



Scripts.com

Bloody Homecoming

By Jake Helgren

I can't believe our school
throws homecoming
in the old gym.
Of all the shitty ways
to save a penny.
Come on, Loren.
Just be stoked
we're finally in high school
and can actually go this year.
So, it was your lame idea
to come to this stinky-ass
porta-potty of a party?
Wasn't it
Annie's sophomore boy toy
that had this brilliant idea?
Yeah.
Like you aren't aching
to see your own junior boy toy,
Jaclyn?
Yeah, Jaclyn.
Isn't Karl a little old for you?
Whatever.
Guys, put out that cigarette
before we all get detention.
Those sophomore bros
you guys hang out with
are a bunch of tools.
Ah, Steve, but they're tools
that can drive cars,
right, girls?
- Ugh. Jerks!
- It wasn't funny.
I know.
It was fucking hilarious.
Loren, they won't let us in.
Hey, whoa,
whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.
Sorry, freshmen.
No fishies allowed.
The dance
is for everyone, meathead.
- Move.
- Wow, Steve.
Your girl's

got some mouth on her.
Maybe you should, uh,
put something in there,
- uh, shut her up.
- Hey, hey, hey.
Come on, guys.
They're with us.
So, what?
We just decided...
we don't want any sophomores
allowed in here either.
But, you know,
we may, uh, reconsider
if you give us
that, uh, Spirit Baton.
Yeah, right.
Sophomores won it
fair and square.
Well, I guess
you ain't getting in then.
Real mature.
Man, you got
to be kidding me.
Sorry, Karl.
Looks like you
and your little fishie buddies
have to find another pond
to go swim in.
- Aw, hell with this.
- Karl.
Dude, wait up.
That was perfect.
Yeah.
20 bucks?
To guarantee you
and all three of your friends
- get laid tonight?
- That was the deal.
Sorry, Billy.
Price just tripled.
It's still worth it.
Hey, Billy.
Give it to her good.
Karl, man.

Dude, come on, man.
Just chill.
Okay.
Yeah, forget them.
It's not worth it.
What?
I say y'all
should've kicked their butts.
I didn't get all fine like this
for nothing.
Yeah. They're, uh, senior
linebackers there, Jackie.
You fight them,
you fight the whole team.
Guys, it's over.
Can we just get the hell
out of here now?
Yeah. Maybe we should
just call it a night.
Wait, where's Billy?
I'm right here.
I think everyone wants to go.
Wait...
guys... The party
is just getting started.
Geez, Billy.
Where'd you get that?
Don't worry about it.
We can't just booze it up
in the courtyard.
Who said anything
about boozing it up
in the courtyard?
I don't know
if this is such a good idea.
Actually, it's a great idea.
Good job, Billy.
Maybe you're not as much
of a dry spot as I thought.
Thanks... I think.
Come, darling.
Let's dance.
All right, class.
Attention.

Yes, miss Russell.

I would like each of you all
to write a three-page report
on Shakespeare's
"taming of the shrew"
and why it's such
a chauvinistic piece of...
how about I tame
your shrew?

Hey.

That's my line.

Hey, I need
to show you something.

Geez, Billy.

Where'd all this come from?

My brother, he hooked me...

he hooked us up
for our one-month anniversary.

That's really sweet,
but come on.

One month
isn't much to celebrate.

Are you kidding me?

This has been the happiest month
of my entire life.

- What's wrong?

- Nothing.

I mean, I've had a lot of fun
with you, too.

Just I'm not ready
for... You know.

For what?

That thing in your pants
pressed against me right now.

And just, you know,
we're both really young,
and we have plenty of time,
so we should just...

I know.

Exactly.

We are young,
so we should take advantage
of every moment that we have.
Billy, I said no, okay?

Annie, I know you want to.
Come on. A little petting
once in a while is fine,
but you are drunk.
And can we please just go back
with everyone else?
You know, Annie,
you can be such
a ripe little tease sometimes.
And you can be a ripe asshole.
You know what?
If you're gonna be
a little bitch like that,
I got a real woman out there
that's willing to give it up
to me right now.
Go for it.
Now get your slimy hands off me!
What the hell is your problem?
Do you know
how much all of this cost?
I'm sorry.
You know what?
I think you need
to be taught a lesson.
Stop! No! Stop!
Stop!
Stop!
Please, just stop!
Stop it!
Come on. Go.
Loren, truth or dare?
Truth...
Billy is a real prick.
Holy shit.
What happened in there?
Are you guys okay?
Let me out!
Annie Morgan, you slut!
Let me out right now!
What did Billy do to her?
Nothing yet, but he tried.
Guys, I just want to go home.
Look, just give me the keys.

- I'll go talk to him.

- No.

You can't just leave him
locked in the closet.

Watch me.

Annie Morgan, open up this door!

Fire!

Guys, come on!

Please!

What's going on out here?

Oh, shit.

Shouldn't

you all be at the dance?

Those asshole senior linemen
wouldn't let us into the dance,
principal Patterson.

You should have
reported that to us.

You guy
are not allowed out here.

Hey... hey, guys.

Allen,

what is going on over there?

Somebody get
a fire extinguisher!

Oh, it's hot!

Aah!

