues. Irene and Elise are in the back corner of the stage, Ms. Kimble passes by.

IRENE

...what the significance of the stars were, like I would somehow know the answer-

Elise signals that the coast is clear.

IRENE (CONT'D)

He called me last night.

ELISE

Who?

IRENE

Trent.

ELISE

Oh yeah, Trent.

IRENE

I don't see why you dislike him so much.

ELISE

The only thing we've ever done is make fun of the guy.

IRENE

He's been nice to me. I enjoy being around him.

ELISE

I'm happy to hear that but I-

Ms. Kimble passes them again.

ELISE (CONT'D)

-I'm not convinced by that ending. It seemed a little forced, you just need to let it flow more naturally.

(MORE)

ELISE (CONT'D)

It's a dramatic monologue so you should really-

The coast clears.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Ugh, Look. I'm not trying to be an asshole. I know this is a big deal and I want to be there for you.

IRENE

Maybe you could try to get to know him better?

ELISE

I sure can try.

IRENE

That's all I ask!

ELISE

But I will beat him up. Like if he does anything stupid I will kill him.

IRENE

Elise!

ELISE

I'm not joking! I will find him and make a very specific, Jigsaw approved trap just to teach him how he messed up.

IRENE

We just started dating, it's not that deep.

ELISE

Good. Now, I actually do think the second half of your monologue could use some work and we should run it a few more times.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

School is over. Students crowd the small entrance. Irene digs through her purse for car keys, Elise stands with her. Irene spots Trent hanging out with four popular senior boys.

IVAN, a shit-stirrer. EMMETT, a complete goofball. JUSTIN, too handsome to ignore. KIM, their drug dealer and a very good chorus singer.



Trent spots her and waves them over.

ELISE  
You're being summoned.

IRENE  
Come with me.

ELISE  
What?

IRENE  
You said you would get to know him better.

ELISE  
I didn't mean today.

IRENE  
Please?

Elise realizes she should support Irene and follows suit.

TRENT  
Irene! Elise. You know the guys right?

IVAN  
Of course, we've all known each other since the 1st grade.

EMMETT  
Yeah, we're not South Middle kids like you. Saint Mary's all the way.

IVAN  
How are you two doing?

IRENE  
Good.

ELISE  
Fine.

IRENE (CONT'D)  
You know, same old same old.

EMMETT  
Can't be too similar, now that you're chained to this guy!

ELISE  
(under breath) That's an opportune word. Trent. How are you?

TRENT

Good. I probably failed my algebra test, but it could be worse.

He looks at Irene. They share a moment. Elise warms up.

ELISE

Mr. Kessler's practically asleep while he's teaching, so I don't blame you.

Trent laughs, Irene is delighted.

EMMETT

Lets cut to the juicy stuff. Is Trent a good kisser?

The boys laugh.

IRENE

Yeah, I guess so.

TRENT

You guess? She's just playing it cool.

IVAN

I wouldn't be so sure.

IRENE

I don't have much frame of reference.

JUSTIN

Kissing's easy. The wetter the better.

This confuses everyone. Trent spots Alexis in the distance and tries to change the topic.

TRENT

Guys-guys, Alexis.

IVAN

God, anyone but her.

IRENE

(To Trent) What's wrong with Alexis?

IVAN

She's just the worst.

EMMETT

She sucks the fun out of everything. She threatened to report Kim selling pot.

KIM

She had no proof.

ELISE

Alexis is a little high-strung, sure, but she's all talk.

IVAN

I would just love karma to slap her across the face.

Trent springs up.

TRENT

Watch this.

He walks over to Alexis, who is less than pleased to see him. The group can't hear what they're saying, but Trent's posture is aggressive, leaning forward with a smirk.

Irene and Elise look at each other. Irene flushes with embarrassment. Everyone in the courtyard has taken notice.

The boys watch Trent like it's their favorite TV show, laughing and make snide remarks. It seems like they are laughing at Trent, not with him.

EMMETT

God damn.

IVAN

I can't believe he just does shit like this unprovoked. It's incredible.

Whatever Trent says pisses Alexis off. She slaps him and walks away.

ALEXIS

(Yelled) Don't talk to me!

Trent turns to the boys with a smile and a red cheek.

Irene looks at Elise, she's horrified. Trent returns to the group, the boys applaud.

IVAN

Good work fine sir.

TRENT  
Why thank you.

EMMETT  
What did you say?

TRENT  
Well, I told her she should get the  
stick out of her ass.

EMMETT/IVAN/KIM/JUSTIN  
Ooooh.

