

THE REUNION
Pilot

written by

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OVER CREDITS:

A colorful website--this is BooneSquad.com. It's all charisma, charm, flirtation, confidence.

Forums with hundreds of threads. Instagram tags with empowered, charismatic young women tagging #bsquad or #boonesquad. Hundreds of thousands of followers.

Pictures of a bouncy blonde smiling. 'About POLLY BOONE.' This young woman is basically Marie Forleo.

In the latest feed is a selfie in the wings of a stage: "Keynote address at Columbia University Convocation today! #blessed." It's got a billion likes.

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

Hundreds of seated attendees. It's fall convocation. CANON IN D plays over the loudspeakers. We follow toward the dais and make a turn into the wings as--

INT. STAGE WINGS - DAY

POLLY BOONE, 30 with a sweet, open, full face and round figure, holds her script in her hands and nervously mouths her memorized speech.

She pops a pill. Swallows, holding her breath and squeezing her eyes shut.

She finds a mirror and practices her confident face and her smile. Her phone rings and she picks it up.

POLLY

Hi JT, I'm speaking in about 5 minutes, what's up?

(beat)

Oh, super, that's great. And The Today Show's all set for tomorrow?

(beat)

Thank you, great work. Okay, bye.

She hangs up and goes back to the mirror.

Her phone rings again, INSERT of the screen: 'Mom Home.' A dark look, she declines to answer and a PAGE comes to get her.

PAGE

We're almost ready, Miss Boone. Do you need anything?

POLLY
No, thank you.

PAGE
Okay, great. I'll give you a cue
from the other side when we're
ready.

POLLY
Thanks.

Polly takes a long sip of water and closes her eyes. Does
some EFT tapping. Mouths her speech.

Practices that winning smile again.

We hear applause, then the DEAN's voice over the microphone.
In a wide, we see the Dean--don't forget this figure. It's
who we later learn is SAM.

DEAN (VO)
Ladies and gentlemen, please join
me in extending my congratulations
to the class of 2022!

Immense applause from the crowd.

DEAN (VO) (CONT'D)
Without any further ado, I'd like
to introduce our honored guest.
Editor-in-chief of the popular
blog, Boone Squad, Miss Polly
Boone.

Polly breathes in sharply and does that winning smile,
gritting her teeth as she makes her way through the curtain
to the dais. Her POV is over throngs of people and their
applause. Polly grips the podium.

POLLY
Thank you all. Thank you, Dean
Feeney, and my congratulations to
the incoming class of 2022.

Polly takes a moment to refer to them and clap, the audience
does the same. A close of Polly shows her fear, but she takes
an inhalation and closes her eyes for a moment--then charges
forth as boss lady.

POLLY (CONT'D)

It is an honor be here. As someone who has made it her mission to celebrate the creativity and independence of young people, to be amongst you all today, and the promise you hold for your future, is humbling.

(beat, referring to a card)

In the dark ages before BooneSquad, I started a Livejournal page to keep me connected to my very best friends from High School.

A projection behind her, TEEN POLLY with a bunch of high school girls. All smiling. Polly's smile is smallest. Is it...retouched the tiniest bit? The next slide quickly replaces it.

POLLY (CONT'D)

I never could have imagined that my little blog would become the multi-platform empire that it is now. What eventually became Boone Squad grew beyond the Pillsbury High School class of [mumbles]--

The audience laughs.

POLLY (CONT'D)

--to an ever-widening circle of girls, who could connect and grow with other like-minded young women, supporting each other and sharing their stories.

(beat)

In the many years that have followed, Boone Squad has turned into something extraordinary. It transformed from one girl's desire to keep her friends close... into a worldwide community of girls across the globe helping each other, having their voices heard and empowering them to be the people they want to be.

(beat)

My wish for you on this remarkable start to your journey--is to let your weaknesses open the doors to your strength. To let your heart lead you, always. To dream without limits or borders.

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)

And to always, always, be there for
each other. Here's to the class of
2022.

Polly smiles broadly and the audience and students applaud.
Off her beaming smile--

FADE INTO:

INT. METRO NORTH TRAIN - DAY

An almost-abandoned traincar. Her phone is silent, dark. Maybe
off. Polly is the only rider. She looks out the window
quietly. A conductor passes. Only upon close examination, we
see that it is also...SAM.

