

The Ballad of Max and Trevor
"The Day I Didn't Touch Riley Preston's Boob"
by
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ACT ONE

EXT. GLEN ALLEN - MORNING

SFX: THE UNDERTONES "Teenage Kicks"

As the Undertones' anthem of adolescent angst plays in the background, the camera follows a 13-year old paperboy - because Glen Allen is still the small, effortless suburban-type town that still has a paperboy - as he deftly flings the morning paper at passing driveways without ever stopping his scooter. As he passes a red brick house with black shutters, the door opens to reveal MAX LANG, 15, a skinny Asian kid wearing a striped polo shirt and creased jeans. The newspaper hits him in the face with a SMACK!

PAPERBOY

Dork!

MAX

(yelling)

This is why people get their news
online!

Max heads inside the house.

INT. LANG'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We hear the woman murmuring in Japanese before we see her. It's KELLY LANG, Max's mom, a professionally dressed but still MILFy-looking blonde woman. She's whispering sweet nothings to Max's dad, MARVIN LANG, a short, balding Asian man. They kiss. Max enters and drops the paper.

MAX

AAAAHHHH!

(beat)

Like this whole first day at a new
school isn't bad enough?
Disgusting.

MR. LANG

Because it's a woman? Because if
you're gay, your mom and I totally
respect that.



Smile
on my mac

MAX
I'M NOT GAY!

MR. LANG
It's okay if you are...

MAX
Not. Gay.

MRS. LANG
It's just that you didn't ever date
girls at your last school.

MAX
Because I'm a nerd!

ANIMATED/SONG SEQUENCE: The background begins to fade and Max
- still live action - breaks into song.

MAX (cont'd)
(to the tune of Dylan's
"Subterranean Homesick
Blues" or whatever cheap
knock-off equivalent)
I'M IN THE BASEMENT
HANGIN' ON THE INTERNET
YOUTUBE, I.M.
EVEN A LITTLE USENET
GOT AN UNDEAD WARCRAFT ROGUE
REACHED LEVEL SEVENTY
SO GIRLS DON'T TALK TO ME
'CAUSE I'M TOO NERDY
LOOK OUT MAX
THEM'S HIGH SCHOOL FACTS
DON'T GOT A NEW CAR
JUST A SECOND LIFE AVATAR
DORKS AND NEW SCHOOLS?
YOU BETTER FLY UNDER RADAR
THE KID IN THE LETTER JACKET
HE MAY NOT GO FAR
NOW HE'LL MAKE YOUR LIFE MISERABLE
AT LEAST IT WON'T LEAVE A SCAR...

BACK TO SCENE

MRS. LANG
Max, you just find the prettiest
girl in school, walk right up to
her and say "Hi. I'm Max Lang."
Pretty girls never get hit on.



MR. LANG

Yeah, how d'you think I scored your mom?

MRS. LANG

You'll be fine, Max. You're smart. You're talented. The girls will be crawling all over you.

MAX

You forgot good-looking.

MR. LANG

You'll grow into your nose.

MRS. LANG

Two outta three isn't bad.

MAX

Thanks.

MR. LANG

Just know if you ever want me to set the TiVo for some Skinamax, just know that your mother and I are cool with that.

MAX

It's called the Internet?

MR. LANG

Yeah, but you need a credit card for the really good stuff.

MAX

(visibly cringing)

Today is officially the worst day of my life.

MRS. LANG

But it hasn't even started yet!

MAX

Exactly.

CUT TO:



EXT. GLEN ALLEN HIGH SCHOOL - LATER THAT MORNING

Glen Allen High school is suburban parent's wet dream. Well-groomed kids with brand name backpacks and jeans worn with belts, mac

The girls are good looking, the boys have great teeth, and there's not a fat kid in sight. Except for TREVOR WINTERS, 16. Trevor guides his bike between brand-new Ford Explorers and Volvo station wagons in the parking lot as a driver's-side car door opens, clotheslining Trevor on his way toward the bike racks. He has a spectacular crash and lies on the ground clutching his crotch. The driver is BURTON PATEL, 16, a tall, good-looking Indian kid with that air of cocky confidence because he hasn't realized that it all goes downhill after high school.

BURTON
You dinged my car!

TREVOR
You dinged my junk!

A group has gathered around the accident.

BURTON
Like your junk is even big enough
to get hit.

TREVOR
You know the size of my junk?
Dude, I am so not showering by you
in gym!