TRENT  
And I called her a bitch.

EMMETT/IVAN/KIM/JUSTIN  
Yeah!/Hell Yeah!/Way to go./Nice!

Irene looks conflicted, and Elise upset.

ELISE  
(To Irene) I'll see you tomorrow.

IRENE  
Okay, see ya.

Elise pats her on the back, and leaves.

TRENT  
Yeah, she wasn't a fan.

IVAN  
I bet not, you wanna come smoke  
with us?

TRENT  
Uh, no I think I'll stay here with  
Irene. Maybe next time.

EMMETT  
For sure, catch you tomorrow.

IVAN  
Bye Irene.

She waves weakly as they leave. Trent can't stop smiling.

IRENE  
Did you really say that to her?

TRENT  
God no. Between you and me, I just  
asked her to slap me.

Irene isn't sure she believes him, but wants to.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
You wanna hang out till my mom gets  
here?

IRENE  
Sure.

Trent gestures and the two start walking around the school.

IRENE (CONT'D)  
Do you get along?

TRENT  
With my mom?

IRENE  
Yeah.

TRENT  
I guess so. She can be really  
overbearing. She monitors like  
every part of my life. I can't slip  
anything past her. Like, she loves  
watching the band play, and she  
would come to every rehearsal if  
she could.

IRENE  
That's kind of sweet.

TRENT  
Trust me, as soon as she starts  
interrogating you about every  
aspect of your life it isn't so  
sweet anymore. Don't tell the guys,  
but I've never actually smoked pot.  
My mom would kill me.

IRENE  
Your secret is safe with me.

TRENT  
What-uh-what about your parents?

IRENE  
They're fine. We don't really talk.  
About much.

TRENT  
Yeah?

IRENE

Yeah. It's always been that way. I remember in elementary school I used to go over to Jess Albright's house a lot. Her mom was so nice, she always took a lot of stock in what Jess had to say or what she was feeling. I remember thinking "I can't wait till my parents and I are that close."

Trent gives her a sympathetic smile. Irene flushes realizing she may have overshared.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Its really fine. It means I basically can do whatever, cause no one is really watching.

TRENT

Oh man, I wish. I'd be tearing up this town.

IRENE

I suppose I should abuse the power more. There was this one night when I was like 12, I snuck out of my window and walked to a nearby park. It was like two in the morning.

TRENT

And what'd you do?

IRENE

I just sat on the swings and looked up at the stars. I got kind of scared and started crying, so I just went back home.

They turn a corner and the two are nearly alone.

IRENE (CONT'D)

I am curious. Why were you and Rudy gonna fight the other day?

TRENT

Oh, that. Rudy sucks. He's always thought he was better than me.

IRENE

I'm sorry.

TRENT

It's whatever. I heard he had made some comments about me, so I found him and told him to prove himself. To fight me. Coward didn't show.

IRENE

What'd he say about you?

TRENT

It's nothing.

IRENE

I'm sorry, you don't have to tell me.

TRENT

No it's-He was calling me an attention seeker. Telling people old stories from middle school. Most people didn't know me back then. Coming to high school was like a clean slate except for that idiot. I didn't want him to ruin the way people see me.

IRENE

Does it really matter?

TRENT

What?

IRENE

What people think about you?

TRENT

Of course it does.

IRENE

I think you're cool.

A car pulls up next to them. Alexis is in the passenger seat. She flips Trent off.

ALEXIS

LOSER!

They speed off. Irene is shocked but Trent just laughs, pulling out his phone.

TRENT

Oh my god, the guys are going to love this.

IRENE  
She seemed really upset.

TRENT  
I'd hope so, she sucks.

Trent giggles at his own text. Irene wrinkles up her face in thought. He can tell something is off.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
And where were we? Uh, right! I've been wanted to tell you that I really meant what I said before. You know, I wasn't just-I like you. I like you a lot.

Beat. Irene is taken aback. The hopeless romantic in her can't help but swoon.

IRENE  
I like you too.

They kiss, it's less awkward this time.

TRENT  
I didn't miss.

Trent spots his mom's car in the distance.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
My mom's here. I should go before she spots you and you get stuck talking to her. See you tomorrow!

Trent walks away. Irene smiles ear to ear. She's all in.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD PARKING LOT - MORNING

Some time has passed, fall colors filling the trees. The parking lot is buzzing. Irene is running late, but doesn't seem concerned.

She unfolds a paper sitting on her lap. It has her audition monologue sprawled on it. She pauses, trying to remember, then writes the last words. She's nervous.

Irene hops out of her car and walks over to Trent, who is talking to Kim and Emmett.