Sitting in my car
we used to all hang around
this park

we were so rebellious
that's what our parents
used to tell us
we didn't care
we thought we had forever
but we were unaware

- we were kids

- we were kids

- we were friends

- we were friends

I thought it would never end
well, I don't want it to end
teen angst

it's killing me now

no matter where I run
I won't be getting out
- woke up screaming in my bed
- woke up screaming
all the words I never said
teen angst
it's killing me now
As you can see,
our theme this year
is going up to amp up
the scheme of school colors
as you head your way
up the hall.
Isn't it wonderful?
We're all finally
having ourselves
a real homecoming
around here again.
No.
I think it's a huge mistake.
Well, don't you
think it's wonderful, coach?
Oh, it's wonderful,
all right.
Honey, can we keep focusing
on the task at hand?

It's nearly 9:

have two halls to judge.
Sorry, dear.
All right. We're done.
Thank God.
Can we leave now?
Hey, what are you doing tonight?
Oh, uh,
Karl's off in a few,
so I'll probably just head
over to the station.
Surprise, surprise.
Oh, come on.
It's not like you two
aren't up each other's butts
24/7, too, okay?
Vulgar.

True, but vulgar.
So, is Karl coming
to the dance tomorrow night?
Are you kidding me?
He wouldn't be caught dead
back in this place.
I mean, plus, he's on duty.
Aw.
So sad
how we miss that old Karl.
You know what?
Both of you guys
can kiss my butt, okay?
And what a cute butt it is.
Don't you think?
- See you.
- Bye.
Smoking kills, didn't you hear?
Ha!
Gee, and this coming from
the one that got me started.
You guys decide skip
hall decorations this year?
Whatever. It's
a stupid token "lame"- coming
for our senior year.
Wade asked for our help,
remember?
- In person?
- No.
At the pep rally for the class.
Exactly my point.
He put this entire thing
together, Nora.
You should be proud of him.
Yeah. I mean,
it's really impressive.
Yeah, it's really impressive.
He's such a go-getter
these days.
Bitchy much?
You should be happy for wade
making class pres.
Oh, I kid!

I kid!

You know, I still love wade,
even though he did ditch me
when he got too school for cool.

Speaking of ditching,
did anyone see Annie?

She wasn't in class
this morning.

I thought you and Annie
were on the Fritz.

Annie's on the Fritz
with everybody.

She's barely even talking
to her own parents.

Is she still popping
those antidepressants?

I wouldn't know.

Sorry.

Hey, Loren!

Loren

just ain't like she used to be.

Aw, I bet there's a
firecracker in there somewhere.

- I don't know.

- Hey.

Want to find somewhere fun
to shag?

Oh, Robby.

You're such a romantic.

God, Nora

is such a brat these days.

Oh, come on.

Like she said,

she learned from the best.

Real funny, jerk-o.

Do you think Annie's all right?

Yeah.

I'm sure she's fine.

She's probably just not
into all this homecoming stuff.

If she's not back tomorrow,
just give her a call.

If she didn't come

the day before homecoming,

I don't think
she's gonna come on homecoming.
Yeah.
You're right.
How about we just stop by
and check on her?
- You don't mind?
- No.
As long as I can get something
to eat first.
Sure.
And, thanks.
I'll feel better if she is okay.
Great.
Let's do it.
Whoo.
You can't smoke in here.
Why not?
I need a fix.
I sure as hell didn't get one
from two-seconds twiggy
down there.
What do you expect?
It's been almost a week.
It's two-seconds tower,
not twiggy.
Whoa.
Was that janitor Fred's?
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.
Check it out.
"I'm Fred the fireman. "
Let's do it again.
Damn kids.
Condoms off!
Clothes on!
Get the hell out here!
- Sorry, Fred.
- Sorry, old buddy.
And, hey, if anyone asks,
you never saw us here, right?
Can anyone say "serial killer"?
Mom. Hey.
Reminder to take your pills.
- Yeah, I will.

- And feed the cat.
- Yeah, I'll feed the cat.
- Lock the door.
Mm-hmm.
- Love you.
- Yeah. You, too.
- Okay. Bye.
Bye.
Damn it, moco.
Stupid cat.
Maybe she's just not home.
She's totally home.
Where the hell else
would she be?
She's just not answering.
Annie!
I know you're home.
It's Loren. Come on.
Let me in.
Come on.
Maybe she's just asleep.
Let's just go.
If she's not back tomorrow,
we'll come back here, okay?
Fine.
- Loren! Steve! Help!
- So, what now?
Scary movies at my place.
Help!
No!
Keep going.
Keep going. Keep going.
Go! Go!
Go, go, go, go, go!
Come on! Come on!
Keep going!
Up! Up!
Okay, girl.
Fix it.
- Oh, got it!
- Good job, Loren.
Pass it.
Oh. Ow.
Bitch, you did that on purpose!