Wherever she lives, it is quiet and sparsely populated. An
announcer calls:

CONDUCTOR (OC)

End of the line, last stop, all
passengers must exit the train car.

CUT TO:

INT. POLLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Inside Polly's apartment. On her front door, many ancient
locks click out of place as she leans into the heavy door,
scaring a cat.

POLLY

Oh, Beans, I'm sorry...

She kicks off her heels and rubs her feet on each other as
she goes through her mail.

Mounted nearby is that same picture of her and her friends
from the projection--but wait a tick... it WAS doctored.
Here, she is small and on the perimeter, not in the huddle--
an outsider with a forced smile, hovering awkwardly.

There are only pictures of Beans, otherwise.

Back to Polly--her mail includes a curious, ornate envelope--
she opens an invitation to a HIGH SCHOOL REUNION. She looks
at it. Hesitates. Walks it into the kitchen and throws it in
the garbage.

After a beat, she gets a glass of water and she takes a pill.

She flops on the couch and opens her voicemail app.

MOM

Hi honey, it's your Mom. I haven't heard your voice in a while, so I thought I might catch you, but I guess not.

(beat)

I was thinking we might do something nice next week for your dad's birthday. So... I hope you're having a nice day, and... I guess I'll... talk to you soon. Let me know. Love you. Bye-bye.

Polly rubs her face, rolls off the couch and the cat yowls.

POLLY

Aw, Beans!

CUT TO:

INT. POLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Polly is in a robe, a face mask on, her hair up in a towel, in slippers and drinking tea. She puts on DVR'd *Today Show* and starts taking notes on the anchors.

Her phone blips with a tweet from RandiGirl. INSERT: "I saw you're gonna be on Today show. Wow-- been a long time." P

Polly looks at it for a moment, weighing. She shakes her head, selects BLOCK on Randi. She goes to her text messages, drafts one: "Gonna be on Today tomorrow :)" She selects GREG as the recipient--then trashes the draft, turning the screen off. She sips her tea.

CUT TO:

INT. POLLY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Her closet is open and--an increasingly introverted--Polly pulls out a bright, scuba dress, high, chunky heels, bright big jewelry and places it on the door. Beans comes in and swirls around her feet.

POLLY

I wish you could come too, little Beansie, yes I do.

She gives her a scratch. Polly turns off the closet light, pops a pill, and we center on the outfit as we dissolve to--

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

The match-shot of the outfit is tight as she walks down the street in sunlight, heading to NBC Studios. Harried, she reviews notecards on talking points. She approaches a construction area, the sound growing as she approaches. Her phone rings and she picks it up.

POLLY

Hey! I'm not late, I'm just a block away, but I practically memorized Hoda's patter, and--what's that?

Polly plugs her ear and tries to hear as she approaches the construction zone. CONSTRUCTION WORKERS behind her guide an iron beam. She glances at her REALLY NICE WATCH. She is safely out of the way...

POLLY (CONT'D)

Hang on, JT--I'm in a, uh... hold on-- oh, let me just--

She turns around on her heel and the beam knocks her straight in the head. She falls, we hear an airhorn, the workers gathering around her as we zoom out into the air and whiteout--

FADE IN:

INT. POLLY'S TEENAGE BEDROOM - MORNING

A tight on Polly's face from above, eyes closed. Her face twitches and her eyes squint.

As we zoom out and up, we see her in a small twin bed with retro '80s comforter and sheets. A day bed, one of those giant watch clocks on the wall and an overall '80s/'90s aesthetic.

Her eyes open and widen, as we turnaround on--

INT. - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

The be-postered door flies open, and FAYE, a Shelley Long type, stands there, harried.

FAYE

Sweetheart, I woke you up 15 minutes ago, hop to it! We're gonna be late!

Polly blearily, confusedly sits up, still blinking.

POLLY
What time is it?

FAYE
6:30, so we--

Polly jolts up.

POLLY
Oh my God! The Today Show! Oh
Christ, fuck! I'm gonna be late!
Fuck! Wait--how--

FAYE
EXCUSE me, young lady?! There goes
your allowance this week--

Polly leaps up, looking for her clothes, in a complete panic.

