

SEX EDUCATION

Season 3 Episode 1 Spec Script

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INT. ERIC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ERIC and ADAM are sitting at the head of the bed, murmuring to each other. Adam says something that makes Eric laugh, brightly and freely.

ERIC

(playing with Adam's fingers)
You know, my mum really loved having you for dinner. I think she likes you.

ADAM

Oh yeah? More than what's-his-face?

ERIC

(playfully shoving)
I know you know his name.

ADAM

You sure about that?

The two tussle on the bed and Eric ends up pinned under Adam, as Adam tickles his ribs.

ERIC

(breathless)
Okay, okay! I give! She likes you more than Rahim.

ADAM

Yea? And.....what about your dad?

They pause. The mood sobers and Eric gently rolls them both over, until Adam is on his back and Eric is straddling his stomach.

ERIC

I think my dad likes you, too.

ADAM

Well it's good that there's a dad out there that likes me, I guess.

ERIC

(cupping Adam's cheek)
Your dad loves you, Adam. He's just. Emotionally constipated.

Hearing this coaxes a small smile out of Adam.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Have you heard from him at all?

ADAM
(sighing)
No, not a word. He could be 'cross the
world for all we know.

ERIC
I'm sorry.

Eric leans down and gently kisses Adam, once, twice.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Adam.

The kisses start to turn passionate. Adam peels off Eric's shirt and then his own. As they kiss, Eric trails his fingers down Adam's chest, his ribs, and then pulls down his pants and underwear. As Eric starts to give Adam a blowjob, Adam lightly traces his ear, and rubs his thumb down the back of Eric's neck.

Adam tilts his head back, sighing, and we hear a quiet *snick*.

ADAM
What was that?

ERIC
Just some lube, don't worry about it.

Adam grunts before tilting his head back once more. Suddenly, he jolts halfway up the bed.

ADAM
(sitting up)
Eric!

ERIC
(looking up)
What? What's wrong? Did you not like
it?

Adam scrambles off the bed and falls over, getting caught in the pants around his ankle.

Eric leans over the side of the bed and stares at him in shock. His finger is covered in lube.

ERIC
A-Adam! Are you alright? Here-

Eric reaches his hand out to help Adam up- it's the one with the lube-covered finger. Adam stares at it like it's a snake before scrambling backwards and clumsily standing up.

ADAM
(pulling up his pants)
Don't touch me Eric.

ERIC
But Adam-!

It's too late. Adam has grabbed his shirt off the floor and hopped out of Eric's second-story window. Eric rushes to the window to watch as Adam scurries off into the night.

TITLE SEQUENCE.

INT. MILBURN HOUSE. DECK - MORNING

OTIS and JEAN sit at the table, eating breakfast. Otis eats his toast in big bites while Jean holds a folded up newspaper in one hand and delicately stirs her tea with the other.

OTIS
Have you talked to Jakob?

Jean pauses stirring before continuing up again. She peers at Otis over her glasses and folded up newspaper.

JEAN
No, why do you ask?

OTIS
(rubbing crumbs off his hands)
I dunno. He seemed to be good for you, I guess. Made you happy. And it felt like there wasn't a power imbalance, with him.

JEAN
(lowering her newspaper)
Are you saying there were power imbalances with my previous partners?

OTIS
Are you saying there weren't? And would you really call those men you were having...trysts with, your "partners"?

JEAN
Hm. Touché.

Jean sighs and crisply puts down the newspaper. She leans forward on her chair and folds her hands on the table.

JEAN (CONT'D)
I don't think I'll be talking to Jakob, any longer. Nothing to do with you just....sometimes things don't end up the way you expect.

Otis slowly chews his piece of toast and stares at Jean with his eyes narrowed.

OTIS
Okaaaaay. If you're certain.

Otis picks up his plate and goes to leave.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Alright, then. I'm off.

As he heads inside, Jean calls out to him.

JEAN
Remember Otis- no more illegal and unethical sex advisory rings!

Otis pops his head back out and puts his hands up.

OTIS
I wasn't going to, honest! In fact, I'm going to be looking at new clubs to join after school today.

Jean hums. She gives him an appraising look over her teacup, and watches as he leaves.

EXT. THE ROAD TO SCHOOL- MORNING

Eric and Otis are riding their bikes on their usual route to school. Vibrant green trees whiz by as the two converse.

OTIS
(groaning)
I still can't believe Maeve hasn't responded to my voicemail.

ERIC
Mate, it's been what, two days? Give

her time.

OTIS

What if I've completely ruined any chances of fixing this? What if she hates me now? What if she never talks to me again?!

ERIC

Re-lax, Oatcake! You and Maeve have that whole 90s romcom thing going on. I'm sure it'll all work out.

OTIS

(grumbling)

As someone who's watched many a 90's romcom with his mother, I don't think you know exactly what goes on in one.

ERIC

Otis. Mate. Please think about what you just said and ask yourself: "Are statements like these why the woman I'm in love with isn't getting back to me?"

OTIS

So you admit it! It is taking her a while to-

ERIC

In *more important* matters, Adam totally freaked when I put a finger up his bum last night, and he hasn't been responding to any of my texts or picking up my calls. What should I do?

OTIS

Sorry, Eric, I promised my mom I wouldn't be giving out sex advise anymore.

ERIC

(affronted)

I'm here worrying I'm some sort of pervert, or worse, some sort of...defiler, And you're saying you can't help me?!

OTIS

You're not a "defiler" Eric. Jesus!

But yes, you are correct. I can't help you with sex stuff any longer.

ERIC

Any longer? Otis, you wanker, just how much do you think you've done for me? Otis? Otis!

Otis rides ahead and Eric frantically pedals after him, pestering him the rest of the way to school.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. CORRIDOR- MORNING

Otis and Eric gather their items and shut their lockers. The two walk down the corridor, and get ready to part at an intersection.

ERIC

I still think you're being a wanker, you know.

OTIS

Okay, okay, I'm Otis the Wanker. But I still can't give you advice.

Eric gives Otis a grimace and shakes his head before the two part ways. As Eric walks down the corridor, anxiously checking his phone, he spots Adam at his locker. Eric nervously smiles when he sees him and waves.

ERIC

Adam! Hey, Adam!

Upon hearing Eric's voice, Adam startles, quickly slams his locker shut, and ducks down another corridor. Eric frowns.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

In the other corridor, Otis is walking to class when he bumps into MAEVE.

OTIS

(stuttering)

Hey-! Maeve!

MAEVE

And what do you want, dickstain?

OTIS

(a bit taken aback)

Um. Yeah. I just wanted to tell you,

again, how proud I am of you for winning the NSQC. You're absolutely brilliant, and I'm glad everyone else got to see it. And I apologize again for my behavior, and what I said at the party.

He pauses and looks down at his fiddling fingers, before stilling them and looking back up.

OTIS (CONT'D)

I was a really, really bad friend to you. And none of what I said was true. I was just. Projecting. I'm sorry.

MAEVE

(thawing)

Well. Yeah. You're right on all accounts. But what do you mean, "again"?

Otis pauses, confused, but doesn't have the courage to push the subject.

OTIS

A-again? Ah. Um. Nothing. But I really am sorry. Could you forgive me?

Maeve stares at Otis appraisingly before punching him in the arm.

OTIS

Ow-!

MAEVE

That's for calling me selfish.

OTIS

Okay, I under-

Maeve punches Otis again in the side, and the air whooshes out of him.

MAEVE

That's for saying that I like playing with other people's feelings.

OTIS

(wheezing)

That's fine-!

Maeve knees Otis in the nuts and he doubles over.

MAEVE

And that's for saying that I don't care about anyone else.

OTIS

(from the floor, out of breath)
Valid.

They stare at each other for a few seconds.

OTIS (CONT'D)

So....do you forgive me?

Maeve sighs roughly before holding her hand out and helping him up off the floor.

MAEVE

Maybe- I haven't decided. You're on probation.

Maeve turns and glares daggers at him.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Don't fuck it up.

OTIS

(putting his right hand up)
I won't, I promise! Scout's honor.

MAEVE

(scoffing)
I bet you were a scout, weren't you?

OTIS

I was actually a cub and never went past that, so technically no.

Maeve gives him a wry smile and they walk down the corridor, together.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Also, my mom found out about clinic, and I promised I wouldn't do it anymore. I'm sorry- I know the extra income was...helpful.

MAEVE

(shaking her head)
It's fine. I've been getting all these

interview requests for scholarships and grants after the NSQC. I'm feeling pretty good about them.

OTIS

Oh Maeve, that's amazing! I'm sure you'll get them.

MAEVE

(smiling)

Yeah. I hope so, too.

(pause)

So, what're you going to be doing now that we're not running clinic anymore?

OTIS

I'm gonna look for a club to join, I guess. And my mom will have clinic covered.

MAEVE

Should be fun.

OTIS

Should be...

Otis gives Maeve a tight smile. "Fun" was definitely not the word he had in mind to describe this endeavor.

INT. MILBURN HOUSE. KITCHEN- MORNING

Jean leans on the counter with her phone tucked between her ear and shoulder. Her hands are wrapped around a steaming mug. On the phone, MAXINE speaks. (Note: Italics denote Maxine's voice, which Jean hears through the phone)

MAXINE (O.S.)

Okay then, we are all set to have you start up again next week.