Language, Nora!
Ow!
Nora, uncalled for.
And, Cheryl, watch it.
Sorry, coach.
She's kind of hard to miss.
I'm sorry.
What was that?
Whoa!
Deejay, wrong gym.
Dance is in the old gym.
Go all the way down that hall.
Hang a left.
Go all the way down.
All right, ladies.
That's enough.
We're finished for today.
Everyone hit the showers.
Are you all right?
Fine.
I swear, one of these days,
I'm gonna beat Cheryl's ass.
I want a front-row seat.
God wasn't being fair
when he made me, was he?
No way.
Me either, right?
You're all right, Darcy.
Maybe a little chubs these days.
Of course, you're not half
as chubs as...
stuff a pom-pom in it, Cheryl.
So sweet cass finally returns
to her repulsive roots
back in booville.
Darcy, we're out.
Move.
Sorry about her.
What a bitch.
No need.
It's not your drama.
But, thanks.
I tried telling Robby
you weren't

a prancing spirit slut at heart.
If anybody should be
apologizing, it should be me.
I'm sorry you had
to tiptoe around that monster
for the past three years.
Well,
she'd actually been real sweet
to everyone's face
until yesterday...
the ballots for homecoming queen
came in,
and she wasn't nominated.
Boo-hoo.
Look at us.
I miss this.
I feel like I haven't seen
any of you in ages.
Can you believe
we're actually seniors?
I know. Insane.
But it's sad at the same time,
because we all failed so hard
at being friends.
We should make more of
an effort to get together then.
- Steve would like that, too.
- What about Annie?
- How is she?
- Oh, please.
She wouldn't even return
your call
if you were on your deathbed.
She's the same
pretty much, up and down.
Yeah, and I imagine the
remarkable return of homecoming
has really helped
her healing process.
Well, I don't blame her.
I mean, I've been
a ball of nerves myself, too.
I even puked
before school this morning.

Jesus.
What the hell?
"Happy homecoming"?
Major creepage.
I didn't realize
Steve was so morbidly romantic.
He's not.
Well, kids,
I just don't know
what to make of this.
Maybe some kind
of a practical joke.
Who would play
a joke like this?
You tell me, Steve.
Maybe one
of the theater students?
You guys were responsible for
the loss of half the costumes.
Three years ago.
Do you really think
some theater geek
is still pissed at us
after all this time?
Theater students
have a flair for being dramatic,
don't they?
Principal Patterson,
I don't think this is funny.
Neither do I, Wade.
I'm just not quite sure yet
what to do about it.
You can start
by calling the cops.
Whoa, Jaclyn.
No need to do anything rash.
No need to get
the police involved.
Look, can you think of anyone
who might have reason
to do this?
All right.
Until there's a reason
to think otherwise,

we must assume
this is a practical joke.
There's no evidence
these are actual threats.
But I assure you, we will get
to the bottom of this, okay?
Wait just a second.
Where's Annie?
Oh, yes.
Annie Morgan.
Maybe you should ask her why she
didn't get one in her locker.
She could have.
She's not here today.
Well, perhaps
we should check her locker then.
There you have it...
no letter for Annie Morgan.
What? No.
Annie wouldn't do this.
We'll find out
when she's back in school.
That said,
if I do hear of anything else,
I will let you know.
Otherwise,
I suggest the lot of you
use your own two feet
and get back to class.
We have homecoming
to prepare for, huh?
What an asshole.
So, what now?
You guys,
I'm totally freaking out now.
I mean, do you really think
we're safe here?
Of course we're safe, Cassie.
I mean, safety in numbers,
right?
Well, I know
I'll feel a lot safer
if my man is patrolling
the dance floor tonight.

Patterson said
not to call the police.
Look, if I want
to call my man, I will.
But, wait.
What about Annie?
It is kind of weird
she didn't have a note.
- I'll give her a call.
- Guys, come on.
Just chill.
Voicemail.
Do you want to go check on her?
- Yeah.
- Okay.
We'll go check on her again,
all right?
Did you try her house phone?
I talked to her mom last week.
They're in Florida all weekend.
Everybody,
please just calm down.
Like I said, we'll check on her
after school, okay?
How about we all check on her?
We can have a pre-party,
ration out her mom's stash
of hooch and happy pills?
That's not a bad idea.
I mean, I wouldn't mind
seeing Annie myself.
I haven't been the best
about checking in on her.
I mean,
I don't want to overwhelm her,
but a little reunion
might lift her spirits.
- You think?
- It's worth a try.
- I'm in.
- Me too.
All right.
After class, then.
Done deal.

Go ahead.

I'm gonna go to the ladies'.

- I'll see you in class.

- All right. See you soon.

Come on, Annie. Pick up.

Hey, it's Annie.

Leave a message.

Jesus, Fred!

Damn trash all over the floor.

Sorry.

Cleaning around here
sucks sometimes, huh?

Yeah, you sure know
about that... sucking.

Wake up, Mr. Mathis.

We stopped giving naps
after kindergarten.

I'd hate to see
you miss graduation... Again.

You're late, Loren.

Sorry, Mrs. Patterson.

I'm sure you are.

Everyone, open to page 32
of Aphra Behn's "Oroonoko"
for discussion.

Hey.

I think I know who put
those letters in the lockers.

Who?

Really?

I know he did.

He's still pissed at us
about Billy.

Karl told me.

But how would
he have gotten into our lockers?

I don't know.

But he gets to school early
for extra football practice,
so he has time to do it.

It makes sense.

That slimy little...

little what, Jaclyn?

Uh... Um,

nothing, Mrs. Patterson.