POLLY
Mom! Mom, I need an Uber, I need
to--wasn't this was a sewing room?
(beat)
Wait, why am I here?
(beat)
What am I doing here?

FAYE
You're about 2 strikes away from
getting grounded for the weekend,
kiddo, so watch your mouth and get
dressed, we're leaving in 10
minutes.

Faye spins around, shuts the door and leaves Polly there,
confused and panicky.

She looks around querulously, surveying blow-up furniture and
the decor. She looks for her pocketbook and phone, finding
only clothes and stuffed animals.

She looks at the clock, lingering on a few framed pictures of
her and high school friends. She cringes and puts the frames
face-down, scrambling to find something. She opens the closet
and it's just tee shirts and jeans, maybe one button-down
shirt and a little velvet dress.

Frustrated and confused, she chooses the dress, holding it up
dubiously. She tries it on and is shocked that it fits. She
grabs some platform loafers and leaves--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Polly leaves her room and calls down the hallway.

POLLY

Mom! Have you seen my phone or my
purse? Is that Uber on the way?

She walks into the kitchen, where her mother is sipping a mug
of coffee and looking at the clock.

FAYE

You can't just KEEP the phone in
your room, Polly.

POLLY

Why? Did you plug it in somewhere?

FAYE

(confused)
No honey, it's charging on the
wall.

She points to the cordless landline, docked in its wall
cradle. Polly looks.

POLLY

No, Mom. My iPhone. Where is it?

FAYE

I just told you! And it's NOT "You
Phone." It's WE phone, so you need
to put it back--in the kitchen.

Dismissing this, Polly sees the coffee pot and perks,
relieved.

POLLY

Oh thank God, coffee--

FAYE

Not yet, young lady, it'll stunt
your growth. Now grab your bag and
get in the car, chop chop.

POLLY

Where is it?

FAYE

On the chair in the living room.

Polly dashes to the living room, but her Kate Spade bag isn't
there. Instead, it's a purple monogrammed LL Bean bookbag.

POLLY
 What? Mom, where's my Kate Spade? I
 can't bring this!

We hear the ignition of a car start and a quick honk. Polly
 shakes her head, grabbing the bag and dashing out the door,
 tripping over a cat and shrieking as she stumbles out.

CUT TO:

INT. FAYE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Polly crashes into the passenger seat.

POLLY
 Thank you so much for taking me, I-
 - I feel like I'm losing my mind--

FAYE
 Seatbelt.

POLLY
 Oh, right--sorry, used to cabs.

She buckles in and continues to rifle through the bag.

POLLY (CONT'D)
 I can't find ANY of my stuff, Mom--

FAYE
 Well, maybe you should have
 listened to me and cleaned your
 room this weekend.

POLLY
 --and I--
 (beat)
 Wait, where are you going? We've
 gotta get on 78.

FAYE
 Why would we do that?

POLLY
 Because, I have to get to NBC, I'm
 on The Today--

Polly flips down the passenger mirror to adjust her hair. The
 mirror reveals TEENAGE POLLY, a soft, round, cherubic-faced
 14-year-old. She is stunned.

POLLY (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 --Show.

Polly stares. Touches her face--it's real.

She flips the mirror back up. Looks out the window, and they pass some very outdated marketing--think old Burger King or Taco Bell.

She squints hard at her mom, who looks remarkably younger than the avatar we saw earlier on her cell phone.

Her eyes wide, she slowly opens the mirror again, seeing the same young face. She flips it closed with a snap.

FAYE
 What are you talking about?
 (beat)
 Honey, don't play with that, you'll break it.

Polly's eyes wide, she pinches herself. Closes her eyes tight. Opens, she's still there.

FAYE (CONT'D)
 Are you feeling okay, honey?

POLLY
 (eyes squeezed shut,
 white-knuckled)
 I need my pills. I need my pills right now. Where are they?

FAYE
 What pills?

POLLY
 The ones in my PURSE--where are they?

FAYE
 Polly Reese, are you on DRUGS?

POLLY
 No, it's my *prescription!*

FAYE
 The only prescription you have is for that acne cream.