The group laughs.

BURTON
Whatever.

Burton exits. Trevor tuns to high-five a member of the Burton's group but they've dispersed, all following Burton.

TREVOR
I kill the comeback and the
assclown is the Pied Piper?

BURTON
I heard that!

The only kid left is a scrawny freshman, SNEEZE, with a perpetually runny nose. He sneezes, covering his nose with his hand, then holds the same hand up to high-five Trevor, who leaves the kid hanging.

TREVOR
Uh, no.

Sneeze runs off. Max enters.

MAX

Hey man, you dropped this.
 (handing him a notebook)
 You okay?

TREVOR

What? Those guys? Oh, they're
 friends of mine. We were totally
 just joking around.

MAX

Really?

TREVOR

Yeah, no biggie.

MAX

Oh, okay. Well, my name is Max.
 I'm new.

Max holds out his hand to shake. Trevor looks at it like
 it's diseased.

TREVOR

Trevor Winters. And by the way,
 the handshake thing? Don't.
 They'll rip you open and feed on
 your guts.

MAX

Good to know.

Trevor exits. Max squares his shoulders and heads toward the
 school.

CUT TO:

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - LATER THAT MORNING

The class is set up in musical-chairs fashion, with two
 stools to a work station. JANIS EGAN, 15, sits alone at a
 work station, doodling band names on the cover of her
 notebook. She's cute in that clearly dyed-black slightly-
 goth but slightly punk rock way, all pierced nose and DIY
 outfit.

A THOUGHT BUBBLE of Mrs. Lang appears above Max's head.

MRS. LANG
 (in thought bubble)
 Max, you just find the prettiest
 girl in school, walk right up to
 her and say "Hi. I'm Max Lang."

MAX
 That'll work. My mom is hot.

Max approaches Janis. He opens his mouth, when--

BURTON
 Dude, did you just say your mom is
 hot?

Max's eyes widen.

BURTON (cont'd)
 (yelling)
 This loser just said his mom is
 hot!

The classroom erupts with laughter. Max tries to laugh it
 off.

MAX
 Ha, ha, that's a good one. I--uh--
 I'm Max Lang.

He sticks out his hand for Burton to shake, then pulls it
 back, remembering what Trevor said about handshakes. But
 then he doesn't want to seem rude, so he puts his hand back
 out. Janis takes pity on him.

JANIS
 I'm Janis, Janis Egan. That's our
 friendly neighborhood asswipe.

BURTON
 Burton Patel. You'll be seeing a
 lot of me.

JANIS
 Because he likes to flash guys in
 boys' locker room.
 (off Burton's look)
 News travels fast.

BURTON
 You wanna look?

JANIS
 You wanna be a eunuch?



Smile
 on my mac

MAX

Nice!
 (covering his mouth)
 I mean, um, yeah.

BURTON

See you around, Janis. When you're not being the Mother Teresa of dorks.

Burton sits down at another desk. Max visibly relaxes.

MAX

God, at my old school the Indian kids were smart and nerdy.

JANIS

Glen Allen High School offers equal opportunity dickhattery. It's in the brochure.

MAX

So I can sit here?

JANIS

Hell, no.
 (off Max's look)
 Joke. This seat's saved for my friend Riley, but you should hook up with Trevor. You'll like him.

MAX

Oh, we've--

Just then, RILEY PRESTON walks in the room. Time as we know it stops, and every head, male, female, teacher, student, lab rat, all turn to witness her entrance. She's every 15-year-old boy's fantasy, all long legs and long brown hair and shining eyes and oh yeah, puberty has begun. Max stands, mouth agape.

MAX (cont'd)

Whoa.

RILEY

Excuse me?

Max nods numbly.

RILEY (cont'd)

I'm just trying to get to my seat.



Smile
 on my mac

JANIS

Great, Preston, you've made another one catatonic. Max Lang, Riley Preston. Riley Preston, Max Lang.

Trevor sidles up to the table.

TREVOR

Miss Riley, you get more beautiful every year.

RILEY

Thank you, Trevor.

JANIS

What she means is "nice try, but friend-zoned." Will you show Max the seat next to yours?

TREVOR

Yeah, well, I was gonna sit with my friends.

He indicates Burton and his pals, who sit a few workstations away. One of his cronies wads up a ball of paper and throws it at Trevor's head.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Those guys are so funny.

RILEY

Not funny!