JEAN

Thank you very much, Maxine. I do appreciate all the effort you've put forth.

MAXINE (O.S.)

Nonsense, Jean. If this were handled properly the first time around, we would not have needed to expend such effort. I apologize again on Headmaster Groff's behalf.

JEAN

It's fine, it's fine.

MAXINE (O.S.)

*Well, make sure to get all your
affairs in order before you start- I
imagine you are going to be very busy.*

Jean stares at the pot-rack Jakob installed.

JEAN

Yes... I will make sure to do so.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY. COMPUTER STATION- NOON

MICHAEL GROFF is sitting in front of a clunky old computer monitor. He looks incredibly unkempt- his face is stubbled, his clothes are rumpled, and he appears to be covered in a thin layer of dirt. On the computer, he looks up "disciplinarian conference." He scrolls, perusing, then finds one called, "The Pleasure of Control." The website looks promising. He fills out and submits the online form, and then picks up his one battered leather bag and leaves.

EXT. BUS STOP- CONTINUOUS

At the bus stop outside the library, Michael stands with his spine straight and waits. The bus approaches, its doors open, and Michael picks up his bag and boards.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. A CLUB ROOM- AFTERNOON

The Music Appreciation Club sits in a row in front of Otis, the CLUB PRESIDENT (sweater vest, hipster glasses) sits in the middle. Otis squirms at the desk he's sitting at.

CLUB PRESIDENT

And why do you want to join Music
Appreciation Club?

OTIS

Uh. Well. I really like music, I
guess.

CLUB PRESIDENT

Mm. Don't we all? And what sort of
music do you "really like"?

OTIS

Oh, all sorts of stuff. You know, Joy
Division, The Stranglers, Talking

Heads, King Khan, Tone Loc. Stuff everybody likes.

CLUB PRESIDENT
(scrunching his face)
I see. And yet they're all from the same time period.

OTIS
I..guess they are?

The club members all look at each other before the Club President decisively nods his head.

CLUB PRESIDENT
Okay then. I want you to recite Nicki's verse from "Monster".

OTIS
I'm sorry- you want me to what?

CLUB PRESIDENT
Nicki Minaj's verse from "Monster"- the most iconic rap verse of all time. I want you to recite it for me. Since you like "all sorts of stuff", this should be a breeze.

OTIS
Um....

A gavel goes down. A paper slides in front of Otis, stamped "Rejected." In red marker under it, "too niche."

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT- EARLY EVENING

Maeve and INTERVIEWER 1 (spine straight, hair slicked back) are sitting across from each other, eating dinner.

INTERVIEWER 1
(precisely cutting into his steak)
Oh you will most certainly be getting the scholarship.

He chews the small piece and dabs at the corner of his mouth with his serviette.

My company has been looking for government approval to build another pharmaceutical factory for ages: your story and your mother's...condition,

will almost guarantee that we get it.

MAEVE

Um.

INTERVIEWER 1

After all, this drug epidemic needs to stop. We need pharmaceuticals to alleviate symptoms so we can help end it. And you're a prime example of why.

Interviewer 1 picks up his phone to text. In one hand, he holds his wine and takes periodic sips.

MAEVE

I....see....but what do you think about individual blame versus material reality? Will these drugs really help end anything if the societal conditions that lead to addiction remain unchanged?

INTERVIEWER 1

(putting down his wine)

I'm sorry, were you saying something?

Maeve can only stare at him.

INT. MILBURN HOUSE. KITCHEN- EARLY EVENING

Jean's finger hovers over her phone to call Jakob. In her periphery, she spots a chocolate stain on the table. She tsks and goes to clean it.

Quick cuts

--Jean goes to wet a washcloth over the sink and spots the dirty dishes.

--Jean does the dishes but accidentally drops one on the floor while putting it on the drying rack. She picks it up and notices a small bit of dust on it. She wipes it with her fingers and rubs them together.

--Jean scrubs and then mops the kitchen floor.

--Jean looks around at her sparkling kitchen. She smiles triumphantly before checking the time on her phone. It's 22:12, far too late to call Jakob. She frowns.

EXT. THE ENTRANCE TO A HILLY PATH IN THE WOODS- AFTERNOON

Otis, wearing his blue helmet, stands stiffly next to his bike whilst surrounded by ruffians, who are sitting on theirs. RUFFIAN PRESIDENT (stocky, scary teen) is uncomfortably close to him.

RUFFIAN PRESIDENT

Yea this is "biking" club- *BMX club*.
BMX is biking, innit? Think you're cut
out for it, sex kid?

OTIS

(squeaking)

Um. My name's Otis. And...maybe I can
just. Ride alongside you?

The other club members begin to laugh, raucously.

RUFFIAN PRESIDENT

Fuck no, sex kid! We're here to do
tricks. Not take strolls like we're
some poofs!

RUFFIAN VP (less stocky, still scary teen) pipes up.

RUFFIAN VP

You should stick to dweeb shit, sex
kid! Like. fuckin' Acapeller, or Key
Club, or Bitch-Boy Society!

The other members all high-five RUFFIAN VP and hit his back.
Otis is (the only person) not amused.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT- NIGHT

Maeve sits across from INTERVIEWER 2 (receding hairline,
unkempt).

INTERVIEWER 2

(messily eating his steak)

Yea, it'll look real good for our
company to give this grant to ya.

MAEVE

(blinking)

...Pardon?

Interviewer 2 starts waving his fork around. His mouth is
covered in sauce.

INTERVIEWER 2

A girl whose story was so *terrible!*
Christ, having to call child support
on yer own mother? *While* yer livin' in
a trailer park? Have you heard of such
a thing?

Interviewer 2 takes a swing of his beer.

INTERVIEWER 2 (CONT'D)

The company's been in some hot water,
so giving this to ya will look real
good for the press!

MAEVE

I....see....Well we're learning about
Shumpster's theory of economic
development in class right now.

Interviewer 2 grunts. Maeve continues tentatively.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

I thought his thoughts on innovation
as the driver of growth were really
interesting. Would you say innovation
is something your company values?

Interviewer 2 belches.

INTERVIEWER 2

Ah, 'scuse me. Did you say something,
bird?

Maeve frowns.

INT. MILBURN HOUSE. OFFICE- NIGHT

Jean's fingers hover over the send button on her phone. She
has written a message to send to JAKOB (Note: Texts are
written in italic).

JEAN (TEXT)

Hello, can we talk?

She cannot bring herself to send it. She restlessly goes back
and forth between her conversation with Jakob and her inbox.

She accidentally hits the send button. Jean drops her phone
in shock. It makes an alarming noise as it smacks against the
floor, face down.

JEAN
 (hissing)
 Shit!

Jean drops to her hands and knees and grab her phone. She slowly turns it over and sees it is cracked.

JEAN
 (sighing)
 Shit.

The phone buzzes and she drops it once more. It once again falls face down. Jean braces herself before she grabs the phone and turns it over, even slower than before. She brings it up to her face to read. Beneath the cracked screen:

JAKOB (TEXT)
I would prefer not to, if possible.

Jean frowns at her phone and slumps.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. A CLUB ROOM- AFTERNOON

Otis stands in front of a room full of students sitting at the desks. Some are sprawled out on chairs, some are sitting on the tables themselves. They look up at him as he speaks.

OTIS
 I think I would be a good fit for Key Club, because I've been pretty decent at helping people with their problems in the past.

KEY CLUB MEMBER 1 (buzz cut, sharp eyes) sitting on top of a desk speaks out.

KEY CLUB MEMBER 1
 (glaring)
 I hope you know, Sex Kid, that helping people deal with the realities of being poor aren't nothing like helping people get their dicks wet.

OTIS
 I...wouldn't exactly call what I did helping people getting their dicks wet....necessarily.

KEY CLUB MEMBER 2 (tall and stout, ripped jeans) clasps his hands in front of him and leans back in his chair.

KEY CLUB MEMBER 2

Alright, then, Sex Kid. Please tell me one time you helped someone you *didn't* know with an issue that *wasn't* sex related and that you *didn't* charge for.

Otis is unable to respond.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT- NIGHT

Maeve sits across from INTERVIEWER 3 (peppy, plastic smile).

INTERVIEWER 3

(cooing)

Ah what a poor little dove you are! You've really gone through the wringer, haven't you?

MAEVE

Uh. I suppose I have?

INTERVIEWER 3

Oh you most certainly have! What a tragic life you've led. And your government should have taken better care of you, hm?

MAEVE

It...would have been nice-

INTERVIEWER 3

Absolutely! They most certainly should have! Say,
(she leans in conspiratorially and whispers)

Would you be willing to record yourself saying your story for an advertisement, so we can take out our incumbent councilman and replace him with councilman James? We at his election campaign would gladly give you an internship, in exchange!

MAEVE

I see. And you wouldn't happen to have any thoughts on my application essay on body agency through a Foucauldian lens, would you?

INTERVIEWER 3

(blinking)

You what, love?

Maeve pushes back her chair, picks up her bag, and leaves.

INT. MILBURN HOUSE. ENTRANCE- DAY

Jean looks at Jakob's number on her phone, yet again. She purposefully stands up, grabs her purse and keys, and leaves the house, steps deliberate and head high.

INT. JEAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jean twists the keys in the ignition, and, with a determined look on her face, pulls out of the driveway and onto the road.

