

Syracuse University

## SURFACE

---

Syracuse University Honors Program Capstone Projects    Syracuse University Honors Program Capstone Projects

---

Spring 5-1-2010

### Amanda Green

Alex Piliouras

Follow this and additional works at: [https://surface.syr.edu/honors\\_capstone](https://surface.syr.edu/honors_capstone)



Part of the [Film and Media Studies Commons](#), [Playwriting Commons](#), and the [Television Commons](#)

---

#### Recommended Citation

Piliouras, Alex, "Amanda Green" (2010). *Syracuse University Honors Program Capstone Projects*. 344.  
[https://surface.syr.edu/honors\\_capstone/344](https://surface.syr.edu/honors_capstone/344)

This Honors Capstone Project is brought to you for free and open access by the Syracuse University Honors Program Capstone Projects at SURFACE. It has been accepted for inclusion in Syracuse University Honors Program Capstone Projects by an authorized administrator of SURFACE. For more information, please contact [surface@syr.edu](mailto:surface@syr.edu).

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. MORNING.

AMANDA GREEN stands, seemingly alone, at a boy's locker. But not just any boy, DEREK JAMESON, the Mecca of boys. Amanda is not alone; there is a pack of girls around his locker, each girl staring at Derek like he's handing out free shoes.

Amanda stands sheepishly on the outskirts of this group. She isn't shy, in fact she's very outgoing and very cute, with short blond hair and bright green eyes. However, for some reason she clams up around boys, causing her to frequently mishear minor pieces of conversations. This defect does not help her boy situation.

DEREK

And so I did what anybody would do:  
I took a deep breath, closed my eyes  
and...SWISH! We won the game.

There is a simultaneous SIGH from the group of girls, followed by:

RANDOM GROUPIE 1

Oh. My God.

RANDOM GROUPIE 2

I love you!

RANDOM GROUPIE 3

(a male voice)

Marry me!

JEROME SMITH, nerdy but always armed with a sarcastic comment, approaches Amanda.

JEROME

(sotto)

This is disgusting...

AMANDA

(sotto, not really listening)

Uh huh...definitely...

JEROME

Amanda. Don't tell me you're buying this.

AMANDA

No thanks, I don't have any money on me.

Jerome realizes that Amanda isn't listening.

JEROME

I ate an antelope this morning.

AMANDA

Yeah, I love cantaloupe.

Beat.

JEROME

Oh, would you just ask him to the dance already?!

A few girls turn to look at Jerome and Amanda. Amanda averts her eyes.

AMANDA

(sotto)

Shh! It's not time yet...

DEREK

(to crowd)

Anyway, I've gotta get to practice. We've got a big game coming up.

He grabs his books, closes his locker and casually glances at Amanda as he says:

DEREK (CONT.)

Have a nice day, ladies.

Derek winks and starts off.

AMANDA

(in a loud whisper)

OHMYGODHEWINKEDATME! Ok. Ok. It's time.

Jerome shakes his head as Amanda follows Derek.

JEROME

(to himself)

This is gonna be bad...

AMANDA  
Hey, Derek!

DEREK  
Oh, hey, Amanda what's up?

AMANDA  
Well, I just wanted to see if you  
were go--

She's interrupted by an announcement over the loudspeaker by  
PRINCIPAL PETERSON.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON (V.O.)  
Attention, students, this is  
Principal Peterson. Over the  
weekend, one of you thought it would  
be funny to vandalize our gymnasium.  
To show you how UNFUNNY this is, the  
school dance, which was to be held  
this Friday, will now be held:  
NEVER! Until the guilty party is  
delivered to us, there will be no  
dance. There will be a basketball  
game held in the gym instead. That  
is all.

Amanda is absolutely devastated. Murmurs of protestation echo  
through the halls.

DEREK  
Nice! We get to play now! Sorry, you  
were saying?

AMANDA  
Oh. Yeah. Um...I just wanted to see  
if...do you like cantaloupe?

Off Derek's confused look we:

FADE OUT

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. GREEN HOUSE. AFTER SCHOOL.

Amanda sits at the kitchen table, head in hands. Her GRANDMA, 64 and still wise beyond her years, brings two cups of hot tea to the table.

