

Chapter 1 - Love is in the air

(Jon is drawing at a school desk.)

From offscreen: So who do you like, Jon?

(Jon looks up)

Jon: As in what girl do I like?

Lance: Yeah, dude, of course I mean girls! Who else?

Jon: I don't know.

(Lance, clearly drifting off into imagination about a silhouette of a man wearing a cowboy hat.)

Lance: What, are you gay? Do you like kissing strong, tall men with broad shoulders and a strong sense of charisma?

Jon: (confused) That is...so specific.

Lance: I don't know what you mean. I like sports.

(That same silhouette comes up from behind Lance.)

(Lance turns around, flustered.)

Lance: Oh! Trandor! I didn't see you there.

Trandor: ...Mm.

(Lance blushes.)

(Lance turns around and runs away.)

Lance: Don't think we're done with this conversation, Jon! I'm gonna figure out who I like—I mean, who you like!

Jon: Uh-huh...

(Jon and Trandor stare out towards the door Lance ran from.)

(Jon turns to Trandor)

Jon: So, how are you, Trandor?

Trandor: ...Mm.

(Jon spots a letter in Trandor's hand.)

Jon: Oh hey, what do you have there?

(Trandor hands the envelope to Jon.)

(Jon opens the envelope and looks at a flowery script with hearts all around. It reads "Trandor, Will you go to the prom with me?")

(Jon looks back to Trandor.)

Jon: Do you know who this is from?

(Trandor shakes his head.)

Jon: (from off screen) Huh. Well how are you supposed to know who you're going with?

(Lance is conspicuously trying to watch from the hallway, blushing heavily.)

(Back to Jon and Trandor.)

Jon: Do you think you'll go with this person?

(Trandor scratches his chin, deep in thought.)

Jon: Well! Maybe you can think on it! Maybe by the time you decide, that person will find the courage to approach you!

(Trandor nods and gives Jon a thumbs up.)

(Trandor leaves.)

Jon: He really doesn't say much, does he?

(Lance sneaks back in.)

Lance: So, uh, did Trandor say anything?

Jon: Huh?

Lance: About the promposal.

Jon: How did you know about that?

Lance: Or—or whatever that letter was about.

(Jon smiles.)

Jon: He's gonna think about it.

Lance: Think about it??? What kind of answer is that? Whoever sent whatever that letter was about deserves an answer!

(Focusing on grumpy Lance with folded arms.)

Jon: Good things take time! Whoever it is will have to be patient. And brave.

Lance: Hmph.

(Lance sits down in despair.)

Jon: You doing okay, buddy?

Lance: I'M FINE.

Lance: (disinterestedly) So who are you going to ask out to the prom, Jon?

Jon: (imagining a silhouette of a girl) Oh, she's really cool. Do you know—

(Lance perks up.)

Lance: Trandor!

(Trandor nods.)

(Lance walks up to Trandor, trembling.)

Lance: So, do you think you're going to the prom, Trandor? If you're not going with anybody, maybe we could hang out together. You know, because neither of us have girlfriends.

(Trandor sadly holds up the letter.)

Lance: Oh. Are you saying you're going with whoever sent you that letter?

Trandor: Mm.

(Lance runs away, tears falling behind him.)

Lance: You idiot!

(Trandor looks confused as Lance runs away. Jon comes up to his side.)

(Jon sighs.)

Jon: He's the real idiot.

Trandor: (tilting his head) Hm?

(Jon looks up to Trandor.)

Jon: You know, if you're worried, maybe you can plan on hanging out with Lance unless you hear from whoever sent you that letter.

(Trandor considers this.)

Jon: If they can't put it on the line enough to include their name, how are you supposed to sign on that line?

(Trandor looks confused.)

Jon: (sighs) Forget that last part. Just go with whoever you think you'll have a good time with.

(Trandor nods.)

(Trandor sprints towards where Lance ran to.)

Jon: (smiling) I'm rooting for them. Maybe I need to be brave too and ask Anna to—

(Cut to Jon standing alone in a tux at the prom with Trandor and Lance.)

(Jon, mortified)

Jon: I can't tell if I feel better or worse going to the prom with you two.

Lance: I'm having a great time!

Trandor: Mm.

(Jon sighs.)

Jon: Well, I'm glad you're both having fun. Maybe you should go dance?

Lance: Wh-huh???

Trandor: Hm?

(Jon pushes them both onto the dance floor.)

Jon: Go on, git.

(Lance blushes.)

(Trandor blushes.)

(Lance and Trandor dance, smiling wide with shoujo triangles and flowers and shit.)

(Jon smiles.)

Jon: Maybe next time it will be my turn. Maybe Anna–

END.

Chapter 2 - A mystery is afoot

(Jon is staring out the window.)

From offscreen: Jon!

(Jon looks towards the sound with interest.)

Jon: What is it, Combs?

(A student wearing an exact copy of the traditional Sherlock Holmes outfit runs up to him with a magnifying glass.)

Combs: Hmm, no you can't be the suspect.

Jon: Oh...good.

(Combs dusts off his magnifying glass.)

Jon: What am I not a suspect of?

Combs: Well, my boy, there is someone plotting something!

(Jon scratches his head.)

Jon: What do you mean? What happened?

Combs: There is a ladle missing from the cafeteria!

(Jon stares at Combs silently. "...")

Jon: Is that it?

(Combs throws a tantrum).

Combs: Is that it? Don't you see?

(Jon looks confused.)

Jon: See what?

Combs: This is only the beginning of the thread I have begun to pull. Soon the sweater will come apart into mere string, my dear boy!

Jon: Are you saying the ladle is the first step to someone's grand plot?

(Combs poses triumphantly)

Combs: Precisely! Would you like to be my deputy in this investigation?

(Jon and Combs both in frame)

Jon: Like your Watson?

Combs: My what?

Jon: Nevermind.

Jon: I'll leave you to it, Combs. I'll probably just slow you down.

Combs: Very well! Onto the rest of this mystery!

(Cut to lunch in the cafeteria, where Jon is eating a sandwich.)

Combs: Jon! I have found a new clue!

(Jon looks to Combs)

Jon: What is it?

Combs: The missing ladle directed me to a missing rope in the gymnasium.

(Jon sips from a juice box.)

Jon: How'd you get to that?

Combs: Ha! My powers of deduction are indeed impressive!

(Focusing on Combs)

Combs: But I do not have time to explain my reasoning. I have a question for you.

Jon: What is it?

(Combs and Jon)

Combs: Do you know of anything valuable here in town?

Jon: In Skinny Tree, Oregon? No.

(Back on Combs)

Combs: See, that's what I thought. It's a small town, so maybe these petty thefts are what the thief needs to get their rocks off.

Jon: Gross way of putting it.

(Jon stands up to toss his trash.)

Jon: Well, I gotta go to shop class, so best of luck.

Combs: Shop! Of course! They are intending to go shopping!

(Combs runs off)

Combs: Thank you, my dear boy!

Jon: We're the same age...

(Jon looks on.)

Jon: Oh well. At least he's having fun.

(Cut to Jon working on homework.)

Combs: Jon! The plot thickens.

(Jon looks up at Combs standing up.)

Jon: What's up now, Combs?

Combs: There's an entire aisle of butter missing from the Ray's Food Place!

(Jon is confused.)

Jon: Someone shoplifted a bunch of butter?

Combs: Yes.

Jon: How? No, why?

(Combs smiles widely.)

Combs: You don't see it yet do you?

Jon: See what? Combs, what's going on?

(Combs)

Combs: I can't tell you. There may be prying ears. The clues tell the story, my dear boy. Now I need only set the trap and welcome the buttery thief into my spider's web.

Jon: What?

(Combs waves and walks away.)

Combs: Just watch the news in the morning and you'll see.

Jon: Uh...okay?

(Cut to Jon watching TV before school.)

TV: And that will make today the 187th day in a row of rain.

(Focus on the TV)

TV: BREAKING NEWS. An international jewel thief was caught at the Skinny Tree Gem Faire.

(Jon watches incredulously)

The suspect was found trying to scoop gems with a ladle while hanging from a ventilation shaft with a rope.

(Focus back on the TV.)

TV: The criminal was caught by a local high school student.

Combs: It was relatively simple after I tied the petty thefts to the same person.

Interviewer: How did you catch them?

Combs: Well, I knew he was greasing himself up to fit through the vents, so I turned up the thermostat and followed the drips of butter through the ventilation.

(Jon spits out his drink.)

(Focus on the TV.)

TV: The high schooler is being awarded with a scoop of free polished rocks and a coupon for two medium one-topping pizzas from gem faire sponsor, Cizzi's Pizza and Brewery, for his service.

(Jon turns off the TV.)

Jon: Huh, he really did solve a mystery. Good for him.

(Phone buzzes)

(Jon answers)

Jon: Hello?

Combs: My dear boy, did you see the news???

(Jon smiles.)

Jon: I did. Do you like your rocks?

Combs: They're very shiny! I was going to invite you to a pizza party for your help in solving the case.

(Jon pumps his fist.)

Jon: I'm always down for pizza!

Combs: Swell! I'll see you in home room!

Jon: See ya!

(Jon hangs up and looks down at the milk mess he made with his spit take)

Jon: I'm gonna need to get changed.

Chapter 3 - The Chipper Chuck Chili Cook-Off Competition