As she is driving, her eyes drift towards a bird poop stain on the corner of her windshield. She quickly looks back on to the road.

INT/EXT. CAR WASH - CONTINUOUS

In her car, Jean, with the same look on her face, emerges from between the large rolling brushes in the tunnel at the car wash. She gets off the conveyor belt, puts the car back from Neutral to Drive, and-

INT. JEAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Back in front of the Milburn residence, Jean looks up at the house, before hitting her head on the steering wheel three times, a short pause between each one.

INT. FANCY HOTEL. LOBBY - NIGHT

Michael arrives at a hotel and heads to the check-in counter. The HOTEL CLERK (tight bun, pressed shirt) checks him in and hands him the itinerary. Michael walks across the lobby, and flips through the packet as he waits for the elevator. Everything is quite regimented, and he is pleased.

EXT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. COURTYARD - MID-MORNING

Otis and Eric sit in the courtyard, eating lunch.

OTIS

(lamenting)

I can't believe it! I even got
rejected from Key Club! *Key Club!* Who

gets rejected from Key Club?!

ERIC
(mouth full)
You, apparently.

OTIS
(covering his face)
UGH!

ERIC
(swallowing)
Wanna try getting into swing band?

OTIS
I don't think I have it in me
physically or emotionally to get
rejected by swing band.

ERIC
(nodding)
Alright. Fair.

OTIS
That's it, I guess. I'm just gonna be
that loser that watches rom-coms with
his mother for the rest of my life.

ERIC
Oh come now, Otis! Chin up! And
besides, you love watching those
movies with Jean.

OTIS
Well, yeah, but it's not *all* I want to
do!

Eric stuffs his mouth with an overflowing handful of popcorn.

ERIC
Yeah, that's also fair.

At the other end of the courtyard, Maeve sits with AIMEE and STEVE. Maeve and Aimee pass a cigarette between them.

MAEVE
Aimes, do you ever think that you're
misunderstood by the people around
you? Like. Our classmates. Or our
teachers?

AIMEE
(frantically)
What? You think I'm misunderstood?

MAEVE
Ah. No. Not at all. Never mind.

Maeve hands Aimee the cigarette and Aimee looks at her, lips pursed as she takes a drag and exhales. Steve, overhearing the conversation, slowly chimes in.

STEVE
I think....that it's difficult for people to see me for anything besides who I really am.

Maeve takes a puff of the cigarette.

MAEVE
You know, I wonder if that's the case with me, as well.

AIMEE
What's going on, Maeve? Why the strange questions?

The bell rings and Maeve hops off the ledge and picks up her bag. She stomps out the cigarette and looks at Aimee.

MAEVE
Don't worry about it, Aimes.

Aimee looks concerned.

AIMEE
If you're sure, lad.

MAEVE
(smiling)
Yeah, pet. It's fine.

INT/EXT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. COURTYARD ENTRANCE- CONTINUOUS

Otis and Maeve run into each other as they're both walking back inside the school.

OTIS
Oh Maeve! Hey!

MAEVE
Hey there, dickhead.

OTIS

How are you? How's scholarship stuff going?

MAEVE

Meh. So-so. How's club-searching going?

OTIS

Meh. So-so.

Maeve gives Otis a small smile and lightly bumps him with her shoulder. Otis smiles back.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Say, Maeve. I was wondering...do you have something to tell me?

MAEVE

Erm...no?

OTIS

Are you sure? Nothing's come up?

MAEVE

No?

OTIS

Nothing at all? No....voicemails, maybe?

MAEVE

(getting irritated)

Stop talking in circles, Otis. If you have something to tell me, just tell me.

OTIS

Ah, um. No. Nothing to say.

Maeve gives Otis a glare.

MAEVE

Well alright then. See you later.

Maeve nods at him and walks away, stressed from before and now a bit irritated, to boot. Otis calls after her weakly.

OTIS

Bye, Maeve.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. SIXTH FORM COMMON ROOM

Maeve sits at a table in the common room, her papers all around her, with pens and highlighters scattered about. The fingers of one hand are tangled in her hair, while she bites the nails on the other.

She re-reads her essay about her past and sees it all laid bare - the familial trauma, the lack of money, the loneliness.

Words like "addiction," "abandoned," "self-reliance," "couldn't afford," and "struggle" pop out.

She angrily crumples the paper, sweeps her things haphazardly into her bag, and leaves.

EXT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. OUTSIDE JEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Maeve smokes in the partially secluded area outside Jean's office window. From in her office, Jean smells the cigarette smoke. She glances over and sees Maeve smoking outside.

Jean gets up and walks out, joining Maeve beside her window, and leans on the wall next to her. Maeve glances and Jean but does not acknowledge her.

JEAN

May I have one?

Maeve cocks her head before offering her the carton. Jean takes one and puts it in her mouth. Maeve lights it for her, and Jean takes a drag.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I'm Jean. It's nice to meet you.

Jean extends her hand and Maeve snorts before shaking it.

MAEVE

Yeah, I know who you are.

(pause)

I'm Maeve.

JEAN

Hello Maeve. Any reason you're smoking outside my office?

MAEVE

(scoffing)

Any reason you're smoking outside your

office? Are you allowed to be doing this?

JEAN
I'm not sure- but I *have* been under a lot of pressure lately, so I'll let myself have it.

Suddenly, Jean startles and drops the cigarette. Maeve looks over curiously as Jean bites her lip and looks at the cigarette on the ground.

JEAN (CONT'D)
(hoarsely)
I...forgot. That I shouldn't be smoking right now.

Jean's eyes look glassy, but she blinks away her tears and takes a deep breath. Maeve watches her all the while.

MAEVE
Why do you care, why I'm out here?

JEAN
(pausing)
Well I don't see why I wouldn't care.

MAEVE
(after a beat)
Well alright then. Let's go.

Maeve drops her cigarette, snuffs it out, and walks towards the doors. Jean follows.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Otis and Eric are walking down the corridor when they spot Maeve and Jean walking into Jean's office.

OTIS
Oh my god. Why are they doing that?
(swiveling to look at Eric)
Eric, why are they doing that?

Eric begins to laugh his loud, billowy, almost braying laugh.

ERIC
It seems your mom is better than talking to your ex-girlfriends than you are!

OTIS
Dude! This isn't funny!

ERIC
You're right- it's hilarious.

TOM (O.S.)
(serious voice)
Otis Milburn.

Otis and Eric whirl around and see TOM BAKER, who is standing still with his hood pulled low. Eric clutches his chest.

ERIC
Is that Tom Baker?! Jesus above Tom
what are you doing? Walking around
like some sort of nutter?

TOM
I am not Tom. I am *The Dungeon Master*.
And I am here for Otis Milburn.

OTIS
Well. um. I'm here. I guess?

TOM
We at The Fellowship heard you were
seeking a guild to join, and would
like to extend an invitation. We would
be most pleased if you accepted.

OTIS
Oh! I see. Um- wow!

Eric grabs Otis's arm and turns him around. He looks at Otis and raises both of his eyebrows. Otis waves his hand sharply, in a "knock-it-off" motion, before turning back to Tom.

OTIS (CONT'D)
So! What kind of club is it?

TOM
It is not a club. It is a Fellowship.

OTIS
But it's still a club, right?

TOM
No...it's a Fellowship...

OTIS
Oh. So it's not a club?

Tom yanks down his hood.

TOM
No! It *is* a club! But it's not a *club*
it's a *Fellowship*.

OTIS
Oh. I get it.

ERIC
(mouthing)
Do you?

Otis clearly doesn't.

OTIS
(mouthing back)
No.

Out of the corner of his eye, Eric spots Adam walking down the other corridor.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Well good luck to you, but I have a
boyfriend to go talk to. The same
boyfriend who you won't give me advice
on.

OTIS
I told you! I'm not doing that stuff
anymore.

ERIC
Whatever. Good-bye, Otis the Wanker.
Good-bye, Tom.

TOM
That's Dungeon Master, to you!

ERIC
Whatever.

Eric leaves and Otis turns to Tom.

OTIS
I accept your invitation!

Tom crosses his arm across his chest so his fist touches his

shoulder and bows. Otis awkwardly, but earnestly, bows back.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Eric makes his way down the hall, following Adam. He calls out.

ERIC

Adam! Adam, wait!

Adam pauses and Eric smiles in relief. He rushes to where Adam is standing still.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Oh thank Jesus! Adam why-

Adam suddenly whirls around and Eric's words get stuck in his throat.

ADAM

Leave me alone, Eric. Please.

Adam turns back around and continues to walk quickly down the hall. Eric stands still, hurt and upset, and stares at Adam's back as he walks away.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. JEAN'S OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Jean sits at her desk in her office, one leg crossed over the other, and holds a pen and her notebook. Maeve, sitting across from her, tilts her head towards them.

MAEVE

Those aren't going to go loose again, are they?

JEAN

I can assure you they aren't. I've been keeping this well within my sight, and locked up when not.

Maeve idly nods her head.

JEAN (CONT'D)

So, Maeve, what's been going on?

Maeve hesitates before she speaks. She doesn't quite know where to start.

MAEVE

Lately I've been having a lot of

interviews for grants and
scholarships, after we won the NSQCs.

Jean starts writing in her notes.

JEAN

That's good to hear! You must be quite
skilled, academically.

MAEVE

Thanks. But it hasn't really been
feeling that way.