The group make apologetic faces at Riley, but the minute she turns her back, make rude gestures at Trevor.

JANIS

They're not your friends. Max is your friend. Go forth and friendship.

Max's catatonic state finally breaks.

MAX

We're friends? Excellent!

He goes to high five Trevor, who nods "no" furiously.

TREVOR

High-fiving is for dorks. And you can sit with me - but for bio only, okay? I have a rep to protect.

Trevor and Max take their seats. The teacher, MR. NEEDLEMAN, turns off the lights and clicks on his computer which illuminates the screen at the head of the classroom. A picture of the earth appears.

MR. NEEDLEMAN

Welcome to Biology, the study of living organisms.

MAX

(sotto)

Tell me about Riley.

TREVOR

You don't stand a chance. She's untouchable...although I touched her boob once.

MAX

You lie.

TREVOR

Check it out.

Trevor pulls a photo from his wallet. It's dog-eared and ancient, and shows two 3-year-olds in a kiddie pool, one chubby and one cute and blonde. They're clearly mugging for the camera and the chubby kid's hand is near the top of the blonde girl's swimsuit.

MAX

Coollest. Man. Alive.

TREVOR

(holding his hand up for a high-five)

Gimme some!

(off Max's confused look)

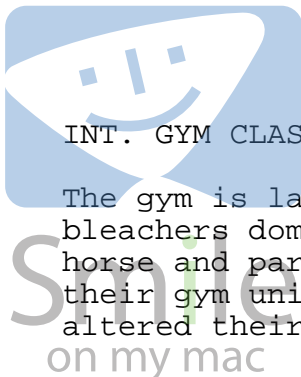
Nah, it's okay when I do it.

As they high-five, we

CUT TO:

INT. GYM CLASS - LATER

The gym is large and state-of-the-art: a basketball court and bleachers dominate most of the space, but rings, a pommel horse and parallel bars are off to one side. Kids gather in their gym uniforms before class. Some of the kids have altered their uniforms to look more DIY.



And then there are some, like Trevor, whose main exercise is one in humiliation as the requisite t-shirt and shorts are just a wee bit too tight in the wrong places. (Read: all.) As kids horse around on the gym equipment, Janis sits on the bleachers, bopping around to her iPod. Trevor approaches.

TREVOR
(clearly joking)
Lemme guess: Fergie?

RANDOM GIRL
Ohmigod she's amazing. I saw her
tour this summer and--

Janis pulls out an earphone and gives the Random Girl a Withering Stare.

JANIS
She peed on stage.

She puts the bud in Trevor's ear.

JANIS (cont'd)
The Scientists. Greatest band
you've never heard of.

TREVOR
When did you get into this stuff?

JANIS
I've always been into this stuff.
Tragic rock figures and punk rock
are my specialty. My parents named
me after Janis Joplin, y'know.

TREVOR
Really?

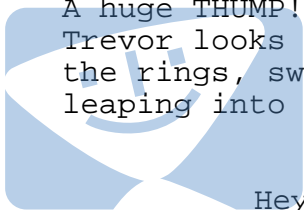
JANIS
No, but it sounds better than I was
named after my Great-Aunt.

A huge THUMP! reverberates throughout the gym. Janis and Trevor looks over to see Burton and pals messing around on the rings, swinging back and forth as high as they can and leaping into the mats.

JANIS (cont'd)
Hey look, it's the Penis Olympics.

TREVOR
And I'm totally gonna medal.

Trevor runs off, earbud still in ear, pulling Janis's out.



Smile

on my mas

JANIS

OW!

Sneeze, in his gym uniform, sidles up next to Janis. He grabs the earbud and pops it in his ear and bops around. He looks at Janis eagerly.

JANIS (cont'd)

No.

Sneeze slips the earbud out, places it in Janis' hand (which makes Janis recoil) and slinks off.

ANGLE ON: BURTON AND FRIENDS

Trevor approaches Burton, et al. Burton points at the rings.

BURTON

Are you up for the challenge?

TREVOR

I was born for the challenge.

Burton and his friends are clearly snickering at Trevor, not with him, but he ignores this and tries to jump to grab the rings. On his third try, he succeeds. He swings back and forth.

ANGLE ON: THE BLEACHERS

Max now sits with Janis. He motions over to Trevor.

MAX

What's that about?

JANIS

Some arcane male ritual, hoping to impress the pack so they accept them as one of their own.

