

ERIC

"G.I. Jones"

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INT. SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

SHANA JONES, 18, biracial, wears a cap and gown and speaks from a podium. She addresses other students wearing caps and gowns.

SHANA

Fellow grads, I want you to just think back at the many ups, few downs, that high school has brought you. Then think about where it will take you in life.

JACOB JACKSON, 18, white, raises his hand.

JACOB

Uh, teacher, Shana is "valedic-boring" us!

Some students around him giggle. COACH MALDONADO walks by.

COACH MALDONADO

Quiet!

SHANA

Me, myself, I want to make a difference in life. So here's what I'm gonna do.

Jacob and other students talk quietly, look in Shana's direction, stop talking, and GASP.

JACOB

Whoa!

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

SUPER: "EARLIER THAT DAY"

ERIC NELSON, 16, black; DIMMEY ROBERTS, 16, white; and Shana's half-sister, ELEANOR DUMBECK, 17, white, converse near their lockers. A group of NERDS, dressed in sweaters and slacks, sneak around the three and bump into them. The nerdy group is led by ARNOLD ALLEN, 16, black.

ERIC

Arnold, what are ya'll doing?

ARNOLD

Keep it down! We don't want him to see us!

DIMMEY

Man, who?

ARNOLD

Jacob Jackson!

NERD #1

(nasal voice)

We don't have any lunch money to give him! We're standing up to him! As long as he doesn't see us!

The other nerds nod in agreement.

ERIC

Don't you guys remember? It's graduation day! He's not here!

ARNOLD

Oh yeah! That would explain the absence of a big shadow hovering over us. Speaking of which, where's your sister, Eleanor?

ELEANOR

She's graduating, too!

ARNOLD

(to the nerds)

Hey, guys, we're finally rid of Jacob Jackson!

The nerds CHEER in agreement, then STOP.

NERD #2

What do we do now?

ERIC

Get outta here, for one!

Arnold and the nerds clamor in agreement and run away.

DIMMEY

So, Eleanor, you gonna use Shana's room for anything when she goes off to college?

ELEANOR

College? She's not going to college!

ERIC

"Not going to college"? Get outta here!
They're probably putting her on the
Dean's list right now!

ELEANOR

Well, she's leaving, and I don't know who
Dean is, but she's not going to college.

ERIC

Then where's she going?

ELEANOR

I'll let her tell you. But it's gonna be
something big. Boy, I wanna do something
big when I graduate, too.

PRINCIPAL PETERS passes by them, holding some papers.

PRINCIPAL PETERS

I've seen your grades, Dumbek. That's
the least of your worries.

Eleanor wipes her forehead.

ELEANOR

Whew! That's a load off my mind!

Eric rolls his eyes.

ERIC

I can see that.

INT. SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - LATER

Principal Peters announces the name of each student, who
walks across the stage, grabs a diploma, shakes the hand
of a teacher, and exits the stage.

PRINCIPAL PETERS

Jacob Jackson!

Jacob's sister, the town thug named GRETCHEN "GRETCH"
JACKSON, 20's, sleeps and SNORES. She quickly wakes up
and shoots out of her seat.

GRETCH

Yeah, bro! First in our family!

Shana and Eleanor's father, JOHN DUMBECK, 40's, white,
talks with Eleanor.

JOHN
 (sotto voce)
 Now there's something to be proud of.

Eleanor giggles.

PRINCIPAL PETERS
 Shana Jones!

John and Eleanor stand and CHEER.

INT. SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Principal Peters speaks in the microphone.

PRINCIPAL PETERS
 Grads, you deserve this special day. But
 I will miss seeing you guys around
 school. Especially the way Mr. Jackson
 said, "Food fright."

JACOB
 Huh? No, I said, "Food fight."

PRINCIPAL PETERS
 What? Food night?

JACOB
 (yells)
 Food fight!

Peters calls out to his left.

PRINCIPAL PETERS
 Fellas?

The faculty runs into the audience with cans of whipped cream. They, along with Peters, SPRAY the graduates with them. The graduates run around, EXCLAIM, and LAUGH.

EXT. SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - LATER

The grads stand and take pictures with each other and their families. Jacob walks, while drying his hair with a towel. MAUREEN WALKER, black, wearing a form-fitting dress and heavy makeup, walks up to him.

MAUREEN
 Hey, Jacob! Congratulations!

JACOB

Aw, it ain't nothin', Maureen. I'm glad to be finally outta here.

MAUREEN

The school or the city?