AMANDA

It's just not fair, Grandma!

GRANDMA

I know, dear. But believe me, life is not always going to be fair. You just have to make the best of what you've got.

AMANDA

But how?! I haven't got ANYTHING! The dance is canceled and now Derek will be playing in the stupid basketball game instead! How do I make the best of *that*?

Grandma sips her tea, thinking, and then:

GRANDMA

Let me tell you a story, dear...

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. 50 YEARS AGO.

Grandma is now Amanda's age and dressed as a detective, complete with a magnifying glass. She carefully examines the floor of the hall, following a set of prints.

GRANDMA (V.O.)

When I was your age, I used to love to solve mysteries.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE.

Young Grandma is dressed the same, but instead following footprints from the refrigerator to her brother's room.

GRANDMA (V.O.)(CONT.)

It started innocently enough, trying to figure out who'd eaten the last piece of cake--turns out it was usually your great uncle, Jeffrey--

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY.

Young Grandma follows the footprints on the floor, leading to...

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT.

...a TEACHER, loading chemistry supplies into his car, obviously stealing.

GRANDMA (V.O.)(CONT.)

But eventually, I became curious enough that I made *everything* into a mystery.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT. MOMENTS LATER.

Several police cars have arrived, and a CROWD of students watches an OFFICER place handcuffs on the teacher and guide him into the car.

GRANDMA (V.O.)(CONT.)

In seventh grade, I even caught mean Mr. Stillwell stealing chemistry sets...

The PRINCIPAL hands Grandma an honorary medal and a check for two dollars.

GRANDMA (V.O.)(CONT.)

...and got a reward from the principal. Two whole dollars!

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN HOUSE. PRESENT DAY.

AMANDA

Wait, hold on. Two dollars?! What'd you buy, a french fry?

GRANDMA

Well, it may not seem like much, but back then two dollars was a whole lot of money.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT. 50 YEARS AGO.

Grandma grins from ear to ear as the principal raises Grandma's arm like she's the heavyweight champion. The crowd erupts into applause. One BOY seems to take a particular shine to Grandma, and he catches her eye. She blushes.

GRANDMA (V.O.)(CONT.)

In fact, I met your grandfather by solving that mystery--he'd gathered with a bunch of other students. Said he couldn't resist a woman of mystery. And I couldn't resist his smile.

INT. SODA SHOP.

Grandma and the boy, YOUNG GRANDPA, share a cherry soda, flirting and laughing.

GRANDMA (V.O.)(CONT.)

So I spent most of the money on more detective supplies, and used the rest to buy him a soda.

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN HOUSE. PRESENT DAY.

Amanda looks positively confused and bored.

GRANDMA (CONT.)

Do you see what I'm getting at?

AMANDA

I need to figure out how to buy Derek a cherry soda for less than a dollar?

GRANDMA

You told me that the dance is only canceled if they don't find out who vandalized the gym. So...

A light bulb goes on over Amanda's head.

EXT. JEROME'S HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

Amanda stands outside as the door opens to reveal Jerome in the foyer.

AMANDA  
You up for an adventure?

JEROME  
Always! Just let me get my inhaler.

Jerome runs off and Amanda rolls her eyes.

SHOULD AMANDA:

A) SEARCH FOR CLUES IN THE GYM AND ASK JEROME TO FOLLOW DEREK?

B) SEARCH THE GYM WITH JEROME?

C) ASK JEROME TO SEARCH THE GYM FOR CLUES WHILE SHE TRIES TO FIND OUT IF DEREK HAS A DATE?

EXT. SCHOOL.

Amanda and Jerome gaze at the establishment, both half-sitting on bicycles.

JEROME  
Wait, how come I get stuck with following Derek?

AMANDA  
Because! I'm going to be looking for clues in the gym. And if I'm going to save this dance, I need to know that I'll be able to ask Derek to go with me! So you need to snoop around, make sure he doesn't have a date.

JEROME  
Right, but why can't we *both* just look for clues and then...this might sound crazy...you just *ask* him if he has a date.

AMANDA  
Because, Jerome, you can't just *ask* someone if he has a date. That's insane.



JEROME

Oh, ok, but it's perfectly sane to stalk someone. Gotcha.