They drive a beat. Polly darts her eyes.

POLLY

Mom, could we, uh--could we turn around? I'm not feeling well, and I have to make a phone call--

FAYE

No ma'am, sorry Charlie. You already stayed home once last week.

Polly turns towards Faye.

POLLY

Mom, please, you've got to listen to me. Something very, very strange is happening--this, this is not my life. I, I live in New York, I'm supposed to be on TELEVISION today, and--

FAYE

Honey--I know it's been a hard adjustment period for you, but just pretending you're in a fantasy land isn't going to help you make friends.

Faye squeezes Polly's desperate shoulder as the car pulls up to the curb, and Polly looks despairingly out the window. Outside is Pillsbury High School, the lawn riddled with teenagers--

EXT. PILLSBURY HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

POLLY

Oh Mom. Please. Please don't make me get out here.

FAYE

You're embarrassed by me now? Jeez Louise. Honey, just get out of the car, you're gonna be late.

POLLY

Mom, please, you can turn around right now, and I can still get to NBC by--

FAYE

OUT.

Polly's face falls as Faye opens the door across her. She grabs the purple backpack and Faye blows her a kiss.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Have a good day, sweetheart.

Polly waves weakly as the Volvo pulls away, swallowing as she looks up at the clock tower.

She looks around in awe at the kids around her. Jelly sandals, happy face tees, JNCOs and Wide-leg jeans. Students pass her and she tries to catch their attention.

She grabs a preppy girl--

POLLY
Excuse me, miss, could I borrow
your cell?

PREPPY GIRL
--What?

POLLY
Your iPhone, your uh, your Android?
Whatever?

PREPPY GIRL
Uh, I'm gonna be late for homeroom.

The girl breaks away and laughs to her friend; they giggle over 'miss.' Polly looks after them desperately.

A bell rings inside, the doors open and kids start to flood in from the lawn. Polly looks around her in distress as they swarm.

Her backpack gets knocked from her hands, and she bends to get it--bonking her head on GABI, a wispy little bug-eyed girl with glasses and Princess Leia buns.

POLLY
Ow!

GABI
Oh no, are you okay?

POLLY
Frankly, I'm really not sure, I'm
very confused and--

Polly, rubbing her head, looks up and is taken aback.

POLLY (CONT'D)
...Gabi?

GABI
 ...Yeah? How do you know my name?

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK- INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Gabi, bespectacled with Leia buns and weird clothes, walks down the hallway handing out flyers. The female incarnation of Duckie from 'Pretty in Pink.' She hands them to every errant, passing kid.

GABI
 Gabi for Prez, get out the vote!
 Gabi for Prez, getcha Gabi here!
 Gabi for Prez, ich spreche Deutsch!

The last group of kids she passes them to is a clique who ultimately looks at her, laughing. We see RANDI, GREG.

Last to turn around there is TEEN POLLY, looking awkwardly at Gabi.

CUT TO:

1998- CONTINUED

Polly has a beat of realizing, a little ashamed.

POLLY
 I, I remember you! My God, but it's
 gotta be almost 20 years since I
 last saw you, back in--

As she talks, she sees Gabi's worried expression and trails off.

POLLY (CONT'D)
 You don't know me.

Gabi shakes her head.

POLLY (CONT'D)
 I--uh--I must've gotten confused.
 Sorry.

GABI
 No problem. Take care of that
 goose-egg, huh?

POLLY
Yeah, right. --Hey, do you have a
phone I could use?

Gabi looks at her weirdly.

GABI
I mean, there's a payphone over
there. You need a quarter?

POLLY
Really?

GABI
Yeah, sure.

Cheerfully, Gabi takes out her change purse.

GABI (CONT'D)
Gotta call your folks?

POLLY
No, uh, New York City.

Gabi looks up at her, wide-eyed.

GABI
Wow. Then here, take a bunch of
these.

She puts a handful of change into Polly's hand.

GABI (CONT'D)
Owesies?

POLLY
Oh, yeah. Thank you. Thank you,
Gabi.

GABI
No prob. What's your name?

POLLY
(dazedly)
Polly.

GABI
Cool beans. See ya Polly!