JACOB

Both! This weekend, I'm leaving with my dad. Help him out at his job.

MAUREEN

Oh. Well, we're gonna miss you around here.

JACOB

(scoffs)

Yeah, right!

MAUREEN

Okay, fine. I will.

Jacob cleans his ears.

JACOB

My fault. I had whipped cream in my ears.

MAUREEN

Oh? Well...

She walks up closer to Jacob and puts her chest next to him.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

I got plenty of whipped cream at home.

JACOB

Yeah?

MAUREEN

Why don't you come over the night before? I'll give you the proper going-away gift.

JACOB

Uh, okay, yeah.

MAUREEN

Bye.

She sashays away. Jacob's eyes pop open. Shana approaches him.

SHANA

Dang, Jacob, what's with you? Hey, come on. We're taking pics over here.

JACOB

Now?

SHANA

Yeah, come get in it, before I change my mind.

Shana hurries away.

JACOB

Okay.

He lowers his diploma near his privates and walks slowly to Shana, who holds her diploma up. John, Eleanor, and Gretch hold up their phones.

JOHN

Okay, Jacob, lift your diploma up, like Shana!

JACOB

One moment.

LONG PAUSE.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Alright, ready!

He lifts his diploma up. John takes the pic, as does Eleanor.

SHANA

Eleanor, you didn't have the camera in reverse this time, do you?

ELEANOR

No!

(to John)

Forward me that pic, Dad.

JOHN

Already did, dear.

GRETCH

Okay, guys, now those people over there wanna take your pics. Just turn your bodies to your left.

ELEANOR

Gretch, shouldn't they get the shot of their diplomas, too?

GRETCH

Huh! Oh, right! Force of habit! Go ahead!

Jacob and Shana turn to their sides.

JOHN

Okay, now back over here! One more!

Jacob and Shana face them again.

GRETCH

Wow, so this is how it feels to be on the other side of the camera!

JOHN

Uh huh.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Thousands of people gather at an outdoor park. A plane flies by with a banner that reads, "CONGRATULATIONS, SHANA!" Eric PLAYS music on his DJ equipment. His friends, including Dimmey and his girlfriend, CONNIE McDOWELL, 16, white, approach him.

DIMMEY

Great music, man!

ERIC

Hey, you know how I do!

Jacob approaches them.

JACOB

Eh, it's alright.

ERIC

(dryly)

I'll miss you, too, Jacob.

CONNIE

Oh, Eric, by the way, did the President of my Women's Association ask you about deejaying our "Chris Brown vs. R. Kelly Cancel-thon?"

ERIC
 (scratches his head)
 Uh, I'll have to get back to ya'll on
 that.

Some of Jacob's FRIENDS, who look as rugged as him,
 approach him.

FRIEND #1
 Hey, Jacob, wanna beat up some nerds this
 weekend, for old times' sake?

JACOB
 I'll have to sit this one out. I got a
 date!

FRIEND #2
 Date? You?

JACOB
 Yeah, I'm going out with Maureen!

DIMMEY
 (scoffs)
 Who hasn't been with Maureen?

Connie stares at Dimmey.

DIMMEY (CONT'D)
 Except me, of course.

FRIEND #1
 Well, you'll sure be busy that night!

The friends laugh.

JACOB
 You got that right!

Jacob laughs with them.

CONNIE
 You fools do know I'm standing right
 here?

JACOB
 Yeah, and?

FRIEND #2
 You better eat up, Jacob. You're gonna
 need all the energy to keep up with her!

JACOB

No way! She's gonna need to keep up with me!

The friends leave. Jacob continues to laugh.

CONNIE

Whatever. Men are such pigs.

DIMMEY

Come on, Connie, they were just having guy talk.

JACOB

And how different is it from girl talk, huh?

CONNIE

We don't do it in front of guys! And we talk about how much you guys are lacking!

DIMMEY

Oh.

(pause)

Hey, wait a minute!

ERIC

Can ya'll take this convo somewhere else? I'm working here!

JACOB

Barely.

CONNIE

We gotta find Shana anyway.

ERIC

Good. Spend all your time with her before she leaves for college.

JACOB

College? She ain't goin' there, you fool!

DIMMEY

Yeah, Eric, didn't you hear?

ERIC

No, and where is she going, already?

JACOB

Man, she enlisted in the Army!

ERIC
 (exclaims near the mic)
 What??

The partygoers hear him and all yell in rhythm to the beat.

PARTYGOERS
 What! What!