MAX

I think they eat their own. I'd rather be invisible.

JANIS

'Cause you're smart.

Max's face flushes red.

JANIS (cont'd)

(indicating Trevor)

This is gonna end badly.

MAX
How do you know?

JANIS
'Cause I'm smart.

ANGLE ON: TREVOR

He swings higher and higher. Riley enters.

TREVOR
Riley! Check this out!

Trevor swings and dismounts, sticking the landing. He throws his hands up like an Olympian. Just then, Burton comes up and de-pants him. The entire gym, minus Max and Janis, erupts in laughter. Trevor's boxers say "THURSDAY" on the behind. Hanging on by a thread, he still thrusts his hands high.

TREVOR (cont'd)
(sotto, to Riley)
I'm not wearing any pants, am I?

RILEY
Nope.

ANGLE ON: THE BLEACHERS

MAX
Is it too late to transfer schools?

JANIS
Please, the de-pantsing isn't even the worst part.

MAX
What's the worst part?

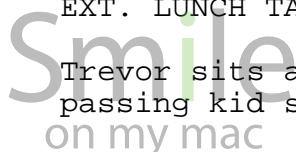
JANIS
(re: Trevor's behind)
It's Monday.

Off Max's grimace, we

CUT TO:

EXT. LUNCH TABLES - AFTERNOON

Trevor sits alone at a lunch table, hunched over his tray. A passing kid slaps him on the back.



PASSING KID
Heya Thursday!

Clearly news of his gymtime endeavors has spread. Max approaches with brown bag in hand.

MAX
Hey--

TREVOR
Don't.

MAX
Man, my nickname at my last school was Cheese.

Trevor brightens momentarily.

TREVOR
Cheese? Really?

MAX
(shrugs)
I like cheese.

TREVOR
Heh-heh. Cheese. Dork!

The duo sit and munch happily for a moment until a shadow looms over the table. It's Burton. He sits down.

BURTON
Hey look, it's Thursday and his girlfriend Assclown.

MAX
I heard our friend Thursday here call you Assclown before school. I'm a big enough dork. I deserve my own nickname!

BURTON
Aren't you the guy who's got a hard-on for his mom?

MAX
Assclown works.

BURTON
Seeya, dorks.



Smile
on my mac

Burton grabs Max's brown bag and spits in it, then sticks a finger in Trevor's pudding. He licks the pudding off his finger as he stalks off.

TREVOR
Dude, you'd think that guy would have heard about the herp.

MAX
That's not how herpes is spread.

TREVOR
Fine, ebola or flesh-eating bacteria or something. That's just nasty.

Max pulls another brown paper bag out of his backpack.

MAX
Which is precisely why I pack a decoy lunch.

Trevor looks at Max with newfound respect.

TREVOR
You packed a decoy lunch?

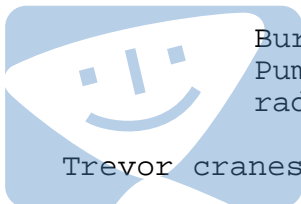
MAX
I'm a nerd, Trevor.
(off his look)
Seriously, you'd think you'd have this stuff figured out by now. School jerks are nothing if not predictable. Loogies in your lunch, getting pantsed in gym class, the ubiquitous foot stuck out so you trip in front of the cutest girl in school--

A CRASH! is heard. Max doesn't even have to turn his head.

MAX (cont'd)
Burton in the lunchroom with a Puma. Riley within a five-foot radius of the victim?

Trevor cranes his neck to see.

ANGLE ON: Sneeze getting to his feet, doused in Chicken a la King. Burton and his buddies laugh while Riley dabs the a la King part of the meal off of her shirt.



TREVOR
You're like the freaking
Nostradamus of Nerds!

MAX
It's what I do.

TREVOR
So tell me, Einstein, what do I
have to do to get me back on the
hot list?

Max raises an eyebrow.

TREVOR (cont'd)
Okay, fine, I was never hotlisted.
I'm a dork. A loser. A nerd. An
idiot.

MAX
You're not an idiot.

TREVOR
Thanks. My point is that I need to
undo the damage that was done in
gym class today.

Max looks skeptical.

MAX
You have to take my advice without
question.

TREVOR
A playa can't take advice without
question!

MAX
You wanna be remembered as the
underwear gymnast at every class
reunion?

TREVOR
Fine.
(beat, deadpan)
Help me Obi-Wan Kenobi, you're my
only hope.

MAX
To get back on the hotlist, you've
got to--



Smile
on my mac

TREVOR

Yeah?

MAX

--touch Riley Preston's boob.

SLAM TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE



Smile
on my mac

ACT TWO

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

SFX: THE MAIDS "I Do, I Do"

The Maids' classic blares through the speakers in the hallway, broadcasting the schoolwide radio station, WGHS. Sneeze dances like he's having a seizure, oblivious to the snickers of the other kids.

DJ

That was the Maids "I Do, I Do"--

Max and Trevor walk by a plate glass window that reveals Janis is the DJ. She sits with headphones on in the radio station at the microphone, surrounded by CDs, records and a laptop. A STUDENT passes by and bangs on the glass so hard it vibrates.

STUDENT

Play something that doesn't suck!

Max and Trevor wave at her through the window. She holds up a finger (not THAT one) to indicate that they should wait.

JANIS

(still on the air)

-- clearly wasted on those who only suckle on the teat of the MTV Marketing Machine. Coming up after these messages, we've got Magnetic Fields, the Swell Maps, and much, much more on Glen Allen High School's one and only WGHS!

She slides her headphones off and pushes the microphone toward a pretty blonde girl, HAILEY, and then motions for the guys to come in.

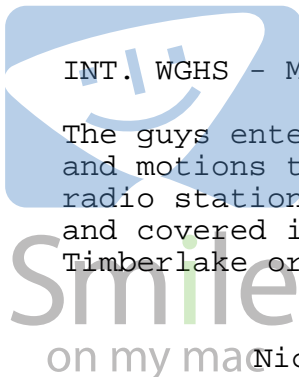
CUT TO:

INT. WGHS - MOMENTS LATER

The guys enter quietly. Janis puts her finger to her lips and motions them back through a small door, which reveals the radio station "office" which is the size of a broom closet and covered in various posters - there's nary a Justin Timberlake or Fergie poster to be seen.

TREVOR

Nice digs.



MAX
And an impressive setlist.

JANIS
Is that a euphemism?

MAX
(flustered)
NO!

JANIS
Too bad, it'dve been a good one.

Janis starts to sort through promo CDs.

JANIS (cont'd)
So you didn't come here to
compliment me on my impressive
"setlist".

TREVOR
Actually, it's about someone else's
setlist.

JANIS
'Scuse me?

TREVOR
I mean, Max had a question.

MAX
No way, dude, it's your question.

TREVOR
But it's your idea.

MAX
Yeah, to help you!

JANIS
Do you two need some time alone?

TREVOR
Fine.
(beat)
I need your help to touch Riley's
boob.
(to Max)
Happy now?

MAX
Very.



Smile
on my mac

JANIS
 (to Max)
 This was your idea?

MAX
 (proud)
 Yep.

JANIS
 Hang on.

Janis grabs a record and pokes her head out of the office.

JANIS (cont'd)
 Hailey, play the last song on this.

HAILEY (O.S.)
 Do we have that on iTunes?

JANIS
 Hang on a sec.

Janis leaves and a second later the sounds of Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" assault the airwaves. Janis returns. Trevor points at the speaker and looks at Janis quizzically.

JANIS (cont'd)
 What? There's nothing more punk rock than a little Carl Orff. We've got four minutes. Go.

TREVOR
 I need to touch Riley Preston's boob.

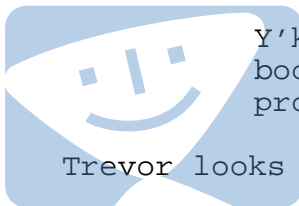
JANIS
 You mean you want to.

MAX
 No, he has to.

JANIS
 Y'know, as crazy as this sounds, boobs are not the answer to every problem.

Trevor looks at Max.

TREVOR
 It's your plan, dude.



Smile
 on my mac

MAX

Here's the deal. Burton Patel is a dickhead of monumental proportions.

JANIS

Tell me something I don't know.
But I still don't follow.

MAX

And he makes my friend here- he makes his life miserable.

TREVOR

Miserable's a little harsh, I mean, they're just joking around--

MAX

They pick on you 'cause you're a fat nerd. Like they're gonna pick on me 'cause I'm a skinny nerd. They just do it 'cause this is high school and it's the only amount of power they're going to have in their what is hopefully going to be a long and painful life.

JANIS

Totally with you. Get to the boob part.

