

INT. WATSON HIGH SCHOOL- CHICAGO- DAY

A MOODY PUNK BOY sits in class, DOODLING in his notebook.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The website Urban Dictionary has over seventy five definitions of the musical genre "pop-punk."

Nearby, a MOODY GOTH GIRL looks out the window with PURE DISDAIN.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Pop Punk is "a genre mostly for the young. For those kids who know they don't fit in."

Moody Punk Boy etches "FUCK THE WORLD" into his copy of "A Separate Piece."

Moody Goth Girl turns to the Moody Punk Boy and her disdain dies down a bit.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

"A hypocritical commercial gimmick that won't last."

The BELL RINGS, students file out of the class quickly, but the Boy and Girl hesitate.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

"The Best Fucking Music... It's not dead. Defend it!"

The Boy and Girl head to the door at the EXACT SAME TIME. It's FATE. It's DESTINY. IT'S...

TOO MUCH! They look away from each other, OVER-CRUSHED as they head off down opposite sides of the hallway.

MATT MCBRIDE (28), the English Teacher in said classroom, youthful and average, shakes his head at the Punk Kids.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For over a decade, Matt McBride has refrained from listening to pop-punk music.

The Camera follows the teens into the hallway as KYLIE WEAVER (26), tiny and feisty in a modest POLKA DOT DRESS, passes by.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The same goes for his new co-worker Kylie Weaver.

Kylie passes Matt and they nod at each other.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But soon they will, and there's  
only one thing that can happen  
after that... They're gonna start a  
fuckin' band!

INT. GYM- DAY

SUPER: THURSDAY- SEPTEMBER 2ND- FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL- 6:30AM

Down a row of TREADMILLS, each runner listens to music. We hear MUFFLED SOUNDS of Rap, Metal, Pop, etc.

At the end of the row, MATT, sweating up a storm, keeps skipping song after song on his phone.

SKIP. SKIP. SKIP. Nothing seems to fit, he barely gets 2-3 seconds of any song. He ends up taking his EAR BUDS out.

As he hits his goal, he stops the treadmill. He catches his breath, listening to all the muffled music blend together.

INT. KYLIE'S BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

As her ALARM goes off, Kylie SWIFTLY turns it off.

KYLIE

Ah... Sweet silence!

VOICE (V.O.)

Kylie, come on!

Kylie looks to see BRYAN WEAVER (33), her goofy and caring husband, straightening his tie.

Kylie rolls her eyes.

BRYAN

If we leave now, we can still catch  
our downstairs neighbor loudly  
masturbating!

KYLIE

(Overdramatic, Silly)  
Arghhhhhhhhhhh.

Kylie tumbles out of bed.

KYLIE (CONT'D)  
Can I at least poop while you  
finish up in there?

BRYAN  
Go ahead. Dook away!

KYLIE  
Thank you for using "dook" as a  
verb!

She sweetly kisses him.

INT. TRAIN CAR- LATER THAT MORNING

Matt skips through Pandora tracks, anything to drown out the  
IDIOT DUDES loudly talking behind him.

IDIOT DUDE 1  
But "Rick and Morty" is the best!

IDIOT DUDE 2  
It's so fucking smart and  
underground. I love shit like that.

Matt hangs his head low, bored off his ass.

INT. BRYAN'S CAR- CONTINUOUS

Bryan and Kylie drive through a congested city street. Bryan  
turns up the stereo. Some SLOW AMERICANA/FOLK PLAYS.

KYLIE  
Is this the band we're seeing  
tonight?

BRYAN  
Yeah, Horses of Autumn. I'm digging  
them.

KYLIE  
Oh yeah... This song is a total  
panty dropper.

BRYAN  
It'll be fun. Derek and Aimee are  
dying to meet you. It's nice having  
friends that aren't the HBONow app.

KYLIE

To be fair, HBONow is the only friend we have that give us the option of watching "Megamind" or Floppy Naked People on "Real Sex."

BRYAN

You're right. What a true pal!

They pass by Matt getting off a CHICAGO BUS.

EXT. WATSON HIGH SCHOOL- MINUTES LATER

As Matt heads into the school, Bryan's car pulls up.

BRYAN

Have a great first day! Score me some primo teen drugs!

KYLIE

You might not want that. Back in high school, the only way to get those was to--

She makes a JERK OFF MOTION with her hand. A few BOY STUDENTS notice and snicker.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

--You know what, I'm gonna try and not do that on campus.

BRYAN

Good move. Love.

KYLIE

Love.

They kiss, and she gets out of the car.

INT. ENGLISH DEPARTMENT- MINUTES LATER

Kylie enters a bustling office where a heard of teachers top off their coffee.

SHANA (40s), a slithery Letourneau-type, head of the English Department, darts right for Kylie.

SHANA

Kylie!

KYLIE

Hi, Shana.