AMANDA

Are you gonna help me or not?

JEROME

Fine...

AMANDA

Ok, good. I'll meet up with you back here in about an hour.

Amanda takes off, as Jerome watches her go.

JEROME

(to himself)

I will *never* understand girls.

Jerome follows Amanda, but keeps a distance.

INT. GYMNASIUM.

Amanda surveys the area. One wall is entirely covered in spray paint of all colors, and there are some broken desks and chairs on the ground. The floor and basketball hoops, however, remain untouched.

AMANDA

Hmm...why just the wall...

She gets closer to the wall to inspect the spray paint. She feels the wall, sees some paint spots on the floor and then notices a pair of footprints near the scene, and bends down for a closer look.

INT. BOYS' LOCKER ROOM. MEANWHILE.

Jerome wanders the locker room, hiding behind lockers and trying to spot Derek. However, he cannot see very well and moves closer. He attempts to be inconspicuous, which is difficult considering that the basketball team is assembled, including Derek, and Jerome in NO way resembles a basketball player.

As Jerome makes his way quietly around the locker room while still keeping his sights on Derek, he does not watch where he's going and collides loudly with an open locker, slamming his face and then falling to the ground. He lies on the ground dazed, when a figure appears over him. The figure lifts him to his feet, revealing himself to be COACH GRANDERSON, a typical gym teacher, very serious about his basketball team and about general physical fitness, though not very intelligent.

COACH GRANDERSON  
Son, what are you doing in here?

JEROME  
Um...I was...

COACH GRANDERSON  
You were what?

JEROME  
Well...I, uh...

Jerome looks around, notices that the players are all looking at him.

COACH GRANDERSON  
Son, you might as well admit it. I know exactly what you're doing here.

JEROME  
You do?

COACH GRANDERSON  
Oh yes. And it's not going to happen.

Jerome swallows, hard.

INT. GYMNASIUM.

Amanda hears a loud crashing noise coming from the boys' locker room.

AMANDA  
I will *never* understand boys...

Amanda looms over the footprints, inspecting each closely.

AMANDA (CONT.)  
Definitely look like boys' shoes.  
Probably...basketball?

She stands and then notices that the footprints lead all the way across the gym to a door.

AMANDA (CONT.)

Now we're getting somewhere!

She walks along the gym, following the footprints closely, right up to the door. Still with her head down, she pushes the door open and enters...

INT. BOYS' LOCKER ROOM.

Jerome is still frozen.

COACH GRANDERSON

Just say it, son. You want to try out for the basketball team.

JEROME

No, sir, that's not wh--

COACH GRANDERSON

Come on, son, stop stalling and show me what you've got.

JEROME

But, I--

BASKETBALL PLAYER

Hey, what are you doing in here!

An effeminate scream echoes through the room. All heads turn to see Amanda standing at the entrance to the locker room. She is still hovering over a set of footprints. However, she was not the one who screamed; one of the smaller basketball players belted out a shriek when she entered. Once the other boys notice her, they all sprint off, covering up their bodies, even though they are all fully clothed. Coach Granderson leaves Jerome's side and heads toward Amanda.

JEROME

(sotto)

Thank you, Amanda.

COACH GRANDERSON

Young lady, what on earth are you doing in the boys' locker room?

Amanda looks past Coach Granderson to Jerome, who shrugs, clueless as to how to help her.

AMANDA  
I...uh...well...

COACH GRANDERSON  
I cannot have everyone on the planet  
try out for the basketball team!

Amanda looks at Jerome again, who smacks his head with his hand.

COACH GRANDERSON (CONT.)  
Look, young lady, I'm flattered, I  
really am, but we simply can't have  
a girl on the boys' basketball team.

AMANDA  
(feigning disappointment)  
Aw, shucks. Well, thanks anyway.  
Guess I'll be going.

She turns to leave when:

COACH GRANDERSON  
Not so fast! I may be flattered, but  
you interrupted my practice, and I  
won't have it. Come on.

Amanda starts to protest, but then notices Jerome in the background. Jerome now peers into a locker from a distance--Derek's locker. In their haste, the boys all left their lockers open. Jerome now has free access to Derek's. Not wanting to leave Coach an opportunity to turn around, she reluctantly caves.