Making reference

to the lilliputians, are we?

Um, no, Mrs. Patterson.

Perhaps

you'd like to give your thoughts

on the narrative position

of "oroonoko"?

Oh, uh, the narrator

inherits her stature

from her ancestors

without choice.

Behn doesn't want to

discriminate against oroonoko,

because she knows he's her

equal, even though he's a slave.

Behn has to stay in her place

to keep the status quo.

Well put, Loren.

Now, can anyone think

of modern-day parallels

to this view?

Well, high school is one

with a plethora of viewpoints

from ethnicity, to gender,

to something as intimate

as who we fall in love with.

In "oroonoko," behn unveils

that it is within our nature

to set boundaries on ourselves,

because they ultimately

help us survive.

- Yo.

- Any word from Annie?

Mnh-mnh.

So why did you look so

spooked when you got to class?

Oh, nothing.

Fred startled me.

Ew.

That pervy janitor.

Custodial engineer.

Wait.

Did he touch you?

No, Steve.
He just startled me.
Steve, don't be a hater.
Fred's a goody-goody.
Wait.
What do you mean?
Apparently,
he's a volunteer firefighter
on the weekends.
I saw his getup
in the custodian closet.
What were you doing
in the custodian closet?
Oh, I was
doing... Robby... In there...
While you dweebs
were hall-decorating.
Uh, gross.
Thanks for that image.
Loren,
have you heard from Annie?
She's been absent from class
the last couple of days.
I- I haven't heard from her.
We were actually just
about to check on her, Mrs. "p. "
Oh, well, I...
well, I hope she's okay.
Um, see you
at the dance tonight?
Okay.
Derrick, your book report.
Worst... Class... Ever.
You guys
did a great job last week
on our "go, cats, go!" Cheer,
so we're gonna save that
for after half time,
and we're gonna open the game
with our uca competition dance.
So everybody please
make sure you stretch before...
Cheryl, are you listening?
Competition dance.

Stretch.
Anything else, Captain bore?
Fine. We'll meet
on the fields at 6:30 sharp.
Go, wildcats!
Hey.
Watch out for him, Cheryl.
He's bad news.
Don't be jealous...
Just 'cause
you couldn't keep him.
Keep him?
I dumped him after two months.
He was such a jerk.
Well, isn't that the pot
calling the kettle black?
It's black, Darcy.
It's calling the kettle black.
Um, that's racist.
Shut up.
May I have
a word with you, Cassie?
Sure.
Is this about the letters?
Did you find out who did it?
Actually, no.
This is about the dance tonight.
I was hoping that you might
come by my office later
so that we might be able
to discuss your crowning.
What?
I made queen?!
Shh.
Principal Patterson,
I don't think anyone's supposed
to know the homecoming queen
until the dance.
Come on, Cassie.
Both you and I know
you're a shoo-in for queen.
And I was thinking
it would be nice
if we could, uh,

prearrange the...

The coronation of this year's
queen properly, you know...
back in my office?

Oh, um,

principal Patterson, I'm sorry.

It's just I already have plans
after school,

but I am so excited.

And thank you so much.

I won't tell anybody.

Oh, look.

There's my ride.

I got to run.

See you at the game.

Ugh.

Ugh.

Patterson is a major perv.

I think he just hit on me.

- Serious?

- Shut up.

Come on.

Let's get out of here.

I want you to do something fun
with my hair
that will look good
under a tiara.

Oh. So sure

we're winning the crown, are we?

Hello?

I'm a total shoo-in.

Hey, guys.

Are we all ready?

Yes.

And I know where her dad
keeps enough whiskey
to put down an elephant.

See?

This is gonna be fun.

Yeah, it'll be fun.

Sheriff Corbin.

Yes?

And what brings you by?

Cut the crap,

Patterson. I'm here on business.
My deputy got wind
that some of the students
got some death threats
in their lockers.
Your deputy?
Yeah.
Karl clements.
Jaclyn's boyfriend.
She and a few of her friends
found these.
These friends...
Are they the same kids
that killed my boy?
Don't you think that's something
I ought to know about?
Sheriff...
Billy was a hell of a kid
and probably would have been
the best damn quarterback
this town has seen in 15 years.
We were all broken up about it.
And if I could have expelled
those students permanently,
I would have.
Look, Patterson,
I don't want to hear
about your failed-ass attempts.
Those kids
are the reason my wife
has spent the last three years
in the nuthouse.
She barely eats, sleeps,
or says two words.
I feel for you, sheriff.
I'm not sure
what it is you want me to do.
I don't want you to do anything.
But I want something I can use
to take action
against those kids.
Well, those kids
didn't just simply plant
those notes in their lockers

themselves,
and I can't go around
accusing my students
without some sort of...
well, that's fine.
You just sit here in your cozy
little office and play innocent.
But if you're not gonna do
anything about them, I will.
Man, you guys.
We don't want to scare
the royal poop out of her.
- Shut up, Robby.
- Maybe she's not home.
Oh, she's home.
She may be on cloud Xanax,
but she's home.
We may have to find
another liquor stash to loot.
Nah.
Maybe the back's open.
Anyone inside there?
Nada.
Wade, what are you doing?
What's the big deal?
It's open already.
- Hey, Annie!
- Sweet!
Everyone's here!
Get your lovely lady lumps
down here
so we can have a drink!
I don't think Annie's here.
Hey, guys.
What are you guys doing?
The good stuff's in the garage.
Hey.
She skipped for a reason.
Maybe she just wants
to be left alone.
All right. Well, let me
just at least check on her
to see if she's all right.
I got a text from Annie.