ERIC
 (in the mic)
 Stop!

PARTYGOERS
 (singing DMX's "Ruff Ryders Anthem")
 "Stop! Drop! Shut 'em down, open up shop!"

ERIC
 (sighs)
 I'm taking a break. I'll be right back!

He exits from his DJ booth.

ELEANOR
 (to the beat)
 "I'm takin' a break, I'll be..."
 (pause)
 Nah, I don't feel it, "G".

Eric approaches Shana, who talks to others.

ERIC
 Hey, Shana, come here.

Shana steps aside with him.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 What's this talk about you joining the Army?

SHANA
 Oh yeah. I wanted to tell you myself.

ERIC
 Come on now, you gotta be kidding.

SHANA
 No, why would I be kidding, Eric?

ERIC

Oh, I get it. This is the part where I fall on my hands and knees and confess my love to you, right?

Shana looks to the sky.

SHANA

Wow, there's a thought!

She looks back at Eric.

SHANA (CONT'D)

But even if you did, I'd still join.

ERIC

You can't join the Army! Remember when boot camp almost killed us last year?

SHANA

That was the Navy, and at least now, I know what to expect!

ERIC

This is ridiculous, Shana! You need to knock it off! You know I'm with Berniece now, so just let it go!

SHANA

But Eric...

ERIC

Just stop! I gotta get back to my job. My real job. No made-up crap!

Eric marches away. The HUGHES sisters, KEISHA and KATHY, Goth-like black girls dressed in all-black, approach her.

KATHY

(gloomily)

Hey, Shana, having a good time?

SHANA

Not really. See, I enlisted in the Army. Everyone has been supportive, even my family. The one person who hasn't is Eric! I can't believe that...

KATHY

Alright, I'm really not listening. I'm just distracting you while Keisha hoards some take-home plates.

Keisha stands by a table of food, with her hands full of food on plates.

KEISHA
(gloomily, with mouth full)
Whateva.

Shana sighs and walks away.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eric enters from the kitchen. He gives Dimmey, who sits on the couch, a can of soda. Eric sits on the love seat.

DIMMEY
You sure you don't wanna talk about it?

ERIC
Talk about what?

DIMMEY
Shana leaving.

ERIC
Whatever. That's the best news I've heard in my life.

PAUSE.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Do you hear that?

DIMMEY
What?

ERIC
Something outside the door.

DIMMEY
No.

ERIC
Oh. Anyway, she's going away to college. What's to talk about?

DIMMEY
Shana's going away to college. This weekend? College doesn't start for months. Think about it.

ERIC
I know what you're getting at. Now Eleanor?

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

She can't even spell "college", but her sister, Shana, is going to college!

SFX: Faint TAP off-screen.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Okay, did you hear that?

DIMMEY

Probably just the wind blowing.

ERIC

(calls out)

Cynthia, get the door!

(pause)

Oh, right, she ain't ever here.

Eric gets up and opens the front door. He sees Jacob walking away from it.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Jacob? What are you doing here?

JACOB

I was looking for one of my friends, but I got the wrong house.

ERIC

"Friends"?

JACOB

Hey, I got friends! I'm friendly!

He struggles to smile.

JACOB (CONT'D)

This one friend has a problem and needs my help.

ERIC

Well, since you're here, wanna come inside and tell us about your...friend's problem?

JACOB

(sighs)

Fine, seeing that my friend's probably not home.

They walk in the house. Dimmey stands up.

DIMMEY

Jacob??

JACOB

Yeah, yeah. This guy, my friend, is going out with this girl.

ERIC

Okay.

JACOB

He doesn't know what to do, so he asked me for help.

DIMMEY

Yeah, seeing that you're about to go out with...

(lustfully)

...Maureen!

JACOB

Exactly.

ERIC

Wait a minute! Jacob, are you saying that you never...did it before?

JACOB

(scoffs)

Whatchu talkin' 'bout? I...

He puts his head down.

JACOB (CONT'D)

(dejected voice)

Yes.

ERIC

Well, what's wrong with that?

JACOB

Because Maureen's been around the block.

ERIC

The city!

DIMMEY

And surrounding areas!

JACOB

Anyway, I thought you'd understand, since you're virgins, too. How do you guys handle it?

ERIC

Uh, ask some virgins, because we ain't it!

JACOB
What?

ERIC
I've done it.

DIMMEY
Me too.

ERIC
Oh my god. We both did it before you
have!

Jacob steps up to him.