AMANDA  
Yes, sir.

Coach Granderson leads Amanda out of the locker room. Jerome lunges closer to Derek's locker and delves his hands inside. Suddenly, he gasps.

JEROME  
Holy Ursa Minor!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE.

Principal Peterson sits reading the comics. He is a balding man on the verge of retirement, and he acts the part.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON  
 (chuckling)  
 Oh, Garfield, what will you do next?

KNOCK on the door.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON (CONT.)  
 Come in!

Coach Granderson enters with Amanda.

COACH GRANDERSON  
 Mr. Peterson, Ms. Green here just interrupted my basketball practice. She just *happened* to wander into the boys' locker room right when I was drawing up plays. In fact, if I didn't know better, I'd think she was working for the enemy...

Principal Peterson and Amanda both roll their eyes.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON  
 Is this true, Amanda?

AMANDA  
 No, sir, I am not "working for the enemy."

PRINCIPAL PETERSON  
 No, I mean were you in the boys' locker room?

Amanda looks down at her shoes, then:

AMANDA  
 Yes.

COACH GRANDERSON  
 And she interrupted my practice!

PRINCIPAL PETERSON  
 Yes, I understand that Mr. Gran--

COACH GRANDERSON  
*Coach!* Coach Granderson!

PRINCIPAL PETERSON  
 Yes, yes, *Coach* Granderson. I understand what she did and she will be punished.

COACH GRANDERSON

Well, what's her punishment? How many sprints is she running?

PRINCIPAL PETERSON

Mr., er, Coach Granderson, why don't you go back to practice. You don't want to be under-prepared for the big game on Friday, do you?

COACH GRANDERSON

No. No, I suppose not. But I'm onto you, young lady.

Coach Granderson exits.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON

(sotto)

Idiot.

AMANDA

(sotto)

Idiot.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON

Have a seat, Ms. Green.

Amanda sits down.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON (CONT.)

Why don't you start from the beginning?

INT. BOYS' LOCKER ROOM. MEANWHILE.

Jerome sits on a bench in the boys' locker room. In his hands, he holds a pair of paint-covered gym shorts, a paint-covered basketball jersey, and a pair of paint-covered shoes.

The locker room door opens and Coach Granderson enters. Jerome quickly hides the incriminating evidence behind his back and stands up.

COACH GRANDERSON

Son, what are you still doing in here? Still hoping for a tryout?

JEROME

No, sir, I was just wondering what happened to the girl who wandered in here?

COACH GRANDERSON  
 Oh, her? She's with the principal  
 right now. No doubt regretting ever  
 crossing *my* path.

JEROME  
 Is she going to be punished?

COACH GRANDERSON  
 I'm sure the principal will  
 reprimand her, yes. Though I'd  
 rather make her run sprints  
 myself...

Coach Granderson turns to leave.

JEROME  
 Do you think there's any way for her  
 to *not* be punished?

Coach gives him a suspicious look.

JEROME (CONT.)  
 I mean. I just really want to make  
 sure that justice is served.

COACH GRANDERSON  
 No, I'm pretty sure she'll get  
 what's coming. Unless someone busts  
 into that office and explains what  
 she was doing in here. But we both  
 know that isn't gonna happen, right?

JEROME  
 Right...

Coach Granderson pats Jerome on the shoulder, walks out the  
 locker room door, and blows his whistle loudly.

COACH GRANDERSON (O.S.)  
 Ok, boys, line up for sprints!

COLLECTIVE GROAN from the team.

The door swings shut and Jerome looks down at the  
 paint-covered clothes in his hands.

SHOULD JEROME:

- A) TELL AMANDA WHAT HE FOUND AND RUIN HER DREAM BOY'S REPUTATION?
- B) IGNORE THE EVIDENCE AND PRETEND HE DIDN'T FIND ANYTHING?
- C) CONFRONT DEREK ABOUT THE PAINT-COVERED CLOTHES IN HIS LOCKER?

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE.

The principal looks bored beyond repair as Amanda drones on about the footprints.

AMANDA

...so, you see, sir, I was just following the prints in because I wanted to figure out who actually vandalized the gym.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON

Mmhmm. And who was it?

AMANDA

I don't know. I didn't have time to figure it out.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON

I see.

Principal Peterson sits up in his chair and clears his throat.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON

Young lady, in all honesty, I'd say it looks like *you* were the one who did it.

AMANDA

WHAT?!

PRINCIPAL PETERSON

You wander into the boys' locker room, where you have no business, you're hanging out near the scene of the crime with no real purpose...You have to admit, it doesn't look very good.

AMANDA

But...I didn't...it wasn't me!





PRINCIPAL PETERSON  
Maybe not, maybe so. But until we  
get some proof otherwise--

The door bursts open and Jerome enters with the paint-covered  
clothes.

JEROME  
I know who did it! I know who  
vandalized the gym! It was Derek  
Jameson!

Amanda gasps. The principal gasps, then tries to cover it up.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE.

The principal, Amanda, and Jerome now sit around the principal's desk.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON

Ok. Explain to me again how the most popular, outstanding, and best-look--

He notices Amanda and Jerome giving him a strange look.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON (CONT.)

How do you know that Derek Jameson vandalized the gym?

AMANDA

Yeah, Jerome, how do you know?

JEROME

Ok, it's like this...

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA. FLASHBACK.

Derek sits at the cafeteria, surrounded by girls as usual, relating another riveting tale of his basketball success. He pauses, as do the girls, and they train their ears to the loudspeaker.

JEROME (V.O.) (CONT.)

It all started a few weeks ago. Principal Peterson, you came over the loudspeaker and you announced that there would be a dance on a Friday. The dance would be on the same day as the big basketball game. Naturally, Derek was not happy. He *lives* for basketball.

Derek stands up, slams his tray down and exits the cafeteria. Jerome watches from another table.

INT. GYMNASIUM. FLASHBACK.

Derek stands in the gym holding cans of spray paint and contemplating his actions.

JEROME (V.O.)(CONT.)

So he decided to do something about it. He knew that girls would *never* want to have a dance in a gym that had been tainted. But he also knew that he had to be careful: if he did anything to the court, then there couldn't be a basketball game either.

Derek takes the cans and starts to spray the walls and the surrounding area, leaving the court alone.

AMANDA (V.O.)

That's why there wasn't anything on the basketball court! It was completely untouched!

JEROME (V.O.)

Almost untouched! Except for...

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. PRESENT.

Jerome holds up the pair of paint-covered sneakers.

AMANDA

The footprints going from the wall to the boys' locker room! The ones I was following!

JEROME

He must not have had time to dispose of the evidence, so he stashed his clothes and shoes in his locker. Which he happened to leave open when...when, um, someone came into the boys' locker room.

Amanda blushes. Jerome reaches into the duffel bag he has with him and produces a paint-covered shirt and shorts.

JEROME (CONT.)

I found these in there a few minutes ago. So you see, Mr. Peterson, that's why Amanda was in the boys' locker room. She was following the tracks!

PRINCIPAL PETERSON

I'm sorry for falsely accusing you, Ms. Green. That is some excellent detective work, you two.

JEROME

So the dance is back on?

PRINCIPAL PETERSON

The dance is back on.

Amanda and Jerome high five.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON (CONT.)

Of course, first I'm going to have to ask Mr. Jameson about this whole thing and give him a chance to explain.

AMANDA

Mr. Peterson, what's going to happen to Derek?

INT. GYMNASIUM. NIGHT.

The school dance is in full swing. Derek, however, is over by the wall with a bucket and a mop and assorted cleaning supplies, and he is scrubbing the graffiti on the wall. Coach Granderson stands next to Principal Peterson and watches, shaking his head.

COACH GRANDERSON

I can't believe you're not making him run for this...

Principal Peterson sighs and rolls his eyes.

Amanda and Jerome watch Derek sympathetically.

AMANDA

He's going to hate me now!

JEROME

I don't think so.

AMANDA

What? How could he not?!

JEROME

Because he doesn't know you're the one who turned him in.

AMANDA

What do you mean?

JEROME

I told him it was me and that you had nothing to do with it.

Derek suddenly walks by and bumps Jerome.

