



Spark
season one, episode nine
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Marquette Cove High School

"No...that will be fine," Matt said, nodding. "Just as long as I get my revenge...By the end of the quarter, I will have completely destroyed Vince's life."

"No, you won't."

Matt whirled around to find Kelli Anderson, Vince's girlfriend, standing behind him.

"You're not doing anything to hurt Vince," Kelli said.

"I'll call you back," Matt said, turning off his cell phone and putting it into his back pocket.

"Wow, that was...that was very threatening. Bravo."

Matt clapped his hands.

"I am dead serious, Matt," Kelli said. "I know that you have some sort of vendetta against my boyfriend, but I refuse to let you hurt him."

"Kelli, go away," Matt said.

"Stay away from him," Kelli repeated. "I'm warning you."

Kelli stormed off.

"Whatever," Matt muttered, flicking his cigarette onto the ground and walking away.

*Love is eternal. Life is forever.
Yet things shall always remain...guasti cose.*

Marquette Cove High School
Mr. Hanley's Office

"I am perfectly aware that the child is mine," Michael said. "I was just wondering what it is that you wanted me to do."

"I want him to stop nosing around in my business," Vanessa said.

"And so you came to me?"

"Well, you are a Hanley," Vanessa said softly. "You never let me forget that -- even before I became pregnant."

Michael sighed. "I don't have time for a trip down memory lane, Vanessa. I'm rather busy today."

"Michael, I came to you because I need your help," Vanessa said. "You owe me that."

"I don't own you a damned thing," Michael said. "You'll get your check when the baby comes along. And that's all."

Vanessa stood and glared at him.

"Got to hell, Michael," Vanessa sneered, angrily leaving Michael's office.

Michael sat in silence as the door to his office slammed. He thought about Vanessa for a few seconds more, and then returned to his work.

Hallway

Vincent Moore walked through the hallway, heading towards the lunchroom. As he neared the stairwell, he ran into a familiar face. But it wasn't exactly a welcome face.

"Antonio."

"Hey Vince," Antonio said, popping a potato chip into his mouth.

"What are you doing?"

"It's called eating," Antonio replied. "People do that occasionally."

"Yes, but you're not a person," Vince reminded Antonio. "You're an angel, remember?"

"You didn't believe me before."

"Well, I believed that I was the only person who could see you!" Vince shouted. "And now you're running around going to my school! And why can people see you?"

"For a very important reason," Antonio said.

"Because you're important?"

"No, that's why I'm at your school," Antonio replied. "The reason why people can see me is because I'm now functioning in this dimension's plane of reality. When you move from dimension to dimension, there a certain time period during which you don't exist in any dimension."

"Then why could I see you?"

"I...I don't know. But that's not important. Blake is what's important."

Vince rolled his eyes. "Let's not start on that again."

Stage Crew Workroom

"Damon," Alec gasped.

"Well, what do we have here?" Damon asked, smiling. "Alec making a cuckold of his best friend's girlfriend."

Jessica and Alec exchanged confused glances.

"I don't think you used that word correctly," Jessica said.

"Well, I wasn't going to say anything," Alec said.

"I think you two should be less worried about my use of the word 'cuckold' and more concerned about what you two were just doing," Damon said. "Because if I'm not mistaken... Jessica is Vince's girlfriend."

"Ex," Jessica corrected him.

"Whatever," Damon said. "Either way, I'm guessing you two don't want him to find out about your little...*rendezvous*."

"Damon, why don't you --"

Before Jessica could finish her sentence, the school bell rang.

"I've got class," Jessica said.

"I don't," Damon said.

"Go," Alec said. "I'll talk to Damon."

Jessica tried to leave the room, but Damon grabbed her by her arm.

"This isn't over," Damon whispered.

Failing to hide the fear in her face, Jessica jerked her arm away from Damon and ran out of the workroom. Smiling, Damon turned back to Alec.

"So...Alec," Damon said. "It appears we have quite a bit to talk about."

"Go to hell, Damon," Alec said. "You know, just you're an asshole doesn't mean you have to act like one all the time."

"That's sweet," Damon said. "But I've got a problem."

"What?" Alec demanded, folding his arms.

"I had a little accident this morning with my car," Damon said. "And I need to correct that accident before my dad comes home next week."

"And what am I supposed to do about that?"

"You're going to fix the problem."

"You're kidding."

"No, I'm not," Damon said. "You'll do it or I'll tell Vince about you and Jessica."

"This is ridiculous," Alec said. "I'm not going to let you blackmail me."

"Beg to differ," Damon laughed. "I'll drop by your house Monday morning. Think it over."

Damon started to leave.

"Vince won't believe you!" Alec shouted after Damon.

But the truth was, Alec wasn't so sure that Vince wouldn't.

Computer Lab

"What the hell is going on?" Blake Thomas demanded, glaring at his brother, Michael Thomas.

"What are you talking about?"

"The dream I just had."

"I have no idea what you're talking about, Blake."

Blake eyed his brother suspiciously.

Hallway

Vince and Antonio walked towards the stairwell as the bell rang. When they reached the door that led to the stairs, Antonio paused.

"What?" Vince asked.

"Blake," Antonio responded.

"I thought I told you that --"

"Who is he talking to?"

Vince turned and peered into the computer lab, where Blake was sitting at one of the PCs. Blake was talking to someone that Vince couldn't see.

"I don't know. Himself?" Vince suggested. "I mean, he is crazy."

"No, he's not," Blake said, shaking his head. "And he's not talking to himself."

"Maybe he's talking to his brother," Vince laughed.

"No, he's definitely not talking to him either," Antonio replied.

to be continued...

**executive producer
Ira Madison**

on the next *guasti cose*...

Matt sets his plans against Vince into motion.
Antonio gets himself into trouble.

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