She bops off into the building, and a bell rings. Polly sets
off for the pay phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PILLSBURY HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Polly picks up the receiver, dials 411. No dice. Hangs up. Thinks. Hard. Dials 0. Waits dubiously.

OPERATOR (VO)

Operator. How can I connect you?

POLLY

Wow. They still do this? Huh. Okay. NBC in New York, please.

OPERATOR

That will be seventy-five-cents.

Polly inserts the quarters and the line patches through to a page.

PAGE

NBC, how may I help you?

Polly is shocked to hear a human voice. She grabs hold of herself and hope.

POLLY

Hi! Yes, this is Polly Boone? I'm a guest for today's panel on The Today Show, but I'm afraid I'm stuck in New Jersey, and--

PAGE

Hm. What did you say your name was, miss?

POLLY

Polly Boone? Boone Squad?

PAGE

What is that?

POLLY

It's--a blog?

PAGE

I'm sorry?

Polly closes her eyes.

POLLY

Am I listed as one of the guests today?

PAGE

I don't think so, miss. We have--
the Farrelly Brothers and--the cast
of our new show *Will and Grace*.

POLLY

(weakly)

No Polly Boone?

PAGE

I'm sorry miss, no.

(beat)

Is there anything else I can help
you with?

But Polly hangs up the phone despondently, hearing a dim
"...Miss?" before it clicks into the cradle. She walks to the
front door and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. PILLSBURY HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

The hallways are empty and Polly looks around furtively. She
ducks into a bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Over the loudspeaker announcements are made as Polly does her
business.

Polly backs up against the door, locking the deadbolt. She
passes the stalls, doing a double-take as she sees how low
the toilets are to the ground.

She gets to the middle of the floor and empties her backpack
fully.

ANNOUNCER (GABI) (VO)

Gooooood morning, Pillsbury High
School! Today is Tuesday, September
14th. Some reminders--sign-ups for
the Forensics Team are open this
week, so if you're hoping to be a
Master Debator, hop on over to Miss
Thompkins' class. Key Club will be
meeting in the Auditorium today,
and JV Basketball try-outs will be
in the SMALL gym. Interested in
Student Council?

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (GABI) (VO) (CONT'D)
 Put your name in at the office for
 elections later next week.

There are binders, lip Smackers, highlighters, a small change purse with a few dollars and coins, and lastly--a student ID.

She grabs it, confounded, and moves slowly to the mirror. She tiptoes to the stall closest to the mirror, peeking out from behind it, where TEENAGE POLLY waits.

She does a few arm movements, makes a face. It's her, alright. She looks down at her student ID, which says 'PILLSBURY HIGH SCHOOL: POLLY BOONE 1998-1999.' She looks up, completely flummoxed.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 237 - CONTINUOUS

Polly peeks around the door frame, where everyone is still listening to the announcements attentively. The teacher, MRS. ZEPPOLI, reads a bodice-ripper.

Polly turns back, curious, to the row of lockers behind her. She places her bag on the floor and thinks hard for a moment. Mouthing a mnemonic to herself, she spins the lock and, closing her eyes, pulls up. It opens! Off Polly's shocked face--

INSERT: Polly's Locker

Pictures of Polly and her cat, magazine covers, cutouts and stickers adorn the door of the locker. Polly's books and gum fill the well.

She marvels at it, her first moment of maybe-wonder and not-torture.

As Polly looks in, RANDI sidles up to her. In a tight leather mini-skirt and booties, with a fair amount of animal patterns, 14-year-old Miranda is a boss bitch waiting to happen.

RANDI (VO)
 Gimme.

Polly whips out of the locker and spins, seeing ADULT MIRANDA. It's like seeing a ghost. Her jaw hangs agape.

POLLY
 Oh fuck!

The classroom spins around to see her, and she claps a hand over her mouth. Mrs. Zeppoli looks at her disapprovingly and points at her empty chair.

When we cut back, it is TEEN MIRANDA.

RANDI

What? Come on, spaz, I don't have all day.

Suddenly, off Polly's shocked face--

CUT TO:

INT. RANDI'S BEDROOM - 2002

Miranda sits in prom apparel, TEEN POLLY behind her doing her hair. They sing along to "The End of the World As We Know It."

