

FADE IN

BLANK CARD

Attention Deficit Disorder: a syndrome of disordered learning and disruptive behavior. Characterized primarily by inattentiveness, hyperactivity and impulsive behavior (as speaking out of turn).

MICHAEL J (V.O.)
Attention Deficit Disorder, is what they call it. A.D.D.. But I'll tell you what, who ever named it didn't have it.

FADE OUT

INT. THE BEAUTY BAR - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION: MICHAEL J and MR. INGLES make their way through THE BEAUTY BAR (a hot club on Los Angeles' Sun Set Strip).

MICHAEL J (V.O.)
My mind, it just races, jumps, it can't be bothered with the stagnant. I love it. 'Slike being on a brazillion cups of coffee, ALL THE TIME. But it's no 'disorder' though, it's just fun.

INT. OUTSIDE SEATING/BEAUTY BAR - NIGHT

Sitting close and cute, BETTY LANE and MARISSA sit illuminated by florescent lights. Through the crowded floor, MICHAEL J and MR. INGLES emerge.

FAST FORWARD: Introductions. However we go to SLOW MOTION for every HAND-SHAKE and KISS.

INT. BEAUTY BAR/BOOTH - NIGHT

MICHAEL J and MARISSA sit across from each other.

MICHAEL J
So, where you from?

MARRISA
Oh, um I'm originally from Texas.

EXCU: MICHAEL J's EYES - BLINK. His A.D.D. mind kicks in.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)
And that's all it takes, my A.D.D.
kicks right in.

MARISSA is now dressed in a flashy BLUE DOLLY PARTON outfit.

MARRISA
El Paso.

MICHAEL J
Oh, El Paso.

EXCU: MICHAEL J's EYES - BLINKS.

MARISSA's outfit changes to a DIRTY OLD BROWN COWGIRL outfit.

MICHAEL J
What do you do for work, I mean...

CU: MARISSA.

MICHAEL J (O.S.)
(continuing)
Are you in school?

MARISSA's appearance now changes to a STUDENTS.

MICHAEL J (O.S.)
(continuing)
Or do you have a joby-job?

MARISSA's appearance now changes to a BUSINESS OUTFIT.

MARISSA
Well, I'm not a student, but I am
in school. I'm a math teacher.

INT. CLASS ROOM - DAY

Sitting at a desk - PINT in hand.

MICHAEL J
Wow, a math teacher, that's
intense.

MARISSA sits at the teacher's DESK, simple MATH PROBLEMS are
draw on the BLACKBOARD behind her. She holds her PINT.

MARISSA
Yeah, I love it. I've been doing it
for 2 years now...

INT. BEAUTY BAR/BOOTH - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION: MARISSA continues, but we can't hear her.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)

Now my A.D.D. is in full effect.
I'm stuck on her being a teacher. I
think, could she be a nice teacher
or a mean teacher, a teacher that
would catch me cheating or one that
just reads during tests? I can't
listen to a word she's saying
'cause now, now I'm thinking about,
in order from the earliest I can
remember every teacher I've had,
every single one. Mrs. Casselman,
Mrs. O'Neil, Mrs. Lowry, but then I
hear a word that changes
everything.

EXCU: MARISSA'S MOUTH.

MARRISA

Berkley.

MICHAEL J

Berkley?

MARRISA

Yeah, I teach calculus at U.C.
Berkley.

Suddenly, all the simple MATH PROBLEMS on the BLACKBOARD
change into difficult CALCULUS EQUATIONS.

MICHAEL J

Wow, calculus. Jeezz-zuz.

TIME CUT

WE slowly PAN around the BOOTH to see MICHAEL J ZONED OUT.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)

Sometimes you can come off as being
rude, disinterested in what's being
talked about, but that's not it.
The A.D.D. is just racing.

MICHAEL J is fixated on BETTY LANE'S ENORMOUS HOOP EARNINGS
that are dangling and swinging this way and that.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)
 I think, shit, I wonder how many
 people a year get caught, stuck, or
 have their ears ripped off a year
 wearing earrings like that?

The WAITRESS approaches with SHOTS, she, too, has ENORMOUS HOOP EARNINGS.

EXCU: MICHAEL J's EYES - BLINK. His A.D.D. mind kicks in.

BETTY LANE and the WAITRESS are locked together by their ENORMOUS HOOP EARNINGS - SCREAMING. People stand around them, baffled in what to do.

CU: MICHAEL J looks SHOCKED.

REVERSE POV: MR. INGLES, BETTY LANE, THE WAITRESS and, now with a nice smile on, MARISSA are looking toward us. Everyone is holding a SHOT GLASS. MICHAEL J, snaps out of his zoning and takes his SHOT GLASS from the WAITRESS.

MICHAEL J
 Oh, sorry.

BIRDS EYE VIEW - EVERYONE downs their SHOTS.

BETTY LANE
 I love Tequila. I just LOVE IT!

MARISSA takes a new PINT from the WAITRESS and replaces MICHAEL J's empty glass with it - she gives MICHAEL J a SMILE as she does this.

We ZOOM in on MICHAEL J. His A.D.D. mind kicks in.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

MINISTER
 Do you, Betty Lane, take Tequila to
 be your lawful wedded husband?

We PAN back to see BETTY LANE standing at the ALTER with MICHAEL J holding a bottle of TEQUILA on a TRAY beside her.

MICHAEL J
 Now, I see this for no damn reason
 at all.

BETTY LANE
 I do.

The NEWLYWEDS turn around, BETTY LANE grabs the TEQUILA from the TRAY and takes a massive PULL. EVERYONE CHEERS.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MARRISA

'Searly, you wanna come over for a drink or something?

MICHAEL J

Yeah, definitely, good idea.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The CAR stops at a RED LIGHT.

CU: MICHAEL J looks out the PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW.

A car pulls up beside them, the driver wears thick BLACK FRAMED GLASSES - 50's style.

INT. MARISSA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

MARISSA is deep in the refrigerator, fishing out beers.

MICHAEL J

Do you like Elvis Costello?

MARISSA LAUGHS - walking toward MICHAEL J with two BEERS.

MARISSA

That's what I love about you, you're so random.

CU: MICHAEL J's EYES - BLINK. His A.D.D. mind kicks in.

INT. ELVIS COSTELLO CONCERT - NIGHT

EVERYONE around them is excited and grooving to the music. However, MICHAEL J and MARISSA stand unsure.

MARRISA

Well, no not really. I've tried to, but I just can't get into him. I wanna, but I just can't seem to.

MICHAEL J

Yeah, me too. He's cool, but then again a bit creepy.

The two look at each other and SMILE.

INT. MARISSA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION: MARISSA is talking but we can't hear her.

MICHAEL J

And she's right, A.D.D.'ers are random. Our mind's leaping from one lily pad to the next. I can't turn it off and, if I could, I don't think I would. We are the opposite of the boring. We are the opposite of the chill. And I mean, I think she's great too, I really double-triple dig her. Yeah, I know it doesn't seem so, 'cause while she's talking right now I can't stop noticing the picture of her Dad, behind her.

WE ZOOM over MARISSA's shoulder to a FRAMED PICTURE of her FATHER. He sports a long GRIZZLY ADAMS BEARD.

CU: MICHAEL J - NODDING as if he is paying attention.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)

And then I interrupt her out of nowhere with...

MICHAEL J strokes his CHIN.

MICHAEL J (CONT'D)

You know, I think I'm gonna grow a beard.

MARISSA SMILES adoringly and moves in for a KISS.

MARISSA's POV: MICHAEL J closes his EYES - BLACK

MICHAEL J (V.O.)

I smell cats, she must have cats, I love cats.....yeah...cats.

THE END