JEAN

Oh?

Maeve chews at her bottom lip, trying to figure out the
proper words for what she wishes to say.

MAEVE

I've been feeling like my writing
is...a spectacle. Poverty porn. And
that...they're only seeing me for my
tragedy. Not who I am, as a person and
a writer.

JEAN

Ah, I see.

MAEVE

It's strange. Because I feel used, and
invisible, but also so guilty.

The words start to leave Maeve all in a rush.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm tricking them. Of
course they'd choose me to award these
things to- it's because they pity me.
And I shouldn't be mad at them for
seeing me that way because I'm the one
who's weaponizing it.

JEAN

Weaponizing is a very strong word.
Wouldn't you say you're simply telling
your truth?

MAEVE

Well, I guess. But... it makes me
wonder if I'll ever amount to more

than my trauma.

Jean takes a moment to look at Maeve, to really see her. Maeve stares back. Her eyes are wet, but she faces Jean head on. Jean puts her notebook down and makes a decision.

JEAN

I don't know if Otis ever mentioned that his father cheated on me?

Maeve wasn't expecting these words to come out of Jean's mouth. She shakes her head no.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Well, he did. And Otis was actually the one who discovered it, the poor thing. But..

Jean folds her hands together in her lap and lets out a sigh.

JEAN

When Remi cheated on me, he was able to jerk the narrative around because I felt my only option was to remain poised, and take it with grace. I thought that doing so would somehow let me escape with some feeling of autonomy. Or my dignity.

Jean pauses as Maeve leans forward, raptly awaiting Jean's next words.

JEAN (CONT'D)

But in the end it just made me feel, and *still* makes me feel, so powerless when it comes to him.

Jean lets out a small, almost secretive smile.

JEAN

So scam them all darling. Or don't. You have the power to control your own narrative, and to write your story for yourself. Don't let anyone else do it for you.

Jean looks at Maeve, who looks as if she's on the verge of crying.

JEAN

And your trauma may shape who you are,

but you are so much more than the sum
of your parts.

Jean holds one of Maeve's hands. Maeve lets her.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You got into the accelerated program
while you had your trauma. You won the
NSQCs while you had your trauma. And
you will continue to be brilliant and
do commendable things: not because of
your trauma, not despite it, but as
you co-exist with it.

Maeve covers her mouth with the back of her hand and nods.
The tears finally stream down her face as she cries in
earnest.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. FELLOWSHIP CLUB ROOM- AFTERNOON

Otis sits at a round table, surrounded by CLUB MEMBERS 1-5.
Tom stands at the front of the room, in front of a
whiteboard. He is holding a wand, which he uses in the form
of a pointing stick.

TOM

Welcome, Otis, to The Fellowship:
Mooredale's Premier Entertainment,
Culture, & Media Society.

CLUB MEMBERS 1-5

(in unison)

Welcome, Otis.

OTIS

Um, thank you! Good to be here.

TOM

Before you are accepted into our
fellowship, you must understand our
Holy Agenda.

Tom points at the words "Holy Agenda" written at the top of
the whiteboard. He points at each day of the week and its
associated topics on the board as he speaks.

TOM

Mondays are for anime. Tuesdays are
for RPGs, Boardgames, and Video Games.
Wednesday is for television & film.
Thursday is for LARPing. And Friday is

for Smash.

Otis raises his hand. Tom points at him with the wand and nods.

OTIS

Uh, I thought video games were Tuesday?

TOM

This is Smash! Now Otis.

Tom gestures and CLUB MEMBER 1 (bright-eyed, mousey) gets up and turns the lights low. Others turn on the tapered electric candles on the table. The LED lights flicker and cast strange shadows on everyone's faces.

TOM (CONT'D)

Do you, Otis, hereby accept membership to Mooredale's Fellowship and all that it entails? Do you promise to uphold our bylaws, attend our meetings regularly, and treat the other members of the fellowship as your friends and comrades?

All eyes are on Otis. The atmosphere of the room is deeply serious.

OTIS

(boldly)

Yes. I accept.

Club Member 1 flicks the lights back on.

TOM

Great! The information packet and other materials can all be found on our discord.

Tom sweeps his arm across the room in a grand gesture and holds it high.

TOM (CONT'D)

Otis Milburn you are now an official member of our fellowship. Brethren, Sistern, Kin, welcome him warmly!

The Club Members clap and holler. Otis sits in the middle of it all, pink-cheeked and smiling.

EXT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. COURTYARD- AFTERNOON

OLA is sitting at one of the picnic tables, reading a book. Adam walks over to her.

ADAM

You said we're friends.

Ola startles a little and gives Adam a wide-eyed look. When he remains silent, Ola jerks her head at him in a "wtf" motion.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(shamefaced)

Sorry. But you did.

OLA

It's okay. And yeah, I did.

ADAM

So we're friends.

OLA

Yeaaaah?

ADAM

And friends help each other with things, even embarrassing things, right?

Ola pauses and gestures at the seat across the table. Adam sits and she closes her book and sets it aside.

OLA

Well, yeah. What's going on Adam?

ADAM

Well...Let's say...That.. A boy. Put his, you know. Finger. Up another boys
(he leans in and whispers)
arse.

Ola also leans in.

OLA

Uh-huh.

ADAM

And let's say. That the other boy...
didn't hate it.
(he quickly clarifies)

The one with the finger up his arse.

OLA

Mm-hmm.

ADAM

And let's say. That the other boy.
Then. Maybe. Jumped out the window and
ran away.

Ola's eyes pop and she jerks backward.

OLA

You did what, Adam!?

ADAM

Who said it was me?!

Ola roughly sighs and pinches the bridge of her nose between
her fingers.

OLA

For some reason I don't think Eric's
knickers would be in such a twist if
you decided to put a finger up his
bum.

ADAM

And who said it was Eric?!

Ola lets out an even rougher sigh, somehow.

OLA

Fine. Fine then. It's not you or Eric.
Was there any more to this
hypothetical?

ADAM

Well and then... the first boy, keeps
trying to talk to the other boy...but
the other boy keeps ignoring him.

Adam stares down at his twisted up hands.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(quietly)

And he doesn't know why.

OLA

Oh, Adam.

Adam looks up at Ola, his gaze suddenly serious and intense.

ADAM

I don't wanna keep hurting him. I'm
tired of hurting him.

Ola reaches her hand out and gently places it over his
twisted up ones.

OLA

You've gotta figure out who you are,
too. What you like and don't like.
It's okay.

Adam frowns.

ADAM

Well I feel like a pervert.

OLA

You're not a pervert. If Eric liked
something like that would you think he
was a pervert?

ADAM

No.

OLA

So why do you think you're a pervert?

Adam chews his bottom lip and thinks. He doesn't have to
think for long.

ADAM

I dunno. My dad, I guess?

Adam looks down, shamefaced.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What would he think if he knew his son
liked taking it up the arse?

Ola is suddenly filled with a rage that sweeps over her so
fully her vision blurs.

OLA

(venomously)
Fuck your dad.

Ola quickly stands up and pulls Adam up with her. He
stumbles.

OLA (CONT'D)

I know just what to do! C'mon!

Ola shoves her book in her bag and zips it shut. She grabs Adam's wrist and and drags him off. He follows, quiet and wide-eyed.

EXT. SEX SHOP- AFTERNOON

Ola and Adam stand outside of "Aphrodite's Alcove." The sign is made of pink neon lights. Behind three mannequins on display with racy lingerie on, the windows are frosted. OLA's stares at the storefront with her hands on her hips and a smile on her face. Next to her, Adam is frozen in shock.

OLA

Well, come on then!

Ola grabs Adam by the wrist once more, shaking him out of his stupor.

ADAM

(hissing)

Are we even allowed to be here?

Ola opens the door.

INT. SEX SHOP- CONTINUOUS

The bell above jingles pleasantly. Ola turns to Adam.

OLA

Dude. You literally look like you're thirty.

ADAM

(whispering)

But I'm not!

OLA

(whispering back)

Well they don't know that! Besides, I don't think it matters. Just play it cool!

A STORE ATTENDANT walks up to where the two are bickering at the entrance.

STORE ATTENDANT

Welcome! Let me know if I can be of assistance.

OLA
Thanks! We will.

The Store Attendant nods with a smile before walking back to the register. Ola jerks Adam's arm.

OLA (CONT'D)
(hissing)
C'mon!

INT. SEX SHOP- CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE: OLA AND ADAM EXPLORE THE SHOP

--Adam hesitantly stares at a Rabbit Vibrator and startles when Ola turns it on and it's shaft rotates. Ola cackles.

--Adam dabs a bit of warming lube on his fingers and rubs them together. He frowns in a "not bad" manner and puts a little on Ola's hand. She reflects his frowns back and nods.

--Adam curiously holds a button down on a Stronic and it begins thrusting. His face lights up in glee and he excitedly shows Ola, who covers her mouth and laughs.

--Adam lifts up a Pure Wand and is shocked at its heft. He uses it to do a few bicep curls and hands it to Ola. When she grabs it her arms faux-drop to the floor, as she pretends it is too heavy. Adam laughs.

-- Adam and Ola watch with shock as the Store Attendant demonstrates a Tenga Egg going down, down, and farther down the length of a comically large dildo. Ola nudges Adam and wiggles her eyebrows, and he lightly, playfully shoves her.

