

Proposition 312
(excerpt from)

by
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INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A small, cheaply furnished apartment in the city. VANESSA is loudly preparing food on the stove. Her roommate JEANNINE sits at the kitchen table playing her guitar. This is obviously trying VANESSA's patience.

JEANNINE

So, at the show last night some drunk frat boy tried to climb on stage while I was playing and Mike had to throw him out.

VANESSA

(with little interest)
Oh wow. Really.

JEANNINE

Ya, and I talked to some guy Barlow or something, he said he was a friend of yours. He said he's the independent music editor for a paper that you were running?

VANESSA

What? Independent music editor?

JEANNINE

He was wearing a Sex Pistols T-shirt, and a padlock on a chain around his neck?

VANESSA

Brillo. He's not really-

JEANNINE

You didn't tell me you'd started a zine.

VANESSA

Yeah, huh. Well, hopefully it'll be a little more serious than a zine. Something I can show people in New York.

JEANNINE

That Barlow guy said he'd do a full length feature on me.

VANESSA

(strained diplomacy)
Oh he did. Well, we'll have to see what we get and what we have space for.

(MORE)

VANESSA (CONT'D)

It's not really up to Brillo...at all actually...or just up to me either, I'll have to talk about it with Nathan.

JEANNINE

Nathan...oh jeezus Van, not Nathan, um, what's his last name?

VANESSA

Boyle.

JEANNINE

Oh Vanessa, how'd you get roped into working with him? The last two years of highschool, we were at B.S.C. together. Big loser.

VANESSA

Whatever. I like the guy.

(beat)

Why? What do you mean "loser"?

JEANNINE

Oh, you're friends with him, are you? Fine, example one: our senior formal.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The highschool gym is packed with dancing, mingling seniors in formal clothes. JEANNINE is sipping punch, flanked by two BEEFY WRESTLERS. She is wearing a frilly champagne dress. Her hair is sculpted with huge claw bangs.

JEANNINE

(cont. voice over)

We both go, separately, of course...

NATHAN enters the gym sporting a T-shirt. The shirt has a collar and a tie printed on it. His hair is flat and greasy. He nods his head dorkily to the music.

JEANNINE

(cont. voice over)

Within minutes of arriving, he goes into the change room with some of the other losers and drinks whatever mix of his parents' liquor he's brought with him.

INT. BOY'S CHANGE ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

NATHAN fights down a gulp of ominously coloured liquid. Several other DORKS look around nervously and drink from various containers. One DORK snorts some booze out of his nose. The others laugh.

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT - EVENING - PRESENT

VANESSA sits at the table with her plate of food

JEANNINE

(cont.)

At our highschool we had to take off our shoes so that we wouldn't damage the wood floor.

VANESSA

We had the same deal.

JEANNINE

Anyways, Nathan, loser that he is, comes into the gym in his socks, ready to tear up the dance floor.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

NATHAN sways in the doorway of the gym. The wall beside him is lined with his DORK buddies, some of which are clutching their drunken faces. The voice of the DJ booms over the speakers.

DJ

All right Seniors, are you ready to party!?!

There is a mild apathetic cheer from the crowd. NATHAN cheers loudest.

DJ

I said are you ready to paaaarty!?!

NATHAN

(louder)

Yeah!

DJ

Aaaare you reeeady!?!

NATHAN

(Screaming)

Yeeeeeeaaaaaaah!

NATHAN barrels onto the dance floor and performs a big Tom Cruise slide across the floor in the dark, on his knees. He slams right into a pile of metal fold up chairs.

People crowd around NATHAN's carcass, stunned. A few obviously suppressing laughter. NATHAN looks up at them, dazed. Blood trickles from his nose and he passes out. A BYSTANDER nudges NATHAN with his socked foot.

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT - EVENING - PRESENT

VANESSA swallows a mouthful of food.

VANESSA

Ouch.

JEANNINE

It gets worse. He wakes up as they're loading him into the ambulance.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

NATHAN's eyes flicker open. His head is swimming. Lights flash all around him. MRS. BOYLE, his mother, is patting him on the head as the MEDICS load him into the ambulance.

MRS. BOYLE

Don't worry Nathie. Everything's going to be okay.

NATHAN looks down at his shirt, sees that it is covered in blood and retches. His eyes widen and his cheeks fill. MRS. BOYLE's eyes widen in alarm.

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT - EVENING - PRESENT

VANESSA coughs to hide a smile.

VANESSA

Are you sure that's Nathan Boyle?

JEANNINE

Yup, older brother's Knuckles Boyle, big hockey brawler? Plays for the Marlies? Younger sister training to be an Olympic gymnast?

VANESSA

I think so...

JEANNINE

I heard that in grade four he got a bean stuck up his nose, like one of those big Lima beans, and he was too embarrassed to tell the teacher so he walked around all day with this bean up his nose and then he went home and took the vacuum cleaner out and...

VANESSA covers her nose with both hands.