I can't even find the light.
What does it say?
"Leave me alone. "
See?
What did I say.
Jaclyn, forget it.
We're leaving.
Damn. Really?
Come on, guys.
We still love you, Annie bear!
If you change your mind,
give us a call!
Now what?
I have an idea.
As class president,
guess what I have.
Keys to the teachers' lounge.
Yes!
The game starts in two hours,
and I say we meet up there
after it starts for
a quick break before the dance.
And by break, I mean
booze break.
'Cause I know where my dad keeps
his stash of vodka in the study.
- Let's go.
- Yeah.
That's what I'm talking about.
Yep. See you.
You all right?
I don't know.
That just isn't like Annie.
We knew this weekend
would be hard on her.
Just give her some space,
all right?
You're a good friend,
and that's all you can be
right now, okay?
Yeah.
You're right.
All right.
Let's go.

What are those?
Oh, some prankster
put them in the lockers
of all those kids
responsible
for that Billy Corbin mess.
Mess?
Dan, we lost a student.
I know.
And it's been a real mess I've
had to deal with ever since.
You've no idea
how much money this school lost,
not only
in property-code violations,
but also
in losing that Corbin kid, too.
He had the best damn arm
in the state.
I heard
his Father stopped by today.
He got wind of those notes.
Do they know who did it?
He thinks
one of those kids did it.
I can't say I blame him.
They ruined this town
and got away
without so much as a scratch.
Well...
It's in the past.
What's done is done.
We just... Have to let it go,
right?
Try telling that to Corbin.
He thinks all this
is gonna send his wife
screaming back to the nuthouse.
Hell.
Probably better than living
with that nightmare of a man.
Dan.
That's a terrible thing to say.
Poor Vivian.

I mean, she lost a son.
I can only imagine
what it's like to lose a child.
Since you
were never able to have them,
that sounds about right.
What?
Everybody has got to be
so damn dramatic.
Hey.
Hey. I'm headed
over to the field now.
Can you come meet me there?
I can't right now.
I'm working.
You told me
you were patrolling
the school grounds tonight.
And I am.
But the sheriff is Mia
at the moment,
so I've got some other things
that I need to get done first.
So, what?
You're just gonna have me walk
through that parking lot
all by myself in the dark,
after Annie not showing up today
and those creepy notes
in our lockers?
I promise you, I will
come find you at the dance
- once I'm finished.
- Karl,
what could possibly be
more important than me?
Listen, I got to go.
I'm scared.
I need you here with me.
All right. Call Loren,
have her walk you to the field.
Karl!
Hurrah, and hello,
and welcome to Winston stadium,

all you wild wildcat fans.
Tonight, for one night only,
not only are we celebrating
Winston's annual
homecoming festivities,
but we're also taking on
our long-running rivals,
the maddington mustangs.
What are we gonna do?
Ride... The... Mustangs!
You look so beautiful.
Thanks, but I'm really
not feeling it tonight.
Hey.
Where's Jaclyn?
Is she supposed to meet us here?
Uh, she had to drop
by the drugstore
and then meet Karl
before his shift started.
He's gonna patrol
the dance tonight.
Someone to keep us safe...
that's a good thing, right?
Yeah.
Hey, if you don't want
to do this, we don't have to.
We could go pull a Nora-Robby.
Maybe go to a...
- no. Let's go.
- Okay.
I need to get my mind
off Annie anyway.
- I'm fine.
Mm-hmm.
Knowing Nora and Robby,
they probably won't even show up
to the dance anyway.
God only knows with those two.
Yeah.
Forget it.
I'm totally not going
to the field.
Football is a barbaric sport,

and...

I don't care
anything about it.

We can meet up with everyone
at the dance.

Fine.

So, what do you want to do
till then?

Is sex all you ever think about?

Well, we sure as shit
can't do it in this heap.

There's not enough room.

I've got an idea.

Good lord.

I think I've died
and seen my first angel.

You mean your first queen?

By the way,

I did that queen's hair.

Shouldn't you be down
there cheering with your squad?

Queen nominee...

I get the night off.

Well, then...

Come have a seat here,
your majesty,

because this just so happens to
be the best seat in the house...

Right next to me.

Karl, where are you?

What are you doing?

Making sure no one is coming.

Exactly.

No one is coming.

So get down here.

Nora.

Nora, I love you so.

Will you please be
a little more quiet?

Touchdown!

Marry me.

Marry me, Nora.

Ow!

Aw, you're such an idiot, Robby!

What?

I want to spend
the rest of my life with you.
Is that so bad?
It is once we finish screwing
in the back
of Allen Mathis' pickup truck.
I swear, men just don't get it.
What?

What don't I get?
I love you.
What else is there to get?
Robby, if you don't shut it
and let me smoke this cigarette
in peace a minute
so I can think,
I swear I've got a backhand with
your name written all over it.

Look, Nora.