--Adam slides one tiny butt plug, a small warming lube, and some cash across the checkout counter. The Store Attendant checks him out and slides his purchase back in a brown paper bag. Adam and Ola nod to each other and exit.

MONTAGE ENDS.

EXT. SEX SHOP- CONTINUOUS

Outside, Adam sticks his hand up for a high-five. Ola high-fives him and pulls him in for a hug.

ADAM
Thanks for this, Ola. You're a real mate.

OLA
Yeah, yeah. I know.

Ola pulls back but leaves an arm linked. The two walk down the road.

ADAM
You didn't get anything?

OLA
Oh Lily has all sorts of stuff.

Their conversation fades as they walk into the distance

INT. FANCY HOTEL. CONFERENCE ROOM- NIGHT

Michael, freshly scrubbed and showered, sits at a conference room table in the hotel. He is surrounded by men in women in business clothing. In front of him, he has a notebook and pen. At 19:00 on the dot, DOM (incredibly buff, chiseled features) approaches the stadium.

DOM
Thank you for attending our first workshop. We hope you enjoy all of what we have in store for you, this weekend. Now-

DOM clicks a remote and the projector turns on. A powerpoint pops up, Titled "Shibari: Maximizing Control." There is a tastefully black and white nude photo of a woman tied in rope. Michael stills in shock. His palms begin to sweat.

DOM
I'm sure some of you enjoy using handcuffs, or spreader bars, or other forms of restraint, but nothing will grant you quite as much control as shibari. When restraining your sub you should always....

Michael stands slowly, his face red. He gathers his items and leaves.

INT. FANCY HOTEL. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Michael is in the bar forlornly and half-heartedly stabbing at the olive in his otherwise-empty martini glass. Next to him are a half dozen martini glasses- lined up like soldiers in a row. HARRY (hair gelled to the side, bespoke suit) approaches him

HARRY
Rough night, stranger?

MICHAEL
Would you believe I've had rougher?

Harry waves his hand at the BARTENDER, points at the martini, and puts two fingers up.

HARRY
(laughing)
Oh trust me, there's quite little out there that I *don't* believe, this is nothing.

MICHAEL
Well. Then you're a very, very silly man, indeed.

HARRY
(archly)
Rather be silly than so miserable, don't you think?

MICHAEL
Once upon a time I'd have an answer for you instantly, but truth be told the only think I feel I know now is that I'm all jumbled up.

HARRY
Rather be jumbled up and silly than jumbled up and miserable, then?

The Bartender puts down the two martinis

MICHAEL
(faintly, sadly laughing)
This misery clings to me so tightly, I don't think I could let it go, no matter how hard I tried.

Harry lifts up one of the martini glasses and places the other in front of Michael,

HARRY
Well, Mistress Misery surely loves her company. To Misery, then, for new friends

Michael raises his glass.

MICHAEL

And to silliness, for indulging a very drunk man.

The two *clink* their glasses and drink.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. FELLOWSHIP CLUB ROOM- AFTERNOON

SUPER: "Monday"

The members of the fellowship are sitting at the round table. Member 1 has a sheaf of papers in her hands and shuffles them excitedly.

MEMBER 1

Okay! So today we're talking about themes of nuclear disaster in "Kimi No Na Wa," using Napier's three modes and passages from Lamarre's "The Anime Ecology."

Otis sits there dumbfounded as the other members all nod.

MEMBER 1 (CONT'D)

Otis! Our newest cleric! You can have the honors of going first. What did you think of the readings?

OTIS

O-Oh. I'm so sorry, I didn't realize we'd be having this discussion.

TOM

Didn't you check out the Discord, Otis?

Otis shakes his head no, shamefaced.

MEMBER 1

It's okay! We'll hear your thoughts for next week.

The club members seriously discuss the topic in the background as Otis struggles to keep up.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. FELLOWSHIP CLUB ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Otis stands awkwardly by the snack table during the mid-meeting break. He holds a plastic cup of Mountain Dew and nibbles an Oreo. MEMBER 2 (lanky, pockmarked) approaches him.

MEMBER 2

Hey, mate! Can I ask you a question?

OTIS

Hey! Sure, lay it on me.

MEMBER 2

So, lately my girlfriend and I've been getting. You know. Steamy.

OTIS

(pausing)

Uhhh, okay?

MEMBER 2

Problem is, she doesn't know I'm a virgin. Should I tell her, you think? How would I even go about doing that? Would it be better to hide it? Or is that a bad idea? Do you think she already knows?

Otis doesn't know what to say. Member 2 looks at Otis expectantly.

OTIS

Um. Communication is key?

MEMBER 2

Uh-huh.

Member 2 stares at Otis, waiting for him to say more. Otis just stands there, awkwardly. Member 2 gives Otis a strange look.

MEMBER 2 (CONT'D)

Um. Thanks.

Member 2 frowns and walks away. In the background Tom claps his hands and speaks.

TOM

Great discussion today, everyone! Now, let's watch this week's episode of JJK!

The Club Members whoop while Otis stands still in his spot, wondering what just transpired.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. FELLOWSHIP CLUB ROOM- AFTERNOON

SUPER: "Tuesday"

The Fellowship sits at the round table, chatting amongst themselves. MEMBER 3 (afro, square glasses) slaps her palms on the table. Member 2 nods at her.

MEMBER 2

Alright! Today, we're discussing
Crests as caste in Fire Emblem: 3
Houses. Who was the game's real
villain: the Church, or TWSITD?

MEMBER 4 (earnest-looking, black nail polish), immediately speaks.

MEMBER 4

Obviously TWSITD! There's no route
where TWSITD isn't defeated, but the
church is still intact in some others.

MEMBER 5 (hefty, close cropped hair), who is sitting next to him, scoffs.

MEMBER 5

Are you kidding? The church was super
xenophobic *and* stopped technological
advancement! Edelgard was right to
take them down!

MEMBER 3

But Dimitri and Claude didn't like the
church, either! Edelgard's means
didn't justify her ends.

MEMBER 5

It's actually her ends didn't justify
her means.

MEMBER 4

Shut the fuck up, you're so obnoxious.

Tom pierces the air with a whistle.

TOM

Hold!

The Club Members grumble but stop bickering.

TOM (CONT'D)

We are setting a very poor example for our newest member! Now, Otis.

Otis looks at Tom, wide-eyed.

TOM (CONT'D)

Would you like to share your thoughts?

Otis drums a beat on his thighs before he nods.

OTIS

I started playing last night, but didn't get too far. I like Ashe? Sorry, I didn't really think of the game like this.

Member 5 crosses his arms and grumbles under his breath.

MEMBER 5

It's been out for two years and he still hasn't played it?

Member 4 jabs him. Otis feels his face go hot in shame.

MEMBER 5 (CONT'D)

Anyways, I'm still right.

The Club Members start clamoring over each other. All but Member 1, sitting next to Otis. She pats him on the knee and he looks over.

MEMBER 1

(whispering)

S'alright. I'm not a huge fan of this game, either.

Otis feels almost pathetically grateful.

OTIS

(whispering back)

Thanks.

Member 1 winks at him. The debate continues on heatedly in the background.

MEMBER 1

Not a problem. Say, can I ask you something?

OTIS

Sure.

MEMBER 1

Am I supposed to say thank you after shagging?

OTIS

What?

MEMBER 1

You know. Am I supposed to thank the bloke? Or give him a Polo or something? Are there rules?

Otis sits there, dumbfounded.

OTIS

Um. I don't think you have to say thank you. But. you might? in like, certain relationships?

Member 1 looks at Otis, more confused than before she asked. Otis is quite confused, himself.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. FELLOWSHIP CLUB ROOM- AFTERNOON

SUPER: Wednesday

Member 3 excitedly points the wand at a powerpoint pulled up on the screen. It's titled: "Under Pressure: how fear is used as a tactic to heighten sexual tension in The X-Files." Below the title is a promotional photo of Mulder and Scully surrounded by cartoon hearts.

MEMBER 3

You hoes are *not* ready for this one.

Member 2 excitedly turns to Otis.

MEMBER 2

Jean's your mum right? Don't you think she looks like Scully?

OTIS

A little? I guess

MEMBER 3

You two, hush!

Member 3 gives her presentation. Member 5, sitting next to

Otis farther back in the room, gives him a nudge. Otis turns to look at him.

MEMBER 5

I'm not the most fit bloke around,
yeah? What do I do if I get really
tired in the middle.

Otis, dreading the answer, asks:

OTIS

Middle of what?

MEMBER 5

Of sex. What else?

OTIS

Uh-huh.

MEMBER 5

I've tried fuckin pillows n shit,
yeah, but I always get tired after a
few goes at it. Is that just 'cause
it's a pillow?

OTIS

(woodenly)

It's never hurt anyone to exercise.

Member 5 frowns, but seems to accept that answer, and turns back to the presentation.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. CORRIDOR- AFTER SCHOOL.

SUPER: "Thursday"

The Fellowship walks down the corridor, all in Arthurian Fantasy garb. Otis is deeply embarrassed.

OTIS

Hey, Tom? Where are we going?

TOM

Oh, Chess Club takes our room on
Thursdays so we have to go to one of
these shitty, abandoned classrooms.

OTIS

Oh. Well that stinks.

MEMBER 5

It's fuckin' rude is what it is. And we can hear everything in this damn wing because the vents are installed all weird. So it's even harder for us to get into character!