KIM  
Seriously?-



EMMETT

Dude holy shit-

Kim and Emmett spot Irene and stop talking, suppressing laughter.

IRENE

Good morning! How was your weekend?

The boys leave. Trent faces Irene, but keeps looking back at his friends throughout the conversation.

TRENT

Good, good.

IRENE

I'm glad. How was the, uh, family reunion?

TRENT

About as awful as you'd imagine.

IRENE

Yeah I didn't hear from you much, you must've been busy.

TRENT

No phones allowed around grandma.

IRENE

I get it.

Irene can't place it but something is off. Trent seems distracted-maybe distant?

IRENE (CONT'D)

I have my play audition today.

TRENT

Oh yeah?

Irene looks past Trent at Kim and Emmett, who quickly straighten up and wave at her.

IRENE

Uh, yeah. I'm a little nervous-

Darren yells from across the lot.

DARREN

Irene! We need you stat! It's an emergency!

He fans himself with his sheet music.

IRENE

I gotta go.

Trent barely even looks her away.

Irene shakes off the feeling as she walks over to Darren.

DARREN

Irene, good. Walk and talk.

The pair walk from the parking lot to the football field.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Look, I know this may be shocking, but I just learned that Clarissa doesn't clean her clarinet after every practice.

IRENE

What?

DARREN

What about that--wait--where's your instrument?

Irene holds up the case in her hand.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Oh my god, you haven't even put it together yet.

IRENE

I just got here.

DARREN

One thing at a time, can you imagine the amount of gunk in her instrument? It has to be affecting our sound.

IRENE

What do you want me to do about it?

DARREN

I don't know where you are this morning, I know it's Monday, but talk to me when your brain fog has passed and you're ready for this team.

Darren walks off. SEVERAL BAND MEMBERS on the field turn to look at Irene. She looks away. Her gaze fades back to Trent who is laughing loudly in the parking lot.

A GROUP OF STUDENTS giggle as they walk past her.

A whistle blows. Irene snaps back and looks down at her case.

IRENE

Shit.

She kneels on the ground and puts her instrument together as quickly as possible, students watch her as they pass.

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Irene tunes out the teacher, instead practicing her monologue over and over.

Next to her, Hailey and JAIME gossip. After a moment one of them lets out a laugh that's a little too loud. Are they laughing at her?

No. They can't be. Stupid. Irene's audition anxiety must be getting to her. She looks around the classroom.

Are people looking at her? Is that in her head?

Oh right. The monologue. She has to practice the monologue.

INT. THEATRE HOLDING ENTRANCE - DAY

Irene, Will, and a few THEATRE STUDENTS wait outside the theatre to audition during class.

Irene sits against a wall nervously playing with her sweater. She is completely in her own world.

Ms. Kimble opens the door. Panic.

MS. KIMBLE

Jeanne?

Relief. JEANNE gets up and follows Ms. Kimble.

The door closes. It's eerily quiet.

WILL

You have a good weekend?

Irene is almost too nervous to even pay him mind.

IRENE

It was fine.

WILL  
Yeah I bet it was.

Will smiles to himself, Irene isn't sure what he's getting at.

They sit in silence. Will giving her the occasional look.

Ms. Kimble opens the door again.

MS. KIMBLE  
Irene?

Irene gets up and slowly moves towards the door.

WILL  
Break a leg.

Irene smiles weakly back.

INT. THEATRE - DAY

The auditorium is empty except for Ms. Kimble and Irene.

Ms. Kimble sits down, grabbing a notebook and pen. Meanwhile, Irene takes center stage.

MS. KIMBLE  
Okay. Whenever you're ready.

IRENE  
I'll be doing a monologue from the film "The Diviner".

Irene takes a deep breath, completely overruled with nerves.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Irene walks down an empty hallway, beating herself up.

IRENE  
(Muttering) Stupid, stupid.

The bell rings and students flood out of the classrooms around her. As people pass they stare at her. She hears fractions of gossip.

STUDENT 2  
Did you hear that she-

STUDENT 3  
Well I heard-

STUDENT 4  
Oh god, she would-

STUDENT 5  
That's so gross-

STUDENT 6  
It's immoral-

Irene pushes past them all, her eyes on her shoes. Surely it was all in her head? They weren't talking about her?

She looks up for a moment and spots Trent. A sight for sore eyes. She practically runs to him.

IRENE  
Trent!

TRENT  
(Surprised) Oh hey.

They walk together to Trent's locker.

IRENE  
Is something going on today?

TRENT  
What do you mean?

IRENE  
I don't know it just seems like-  
have you heard anything?

TRENT  
About what?

IRENE  
Me? I guess?

TRENT  
No.

He barely makes eye contact as they talk.

IRENE  
Okay. You would tell me if-

TRENT  
Yes, I would tell you I'd heard  
anything.

They reach his locker. Irene notices every glare from people walking pass. Trent talks to MICHELLE, a popular senior, who's locker is next to his.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Hey how'd you do on Holdstein's  
test?

MICHELLE  
Great thanks to that Adderall you  
gave me.

TRENT  
Anytime.

Michelle smirks and walks away. Trent stares at her in a way  
he's never quite looked at Irene. She notices.

The bell rings.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Shit. See ya.

Irene stands alone, more confused than ever.

INT. LUNCH ROOM - DAY

Irene holds a tray of food, waiting in line to pay for her  
lunch. She anxiously bites the insides of her cheeks.

Behind her, TWO UNDERCLASSMEN whisper and laugh. Irene can't  
help but feel that they are talking about her.

Psst, Psst, Psst. The sound feels like hot lava on her neck.  
She bares it for as long as she can until-

IRENE  
Can you please stop.

STUDENT 7  
What?

IRENE  
Stop talking about me.

STUDENT 8  
We aren't talking about you.

STUDENT 7  
Seriously.

They both look at her with an intense glare. She meekly turns  
back around.

IRENE  
Sorry.

Psst. Psst. Psst. If they weren't talking about her before they definitely are now.

A few moments later Irene sits down at a lunch table, on the other side are a few THEATRE KIDS.

Irene stares pensively at her food, before looking around the cafeteria. She catches several eyes on her.

Beat. Elise sits down.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Oh thank god.

ELISE

Are you okay?

IRENE

I don't know. It feels like everyone is looking at me.

ELISE

Small school, word gets around fast.

IRENE

Word of what?

ELISE

No one's told you?

IRENE

No, Elise, out with it!

ELISE

Oh god-okay there's this rumor going around that you gave Trent head.

IRENE

What?

ELISE

That you gave him a blowjob. And in fancier accounts that you swallowed.

IRENE

I don't even know what that means.

ELISE

Seriously? Okay-that's probably a problem for another day.

Irene looks over at Trent's table.

IRENE  
I didn't do that.

ELISE  
I know you didn't.

IRENE  
Why would someone say that?

ELISE  
Someone?

IRENE  
I don't know. Who would make something like that up?

ELISE  
Think about it.

Irene looks at Trent's table again. He seems to be the center of attention. A MALE STUDENT passes giving him a high five.

IRENE  
He wouldn't.

ELISE  
I don't know who you're talking about, but him? Yeah he definitely would.

Irene scans the lunch room for any other possible offenders. She spots RUDY CLAYMORE.

IRENE  
Maybe it was Rudy?

ELISE  
Rudy Claymore? Uh, no. It doesn't really seem up his alley.

IRENE  
But he has that beef with Trent.

ELISE  
And? If we were detectives I would've solved the case by now.

Irene looks back at Trent.



IRENE

No I'm sure this is just some misunderstanding. I just need to talk to him.

ELISE

You should go over there and tell him off.

Irene surveys the busy lunchroom. Several eyes still on her.

IRENE

I-I can't do that.

ELISE

You can't just let people treat you like this.

Elise looks her over, desperate to help her friend.

ELISE (CONT'D)

If you won't do it then I will.

She stands up.

IRENE

No, no, please. Stop.

Elise reluctantly sits down.

ELISE

God the people here are so lame. BJ's shouldn't even be news. Jenn?

JENN, fellow theater kid, turns to her.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Where did you hear the rumor from?

Jenn looks at Irene sympathetically.

JENN

I heard it in second period from some senior boys. I'm sorry.

IRENE

I feel like I'm going to be sick. I'm gonna be known as the blowjob girl. (Beat) Oh god.

ELISE

What?

IRENE

Will heard it. He said something earlier that I didn't understand but now...he's gonna think I'm a slut.

ELISE

Will is probably going to die alone, we have bigger fish to fry right now.

Irene stares at Trent. Michelle sits down next to him. They smile and chat. Irene feels like she's going to explode.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Okay, I wasn't joking earlier. I will remove Trent's lower ribs and make him suck his own dick.

IRENE

I just don't believe he would do this.

Elise looks over her shoulder and sees what Irene is looking at. Trent finally takes notice. When he sees Elise's grimace he quickly looks away.

ELISE

You gotta at least talk to him.

IRENE

Yeah. There has to be some other explanation.