Polly, singing, laughing, trying to curl a tendril of hair, accidentally sprays herself in the face with hairspray and tugs.

RANDI

Ohmygod, you spaz!

Off their giggles--

CUT TO:

INT. PHS - 1998

RANDI

HELLO? Fruit Stripe? Come on, Boone.

We see YOUNG POLLY, in shock, fumbling some gum out of her locker.

RANDI snatches it out of her hand impatiently, locking eyes with her and chewing it. She blows a bubble and pops it in Polly's face.

As the bubble combusts, we see ADULT POLLY there.

RANDI (CONT'D)

Later, Boone.

Polly falls back against her locker and exhales shakily as Randi leaves, her booties clicking down the hall.

A breath with her eyes closed. She begins her EFT tapping.

POLLY

(sotto, to herself)

Okay. This is--a mental break. That is the only logical explanation. So you're going to take a deep breath, count to three, open your eyes, and you'll be in the green room at NBC. One--two--th--

The bell rings and the hall floods with students, and Polly's eyes fly open and she is swarmed with people.

We catch lingering shots of teenagers walking down the hall, clad in creepers and JNCOs and be-patched backpacks. Close shots of Delia's catalogues, baby barrettes.

As quickly as it began, it is over, with classrooms filling and doors shutting.

Shaken, Polly takes a moment, then turns back to her locker.

A calendar on the door says SEPTEMBER 1998. We see a picture of TEEN POLLY and Mark, a picture of GREG.

Polly thumbs through old notebooks, sees notes shaped like footballs, and finally sees a schedule for her fall freshman semester.

She looks at her watch, and jumps a little when she looks down--it is from Burger King, a Rugrats digital watch with Chuckie on it.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

Polly closes her eyes and shakes her head, taking the schedule and closing her locker, walking down the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY- DAY

Polly walks down the corridor, glancing at her paper and into each room as she passes. She sees MATH and goes to the door, peering into the window--then yanking herself back into the hall.

POLLY

Not Geometry. Please, no.

A door opens behind her in the hallway and Polly whirls around, deer in headlights.

SAM, a wry and pretty magical Guidance Counselor, has his/her hands in their pockets and sips from a mug of coffee with some obnoxious encouraging phrase on it ("The Time is Now").

SAM
(cool as a cucumber)
Morning, Polly.

POLLY
(cautiously)
Hi.

SAM
What are you doing out here in the hall, shouldn't you be in class?

POLLY
I, uh--I--

SAM
Something tells me--
(hunkering down)
You *don't belong here*.

POLLY
Oh, I, I'm not cutting believe me I just, Geometry literally gives me ulcers, and --

SAM
Why don't you come into my office and we'll--have a chat.

Sam turns around coolly and Polly follows, panicky, continuing to pinch herself and flinch, nothing changing.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sam looks bemusedly at Polly as s/he sips coffee, posters on the wood-paneled wall behind: *Hang in there, baby!*, along with those one-word encouragement posters.

Polly nervously gulps on the other side of the desk.

SAM
Would you like a cup of coffee?

POLLY
--really?

Sam smiles and nods.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Oh God, yes, thank you.

Sam pours her a little styrofoam cup and brings out the Coffeemate. Polly can't help but recoil.

SAM

Oh, silly me, you don't want that, do you? You want--

Sam fishes in the refrigerator and comes out with a little can of coconut milk.

SAM (CONT'D)

This.

Polly looks at it, then Sam.

POLLY

How--

SAM

--Please.

Polly pours some of the can into her cup, stirring it with a finger and taking a sip. She can't help but be immediately soothed.

SAM (CONT'D)

You look like you're having quite a day.

POLLY

You have no idea.

SAM

It's a shame, really--I was so looking forward to seeing you on The Today Show.

Polly looks at Sam with awe. Sam turns on the old TV next to him/her, turns the dial, hits the side.

POLLY

Can you--?

SAM

These darn tube TVs, though--I'll be damned if I can watch any further than the year 2000. Oh, everyone else is freaking out about Y2K, but you and I both know it's just a bunch of hooley.

Sam gives her a wink as Polly watches, slack, on the other side of the desk.

POLLY
You--see me?

SAM
Of course.

Sam sips their coffee.

POLLY
And I'm not--

SAM
Fourteen?
(chuckling)
No. Nor do you have that
unfortunate acne that plagued you,
either.

POLLY
Who are you? I don't remember you.

SAM
I think you'll come to realize
there's a lot you don't remember,
Polly.
(beat)
But--
(turning the TV off)
all in due time. For now, you are
here, and so am I. Sam.

Sam holds out his/her hand.

POLLY
What is happening? Am I dreaming
this?

SAM
Well, first of all, Dream Rules
officially state that I couldn't
tell you if you were.
(beat)
But since you're not--no, you're
not dreaming.

Polly puts pieces together.

POLLY
Am I dead? Is this hell?

SAM

No, no no--no, you're not dead. And of course this isn't hell! High school is a magical time, Polly.

Sam leans back in his/her desk, throwing feet atop, hands behind his/her head. The cat is hanging in above him/her.

POLLY

For who?

SAM

For you, maybe.

POLLY

Nooo, no. It was the worst. And I-- I don't WANT to be here again. Can't I go home?

SAM

Oh sure. Just let me call your mom.

Sam picks up the phone and Polly stills his hand.

POLLY

Please. Don't.

(beat)

I mean to my apartment. In Philipstown.

SAM

You run the biggest teen blog in the world and you don't even live in New York City?

POLLY

(lamely)

I like the quiet.

(beat)

Philipstown is nice.

SAM

So's Pillsbury.

POLLY

No no, this isn't *home*. This isn't even my *when*!

SAM

It was, though.

Polly shakes her head distressingly.

POLLY
Why am I here?

SAM
You tell me.

Polly stands up, begins pacing.

POLLY
Okay. Why. Okay. Okay.
(beat)
I didn't pay my estimated taxes
last year. My accountant was on my
back, and--

SAM
I'm not the IRS, Polly.

Polly nods, thinking.

POLLY
I--haven't been using garbage bags
all the time in my trash can.
Sometimes I'll just throw stuff in
there, and I know--

SAM
(gently)
No.

POLLY
Sometimes I miscount the bags I
bring to the grocery store.

Sam looks at her pointedly.

POLLY (CONT'D)
I put a magnet up to my Fitbit to
shut it up.

Polly is frazzled. Sam looks amused.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Well, *what* then?! I'm trying here--

Sam reaches into their desk and pulls out Polly's discarded
high school reunion invitation. Polly looks on with
disbelief.

POLLY (CONT'D)
How did you get that?

Sam looks at it frowning clownishly.

SAM

You know, it boggles the mind--I can't for the life of me imagine why someone would want to throw away such a pretty invitation from such nice folks--can you?

Polly looks on, aghast.

SAM (CONT'D)

What's the matter, Polly? Had some plans that day?

POLLY

(quietly)

I don't want to see those people. Any of them.

SAM

They tried to invite you on Facebook, you know. Couldn't find you.

POLLY

I don't have Facebook.

Sam clowns, gobsmacked.

SAM

Stop the presses! Hold the phone! Wait just a gal-dern minute--

Sam pulls up a DEVICE even more futuristic than present-day. It projects a hologram of Polly's INSTASNAP page, her TWEETSY feed, her MEVEE channel.

SAM (CONT'D)

You run a *social media empire*, which has amassed over 6-and-a-half million followers over Instasnap, Tweetsy and MeVee. You make your living by connecting with literally millions and millions of young women. In fact, in your time, nearly two percent of the national population loves you--and translate that to the demographics of 1998 and it jumps to a whopping two-point-four-three.

Polly looks up helplessly at the image.

SAM (CONT'D)
Yet--despite all of that--your
inbox contains an unopened
invitation from your mother dated
2008 to join Facebook.

POLLY
(weakly)
This isn't about wastebin
etiquette, is it?

Sam grins knowingly.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Polly is gently hustled out, Sam sticking their head behind
her.

SAM
Try to enjoy yourself. And
remember--you've done this all
before.

Polly looks out miserably.

POLLY
That's what I'm afraid of.

Sam closes the door behind her and the bell rings, the
hallway once again flooding with students.