MEMBER 2

Yeah, once we heard Mr. Hendricks and Ms. Sands about to shag. It was awful.

TOM

But then <MEMBER 1> let out a really high shriek and it shut them both up real fast.

Member 1 turns and curtsies in her Guinevere regalia and everyone laughs.

They pass by Jean'S office as she exits. She spots Otis and gives him a small wave. Otis tentatively waves back, and ducks down his head. Member 4 approaches him as Jean walks down to the other end of the corridor

MEMBER 4

Woah! That's your mum, right? She really does look like Scully.

OTIS

(laughs awkwardly)
Yeah, I guess.

MEMBER 4

Man, I'm so excited! Tristan and Iseult is my favorite Arthurian Legend.

OTIS

It was interesting, when I read it. you're playing Tristan, right?

MEMBER 4 puffs out his chest.

MEMBER 4

Yeah! Wait. You're supposed to be Percival, right?

OTIS

Well, yeah. Aren't I?

MEMBER 4 points at Otis' handmade, cardboard shield.

MEMBER 4

That's not Percival's coat of arms.

OTIS

Oh, I just sort of drew whatever looked cool on google. I didn't realize we were getting so into it.

MEMBER 4

Oh....I see.

OTIS

Wait, it's not a big deal is it?

MEMBER 4

Uh no. It's fine. Say...can I ask you something.

Otis is wary.

OTIS

Um, I guess?

Member 4 stares down at the floor as he walks, making sure to keep his feet touching the same column of tiles.

MEMBER 4

How *exactly* does missionary work?

Of course Otis thinks, miserably. Member 4 looks up at him.

MEMBER 4 (CONT'D)

Isn't the vagina kinda... low?
Wouldn't your dick have to bend or something to get in?

(he murmurs under his breath)

I don't even wanna *think* about other positions.

OTIS

(a bit strangled)

I'm. I'm sure it'll be, instinctual.
When you get to that point.

MEMBER 4

(pausing)

Instinctual.

OTIS

Instinctual.

Otis says it firmly, ending the conversation. Member 4 nods a bit and ambles up to Member 1. Otis trails far behind.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. FELLOWSHIP CLUB ROOM- AFTERNOON

SUPER: "Friday"

The lights are off. Link does his pathetic little clapping routine on the corner of the screen, while Isabelle hops and preens with victory. Otis huffs and tosses his controller to Member 1, who giggles.

MEMBER 1

Chin up, Otis! You'll get 'em next time!

Otis looks up at the whiteboard, where all the Smash wins are totaled. All the members have at least five tallies to their name, while Otis has only one. Otis gets up as the other members crowd around the screen. Member 3 joins him.

MEMBER 3

Hey, Otis! Can I ask you something?

Those dreaded words. Otis braces himself while Member 3 continues, oblivious.

MEMBER 3 (CONT'D)

About my....you know?

Otis does know. But he wishes he didn't. So he prays for deliverance and asks:

OTIS

Your what?

MEMBER 3

My...you know.
(she leans in and whispers)
Poonani.

Otis regrets asking.

OTIS

Ah. What about it?

MEMBER 3

I'm worried about...her debut. What if it tastes bad? Is there stuff I'm supposed to use to prevent that?

OTIS

Um.

MEMBER 3

And what if it smells weird? But how am I supposed to know what it should smell like? I've only ever smelled my own!

Otis scrubs his hands over his face.

OTIS

If. It smells like it normally does, then I'm sure it's fine.

MEMBER 3

Oh?

OTIS

Yeah.... Just. Leave it alone.

Otis suddenly feels very tired. He grabs his stuff and goes to leave.

OTIS

Bye, I've got to get going.

The Club Members say half-hearted goodbyes, too focused on the game. Member 3 stares after him as he leaves.

INT. TRAILER PARK. ISAAC'S TRAILER- LATE AFTERNOON

Maeve sits on the sofa and works on an essay, while ISAAC watches an old documentary on tv with the sound off.

ISAAC

And how're the interviews going?

Maeve puts down her pen and looks at him.

MAEVE

I've....had easier days.

ISAAC

Any of those slags worth anything?

MAEVE

Isaac!

ISAAC

What? They're leeches. The whole lot

of 'em. They take and take, and give so little.

MAEVE

(pausing)

Sounds like you're speaking from experience.

Isaac snorts. He gears up to say something. Maeve waits patiently as he does.

ISAAC

When mum n dad..."freed" us, we went to social services. And we learned that there were all sorts of programs, and we met all sorts of people.

Isaac pauses.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

They loved taking me places. And they'd say that they were bringing me so I could enjoy myself, have *fun* at these charity balls and fundraisers. As if they truly cared about me and my *feelings*.

Isaac spits out the last word with vitriol. Maeve watches him intently, but with caution.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

But I'd see the social workers point me out to big men with bigger pockets. I'd notice when their high society wives would come over and coo at me, as if I were a baby, or some small, helpless animal. I'd see the checks exchange hands.

Isaac finally tilts his head towards Maeve and looks at her, defiantly.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I may not be able to move my fucking body, but I'm not stupid.

Maeve lightly scoffs.

MAEVE

I don't think anyone could accuse you of being stupid.

Isaac smiles at her, before he sobers once more.

ISAAC

I hated it. It wasn't worth it. It wasn't worth feeling used. Being their bloody poster-boy.

Isaac gestures around him with his hand.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I'd rather be like this- as independent as I can possibly be- than like that. They made me feel like a show animal. I already felt like that enough, without them digging me a deeper grave.

The two of them sit in silence for a few moments, Maeve processes what she just heard while Isaac processes the fact that he actually bared himself to her so deeply.

MAEVE

Isaac-

ISAAC

Well, wasn't this heavy! For some reason I feel like you should be paying me for telling you all this.

MAEVE

You're a right prat, aren't you?

ISAAC

Oh? So you wouldn't wanna go see 'Girls With Knives' with me, then?

Maeve's eyes widen.

MAEVE

No way! You got tickets? But they sold out so soon!

ISAAC

(smugly)

My brother's mates from secondary work the sound booth at the venue, so he was able to get me some.

MAEVE

You git! You couldn't have told me sooner? What if I had plans?

ISAAC
Do you have plans?

Maeve mock glares at him before lightly thwacking him on the shoulder.

ISAAC
Oh! Call 999! I need to report a hate crime.

Maeve stares at him in a mix of disbelief and humor.

MAEVE
Every day you push yourself to lower, worser limits. Limits beyond my reckoning.

ISAAC
(dismissively)
This is nothing. Now, just for that, you can have the honor of buying me dinner before the show! Aren't you a lucky one?

Maeve smacks him harder this time as he laughs.

EXT. STREET IN TOWN- EARLY EVENING

Otis is walking down the street, a box of pizza in his hands. He looks around idly as he walks, until he spots....the fellowship?

Otis squints. Yes, it's them. They're all there: talking, laughing, and *walking towards Otis*. For some reason, Otis jumps and hides behind a dumpster until they pass by. He then follows behind them, at a distance.

They all turn and enter a shop. Otis waits a few moments before walking to the shop front and peeking in.

It's a board game cafe. The entire fellowship is sitting and playing Catan, all smiling and laughing. Otis feels a deep longing in his chest, all while his heart sinks.

MAEVE (O.S.)
Otis?

Otis whirls around and clutches the box to his chest. He quickly brings it level again.

OTIS
Maeve! Hey! And...Isaac? Right? Where
you off to?

Isaac gives Otis tight smile.

MAEVE
We're going to see a show.

OTIS
Oh that sounds...fun.

MAEVE
Yeah, should be. What you up to?

Maeve peeks inside of the storefront.

MAEVE
Isn't that your club?

OTIS
No! Um, I mean, yeah, but I couldn't
go because I'm watching a movie with
me mom.

Otis backpedals.

OTIS (CONT'D)
I mean-! I had to help her. Build a
table. Fix the car. Uh- Tile the roof.

Otis trails off glumly. Maeve decides to put him out of his
misery.

MAEVE
Well you better go- don't want her
worrying where you are.

ISAAC
(smiles sharply)
Yeah, you better go, before she calls
and leaves a voicemail.

Otis whips his head around to stare at Isaac, his eyes wide.
Isaac stares back, guileless and smug.

OTIS
Um. Yeah. Okay, then. Bye.

Otis turns back around and rushes down the street. Maeve
stares at his back as he retreats. Voicemail?

INT. MILBURN HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Otis walks in and puts the pizza on the table. Jean puts down her notebook and lets out a small whoop. She grabs a slice of pizza

JEAN

Finally! That took you long enough.
Ready to see Colin Firth?

Otis bobs his head yes and Jean starts the movie. As it plays, Otis side-eyes his mother's notebook and fiddles his thumbs.

QUICK CUT

The house is dark but for the flickering blue light of the television, reflecting on Otis and Jean. Jean is fast asleep, her head cradled in her bent arm. Otis waves his hand in front of her face, first lightly, then with more force. Jean stirs a bit, but does not waken. Otis carefully lifts up her notebook and tiptoes out of the living room.

INT. MILBURN HOUSE. KITCHEN- CONTINUOUS

Otis quietly flips through Jean's notes until he reaches the section on Maeve. He quickly scans through the pages.

Words like, "identity crisis," "cyclical trauma," and "abandonment" pop out. But there's nothing written about him.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. LUNCH ROOM - NOON

Otis and Eric are sitting across from each other. Eric scarfs down his lunch while Otis anxiously taps his fingers against the table.

OTIS

And there wasn't a single thing about
me in there! Not a damn thing.

ERIC

I dunno, man. Maybe it was something
so bad your mom didn't feel
comfortable writing it down.

OTIS

What could be so bad that my mum isn't
even able to write about it?!

ERIC

That's for Maeve and your mum to know,
and you to never find out.

Eric continues to eat his lunch happily. Otis spirals.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. FELLOWSHIP CLUB ROOM- AFTERNOON

The members are talking amongst themselves before club officially starts. Otis sits at a chair, fiddling his thumbs, trying to figure out whether he should speak up or not. Tom walks over and sits next to him.

TOM

Hey, Otis.

OTIS

Hey, Tom.

TOM

I think I might be a furry.

Otis stands and knocks over his chair. It feels like the world is frozen.

OTIS

What is wrong with you people? All you do is ask me sex questions! And you don't even invite me to your outings!

The room is very quiet. Otis is suddenly flooded with hurt.

OTIS

(quietly)

Is that all I am? Is that all I amount to? Just... *Sex Kid*?

MEMBER 1

We never meant to hurt your feelings, or exclude you, Otis. We just...

MEMBER 5

Well, we didn't think you'd really want to be there, anyways.

OTIS

Why would you think that?

The Club Members all look at each other.

MEMBER 4

You just... don't really seem as invested in this club, as we are. We planned the Catan outing on our Discord, but you probably didn't check it.

OTIS

(shamefaced)

I don't really use it.

MEMBER 2

But we care about this club, so we do.

The room is silent again as Otis digests this information.

TOM

Honestly, mate, we figured that you'd probably be into this stuff more casually. But it was okay, because we could ask you for sex advice, and that would make up for it.

OTIS

I was trying my best to be a good member of the club, but it might not have been good enough.

Otis looks around the room.

OTIS

I don't want to be that anymore. I don't just want to be the kid everyone uses to solve their sex problems. I'm sorry.

Otis gathers his things, rights the chair, and leaves.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Otis walks down the corridor, frowning. He turns the corner and sees Maeve and Jean in front of Jean's office. He ducks back around, and overhears the words "Voicemail," "Otis," and "Strange" as they walk into Jean's office.

The door latches shut. Otis scrambles from around the corner and tiptoes as he gets close to Jean's office. He presses his ear against the door but the sound is muffled. He frustratedly backs away from the door, before getting a burst of inspiration.

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. ABANDONED ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Otis silently opens the door to the room next to Jean's and creeps inside. He spots the vent on the ground, gets on his hands and knees, and presses his ear against it.

He is able to make out some more words. "Scholarship" "Worry" "Money". Why were they talking about his voicemail?

Suddenly, the door bangs open. MR. HENDRICKS and MS. SANDS stumble in, heavily making out.

Otis freezes.

MS. SANDS

(panting)

And you're sure? The club isn't going to be here today?

MR. HENDRICKS

No, those nerds only come down here on Thursdays.

MS. SANDS

(growling)

Good.

Mr. Hendricks pushes Ms. Sands on top of a desk. She untucks his shirt and pulls it over his head, leaving on his undershirt. Otis says frozen and curled up in on himself. He prays that they only go as far as making out.

God had abandoned Otis a long time ago. Mr. Hendricks reaches under Ms. Sands' dress and pulls down her underwear.

MR. HENDRICKS

Wet for me, are you?

He tosses the underwear aside, and it lands directly in front of where Otis is curled in hiding.

Otis reaches his limit. He stares at the pink rosette on the panties and shrieks.

OTIS

Stop!! Please, stop! I'm here, stop doing that!

The world freezes. Otis stands up, waving one hand and keeping his eyes covered with the other.

OTIS
I'm here.

MR. HENDRICKS
(whilst clutching Ms. Sands)
Otis??

From the other side of the wall.

JEAN
....Otis?

Otis runs.

EXT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. COURTYARD- CONTINUOUS

Otis sits with his knees curled to his chest, his forehead resting on them. Jean walks towards him slowly.

JEAN
Mind if I sit here?

OTIS
(grousing)
How did you know where I was.

Jean waves her phone around. The "Find My Friends" app is active. Otis looks up at her and sighs. He gestures next to him with his head, and Jean delicately sits down.

JEAN
Would you like to talk about what happened, back there.

Otis shakes his head.

JEAN (CONT'D)
(lightly)
Well unfortunately, it wasn't a question.

OTIS
(blurts out)
I left Maeve a voicemail where I said I was in love with her. And she hasn't brought it up at all. I thought....

Otis trails off.

JEAN
Ms. Wiley has been going through the

grant and scholarship application process. She has merely been coming to me for advice.

OTIS
(wincing)

So you two aren't complaining about me behind my back?

JEAN

No.

Otis sighs and rakes his hands down his face.

OTIS
I feel like an idiot.

JEAN

You know, this all could have been avoided had you just talked to Maeve in the first place.

OTIS
I know I just....I like her a lot. Mum. And...I hate that it's been so hard and she hasn't told me. Maybe I could've helped her, somehow.

Jean pauses for a moment, before speaking.

JEAN

When I talk to Maeve, do you think I'm helping fix her?

OTIS
Well not *her*, per se, but her problems, yes?

JEAN

I'm not. You can't fix people's lives, or fix their problems, for them. Nor do I try to. All I can do is *advise* them, and let them know that they are capable of fixing these things themselves.

OTIS
I get it, I think.

Jean nods and pats him on the knee. She then gestures forward.

JEAN

Off you go, then. Tell her the truth.
It's all you can do, and it's what you
owe yourself. And her.

Otis nods before hugging Jean and kissing her on the cheek. She squeezes him and lets him go. As he walks away, she sighs and pulls out her phone. She stares at Jakob's contact, hits the dial button, and brings it to her ear.

JEAN

Jakob? Hi, I'm sorry to bother you,
but we need to talk. It's urgent.

INT/EXT. TRAILER PARK. MAEVE'S TRAILER- EVENING

Otis knocks at Maeve's door. She opens it with her arms crossed.

MAEVE

What do you want?

OTIS

I just wanted to apologize.

MAEVE

I said you were on probation, and you
blew it. Tell me, why should I keep
giving you all these chances?

OTIS

I'm in love with you.

Maeve freezes.

MAEVE

You *what*?

OTIS

I'm in love with you Maeve. I left you
a voicemail saying so during the
NSQCs, while I was watching you
compete.

Otis looks at Maeve earnestly and firmly. Maeve tightly grips the doorframe.

OTIS (CONT'D)

That's why I've been acting so
strange. I didn't know why you didn't
say anything after hearing the

voicemail-

MAEVE
(hoarsely)
I never heard the voicemail.

OTIS
What?

MAEVE
The voicemail. I never got one. I
never heard it.

OTIS
Oh....I see....

They stare at each other in silence before Otis blurts out.

OTIS
Will you be my girlfriend, Maeve?

Maeve frowns and thinks.

MAEVE
Look Otis. You're a good guy- even if
you're an asshole sometimes. But. The
timing is all wrong.

Maeve looks at the ground, and anxiously shifts her feet.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
Things are really difficult. It's
been....hard. Since my mum left, and
since clinic stopped. And...I need a
friend right now more than I need a
boyfriend.

Maeve looks up at Otis.

MAEVE
I hope you can understand.

OTIS
Yeah. Yeah, I get it.

Otis gives Maeve a cheeky smile

OTIS (CONT'D)
Your friendship is still a prize.

MAEVE
(snorts)
You fucking dork.

Otis sticks out his hand.

OTIS
So, friends?

Maeve looks at him a second before smiling with her mouth closed, and grabbing his hand.

MAEVE
Friends.

They shake.

OTIS
Great, then. Well I'll just....head
out.

MAEVE
Probably for the best.

OTIS
Oh, and Maeve?

She turns back around.

OTIS (CONT'D)
I don't think I've ever known anyone
who had the power to tell you who you
are.
(he smiles, a bit smirky)
Isn't that right, cockbiter?

Maeve lets out a laugh and sticks up a middle finger.

MAEVE
Fine, dickhead. You've made your
point.

OTIS
Okay, then. My work here is done.

Otis smiles and gives her a dorky wave before turning back around and walking home.

INT. TRAILER PARK. ISAAC'S TRAILER- CONTINUOUS

Maeve bursts into ISAAC's trailer. ISAAC, who was in the

midst of reading, raises his eyebrows.

MAEVE

Otis came over to tell me he was in love with me. He asked me to be his girlfriend.

Maeve starts biting her nails.

ISAAC

Yeah, I saw the whole thing.

MAEVE

You creep.

ISAAC shrugs.

ISAAC

And what did you tell him?

Maeve pulls her fingers away from her mouth.

MAEVE

I told him no.

ISAAC

Oh?

MAEVE

Yeah.

Maeve leans back against the counter and sighs.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

It stinks. Because I still really like him, too. But he just...

ISAAC

Doesn't get it?

Maeve turns her head away to look out the dirty window.

MAEVE

(quietly)

Yeah.

ISAAC

Well you're right.

Maeve looks at him.

ISAAC

He'll never understand us the way we understand each other. Never could, and never will.

Maeve nods, a small frown on her face.

MAEVE

Yeah. I guess that's true.

ISAAC smiles.

INT. FANCY HOTEL. BAR - NIGHT

Michael and Harry are aglow by the golden lights of the bar, talking. Harry makes a big gesture with his hands as he speaks, the rest of him still prim, and Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

So what are you doing here, talking to a sad, silly man on a Friday night? Surely you have better things to do?

HARRY

I'm here running a conference for the weekend, actually. But I'm quite happy with where I ended up this evening.

MICHAEL

A conference? I thought there was only one conference happening in the hotel this weekend?

HARRY

Yes, "The Pleasure of Control" - my conference.

Michael startles so badly he knocks over his empty martini glass. The sad little olive left inside rolls out and across the counter before slowing to a slimy stop.

MICHAEL

You- your conference?

HARRY

Yes, my conference. I've been a professional Dom for around thirty years.

MICHAEL

But I - but I-

HARRY

Yes I remember seeing your name on the guest list- you were signed up for Dom's class weren't you? It really is funny, a Dom named Dom but-

MICHAEL

(cutting him off)

I didn't think it was for- for....

He trails off awkwardly

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

that.

Harry blinks at him owlshly.

HARRY

That?

MICHAEL

Yes, that! That. That, *perverseness*.

HARRY

Ah. I see. And you thought disciplinarian meant....

MICHAEL

Teachers! Or Judges. Parents?

HARRY

Very kinky.

MICHAEL

You shut your mouth-

HARRY

Look, I'm not in the wrong here. I'm not saying you are- but I'm definitely not.

The two of them sit silently at the bar, Michael staring forlornly at the olive and Harry with his shoulders squared.

MICHAEL

How can an upstanding, proper man such as yourself do such lewd things?

Harry looks over, but Michael is unable to meet his eyes.

HARRY

You clearly felt some sort of kinship with me before you knew who I was. Maybe we're not so different, you and I.

Michael feels like protesting, getting mad, yelling, but is too bleary and defeated to do so. He settles for giving Harry a baleful glare while resting his head on his arm- sprawled across the bar-top.

Harry lets out a light chuckle before motioning for the bartender. He hands over a sleek black credit card before turning to Michael and handing him his business card.

HARRY

If you want to learn more about BDSM, or just talk more, or meet again as friends, just give me a call. But this lifestyle might be something good for you.

Harry nods at Michael, picks up his coat and briefcase, and leaves. Michael stares at the business card long after he's left.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE MILBURN HOUSE- NIGHT

Otis drags his feet along the ground as he walks home. As he approaches his house, he sees Eric sitting at the top of the steps. He approaches curiously.

OTIS

Hey, what're you doing here?

Eric shrugs.

ERIC

Wanted to see how you were doing. How did it go?

OTIS

She said no.

ERIC

I'm sorry, man.

OTIS

Yeah. And I wasn't even good enough for the Fellowship so truly,

Otis sits next to Eric and tugs at his hair.

OTIS (CONT'D)

I have no purpose, do I?

Suddenly Eric shoves Otis, hard. Otis yelps and Eric firmly stands, his hands on his hips.

ERIC

No purpose? Bitch! We've been friends since we were nine goddamn years old! Does half our lives mean nothing to you?

OTIS

I-

ERIC

You're my friend, Otis. My best friend. And most of the time, you're a great one. Don't tell me that our friendship means nothing to you.

Otis is shocked, and touched.

OTIS

You're right, Eric. I'm sorry.

Eric sticks his nose up.

ERIC

Tuh. Well of course I am. But you've been a real shit friend lately, Otis!

Eric looks at Otis intently. Otis stays silent and lets him speak.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Yea you can't be a "sex therapist" anymore and take peoples money after telling them what to do, but you still talk to me about Maeve all the bloody time. And I listen, don't I?

OTIS

(quietly)

Yeah, you do.

ERIC

And I don't make a fuss, do I?

OTIS
No, you don't.

ERIC
Hmph. So stop being so fucking full of
yourself and cut the double standard!

Eric turns to Otis and implores:

ERIC
Listen to me and give me advice on
what I should do about Adam. You know,
like the good friend I know you are?

OTIS
You are... so right, Eric. Can you
tell me more about what happened with
Adam? I'm ready to listen now... and
stop being such a douche.

Eric puffs out a relieved sigh.

ERIC
Oh praise *Jesus*.

He plops down next to Otis and starts to talk while animatedly moving his hands. Otis focuses on him and nods. The trees sway gently in the night breeze, and their tops are illuminated by the pale belly of the glowing moon, blanketed by stars.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Eric stands outside of Adam's house, and throws pebbles at his bedroom window. Adam opens the window and peeks his head out. He and Eric stare at each other for a long moment, before Adam nods. A few moments later, Adam appears outside. Before he can speak, Eric holds a finger up. Adam shuts his mouth.

ERIC
Before you say anything I want you to
listen to me.

Adam nods. In this moment, he feels as if he is smaller than Eric.

ERIC
First off, I'm really, really sorry I
did what I did without asking your
permission first. It was a violation

of your trust, and I promise not to do it again.

ADAM
(quietly)
Apology accepted.

ERIC
Thank you. Second.

Eric lifts up Adam's chin with two fingers, so Adam is looking him in the eye, and not at the ground.

ERIC (CONT'D)
We have to communicate with each other if we want to be together. And I know, that it's really, really hard, but I've seen you grow. You've changed so much, and for the better, so I'm asking you-

Adam's eyes are wide as Eric leans closer.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Can you trust me, Adam? Can we trust in each other?

Adam nods and pulls Eric in for a rough hug. He squeezes Eric tightly.

ADAM
I missed this. I missed feeling you here. So much.

ERIC
(smiling against Adam's chest)
I missed it, too.

ADAM
Um. I didn't hate it. Not at all. And I didn't feel violated, actually.

Eric pulls back.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I actually quite liked it. But I felt really, really shameful about it.

Eric cups Adam's face between his fingers and kisses him.

ERIC

There is nothing to be ashamed of.

Adam smiles and kisses one of his palms.

ADAM

Um, yeah. Ola actually helped me figure that out. And um. We also bought a ...

(whispering)
plug.

Eric looks at Adam in glee. Adam continues, shyly.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Would you like to, um, try it with me?

ERIC

No more shutting me out.

ADAM

(nodding)
No more shutting you out.

ERIC

Hell yeah I'd like to try it with you.

Eric drags Adam to the front door of his own home. Adam follows along, docile and smiling.

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

Maeve sits across the table from INTERVIEWER 4 (Woman, kind face, open). There's a folder on the table labeled "Women's Equity Center" with a logo next to it. Both women have mugs of coffee in front of them, and a plate of pastries sits on the table.

MAEVE

So yeah, even though you I told you about my background in my application, that's not why I'm here. Those things happened, and they shaped who I am, but they don't define me. I'd much rather talk about Woolf and Didion with you than I would my past.

Interviewer 4 pushes her glasses up her nose and leans a bit forward.

INTERVIEWER 4

Ms. Wiley, I was very impressed by your application-- I especially loved your essay on the manifestation of gender performativity in the food service industry. I believe your unique past brings just the intersectional approach we are seeking at our organization.

MAEVE

Ah, I'm glad you liked it- I'd be happy to discuss it further, if you're interested.

INTERVIEWER 4

Very interested- but before we do, I was wondering if you had heard of The Exaltatio School before?

MAEVE

Um...no?

Interviewer 4 grabs her large purse and begins digging around.

INTERVIEWER 4

Hmm, I just know I had it- aha!

Interviewer 4 brandishes a pamphlet and hands it over to Maeve. It's covered in photos of smiling teens, high tech rooms, and a swathe of extracurriculars.

INTERVIEWER 4 (CONT'D)

It's an excellent boarding school focused on advancing the bright young minds of your generation- and I happen to have a friend in the financial aid department. I could probably help you secure funding, if you'd like.

MAEVE

Oh that's...that's...quite generous of you? This seems like a lot to do for a veritable stranger.

Interviewer 4 leans back with a small, mischievous smile on her face.

INTERVIEWER 4

Hmmm, you're not the only one here

with a unique past, and I never forgot the woman who helped me. All we can do is be there for each other.

Maeve looks through the pamphlet, reading the little blurbs and staring at the pictures.

MAEVE

Thank you, for it. But... may I have some time to think about it?

INTERVIEWER 4

Of course, but be sure to actually think about it. Don't be a person who cuts themselves off at the knees.

Interviewer 4 wraps both hands around her mug and lifts it.

INTERVIEWER 4 (CONT'D)

Now, what were you saying about our friend Judith?

INT. MOOREDALE SECONDARY. NEWSPAPER CLUB ROOM- AFTERNOON

Otis sits with a straight back in front of the board members of the newspaper club. He is wearing a nice button-up shirt, and has a smile on his face.

OTIS

I want to run an advice column for your club. An agony aunt sort of thing.

NEWSPAPER PRESIDENT

Oh?

OTIS

Yes. I can't fix anyone, but I think people could always use another friend. And besides, you know the goings-about at this school- I'm sure you know how helpful I've been. Having me will definitely boost readership for the paper. What do you say?

The BOARD MEMBERS all look at each other.

A gavel goes down. A paper slides in front of Otis, stamped "Accepted." In green marker under it, "Welcome to the Club"

END OF EPISODE.