JACOB
Hey, if you tell anyone, I'll rip your
nose off!

Eric steps up to him.

ERIC
Not in my house, you won't!

Dimmey stands next to Eric.

DIMMEY
Yeah, your power is useless against us!

Jacob approaches a little closer. Dimmey runs behind
Eric.

DIMMEY (CONT'D)
(hesitates)
Eric, hurry up and help him out!

ERIC
Fine. Come to my office, Jacob!

INT. NELSON HOUSE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Eric kneels underneath the grand piano and tries to tune
it. Dimmey and Jacob stand around the piano.

JACOB
Alright, Nelson, why am I here?

ERIC
You need tips on how to do it, right?

JACOB
No, I don't!

DIMMEY

But you just said you were a virgin,
which I still don't understand!

Eric pulls his head out and stands up.

ERIC

Yeah, me neither!

JACOB

Right, because I...well...
(sighs)
...I'm saving myself for the right one.

PAUSE.

DIMMEY

Dang.

ERIC

Don't I feel two inches tall.

Dimmey lifts his finger up and begins to speak. Eric stops him.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Don't even say it, Dimmey!

JACOB

This was a mistake. I'm outta here.

Jacob begins to exit.

ERIC

(calls out)
Hey, tell Maureen how you feel! It's the
only way you'll feel better!

JACOB

Whatever.

He exits. Eric goes back underneath the piano.

DIMMEY

So, are you gonna take your own advice?

ERIC

Whatchu talkin' 'bout?

DIMMEY

Tell Shana how you feel.

ERIC

What? I don't like her!

DIMMEY

What about as a friend?

Eric stops and crawls back out.

ERIC

Friend? No, friends don't lie to each other like that.

DIMMEY

Exactly.

Eric scoffs.

INT. TIMMY'S PLACE - DAY

Eric and his girlfriend, BERNIECE WILLIAMS, 16, black, sit and eat at a booth.

BERNIECE

Oh, look at the time! Eric, we gotta go outside and wait for Shana.

ERIC

For what?

BERNIECE

She's taking us to buy stuff for her going-away party, remember?

They both get up.

ERIC

Look, Berniece, I don't think she should hang out with us anymore. It's obvious she still has feelings for me. Why do you think she lied?

BERNIECE

Lied? About what?

ERIC

Joining the Army! Trying to get me to get with her!

BERNIECE

You really believe that?

ERIC

Of course.

BERNIECE

Well, I think it's cute. You've ignored her for years, and now that she's leaving, you realize that you're gonna miss her.

Berniece exits.

ERIC

Dang, woman, can't you just be jealous for once?

Eric walks by the bar area. His stepfather, MATT JAMES, 40's, black, sits there and calls out to him.

MATT

Hey, son, what's wrong?

ERIC

That girl that used to chase me, Shana, said that she joined the Army, which is the craziest thing I ever heard.

MATT

What's crazy about that? Remember, I was in the Navy.

The restaurant owner, and Dimmey's father, TIMMY ROBERTS, 40'S, white, approaches them from the other side of the bar.

TIMMY

So did I.

The bartender, IKE SWANSON, 20's, black, stands next to Timmy.

IKE

Me too!

ERIC

(sighs)

Nothing's wrong with it, guys, but...

MATT

Some people gotta do what they gotta do. It's a calling.

IKE

Like, if I were called back to duty, I'd do it in a heartbeat!

TIMMY

Same here!

Matt raises his beer mug.

MATT
Drink to the foam!

Matt, Timmy, and Ike sing the lyrics to "Anchors Aweigh."

MATT, TIMMY AND IKE
"Anchors aweigh, my boy/Anchors
aweigh...!"

ERIC
Alright already! This ain't no
commercial!

Eric quickly exits. Berniece's father, XAVIER WILLIAMS,
40's, black, sits on the other side of the bar.

XAVIER
So, would you guys really go back?

The three stop singing.

MATT
Hell no!

TIMMY
Yeah, I enjoy my freedom!

IKE
Speaking of that, I'm gonna go smoke my
w...

Ike looks at Timmy, who frowns at him.

IKE (CONT'D)
...Wwwwinston cigarette!

Ike dashes away.

INT. WALKER HOUSE - EVENING

Maureen, wearing a robe, opens the door. Jacob stands
there.

MAUREEN
Hey, you! Glad you could make it.

JACOB
Why not? I've been thinking about it all
day. You know me!

MAUREEN

And you know me!

Jacob walks in and looks around.

JACOB

Nice place. Is it just you?

MAUREEN

No. My parents flew back to Jamaica for the week.

JACOB

"Back"? You're Jamaican?

MAUREEN

For as long as I can remember!

JACOB

Wow. At least you have parents. I'm a loner.

MAUREEN

Well, you're not alone tonight.

She kisses him on the lips.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Enough small talk. Follow me.

She grabs him by the hand.

INT. WALKER HOUSE - MAUREEN'S ROOM - LATER

Jacob sits on the bed and looks around the room. Romantic music PLAYS in the background. The lights are low.

JACOB

(sotto voce)

Alright, there's nothing to it. I watched enough Cinemax last night. I'm ready.

Maureen, wearing lingerie, sashays into the room and poses for him.

MAUREEN

You like?

JACOB

Oh yeah! Too bad you won't have it on for long!

Maureen GIGGLES. Jacob races to her. They BUMP their foreheads together.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Sorry!

MAUREEN

Just relax!

They hold each other and embrace. They kiss slowly. Jacob starts to take Maureen down to the bed with him. Maureen abruptly stops.

JACOB

Something wrong?

MAUREEN

(chuckles)

No, keep going.

They continue to go down. Maureen quickly pulls away from him.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Stop! I'm a virgin!

JACOB

Wait, what??

MAUREEN

Dang. I said that out loud. Yes, Jacob, I'm a virgin.

JACOB

You?? Your number is listed in all the bathrooms! Boys and girls!

MAUREEN

Don't forget the teachers' lounge.

JACOB

I don't get it, Maureen.

MAUREEN

Some things aren't what they seem. Someone started a rumor about me one day, and it spread.

JACOB

You didn't try to stop them?

MAUREEN

I kinda liked the attention.

JACOB

What about all the guys that claimed they did it with you?

MAUREEN

They're guys. You answered your own question.

JACOB

So, you? Never?

MAUREEN

I don't even know how to kiss.

JACOB

You got that right.

He wipes his lips.

MAUREEN

(sarcastically)

Ha, ha. So, you still wanna do this or not?

JACOB

Well, look, Maureen. I'm kinda a virgin, too. A little bit!

MAUREEN

Yeah, right.

JACOB

No, for real. I want to wait until I find the right one.

(pause)

And I'm not sure yet if it's you. Sorry.

MAUREEN

It's okay. I've never seen this side of you. Almost makes me actually like you!

She chuckles.

JACOB

Yeah, sure. If you don't mind, I'm gonna get going.

MAUREEN

Sure. Go ahead.

Jacob heads for the exit. He turns back around.

JACOB

Hey, Maureen, don't you care about what others say about you?

Maureen shrugs.

MAUREEN

No biggie. My real friends know who I really am.

JACOB

Who are your real friends?

MAUREEN

You.

JACOB

(smirks)

Hmmph.

He exits.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eric sits on the couch, drinking from a cup and watching TV. His mother, RHONDA NELSON-JAMES, 40's, black, enters.

RHONDA

I thought you would be at Shana's going-away party.

ERIC

I don't know, Mom. I'm afraid to find out what I might see.

Rhonda sits next to Eric.

RHONDA

Have you ever thought about telling Shana how you feel? This could be your only chance.

ERIC

But what if she's making all of this up?

RHONDA

You could go there and prove yourself right.

Eric pauses. He then shoots up from his seat.

ERIC

You're right! I'll go down there right now!

RHONDA

There you go!

ERIC

Where are the car keys?

RHONDA

Nice try!

Eric smirks, clicks his tongue, and exits.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Crowds of people gather and chat with Shana, who has a suitcase with her. Eric approaches Shana.

ERIC

Hey, Shana.

SHANA

Eric! You made it!

ELEANOR

Thank god you're here! The DJ we have here is terrible! "DJ Fresh D" or something.

Eleanor points to OLIVER DUCK, posing as his alias, FRESH D, who wears a black doorag, black sunglasses, and a black jacket. He stands on the turntables and makes scratching sounds.

SHANA

Yeah, all he's doing is scratching. He ain't playing no music!

ELEANOR

And he steps up to the mic but doesn't say anything!

Oliver leans to the mic, but he speaks telepathically, as he always does [*in italics*].

OLIVER/FRESH D

The "D" stands for "duck", ya'll!

Eric approaches Oliver, lifts him from the DJ equipment, and places him down.

ERIC

That's enough, Oliver. I'll take it from here.

OLIVER/FRESH D

I'll fight this! You can't keep a good brotha down!

