

TEENHATERS

Written by

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INT. CAFETERIA - HANOVER HIGHSCHOOL - DAY

The eatery is full of noisy teenagers, eating lunch and swapping adolescent love stories. The room is broken up into the usual cliches. The jocks own the middle half, split with the cheerleaders and rich kids. The Heads and the Thugs are in the back corner, guarding the entrance to the bathrooms. The band kids are in the other corner, comparing their dreams of becoming rock legends, and the Rednecks or "good ole' boys" own the area directly in front of teacher's Row. And finally, the nerds. The pinheads are scattered across the section in front of the food line. They are split in several sub-genres. One group thinking they are cooler than the other.

The *STAR WARS* nerds would not even think about sitting with the *TREKIES*. The *LORD OF THE RINGS* clan smirk at the *HARRY POTTER* crew. In the center of the nerds are THE GAMERS.

AMY is the leader of The Gamers. She is also their Dungeon Master. Her hair is long and black with white tips. She wears a milky colored contact that causes her eyes to appear rolled up into her head. The kids call them "witch eyes." She is from Maine and possess a thick Northern bite. She stares off into space as she nibbles on a celery stick.

DAVE (O.S.)

Amy. AMY!

She shakes out of her daze and turns her attention to DAVE.

AMY

Sorry, I was thinking about the campaign for this weekend.

Dave is five foot even. Short in stature, but tall on flirting. His hair is very thin with a long rat tail hanging across his back. His eyes are blue and cheeks are always rosy. Dave talks slow, always emphasizing the important words to his elegant sentences. He cannot speak without using his hands in an animated manner, especially when he gets excited. His laughter is loud and entertaining. He always wears comic book T-shirts. Today he is wearing his *Conan the Destroyer* shirt.

DAVE

I was wanting to stop at *PAST TIMES* after school. The new issue of *THOR* is coming out today.

AMY

That's cool. I've got to get a new set of dice. I've had my eye on this Treasure Chest book as well.

Amy drops the remainder of her celery on the tray.

AMY (CONT'D)

I think today might be the day I
take that bad boy home.

DAVE

Fuck!

AMY

What?

DAVE

Turn around.

Amy gently looks over her shoulder. The SLIPPERS walk down the middle walkway passing out colorful fliers. The Slippers are comprised of three very rich and extremely beautiful Seniors. ANA DiForna is the head slipper. Her curly brown hair bounces in slow motion every time she enters a room. Her vibrant Green eyes sparkle out of control. It's hard to listen to what she says when she speaks, because her lips are so plump and juicy. She is bubbly and her speech conveys that. She blows her hair away from her face as she stops at the Gamer's table. She quickly sticks out a flier. Amy jerks it from her hand.

AMY

What is this? Barbie has a support
group meeting. Too much plastic
surgery?

ANA

Being a Freshman I understand you
are not aware of the traditions
that take place here at Hanover. As
your class president it is my duty
to inform you that even though you
are not allowed to go to the Prom
without being invited by a Senior,
you are still allowed to vote for
Prom Queen. I asking for your
support.

RUSTY jerks the paper out of Amy's hand. Rusty is a tall thin kid with straight long hair. He will never be caught without an OZZY OSBORNE shirt. His speech is slow. He nods his head and squints as he talks. He throws the metal horns as often as he can.

RUSTY

Thanks.

Rusty wipes ketchup from his chin. He continues to chew his bite of hamburger. Ana snaps. Marlo quickly hands Amy another flier. MARLO has blonde hair and is very skinny. Her complexion is light skinned without a single flaw. She is from Ireland and winks more than anyone should be allowed by law.

AMY
Thanks, Ruby.

ANA
Her name is Marlo.

Amy glances at the flier.

AMY
Thanks, Ana. I'm sure I'll never have to remember that.

MARLO
You are not the only person to call me Ruby. As a matter of fact - I've heard others refer to Ana as Glass. Why is that? What's the joke?

BEN is a chubby Native American. He smiles all the time and his dark eyes seem to pierce your very soul.

BEN
Ruby - for Dorothy - from the *Wizard of Oz*, and Glass is the slipper from *Cinderella*.

MARLO
Oh. Cute. Perhaps?

LIZZY (O.S.)
What do they call me?

Everyone at the table CHUCKLES. Ana stomps her foot and claps boldly three times, demanding attention. LIZZY is the perfect Red haired princess. Her tender green eyes and smoldering smile gives Ana a real run for the leadership of the smoldering stable of princess'. She just don't have the killer instinct.

ANA
Answer her.

Amy turns away, attempting to control her chuckle. Dave takes a deep breath.

DAVE
NIKE.

LIZZY
That's not romantic or princess
like.

BEN
No shit.

MARLO
What does it mean?

BEN
Just do it.

MARLO
Do what?

BEN
Her.

LIZZY
What?

DAVE
Word on the street; you have a hard
time saying no.

LIZZY
I never.

BEN
That's not the word on the street.

Lizzy turns and storms off. Marlo goes after her so she can console the wounded ego of the third in command. Ana rolls her eye and scoffs.

ANA
Like any of you would know what
"doing it" is like.

She quickly passes out several more fliers at the table.

ANA (CONT'D)
I know I can count on your votes.

DAVE
Will you be attending the Prom with
Toto?

ANA

I would rather have Toto on my arm
then the likes of you. Just vote
for me.

Ana whirls around, that hair flying in slow motion. She joins her clan. The gamers chuckle for a few minutes. LUCY finally raises her head off the table. The side of her face is red. She rubs her eyes. LUCY is a short, well endowed Hispanic girl. She takes a few seconds to size up the situation. She slowly picks up one of the fliers.

LUCY

We have a prom?

Lucy glances up as Dave stands. He grabs his tray. Mashed potatoes are suddenly slung onto her face. Dave is pushed to the floor. The tray slides across the dirty linoleum tile. Three bullies hover over Dave. Amy quickly leaps to her feet. Dave struggles up. JOHN sticks his hand on Amy's forehead, forcing her back into her seat.

John is Asian and barely opens his mouth when he speaks. DAMON is the biggest of the three. He is a thick country boy always chewing tobacco. A John Deere hat sits on top of his curly brown hair. CAL is Black teen decked out in all leather. He never takes off his *Oakly* shades. A tiny toothpick sits neatly in between his lips. His bald head glisten underneath the poor lighting. The princesses watch from a distance.

JOHN

Are you the dorks that put the
Bubba Fett sticker on Cal's bike?

Ben snickers.

DAVE

No. That would be Lucas losers.

John slaps Cal across the chest.

JOHN

Like any of these nerds are
winners.

CAL

If you'll be so kind to point out
the herd of your species that put
the Bubba Fett on my Harley, I will
spare your pitiful life this
afternoon.

Ben snickers again. Dave scoffs.

DAVE

It wasn't us. That's all we know.

Amy tries to stand. John forces her down again.

JOHN

I'm fully ready to beat down every single one of you until one of you squeal on the nerd that did.

DAMON

Tell us. We scratched his ride when we removed that Bubba Fett sticker. Someone needs to pay.

Ben chuckles again. Damon reaches across the table, jerking Ben up by the collar. Dave steps in between them, pushing Damon's hand from Ben's shirt.

DAVE

Jesus, it was just a sticker. You don't have to be rocket scientist to remove one. Although you should have some type of degree in basic common sense.

DAMON

What did you say?

John steps away from Amy. Dave's breathing becomes sporadic. He pulls out his inhaler. He takes a shot. Amy begins to slide upward. A pair of feminine hands push her back down from the backside. HOOPER is a slinky female with Black hair. Her face and lips are covered with piercings. Her ice berg Blue eyes shimmer. A tiny smirk oozes across her face.

HOOPER

John is too much of a gentleman to hit a woman. I, on the other hand love to hit people. Sit down and stay down, or you'll be making out with my fist.

DAMON

She's all about the fist.

HOOPER

I'm sure.

Damon grabs Dave by the shirt and pulls him upward. Dave's feet leave the ground. Ana mouths the word "WOW" in the background.

AMY

Fuck you, and the goats you date.

DAMON

What came out of your little pie hole? I bet you won't say it again. And just so you know. Hooper's wrong. I hit girls all the time. Some with my fist and others with my Johnson. So stop shaking. Repeat what you said.

Dave interjects.

DAVE

It's Boba Fett. Not Bubba. And what I was saying was; "If you're not smart enough to remove a sticker, how is it you can walk without running into the walls? You should wear a crash helmet for your own safety.

CAL

Him with the jokes.

Hooper quickly punches John in the shoulder and throws her chin up. John looks across the room. An elder teacher is slowly making his way to the rumble. Dave stares bravely into John's eyes. The bully headbutts David in the nose. John violently tosses him to the floor again. Hooper smiles as she overworks the gum in her mouth. She playfully kisses Amy on the forehead. The bullies stroll away from the scene, making fun of the princesses on their way out. Dave glances up at his friends with a tear slowly rolling from his eye. Ana starts to approach David. Marlo stops him and shakes her head. The princesses exit. A tiny stream of blood rivers from Dave's nose, dripping onto his prize shirt of *Conan the Barbarian*.

EXT. FOREST - THE DARK AGES

A large barbarian pirate sits on the ground with a massive amount of blood oozing from his nose. His broadsword sits mere inches from his fingers. JAVO dusts off his Black gauntlets revealing the Green trim. An elderly wizard bends down, starring him directly into his face.

MA'AX

I have given you the tools to slay the Minotaur and his pet dragon. Now get up, off your hind-side and finish him.

Javo CHUCKLES. He dusts off his legs and then tightens the Black cape with a Purple lining that sits around his neck. He pulls up his suede boots. The pirate barbarian reaches in front of him and recovers an iron helmet with a large Green feather dangling from the tip. He places the helmet onto his head. He grasps his sword and stands.

JAVO

You better have my gold.

MA'AX

You must slay my enemy first.

JAVO

If you are so big and powerful, why don't you destroy the beasts?

Ma'ax throws up his hands in an animated manner. He giggles and places his hand softly on Javo's shoulder. He leans in and whispers.

MA'AX

I have given you these enchanted items to help you with your campaign, it is not you that slays the villains, it is my magic. But their power only works on the heroes, not the story-weavers or magic-makers. This is your quest. If you are brave enough to take it on?

JAVO

Why not let these beasts be?

MA'AX

I need the dragon's teeth and the Minotaur's horns to complete my greatest creation.

JAVO

Well, you better have my gold.

Ma'ax's eyes glow with fire as he nods.

MA'AX

Bring me my bounty. I will be in the cave just West of the tall stones.

Ma'ax nods and disappears. Fire from a Black dragon scatters across the land. His evil ROAR shakes the trees from a distance.

KAZ is a nine foot Minotaur with trophy sized horns. The horrifying beast approaches with a spiked club in his hands. Javo slowly approaches.

KAZ

Who be brave enough to bring up arms against Kaz and his Black demon?

JAVO

My friends call me Javo. You can just call me "the last thing you'll ever see."

Kaz laughs boastfully.

KAZ

Bring it on, little man.

Javo charges. Fire soars around his body

INT. CAVE - WEST OF LARGE STONES

A large fire burns brightly in a huge fire pit. Ma'ax works diligently over a cauldron. Shadow Creatures scurry across the edges of the firelight. A large metal tray with several empty slots of all shapes and sizes lay across the firery pot. He approaches a smaller copper pot that has a bubbling Blue substance in the middle. He uses a large metal rod to stir the concoction.

A charred Javo steps into the cave carrying a large Brown animal skinned satchel. He throws the pack onto the soil. The horns and a few dragon teeth scatter across the dirt. Ma'ax smiles. He surges to the ground to inspect his order. Javo saunters to the large pot and peers downward.

JAVO

If you will give me my gold, I'll be on my way, magician.

A guilty looks eases across Ma'ax's face as he glances upward. He boldly stands straight up.

MA'AX

Javo, my friend. Before I pay you for your services, would you like something to eat?

JAVO

No. Just the gold.

MA'AX

It's coyote.

JAVO

Fresh coyote?

Ma'ax smiles. He hobbles to the copper pot, removing some of the liquid into a pewter bowl. He swishes it around a few seconds. The steam slithers from the contents.

JAVO (CONT'D)

Are you sure that's coyote?

MA'AX

Female coyote.

Javo smiles and grabs the bowl. He sniffs.

MA'AX (CONT'D)

Careful. That's very hot.

JAVO

I just slain a fire breathing dragon. This is not hot.

Javo pokes his finger into the liquid, quickly jerking it out. He taste the stew from his finger. His eyes light up. Javo turns the bowl up and devours the entire portion. Javo drops the pewter bowl. He grabs his throat with both hands. His veins through his body turns electric blue and begin to pulsate. They explode. The pirate barbarian drops to his death.

MA'AX

Silly barbarian. You should never trust a wizard. Especially one that cheats at the games he plays.

Ma'ax hustles to the bone fragments. He picks them up along with one of the Minotaur's horns. He hurries to the large pot with the long tray. He pulls a burning dagger from his side. He begins to carve the bones, dropping the pieces into the different shaped trays.

LATER:

Ma'ax flips the tray over and taps the back violently. The fragments fall onto a large bolder. The bones have been fired into different sized dice. He rushes to grab the Copper pot. He sits it beside the dice onto the smooth bolder. He begins to paint the dots onto the dice with the large metal rod. He picks up a triangular four sided dice and holds it up to the light provided by the raging fire. The Blue ink shines brightly on the bone colored background.

INT. PAST TIMES COMIC BOOK STORE

The CLERK holds the dice up. The blue sparkles under the poor lightning. Amy stands at the counter. Dave peruses the cheap bin of old comic books in the background.

AMY

I'll take them. Plus I want that treasure book you were boasting over.

CLERK

You got any money?

Amy snarls.

AMY

Of course. Forty for the dice and sixty for the book.

CLERK

Did you rob a bank?

AMY

Nope. I sold my Amazing Spider Man 129. I'll have enough left over to buy my boys a Double Dare at Wonkas.

Dave approaches the counter holding a slue of dollar comics. All of them are Action/Adventure. The Clerk holds them up and smiles.

CLERK

A little off your style. Ain't it, Dave.

DAVE

Yeah, I've got some dildos I need to get even with. I thought these could give me some cruel ideas that my mind is afraid to reach without something leading it in that direction.

AMY

John and his band of merry delinquents.

Amy searches through the bag of dice.

CLERK

I hate ass holes like that.

AMY

Hey, there's no hundred in here.

CLERK

It didn't come with one.

AMY

C'mon, man.

CLERK

You don't already have one?

AMY

Of course I do. What respected
Dungeon Master wouldn't have a
hundred sided dice?

The Clerk snickers.

CLERK

Gene.

AMY

Gene? Gene's games are a little too
loosey goosey for me. I like to
play it by the book. That's why I
buy manuals. So, they can set a
solid set of rules. Ones I
soulfully abide by. I don't have a
blue on white Tarrasque killer.

The Clerk rummages through the hundred sided dice. He shakes
his head.

CLERK

Nothing that really matches. I'll
order you one because you are one
of my favorite customers.

DAVE

By that he mean; You have
mysterious eyes, an award winning
smile, and pleasant rack he would
like to hang his hat on.

The Clerk straightens out the comics. He hands them to Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

How much?

CLERK

On the house. Just promise me when
you get even, you do it old school.

Dave's face turns red as he shakes his head.

DAVE

They won't know what hit them.

AMY

You calm enough to take a trip through Wonka's drive through.

DAVE

Hell, yeah. Even the devil's got to eat.

Amy pulls the drawstring to the human skinned pouch.

INT. CAFETERIA - HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL

Lucy zips up the drawstrings to her hoody, covering her face. She drops her head down on the table. Ben and Rusty arrive placing their trays on the table. Amy reads a thick book with demonic symbols all over it. Dave nods his head as he listens to heavy metal music through his earbuds.

In the back of the cafeteria: Ana is surrounded by the bullies. They are forcing her to watch something on a cellphone. A tear rushes down Ana's face. The bullies poke fun at her and laugh out loud. She attempts to pull away, but Hooper jerks her back into the circle.

BEN

Where's the other slippers?

RUSTY

It looks like that Mongoloid has found someone else to pick on.

Ben snickers. Amy does not move her head.

BEN

Bubba Fett.

Rusty pulls the earbuds from Dave's ear and points.

RUSTY

Your boy is messing with your soon to be ex-wife.

Amy quickly glances up and then over her shoulder. She softly shuts her book of spells.

AMY

They make a perfect match if you ask me.

RUSTY

Go over there and kick there ass,
Dave.

DAVE

There's four of them. Can I count
on you to watch my back?

BEN

Always.

AMY

You're best to let this one go. You
guys are great at role play, but
those guys are professional
bruisers. Besides, when do we care
what happens with the slippers?

BEN

Oh, you haven't noticed?

Amy shakes her head.

RUSTY

Little Dave here, he has a major
crush on Cinderella.

Amy leans in with vigor and a huge smile.

AMY

You like Ana DiForna?

Dave closes his eyes and slightly shakes his head.

DAVE

GOD DAMN! Can't anyone keep a
secret?

AMY

I'm a little disappointed. I
thought you were about substance
and not smiles and butt wiggles.

DAVE

I'm not saying I "like her" like
her. I'm just saying if I had a
boner and she fell down, a baby
could be made.

BEN

He's had a crush on her since grade
school.

RUSTY

Yeah. He's given her something on her birthday and Valentines day every year.

AMY

And she's never said "thank you."

BEN

He does it incognito.

RUSTY

Yeah, it's always from a secret admirer. I'm sure she thinks it either from one of those jocks or her father.

BEN

Her father?

RUSTY

Yeah, yeah. Growing up she had some really low self esteem. Her dad is great. He's the type of guy that would do anything for his little girl.

AMY

Isn't her dad running for office or something?

Dave CHUCKLES.

DAVE

If you consider Governor a part of office?

AMY

Wow. Her life must be hell. I bet she can't piss without someone watching her every move.

Marlo and Lizzy finally rescue Ana from the bullies. Damon attempts to pull Ana back in. Marlo shoves him back. Damon brings his hand up in a smacking motion. Hooper catches his wrist. She slowly shakes her head. Marlo flies them her tiny little finger. Hooper snickers. Amy balls her eyes out as Lizzy briskly escorts her out of the room. Marlo slowly backs to the exit, shaking her head in shame. John jumps at her. Marlo turns and without haste exits.

DAVE

I wonder what that's all about?

AMY
Did Glass leave her shoes behind?

DAVE
That looked serious.

Amy glances up at the large clock on the wall. She hurriedly packs her book into her bag. She stands.

AMY
Do something about it Prince
Charming.

DAVE
Maybe I will.

AMY
I pray you don't

DAVE
Wouldn't you want someone to stand
up for your honor?

A smirk-like smile creeps across Amy's face. She winks.

AMY
I'm the bump in the night. I don't
need some one to sweep in and save
me. I control my own situations.
I'm not your damsel in distress
type.

Amy kisses her fingers and softly lays them against Dave's forehead.

AMY (CONT'D)
You're way too cute to have that
face rearranged. Be smart, not
heroic.

Amy hurries down the walkway. Rusty and Ben grab their trays and exit. Dave leans back in his seat. A look of extreme concentration overwhelms his face. Hooper leads her band of bullies out of the cafeteria. Dave thrusts his seat back and stands with conviction. He nods his head with pride and follows them out of the eatery. Lucy pops her head up, jerking her hoody from her head, She rubs her eyes and yawns. She glances around the table. She stretches and then lays her head back onto the table.

EXT. COURTYARD - HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

David's head bounces off the pavement. Blood oozes from the corner of his mouth. Dozens of kids cheer as they yell "FIGHT!" Damon films on his Iphone. Dave slams his fist on the pavement and stands. He dusts off his clothes. John laughs vigorously.

JOHN

This is a first. It's common for my clients to pay their protection early, but for one to come for an ass whoopin' ahead of schedule. It's just unheard of.

Dave balls up his first and slowly circles John. Hooper has an impressed look on her face. John smirks. The princesses work their way through the crowd. Dave scans the growing mob of blood thirsty teens.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No one's going to help you. The jocks are afraid of getting suspended, or even worse; afraid I'll beat them so bad they will miss their shot at stardom. Injury is a jock's worst nightmare.

DAVE

As long as it's just me and you - I don't need any help.

JOHN

You are certainly proving your point. Every time I hit you - you fall on your ass. It's powerful. I'm sure you'll be the leader of a great cult one day. Hell, I might even be your follower.

DAVE

Why can't you just leave people alone?

JOHN

You attacked me, little man.

John lights a cancer stick.

DAVE

Because I'm sick of you bullying everyone. No one has done anything to you, just leave us the fuck alone.

JOHN

I hear your plea. I respect your
spunk. But you do what you do.
Whatever that may be. And I do what
I do.

Dave swings and misses. John spins him around and wraps his
arm around Dave's throat. Dave begins to choke and gag. John
removes the cigarette from his lips and casually blows smoke
into Dave's face. He holds the cherry close to Dave's eye.
Ana starts to step forward, Marlo stops her.

MARLO

You are not in a good position with
them right now. Don't make it
worse.

ANA

It's not right.

MARLO

It's Highschool.

ANA

Let's go find a teacher.

MARLO

Yeah.

They fight through the crowd again, searching for an adult.

JOHN

Just walk away.

John pushes Dave away. David stumbles but remains on his
feet.

DAVE

I will destroy you before this year
is over. Then we'll see what witty
remarks comes from your ghastly
odor filled mouth.

JOHN

Big words for a little man.

John grabs Dave's shirt and rips it down the chest. Two
teachers finally make their way through the crowd. One checks
on Dave while the other steps in between.

TEACHER

Stop it. That's enough.

Damon steps up to the teacher and continues to film directly in the teacher's face. The teacher jerks the phone from Damon's hand.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Give me that.

DAMON

You can take that. That's my property.

TEACHER

Property? Yeah, you're right. This is my property and filming your thug friend bullying a good student is something I'm not going to allow you to do. I'm pretty sure it's against the law, not to mention; unethical.

Damon reaches for the phone. The teacher slides it in his back pocket.

DAMON

I will be getting that back.

TEACHER

Yes, you will, but not now. The Principal can give it back to on Monday morning when you bring your parents in for a conference. All of you.

DAMON

My parents won't be home this weekend.

TEACHER

Well, He'll keep it until they show up. It won't take up much space in his office.

Hooper steps forward.

HOOPER

You know it's against the law; to go through someone's private property.

The teacher smiles. Dave pulls away from the teacher helping him up. Ana's face is totally dejected with the seizing of the phone.

TEACHER

For someone who quotes the law so well, you should follow it. Leave this boy and the other good students alone. I expect to see all four of you in the Principal's office before the end of the last bell.

CAL

Dave started the fight.

TEACHER

Well good for Dave. Not a minute past the last bell, or I will suggest that the Principal suspend all four of you. Not that I think you care or anything - just know that is what you are facing.

The teacher points for the bullies to walk away. They angrily saunter down the side walk. The teacher turns to Dave.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

DAVE

I'm fine. I did start it.

The teacher CHUCKLES.

TEACHER

See the Principal before you leave today.

DAVE

I'd do it again.

TEACHER

I know you will. No fighting on the school grounds. Nerds are not above the law anymore than bullies.

The teacher walks away. David grabs his ripped shirt and tears it all the way off.

INT. CAFATERIA - HANOVER HIGHSCHOOL

Ben rips a piece of toast in half. Lucy sleeps on the table while Rusty stirs the marshmallows in his cereal. Amy writes notes as she reads from the treasure book she bought from the comic book store. Dave sits down and sighs. The four glance at Dave and softly applaud him.

Dave shamefully lowers his head and holds up his hands; no applause, please. Rusty WHISTLES. Dave stands up and bows.

DAVE
Just throw money.

Dave sits.

BEN
So, who are you going after today,
Captain America?

DAVE
I give up being the guy that cares.
Fuck it. No one else does.

Amy never lifts her head from her book.

AMY
Good. I need your head in this
campaign. I've worked all week on
it and it's bad ass. You are the
brawn of this adventure, and your
friends will need you this time.

RUSTY
We meeting at seven?

AMY
We need to start by six. It's going
to run all the way to Sunday night.

Everyone looks at Ben.

BEN
I've already cleared it with my
parents. We are good.

AMY
You say that every time.

RUSTY
And every time you leave early.

BEN
I promise. I'm going to be there
all weekend.

RUSTY
Lucy, are you going to play this
time?

Lucy remains face down.

DAVE
Is she even alive down there?

BEN
There's fog on her glasses. I
imagine that means she's still
breathing.

RUSTY
Why is she in this group again?

Lucy mumbles.

DAVE
What did you say?

Lucy quickly raises her head?

LUCY
My stimulating conversation.

She flies Dave the finger and goes back down for the count.
The slippers casually approach the table.

BEN
Where's Toto?

Marlo sends the "fuck you" look to Ben.

ANA
May I sit down?

DAVE
It's a free country.

ANA
I don't want to impose.

RUSTY
But yet, you are.

Ana walks around David and sits in the empty chair next to
him.

ANA
What you did to John yesterday was
really brave.

DAVE
Oh, you mean using my face for a
place for him to park his fist?
That was my plan, after all.

ANA

I'm going to cut to the chase. I need you to steal Damon's cellphone for me.

DAVE

And why would you need me to do that?

ANA

He's got something on there that can't be seen by the public.

DAVE

Everyone has something on their phone that should be deleted.

ANA

You don't understand. If this gets out; I won't win Prom Queen and my good name will be shattered. I've worked long and hard to build my reputation as a beautiful leader with no flaws.

RUSTY

Good name?

ANA

I wouldn't ask, if it wasn't important.

AMY

What's on the phone?

ANA

I can't tell you.

AMY

We can't help then. Go back to Wonderland.

ANA

I was asking for Dave's help.

DAVE

My help comes with everyone's help. We are a team. And Amy is right; if you can't trust us enough to tell us what is on that phone, we can't trust you enough to help you.

RUSTY
That's important, but even more
important; what do we get in
return?

MARLO
The greed comes out.

BEN
If it's not worth dishing out some
bounty, you are free to do it
yourself.

ANA
I knew you would want something. My
money is tied up at the moment.

BEN
Untie it.

ANA
I can't. My dad has cut me off
until after his election.

BEN
If it's bad, why not get your dad
to help?

ANA
He can't know. It would kill him.
It would ruin his chance at winning
the election.

RUSTY
Sounds fishy to me.

ANA
If you pull this off, we will
invite you to the prom. You will be
the first Freshmen to ever attend.

RUSTY
That's lame.

ANA
What?

MARLO
That you gives you three years of
being the highest ranking of your
kind.

BEN
Our kind?

MARLO

Nerds.

LIZZY

You guys will be super nerds.

BEN

Why not get your jock friends to help you?

ANA

They are afraid.

BEN

Going to the prom isn't that big of....

DAVE

You have to be our dates.

MARLO

Wait. What?

DAVE

You have to agree to be our dates.

LIZZY

No way, That's not going to...

ANA

Deal.

Ana stands and walks to the other side of the table. Lizzy and Marlo turn to Ana like she's crazy.

DAVE

Now what's on that phone?

ANA

I don't feel comfortable telling you.

DAVE

Then we will have to think about it.

Ana bends down and whispers into Amy's ear. Amy closes her eyes and slowly opens them.

AMY

We will give you our decision by Monday.

ANA
I need it before his parents see
what's on that phone.

DAVE
It's in the Principal's office.
It's safe until Tuesday or
Wednesday. We've got time.

ANA
This will destroy me and my family.

Amy nods her head in agreement.

AMY
We will let you know Monday
morning.

ANA
Fair enough.

The princesses walk away.

RUSTY
What's on that phone?

AMY
I don't think that's what's
important right now.

BEN
We do.

AMY
Not now. Let me think about it.

DAVE
She asked me.

AMY
Are you going to do it without our
help? I'm sure Damon will try to
get that phone before his parents
see it as well.

BEN
Then why are we waiting?

DAVE
Damon was sent home. He won't try
to steal it back until Monday.

AMY
This is serious. If they catch us
with the phone or attempting to
steal the phone. They will get
nasty.

DAVE
What's on that phone?

Amy sighs. Lucy suddenly lifts her head.

LUCY
They raped her.

Ben LAUGHS. Rusty CHUCKLES. Amy sadly lowers her head.

DAVE
Really?

RUSTY
That's messed up.

DAVE
We are going to help.

AMY
We can get into some serious danger
over this. We need to think about
it.

DAVE
I'm helping.

RUSTY
Amy's right. We need to weigh our
options.

AMY
Are we still going to play this
weekend?

DAVE
Yes, you've worked too hard on
this. It's just a cellphone. It not
like we are going to make an
elephant disappear.

AMY
Let's sleep on it.

BEN
Yeah.

Amy goes back to reading her book. The others mull around their breakfast food. Amy places her finger on a picture and then jots down a few notes.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Amy taps her pencil on her a graph paper. She jots down some notes and places the number two between her lips. She flips back and forth between several pages inside the book she bought from the comic book store.

Dave, Rusty, Ben and Lucy sit on the other side of the table staring aimlessly at Amy. The tin fifth wheel trailer is heavily decorated with mysterious items. A shelf above her tiny bed is filled with old ragged books. Across the wall beside their gaming table is an enormous peg board with hundreds of pegs. Hanging from those pegs are numerous sets of dice. All packed neatly inside their own little custom built net bagging. Dozens of *Dungeons and Dragons* books are lined underneath the board in alphabetical order. The back of Amy's bench doubles as a storage space. She turns around and opens the lid. Many items are stuffed inside. She reaches across and grabs the bag holding the bone fused dice she bought from the shop. She opens the bag and empties the content onto the table. She takes the pencil from her mouth. She picks up the four sided dice and rolls it. A purplish powder mists through the air. She picks up the twenty sided dice and rolls it. A pinkish powder feathers through the sky. She checks her notes. She pulls a pink Disney Princess snuggle blanket from the storage area. She hands it to Ben. The blanket passes through the light mist.

BEN
What's this?

AMY
Your loot.

BEN
A pink blanket?

AMY
You see a pink blanket. I see a cloak of invisibility. Roll your six.

Ben rolls the dice.

BEN
Three.

Amy checks her notes.

AMY

You can't communicate with any one while wearing the cloak. For you to use it in the game, you must have it on in real life. My campaign - my rules.

Ben snarls and sniffs the blanket. He pulls back quickly.

BEN

Well, I'm taking it home to wash it.

AMY

Yeah, Yeah.

She rolls her dice again. She reaches into the bin and pulls out a plastic Arizona Diamondbacks baseball helmet with two plastic cups housing two long and swirling straws. She hands it to Rusty.

RUSTY

A helm of some sort?

AMY

Teleportation.

Rusty rolls his dice.

RUSTY

One.

The group snickers. Amy checks her notes.

AMY

You will not succeed every time you teleport. Sometimes you will end up in the wrong place at the wrong time. You best use this sparingly.

RUSTY

Do the cups work?

AMY

I don't know. I'd take them home and wash them first. For it to work you must wear it.

Rusty nods and playfully pulls the straws. Dave rolls his dice.

DAVE

Six.

Amy is impressed with his eagerness and excellent roll. She rolls her dice and then pulls a pair of *Teen Age Mutant Ninja Turtles* mittens. She passes them to David.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Can I get the mask too?

AMY

You must earn your rewards. Those are Gauntlets of Super Strength. They are one hundred percent effective. You must learn to use them. They will destroy everything you touch until then. And remember, you must...

EVERYONE

Wear them for them to work.

AMY

Right. And finally, Lucy.

RUSTY

Wait. What? She barely even played.

AMY

But she did make an effort and you were successful tonight. Everyone plays - everyone is gifted.

Amy rolls her dice. Everyone turns to Lucy. Her head is on the table. Ben picks up her hand, placing dice into them. He helps her roll.

RUSTY

Six.

AMY

How this girl gets straight A's, I never know.

Amy pulls a pair of pink fuzzy rabbit slippers from her stash. She ties the ears together and hands them to Ben. He snickers. Ben drapes them over her shoulder.

AMY (CONT'D)

Lightning boots. You will have super sonic speed for five minute intervals, every four hours. You must wear them for them to be effective. Great adventure guys. Next week shit gets serious. Go home and get some sleep. Let's meet at *Past Times* tomorrow.

RUSTY
After four.

AMY
Five then.

BEN
Okay.

DAVE
We must decide if we are going to
help the slippers.

AMY
Everyone must be in agreement.

DAVE
Agreed.

AMY
Someone tell Lucy what's going on.

Lucy raises her head. A dice is sticking to her jaw.

LUCY
I can run like a rabbit with these
fuzzy footsies. Meeting at Past
Times at five. I may not look like
I'm paying attention, but I hear
and retain everything, when I want
to.

AMY
Good to know.

Amy slams her book shut. Ben stands, slinging the blanket
over his shoulder.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM - BEN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Ben lays on his bed drooling, the blanket is over his
shoulder. His alarm goes off. He slams the alarm, shutting it
down. He slowly sits up. He yawns and stretches. He sniffs
the blanket again.

BEN
Shew.

Ben slings the blanket over his shoulder. He stands,
scratching for a few seconds. He approaches the floor mirror
next to his closet. He slides his feet into his slippers. He
bends over to adjust the Velco straps. His image is not
visible in the mirror. He wobbles out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - BEN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Ben continues to yawn still fighting sleep as he saunters into the kitchen. His parents are at the table kissing. DAD wipes a tear from MOTHER'S eye.

DAD
I'm sure he knows by now.

MOTHER
How would he?

DAD
Hell, Alice. He's of Indian decent.
We are both white. C'mon.

MOTHER
I just don't know how to tell him.

RATTLE. SMACK. They both turn around. The cabinet door is open and there is cereal on the counter. Mom stands and approaches the counter. Ben brushes by her on his way to the table. She shivers.

BEN
Morning, mom. Whatcha' talking
about?

Mom slams the counter door shut and wipes the cereal crumbs into her hands. She dumps them into the sink basin. She wheels around.

MOTHER
I will tell him in my own time.

BEN
Tell him what? Tell who what?

Ben hovers over his cereal as he eats. The pink blanket draped over his head.

DAD
The longer you wait, the harder it
will become. We don't need to lie
to the boy.

BEN
Lie? About what?

DAD
We did the right thing by adopting
Ben.

Ben chokes and spews milk. A faint mist blows across Dad's face. Dad softly wipes his face.

BEN

Fuck!

Ben cowers, expecting a grand slap across the face for use of vulgar language. Mom looks at Dad with concern.

MOTHER

What is it?

Dad wipes his face for a second time.

DAD

I'm not sure. If you don't tell him by the end of the month, I'm going to.

Dad gets up and places his dish into the sink. He kisses mom. He confidently exits the kitchen.

BEN

Dad?

Mom turns her back to the table. She begins to straighten the dishes.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'm adopted? Answer me.

Ben wipes a tear from his eye with the end of the blanket. Mom begins to hum a lullaby.

BEN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

AMY (V.O.)

Your party can't hear you while using the cloak of invisibility.

Ben slowly removes the cloak. Mom turns around. She is startled.

MOTHER

How long have you been there?

BEN

Long enough.

Mom looks at the bowl of cereal and then the cabinet. Mom shamefully walks to the table. She sits.

MOTHER

I've got something I want to tell you.

BEN

What? I'm adopted. No big issues.

MOTHER

How did you know?

BEN

A guy hears things.

MOTHER

Are you mad?

BEN

Because you raised me and clothed me?

MOTHER

Because we lied. We kept the truth from you. I'll understand if you want to find out who your real parents are.

BEN

You're my real parents. Don't be silly.

Mother sniffs, She reaches for the blanket.

MOTHER

Not sure why you have that, but it smells like a six day old dead cat. Let me wash that for you.

Ben quickly stands, pulling the blanket away.

BEN

No thanks. I'm shooting for a seven day old dead cat. I got to jam. I've got a busy Sunday.

Ben kisses his mother on the forehead and rushes out of the door. Mom grabs her cup of coffee and slowly lifts it to her lips. Her hands trembles out of control.

EXT. PAST TIMES COMIC BOOK STORE - DAY

Rusty's hand shakes as he slowly lifts a styrofoam coffee cup to his lips. Amy and Dave approach from around the corner. Rusty glances at his skull shaped watch.

RUSTY
'bout time.

AMY
Where's Ben and Lucy.

RUSTY
I do not know.

DAVE
Ben's coming. He called me and told
me to bring these stupid mitten.

Dave holds up the TURTLE gloves.

RUSTY
I couldn't get a hold of Lucy.

DAVE
Me neither.

AMY
We'll fill her in as usual.

DAVE
What about the slippers?

AMY
Lucy will agree with whatever we
decide.

RUSTY
We'll just tell her she was here
and that she voted. She'll won't
remember.

AMY
You underestimate her, Rusty.

RUSTY
You give her more credit than she
deserves.

AMY
I think we should help them.

RUSTY
I'm not sure. We are nerds. We get
picked on enough. If they are
willing to rape a prom queen, just
imagine what they would do to one
of us.

DAVE

I want revenge, but I'm not sure if this is our time.

Ben removes the blanket.

BEN

I want to go to the prom with the princesses. We are helping. I may never get another shot with a hot girl.

Rusty drops his coffee.

AMY

Where did you come from?

BEN

Been here the entire time.

AMY

Stop playing games. This is serious.

Rusty lights a cigarette.

BEN

With our powers, we can crush those bullies.

RUSTY

Powers?

BEN

Oh', right. Now you see me. Now you don't.

Ben throws the blanket over his head. He disappears. Rusty drops his smoke.

DAVE

What the?

Amy's eyes widen. Ben removes the blanket.

BEN

The items you gave us are really enchanted.

DAVE

That can't be.

BEN

It is. You just saw it. Or didn't see it.

RUSTY

I've got to stop drinking and smoking. I'm putting too many marshmallows in my morning breakfast.

BEN

It's real.

Ben reaches for Dave's mittens.

BEN (CONT'D)

Put these one. Try it.

Dave rolls his eyes, but reluctantly slides the mittens over his hands. Ben points at the street sign. Dave strolls to the sign. Rusty open his Zippo. Dave wraps his mitten covered hands around the metal rod and softly tugs. Rusty lights his cancer stick. The sign is violently ripped from the concrete. Dave laughs. Rusty doesn't shut his Zippo. His eyes widen as the fire continues to rage against the Pallmall. Dave bends the pole in half and tosses it to the side with ease.

DAVE

How?

BEN

Don't know, but with these powers we can get the babes and crush the dicks.

RUSTY

Are you telling me I can put on that silly little helmet and teleport?

BEN

I am. But the rules she set still apply. I can't be heard while I'm cloaked.

RUSTY

So I could try to teleport across the street and end up in Trumps' hair piece.

AMY

Yes, you could.

Amy glances up at the PAST TIMES sign. She snaps her fingers.

AMY (CONT'D)

It must have been the dice and the old book. They actually have power.

DAVE

That's stupid.

AMY

Yeah, right. Not that being invisible or having super strength is normal and easy to define.

DAVE

Got a point there.

AMY

I'll check in to it. Everyone bring there items to school in the morning. We'll meet at breakfast. Don't tell anyone about this.

RUSTY

Who would believe us?

Rusty flips the Zippo open.

INT. CAFATERIA - HANOVER HIGHSCHOOL

Rusty flicks his Zippo open and shut. Lucy sleeps at the end of the table. Amy approaches carrying an armful of books. She sits down.

AMY

Where's Dave and Ben?

Rusty points behind her. Dave and Ben are approaching but are quickly intercepted by Damon and John. Ben has the pink blanket in between his books. John reaches for it.

JOHN

Is that for your protection?

Dave grabs John's hand and pushes it away.

DAVE

That's not yours. Leave it alone.

JOHN

I'm going to get you after class.

Dave starts to put on his mittens. Ben stops him. John and Damon begin to CHUCKLE loudly.

DAMON
The faggots must be role playing
this morning.

BEN
Not here. Not now. Let's surprise
them when they least expect it.

DAMON
I ain't bending over in front of
either of you.

JOHN
Yeah. Right.

John and Damon continue to laugh and poke fun. Amy grabs them by the arms and pulls them away. They quickly make their way to their table. Damon slaps John on the chest.

DAMON
Let's go. We ain't got time for
this. I got to get my Iphone back
by this afternoon.

JOHN
I thought we had until the end of
the week.

DAMON
No. Principal Piss Head called my
bluff. My dad will be here after
the last bell. Apparently, they are
old school chums.

JOHN
Let's get to work.

John and Damon giggle as they exit the room. Dave, Ben and Amy sit at the table.

AMY
Let's format a plan.

DAVE
We've only got until the end of the
day.

The Slippers approach. Ana's face is filled with sadness.

ANA
I guess you're not going to help.

DAVE
On the contrary. We are in full
force.

Ana's smile lights up the room.

MARLO
What's the plan?

AMY
Right now. It's best that you know
nothing. Just trust in us.

MARLO
Really?

AMY
Really!

ANA
My life is on the line. But you
guys have big hearts. I wish you
luck.

BEN
Don't wish us luck. Get our prom
tickets.

Ana releases a sad smiles and exits. Marlo and Lizzy follows.
Lizzy turns.

LIZZY
I know we can be bitches, but thank
you for your help.

They sit in their area.

RUSTY
What's first on the list?

BEN
Fuck the list. Let's not make this
more complicated than it has to be.
Where's the phone?

DAVE
Trophy case in the Principal's
office.

BEN
I got this.

Ben grabs his books, his bag and the blanket. He quickly
stands.

AMY

Ben, wait.

Amy digs for her enchanted dice. She quickly rolls the twenty sided dice. It lands on twenty on top of the enchanted book. Dave pumps his fist. Ben hurries around the table, bumping it. The dice rolls from the book onto the table stopping on one. David slaps his forehead. Ben is out the door.

RUSTY

What was that roll for?

AMY

Chance of success.

RUSTY

Holy fuck.

Rusty pulls his hoody over his head.

INT. SECRETARY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Ben stands just outside the door. He takes a deep breath and places the blanket over his head. He softly steps into the office. The GRAY HAIREED SECRETARY diligently staples a file full of papers. Ben creeps to the Principal's door. He grabs the handle and turns. The window rattles as he pulls. It is locked. The secretary glances toward the door.

GRAY HAIREED SECRETARY

Robert must have left his window open again.

She continues with her work. Ben sneaks behind the secretary. She opens a drawer on her desk to recover more staples. A large key ring with a sled load of keys are laying inside. A key with a bright red rubber cover on the end sticks out like a sore thumb. She fumbles with the staples and the stapler, leaving the drawer open. Cal enters the office.

CAL

Where's the boss?

GRAY HAIREED SECRETARY

Well, young man. He's not due in until after lunch. He has a meeting off campus.

Cal walks toward the Principal's door. Ben's hand slowly reaches for the keys. The Secretary stands, slamming the drawer shut. She intercepts Cal.

GRAY HAIRED SECRETARY (CONT'D)
What do you think you are doing?

CAL
Getting my property from his
office.

GRAY HAIRED SECRETARY
I don't think so. You can get
whatever you have in there when he
returns and not a minute sooner.

CAL
It's mine.

GRAY HAIRED SECRETARY
And it still will be after lunch.

Cal angrily shakes his head. He turns and walks toward the exit. The Secretary quickly returns to her desk. The drawer is open. The keys are gone. A puzzled look creeps across her face. Ben slowly crawls toward the door. She pushes her chair against the wall. The rollers catch the end of the blanket, pulling it off of Ben. He has the keys dangling in his mouth. The red key dangles.

GRAY HAIRED SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Where did you come from?

Ben quickly stands. Cal turns around. He races across the room, tackling Ben. The keys hit the ground. The Secretary quickly picks up the phone. Both boys roll around on the ground, fighting for the keys.

GRAY HAIRED SECRETARY (CONT'D)
I need help.

The Secretary briskly grabs the keys. She loses her balance and shivers. The red key is missing. Two security guards enter the office. They separate the boys. The Secretary tosses the keys back into the open drawer.

GRAY HAIRED SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Take them to detention. I'm sure
Robert will give them a week in
there.

The Secretary collects herself. She picks up the blanket and tosses it on her chair that sits against the wall. She quickly turns and grabs her coffee cup. It is empty. The guards escort a fighting Cal out of the room and a disappointed Ben. The Secretary exits the room for a few seconds. She comes back with a cup of coffee.

The Secretary double checks to see if the keys are inside the drawer and slams it shut. She turns to retrieve her chair. It is not there.

GRAY HAIREED SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Now they slip in and still my
flippin' chair. Jesus. I need to
retire.

The Secretary angrily begins her tedious task of stapling while standing up. She slams the stapler with all her might. She glances around a few seconds searching for her chair. She slams the stapler again as she shakes her head in disgust.

INT. LOCKER CORE - HANOVER HIGHSCHOOL

END OF FIRST PERIOD:

Dave puts his mittens into his locker. Amy leans her head against the cold metal. Dave slams the door shut. Rusty approaches.

AMY

Is it true?

Rusty sadly nods.

RUSTY

It is. He failed and is out for the
rest of the campaign.

Dave punches the locker, then shakes his hand from the pain.

AMY

What's next?

Rusty opens his locker and removes the novelty helmet. He places it on his head. He closes his eyes.

RUSTY

Take me the phone.

Rusty opens his eyes. Dave shakes his head. Amy rolls the dice on the top of the book that lays inside her open locker. She scoops the dice up and returns them to the sac. She grabs the book and slams the locker door.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Why is it not working? What did you
roll?

AMY
Your helmet needs fuel. I've got to do a tiny bit of research before you use that helm.

Amy glances at her watch.

AMY (CONT'D)
Meet me at the vending machines after this period.

The bell RINGS. Amy rushes off.

AMY (CONT'D)
Don't be late.

Amy enters a classroom.

RUSTY
You could put your gloves on and man-handle your way in there.

DAVE
No, Rusty. I don't want to go to prison.

Dave walks away. Rusty sighs. He takes off his helmet and checks the swirling straws.

INT. BREAK AREA - HANOVER HIGHSCHOOL - DAY

SECOND PERIOD:

Rusty adjusts the straws from his helmet. Dave and Amy approach. Rusty checks his OZZY watch and then rolls his eyes sarcastically.

RUSTY
Don't be late.

AMY
Sorry. I had to double check a few things. You must burn the fuel while you travel. If you run out, you must replace it. You must be more specific when you think of where you want to go. The helmet will work as long as you have fuel. Your odds of success are not overwhelming, but they are encouraging.

RUSTY
What do I use for fuel?

AMY
Got any money?

Rusty digs a couple of dollars from his pants. Amy pulls some change from hers. She nods at the machines.

RUSTY
Oh'. I get it.

Amy approaches the machines.

AMY
Coke or Pepsi?

RUSTY
Do you even know me?

Amy glances over her shoulder. Dave mouths "PEPSI". She sticks the money into the Pepsi machine, retrieving two twelve ounce cans of soda. She hands them to Rusty. He sticks them into the pockets and the pops the top. He places the helmet onto his head.

AMY
You're gassed up.

RUSTY
This is going to be awesome.

AMY
We will meet you back here in an hour.

DAVE
Good luck, man.

Rusty sucks the cola through the straw. His eyes slightly bulge.

RUSTY
Take me to that perv's phone in the office.

Rusty disappears. Amy and Dave stare at each other a few seconds. The bell RINGS. They wander to class.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

The phone on the Resolute desk rings off the hook. President Clinton leans back in the exotic leather chair. CLINTON mumbles as his head swivels.

MONICA (O.S.)
Shouldn't you get that?

CLINTON
Less talk. More mouth.

SLURPING from across the room. Rusty stands as he drains both cans of cola. Clinton slowly opens his eyes. He pushes back quickly and stands. The President hurries to zip and to button his pants. He walks around the desk. Monica crawls from out from under.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
Who are you?

RUSTY
A traveller from the future.

CLINTON
Oh. Yeah?

RUSTY
Yeah.

CLINTON
What does my future look like?

RUSTY
Similar to Bill Cosby's. You just get off better.

MONICA
Not always.

CLINTON
Now Monica, get back under the desk. An open mouth can be a huge burden on the states.

She glances down.

MONICA
You got something on my dress.

CLINTON
It will wash out.

RUSTY
I must be going.

CLINTON
Is there anything I can do for you?

RUSTY
I need two cans of Pepsi.

Clinton approaches the phone. He picks it up.

CLINTON
I need two cans of Pepsi.
(muffled reply)
No. Listen to me. I said cans. I don't want the bottles. Bring me a Double Dare as well. Hurry.

Rusty giggles. Clinton glances at Rusty as if he is asking if he wants something from the fast food joint. Rusty politely shakes his head no.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
President Khatami will wait. Bring me my refreshments.

Clinton slams the phone down. He leans against the desk.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
Tell me. Does my wife ever become President?

RUSTY
I'm afraid you just miss becoming the first lady.

Clinton nods.

CLINTON
Do we get divorced? I do love getting my tally-whacker wet, and she's too butch-like and dried up to get the little general standing at full attention. If you know what I mean.

RUSTY
Better than that. She's sent down the river for twenty years.

Clinton is excited.

CLINTON
How?

RUSTY

In the future; just encourage her to forward her emails to her home server.

CLINTON

Right. Right. Monica is my work server.

An AGENT enters holding a tray with two cans of Pepsi and a big bag of Wonka's.

AGENT

Who are you? How did you get in here?

RUSTY

Same way I'm getting out.

Rusty reloads his helmet with the colas. Clinton digs into the fast food bag. The agent slowly reaches for his side arm. Rusty sucks from the straws.

CLINTON

Put that pistol down Agent Belding.

Clinton unwraps his burger.

CLINTON (CONT'D)

They forgot the cheese.

The agent holsters the gun. He starts to swing at Rusty.

RUSTY

Take me to where this began.

Rusty disappears. The swing goes through mid air. Monica's hand reaches to the top of the desk, searching for a burger.

EXT. CAVE - DARK AGES - NIGHT

Rusty appears. A fist is driving hard toward his head. Rusty ducks. Ma'ax crawls away from a desert bandit with the magical book tucked under his arm. Rusty pushes the bandit, driving him hard to the earth. Rusty shakes his hand in pain. Rusty picks up a staph and hits the thief over the head. The bandit is knocked out. Ma'ax cowers as he struggles to his feet.

MA'AX

If you'll be so kind to return my walking stick.

Rusty smiles as he glances around. He notices the book between the wizard's arms.

RUSTY
Walking stick, huh? Where'd you get that book?

MA'AX
I created this book. Where did you come from?

RUSTY
From the pages of that book.

A look of accomplishment overwhelms the wizard as he cautiously approaches Rusty, keeping a watchful eye on the bandit as well. Rusty holds up his hand.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Stop. Tell me a little about that book.

MA'AX
Gladly. All the items depicted are enchanted and with the right spell they can come alive.

RUSTY
That I already know. Tell me more.

MA'AX
Each item can only be used once during an adventure.

RUSTY
Once? What happens when you complete your mission?

MA'AX
The magical item returns to its ink. Only to be adored from the eyes of the reader for the rest of its eternity.

RUSTY
Good to know.

MA'AX
May I have my staph now?

Rusty shrugs his shoulders. He slowly extends his hand, offering the staph to the wizard. The thief quietly stands and approaches from behind. The bandit pulls a large knife from his boot. The blade shines underneath the full moon.

Ma'ax grabs the staph. A slight struggle for possession ensues. Rusty reluctantly releases the staph. The thief raises the knife high into the night. Rusty's alarm on his OZZY watch goes off. It plays MR. CROWLEY. The bandit is startled. He falls backwards. Ma'ax raises his staph and thrusts it toward the bandit. The bandit transforms into a large rodent. The wizard turns toward Rusty. An evil grin spreads across his weathered face. He slowly raises his staph with intent. Rusty eagerly grabs both straws with his lips. He begins to suck.

RUSTY

Save by the bell. Take me to the
Principal's office.

Rusty disappears. A white light exits the gem on top of the staph, just missing the exiting time traveller. Ma'ax puts his lips to the book.

INT. BREAK AREA - VANHOVER HIGHSCHOOL

Amy removes her lips from the book. Dave leans against the coke machine.

AMY

I am really starting to understand
this book.

DAVE

I don't think Rusty is going to
make it.

AMY

Yeah. We must assume he failed. I
hope he's okay.

Dave CHUCKLES.

DAVE

He's probably at the Jolly Roger or
Pussy Whooped.

AMY

Where?

DAVE

Strip clubs.

AMY

Yeah, knowing Rusty. That's where
he is.

DAVE
What now?

AMY
Did Lucy call in sick?

DAVE
I have not heard from her.

AMY
Find out. We will meet up at lunch.
I should understand everyone's
powers much better by then.

DAVE
Alrighty then. We are losing
valuable time.

AMY
I know. But we still have half the
day.

Dave slides in a few quarters. He peruses the choices.

DAVE
Our group is much smaller than
before as well.

Dave punches the Sprite button.

EXT. BREAK AREA - HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL

MINUTES BEFORE LUNCH:

A female hand retrieves a MELLO YELLO from the machine.
Hooper raises up and taps the top of the can with her index
finger. A worried Damon stands next to John.

DAMON
We can't just sit here and twiddle
our thumbs. My dad can't see that
video.

JOHN
We should just walk in there and
take it.

Lizzy approaches her locker which is at the entrance to the
break room.

HOOPER
No. I got a better idea.

Hooper takes a tiny sip of her drink. She casually strolls through the threshold and to Lizzy's locker. The CHEMISTRY TEACHER stands outside his door, surveying the halls.

JOHN

What's she going to do?

DAMON

I don't know. Maybe you should call your dad.

Lizzy shoves her book into her locker and grabs another text book. She turns around. Hooper is right in her face.

HOOPER

I've been wanting to do this for a long time.

Hooper hurls back with the can still in her hand and cold-cocks Lizzy in the side of the head. Drink and blood spews through the air. Lizzy spins around and drops like a sack of potatoes. The Chemistry Teacher rushes over, quickly checking on Lizzy. Her lip is busted and her eye blacked. The Chemistry Teacher glances up. Lizzy struggles to her feet.

CHEMISTRY TEACHER

Are you okay, young lady?

LIZZY

Yeah. She sucker punched me.

CHEMISTRY TEACHER

I saw. Go to the nurse's office.

Lizzy wobbles down the hall. Marlo and Ana meet her halfway and help her to the infirmary. The teacher stands and grabs Hooper's wrist. She angrily rips it from his grasp.

HOOPER

Don't touch me. You'll end up like that slipper.

CHEMISTRY TEACHER

I'm escorting you to the Principal's office.

Hooper smiles.

HOOPER

It's a date then.

John and Damon stand in the threshold with large smiles on their faces. Hooper glances over her shoulder as she chomps on her gum. She winks at her thug friends.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - HANOVER HIGHSCHOOL

Hooper sits in the chair with her feet up on the desk. She chomps on her chewing gum. The Principal enters. He is a tall man with a large landing pad under his sporadic patches of hair. His suit is from a second hand store and his tie very colorful. The door shuts. Hooper glances up and winks.

PRINCIPAL

So, Hannah. What do I owe the pleasure of this meeting to?

Hooper shrugs her shoulders.

HOOPER

Lizzy gave me some lip. I gave her a drink.

PRINCIPAL

I was told you hit her with a full can of soda.

He steps forward, holding out his hand. Hooper glances at it and smiles.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

The gum, Miss Hooper.

Hooper leans forward, dropping the gum from her mouth. She licks her lips, applying even more moisture.

HOOPER

That's a lie. I had drank some of it.

PRINCIPAL

Why? What has she ever done to you?

HOOPER

She's a slipper.

PRINCIPAL

Slipper?

HOOPER

You wouldn't get it.

PRINCIPAL

Miss Hooper? What do you think your punishment should be?

Hooper's eyes dance with excitement.

HOOPER

You should appoint me Prom Queen.
Bend me over your knee and spank
me. I know you want to.

PRINCIPAL

I was thinking grander than that.
Perhaps a suspension of two weeks.
No prom privileges.

Hooper sarcastically covers her mouth.

HOOPER

Oh', no!

PRINCIPAL

I can't have you and your "peeps"
running wild in my halls. Can you
promise me this will never happen
again?

The Principal slowly approaches the trophy cabinet, turning
his back on Hooper.

HOOPER (O.S.)

I don't make promises. I make
action. I'm dangerous. Maybe you
should strip search me?

The Principal CHUCKLES and slowly turns around. Hooper's
blouse lands on his head, covering his face. Hooper stands in
between the Principal and the chair. Her heaving breasts
spilling out of her Lavender Victoria Secrets bra. He jerks
the blouse from his head. Hooper leans in, forcing him to
back toward the trophy case. She slides her hands into his
pockets, moving them around inside. She smiles as he blushes.

HOOPER (CONT'D)

My. It's true what they say. You do
speak softly and carry a "BIG"
stick.

They softly bump into the cabinet. The Principal nonchalantly
attempts to push Hooper away.

PRINCIPAL

Miss Hooper, please.

Hooper removes her left hand and runs it to his backside. She
grabs the handle to the trophy case. It is locked. She
giggles a second and then moves her hand up to his forehead,
running her fingers through his thinning hair.

HOOPER
Is this inappropriate?

PRINCIPAL
Indeed.

Hooper sniffs his neck and runs her leg toward his midsection. The office door slowly opens. They are thrust toward the cabinet. The glass wiggles. The Principal notices the open door. He firmly grabs her by the arms. They both glance into the cabinet. The phone is still there.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)
Miss Hooper!

HOOPER
Oh', Mr. Principal.

Hooper begins to MOAN and PANT loudly. The Secretary hurries to the threshold. She is shocked at what she sees, covering her mouth. Hooper is running her finger around the Principal's nipples.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
Mr. Speckin.

Hooper lays her head on his chest, turning toward the Secretary. She winks and mouths: "Join us." The secretary sighs.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Should I call security or make reservations at the Red Sands Casino Hotel?

The Principal firmly pushes Hooper away. He straightens his outfit. He picks up her blouse and hands it to her.

PRINCIPAL
She was just on her way to detention. Right, Miss Hooper?

HOOPER
Perhaps. And perhaps you were just on your way to...

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
Hurry on, now.

Hooper exits the room. She stumbles as she exits, looking back. The trophy case door is now closed. Hooper exits from the office and down the hall.

PRINCIPAL
It's not what it looked like.

GRAY HAIREED SECRETARY
It never is.

The Secretary returns to her desk. She presses on with her stabling while standing up. She licks her fingers as she ruffles through the papers.

INT. CAFATERIA - HANOVER HIGHSCHOOL

Amy sits at the table reading her book. She licks her fingers and turns the page. Dave sits impatiently across the table. Three seats down sits a tray with a full plate.

DAVE
Anything?

Amy shakes her head. Marlo and Ana approach.

ANA
Did you hear what happened to Lizzy?

DAVE
Yeah. I'm sorry.

MARLO
She's getting stitches.

AMY
Chicks dig scars.

ANA
Any luck with your project?

AMY
We're getting there.

DAVE
We will get that phone.

ANA
I don't care about the phone as much as I worry about everyone's safety. I'll have to move and become a nun if that video gets out.

Ana runs her fingers through Dave's hair. He turns red.

DAVE
I won't let it.

ANA
The stakes a have risen. So will
the reward.

Ana kisses Dave on the forehead. Marlo and Ana exit. Amy
stares at David in disbelief.

DAVE
What?

AMY
You're turning into a crown.

DAVE
So?

AMY
Sooner or later, you'll turn back
into a pumpkin or a rat.

DAVE
Who says?

AMY
Everyone of those stories. They
ain't you.

DAVE
I'm just helping a friend.

AMY
A friend?

DAVE
Yeah. Speaking of friends, have you
seen Lucy?

AMY
Not all day. That's so unusual.

Dave glances down the table. The tray is empty.

DAVE
I guess she ate before we got here.

A confused Amy stares at the tray for a few seconds. Dave
snaps to knock her out of her gaze.

DAVE (CONT'D)
We got to do something.

AMY

I wish Lucy was here. Her knowledge of electronics and phones would be useful.

DAVE

She's a sleepy genius. If she would just apply herself.

AMY

Yeah. Anything from Rusty?

DAVE

I text him all last period. He's definitely at a strip club.

Dave digs the "TURTLE" gloves from his backpack.

AMY

What are you going to do with those?

DAVE

Bust my way through.

AMY

Not yet. Give me one more period to figure something out.

Dave grabs the plastic tray and bends it back, breaking it in half. Amy grabs him by the hands and quickly pushes them to the table.

AMY (CONT'D)

Not in public.

DAVE

I'll give you one more period, then I'm going to take things into my own little turtle hands.

Amy smiles and grabs her notes. She straightens them out.

EXT. SECRETARY'S OFFICE - HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL

The Secretary picks up the pile of stapled pages and straightens them on her desk. The Principal exits his office and locks it. He approaches the desk.

PRINCIPAL

Damon Bryant's dad will be meeting me here at three thirty.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
That delinquent piece of work has a
father?

PRINCIPAL
I know. Amazing. Don't let anyone
into my office.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
Where are you going?

PRINCIPAL
Wonkas.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
Our food is not good enough for
you?

PRINCIPAL
I like our food. I don't like
eating with our students.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
What if the Superintendent calls?

PRINCIPAL
Tell him I'm with a student. If he
finds out about our school's
problem with bullies before I speak
with Damon's dad, I just might get
canned. I need that phone for my
own protection.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
I'll watch your office like a hawk.

She glances up, peering through the top of her glasses.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY (CONT'D)
You going to eat for three hours?

PRINCIPAL
No, I'm going to take ten minutes
to eat and the other two hours and
forty five minutes, I'll be
slamming down those Happy Hour
dollar beers.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
They got beer at Wonkas?

PRINCIPAL
They do.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
Call yourself a cab if you get too
drunk.

PRINCIPAL
Thank you.

The Principal starts to leave. He quickly turns back to his
secretary.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
Did you forget something?

PRINCIPAL
Why don't you sit down to do that?

The Secretary frowns.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
I would. But one of your fine
students stole my chair.

PRINCIPAL
Really?

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
Right out from under me. I've
searched everywhere.

PRINCIPAL
Really?

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
Every inch of this office.

The Principal smirks.

PRINCIPAL
Did you look behind that pink
blanket?

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
How did you know about the pink
blanket?

The Principal nods behind her. She turns around. The pink
blanket sits on her chair, nestled tightly against the wall.
She puts her hand over her gaping mouth.

PRINCIPAL
Glad to be of service.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
I swear. That wasn't there a few
seconds ago.

PRINCIPAL
You need to take a break. A long
vacation.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
You won't let me.

PRINCIPAL
Summer's coming soon. You want
anything from Wonka's?

She shakes her head.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
Heavens no. I shouldn't eat that
fat and grease.

PRINCIPAL
Suit yourself.

The Principal turns and steps toward the exit.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
What's it going to hurt? Bring me a
Double Dare and an extra large
Berry-Berry Fruity and Snooty
shake.

PRINCIPAL
That's my girl.

He holds his hand up, acknowledging her order.

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB - HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL

John and Damon sit in the back of the room. A student in front of them hold up their hand as the teacher writes a problem on the board. Marlo and Ana sit next to the boy with his hand up. They whisper amongst themselves. Damon leans forward attempting to eaves drop.

MARLO
That bitch needs to get hers.

ANA
I heard she was sent to detention
for two weeks.

MARLO
That's not good enough.

ANA
We'll think of something.

Damon leans back and whispers to John.

DAMON
I'm not sure if Hooper succeeded.
Man, I'm begging you. Please. Call
your dad.

Ana turns around. John sticks out his tongue. Marlo delivers the one finger salute. John winks at her. The teacher turns around. He points at the boy with his hand up.

CHEMISTRY TEACHER
Yes. Milton. Do you have the
answer?

Milton stands. John sticks his finger down his mouth and begins to gag. The girls are grossed out.

MILTON CARPENTER
I'm pretty sure it would involve
the properties from salt water.

John vomits onto Milton's back. The girls quickly turn away, fighting the urge to throw up themselves. Milton shakes head in disgust. John doubles over.

DAMON
John needs to go to the nurse's
office.

CHEMISTRY TEACHER
Alright. I'll get you a pass.

MILTON CARPENTER
Can I go to the rest room and clean
myself up?

CHEMISTRY TEACHER
Absolutely.

Damon helps a faking John through the scattered desks.

CHEMISTRY TEACHER (CONT'D)
Where are you going, Mister Bryant?

DAMON

Making sure he don't pass out on his way to the nurse. You wouldn't want that, would you?

The Chemistry Teacher rolls his eyes.

CHEMISTRY TEACHER

Certainly not.

The teacher holds up three hall passes. Milton approaches the teacher. John and Damon casually push him out of the way as they grab the laminated cards. The three students exit the classroom.

INT. HALL - HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL

John quickly straightens up. Both thugs begin to CHUCKLE and CACKLE. They continue down the hall.

MILTON CARPENTER

What's so funny?

JOHN

You got puke on you.

MILTON CARPENTER

Yeah. Yeah. Laugh it up. One day I will save the world.

DAMON

Are the aliens going to make you masturbate over your funny books?

Both thugs LAUGH.

MILTON CARPENTER

You'll see.

John pushes Milton as they pass the bathroom. Milton is shoved into the door.

DAMON

Before you save the world, take a bath.

JOHN

Yeah, you smell like those fish tacos I ate for lunch.

Milton disappears into the bathroom. The thugs happily linger down the hall, turning the corner to the left. A few seconds pass.

The Principal turns the corner on the right, heading down the corridor. He has a slight spring in his step. He twirls his keys on his finger while singing "FRESH TATTOOS" by CIRCUS ZOMBIE to himself. He spins, acting like he's a singer performing. He staggers and runs into the wall. He takes a deep breath and runs his hand through his thinning hair. He reaches in his trouser pocket and removes a JOLLY RANCHER.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL

The Principal pops a JOLLY RANCHER into his mouth. He opens the trophy cabinet door and removes the cellphone. He staggers to his desk singing "I'LL WALK AWAY". Eventually he sits. He plops his feet up on his desk and begins to tinker with the phone. The battery dies.

PRINCIPAL

Shit.

He carelessly tosses it to his desk. LOUD ARGUING outside. A thick man with a well groomed beard bursts into the room. He is dressed in a designer suit and his shoes shine like a thousand stars. A thick Bostonian accent forces from his lips. BIG JIM is larger than life.

BIG JIM

Principal Speckin.

The Secretary rushes past the man.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY

I tried to stop them.

John and Damon follow them into the office. The Principal quickly stands, swaying a little. His eyes bulging.

PRINCIPAL

It's okay, Holly. I've got this.

The Secretary gives the man an evil look as she exits the room. She pulls the door shut.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

Now. How can I be of assistance to you?

BIG JIM

My name is James Smathers. I am John's father and Mister Bryant's attorney.

PRINCIPAL

Attorney?

BIG JIM
That's right. I believe you are
withholding private property from
my client.

The Principal loosens his collar as a look of fear dances
across his face.

PRINCIPAL
I have his cellphone.

BIG JIM
Did you have a warrant for that
phone? Can you provide ownership of
that phone?

PRINCIPAL
I do not. But....

BIG JIM
Buts are asses. And if I were
connected to your ass, I would hand
over that property to its rightful
owner.

PRINCIPAL
Damon filmed your son assaulting
another student. I wish to share
the video with your client's
father.

BIG JIM
Will you be pressing charges for
this alleged assault?

A razzled Principal sadly sits in his chair, almost missing
it all together.

PRINCIPAL
No. Not this time.

The Principal points at the phone on the desk. Big Jim smiles
large as he nods at the device. Damon picks it up.

BIG JIM
Smart decision. After all, boys
will be boys.

PRINCIPAL
The batteries dead.

BIG JIM
We'll live.

The Principal sticks out his hand to shake. Big Jim SCOFFS.

BIG JIM (CONT'D)
 Know the law before you illegally
 confiscate someone's property.
 You're lucky I'm in a good mood.

Both thugs smirk behind Big Jim.

DAMON
 Don't forget to call my dad and
 cancel that meeting.

The Principal grows a pair and firmly stands, staggering slightly. He sticks out his finger aggressively.

PRINCIPAL
 No. He is still going to hear about
 this. There ain't a damn thing you
 can do about that.

JOHN
 Dad?

BIG JIM
 He's right about that. As a legal
 representative of the schooling
 system, he does carry that right.

A slithering smile spreads across the Principal's face. His glassy eyes swirl with satisfaction.

BIG JIM (CONT'D)
 When you get home, erase whatever
 is on that phone. You'll be good.
 He can't touch you. C'mon, boys.
 Back to class.

Damon and John smirk as they exit the office. Big Jim leans over the desk, putting his face right in the Principal's face.

BIG JIM (CONT'D)
 You're lucky I enjoy an afternoon
 cocktail myself. You better
 straighten your ass up, and leave
 those boys alone.

The Principal giggles and starts to sing the chorus from Pink Floyd's WALL.

PRINCIPAL
 I don't need no education. I don't
 need no thought control.

Big Jim slowly exits the office as the Principal continues to sing. Jim turns as he walks out the door.

BIG JIM

Principal. Leave those kids alone.

Big Jim winks as he exits. The Principal waits until he is sure that the attorney is out of sight. The Principal flies the double middle fingers. The Secretary rushes into the room. The Principal quickly holds up his hand. The Secretary doesn't speak.

PRINCIPAL

Do you know what I hate more than overpaid parents that look down their fucking noses at me?

The Secretary shakes her head.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

Teenagers. I hate them all.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY

You could say, you're a teenhater.

The Principal emphatically points his finger at his secretary with a sinister alcohol induced grin.

PRINCIPAL

Yeah. Exactly. I'm a teenhater.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY

Why don't you take a minute? I'll handle those little freaks while you regain your composure.

She turns and pulls the door shut as she exits. The Principal opens his top drawer and pulls out a tiny bottle of Captain Morgan's Coconut Rum. He screws off the top and swings it down. The Principal digs through the desk of oddities, retrieving an OZZY Zippo. He flicks it. A large flame shoots up. He begins to dig in the drawer again.

EXT. COURTYARD - HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Damon ignites his solid Black Zippo as he fires up a cancer stick. He takes a satisfying drag as he secures his phone in his back pocket. Ana, Marlo and a tattered Lizzy walk down the sidewalk. John nods his head in that direction. Damon inhales deep and steps into the ladies path. He exhales the smoke in their faces.

DAMON
Hello, ladies. I was wondering if
you all had dates for the prom?

MARLO
Fuck off, Neanderthal.

Damon snickers and takes a long drag from his cigarette.

DAMON
I know this deformed bitch don't
have a date yet.

Damon tugs at Lizzy's hair. She slaps his hand away.

LIZZY
Even if I didn't, I would never
look your way.

JOHN
It's a good thing. That ugly mug
would hurt someone.

Marlo slaps toward John. Damon catches her wrist and squeezes it tight. An evil grin spreads across his face. Marlo jerks her hand away.

DAMON
Would you ladies like to call the
Po-Po? Have me arrested for sexual
assault?

Ana shamefully lowers her head.

DAMON (CONT'D)
Go ahead. Unless you don't have
your phone on you. Go ahead.

Damon pulls his phone from his back pocket.

DAMON (CONT'D)
By all means, use mine.

Marlo shakes her head. Ana turns in shame. They start to walk off. John steps in their path.

JOHN
We've heard an amusing little
antidote this afternoon. Word from
the teenager's prison.

DAMON

It's funny that you though a pack of Freshman nerds could get my phone before we could.

JOHN

They failed.

DAMON

Miserably.

JOHN

This little clip will end up on Facebook, Youtube, and every other site we can think of you.

MARLO

You'll be shown for the monster that you really are.

JOHN

Huh.

DAMON

The only face in my little movie is Ana's. The Prom Queen. The daughter of the soon-to-be Governor. Maybe I'll use it to blackmail your father.

Ana begins to cry. The girls try to push their way through. Damon grabs Ana's wrist and turns it, so he can see her watch.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Lucky for you. I've got a meeting.

JOHN

I've got no where to be.

DAMON

Keep an eye on these lovely ladies. Maybe we can work out some sort of deal.

MARLO

Fuck you.

DAMON

Already negotiating. These girls aren't dumb.

Damon kisses Lizzy on the forehead. He proudly and confidently walks toward the entrance.

The girls attempt to pass again. John stops them. Cal and Hooper approach from a distance.

JOHN

Not so fast. You're not going anywhere until Damon returns. Even though they failed their little mission, we plan on taking our frustrations out on each and everyone of them.

ANA

Leave them out of this.

JOHN

Can't do it. It's a pride thing. We got our rep to protect.

MARLO

Just let us by.

JOHN

I told you; not before Damon returns.

LIZZY

Who's going to stop us?

Cal and Hooper approach from behind.

HOOPER

We are.

Hooper puts her hand on Lizzy's shoulder and jerks her backwards as she passes. Lizzy shies away.

CAL

I don't think she wants it again.

Hooper is holding another can of soda. She thrust toward Lizzy, laughing. Lizzy doesn't flinch.

CAL (CONT'D)

She must be blind out of that one eye.

Ben hustles to the fray, bravely stepping in between the thugs and the slippers. Hooper pops the top to her soda. Lizzy flinches.

BEN

Leave them alone.

Cal and John laugh.

CAL
I've already kicked your ass once
today.

BEN
Bullshit! You never laid a hand on
me.

CAL
I'll lay one on you now.

Cal pulls back his arm and closes his fist. Ben drops his
bookbag and softly tosses his cellphone on top.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - HANOVER HIGHSCHOOL

Damon tosses his cellphone on the desk. A stalky man with a
flannel shirt and a dirty ball cap stands next to Damon.
Damon's FATHER has smeared grease on his face and his
clothes.

FATHER
My boy's a good boy, Robert. I
don't like being called down here
with these false allegations.

PRINCIPAL
Your boy is a bully. Just like you
were in High school.

FATHER
No. No. You've got it all wrong.
The crowd he hangs around may be a
little tough, but he ain't no
bully.

PRINCIPAL
He filmed his friend beating up
another teen. I've heard rumors
their might be more on that phone
than that.

DAMON
He's lying.

FATHER
Shut up, son. Let the adults work
this out.

PRINCIPAL
You've got to trust me on this,
Matt.

FATHER

I quit trusting people after I lost my job at the warehouse.

PRINCIPAL

Yeah, those were some bad times.

FATHER

I don't think my boy done those bad things you think about.

PRINCIPAL

Let's turn that phone on and find out.

DAMON

The battery's dead, remember. You run it out trying to get into it.

FATHER

Did you scroll through my son's phone without his permission. You ain't the law.

DAMON

He tried.

PRINCIPAL

I did. I think my students safety is important. I take my job seriously.

FATHER

Like your drinking, I suppose.

PRINCIPAL

I don't know what you are talking about.

FATHER

I spoke to Smathers this afternoon. He told me you smelt of cheap booze and poor hygiene.

PRINCIPAL

Drinking is not illegal.

FATHER

It's not a good idea when you're baby-sitting the future great minds of our country.

PRINCIPAL

I don't know what to say.

FATHER

You're sorry.

PRINCIPAL

Sorry? Sorry for standing up for the students your kid terrorizes on a daily basis. Sorry for wanting the kids that call themselves Stallions to learn in an environment that teaches good sportsmanship and fair play. I'm not sorry for any of that. I'm only sorry for not stopping this sooner.

FATHER

You sure are convinced.

PRINCIPAL

I am.

The Principal glances down at that phone.

FATHER

Now I'd like to see what's on that phone.

DAMON

You don't trust me.

FATHER

It's not that I don't trust you. It's just.... Robert is correct. I was a bully growing up and I don't want you to head down that same miserable path.

DAMON

Horse shit!

FATHER

It can be any type of shit you want it to be, but it's true; it still stinks and will leave a filthy stain.

DAMON

When we get home. I'll charge it and show you everything on that phone.

FATHER

That will ease my mind, but it won't ease Robert's mind. I wish we had a battery.

The Principal pushes his intercom button.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY (O.S.)
Yes, Robert.

PRINCIPAL
Bring it in.

GRAY HAired SECRETARY
Yes, sir.

Damon looks worried as his father takes off his hat and scratches his head. The Secretary enters with a phone battery with a little Yellow sticky note attached. She lays it on the desk and quickly exits. The Principal slowly picks it up.

PRINCIPAL
This was left on my desk this afternoon.

FATHER
What does the note say?

PRINCIPAL
Don't let Damon leave with that phone.

FATHER
Someone besides yourself believes he has done wrong as well, I see.

PRINCIPAL
Yes.

FATHER
Change them out.

The Principal changes the battery and turns the unit on. The father grabs the phone and hands it to Damon.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Put in your password and hand it back. Don't do anything else.

A tiny tear rolls from Damon's eye. He swipes his thumb across the reader and hands the phone to his dad. The father scrolls through the phone a few seconds. The Principal stands quietly waiting for a reaction. The father smiles. He begins to shake his head. Damon breathes deeply.

FATHER (CONT'D)
There's nothing illegal on here. Just a bunch of sissy cat videos.

Damon's eyes widen as a smirk eases across his face.

FATHER (CONT'D)

It appears my son has an identity crisis. Lots of photos of Justin Beiber and several dick pics. You have not uncovered a crime wave, but it seems you have outed my boy.

Damon is confused.

DAMON

Dad, I'm not.

FATHER

It's okay son. You don't have to talk about it right now. We will delve into this when we get home.

PRINCIPLE

I know there's atleast a fight video on there.

FATHER

Teenagers fight, Robert. If they ain't trying to fuck, they're looking for someone to fight. I won't say anything about you drinking on the job and we'll forget this whole thing even happened. Don't go spreading this around. Whatever my boy decides to do; it's his business, not yours.

DAMON

Dad, I'm not...

FATHER

Keep your mouth shut. The less you say, the better off you are. Go wait in the car.

DAMON

I've got a ride home.

FATHER

I said, "GO WAIT IN THE CAR."

Damon holds out his hand. His father places the phone into his palm.

DAMON

This is bullshit.

FATHER

If I were you, I'd erase everything on that phone before your mother finds out.

DAMON

I'm not...

FATHER

I know. You're not gay. Now go wait in the car.

Damon angrily exits the room.

PRINCIPAL

Matt, he can't keep picking on the nerds.

FATHER

I know how you felt when I picked on you. I'm sorry. It was wrong, but you can't take it out on my boy.

PRINCIPAL

He's not gay.

FATHER

Now you're defending him?

PRINCIPAL

He's a bully, Matt. He's a bully.

FATHER

No. He's just confused.

PRINCIPAL

It's okay if he's gay. He's not. He's a bully.

FATHER

I don't know which is worse?

PRINCIPAL

I do. And it needs to stop.

FATHER

Like I said, I'll talk with him.

The Father sticks out his hand. They shake. Dad starts to turn. The Principal will not let go of his hand.

PRINCIPAL

We're older now. I'm not afraid of you any longer. If you don't get your child to stop bullying my students, I will do something about it.

The Father nods.

FATHER

It still hurts. I get it. If he is picking on the runts of the litter, I will make him stop, but I swear to you if you utter one word about my son's indiscretions - I will pick up from where I left off when we were kids. But this time; I will bury you. I won't just push you down in a pile of mud in front of all your friends. I will end you.

The Father aggressively pulls his hand away. The Principal takes a defense stance.

EXT. COURTYARD - HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Ben braces himself for battle. Amy and David hustle to the action. Dave has his "TURTLE" gloves on.

DAVE

Pick on someone your own size.

The group of thugs LAUGH.

JOHN

Then I'd have to get on my knees to fight you.

DAVE

I'm sure it wouldn't be the first time you ended up on your knees.

The slippers giggle. Amy shakes her head with approval. John's anger becomes even more visible as his face turns red and his hands begin to shake. He walks steadily toward David.

JOHN

I can't wait to destroy you.

Dave prepares for battle.

DAVE
That's all you do; run that mouth.
The only time you ain't runnin' it
is when your down on your knees
slurping.

Ben makes a slurping noise. Cal pushes Ben.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Leave him alone.

BEN
I got this.

Cal walks aggressively toward Ben. Hooper stops him.

HOOPER
No. This is John's moment. Let him
shine.

Cal points at Ben.

CAL
I will come after you. It's okay to
wet in your bed as you wait in
fear. I will be coming.

BEN
And you will get that ass kicked.

HOOPER
Good gravy, Ana. You must have
offered these nerds pussy. They
have turned into the Wyatt family.

ANA
They are just good kids.

HOOPER
It's your pussy, throw it on
whoever you want.

Ana steps through the crowd and kisses Dave on the lips.
David smiles.

ANA
I will. And he didn't have to force
it on me and have two more hold me
down.

Cal and Hooper act embarrassed.

HOOPER

They say in life you get what your truly deserve.

Dave begins to circle John. The bully smirks as Dave shows all in attendance he is ready to rumble. John charges David. Dave ducks and rabbit punches John in the ribs. The small crowd of teens that have gathered around the spectacle CHEER.

HOOPER (CONT'D)

Lucky punch.

HOOPER (CONT'D)

Get him, John.

John turns around with a nasty look on his face. He clinches his fist. His nails dig into his skin. He charges David again. Dave ducks under him again. The crowd LAUGHS.

JOHN

See, you are a pussy. Stand here and fight me.

Dave grins and casually approaches, pulling the gloves tighter on his hands. John shakes his head and slowly begins to chuckle.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Those gloves. How can I take you serious while you wear those gloves?

DAVE

Oh', you will.

JOHN

Toe to toe. Let's go. I'll rip them gloves off and shove them up your ass.

DAVE

There's them gay tendencies coming out again.

JOHN

Let's do this. Right here. Right now.

DAVE

On one condition.

JOHN

You are in no position to be making demands.

DAVE
I'm about to embarrass you.

JOHN
What do you want?

DAVE
Leave us and the slippers alone for
the rest of the year.

John glances back at his crew. Hooper smiles. Cal rolls his
eye.

JOHN
Sure. Okay. If you knock me out, we
promise to never mess with you
again.

DAVE
I want Damon's phone.

John horse-laughs David.

JOHN
No.

DAVE
I want that phone.

JOHN
Fuck this.

John grabs David and tosses him to the ground. He kicks him
viciously several times. Dave finally rolls out of the way
and to his feet. Amy starts to go to Dave. Ben stops her. Cal
LAUGHS and JEERS.

CAL
Get him a body bag.

Amy has concern in her eyes. Ben smiles.

BEN
Let him finish this. He has the
gloves.

AMY
He has to make contact.

BEN
He's our best fighter. Let him
campaign.

Amy nods her head. Dave doesn't dust himself off as he circles John.

JOHN

I noticed your mouth ain't running so much, now.

Dave wipes his mouth.

DAVE

I'm surprised you didn't try to suck me off while I was down there.

JOHN

There it is.

Dave stops. He holds up both fists. The goofy gloves forward. John shakes his head and chuckles. John steps forward. Dave swings with all his might, connecting with John's jaw. John staggers backwards. He shakes the cobwebs from his mind. John aggressively steps forward. Dave drills him again. Right between the eyes. A few tears roll across John's nose. Dave punches John in the stomach. John doubles over. David uppercuts John in the face. John spins around and lands on his knees and palms. Dave pushes John to the ground with his foot.

DAVE

While you're down there.

Hooper rushes to John. Cal violently pushes Ben and knocks Amy to the ground. Six police officers rush through the crowd. One officer jerks John to his feet and quickly cuffs him. Cal and Hooper are arrested as well. The crowd is in shock. The three thugs are escorted away. Dave breathes steadily as he glances at Amy laying on the ground. Ben helps her to her feet. Ana rushes to Dave and kisses him on the lips again. Amy slowly turns and walks down the sidewalk.

ANA

I want to thank you so much.

DAVE

We said we would help.

Ana begins to cry. Dave wipes away the tears.

ANA

Why the tears?

DAVE

If they are being arrested, I'm sure the video will go public.

Dave notices Amy walking away. He grabs Ana by the hand and they rush toward Amy, who has put some distance between them and the crowd. Ben, Marlo and Lizzy follow from a safe distance.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

AMY

To find Rusty and Lucy. Congrats, Ana. Your reign as Queen should carry on.

ANA

I thank you for all your help.

AMY

Why are you balling?

ANA

The world's going to know.

Ben quickly approaches with a huge smile on his face.

BEN

Check this out. I just got this update on my phone.

Amy grabs Ben's phone and reads. She smiles.

ANA

What does it say?

Amy hugs Ana.

DAVE

C'mon, Amy. What's up?

AMY

They are being arrested for drugs and sucker-punching videos. It says nothing about..... Well, you know.

Dave wipes the tears from Ana's face. Amy's smile comes back to reality. Ana hugs Dave.

ANA

Then we owe you guys a trip to the Prom.

Ana happily wipes the tears from her face. The group walks toward the outside picnic area. Lucy is asleep on the top of the table. Amy moves her hand; suggesting "there she is."

ANA (CONT'D)
I'll get with you guys when I get
the tickets. We can color
coordinate throughout the week.

BEN
Alright.

Ana is slightly excited.

ANA
I'm going to the prom with a nerd.

Dave stops the group. He turns to Ana and grabs her wrists.

DAVE
You are a beautiful girl.

Ana blushes a bit and flirts with her eyes.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Any man would be honored to walk
through the doors with you on their
arm.

ANA
But?

DAVE
But. I'm in love with another.

ANA
Really?

DAVE
She's not only beautiful, she's
every ounce of blood that pumps
through my veins. She's smart and
funny.

Ana glances at Amy. The look of hope spread across Amy's
face.

DAVE (CONT'D)
When I was six and only two people
showed up for my birthday party.
She was not only one of them, but
she was the one that made it great.
When I rolled seven straight one's
and lost every members limbs, she
gave us a potion to grow them back.

Ana has the "WTF" face.

DAVE (CONT'D)

When I say something so stupid that I should bury my head in the sand, she doesn't make fun of me, but she enlightens me. My lungs would be empty if it were not for her breath. She is my life. She is my air.

Ana smiles.

ANA

Don't tell me. Tell her.

Ana spins Dave around. Amy gushes.

DAVE

I guess what I am saying is...

Amy passionately kisses David on the lips. The big green gloves softly touch Amy's cheeks.

AMY

I love you too.

Ben breaks them up.

DAVE

We're still going to the prom with the slippers, right?

Lizzy grabs Ben's arm.

LIZZY

You're my date, stud.

Ben attempts to kiss Lizzy. She holds him back.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Let's take this slow.

Ben eagerly nods. The group approach the table with Lucy.

ANA

I wouldn't mind going with Rusty.

AMY

We'll have to find him first.

DAVE

What about Marlo?

A devilish grin creeps across Ana's face.

ANA
I don't think she'd mind going with
Lucy.

MARLO
If we can wake up to ask her.

LUCY
I'm awake.

MARLO
So, do you want to go to the dance
with me?

Lucy emphatically moves her pink fuzzy bunny slippers.

LUCY
Yeah, that'll be cool.

Marlo smiles.

AMY
I don't want to seem rude, but can
I have a moment with my adventures?

ANA
Oh', yeah. We'll actually head to
the office and purchase the
tickets. C'mon on, girls.

AMY
Thanks.

ANA
No. Thank you.

Ben leans in to kiss Lizzy. She rolls her eyes and lifts her
cheek.

LIZZY
Start here.

Ben happily kisses her on the cheek. The slippers joyfully
walk off. Amy sits on the bench.

AMY
Where have you been?

LIZZY
Campaigning.

DAVE
What?

Lucy whirls upward.

LUCY

It turns out; that to use these super speedy slippers, I must rest and rejuvenate often. After all. I did roll an awfully low dexterity score. My constitution was pretty low as well.

Amy giggles.

AMY

You used them?

LUCY

I used them to steal the key off the key ring when Ben and Cal was fumbling around on the floor. Then I replaced the phone in the trophy case when Hooper was trying to hop the Principal. I ate lunch fast because I needed to transfer the video off Damon's phone. I added a few fun tidbits to make things interesting. Then I had to replace the phony phone with the real one.

AMY

Did you run into Rusty at any point during this?

Lucy shakes her head.

LUCY

No.

BEN

How did the police find out?

Lucy laughs.

LUCY

I decided not to let these punks get away with all the shit they do. So, I sent the authorities the clips that I knew would get them arrested. Yet, not embarrass any of their victims.

BEN

Nice.

AMY
Where are the other videos?

LUCY
Secure.

AMY
Good job. You should level up.

LUCY
I ran the phones down. So, I had to find a fresh battery and leave it on the Principal's desk. Damon needed to be humiliated for the things he likes to film. He's a sick boy.

Amy suddenly raise her head in a moment of clarity. She stands and looks around. She finds a metal tray on the trash receptacle. She grabs it and hands it to Dave.

AMY
Bend this.

Dave snickers. He grabs the tray and attempts to bend it. The tray doesn't budge. Dave's face turns red. The tray slips from David's hand, whacking him in the face. Amy glances at Lucy.

AMY (CONT'D)
You completed the mission before David fought John.

LUCY
Yeah.

David's eyes get wider.

AMY
Wow. That was all you, Dave.

Dave confidently nods his head.

DAVE
And I still kicked his punk ass.

Amy lovingly kisses Dave. The Principal approaches holding the pink princess blanket.

PRINCIPAL
Ben, I believe this is yours.

The Principal hands Ben his blanket.

INT. SUNSET-GOWER STUDIOS - HOLLYWOOD

Principal BELDING approaches SLATER holding a blanket.

PRINCIPAL BELDING
Here's the blanket you ordered,
Slater. Mrs. Bedding thanks you. We
are just a few more sales away from
that vacation.

Slater grabs the box of cookies. Belding glances across his desk. Rusty is standing there with his silly hat on, slurping the last drop of Pepsi from the cannisters. Rusty's face is filled with confusion.

PRINCIPAL BELDING (CONT'D)
Who are you?

RUSTY
I'm Rusty.

Belding moves his head in a manner suggesting he is just as confused. He throws his hands up and slams the cookies on the desk.

PRINCIPAL BELDING
I'm sorry. I can't remember my
lines. I don't remember anything
about this character.

Rusty surveys the room. The DIRECTOR sits in his chair rifling through the pages of the script. He slings them in the air.

DIRECTOR
Damn it. When you guys change the
script or add a character, please
update the shooting script. This is
completely unprofessional.

The writers sit in a group of chairs on the back of the stage. They scurry under pressure to figure out what's going on themselves. The Director slowly approaches Rusty. The Director lowers his head in disgust. He looks up at Rusty.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Who are you? Why are you here? Who
sent you?

Rusty drops the straws from his mouth.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Why did the prop department give
you that ridiculous hat?

RUSTY

Well. That's a long...

DIRECTOR

Forget it. I hate actors, but I hate snot nosed teen actors even more. I'm a bit of a teenhater. I assume it's my worldly punishment to be locked on a set with them. I must push on.

An assistant rushes to his side and hands the director a new script. The director scans it, shaking his head with grief. He rolls it up and smacks Rusty on the helmet. He turns and steps toward his chair.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I've got a date with an extra large bottle of Vodka. Let's shoot this shit. Places.

RUSTY

Excuse me, sire. Can I get a couple of Pepsi's?

The Director CHUCKLES and returns to Rusty.

DIRECTOR

Who are you, son? Are you important? Who's your father?

RUSTY

Randy.

DIRECTOR

Oh', I see. You're just a brat.

The Director turns and throws up his hands.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Can the young never-heard-of and never-to-be-heard-from-again super star, please, get a soda?

RUSTY

Sir, I need two Pepsi's.

DIRECTOR

You're not getting paid for this walk on, are you?

The Director sighs.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Can we get two sodas, please?

The Director sits down. The ASSISTANT quickly brings two Coca Cola's and offers them to Rusty. Slater watches with amusement. Belding is going over the new lines. Rusty shakes his head and cringes his lips.

RUSTY
I really need Pepsi.

ASSISTANT
No can do. Miss Thiessen does not allow us to keep Pepsi on the set. The last time she saw a can of the new generation, she flipped her shit. There's not a Pepsi within miles of here. Now. Drink the goddamn Coke.

Rusty reluctantly takes the drink. He places them in his hat. He struggles with himself to stick the straws in his mouth. A glow emanates from the hat and slowly fades away.

DIRECTOR
Places.

Everyone prepares for the scene except for Rusty. He stands in disgust as his lips slowly make their way to the straws. Slater notices Rusty not answering the call to his mark and quickly approaches.

SLATER
Hey, I know you don't need this job. We all got our own thing brewing, but if I were you - I would not ignore the director.

Slater glances at the irritated Director.

SLATER (CONT'D)
Especially this one. Snap out of it, man.

Slater snaps his fingers at Rusty.

SLATER (CONT'D)
The word on the lot is that Tiffany is going to join that stupid show about the rich kids in California. Elizabeth is going to do some crazy skin film and no one can keep Dustin sober. So, please. For the rest of us: Get on your mark.

RUSTY

Take me home.

Rusty closes his eyes. The look on his face is priceless as he quickly sucks down the Coke. Everyone stares at Rusty as he inhales the terrible taste of a beverage he hates. He slowly opens his eyes. The Director is right in his face.

SLATER

Here it comes.

DIRECTOR

Get on your mark.

Rusty scans the room with yet another confused look. The Director's face turns red with fury.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Get on your mother-fucking mark, or get off my mother-fucking set! Do you speak the English?

The assistant quickly grabs Rusty and forcibly moves him to his mark. The Director angrily returns to his seat. He drinks an entire bottle of Pepto Bismo that he pulls from his jacket pocket. The assistant hands Belding the blanket.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

ACTION! GODDAMN IT!

PRINCIPAL BELDING

Here's the blanket you ordered, Slater. Mrs. Bedding thanks you. We are just a few more sales away from that vacation.

Belding glances up.

PRINCIPAL BELDING (CONT'D)

Who are you?

RUSTY

I am Rusty.

PRINCIPAL BELDING

Well, Rusty. Do you like cookies?

RUSTY

I've ate them before. Not professionally or anything.

PRINCIPAL BELDING

I'll just put you down for three boxes of thin mints.

RUSTY
I'm thin enough.

LAUGH TRACK. Camera pulls out.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

The scene continues on mute inside a fifty inch Plasma TV. Ben and Lizzy sit on the couch watching. Ben spills his drink. Lizzy's eyes just about pop out her sockets when the camera zooms in on Rusty. KNOCK on the door.

BEN
Guys, check this out.

Amy, Dave, Lucy, Marlo, and Ana rush to the viewing area. All are in shock. KNOCK on the door. Lucy continues to watch the TV as she backs toward the door. She grabs the handle. KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Lucy pulls the door open. An older version of Rusty with really long straight hair and an extremely long beard stands in the doorway. He is wearing the helm of Teleportation and an Ozzy T-shirt. He throws up the devil horns with his fingers.

RUSTY
Lucy, I'm home.

The entire group is in shock. Ana slowly approaches the door. She quickly turns to her friends.

ANA
I'm not going to the Prom with some
old dude.

Rusty is cheesing as he stands at the door. He lights a smoke.

THE END: