

# ***DAWSON'S CREEK***

*WRITTEN BY*

*KEVIN WILLIAMSON*

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FOR EDUCATIONAL  
PURPOSES ONLY

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A house on the water. A traditional Cape Cod. Big and old. Water glistens and reflects against it. From an upstairs window, the glow of a television bounces off drapes that blow gently in the cool, summer night.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Two bodies, a girl and boy, silhouetted in cool TV blue, strewn across the floor amongst pillows and Doritos. CLOSE ON TV...a movie, ET: THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL, is just ending. The part where ET hugs Elliot before boarding the spaceship home.

GIRL

(imitating ET)

"I'll be right here." Oh god, I love this movie. This won the Oscar, right?

BOY

GANDHI. Spielberg was robbed. This was before he outgrew his Peter Pan syndrome.

ON TV the movie ends...credits roll. The boy sits up, popping into frame. Meet DAWSON LEERY, no more than fifteen, smart and self-aware. Cool without the effort. Eternally cute, with deep piercing eyes that see much further than his years. He hits rewind on the remote--network TV appears. The local news.

GIRL

(o.c.)

But GANDHI? Why give an Oscar to a movie you can't sit through more than once?

The young girl, sits up searching for her sneakers. Meet JOEY POTTER, same age, smart face, tough, a Tomboy on the way out. A teenage awkwardness hides what will one day be stunning beauty. She eyes the television.

JOEY

New do.

She refers to the ANCHORWOMAN on the local news. CLOSE ON TV SCREEN. The anchorwoman, late 30's, looks delicious. All hair and teeth. She smiles at her CO-ANCHOR--a handsome counterpart.

ANCHORWOMAN

(on TV)

Back to you, Bob.

DAWSON

She likes big hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY

It must weigh alot. How does she walk upright?

Joey puts on her shoes.

DAWSON

Where ya goin'?

JOEY

Home.

DAWSON

Spend the night.

JOEY

Can't.

DAWSON

What do you mean "can't"? You always spend the night.

JOEY

Not tonight.

DAWSON

Why not?

Joey, shoes on, stands and moves to the open window. She takes a deep breath. Something's been building.

JOEY

I just don't think it's a good idea for me to sleep over anymore, you know...

DAWSON

No, I don't know. You've been sleeping over since we were seven. It's Saturday night, come on.

JOEY

Things change, Dawson, go with it.

DAWSON

What are you talking about?

JOEY

We're older now. Sleeping in the same bed was fine when we were kids but we're fifteen now...

DAWSON

Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY  
We start high school on Monday.

DAWSON  
Yeah...

JOEY  
And I have breasts.

DAWSON  
WHAT?

JOEY  
And you have genitalia.

DAWSON  
I've always had genitalia.

JOEY  
But there's more of it.

DAWSON  
How do you know?

JOEY  
(matter of fact)  
Long fingers, look, I just think  
evolution is taking it's course and we  
have to accept the inevitable. Seeya.

Joey starts to crawl out the window.

DAWSON  
Whoah Joe. Don't hit and run, explain  
yourself.

JOEY  
We're not kids anymore. It's time to  
evolvvvvve.

DAWSON  
Says who?

JOEY  
Mankind. God. Spielberg.

DAWSON  
What brought all this on? Has something  
happened you're not telling me?

JOEY  
Nothing notable. I just think our  
emerging hormones are destined to alter  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY (cont'd)

our relationship and I'm trying to limit the fallout.

DAWSON

What fallout? Are you saying we can't be friends anymore? Your "emerging hormones" aren't starting to get a thang for me, are they?

JOEY

A "thang"? So typical. No, Dawson, I'm not getting a "thang" for you. I've known you too long. I've watched you pick your nose, scratch your butt, burp, belch...I don't think I'm getting a "thang" for you.

DAWSON

Then what's the problem?

JOEY

We're changing and we have to adjust or the male-female thing will get in the way.

DAWSON

What is with all the WHEN HARRY MET EIGHTIES crap? It doesn't apply to us. It's 1997. We transcend it.

JOEY

And how do we do that?

DAWSON

By going to sleep. I'm tired.

JOEY

That's avoidance.

DAWSON

No, it's proof. Proof, we can remain friends regardless of any mounting sexual theoretics.

Joey stands at the window, deliberating.

JOEY

I don't think it works that way, Dawson.

Dawson does a back flop onto his bed.

DAWSON

Don't get female on me, Joey. I don't wanna have to start calling you Josephine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY  
Josephine this.

She dives on top of him. A two-three punch. He bellies over. They LAUGH awkwardly. Joey rips her shoes off, throws them against the wall. A moment. Suddenly, they're both incredibly still.

DAWSON  
We're friends, okay. No matter how much body hair we acquire. Deal?

JOEY  
Deal.

DAWSON  
And we don't talk about this again. Deal?

JOEY  
You got it.

DAWSON  
Cool.

JOEY  
Cool.

They lay facing away from one another. Dawson squirms under the sheets. Then Joey. Their minds racing.

DAWSON  
Goodnight.

JOEY  
Night Dawson.

Their bodies fidget. Neither one can get comfortable. Finally...

DAWSON  
Why did you have to bring this up anyway?

FADE OUT.

EXT. WATER - DAY

The last of the summer sun shines bright over...

DAWSON'S CREEK. An inlet of water, from the ocean, that curves into a lagoon on which four houses sit. An absolutely, incredible picture post card environment. Only forty miles from Boston but a world away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dawson and Joey lounge on the end of a dock that protrudes out over the water. Joey has a laptop in front of her typing as Dawson dictates.

DAWSON

"Ext. Rowboat. Day. Persephone leans over the side of the stern when from the depths of the ocean comes a huge, green sea serpent from the bottom of the...

JOEY

Pace yourself.

Joey is having trouble keeping up. She types frantically. Just then, a head bops up from the rowboat tied to the dock. It belongs to PACEY, fifteen, big and gangly with a mouth to match. Nice enough guy but completely non-serious. His sarcasm overrides his sincerity. He sits up from sunning himself.

PACEY

He rips her head off and blood flies through the air...

JOEY

Will you shut up?

DAWSON

She's the lead. She escapes.

PACEY

It's horror dude, people gotta die.

JOEY

Wanna volunteer?

Just then, a car horn SOUNDS. All eyes go to shore. A car appears, pulling into the drive of the house next door to Dawson's.

It pulls around to the front and parks as an OLD LADY comes bustling out the front door to meet it. A COUPLE, a husband and wife, emerge from the car to greet her.

DAWSON

(o.c.)

Looks like the Wicked Witch has guests.

A YOUNG GIRL, emerges from the back seat of the car. CLOSE on her face as a summer breeze blows across it, wisping her long, smooth hair up and back revealing a face--pure Godsend.

ON Dawson, mouth open wide, staring...then Pacey, mouth open wider...then Joey who watches their reactions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The parents enter the house with the elderly lady while the young girl is left to handle the bags. She looks up to see her audience watching. She waves...Dawson, Pacey, and Joey all wave back...in unison.

The girl smiles, moving to them. Meet JENNIFER LINDLEY, 15, a force of nature. A girl who combines a future prom queen beauty with a future valedictorian brain. A free thinker with a nurturing, determined presence. A smart face and clever eyes reveal an early sophistication brought about by a city upbringing. She's aware of her stunning beauty and finds it completely unnecessary. Would rather rely on her sense of humor.

GIRL

Hi, there!

PACEY

How's it goin'? I'm Pacey.

DAWSON

And I'm...

JEN

Dawson. I know. We've met before...about eight years ago. You gave me a spider.

DAWSON

I did?

JEN

Terrified me. I smashed it flat and never spoke to you again.

DAWSON

My arachnid phase, that's right. You're the granddaughter from New York. You look so...different.

JOEY

Puberty.

Joey makes herself visible.

JEN

What?

JOEY

(to Jen)

Hi, I'm Joey. I live across the creek and we've never met. Ever.

DAWSON

How long you here for?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JEN

A while. My grandfather's aorta collapsed and they had to replace it with a plastic tube. I'm gonna be helping out.

PACEY

Bummer.

DAWSON

So, you'll be going to school here?

JEN

Yeah.

GRAMS appears in the front doorway. A stern, towering woman you wouldn't want to cross.

GRAMS

Jennifer, come inside child.

JEN

Gotta go.

DAWSON

Sorry about the spider.

JEN

I got through it. Nice to meet you guys. Seeya at school.

Jen smiles, her eyes lingering on Dawson just a tad longer than she meant to. He shifts awkwardly.

JOEY

I'm going now.

DAWSON

..yeah...okay...

She gets barely a nod. Joey gets in her row boat and starts off.

JOEY

(perfect mimic, out of ear shot)

"You gave me a spider."

EXT. DAWSON'S BACK PORCH - MINUTES LATER

Dawson and Pacey move across the back porch toward the back kitchen door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PACEY

You gonna make a move on drop dead next door?

They move inside to...

INT. KITCHEN

A large kitchen. Warm and comfortable.

DAWSON

We just met.

PACEY

And a wasted moment it was. Greater men would be having sex by now.

DAWSON

Tact. Look it up.

A huge, CRASHING SOUND comes from the living room. Dawson and Pacey fly through a swinging door to...

INT. LIVING ROOM

Nice and affluent. A fairly tidy room except for the MAN and WOMAN who lie, heavily engroped, lip locked atop the coffee table...clothes astray. They both look up to see Dawson and Pacey lock-jawed and staring.

FATHER

Oh hi, son.

MOTHER

Whoops.

Busted. The woman dives behind the couch buttoning up her blouse but not before we see that it's the anchorwoman, with all the hair, from the local news. Dawson is three shades red.

FATHER

Your mom and I were...

MOTHER

..just discussing..whether or not...

FATHER

..we needed a new coffee table.

The father busts up LAUGHING. Mom can't resist for long.

FATHER

Hi Pacey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PACEY

Hi, Mr. Leery. Mrs. Leery.

Pacey grins from ear to ear. He's loving this.

MOTHER

Hi, Pacey. Don't look so red, Dawson.  
It could be worse.

DAWSON

Doubtful.

PACEY

I like your new hair, Mrs. Leery.

MOTHER

Oh thank you, Pacey.

FATHER

I thought you had to work today.

DAWSON

We're running late.

MOTHER

Me too. Come on, I'll drop you two off.

Mom stands up and straightens her skirt. She looks to her husband.

MOTHER

And you, my Mr. Man Meat, I'll see later.

FATHER

I live for it.

They kiss heatedly. Dawson could die. He could just lie down and die. Pacey eats it up.

EXT. JOEY'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

The house sits directly across the creek from Dawson's. It's just as big but hasn't been kept up. The grass needs water, the garden needs weeding and the house could use a coat of paint.

Joey rows up to the dock in front and ties off. She hops out of the boat and heads inside.

INT. KITCHEN

A big, handsome black man, BODIE, is in the kitchen cooking up a storm. Early twenties. Gentle and enthusiastic. Dirty

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

dishes, food and whatnot clutter the countertops. Joey enters through the back door.

BODIE  
Just the victim I'm looking for.

He moves to her, spoon in hand.

JOEY  
No, Bodie. My ulcer.

BODIE  
Just a taste. I'm being tested on this one.

She obliges.

JOEY  
Vivacious. Where's Bess?

VOICE  
(o.c.)  
Right here.

CAMERA spins to BESSIE POTTER, Joey's older sister, no more than twenty-two, pretty face gone tired, ten months pregnant and big as a house. She holds a rumpled T-shirt in her hand.

BESSIE  
If you want to wear my things, fine. They're fairly useless to me at this point but that means you have to wash them and put them back where you found them. Got it?

JOEY  
Got it.

BESSIE  
I am way too pregnant to be digging underneath your bed.

JOEY  
So stay out of my room. "Got it?"

Joey heads up the stairs. She's not listening. Bessie stares at Bodie.

BESSIE  
I'm gonna knock her silly. I swear it.

Bodie approaches with his spoon.

BODIE  
Here, try this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bessie takes in the kitchen. The mess overwhelms her.

BESSIE

Oh...honey. Cook and clean. Cook and clean. You're leaving out a step.

Bodie embraces her, holding the spoon up to her mouth while kissing her neck. Bessie tastes.

EXT. JEN'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun has moved to the other side of the creek. Night is quickly approaching.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JEN'S HOUSE

The phone is RINGING. Jen listens as GRAMS picks it up in the kitchen. Jen moves up the staircase to the upstairs landing. The decor is old and preserved. She moves to a doorway and pokes her head into...

INT. GRANDPA'S BEDROOM

The room is sparse. A bed sits center. Jen moves around the room, straightening up. Her GRANDPA, seventies, sleeps peacefully. He looks good, considering. Jen stops to pull the covers up around him.

JEN

(soft whisper)

Hey, Grindeddy...can you hear me?

No answer. Her eyes move to his chest where his pajama top is parted. Curious, she leans over him. With her free hand she softly parts the material wider to reveal...

A dark scar. Skin meticulously stitched together, newly healed but still massive. Jen GASPS, affected.

JEN

Does it hurt?

Suddenly...

GRAMS

(o.c.)

What are you doing?

Jen spins around, almost screaming, scared shitless. Grams stands behind her.

JEN

Uh...I was just...straightening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAMS

That was your mother. They made it home safely.

Jen nods, then looks back at Grandpa. Silence. And then...

JEN

I'm glad I'm here, Grams.

Grams is unflinching. A woman of little emotion.

GRAMS

Dinner is on the table.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Jen joins Grams at the kitchen table.

JEN

Hey, Grams, what do you know about that Dawson boy next door?

Grams face turns sour.

GRAMS

The boy's trouble. A heathen.

JEN

(rolling her eyes)  
What about the girl across the creek?  
Joey...I think her name is.

GRAMS

More trouble. They're not the sort you need involve yourself with.

JEN

Uh-huh.

Jen plops down beside Grams with her dinner. Grams bows her head.

GRAMS

Say grace dear.

JEN

Nah, you can do it.

GRAMS

But I'd like to hear you do it.

JEN

I don't think so, Grams. Thanks though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAMS

We never pass up an opportunity to thank the Lord, dear.

Jen scratches her head.

JEN

Oh, Grams, I didn't really want to get into this since I only just got here, and kinda prone to headaches, but I don't do the God thing.

GRAMS

I beg your pardon, dear?

JEN

I don't covet a religious God. I'm an atheist.

Gram's jaw drops. She stares at her granddaughter in mortal shock.

INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

The local video store. Small but complete. Dawson and Pacey, in video store smocks, are behind the counter logging returns. A few customers mill about.

PACEY

Hey, if your Dad is Mr. Man Meat does that make you Man Meat Junior or Man Meat the II?

DAWSON

They're gonna have to drag the creek to find your body.

A young girl approaches, NELLIE, fifteen, brazen for her age. Annoying too. She also wears a smock. She holds up a video.

NELLIE

Does FORREST GUMP go in the comedy or drama section?

PACEY

How many times you gonna ask that?

DAWSON

Drama.

NELLIE

Thank you, Dawson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PACEY  
(under his breath)  
Can you say wet brain?

NELLIE  
I heard that.

She takes off.

DAWSON  
Can you say unemployment? Her dad owns  
the place--go easy.

The bell above the door JINGLES. Pacey looks up to see...

A WOMAN enter. Late thirties, rounded and sexy with a face  
that radiates.

PACEY  
Oh my God. Look at her.

Dawson looks up.

DAWSON  
Show some respect. She's somebody's  
mother.

PACEY  
I have it on good authority that mothers  
have great sex lives.

The woman moves to the counter. Her smile melts Pacey.

DAWSON  
Good evening ma'am. Can I help you?

WOMAN  
Yes you can. This is my first time here  
and I'd like to rent a video.

Pacey steps in front of Dawson.

PACEY  
Great. Just fill this out and hand over  
a credit card.

She starts filling out the card. Pacey pushes Dawson.  
Dawson takes the hint, grabs a stack of videos and takes off  
to shelve returns.

PACEY  
So are you new in town? I haven't seen  
you around.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The woman glances up and stares into Pacey's eyes.

WOMAN

Yes, I am. My name's Tamara. What's yours?

PACEY

Pacey.

TAMARA

There you go, Pacey.

She hands him the application along with her credit card.

PACEY

Can I help you locate a video this evening?

TAMARA

Maybe. I'm in the mood for romance.

Tamara smiles at him sexily.

PACEY

Uh...well, the new releases are...

TAMARA

No. I'm vintage all the way.

This woman is severely hot. Pacey is having trouble moving his lips. Dawson listens from nearby.

PACEY

Uh...uh...the classics are...

TAMARA

Where would I find THE GRADUATE?

PACEY

THE GRADUATE? Let's see...that was the one....

TAMARA

...where older woman Ann Bancroft seduces younger man Dustin Hoffman.

Pacey swallows.

PACEY

Uh...let me check...

Dawson appears with a video in hand. He hands it to Tamara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAWSON

Anything else we can help you with this evening?

TAMARA

That should do it. How much?

DAWSON

Pay when you return. Don't forget your credit card. Enjoy the movie.

TAMARA

I will.

Tamara turns to leave, but stops and looks at Pacey one last time.

TAMARA

It was nice to meet you, Pacey.

PACEY

Uh...yeah...uh-huh...

She smiles, well aware of her effect, then exits.

DAWSON

Wipe the drool, dude.

PACEY

She was flirting with me.

DAWSON

She was laughing at you.

PACEY

No way. She wanted me.

DAWSON

She wanted Dustin Hoffman.

Dawson returns to shelving videos as Pacey stares at the doorway where Tamara just exited...lost in lust.

EXT. DAWSON'S CREEK - NIGHT - LATER

Dawson walks up the drive, videos in hand, noticing, almost immediately--Jen. She sits on the docks, her feet dangling in the water. Her silhouette glistening in the moonlight.

He hesitates. Should he go over? He edges closer, debating, when Jen turns and spots him.

JEN

Hey, dude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dawson, relieved, walks over to her.

DAWSON  
Hi. What are you doing?

He sits down next to her.

JEN  
Taking a break from Grams. Whatcha got?

She checks out his videos.

JEN  
(reading tape boxes)  
HUMANOIDS FROM THE DEEP? SWAMP THING?  
CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON?

DAWSON  
Research. I'm writing a movie.

JEN  
You're kinda young.

DAWSON  
I'm fifteen. Spielberg started on 8mm  
when he was ten.

JEN  
And why movies? What's the attraction?

DAWSON  
I reject reality.

JEN  
Oh.

DAWSON  
Hey, you wanna see my studio?

Jen thinks for a whole two seconds.

INT. DAWSON'S BEDROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Dawson's door swings open to reveal his world. Jen steps inside.

The walls are adorned with movie posters--but only Spielberg movies--in fact, the entire room looks like a shrine to Steven Spielberg. A stuffed ET doll, a miniature Great White shark, dinosaur models...a framed portrait of Spielberg himself sits on Dawson's desk.

JEN  
Long shot. Spielberg fan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAWSON

I pretty much worship the man in a God-like way.

JEN

Revealing.

DAWSON

I've chronicled his career on the walls. You'll notice everything is arranged in receding box office order starting with the blockbusters. JURASSIC PARK, ET, JAWS, the INDIANA JONES series.

Dawson points to the wall where the posters hang.

DAWSON

(continued)

And you follow them around to the critically acclaimed wall where I have SCHINDLER'S LIST, COLOR PURPLE and just for humility purposes...

Dawson opens his closet door to reveal two more posters.

DAWSON

(continued)

I keep his flops, 1941 and ALWAYS, in limited, but accessible view.

JEN

Are you familiar with obsessive reality disorders?

DAWSON

It's beyond that. I firmly believe that the mysteries of the universe, the answers to all life's questions can be found in a Spielberg film. It's a theory I've been working on. Whenever I have a problem all I have to do is look to the right Spielberg movie and the answer is revealed.

JEN

Have you considered a twelve step program?

DAWSON

Wit. We like that around here.

EXT. DAWSON'S HOUSE

Joey crawls up the side of Dawson's house to his window. She hears TALKING and stops, eavesdropping.

DAWSON

I signed up for the media program this year. They're making an independent short film and...

JEN

They need a script.

CLOSE on Joey as she listens just out of sight.

DAWSON

I'm hoping to direct too. I'm a wannabe autuer.

GRAMS' VOICE

(o.c.)

JENNIFER!

Jen moves to the window and looks out just as Joey dives for cover. Grams is standing on the porch scouring the creek for Jen.

JEN

I better go. I don't want her to erupt. Later.

DAWSON

Seeya at school.

Dawson smiles big as Jen races out the door. Then he turns to the framed Spielberg picture on his desk.

DAWSON

(to Steven)

I know you're all into Kate now but she has a certain Amy Irving quality, don't you think?

Dawson grabs two remotes, turns on the television and then hits the VCR. A taped segment of the news comes on. Joey climbs in the window. Dawson eyes her.

DAWSON

Hey, Joe--watch this.

Dawson hits the rewind button as Joey settles in front of the television. Dawson's mother appears giving her news report.

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CONTINUED:

DAWSON

Do you think my mom's sleeping with her  
co-anchor?

JOEY

Where did that come from?

DAWSON

Watch.

ON SCREEN his mom looks to her co-anchor.

MOTHER

(on television)

Back to you, Bob.

DAWSON

Something about her B's. They're too  
soft. Baaack to you, Bbbbob. See?

He rewinds and plays it again.

JOEY

You're reaching. Why would your mom be  
sleeping with her co-anchor? Your dad's  
the perfect male specimen.

DAWSON

I don't know but I think they are.

JOEY

You're just looking for conflict.  
Everything's a potential script to you.  
Accept your perfect life, Dawson. It's a  
reality.

Dawson shrugs as he watches the news replay. Joey glances  
out the window just in time to glimpse Jen entering the house  
next door. She looks back to Dawson, her face far too pained  
for a girl her age.

EXT. JENKINS HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

A perfectly complete small town school. ROCK MUSIC BLASTS as  
students come and go, making their way across campus. School  
is back with a vengeance.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - MORNING

A crowded school office. Jen, appearing extremely nervous,  
looks over her schedule as Nellie approaches.

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CONTINUED:

NELLIE

Hi, I'm Nellie Olson. I know. I know. LITTLE HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE was, like, my Mom and Dad's favorite show. But no preconceptions, okay? I'm not like her at all.

JEN

I'm Jen.

NELLIE

From New York. How's your Grandfather? He's still on the prayer list at church. Not that I go or anything--do you party?

JEN

Party--as in--do I enjoy a good party? Or party--as in--drink and use drugs?

NELLIE

Party--it's subjective.

JEN

I like to have a good time. Substance free.

NELLIE

Maybe we should call you Nellie.

Just then, Dawson appears, saving Jen. He pulls her out the door, away from Nellie.

DAWSON

Ignore her--she's all talk. So, you having fun yet?

JEN

I'm terrified.

DAWSON

You're hiding it well.

JEN

I have a great denial system.

DAWSON

Just remember, we're all scared. Who do you have first period?

Jen reads her schedule. Dawson takes a look too.

JEN

Brinson--Algebra.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAWSON

Be careful. The woman packs a .48 magnum. Last year, she open fired on a PTA meeting. Took out two students and a custodian.

Jen smiles, impressed.

DAWSON

Got off on a technicality.

Jen's starting to loosen up. She gets in the game.

JEN

How about the lady in the funky dress?

They pass a TEACHER wearing a loud print dress.

DAWSON

You tell me?

He challenges her. She jumps at it.

JEN

Uh...Periodic drinker. Blacks out after two glasses of cheap wine and runs through town with her dress over her head singing Neil Diamond songs. Bald man--two o'clock.

Dawson spots a BALD MAN down the way.

DAWSON

Mr. Ireland. Principal by day--schizophrenic transvestite by night. Has a Tori Spelling complex.

Jen CRACKS UP as a young guy, handsome--major jock type approaches. This is ROGER.

ROGER

Hey, Dawson, who's your new friend?

JEN

Hi, I'm Jen. I'm new.

ROGER

Finding your way around, okay?

This Roger guy is a little obvious. The BELL RINGS.

JEN

Sorta. I'm looking for Algebra.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ROGER  
My first class. I'll show you.

Jen looks to Dawson. Shrugs.

JEN  
Seeya at lunch?

Dawson gives her two thumbs up. A little bummed.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Students filter in. Pacey is at the front of the room, balancing a book on his head--goofing off for attention. He looks up just as...

TAMARA ENTERS

Pacey drops the book. It hits the floor next to his mouth.

PACEY  
Tamara?

She enters, moving to the desk, smiling.

TAMARA  
I tell you what. Why don't you call me Miss Jacobs during school hours?

Pacey recovers quickly.

PACEY  
Yeah..sure...of course.

He takes his seat, his eyes glued to the object of his desire. Complete disbelief.

INT. MRS. BRINSON'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Just before the last bell. Joey sits in the back of the room. Jen enters. Joey slumps down but it's too late...Jen spots her, moving to her. She takes a seat beside her.

JEN  
I was hoping we'd have a class together.

JOEY  
Here we are.

JEN  
Can I ask you something?

JOEY  
Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEN

Are you and Dawson a thing?

Joey thinks about this for a second. She's tempted to lie but knows better.

JOEY

NOOO. We're just friends.

JEN

Grams says you're big trouble.

JOEY

No offense but your Grams is cracked.

JEN

Why does she rag you?

JOEY

Pick a topic. There's my dad--the imprisoned convict or my sister--impregnated by a black man or...

JEN

Your father's in prison?

JOEY

Conspiracy to traffic marijuana in excess of ten thousand pounds.

JEN

Cool. And where's your mom?

JOEY

She had this cancer thing. It killed her dead.

Jen is silent. She doesn't know what to say. A moment.

JEN

So you live with your sister?

JOEY

And her black boyfriend. He likes you, you know.

JEN

Who? The black boyfriend?

JOEY

Dawson. Don't abuse his feelings.

A deadly warning. Simple, direct and honest. It pierces Jen.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Not your typical classroom. No desks. Just a large center table surrounded by video monitors and other film equipment. The students, small in volume, sit at the table listening to their teacher, MR. GOLDING--mid 30's, attractive with a kind face. Eccentric but in a good way.

MR. GOLDING

..so if we can start shooting by next month, there's no reason we couldn't be editing by the first of the year. We'll easily make the festival.

Dawson and Pacey sit together.

PACEY

(major whisper)

She's the new English teacher. Dag, what is up with that? What are the chances?

DAWSON

(back at him)

Let it go.

PACEY

Crash and burn first.

Dawson SSSSHHS him.

INT. STUDENT AREA - LUNCH

Outdoor tables and benches make up the student commons area. Students lounge about chatting and eating. Dawson, Joey, and Jen are sitting with a young teen couple--LUCY and BEACON. Black, cute, hip, on the arty side. They're madly in love with one another. They kiss passionately as if they were alone. The others ignore them.

DAWSON

So, that only gives me a month to finish the script.

JOEY

Plenty of time. We'll pull some allnighters.

JEN

I'd love to help--if I can?

It's not intentional but Dawson is ignoring Joey. His attention is on Jen. Joey eyes Lucy and Beacon. She's starting to feel uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAWSON

Hey, thanks...

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH

Students stand in line in the cafeteria waiting for lunch. Among them is Tamara. She slides her tray along the rack, choosing her lunch. Pacey appears, cutting in line, hopping in right behind her.

PACEY

Hi, Ta-ma-ra...whoops--Miss Jacobs.

Tamara smiles sweetly at him. Pacey melts. She's aware of her affect on him.

PACEY

How was THE GRADUATE?

TAMARA

Just as I remembered.

PACEY

(way suave)

Looking for romance tonight?

Tamara turns to him impressed. Even Pacey is surprised by how smooth it sounded.

TAMARA

Why? You have any suggestions?

PACEY

How about the story of a beautiful woman who takes a home in a small coastal town...

Tamara smiles, playing along.

TAMARA

And what happens to this woman in this small coastal town?

PACEY

She meets this boy, on the verge of manhood, who becomes incredibly infatuated with her...

Tamara holds his stare as she pays for her lunch.

TAMARA

And then what happens?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PACEY  
She seduces him.

A moment of heat.

TAMARA  
SUMMER OF '42. It's a favorite.

PACEY  
I can reserve it for you.

Tamara takes a seat at a nearby table. Pacey hops down beside her.

TAMARA  
Actually, tonight, I'm going to see that new foreign film playing at the Rialto.

PACEY  
Yeah?

TAMARA  
You should check it out. Sounds like you're a movie buff. It's getting great reviews.

PACEY  
I might just do that.

SMASH CUT:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - LATER

The first day of school is over. The hall is crowded with students heading for the door. Dawson and Pacey are among them.

PACEY  
She was coming on to me. I swear it.

DAWSON  
You are going to get so expelled.

PACEY  
Hey, I need you tonight. We're going to the movies. The Rialto.

DAWSON  
Since when are you into art house fare?

PACEY  
I'm into anything Tamara's into. This woman wants me. I actually have the  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PACEY (cont'd)  
possibility of losing my virginity in  
high-level fantasy fashion.

DAWSON  
So what do you need me for?

PACEY  
Moral support.

DAWSON  
Forget it. It's a school night.

Just then, Jen appears down the hall. She's talking to Roger. He's standing a little too close for Dawson's liking. Pacey takes note.

PACEY  
You could take a date.

A beat. Dawson's considering it. He moves down toward Jen just as Roger takes off.

ROGER  
(as he leaves)  
Seeya Friday. Remember, I'm #43.

JEN  
I'll try to make it.  
(sees Dawson)  
Hey, Dawson, how's it going?

DAWSON  
Did he invite you to the game on Friday?

JEN  
Uh-huh.

DAWSON  
He wants to be worshipped.

They move down the hall together.

JEN  
Figures. Wanna come with me?

DAWSON  
You're asking me to accompany you on a  
date?

JEN  
It's a football game. It's not a date.

They move down the hall and out the door.

EXT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - SAME

Dawson and Jen move across campus. Dawson fidgets a bit, suddenly nervous.

DAWSON

I tell you what--me and some friends are going to the movies tonight. If you come tonight--I'll go to the game with you on Friday.

JEN

Easy deal.

That was way simple. Dawson smiles. He's a happy man.

EXT. BOARDWALK - AFTER SCHOOL

Joey is taking the scenic route home. The small coastal town is alive around her. Small tourist shops, a few specialty restaurants sit on a harbor lined with sailboats and fishing trawlers. All very New England. Dawson appears, catching up with her.

DAWSON

Hey, I need a favor.

JOEY

Uh-oh.

DAWSON

I have a semi-quasi date with Jen tonight. We're going to the movies with Pacey and I need you to come with us.

JOEY

I rather go down in a plane crash.

DAWSON

Come on, it'll be really weird just two guys and Jen. You would even it out.

JOEY

So it would appear like a double date?

DAWSON

Sorta...but not really.

JOEY

Have you had an aneurism? NO WAY.

DAWSON

It's not a date-date. It just evens things up so Jen won't be uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY

We wouldn't want that.

DAWSON

Come on, Joe, please. Please, please,  
please, please, please, please, please...

Joey has a hard time with this. She doesn't show it though.

JOEY

(finally)

Whatever.

He pounces, giving her a hug. A big, male, guy-thing hug.

DAWSON

You're the best. I mean it. I know  
you've been worried about our  
relationship. But I told you. Nothing  
has to change. See? We can talk about  
anything--breasts or no breasts.

Joey's face appears empty...hollow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Dawson's dad is on the couch watching his wife on the late  
news. Dawson comes down the stairs. Dressed and looking  
good.

FATHER

You're missing your mother. She's doing  
her oil spill exclusive. It's very sexy.

DAWSON

I'm recording it.

FATHER

God, she sizzles. Watching your mother  
work is the best foreplay.

DAWSON

You're sick, Dad. Sick.

Dawson's father notices his clean attire.

FATHER

Hot date?

DAWSON

Writing a book? Make it a mystery.

FATHER

I just want you to have fun...safe fun.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DAWSON

The condom chat is premature, Dad.

FATHER

Well, I know you're at that age where sex is all you think about and...

DAWSON

You're at that age.

FATHER

I just want you to enjoy sex the way it should be enjoyed, healthy and happy...

DAWSON

(heated)

Will you stop with the sex talk? Sex, sex, sex. That's all I'm hearing. That's all everybody thinks about. Why is our society so immersed in sex? What's the big deal?

FATHER

Our sexuality is part of our make up as human beings.

Dawson explodes. He's had it.

DAWSON

But does it have to be the only part? If it's so important how come Spielberg has never had a sex scene in one of his movies? Hmmm? He's been very tasteful with regards to sex. He's never exploited the subject matter. He keeps it in it's proper place. As should we in life. Thank you.

Dawson storms out the door. His dad watches him go, amused...proud even.

INT. JOEY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Joey readies for the evening. A few extra touches to make her look a little less Joey. Bessie stands in the doorway.

BESSIE

You look nice.

Joey starts to slam the bedroom door but Bessie is too fast for her. She catches it.

BESSIE

Your attitude has got to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY  
I'm in a huge hurry.

Joey grabs her coat. She moves to pass through the doorway but Bessie blocks her, grabbing her face with one hand and squeezing it hard, forcing her lips to a pucker..

JOEY  
Ouch!

In the other hand, Bessie holds a tube of lipstick. She holds Joey's face steady and carefully applies it to her lips. Then she lets go.

BESSIE  
Now rub 'em together like this.

Bessie demonstrates. Joey, caught completely off guard, obeys. Bessie sticks the lipstick in Joey's coat pocket.

BESSIE  
You hold onto this and every half hour to an hour you excuse yourself for a touch up. Got it?

Joey doesn't know what to say. Her sister's tenderness has left her speechless. She simply nods. Bessie smiles. She has won this round.

EXT. THE RIALTO

An old movie theatre from the fifties. Very well preserved with a big marquee out front.

INT. THEATRE LOBBY

It's a Monday night and the crowd is small. Pacey, Dawson, Jen, and Joey stand at the concession stand.

JOEY  
A foreign film? Is it dubbed or subtitled.

DAWSON  
Subtitled.

JOEY  
I don't like reading my movies.

PACEY  
Expand.

Pacey discovers Tamara standing behind them in the concession line. He makes a bee-line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PACEY  
Hey, Tamara.

TAMARA  
(surprised)  
Hi, Pacey. What are you doing here?

PACEY  
(pointing to others)  
We came to check out the movie.

Tamara appears relieved.

TAMARA  
Good. I'm glad.

At the counter, Dawson waits for popcorn, he listens to Jen and Joey.

JEN  
Hey, Joey, I love your lipstick. What shade is that?

Dawson takes note. Joey is stung with embarrassment.

JOEY  
(instantly)  
Wicked red. I love your hair color.  
What number is that?

Dawson grimaces.

DAWSON  
You'll have to excuse Joey's manners.  
She was born in a barn.

JEN  
That's okay.  
(to Joey candidly)  
I just do highlights. I can highlight  
your hair sometime--if you want.

Jen is making a genuine effort. And it's not sitting well with Joey.

INT. THEATRE - MINUTES LATER

Pacey leads them to a seat only rows behind Tamara. They all sit down. Joey gets stuck between Jen and Pacey. She's livid. Suddenly, Pacey leaps up.

PACEY  
Back in a bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He moves through the row, towards Tamara. The movie starts. Previews first. Dawson eyes Jen. He shifts in closer to her, visibly nervous. He eyes her hand, begins to reach for it but feels his own...realizes it's sweaty. He starts again. Joey has watched all of this. She's getting itchy.

JOEY

So, Jen, you a virgin?

Jen chokes on air. Dawson is now livid.

DAWSON

That's mature.

JOEY

I don't want to make an assumption merely because you're from New York but I hope you're not for Dawson's sake because he is a virgin and two virgins really makes for a clumsy first encounter.

DAWSON

I'm going to rip your tongue out and then I'm going to bury it where it will never be found.

JEN

It's okay, Dawson. Yes, I'm a virgin. How about you Joey, are you?

She smiles, challenging Joey.

JOEY

Please. Years ago. Trucker named Bubba.

Dawson kills her with his eyes.

DAWSON

Can I speak to you alone for a moment?

JOEY

The movie is starting.

DAWSON

Too bad.

He grabs her by the arm, yanking her from her seat, dragging her through the row, upsetting other MOVIEGOERS. They SSSHHH them.

JOEY

(responding)  
Ssssh this, lady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAMARA'S ROW

Pacey plops down beside Tamara, surprising her. He holds out his BON BONS.

TAMARA

Pacey! Where are your friends?

PACEY

I thought I'd watch with you, if you don't mind. BON BONS?

TAMARA

No, but, I...

She looks around, suddenly uncomfortable. Pacey pulls a video from his pocket.

PACEY

SUMMER OF '42. I took the liberty of checking it out for you.

TAMARA

Oh...Pacey...I don't think...

PACEY

We could even watch it together...maybe.

An OLDER MAN, a professor type, suddenly appears on the other side of Tamara. He holds popcorn and drinks. Tamara shifts in her seat, away from Pacey.

TAMARA

Pacey, don't you want to sit with your friends?

Pacey eyeballs the professor type.

PACEY

Who's this?

TAMARA

A friend.

Suddenly, a big, guy in front of them spins around.

BIG GUY

Hey, quiet!

Tamara nods, smiling politely. She sees where this is going.

PROFESSOR

Tammy, is this kid bothering you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAMARA

No, Benji.

PACEY

No, Benji. I was invited by Miss Jacobs.

TAMARA

Not exactly, Pacey, but I see how...

PROFESSOR

Why don't I help you find a seat?

The professor stands up and reaches over, taking Pacey by the arm. Pacey pulls away wildly, loses his balance, and falls SMACK into the big guy in front of them. Popcorn flies as the big guy leaps up, angry as hell.

BIG GUY

What the...

The professor type still has his grip on Pacey. Pacey shoves him--soda goes flying, splattering everywhere...Tamara, the Big Guy, the Big Guy's GIRLFRIEND. And then...

BAM! The big guy's fist catches Pacey squarely in the jaw. He goes down. Tamara leaps up.

TAMARA

Oh my God. Your face.

PROFESSOR

Are you okay?

Everyone starts to stare and complain. Pacey lifts his head, blood pouring from a gash in his mouth.

PACEY

I don't get you.

TAMARA

Let's get you help. You're bleeding.

PACEY

What was going on in the video store?

TAMARA

I was renting a movie, Pacey. I was just renting a movie.

Pacey stands stunned as this registers. He looks around, everyone is watching.

INT. LOBBY - SAME

Dawson corners Joey in the lobby.

DAWSON  
What is going on? "Dawson's a virgin".  
What is that about?

JOEY  
Just trying to help.

DAWSON  
Sabotage.

JOEY  
Why am I here? Huh, Daw? Why?

DAWSON  
Because you're my friend.

JOEY  
Then treat me like one. From the moment  
little Miss Highlights showed up you  
haven't said one word to me. Unless it  
starts with the word "Jen".

This is getting heated. They're yelling now.

DAWSON  
I like her, okay. Sue me. What do you  
care?

JOEY  
I don't care. But be my friend. It's  
like you've jumped ship. Like you don't  
give a sh...

Tears have found their way down Joey's face. She stops  
herself. Dawson backs down. He's never seen her cry.

DAWSON  
Oh Joe, I'm sorry if I...

JOEY  
Nothing penetrates with you. You're so  
far removed from reality you don't see  
what's right in front of you.

DAWSON  
What are you talking about?

JOEY  
Your life, Dawson. It's a friggin' fairy  
tale and you don't even want it. You

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY (cont'd)  
just want conflict for that script you're  
writing in your head. Stop living in the  
movies and grow up--you spineless wuss.

Joey takes off. CLOSE ON Dawson's face...looking as if it  
were smashed flat by a speeding train.

EXT. DAWSON'S CREEK - LATER

Dawson and Jen are walking up the road to their houses.

DAWSON  
I'll walk you to your door.

JEN  
Not with Grams waiting to pounce.

DAWSON  
Oh yeah...well...

This is it. Evening's end. The big will-there-be-a-kiss  
moment.

DAWSON  
So...

JEN  
So...

DAWSON  
It was...a really repulsive evening.

JEN  
Hmmm...

A quiet moment of agonizing torture. Both of them nervous.  
Finally, Dawson takes a chance, leans in for a kiss when...

JEN  
This is all my fault. I know I don't  
possess much cosmic power in the universe  
but I feel completely responsible for  
tonight's little kaboom. I'm sorry.

DAWSON  
No. Tonight is definitely not your  
fault. It's me. I pulled the pin. I  
tossed the grenade. It was all me. Big  
forehead L.

JEN  
You're not a loser, Dawson. I think  
you're sweet. And very smart. You have  
a good heart. A great sense of humor.  
You're cool without being obnoxious about

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JEN (cont'd)  
it. You're incredibly talented. You  
have clear skin--big plus.

A moment. They both smile. Now more nervous than ever.

DAWSON  
Thanks.

JEN  
No. Thank you. Things are really scary  
for me, right now and...well, thanks.  
Period.

Suddenly, the porch light CLICKS ON. Grams' shadow can be  
seen through the porch window.

DAWSON  
Well...

JEN  
Seeya tomorrow?