He marches away. Eric speaks in the mic.

ERIC

Hey ya'll, DJ Illson here! Let's get a long-player going, and I'll be right back!

He PLAYS a song and returns to Shana.

ERIC (CONT'D)

You got a minute, Shana?

SHANA

Sure!

They both step aside.

ERIC

So you're actually going to the Army, not college?

SHANA

Yes, Eric. But I can always go to college later.

ERIC

I don't get it. Why?

SHANA

I'm tired of being the poor, little rich girl!

ERIC

"Little"?

SHANA

Figuratively speaking. I wanna earn my place in life, see the world, get some discipline.

ERIC

You can't do that here?

SHANA

I could, but then, I would wake up in bed
20 years later wondering what I could
have done.

ERIC

You're gonna really leave your family and
friends behind? They're gonna miss ya!

(pause)

I'm gonna miss ya...a little.

SHANA

Aww, Eric! I'll be back, though.

ERIC

What if you don't come back? You're
black...halfway! Nine times out of ten,
they'll send you to war! You could get
killed!

SHANA

Or I could come back to town and tell
great stories about it. Ask your father!

ERIC

Hmmph. Speaking of fathers, how does
yours feel about this?

SHANA

He understands. And when I say,
"understands", I mean, "Not at all!"

They both chuckle.

SHANA (CONT'D)

But after hours of begging, pleading, and
crying, he respects my decision. Look,
Eric, I'm gonna be alright.

ERIC

(sighs)

I know. And if it's okay with your family
and friends, it's okay with me.

SHANA

But you are one of my friends, right?

ERIC

(sighs)

Fine, yes, but don't tell nobody!

SHANA

Aww, Eric!

She picks him up and hugs him.

ERIC
Hey, hey, now!

Eric hugs back.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Okay, put me down now!

Berniece and others approach them.

BERNIECE
(smirks)
Okay, you guys, break it up!

Shana puts Eric down. Eric points at Berniece.

ERIC
Ha! I knew it!

BERNIECE
Shut up.

JOHN
Shana, the bus is here!

Shana walks up to Eleanor and hugs her.

SHANA
I love you, crazy girl.

ELEANOR
Same here. Do they make uniforms for
giants?

SHANA
(fake laugh)
I'm gonna miss your ribbing.

ELEANOR
It's not a rib. I'm just comparing you to
what normal people look like!

Shana ruffles Eleanor's hair.

SHANA
Hold the fort down, okay?

ELEANOR
Yep.

Shana walks to John.

JOHN
You go and make us Dumbucks proud.

SHANA
No doubt!

They both sniffle and hug each other.

SHANA (CONT'D)
I'll be back before you know it, guys!

Eric stands in the DJ booth.

ERIC
(in the mic)
Let's give it up for Shana Jones!

The crowd CHEERS. Shana waves and gets on the bus, which then PULLS OFF.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Ya'll don't go nowhere! The party's still goin' on!

Eric PLAYS another song and steps away. He sees Jacob and his friends chatting.

FRIEND #1
How'd it go last night?

JACOB
What do you think? You know me! And you know Maureen!

FRIEND #2
Damn! That good, huh?

JACOB
Hey, what can I say?

They chuckle. The friends walk away. Eric approaches Jacob.

ERIC
(mock laughter)
Ha, ha. You didn't go through with it, did you?

JACOB
None of your business!

ERIC
Fine, don't tell me. I'm just surprised you took my advice.

JACOB

Hey, I didn't take anyone's advice! I was gonna tell her the truth, anyway, and I did. Besides, I don't wanna be with a girl that everyone else has been with.

ERIC

Yeah, that's true.

JACOB

But all this crap stays between you and me, got it?

ERIC

Yeah, yeah, you won't hear anything from me about it.

JACOB

Good. Now go back to your little DJ thing, little DJ.

ERIC

Alright.

Eric walks away, then turns around and follows Jacob.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Girls Eric has been with, 1. Jacob, zero.

Jacob turns around.

JACOB

Hey, I'm warning you!

Jacob continues to walk. Eric sneaks up behind him.

ERIC

That makes me the "Sex Nazi".
(mimicking the voice of the
Soup Nazi from "Seinfeld")
"No sex for you!"

Eric LAUGHS. Jacob chases him. They both run in SLOW MOTION. Eric leaps off a hill.

ERIC (CONT'D)

It was worth it!!

Jacob begins to grab him in mid-air. FREEZE FRAME.

THE END