I won't shut up.
I want you to tell me.

Say what?
I want you to say you love me.
I say it all the time,
and you never once... aah!

Robby.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

I love you.

I do.

Aah!

Loren.

Jaclyn.

It's okay.

What's wrong?

What happened?

Karl...

he was supposed to meet me here,
but he didn't show up.

But he's working, right?

Maybe he's, uh...

I sent him a text, Loren,
and he didn't even show up.

Come on.

Let's go.

Let's get out of here.

Come on.

The kids will be headed
there from this field soon,
so we'll meet you at the sweep
center in 20 minutes. Copy?

I've got it under control.

Over.

The sheriff's still Mia, Karl.

You'd better stay
on your game tonight.

Copy that, loud and clear.

Well... Let's go for round one.

Ding.

No, I'm not gonna miss
my senior homecoming
just because my boyfriend
is such a...

Twatface?

Yeah.

Thanks, Steve.

Hey, we're gonna
get through this, okay?

Look at me.

I'm such a hot mess.

I got to look better if
I'm gonna find a new man, huh?

That's my girl.

Hey, hey, party people!

Hey.

What's up with that balloon?

I made it
for the senior class and myself
for winning
this year's hall decorations.

So you made yourself a balloon?

Well, somebody
stole the spirit Baton.

What was I supposed to do...
go unrewarded?

Hey, where is, uh,
Robby and Nora?

Probably somewhere

on their backs.
But, hey, how about that game,
huh, guys?
32-16.
Go, wildcats!
Aww, babe.
Nice try.
Tough crowd, tough crowd.
Okay. Well, we're gonna have
to cheers to something.
How about to, uh, old friends?
And new beginnings.
To our last homecoming.
And surviving the night.
Whoo! Cheers.
Mm-hmm.
I am so sorry, dear
I've gotten you
into this mess
go up on one,
come down on two
and take the fabrics
off your dress
your misery is a felony
you look
the other way instead
your honoraries
will carry me
from what is beating you
to death
Where the hell were
you during the game, huh, boy?
You wouldn't let me play, coach.
Why should I dress up?
You get your damn grades up,
and I'll get you
back on the damn field.
Until then, you show up and
support your team, understood?
Yeah.
Well, whatever.
What can I get for you, Larry?
A smile would be nice.
Fat chance.

Now, how is that
to treat an old lover?
Old lover?
I would hardly call
a drunken one-night stand
anything other than
a momentary lapse of judgment.
Why?
You don't like me anymore?
No. I don't.
In fact, I never really did.
My philosophy is,
if I could have you once,
I can have you again.
Well, my philosophy
is that, if you don't get out
of my personal space right now,
that I'm gonna shove that ladle
so far up your ass
you're gonna be blowing punch
out of your nose
until next homecoming.
All right. All right.
I can take a hint.
I watch these streets go by
we've been down this very road
before, I'm sure
but you said
your misery is your enemy
and this fight
is what goes on
pride, indeed,
is the casualty
and that's what's beating you
to death
If there's
a spill, I'll page you.
Otherwise, stay out of sight.
You spook the kids.
Uh, yeah.
I got to tell you, principal.
Some of them...
some of them kids got in,
and they taped tampons all over

the freshmen hall decorations.
Well, then get
in there and take them down.
Oh.
Cassie,
we need all the nominees
backstage, dear.
Wade, we need you, too.
All right, guys.
Wish me luck.
Good luck.
Do you think she'll win?
Come on.
She's a shoo-in.
Are you okay?
What's wrong?
Don't worry about all of this.
It doesn't really matter.
Even if you don't win,
you're still my queen.
I know, but this is
so important to me, you know?
I mean, this is
probably the best thing
that will ever happen to me.
Honey, honey, honey, whoa.
Hold on a second.
The best thing
that ever happened to you?
See, that's crazy.
You got your whole life
ahead of you.
You're gonna graduate
and go to college
and get out of this dumpy town.
No, wade.
I won't.
Mom's malignant.
She has six months, tops.
And besides, someone has to stay
and take care of grams.
With my piece-of-shit dad gone,
there's no one else.
Cassie, I think your mom

would still want you
to go to college
and make a life for yourself.
She does.
But she won't even be here
in six months.
So it doesn't matter.
But it's not so bad, right?
I mean, you're gonna stay
and open Winston's first salon
and spa anyway, right?
- So we can...
but, Cassie,
that's only
because my folks are loaded
and I can afford
that kind of luxury.
Yeah. Well, I can't,
and neither can my grandma.
Yes.
Yes, you can.
Do you want to know why?
Because I'm gonna be here
to take care of old grams.
What?
Wade, that's ridiculous.
No.
No, it's not.
I love your grams.
Besides, you're gonna be
like two hours away.
You can come and visit
on the weekends.
Wade, I can't ask you to.
Cassie, you didn't.
Wade, it's time, dear.
We'll talk more
about this later, okay?
For now, wipe away those tears.
You're ruining your mascara.
Attention, everyone.
May I have your attention,
please?
And welcome to Winston high's