Dawson smiles, walking off into the night, turning back  
several times to find her standing there quietly watching him  
go. This has been some night.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MINUTES LATER

It's late. The store is deserted. Pacey enters and moves up  
and down the aisle. He stops when he finds the first aid  
section. He grabs some bandages and heads for the counter.

The STORE CLERK, an elderly man stares at Pacey's face.

STORE CLERK  
That's a nasty gash. How'd you get it?

PACEY  
Self-inflicted.

Pacey throws money on the counter and turns toward the door  
as it opens to reveal...Tamara. They're both surprised.

TAMARA  
Pacey...

He starts to move past her.

PACEY  
Great. What are you doing here?

TAMARA  
Excedrin. Oh God, Pacey, are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PACEY

I'll live.

He shoves by her and heads out the store. Tamara follows him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

Pacey heads for his car. Tamara on his heels.

TAMARA

Wait, Pacey. Talk to me a sec.

Pacey turns on her, barely containing his anger.

PACEY

About what? THE GRADUATE or the SUMMER OF '42? Which would you like to discuss?

TAMARA

I'd like to clear up this misunderstanding.

PACEY

I understand perfectly well, Miss Jacobs.

TAMARA

I'm so sorry.

PACEY

You should be because you're a liar. How can you say, "I was only renting a movie"?

TAMARA

Because it's the truth.

PACEY

What a crock. The truth is you're a well put together knock-out of a woman whose getting a little insecure about hittin' forty. So when a young, virile boy, such as myself, flirts with you--you enjoy it. You entice it. You even fantasize about what it would be like to be with that young boy, on the verge of manhood, because it keeps you feeling attractive and makes the aging process a little more bearable. Well, I got news for you lady-- you blew it because I'm the best sex you'll never have.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence. They stand facing each other. Pacey--out of breath and Tamara--quite stunned. A long moment as it all starts to sink in. Pacey's courageous stance diminishes.

TAMARA

I think I should go now.

Pacey fidgets fearfully.

PACEY

Seeya at school...Miss Jacobs.

Their eyes meet. An intimacy. Pacey holds her stare, letting Tamara break first. She disappears inside the store leaving Pacey standing all alone in the parking lot. Wondering.

INT. DAWSON'S ROOM - LATER

Dawson enters his room and hits the remote. The TV comes on as Dawson rips his shirt off. He goes to his closet and opens it to discover...Joey, on the floor, amongst tons of dirty clothes.

DAWSON

What are you doing in there?

JOEY

Hanging with the flops.

DAWSON

What happened tonight, Joey?

Joey moves out of the closet, slow-dives to the bed.

JOEY

I wiggled out.

DAWSON

What's going on between us?

JOEY

I have no idea...

DAWSON

I'm sorry I'm such an insensitive male.  
I thought I was above it.

Dawson sits at his desk. A long moment as he forms his words very carefully.

DAWSON

I don't want to lose you, Joey. What we have is the only thing that makes any sense to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joey nods quietly in agreement.

DAWSON

You know when I saw you tonight with that lipstick on I remember thinking how pretty you looked. I ignored it...but I thought it.

JOEY

Yeah?

DAWSON

But that was it, Joe. It didn't go further than that. I've always thought of you like...

JOEY

Just another guy.

DAWSON

No, like my friend.

JOEY

When I saw you going for Jen's hand tonight it's not like I wanted to be the one holding your hand. I just didn't want her holding it.

DAWSON

So where does that leave us?

Joey shrugs.

DAWSON

It's all so complicated.

JOEY

We're growing up, Dawson. That's all. Even Spielberg outgrew his Peter Pan syndrome.

Joey moves to the window. She's leaving.

DAWSON

Where are you going?

JOEY

We're changing, Dawson. We're not like we used to be. We have to accept there are areas that are off limits now.

DAWSON

Like what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY

We can't sleep together anymore. We can't talk to each other the way we used to. There are things we can't say.

DAWSON

That's just not true. I can tell you anything.

JOEY

How often do you masturbate? Hmm? What time of day? How many times a week?

Dawson goes dead quiet. A long agonizing silence as a truth is finally recognized. Dawson looks at Joey, directly, simply.

DAWSON

Goodnight.

And in one single stroke--things forever change between them. Joey looks out the window, knowingly. Across the way, Jen's bedroom light goes out.

JOEY

Seeya, Dawson.

Joey climbs out the window and disappears down the side of the house. Dawson turns to the window.

DAWSON

Seeya, Joey.

But she's already gone leaving him staring at an empty window...the dark night beyond.

EXT. DAWSON'S CREEK

Joey moves down the dock to her boat. She gets in it and shoves off, begrudgingly.

INT. DAWSON'S BEDROOM

Dawson sits at his desk lost in thought. He stares at his framed picture of Steven Spielberg. Then above it, where a poster of SCHINDLER'S LIST hangs.

EXT. DAWSON'S CREEK

A moonlit summer night. Joey rows her boat across the creek. Her strokes firm and steady...her mind a million miles away. And then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                    DAWSON  
                    (O.C.)  
            Hey, Joey!

Joey stops rowing and turns to Dawson's house. Dawson is hanging out of his bedroom window, waving madly.

                    DAWSON  
                    (at the top of his lungs)  
            USUALLY IN THE MORNING WITH KATIE COURIC!

A moment for this to register and then Joey's mouth drops open in a wild grin. She waves at him. Her face aglow.

CLOSE ON Dawson. He joins her, wide-eyed and smiling...whatever exists between them is at least shared.

A CAR DOOR SLAMS SHUT. Joey's eyes go to the bank near by. A car sits parked under a tree, hidden from the road.

A woman stands next to the car. Joey recognizes her immediately. It's Dawson's mother. She leans down in the window and kisses the DRIVER goodnight. A deep, long, passionate kiss. She breaks away to reveal the driver's face--it's her co-anchor Bob.

A shocked Joey watches on. She looks up to Dawson's window but he's disappeared inside his room. CLOSE ON JOEY'S FACE. Frozen with the knowledge...

FADE OUT.

END OF PRESENTATION