DEREK

Watch it!

DEREK (CONT.)

(to Amanda)

Hey, Amanda. I like your dress.

AMANDA

Oh, this old thing?

Amanda blushes.

DEREK

Hey, I've gotta finish up...um...some stuff but...do you wanna dance later?

AMANDA

Oh, no, I don't know Lance Slater.

DEREK

Oh...um...ok. Well...see you later?

Derek walks away, really confused. Jerome shakes his head.

JEROME

You've *really* got to work on that hearing thing.

AMANDA

What are you talking about?

JEROME

Whenever you talk to a "cute" guy, you always mishear him. It's really weird.

AMANDA

I do not!

JEROME

He just asked you to dance. You told him you don't know anyone named Lance.

AMANDA

Yeah, well...Wait, he asked me to dance?!

Amanda is proud of herself. Jerome rolls his eyes.

Principal Peterson gets on the mic and the music stops.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON

Ladies and gentlemen, if I could have your attention for just a moment. I just want to take an opportunity to thank Ms. Amanda Green and Mr. Jerome Smith, without whom this dance would not have happened.

A thunderous roar rises from the students.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON (CONT.)

To show them our appreciation, I'd like to present them with this gift certificate to the school store. It's not much, but...well, we're on a budget. Alright, that's it for me, enjoy the dance!

The principal gets off the mic and approaches Amanda and Jerome with the gift certificate.

AMANDA

Thank you, Mr. Peterson.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON

You've earned it, Ms. Green. Mr. Smith. That was some fine detective work. You two make an excellent team. You should think about doing this for a living...

He claps Jerome on the shoulder, shakes Amanda's hand, and leaves.



JEROME

Thank you, Mr. Peterson.

AMANDA

Thanks!

Amanda and Jerome look at the check. It's made out for ten dollars.

JEROME

I don't know if I could handle making this much money for a living...

AMANDA

Jerome, it's only for ten dollars. That's not a lot of--

JEROME

Sarcasm, Amanda. Sarcasm.

Amanda shoves Jerome playfully.

AMANDA

What? Car spasm?

Jerome shoves her back, but much more softly.

JEROME

Oh, so you think I'm cute, huh?

AMANDA

Oh, absolutely. Oh, wait, that was sarcasm!

JEROME

Anyway, what do you think?

AMANDA

What? I mean, you're attractive and everything, but--

JEROME

No! About the detective business! Let's do it!

AMANDA

Seriously?

JEROME

Why not? We make a great team! And we had fun, didn't we?

AMANDA

Yeah, yeah it was fun. A little scary at times, but it was fun.

JEROME

Alright, then it's settled. As of this moment, you are Amanda Green, Private Eye.

AMANDA

And you'll be Jerome Smith, Secret Agent.

JEROME

I like the sound of that...

Beat. Amanda and Jerome look around the gym and notice that it's segregated, boys on one side, girls on the other.

AMANDA

So what do we do next?

JEROME

Well...how about we solve the mystery of why no one's dancing?

AMANDA

Probably because of boys' cooties...

JEROME

Har har.

Beat.

JEROME (CONT.)

What do you say wet it started?

AMANDA

Are you asking me to dance?

JEROME

No, I'm asking if you know Lance.

AMANDA

Shut up!

Jerome extends his arm and Amanda takes it and they head to the dance floor and begin to dance. The other students watch for a moment and then, one by one, boys begin to cross the line and ask girls to dance. Soon the floor is full.

JEROME  
Looks like we solved another  
problem!

AMANDA  
Yup. Nice work. Partner.

JEROME  
Thanks. Partner. So. What's next?

AMANDA  
I don't know. Guess we'll have to  
see what happens.

Jerome notices Derek in the corner, acting suspicious. He  
nods in Derek's direction.

JEROME  
Looks like Derek isn't done here.

AMANDA  
(turning to look)  
What's he gonna do?

JEROME  
I don't know. But I know who can  
find out...

AMANDA  
Hope you're up for more  
adventures...

JEROME  
(pulling out his inhaler)  
I live for danger.

Amanda and Jerome laugh. A slow song comes on and they dance  
slowly and closely. Jerome smiles, obviously in love with  
Amanda.

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE

