



"Hi, Kamala. I was thinking, uh--
"There's this Valentine's Dance coming up at school, and if you're not doing anything, I thought--"

Dude, don't even bother.

SMASH



You're supposed to encourage me, Vick, not make me feel like poop.

She's not going to no dance, Bruno. You know her mom and dad would **eat** you just for asking.



I know. But it's *Valentine's Day*.

Time is running out. Someday I'll graduate, and then...and then, if I still haven't said anything, I'll *die* and go to college never knowing if she feels the same way.

She doesn't, FYI.



You are such a pain in my butt!

I'm just saying!



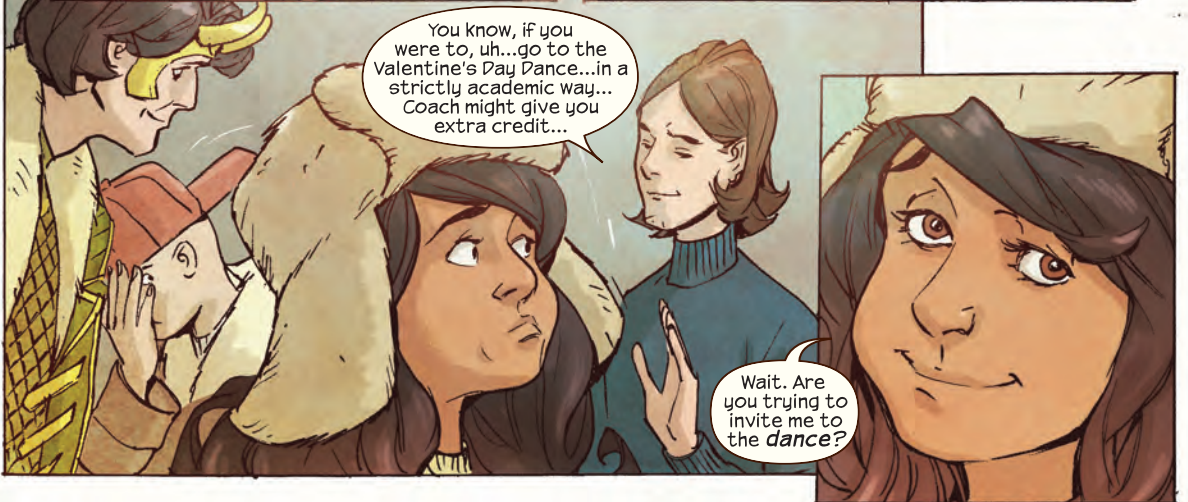
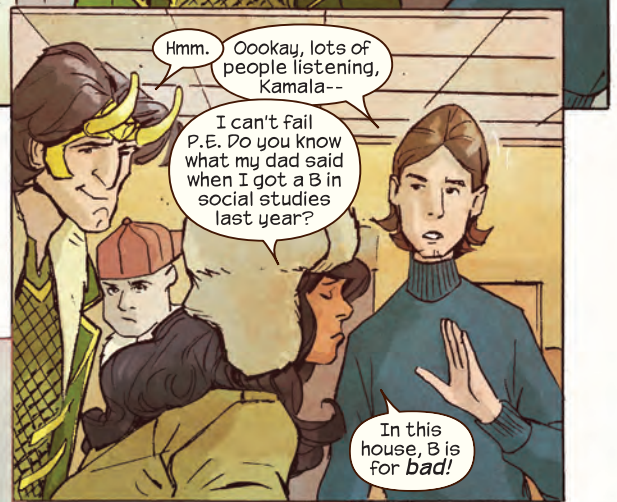
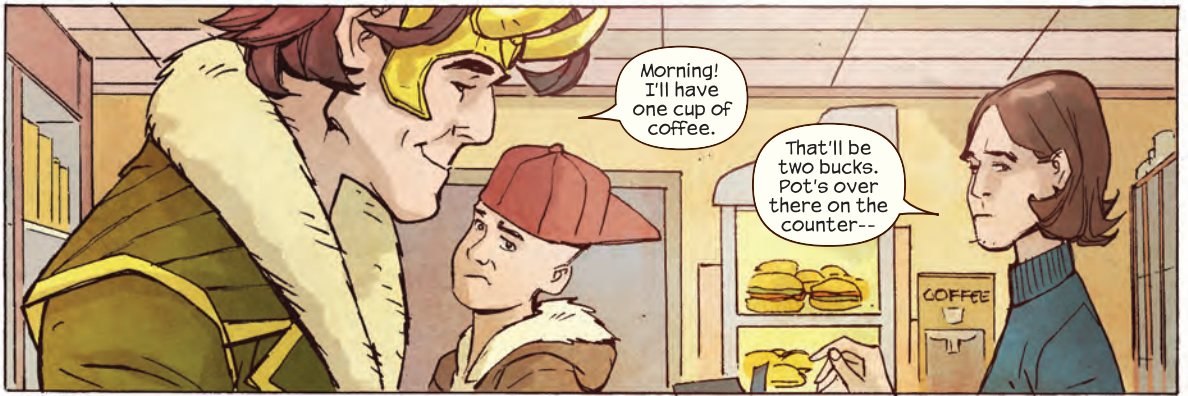
Jingle Jingle



Whoa. Check out *Viking dude* over there.

Probably one of those Williamsburg trust fund kids. They all dress like Martians.

They're coming, man. *Gentrification*. Next year it'll be Viking dudes from here to Newark Ave.





"Extra credit!" Oh man!
HAHHAHA!

But--

For a second, I really thought you were serious! I thought my mom was gonna pop out of aisle two and beat you up with a rolling pin!



But I--

You always know how to cheer me up, Bruno.

I have to run--I'll see you guys later.



*Jingle
Jingle*

That was incredible.

Mio ragazzo, you have just been friend-zoned.

Friendship is not a **zone**, you idiot! Friendship is something real and good and anybody who doesn't understand that needs a dictionary.



Listen to this boy scout. Hopeless. Later, Bruno.

He's not wrong, you know. No young woman likes a man who's *timid*.

Timid?



That proposal was **useless!**

You have to declare your passion! Write her a **love letter** for the ages!

I don't think Kamala is really into that kind of--



Get out a piece of paper. I am about to become your new best friend.

And all you have to do in return is help me with a little *scouting expedition*.

Why do I feel like I'm gonna regret this?



"My darling heart"--

--"one glance from your night-dark eyes sets my soul alight with cold fire."

What does that even mean?!

Quiet.



"If you don't meet me at the Valentine's Day Dance, my heart will die by tiny *increments*, like frost across a windowpane.

"I throw myself at your feet. Signed, your secret admirer."

No way am I giving this Downton Abbey weirdo crap to--



You don't have to give anyone anything. I will deliver the letter myself. When this *Kamala* is languishing in your arms on the dance floor, you may thank me.



We'll meet again soon!

Hey! Wait! Hipster Viking!

You are not giving that letter to Kamala! Seriously!