

(VIV sides)
UPDATED 2-22-07

VIV'S CHARACTER DESCRIPTION:

Preferably blonde (but in no way required!), fit, popular "A" personality type. Looks like Cameron Diaz. She is gorgeous but FAR from a "dumb blonde:" she is very intense, driven, hard working, a bit angry, even. She hangs with the preppy, rich crowd. She is highly driven to succeed in every area of her life. She plans on someday managing a professional football team, she LOVES sports and knows everything about pro football up and down.

She comes from a wealthy but bizarre Texas family -- both of her parents are big-haired televangelists on the Texas Christian Broadcasting Network. She is prone to storming around and yells a lot. Often comes off as "mean." Almost in spite of her beauty, she is tough inside and out. Rarely smiles.

INT. PROMISELAND MEGACHURCH - Day

The huge main worship hall buzzes with activity in preparation for a TV broadcast. We see cameras, lights, crew. Sitting in garish purple velvet throne-like chairs at the center of the action are CRYSTAL AND JOHN VALENTINE, Viv's parents and the stars of the Texas Christian Network. (Takeoff of Trinity Broadcast Network and stars Jan and Paul Crouch)

Makeup artists fuss over CRYSTAL's giant blonde, pink-streaked beehive and massive eyelashes as John reads off a teleprompter. He squints. He is being powdered by a makeup person.

JOHN

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, BOB! I
can't read the fucking thing! Can't
you make it any bigger?

DIRECTOR

(offscreen over a P.A.)
This is as big as it gets, John...

Viv runs in, down the long aisle, toward her parents. It's summer, she wears shorts and a t-shirt, knee socks, her hair in a ponytail, giant sunglasses. She's waving a bright yellow piece of paper. She shoves her way past the makeup artists and producers.

VIV

Mother. Did you see this letter
from school?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRYSTAL

(distracted, eyeshadow is
being applied)

We're on in three minutes, dear...

VIV

(panic)

They want to put me in some
juvenile delinquents class! It's
going to totally ruin my record!
You've got to do something!

JOHN

What did I teach you about
Judgement Day, Vivian? You chose to
break into school...now you've got
to face the consequences.

DIRECTOR

(over P.A.)

On in two...

VIV

Unless you want your only daughter
to end up a cashier at Wal-Mart for
the rest of her life, you need to
call a lawyer and get me out of
this. PLEASE, Daddy.

DIRECTOR

(over P.A.)

We need to get Viv out of the
frame. Now.

VIV

(talking down to the
director)

Just one more minute, Bob.

An assistant with a clipboard shoos Viv off the set.

VIV (CONT'D)

Don't touch me! I'm leaving!

CUT TO T.V. VIEWER'S POV: A TCN logo and the words "Lunch
Chat!" We hear cheesy music and we see Crystal and John,
beaming at the camera.

JOHN

Well, howdy, true believers!

INT. MR. STECKLEBERG'S CLASSROOM

Dug walks over to where Viv standing in the back of the room talking on her cell. He leans against the wall next to her, folds his arms, watches her, listens. She doesn't notice.

VIV

(talking on her cell)

But I need you to talk to a lawyer.

You gotta get me OUT of here.

(pause) Daddy...please?

Viv listens for a minute.

VIV (CONT'D)

You told me already. I know.

Judgement, yeah. But who was it that said "Father, Forgive Them?"

Wasn't it some guy you know named...Jesus?

Pause as Viv listens to something on the other line.

VIV (CONT'D)

Hello? Daddy? Are you there?

Her Dad has hung up on her. She snaps the phone shut and shoves it in her bag. She sees Dug standing there, grinning.

VIV (CONT'D)

Oh great. It's you. You know, my boyfriend Ricky burned off all his hair 'cause of your stupid stunt last year. And he had GOOD hair.

DUG

It was a mistake.

Viv rolls her eyes.

VIV

You're an idiot.

DUG

You remind me of someone. But I can't figure out who. It's driving me crazy.

VIV

(SUPER condescending)

Well, don't bruise your last brain cell trying to figure it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dug just grins at her. She scowls at him. A beat passes.

VIV (CONT'D)
I gotta find a desk.

She walks off, he watches her. She turns around, trying to be subtle, and makes eye contact with him. As she's doing this, she smacks her leg on a desk. She turns away from Dug and only then, mouths to herself in great pain...

VIV (CONT'D)
OH my god...aaa!

INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL LUNCHROOM

JOCK TABLE

Viv approaches the jock table. Everyone looks at her weirdly. She sits, pulls out her Kate Spade lunch tote, a can of Tab and a baloney sandwich on white bread with a cross burned into the bread. She sighs at this, takes a bite.

VIV
Amber. How's bio? Is Mr. Taylor
kicking your ass?

Amber looks at Viv and turns away.

VIV (CONT'D)
Cory, you are SO tan! How was
Europe?

Cory ignores her too.

VIV (CONT'D)
(confused)
What's going on?

CORY
(seething whisper)
You're embarrassing yourself, Viv.
Isn't it obvious you're not wanted
here?

VIV
Cory - what the hell? We were just
hanging out this morning...you
still have my Stila lip gloss in
your purse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORY

Yeah, but now we find out you're in this special class...this whole thing is just creeping us out, Viv.

Viv moves to the other end of the table where the football players sit. She squeezes in next to her boyfriend, RICKY. He doesn't move over, she sits awkwardly on the tiny ledge.

VIV

(quietly, just to Ricky)
Hey.

Ricky leans dramatically AWAY from Viv.

RICKY

Uh, don't touch me, I have a cold.

VIV

Oh, that sucks...do you want me to get you a juice or something?

Viv goes to get money out of her purse when EVIL CHEERLEADER #1 hands him a bottle of Odwalla.

EVIL CHEERLEADER #1

(licking her lips)
Mmm. You're right, Ricky, it does taste like pineapple.

RICKY

Right?

He takes a sip off the juice.

BRIT

Ooh, let me try, Ricky.

Ricky hands it to Brit.

VIV

Why bother, Brit? You're just gonna throw it up in five minutes anyway.

Cut to Dug standing in the lunch line. He is watching Viv and Ricky with great concentration and seriousness. He sees her arguing with Ricky, sees her look defeated.

Cut back to Viv's table.

VIV (CONT'D)

Ricky, we really need to talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He doesn't answer but blows paper off a straw at a friend.

RICKY'S FRIEND

Look, Viv, leave him alone, you're stressing him out.

VIV

WHAT?

RICKY'S FRIEND

Why don't you go sit over there, with your new friends from your special class?

Everyone laughs at this. Cut to the Misfit Table.

MISFIT TABLE

Hostile Punk Kid is duct taping Goth Girl and her friend to the table as they eat. A punk couple makes out furiously. Andre and Travis are at the edge of the frame.

JOCK TABLE

Viv looks at the Misfit table with a pained expression, then stands up, face hard, trying not to cry.

VIV

I gotta go...and by the way, Cory, you're not fooling anyone with that Mystic Tan.

EXT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL, FOOTBALL FIELD - EARLY EVENING

Viv stands next to the fence circling the football field and watches Dug practicing. He spots her and waves. Viv smiles back, catches herself, looks down. Dug runs over and jumps the fence. Dug and Viv walk toward the parking lot.

VIV

Coach lets you leave early?

DUG

As long as I show up for games, I can pretty much do what I want.

Cut to Coach Roberts, far off, screaming Dug's name. HE IS WEARING AN EYE PATCH in reference to the opening scene -- Andre's flare gun incident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COACH ROBERTS
Dug!! Get the hell back
here!!

DUG
So much about sports is in
the mind. Y'know? The
physical stuff...not really
as important. Maybe its
'cause football runs in my
family, but running drills,
conditioning, all that's just
kind of a waste of time for
me.

VIV
So you don't have to practice like
the other guys? Just because your
Dad played for the Saints back in
the 80's?

DUG
(honestly surprised)
How'd you know that?

VIV
(in a "no duh" way)
Well, there's, like, that entire
glass trophy case next to the
locker room devoted to him...

DUG
Oh yeah..."the shrine."

VIV
(defensive)
...Actually, I just love football,
and I probably know WAY more about
it than you.

Dug tries to understand.

DUG
(innocently)
Oh! So you wanna be a cheerleader?

Viv is VERY insulted.

VIV
NO, I'm gonna get my masters in
sports management at UT. And then
I'm gonna own a pro team.

DUG
Sounds boring, but I can totally
see you doing that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They walk silently.

DUG (CONT'D)
Hey, you need a lift or something?

VIV
(REALLY defensive)
No. God.

Dug climbs into his car.

DUG
Ok. It just looked like...

VIV
(huffy)
I'm waiting for my ride. He's just late.

Dug starts up the LOUD ASS engine and the WOLFMOTHER song from the beginning of the episode.

DUG
Ok. See ya tomorrow, then.

Dug drives off and watches Viv through his mirror. She stands alone, hugging herself. Close out on Dug's car song: BLASTING LOUD!

INT. MR. STECKLEBERG'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Mr. S. enters wearing a small white turban and a white terry cloth robe. Everyone stops talking and stares at him.

GOTH GIRL
Why are you dressed like that?

Laughter. Mr. S. remains serious.

MR. S
What do YOU think? Have you judged me? Might you assume I am...a terrorist?

Mr. S. waits for a reaction with a raised eyebrow. When there is none, and the kids just look confused, he clarifies.

MR. S (CONT'D)
...because I am wearing a Moo-slim costume?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDRE

My uncle's Muslim, and he does NOT
dress like that.

VIV

(to Mr. S.)

Is that robe from Victoria's
Secret?

MR. S

What?

VIV

Uh, my MOM has that robe.

MR. S.

Your Mom has exquisite taste, then.