TREVOR

That's my favorite.

MAX

However, if Trevor can upset that balance of power, just tip the scales--

(off Trevor's look)

--not a fat joke.

(back to Janis)

If he can tip the scales with one enormous and shocking act, it may cause the entire system to come toppling down.

JANIS

And this enormous and shocking act is groping my best friend's...two best friends.

TREVOR

She also happens to be the most lusted after chick in school.



TREVOR(cont'd)

But, y'know, we want to be polite about it. Get her okay, 'cause it would be rude not to.

JANIS

'Cause you're a gentleman. And it's a felony.

TREVOR

But let's stick to the gentleman part.

MAX

So whattdya say? Will you take it to her?

JANIS

No. But you guys will.

MAX

Okay, but we need you as back-up. It could go horribly wrong, like when Han Solo ended up frozen in carbonite because he trusted Lando.

TREVOR

Nerd.

MAX

(to Trevor)

Were you not quoting Obi-Wan earlier?

TREVOR

Cool when I do it.

MAX

(to Janis)

So, will you come along?

JANIS

You think I'm gonna miss the look on her face when you suggest this stunt? Meet me at my locker by the vending machines on the third floor after next period and we'll ask her.

TREVOR

Awesome!



Smile
The bell rings.
on my mac

JANIS
You're late for class.

MAX
What about you?

JANIS
Oh, I'm supposed to be here. The
radio station is part of my
independent study project.
(off Max's look)
What did I tell you Lang? I'm
smart.

As Janis dances around to the music in her office, we

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

The hallway is packed as it's between classes and everyone's getting their five minutes of socializing in before the next class. Max looks around but doesn't spot anyone (read: the four people) he knows. He checks his Blackberry, then heads over to the drinking fountain for a drink. When he leans down, someone pushes him into the stream of water.

MAX
(without turning around)
Hey, Burton.

BURTON
How'd you know it was me?

MAX
There's a certain je ne sais quoi
about your approach.

BURTON
I'm going to make your life
miserable at this school.

Max spots Trevor talking to Janis by her locker.

MAX
Looking forward to it.

Burton starts to say something but Sneeze, who has gotten in line behind Burton and Max at the drinking fountain, sneezes, spraying snot all over Burton's back.



Smile
on my mac

BURTON
 (to Sneeze)
 I don't know who you are kid, but
 you're a dead man.

Sneeze's eyes go wide and he takes off, followed by Burton.

MAX
 (calling after Sneeze)
 Thanks, man!

Max joins Janis and Trevor.

JANIS
 So, what's the plan?

TREVOR
 I'm just gonna ask her. How hard
 can it be? I'm just gonna say "Hey
 Riley--"

Riley appears.

RILEY
 Hey Riley what?

Trevor freezes.

RILEY (cont'd)
 Max?

Max freezes.

RILEY (cont'd)
 Janis?

JANIS
 Riley, Trevor would like to
 orchestrate a publicity stunt
 involving his left hand and your
 right breast.

RILEY
 WHAT?

TREVOR
 She's got it all wrong, I can
 explain--

JANIS
 Right hand and left breast?



Smile
 on my mac

MAX
It's for a good cause--

JANIS
Both hands, in sort of a one-two
punch?

Riley looks back and forth between the two guys, then at
Janis, and stalks off.

JANIS (cont'd)
I think that went well. No one's
scarred. At least not physically.

TREVOR
(choking)
Oh. My. God.

Max runs after Riley.

MAX
Riley, hang on a sec.

RILEY
Y'know, I sort of felt sorry for
Trev, because he's a cool guy who
catches a lot of crap 'cause the
kids at this school can be jerks.
I had no idea he was as jerky as
the rest.

MAX
He's not a jerk. I'm the jerk.

RILEY
Explain.

MAX
Trevor is a cool guy. I mean, this
is my first day here and I'm a
total dork and yet he still wants
to hang out with me. And Burton,
well, the guy's a total dick and
won't leave him alone, so I came up
with this plan--

RILEY
Involving me and my girls.



Smile
on my mac

MAX

Um, uh, yeah. Because even though it is my first day here, I can see that you're the most beautiful girl in this entire school.

RILEY

Oh, shut up.

MAX

C'mon, Riley. Every person in this hallway is looking at you right now thinking what is *she* doing talking to *him*?

Riley looks around and spots a student staring at her, shaking her head. She spots another, and he does the same. She spots a teacher, and she just raises her eyebrows and walks away.

