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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.
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