first homecoming dance
in three years.
And now that special moment
you've all been waiting for.
Let's bring out the nominees.
Whoo, whoo!
Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo!
And here to announce
this year's
homecoming king and queen,
student-body president
wade Scott.
This is stupid.
Classic.
Thank you, principal Patterson.
And now, without further ado,
I give you this year's king cat.
Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!
Um, this is interesting.
I think
this might be the first time
that we've ever rewarded
a student
for being a senior twice.
On his second go-around
as a Winston senior,
your homecoming king,
Allen Mathis.
And now for the real moment
you've all been waiting for.
Time to crown the biggest whore.
Cheryl,
you weren't even nominated.
Oh.
Go ahead, girlfriend.
'Cause after the day
that I've had,
I would love for somebody
to throw the first punch.
First, I would like
to take this moment
to say that this year's
homecoming queen
is an exemplary form

of character, beauty,
and intelligence.
Her ambition is gonna bring
her far beyond this fair town
and to a destiny
beyond which, well...
There will be no limits.
I give your queen,
Cassie Herron.
Thank you so much,
Winston high.
You are a God among men,
wade Scott.
If you were straight, I'd snatch
you up in a heartbeat.
Whoa. Wait.
How did you know?
Wade, I've known you
since kindergarten.
I think I know you pretty well.
Point taken.
But I do have a secret
- that I bet you don't know.
- Yeah?
I'm actually
kind of seeing someone.
Shut the shit up.
Who?
Um...
Really?
Press-box boy?
But Chris Masterson is so...
Butch?
I know, right?
Good job.
I believe this calls
for a celebration.
Indeed.
Uh... Shit.
I, uh, left the vodka
in the teachers' lounge.
It's okay.
We don't need it.
Are you kidding me?

I can't just leave it in there.

Well, then let's go get it.

No, no, no.

You stay here and enjoy
your palace and the peasants.
And I'll be right back, okay?

Would you mind
taking over for me?

Sure.

I need to head
to the ladies' room.

Mm.

Russell, you all right?

Yeah.

I'm fine.

Yeah.

Where did I put
that bottle of happy juice?
That's my balloon, asshole.
Is this some kind of joke?
Oh. You're the jackass
who stole the spirit Baton
from the senior class.

Hand it over.

What the hell, man?

Aah!

Damn kids!

Congratulations, your highness.

I think someone needs
to lay off the punch, drunkie.

- What?

- The punch is spiked?

Yes.

Old faithful here poured
the whole damn bottle in it.

Wait.

The bottle wade brought?

- Yeah. Why?

- Oh, no.

He just went to go get it.

Oh, well, just text him
and tell him to hurry back
so it's not all gone.

I left my phone in the car.

Oh, no. It's fine.
I'll text him.
Actually, don't.
I'm gonna go and find him.
We need to have
some quick girl talk.
I need to get the scoop
on his new man.
What?
He's out?
As of about five minutes ago.
I mean, I kind of
helped him along.
But don't say anything
until he tells you himself.
Okay? Promise?
Wow.
Good for him.
Mm-hmm.
- It's about time, man.
I know, right?
Hey, you guys guard
that punch bowl with your lives
until we're back.
Understand?
Yes, ma'am, your highness.
Good lord.
One little tiara,
and suddenly she owns the place.
Punch, anyone?
Wade?
Wade?
Shit!
- Aah!
- What are you doing?
Someone's after me!
He's trying to kill me!
Let go!
Stupid kid.
Aah!
Aah!
Aah! Aah!
I don't think so, buddy.
Steve, you need to slow down.

You are about to be up right now.
Cassie and Wade have been
gone for a while, haven't they?
Maybe they just got trashed
and decided to leave the party.
Well, yeah, but that's
not really Cassie's style.
I mean,
she wins homecoming queen,
and she doesn't even want
to stick around to celebrate?
Well, they're doing
something without us.
Well, maybe
we should go look for them.
And leave the party?
Seriously?
Yeah. I'm a little
freaked out, Steve...
the notes, no word from Annie,
not to mention Nora and Robby
have disappeared.
Well, big surprise there.
Jaclyn, isn't Karl
patrolling right now?
Maybe. I haven't even
seen that asshole.
Those kids are gonna get
somebody killed.
Oh.
Aah! Aah!
Oh. Oh.
I'm sure
everything is fine, okay?
Well, I'm not.
Come on.
Oh, and if you see Karl,
will you remind me to kill him?
Wait. Wait.
I got to... aww.
- No answer?
- Nope.
They're not here.
Shouldn't we just go

to the teachers' lounge?
Wait. What's that?
Is that blood?
What the...
I think I'm gonna be sick.
Jaclyn, don't go
in there by yourself.
L- Loren, w-wait.
Steven!
Oh. Oh. Oh.
Run! Run!
Get out of my way.
We got to get everyone
out of here right now!
Who was that?
I don't know!
Come on!
No way!
What do we do now?
Here.
- Which key is it?
- I don't know.
I'll try all of them.
Steve, hurry!
I'm trying!
He's coming!
Come on.
Go, go, go, go, go.
Aah!
Come on.
What do we do now?
I don't know.
Just...
just be quiet and stay here.
I'm gonna go keep him busy.
No, Steve, you can't.
Loren, I'm not asking.
Just do it.
We're gonna be fine,
all right?
Just stay calm.
I'll go get help and come back.
Help!
Somebody help!

Help me!
Loren! Help!
Help! Help!
Aah! Aah!
Aah!
Steve?
Aah! Aah! Aah!
Karl?
Aah!
Why are you doing this?
Steve!
Jaclyn!
Help, please!
Somebody help me, please!
Please!
Help, Steve!
Please! Help!
Please!
Somebody help me, please!
You're wasting
your breath, Loren.
Mrs. Patterson?
I don't know what happened
to your bratty friend Jaclyn.
I couldn't seem
to find her again.
But your little Steve...
He's just a wet spot
under the bleachers.
I suppose
I could have mopped him up
and put him in a little bucket
to join you.
But, really,
I am just so exhausted.
You kids really put up more
of a fight than I expected.
Aw, don't do that.
It's so pathetic.
But why are you doing this?
I don't understand.
What don't
you understand, Loren?
Why would you do this?

You were always so nice.
Yes.
I am nice, Loren.
And look where it's gotten me...
Teaching literature
at this lowbrow,
small-town high school,
under the supervision of that
manipulative bastard husband,
who cheats on me
every chance he gets.
But he's finally gonna get
what he deserves tonight.
But...
My friends...
we didn't do anything to you.
Of course you did.
What, do you think
this was all for nothing...
that I'm just
some psychopath lunatic?
What... what did we do?
You took my Billy away.
What are you...
are you talking about?
Is that so hard to believe...
that Billy Corbin would want a
disgusting old hag like myself?
Because he did.
And he had me, too.
You and Billy were screwing?
Is that
such an outlandish concept...
for a teacher
to be screwing her student?
I don't think it's unheard of.
Do you, dear?
But you're married to him.
That despicable
excuse for a human being.
Dan.
Dan. Ha.
He was never married to me.
He was married to his career.

But Billy...
Billy was different.
He was godsent.
Failing class.
Needed tutoring.
One thing led to another.
It was... So beautiful.
And then she came along...
...sweet, beautiful,
innocent Annie Morgan.
She became
all he ever talked about.
Everybody just loved Annie.
What a disgusting
little creature.
And you...
Her best friend,
her biggest accomplice.
I know what you did, Loren!
I know you're more responsible
for Billy's death than anyone.
He was going to rape her.
Oh.
I didn't mean to kill him.
If I hadn't locked him
in that closet,
he would have attacked us!
He wasn't a good person,
Mrs. Patterson.
He was probably just using you
to get good grades,
just like he used everyone else
to get what he wanted!
That's a lie!
He loved me!
I know he did.
Billy Corbin
didn't love anyone but himself,
and you know it!
Well, it doesn't
really matter anymore, anyway,
does it?
'Cause Billy's gone,
and in just a short time,

you will be, too.
You and your little friends
are gonna burn,
just like you did to my Billy.
Any last words, Loren?
Go to hell.
You first.
You stay put.
Jaclyn Baker, how dare you
disrespect your teacher?
That does it.
You both are two seconds away
from being permanently expelled.
Not in my senior year, bitch.
How am I gonna clean up
all this mess?
Damn kids.
- Fred!
- Fred!
Help me up.
- Oh, my God.
- Come on.
- Come on.
- Oh, my God.
Maybe this is a bad idea.
Loren, it's a great idea.
And it's courageous
and beautiful
that you're giving all
of our friends a memoriam today.
I mean, would you rather
no one mention them at all?
No.
It's just, I...
- It's like "oroonoko. "
What?
Mrs. Patterson's class
last fall, remember?
Tried to forget.
Well, I sure as hell didn't.
I remember everything
that crazy bitch said.
And thinking back, it all
actually makes a lot of sense.

Jaclyn, do you seriously think
that any of Mrs. Patterson's
psyche makes sense?
All I'm saying is,
if Mrs. Patterson had stuck
to her boundaries,
none of this
would have happened, right?
The things we do and say
all have an effect on others.
And we have a place here.
You have a place here, Loren.
And today that place
is right up there on that podium
making sure as shit
no one ever forgets
what amazing people Steve
and all of our friends were.
So, let's graduate
and get on with our lives.
Okay.
Let's go.
On the down side of up
kicking the curb
till I see you again
love is a masterpiece
unstuck
that you put back together
when you speak my name
- but
- ooh
we'll go the distance
ooh
we could have missed it
ooh
I think we'll make it far
'cause home is where you are
and all I say
and all I can do
I'll always come running
to you
cross endless seas
to be there soon
I'll always come running

to you
I count down the clock
24/7 until Saturday
it ticks slower than a rock
just to see you smile
in a million new ways
- but
- ooh
there's a connection
ooh
comes from your direction
ooh
ooh, love is what love is
and home
is where my heart is
and all I say
and all I can do
I'll always come running
to you
cross endless seas
to be there soon
I'll always come running
to you
ooh, and you take me away
the touch of your hand,
your kiss, your face
I'll be there soon
I'll always come running
to you
oh, yeah, yeah, yeah
yeah, yeah, yeah
on the down side of up
kicking the curb
till I see you again
and all I say
and all I can do
I'll always come running
to you
cross endless seas
to be there soon
I'll always come running
to you
and all I say
and all I can do

I'll always come running
to you
cross endless seas
to be there soon
I'll always come running
to you
on the down side of up
till I see you again