RILEY

(getting it)

Wow.

Her iPhone beeps, signalling she has a text message. She pulls it out of her bookbag and glances at it while Max speaks.

MAX

We need you to use your, uh, superpowers for good instead of evil.

RILEY

And if I allow Trevor to publicly touch my boob, it will elevate him to a place in the high school social hierarchy where he'll be untouchable by the Burton Patels of the world.

MAX

I--that's exactly it. How did you...?

She holds up her iPhone, where the message appears on the screen.

RILEY

Not me. Janis.

(beat)

Okay. I'll do it.

MAX

Really?

RILEY

Why not? Just tell Trevor to meet me out front after school.

MAX

You are a hero to our people.

RILEY

Just tell him it has to be quick. No loitering! And he has to wash his hands!

MAX

Done.

Riley looks over to where Trevor and Janis are standing. She motions toward her chest, and then points at Trevor and waves.

ANGLE ON: Trevor and Janis. Trevor drops the books he's holding in shock.

JANIS

Trev, trust me when I say you're gonna want to be picking up those books tout suite.

Trevor snaps out of it, grabs the books off the floor, and holds them in front of the fly of his jeans.

JANIS (cont'd)

Ugh. I gotta go bleach my retinas.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Trevor watches the close as it slowly ticks toward three o'clock. His attention drifts and he begins to daydream.

ANIMATED/SONG SEQUENCE: The background begins to fade and Trevor - still live action - breaks into song.

His singing play over several imagined boob-groping scenarios: sitting next to Riley at the movies, copping a feel; at the museum, standing in front Seurat's "Sunday in the Park with George"; saving a kitten from a burning building.

Smile
on my mac

TREVOR

(sung to the tune of The
Dead Milkmen's "Punk Rock
Girl" or whatever cheap
knock-off)

MONDAY WAS THE FIRST DAY OF MY
SOPHOMORE YEAR;
WHO KNEW THAT IT WOULD GIVE ME
CAUSE TO CHEER?
RILEY PRESTON
YOU CHANGED MY LIFE
RILEY PRESTON
YOU'LL BE MY WIFE
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S TRUE!
I'M GONNA TOUCH YOUR BOOB, RILEY
PRESTON!
JUST HAD TO GO AND ASK HER
CAN I COP A FEEL?
AND HER ANSWER
IT FILLED ME WITH TOTAL ZEAL!
RILEY PRESTON
I'M GONNA TOUCH YOUR BOOB
RILEY PRESTON
I HOPE I'M NOT A NEWB
IT'S THE GROPE HEARD 'ROUND THE
WORLD
JUST ME AND YOUR BOOB, RILEY
PRESTON!

BACK TO SCENE

Off Trevor's satisfied grin, we

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - AFTER SCHOOL

Kids are pouring out of the front doors of the school, some head straight for their cars, some hop on the bus, some gather like flocks of geese, yapping away. Burton's there, hanging out with his posse, while Janis and Riley wait for Trevor and Max.

JANIS

I can't believe you're doing this.

RILEY

D'you think I shouldn't?

JANIS

I dunno. I'd totally do it.



Smile
on my mac

RILEY
So why didn't you?

JANIS
(shrugging)
They didn't ask me.

ANGLE ON: MAX AND TREVOR

Max and Trevor exit the school.

TREVOR
Today may just be the best day of
my life since I was three years
old. I have you to thank, buddy.

MAX
I'm a pimp. A nerd pimp, but a
pimp nonetheless.

ANGLE ON: JANIS AND RILEY

RILEY
I don't know. Maybe I shouldn't.

JANIS
Don't if you don't want to.

RILEY
But I said I would! I mean, my mom
said charity work would look great
on my college application, but I
don't think being groped by a
chubby nerd in public is what she
had in mind.

JANIS
Hey, hey, not cool. If you don't
want to do it, don't do it. But
don't call him that.

RILEY
Sorry.

JANIS
Listen, it's more funny than
anything.

RILEY
You think I'm a joke?

JANIS
Of course not. I meant--



Smile
on my mac

RILEY

Or are you just jealous because they didn't ask you?

JANIS

Wow. Where'd that come from?

RILEY

Y'know what? I don't want to do it. So just, just, just go over there and tell them.

JANIS

(icily)

Fine. Whatever.

Janis goes over to where Max and Trevor stand, passing Burton on the way.

BURTON

Gonna go find your girlfriends?

JANIS

Yeah. 'Cause I'm a lesbian. You sure got me there, Patel.

She approaches Max and Trevor.

JANIS (cont'd)

Guys, Riley's out.

TREVOR

What?

MAX

I was afraid this would happen.

TREVOR

You thought there was a chance this would happen?

MAX

C'mon, Trevor, it was a long shot.

JANIS

She's just feeling weird about it.

TREVOR

Okay, this went from the day that I was gonna touch Riley Preston's boob to the day I didn't touch Riley Preston's boob. Do you see the problem here?



Smile
on my mac

MAX
 (to Janis)
 Maybe he could touch your boob?

JANIS
 My boobs are in a no-touching zone.

They slowly start to walk toward where Riley is, passing Burton on the way.

BURTON
 Hey, it's Snow White and her two
 dwarves: Tweedledee and
 Tweedledork!

JANIS
 That's Alice in Wonderland, you
 moron.

MAX
 But points for the effort.

Burton scowls and sticks out his foot. Janis has already passed, and Max sees it and steps over it, pulling Trevor out of the way of the impending embarrassment. However, trailing behind them is the poor, unsuspecting freshman Sneeze, who hits Burton's outstretched leg and goes flying...

BURTON
 Have a nice trip, loser.

IN SLO-MO

Sneeze's eyes go wide as Max and Trevor look on. Sneeze pitches forward, arms outstretched, holding up his hands to find something, anything, to help him catch his balance. Janis spots Sneeze and gets out of the way, but Riley has her back to him, and turns around to see what the commotion is. She lifts her hands up to scream when Sneeze finally manages to get his hands on something to catch his balance: Riley Preston's chest.

BACK TO REAL TIME

TREVOR
 Holy crap!

Sneeze pulls his hands back as if he's been electrocuted.

RILEY
 You JERK!

Riley punches Sneeze in the face. He goes down. She stalks off. Burton runs up.

BURTON
Dude, who are you?

Sneeze gets to his feet. He looks at his hands: hands that just went to second base with the most popular girl in school. He throws them up in victory.

SNEEZE
I AM SNEEZE! I AM A GOD!

BURTON
Today you are the coolest man alive.

Sneeze and Burton exits. Max, Trevor and Janis look on in amazement.

JANIS
What the hell just happened?

TREVOR
I'll tell you what happened! That Sneeze kid just stole my boob! That was mine! MINE!

MAX
I so didn't see that one coming.

The trio starts to walk off. No one says anything for a moment.

MAX (cont'd)
Y'know, in a weird way, my plan actually worked.

TREVOR
(grumbling)
How's that?

JANIS
He's right. Burton got off your case.

TREVOR
Whatever.



Smile
on my mac

MAX
Trevor, did you wake up thinking 'today's the day that I'm gonna touch Riley Preston's boob?'

TREVOR
No. And I didn't.

JANIS
Yeah, but she was gonna let you.

Trevor thinks about this.

TREVOR
She wants me!

JANIS
Don't get nutty.

MAX
You and me, Trevor. We are gonna
rock the crap outta this piece of
junk they call a high school.

JANIS
Hey, what about me? I'm not some
token female bass player.

MAX
Yeah, you too.

ANIMATED/SONG SEQUENCE: The background begins to fade and
Max, Trevor and Janis - still live action - break into song.
In this case, it's Ike and Tina Turner's classic "Proud
Mary." Or, per usual, a cheap knockoff.

MAX (cont'd)
FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL IN THE CITY

TREVOR
THE GUYS ALL TEASE ME BUT I DON'T
CARE

JANIS
YOU CAN TAKE THE TEASING;
YOU CAN TAKE THE TAUNTING-

TREVOR
ONE DAY I'LL TOUCH RILEY'S BOOB I
SWEAR!

MAX
HIGH SCHOOL KEEPS ON CHURNIN'

JANIS
NERD BOYS KEEP ON LEARNIN'



Smile
on my mac

TREVOR
'CAUSE WE'RE ROLLIN'

MAX/JANIS
ROLLIN'

TREVOR
ROLLIN'

MAX/JANIS
ROLLIN'

TREVOR
ROLLIN' TOWARD GRADUATION!

The tempo picks up and blasts into overdrive. As the troika rock out as only a group of suburban high schoolers with limited rhythm can, we

SLAM TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW

