

CHERRY BANG

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - EVENING

An angry RED-HEADED BOY, 17, aims a handgun, steadyng a moment before firing.

The gun kicks.

The bullet hole sizzles, eight inches off the mark.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL, ROADSIDE - DAY

The letter W, printed on transparent plastic, lies in the grass.

MR. SAINTZ, school principal, picks up the letter, examining it. In front of him, the vandalized marquee. The lock hangs loose.

INSERT ON MARQUEE -

APR L EACHER
OF THE MONTH
MR SHIT EATER

WIDER - Mr. Saintz frowns at the altered message.

EXT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - SAME

STUDENTS enter through the main entrance, below a large sign - MOORE HIGH SCHOOL.

RASPY VOICE (V.O.)
Listen up, you pansies.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

BRENDAN PALMER and CHET SEIERSTAD, seniors, stand in front of a motivational poster that reads 'BRAVERY: Never Fear Your Own Uniqueness.' KELSEY, Chet's girlfriend, also a senior, stands at Chet's side, her arms around his midsection.

RASPY VOICE (V.O.)
You act like high school's a
nursing home.

Brendan watches as Chet puts a 'BLACK GIRLS' sticker on the poster, covering the word 'Never.'

They do their secret handshake.

FURTHER DOWN

TIM CHAMPETIER, a champion nerd, stands by his locker with NICK CATERWAULER, a shrimpy junior, correcting Nick's pronunciation of his name (Champetier is a French surname).

RASPY VOICE (V.O.)
Shit your pants, we're paid to
clean it up.

Nick laughs in Tim's face. Tim lunges forward, fist raised. Nick flinches but tries to play it off.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Chet and Kelsey lean against his locker, staring into each other's eyes. They kiss.

RASPY VOICE (V.O.)
We yell at you to get to class, but
deep down we don't give two hoots
if you show up or not.

RANDALL HANDLEQUINK, the angry redhead from before, watches the affection, alone and envious. He's wearing his usual outfit: black t-shirt, black sneakers, baggy neon slacks.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

MAGGIE "NUNNSTER" NUNN, a senior, cute but anonymous, holds out copies of the school newspaper to passing students. No one takes any.

RASPY VOICE (V.O.)
The end of the year, you pack up
and ship out...

INT. MR. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Saintz, at his desk, examines school photographs of potential marquee vandals: Brendan, Chet, and ERIC NYGREN, third-string quarterback, second-string douchebag. Eric knocks on the open door and enters.

RASPY VOICE (V.O.)
And we're stuck, waiting for the
next round of assholes.

Mr. Saintz, covering the photos, flashes a fake smile and gestures for Eric to take a seat.

INT. GYMNASIUM - MINUTES LATER

Brendan, the source of the voice over, stands in front of the class, speaking in the raspy voice of WEATHERS, the sixty-five-year-old gym coach, and reigning teacher of the month.

BRENDAN
(imitating Weathers)
Hoping they're half as bad as you
assholes. But, no, they're even
assholier.

The class sits on the bleachers. Chet in the middle of the back row, counts his remaining Blak Girls stickers. Randall sits further down the same row -- his baggy neon slacks even more out of place behind rows of knobby knees in gym shorts. (He never changes into sweats.)

RANDALL
(imitating Weathers)
Weathers is seventy goddamn years
old, son. Where's your respec'?

CHET
(imitating Weathers)
Don't nobody respec' where they
oughta, goddamnit. I'm Mr. Shit
Eater, Teacher of the Month.

In his notebook, Nick Caterwauler writes his name in flowery bubble letters more appropriate for a thirteen-year-old girl.

RANDALL
You're, like, 60% there. Get that
slight bitchiness toward the back
of your throat.
(Weathers again)
All right, pansies, playtime's
over!

NICK
Totally, yeah.

Nobody pays Nick any attention. He's not part of the group.

CHET

(imitating Weathers)

Got the hottest sub in the school,
but you'll never see her 'cause I
never miss a single goddamn day.
Mmm. Ms. Snugglybutts.

NICK

Coach Comte? Yeah, she's got a butt
on her ass.

Nick reaches out, attempting to dap fists.

BRENDAN

(imitating Weathers)

Sorry, pansies. This mechanical
heart's goin' nowhere.

(taps his ticker)

Hell if I'd miss a chance to make
your lives a living shit-fest. You
pansies tuned in for that?

WEATHERS, 65, beefy and thick-necked, strolls in with his
bicycle and helmet.

Brendan takes a seat next to Chet, and Weathers' rant begins,
exactly like they expected.

WEATHERS

All right, pansies. Playtime's
over. Show of hands -- whos ready
for business?

Weathers raises his hand, alone. No one's ready for business.

WEATHERS (CONT'D)

Or we could sit around playing
patty-cake baker's man. Who's ready
for that?

Everyone raises their hands except Chet, who takes the
opportunity to put a sticker on Student's back.

WEATHERS (CONT'D)

Forty-one years and this is the
worst group of pansies I ever seen.
Not worth the spit you're made of.

Weathers spits into his palm and washes his hands.

Brendan glances at Chet, nodding his approval.

WEATHERS (CONT'D)

One more year to fart around, then
the real world stomps your faces in
the mud. And you three --

(pointing to Chet,
Brendan, Randall)

-- don't even got a year. Clock's
tickin'. Got what, six weeks? Then
your world comes crashin' down.

(their world crashing
down)

Pppppp... How's that for patty
cake?

INT. AV ROOM - SAME

BJ THE DJ, 40, the black DJ/administrator, cues the
microphone. Tim Champetier mans the electrical equipment,
trying to figure out why the mic won't work. Mr. Saintz
supervises.

MR. SAINTZ

(sarcastic)

It's okay, Tim. We can't all be
competent. I don't know how to do
my job either.

Tim, visibly flustered, fidgets for a moment before finding
the problem cable, plugging it in, and giving BJ the DJ a
sarcastic thumbs up.

Cheap rap (all treble, no bass) starts, opening the morning
announcements.

IN THE GYMNASIUM

Weathers cringes with disgust.

BACK IN THE AV ROOM

The music fades as BJ the DJ eases toward the mic.

BJ THE DJ

What up, boys n' girls.

Mr. Saintz stares blindly at BJ. Tim pretends to bite Mr.
Saintz's head off and chew it.

BJ THE DJ (CONT'D)

That right, it BJ the DJ with some
scrumptious mornin' announcement.

INT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Eric Nygren sits on the stage, alone in the auditorium, holding an apple to his mouth.

BJ THE DJ (V.O.)
Rememba Decemba? That right. Had us
a fire drill. We betta do betta
than we did then.

Eric Nygren flicks a lighter at the top of the apple, taking a hit. He exhales a plume of smoke.

BJ THE DJ (V.O.)
Fires real or fires mock, they
still fires and you take it legit.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

A luscious ass in tight pants. The ass shifts as the hips sway, executing the perfect golf swing.

BJ THE DJ (V.O.)
Coach Comte hittin' the road with
her girls, 'bout to win dat gold.
Holla at 'em, show dat Moore High
support.

The ass belongs to COACH COMTE, standing on the green next to a few of her LADY GOLFERS.

BJ THE DJ (V.O.)
My girl Sheree 17th birfday
tomorrow.

INT. ART HISTORY - CONTINUOUS

BJ THE DJ (V.O.)
Say what up, buy her some coconut
milk.

SHEREE, hot and popular, applauds. KATHY, 29, the art history teacher, smiles patiently.

INT. AV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tim's still pretending to eat Saintz's head. Saintz turns, only to find Tim picking his teeth with his fingernail.

BJ THE DJ
That all we gots today. 'S been
Beej to the Deej, yo own precious
BJ. As always, keep Moore smilin'.

He cues the rap and reclines. Another successful morning announcement.

INT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Weathers, still wincing, waits for the music to fade out.

WEATHERS
Who wants a kick in the ass? What
about you, Randall?

Randall slouches, trying to disappear.

EXT. TRACK - MINUTES LATER

Brendan and Chet are walking the mile, chatting. Classmates run by periodically.

Weathers, twenty yards away, dares Randall to punch him in the face. He calms down as the beautiful Coach Comte approaches, golf bag slung over her shoulder.

CHET
That's the kind of ass a man could
impregnate.

Comte and Weathers chat. Speaking with her, Weathers becomes almost a decent human being.

CHET (CONT'D)
Who could put a better piece of
dick in Snugglybutts: you or
Weathers? Keep in mind you're a
pussy.

Chet sees Brendan's gaze is elsewhere.

CHET (CONT'D)
You see this?

Chet follows his gaze across the track, where a BIOLOGY TEACHER lectures his class, sitting on benches around picnic tables. One student attracts his attention: a blonde in a sexy cat costume -- GRACE, a junior.

BIOLOGY TEACHER
 (barely audible)
 Who carry oat? Eucaryote!

Biology Teacher laughs.

CHET
 Grace? Still?

Brendan's staring at Grace.

CHET (CONT'D)
 No, you're right. You should ask
 her out so she can dump you again.

Grace, unaware of her observers, takes notes.

CHET (CONT'D)
 Buy her flowers and chocolate n'
 shit, just like before.
 (imitating Brendan)
 "Gracie Poo Poo. Gracey butt. My
 Wittle Monster Fart."

Chet turns to find Brendan running down the track, a Black Girls sticker on his back.

BRENDAN
 The mile.

Chet salutes Brendan with a middle finger.

INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE - LATER

Care Bears memorabilia litters the room. The walls, painted pink, are dotted with white wispy clouds. MS. LANDIS, 60, overweight and gaudy, stitches a Care Bear's head, her glasses resting on the bridge of her nose.

Chet, still in his gym clothes, watches. He turns to see Brendan's middle finger, waiting.

Retaliation.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY - LATER

Chet drops a roll of film. Brendan reaches under the table to retrieve it, only to find Chet waiting with the Double Middle Finger.

Nunnster watches Chet from the next table over. She smiles at him, obviously interested. The door OPENS.

OFFICE AID enters.

OFFICE AID
Chet Seierstad and Brendan Palmer.

Office Aid holds out two notes.

OFFICE AID (CONT'D)
Your winning lottery tickets.

INT. MR. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Chet's seated in front of Mr. Saintz's desk, still in his gym clothes. Mr. Saintz circles him in interrogation mode.

Brendan stands at the door, waving his middle finger in the window.

MR. SAINTZ
Any idea who changed the marquee?

CHET
We have a marquee? Here? At Moore?

MR. SAINTZ
Don't get wise, Chet. Wisdom's not
your racket. You're a vandal.
You're the stickers guy.

Mr. Saintz's focus shifts to a Black Girls sticker on his framed diploma.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)
I don't think the school is the
best place to promote your dad's
band.

CHET
What makes you think it was me?
Everyone loves Black Girls.

MR. SAINTZ
No one likes Black Girls.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Brendan's in the hot seat. Mr. Saintz changes tactics.

MR. SAINTZ

I have to admit, I'm impressed. I
love word configuration. The way
letters just...

Mr. Saintz moulds imaginary words in his hands.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)

...you know? If we could find out
who did that, maybe we could... I
don't know. What do you think?

BRENDAN

I think whoever did that's got
quite a future ahead of himself. Or
herself. Who says it wasn't a girl?
I think, nowadays, people really
underestimate the female.

Mr. Saintz grimaces as Brendan rambles on.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

If you ask me, the first woman
President is right around the
corner. That's the thing about
women...

Brendan's rambling turns into the WHIRRING of an electric
mixer.

INT. HOME EC - LATER

An electric mixer beats batter. As it stops, Brendan dips two
fingers in, raising them to his lips and tasting the mix.

Chet, beside him, is wearing gym clothes under his frilled
apron.

CHET

It's the same shit. He can't prove
anything and it's driving him
crazy... You didn't rat me out, did
you?

BRENDAN

Is that even a question?

CHET

Good. 'Cause I told him it was you.

Brendan flips Chet the bird, holding his gaze, until his eyes
flutter from Chet's face down to --

AN UPRAISED MIDDLE FINGER ON THE COUNTERTOP. Chet's been waiting.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Mr. Saintz and BJ the DJ are on patrol.

MR. SAINTZ

It's amazing the things these kids think they can get away with. Have you heard of the Ivy League Rub?

The bell rings. Students fill the halls. Murmurs of conversation, shuffling feet.

Brendan passes, going the other way.

BRENDAN

Hey, Mr. Saintz.

MR. SAINTZ

(nodding)

Brendan.

We stay with Brendan as he heads to Chet's locker.

MR. SAINTZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I hate that kid... What were you saying?

Brendan and Chet do their secret handshake. Kelsey joins from the other direction.

CHET

What happened to Career Management?

BRENDAN

Had to put an end to the middle finger shit.

Chet shrugs.

KELSEY

(to Chet)

Why are you still in your sweats?

CHET

I haven't worked out yet. What's your next class?

KELSEY

French.

CHET
Wanna skip?

KELSEY
Oui, Oui.

Kelsey hops on Chet's back. He piggybacks her away, ditching Brendan.

CHET
I'll show you Wee-Wee.

Brendan turns to Randall, their locker neighbor.

BRENDAN
What do you think, Randall? Is he
living the dream?

RANDALL
(ancient Chinese proverb)
The dreama of-a-da-retarded fag.

INT. STAIRWELL - MINUTES LATER

Chet drapes a shirt over the hand railing.

Kelsey cups her breasts through her bra as Chet takes off his shirt.

KELSEY
I think I'm gonna get my tongue
pierced. Nips would hurt too much.

Chet slips his pants off and approaches in his underwear.

CHET
Good. I like your little flapjacks
just how they are.

Chet pinches her tit. She swats at his hand, pretending to pout.

CHET (CONT'D)
I can't help it. I'm in the itty
bitty titty committee.

KELSEY
I wish I had 36DDDs. I'd beat the
shit out of you.

Kelsey swings her massive imaginary tits at Chet. He pretends to dodge them.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
But all I've got is these... my
little flapjacks. It's pathetic.

CHET
I think Bruce King and I would
disagree.

Chet rubs his boner against her leg.

INT. ART HISTORY - MINUTES LATER

Brendan's on Kathy's computer, creeping on Grace's facebook page.

KATHY (O.S.)
Da Vinci. Botticelli. Michelangelo.

Kathy stands in the center of the room, surrounded by ART HISTORY STUDENTS broken into small groups, their desks clustered together. No one's paying attention.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Exciting names in an exciting time.
And, if you want even more
excitement, turn to page 236.

A few students unenthusiastically open their textbooks.
INSERT - an unflattering
painting of a nude woman.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Beautiful, isn't it? The natural
woman. Realistic curves. No animal-
tested garbage smeared on her face.
And, guys, when your parents ask
about your day, you can tell them
you saw boobs.

Kathy's lecture goes under as Nunnster approaches Brendan.

NUNNSTER
Stalking Grace?

BRENDAN
What? I just...

Brendan opens a biography on Jacopo Di Poggibonsi in another window.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

I saw that she put an old photo up
and forgot to tag me. I was just
tagging it.

NUNNSTER

What happened to Chet? He was in
Photo.

Brendan resumes his creeping.

BRENDAN

He's not feeling well.

NUNNSTER

What's wrong?

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Nick Caterwauler, hall pass in hand, slows at a pair of double doors, pressing his ear against one.

BRENDAN (V.O.)

He's got a thing.

NUNNSTER (V.O.)

What thing?

BRENDAN (V.O.)

Leprosy, scabies, continental
drift... all that jazz.

Nick opens the door just a crack, catching a glimpse of Chet fucking Kelsey. He logs his spank bank.

NUNNSTER (V.O.)

Is he gonna be okay?

BACK IN HISTORY

Brendan smiles.

BRENDAN

He'll be all right.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Chet strolls down the hall, radiating post-coital glow. He starts the chant that begins "The Circle of Life."

CHET
 Unyevahna, penguin ahm a babba/
 Unyevahana, penguin ahm a babba.

Chet approaches Brendan's locker, still chanting.

BRENDAN
 (singing)
 From the day we arrive on the
 planet/And blinking, step into the
 sun/There's more to see than can
 ever be seen/more to do than can
 ever be done.

Brendan stares across the hallway at Grace, standing with a group of FEMINISTS in cat costumes. JESSICA, Grace's older sister and lead Feminist, wears the most startling costume -- a giant black bush over the crotch.

Chet and Brendan follow Grace and Jessica toward the exit, a sign on Jessica's back reads APPROVED BY STUDENT COUNCIL.

CHET AND BRENDAN
 (singing)
 It's the Circle of Life!

Kelsey runs up, jumping onto Chet's back.

The student body unites in song. Several students follow Brendan and Chet to the exit.

CHET AND BRENDAN (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 And it moves us all/through despair
 and hope/through faith and love.

Mr. Saintz and BJ the DJ stand by the main entrance, watching the approach of singing students: Grace and Jessica; Brendan, Chet, and Kelsey; a herd of others.

CHET AND BRENDAN (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 Till we find our place/on the path
 unwinding/in the Circle...

Kelsey slides off Chet's back as they head out the --

MAIN ENTRANCE

Bursting out the front doors, students streaming behind them.

CHET AND BRENDAN (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 The Circle of Life!

Chet lifts Nick Caterwauler to the sky like a Young Simba.

A thuggish poetry student in horn-rimmed glasses and a buttoned shirt, BABY MONROE, punches Nick in the face.

Bystanders gasp, and Chet drops Nick. The mood shifts as a crowd forms.

BABY MONROE
Fuck you, lil monkey. I'm beat your
fuckin' ass.

Baby Monroe's ready for more, but Brendan holds him back.

BRENDAN
Baby Monroe! What the shit, man?

BABY MONROE
This whoopdy-doo starin' at my
girl's ass strap.

A big ass, MONROE'S GIRL. Pink thong hanging out. Each cheek shakes with precision.

Nick checks for blood on his upper lip. Yep.

BRENDAN
This kid? Little Sammy Thug Life?

BABY MONROE
Sammy? This Nick.

CHET
Sammy's not getting laid, man.
Ever.

BABY MONROE
The fuck is Sammy?

CHET
(to Nick)
Your name's Sammy, right?

NICK
Yeah. You got the wrong guy,
asshole. I'm Sammy.

Nick Caterwauler has been renamed. The crowd has heard. His name is now SAMMY.

BABY MONROE
You claim him, I'll go gentle into
that good night.
(MORE)

BABY MONROE (CONT'D)
But not airbody's sweet as me.
Somebody gonna get an ass beat.

BRENDAN
He's one of the little guys. Just
looking for a peek. That little
something for later.

BABY MONROE
I could piss him out my dick.
(to Sammy)
Sorry, little biscuit.

Baby Monroe shakes Sammy's hand. Sammy keeps it cool.

SAMMY
S'all good, gutter ball. Just don't
let it happen again.

BRENDAN
Run along now, Sammy.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy chases after Brendan, Chet, and Kelsey.

SAMMY
Wait up!

Brendan turns around, annoyed.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
I'm down, dog. Serious. I'm a
rapper. Wanna hear my shit?

BRENDAN
A little fire spitter, huh? You
should send your demo to Hand Job
Record's. BJ's label.

Sammy smiles, unsure whether or not Brendan is teasing.

Brendan walks away.

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT

A HAND smooths a wave of greasy black hair. The hand belongs
to NATHANIEL, a '50s hipster, standing with his girl, MOPSY.

NATHANIEL

I use rose oil tonic for the top,
Butch wax for the front, and
Vaseline for the sides. The perfect
Elvis.

Mopsy's impressed. Nathaniel pulls a rotten apple from his book bag and throws it. It splatters on the windshield of Randall's beat-up Toyota, in a line of cars waiting to exit.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

I hate that kid.

Nathaniel and Mopsy chuckle. Randall puts the car in park and hops out, staring at Nathaniel.

Nathaniel turns to Mopsy and kisses her like an asshole.

The line starts to move. The cars HONK at Randall. The drivers shout insults.

AT CHET'S CAR

Brendan turns to Chet and Kelsey as they toss their book bags in the backseat.

BRENDAN

Was everyone like that in the '50s?

CHET

It's Randall. He can Handlequink
it.

INT. RANDALL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Randall listens to sappy emo music. He's doing karate moves, furiously punching the air.

CUT TO:

Randall stares at his dog through the bedroom window. He taps twice. The dog looks at him.

CUT TO:

Randall plays Call of Duty online.

Randall sneaks behind another player, knifing his back.

RANDALL

Shink! Dying's for fags.

INT. CHET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chet and Kelsey are fucking. She's on top, a Black Girls sticker on each breast.

KELSEY
Is he gonna ask Grace out?

CHET
Who? Pusspussmaguss?

KELSEY
She never stops talking --

Chet's eyes widen as he grabs her. He's hitting the spot.

CHET
There it is.

KELSEY
Mhmm.

Chet gets aggressive and shifts positions, knocking things over.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CHET'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Violent Femmes play on the stereo.

A crushed beer can and a half-empty bottle of whiskey rest on the ironing board, as Chet's dad, JOJO, irons a work shirt emblazoned with "Jojo's Locksmith."

The doorbell RINGS.

BACK IN CHET'S BEDROOM

Hearing footsteps, Chet and Kelsey stop, mid-coitus, and pull the blanket to their chins.

CHET
(whispered)
Fuck.

Their closed eyelids flutter -- they're obviously awake -- as Jojo and Brendan come down the hall.

Jojo enters, holding his drink(s).

JOJO
Brendan's here, Chet.

Chet opens his eyes.

JOJO (CONT'D)
It's Brendan.

CHET
Huh? We fell asleep.
(nudging Kelsey)
Kels.

Kelsey's eyes open.

BRENDAN
It's time. Let's go.

Brendan yanks the blanket, exposing them.

JOJO
Sweet.

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brendan parks his car next to a mailbox shaped like a mermaid.

IN BRENDAN'S CAR

Brendan points a thumb at the mermaid.

BRENDAN
That's it right there. Exactly what I'm picturing on my chest. Nipple to nipple mermaid.

KELSEY
Come when I get my tongue pierced.

Chet shakes his head disapprovingly.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
You know, the Aztecs used to pierce their tongues. As an offering to Allah.

CHET
The Aztecs were a buncha whores.

BRENDAN
I've heard that it can be pleasurable for the male. In the case of a blowjob.

An awkward beat.

CHET

Let's do this.

BRENDAN

Locked and loaded and ready to go?

CHET

Gobble gobble gobble.

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A classical song plays euphonically as they teepee the house. Chet and Brendan throw large loops with perfect form. Kelsey throws weakly, barely hitting the bottom branches.

AT KELSEY

The music goes under as Kelsey grabs two more rolls. She throws one at a nearby tree, missing entirely.

CHET

It just isn't your day. Fucking up
the teepee job and talking about
getting stupid shit in your face.

Kelsey drops the roll and heads back to the car.

CHET (CONT'D)

Kels.

Brendan continues teepeeing as Chet catches up to Kelsey by the car.

Chet grabs her arm, and they argue for a moment. She slaps him. He kisses her.

They climb into Brendan's car.

BRENDAN

Ah. To be young and in love.

Brendan launches the last roll at the house.

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The roll strikes Sammy's window. Sammy looks out, his eye swollen from earlier.

Brendan, face obscured by tree branches, makes a series of obscene hand gestures at the house.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Brendan leaves the most majestic teepee job in the tri-state area. Snippets of toilet paper flutter from every branch.

Approaching the car, Brendan sees Kelsey's naked leg rubbing against the window.

RANDALL (V.O.)
Where does it hurt, darling? Your leg? Your little leggy lambkins?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A pocket knife scrapes a Barbie doll's leg.

WIDER - Randall sits in front of his locker, whittling a Barbie's leg with a pocket knife.

Chet gets his shit out of the next locker over.

CHET
Damn, Randall. Go to town.

RANDALL
She's got gangrene in her leg. I have to amputate.

Randall's really going at her leg.

CHET
Oh, right. So that's how you have fun.

RANDALL
I got some shit in my car, man.
Shit that'll fuck you up.

Chet closes his locker and heads to class.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
You're not interested?

INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE - LATER

Brendan and Chet sit at adjacent computers. Brendan is creeping on Grace's facebook again.

Chet raises his hand.

MS. LANDIS
Oh yaay! A question.

CHET
(points at his dick)
Bathroom.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sammy sits with BRIANNA, a cutie ten years before her prime, eating lunch. She examines his black eye.

BRIANNA
I like it. It gives you a new sexy
edge.

She touches it gently, almost reluctantly.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
Does it hurt?

SAMMY
I wish I had some aspirin.

BRIANNA
You can have some of my mom's
oxycodone, if you want.

Chet approaches from down the hall, wearing a sign around his neck -- a Care Bear pissing a rainbow -- that reads BATHROOM PASS.

CHET
Looks like Sammy all growed up.

Sammy extends his fist, waiting for a dap. Chet ignores it.

SAMMY
Think I could get some babes with
this battle scar? I bet Amanda
Shrapnel wants a piece of this. Or
Beatrice Duncan.

(Beatrice Duncan)
"Hey, it's me, Beatrice Duncan. Am
I suckin' that dick or are we
bagpiping?"

Brianna is hurt.

CHET
Can you excuse us? This is a
penis/penis conversation... Could
you vagina your way out?

BRIANNA

Suck it.

Brianna pulls the front of her pants up, gesturing at her crotch. No one's fazed. Sammy attempts to dap her out.

SAMMY

Baby Monroe and his woopdy-doos
teepeed my house last night. Total
shit storm.

Chet forces a laugh.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

I hate that guy. Let's show him who
he's fuckin'.

CHET

You were staring at his girl's ass.
(beat)

How about I take you out to lunch?
Skip next period and grab some
chicken fries.

Mr. Saintz shuffles by, sacked lunch in hand.

MR. SAINTZ

Is this our new classroom? What are
we teaching here? Truancy or
tardiness?

Mr. Saintz smiles, congratulating himself on his exceptional administrative skills.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY - LATER

PHOTOGRAPHY KID shows photos of his trip to the dog park to several other STUDENTS. MR. RAMIREZ watches from his desk, thoroughly entertained.

PHOTOGRAPHY KID

Dachshund bark like this:
barkbarkbarkbark. Poodle bark like
this:

(sexy)

Bark... barkbark... bark...

Brendan and Chet sit across from each other at a table. Brendan's into Photography Kid's jokes. Chet draws a cruel caricature.

BRENDAN
I'm ready. Puberty hit... just now.
This broad's got no fear.

Chet continues his drawing, half-listening.

CHET
(mocking Brendan)
Mamble-bamble.

BRENDAN
I'm talking Grace. I'm stepping it
up.

CHET
Lies... Wait, do you hear that?

Chet claps his hand like a clam in front of his crotch.

CHET (CONT'D)
Pussy.

Brendan's up and moving. Chet turns -- Nunnster is hovering over him.

NUNNSTER
You're really good.

CHET
Tell that to Mr. Ramirez. He says
cartoons don't fly in photography.

NUNNSTER
Fuck Mr. Ramirez.

Mr. Ramirez shoots Nunnster a look.

NUNNSTER (CONT'D)
You're like the guy who did
Peanuts. You could be the next him.

CHET
Charles something, right?

NUNNSTER
Charles Shulz?

CHET
No...

NUNNSTER
Charles Webb?

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Sheree dances down the hall, three helium balloons bouncing behind her.

SHEREE
(singing to herself)
I'm here. I'm nowhere else but
here. This is where I am. And look:
I brought balloons.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHHY - MOMENTS LATER

Brendan pulls a chair up to Mr. Ramirez's desk.

BRENDAN
I just got it, Mr. Ramirez. That
burst of creative juice you've been
talking about.

MR. RAMIREZ
The inner fire?

BRENDAN
I'm on fire, sir. I need to check
out a camera.

Mr. Ramirez hands Brendan the sign-out sheet. Brendan signs himself out.

INSERT - Destination: Grace

MR. RAMIREZ
Take Chet with you. Maybe you can
set him on fire.

Chet and Nunnster are still guessing names.

CHET
It doesn't matter. He sucks dick
anyway.

MR. RAMIREZ
Chet! I hope your room's cleaner
than your language. Don't you have
photos to mount?

CHET
I'm not a photographer, Mr.
Ramirez. I'm a cartoonist.

MR. RAMIREZ
Throw out claims all day, doesn't
make 'em true. I love animals, but
I'm no George Henry Hamilton Tate.

Chet scrunches his nose. Who's George Henry Hamilton Tate?

EXT. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

TWO RANDOM STUDENTS are giggling as they run across the parking lot, skipping class.

IN RANDALL'S CAR

Randall, wearing his dad's trench coat, takes a pull from a bottle of raspberry vodka.

RANDALL
(to the bottle)
Who's fucked up?

Randall raises his hand.

CUT TO:

Randall approaches the school, buzzes and angry. He glances about.

Tim Champetier parks, watching Randall enter the school.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
I've been here before. This place
eats a dick.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Brendan and Chet shuffle along, cameras slung around their necks.

BRENDAN
So what's up with you and Nunnster?
She starting your fan club?

Chet puts a Black Girls sticker on the wall, ignoring the question.

Brendan turns right. Chet turns left, pauses.

CHET
Where are you going?

BRENDAN
Grace has marketing.

CHET
No-you-fucking-didn't.

Brendan smiles timidly.

CHET (CONT'D)
You're on your own. I'm taking
Sammy to lunch.

BRENDAN
Why?

CHET
We owe it to him.

BRENDAN
We made that kid's life. He was
anonymous Nick. Now he's Sammy!

Weathers marches down the hall, followed by a train of
students hefting mini-dumbbells.

WEATHERS
What's the deal, pansies?

Chet and Brendan exit, heading in different directions.

INT. MARKETING - BRENDAN'S DREAM - MOMENTS LATER

Brendan enters.

BRENDAN
Could I borrow Grace for a moment?
I got something she needs to hear.

Brendan breaks into song, singing and shaking his hips as he
approaches Grace's seat.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
(singing)
They say we're young/and we don't
know/we won't find out/until we
grow./Well, I don't know/if all
that's true/'cause you got me, and
baby I got you. Babe. I got you,
babe. I got --

CUT TO:

INT. MARKETING - MOMENTS LATER

Brendan enters.

BRENDAN

Hi. I'm... Is Grace here? I've got
a photo pass.

He smiles nervously.

INT. MR. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Randall enters. The room is empty.

RANDALL

Two-faced son of a jackal.

On the wall, another motivational poster -- a bear catching a fish over a waterfall -- reads: SUCCESS!

Randall punches the poster and winces.

INT. AV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tim enters and flips on the lights.

He opens his duffel bag: a revolver, ammunition, an un-assembled rifle.

At a shelf in the corner he pushes miscellaneous junk aside, pulling down a homemade explosive.

He pulls a note out of his shirt pocket, unfolds it, and pins it to a corkboard. It reads:

Ich liebe die toten Frauen.

(subtitled:)

Time for action.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Brendan and Grace walk together.

BRENDAN

I just felt the fire, you know? The
inner flow of emotions, the...
whup, here it comes.

Brendan stops, snapping a photo of Grace.

He rejoins her and they continue down the hall.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
So what's new? You and Jessica
still cutting throats and spreading
the gospel?

GRACE
Yeah, but not really, you know?

BRENDAN
So you're only like half-lesbian?

Oops. That wasn't the right thing to say.

GRACE
What's this all about?

BRENDAN
We don't talk anymore. Now it's
just like...

GRACE
Like what?

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GOVERNMENT - MINUTES LATER

Chet stands outside, peering through the window at Kelsey.

Kelsey spots him and blows a kiss, but -- INTERCEPTED! Eric Nygren catches it with a sturdy fist, laughing.

Randall, at the end of the hall, shuffles toward Chet who, unaware, lifts his shirt, pressing his naked breast against the window.

CHET
(to himself)
Get at this titty milk, muh slut.
Taste this milk.

RANDALL
(ancient Chinese proverb)
One thousanda little workers, maka
possiba da backne dynasty.

CHET
Fuck off, Randall. I'm catching
kisses.

RANDALL
You seen Saintz? He saw me bail
outta school. Assdick called my
house. My mom's hungover and
pissed, like,
(MORE)

RANDALL (CONT'D)
(mocking mother's voice)
"Randall! Boy, where in the hot
fuck you get off to?"

CHET
Cool.

RANDALL
Sucked, man. I was fucking raging!
(beat)
Hey, get a picture of this.

Randall opens the trench coat, flashing Chet the raspberry vodka.

Chet raises the camera and notices, over Randall's shoulder, a rifle pointed at him. Behind the rifle: one very pissed-off Tim Champetier.

IN THE CLASSROOM

Chet's disappeared from the window. Kelsey looks up. The hall is still, suddenly silent.

Eric Nygren approaches the glass, eager for a better view.

A GUNSHOT rings out. Students jump, startled.

ERIC NYGREN
Excuse me, Mr. Santrelli. Kelsey's
fag -- excuse me, douche boyfriend
is disrupting your wonderful class.

BACK IN THE HALLWAY

Chet slumps against the wall, bleeding from his shoulder, murmuring.

Tim approaches, aiming the rifle at Randall.

TIM
(to Randall)
Don't fucking move.

Randall stands petrified as Tim grabs the camera from Chet.

TIM (CONT'D)
This is a Putzner Prize right here.

Tim snaps a photo of Chet. He slings the camera around Chet's neck.

TIM (CONT'D)
Now get one of me.

Tim steps back, striking a bad ass pose.

Eric pops outside, standing between Tim and Chet.

ERIC NYGREN
Hey, Dildang, what's --

Eric locks eyes with Tim as he realizes this isn't a photo shoot.

Chet scurries into the open classroom.

ERIC NYGREN (CONT'D)
Shit.

IN THE CLASSROOM

Chet, surrounded by confused faces, closes the door.

A GUNSHOT.

Students shriek.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LIBRARY - SAME

Weathers stands in front of his exhausted class.

WEATHERS
Tired already? Pansies.

A GUNSHOT.

Students scream.

Weathers toughens up.

INT. GOVERNMENT - CONTINUOUS

Silence.

Students huddle together, paralyzed in fear. Chet holds his injured shoulder, watching the door.

IN THE HALLWAY

Tim turns from Eric Nygren to see Randall, scampering down a set of stairs. He fires, nicking Randall's leg.

Randall tumbles down the staircase. The bottle shatters on the floor below.

Eric, gasping on the floor, raises a hand defensively.

Tim pulls a revolver from his belt and aims at Eric.

IN THE CLASSROOM

The GOVERNMENT TEACHER is halfway out the window on the far wall. A few students, after helping him out, follow his lead.

A GUNSHOT.

Kelsey kneels beside Chet, putting her arm around his waist. She helps raise him to his feet and heads to the window.

INT. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - SAME

Mr. Saintz has never been more satisfied by a TURKEY SANDWICH.

A GUNSHOT.

Scattered screams.

Mr. Saintz flinches. He pauses, sandwich inches from his mouth, suspicious. He continues eating. It's delicious.

Another SHOT.

Mr. Saintz turns his walkie talkie on -- it's already hot.

EXT. GARDEN - SAME

Brendan stands in front of Grace.

BRENDAN
I didn't pull you out of class for
photos... I wanted...

Brendan gets down on one knee and takes her hand.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Grace Catherine Lumptrumpstopher,
will you give this -- us -- another
shot? I wanna renew our vows. I
want you to be my GF again.

GRACE
Brendan...

Grace steps back, removing her hand from Brendan's. He stands.

BRENDAN
I'm inexperienced, Grace. I don't know what I'm doing.

GRACE
Everyone told me you were a 'p' word. I didn't believe it.

BRENDAN
Well, rumors are true sometimes... The last girl I dated, she ranked all the guys had kissed. I was number eleven.

GRACE
Out of what? Eleven?

Brendan laughs, embarrassed. Grace smiles.

BRENDAN
If you were my partner in crime, I'd kiss you all the way to jail.

She's waiting for it. He kisses her.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Will you let me be your bumper-dumpling?

Grace stares into his eyes, smiling.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
And my Stinky Baby? And my --

They're interrupted by students wailing.

INT. CAFETERIA - SAME

Students dash through the cafeteria, screaming as they flee the school.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Heading to the History Wing, Sammy hears a SCREAM. He screams right back, laughing to himself.

Tim, at the end of the hall, is reloading his revolver when he sees Sammy. Hurrying, Tim drops the bullets.

SAMMY

Tim?

Sammy backpedals, his gaze on Tim.

TIM

Little Nick. The names guy. Knows everybody's name and no one knows his.

Tim shoves his revolver into his pants and slings the rifle off his back.

SAMMY

Tim...

Tim raises the rifle to eye-level, aiming.

TIM

Peakaboo.

Sammy turns to run and slips. Tim fires, missing him by inches. The recoil breaks Tim's nose.

Tim, squealing in pain, drops the rifle and grabs his nose. Blood trickles down his face into his cupped hands.

Sammy scampers away.

Tim picks up the rifle, slings it over his shoulder, and hurries after him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

At the far end of the parking lot, Brendan and Grace join a group of students milling about, crying, unsure what to do.

BRENDAN

What's going on?

BJ the DJ jogs up to the crowd. Several frightened students hug him.

BJ THE DJ

Hey, hey, hey. The police are on the way.

INT. HISTORY WING - MOMENTS LATER

Tim turns the corner in time to see Sammy running away. He raises his revolver.

WEATHERS (O.S.)
Hey!

Weathers approaches.

WEATHERS (CONT'D)
Put that gun down! Whatever you're going through, son... If you're molested, you got a drug problem, you're homosexual.

Is that all Tim needs? A little understanding?

WEATHERS (CONT'D)
Help's around the corner. Let's get you in some kind of program, get you medicated --

Tim interrupts Weathers with a shot to the chest. Weathers doesn't go down. Tim shoots again. That does it.

HISTORY STUDENT runs for it. A SHOT. He drops, whimpering.

A door flies open and FRESHMAN FEMALE runs out. Tim shoots and her and misses. He fires again: hit.

Tim hears a student crying from inside a locker. He shoots the locker. The crying stops.

Tim reloads the revolver with his last bullets and continues down the hall.

EXT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Kelsey helps Chet outside, where they witness the chaotic response. Scattered students flee from the school. Squad cars pull up en masse, sirens blaring.

COPS hop out, rushing the entrances. Mr. Saintz follows.

MR. SAINTZ
The History Wing! Hurry!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sheree slinks away as stealthily as possible in high heels. The balloons bob around her.

Sammy flies around the corner, knocking her down. The balloons float to the ceiling.

SAMMY
It's Tim, he's... he's...

Tim turns the corner and strolls down the hall, homemade explosives in hand.

Sammy runs off. Sheree stumbles to her feet, facing Tim.

SHEREE
Don't. Please. It's my birthday.

Tim continues after Sammy.

TIM
Happy birthday.

He tosses the explosive over his shoulder as he passes.

Sheree's eyes widen as the explosive lands at her feet. She kicks it away. It slides a few inches down the hall.

Sheree shrieks as the explosive sputters and crackles -- more a firework than a bomb.

DOWN ANOTHER HALLWAY

Sammy's running for his life. He slows to peek in classroom windows. In some, STUDENTS huddle in corners. Others are empty.

Sammy turns a corner and ducks into a classroom.

Tim, turning the corner, watches the door swing shut. He grins, wiping a trickle of blood from his nose.

INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tim enters the darkened room. Sun filters through blinds on the far wall. No sign of Sammy.

Tim walks through the room, slowly searching.

TIM
It sucks to be Nick Caterwauler. It sucks to be Tim Champetier. Bad luck for both of us, huh Nick? Or is it Sammy now?

Tim finds Sammy cowering behind a spare desk. He opens the chamber, checking his ammunition.

TIM (CONT'D)
Three bullets left. Fifty-fifty
chance.

Tim spins the chamber.

TIM (CONT'D)
(News Reporter)
Massacre today at Moore High
School. Several students shot,
including Nick Caterwauler. Wait,
hold on. We're receiving word it
wasn't Nick. It was Sammy.

He points the gun at Sammy.

SAMMY
(crying)
Fucker.

Mr. Saintz and a team of Cops burst in. Tim, seeing he's
trapped, raises the gun to his head.

TIM
Oh look: the pigs. Too little too
late, guys. It's okay. We can't all
be competent.

Tim grins at Mr. Saintz.

TIM (CONT'D)
I guess you really can't do your
jobs. Adios, shitheads.

Tim pulls the trigger. It CLICKS.

Cops swarm around him, clubbing him with nightsticks. The
first blow knocks his glasses off.

Mr. Saintz dances helplessly around the Cops.

MR. SAINTZ
Officers! Officers, please! You've
made your point!

Sammy runs past as the Cops continue thrashing Tim.

EXT. CAMPUS - LATER

Students cluster, sitting on curbs, weeping, watching,
confused. Lights flash from squad cars. A firetruck sits by
the flagpole.

REPORTERS have shown up. Cameras flash.

EMTs push Tim toward a waiting ambulance. His face has been beaten beyond recognition. Someone has courteously placed his glasses back on his nose. He'll be dead in an hour.

FADE TO BLACK.

CHANNEL 4 (V.O.)
A suburban school in Traverse City,
Michigan, was shut down today after
a student...

ON TELEVISION

The channels flip -- it's on every station.

CHANNEL 5
...a reported 17 shots fired...

CHANNEL 7
...One confirmed dead, several more
injured...

CHANNEL 11
Who are our kids?

CHANNEL 30
Another American high school
tragedy.

INT. CHET'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chet continues flipping channels until he comes to a documentary on everyone's favorite game: Patty-Cake.

Chet turns the TV off, wincing. Jojo, next to him, plays doctor, drinking a beer and sewing up Chet's wounds.

INT. BRENDAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Brendan's in his pajamas, eating cereal. His MOM, a businesswoman, is sipping coffee and reading the newspaper. The headline: SHOCKED!

INT. SAMMY'S ROOM - DAY

Sammy looks out his window at a few stray pieces of toilet paper fluttering from the topmost branches.

INT. MOOMERS ICE CREAM - DAY

Grace and Kelsey stand behind the counter in aprons. Business is dead.

INT. RANDALL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Randall plays Call of Duty, a bandage wrapped around his leg.

INT. CHET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chet lies the wrong way in his bed, staring at the ceiling. His arm's in a sling. Kelsey sits against the headboard, watching him.

WEATHERS (V.O.)

Well, pansies, I gotta admit it. I don't understand the long faces.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

WEATHERS (V.O.)

We had that crybaby funeral for Eric What's-His-Face.

Hundreds of MOURNERS flock around the plot where Eric Nygren's casket is being lowered.

EXT. SHEREE'S HOUSE - DAY

WEATHERS (V.O.)

The liberal news media interviewed every goddamned pansy they could get their hands on.

Sheree's being interviewed by a REPORTER. She pantomimes a bomb landing at her feet. She's on the verge of tears.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

WEATHERS (V.O.)

We had that candlelight prayer session. Cleansed the school of the demons.

CHURCH FOLK stand at their pews, their faces somber in the candlelight.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Weathers lies in a hospital bed, talking to Mr. Saintz and BJ the DJ who, away from the students, drops his DJ persona.

WEATHERS

Enough yammering, enough tears. The thing ran its course. How much time do we waste?

Mr. Saintz and BJ the DJ are dumbfounded.

BJ THE DJ

We're recovering, Bob. As fast as we can.

WEATHERS

Little piss-ant shot me twice. You hear me complaining? Where are your bullet holes? Christ.

MR. SAINTZ

As reigning teacher of the month, I respect your right to an opinion, but I have to disagree with you here.

WEATHERS

No one cares about the shit that died, just like no one cares about the shit that shot him. People just -- yap, yap, yap. Need something to talk about.

MR. SAINTZ

They're kids, Bob.

WEATHERS

It's death, Quince. Comes to everybody sooner or later. Light a fart and start a party.

EXT. PUBLIC POOL - DAY

A tarp lays over the pool, covered in scattered puddles of scummy water.

Synth pop blasts from a STEREO on a table, next to a row of hamburgers and hot dogs. Brendan opens a bag of chips and dumps them into a bowl of crumbs.

Brendan grabs a soda from the cooler, cracking it open as he surveys the party: nothing exciting.

Grace is talking with Jessica when Brendan approaches, sipping his drink.

BRENDAN
Hey, ladies.

JESSICA
I can't believe you asked Grace out during the shooting. Typical male.

Brendan stands awkwardly.

GRACE
Get off my man, hoe.

Jessica scoffs as she walks away.

BRENDAN
I should have cancelled this thing.

Grace moves closer.

GRACE
You wanna go to the dunes tomorrow? I just figured, since we don't have school...

BRENDAN
I'm definitely feeling sand dunes.

AMANDA SHRAPNEL, a hot party girl, approaches, pulling a half-pint bottle of tequila from her purse.

AMANDA SHRAPNEL
Anybody want a drink? I mean, we survived, right?

Amanda takes a swig and offers the bottle to Grace.

Grace takes a swig, wincing as she hands the bottle to Brendan. Brendan raises the bottle, toasting.

BRENDAN
We survived.

CUT TO:

INT. CHET'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chet swigs from a half-pint bottle of whiskey.

Brendan and Kelsey watch as he shakes off the aftertaste. His eyes water.

Brendan's phone BEEPS. He flips it open, reading.

Kelsey nestles into Chet. He winces.

CHET
Fuck, Kels.

Chet grabs his hurt shoulder and glances at Brendan, all smiles about his text.

CHET (CONT'D)
Somebody's happy.

BRENDAN
Somebody's got a date at the sand dunes. You need anything?

Chet shakes his head.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
All right, man. I'm out.

Brendan extends his fist. Chet daps him lazily.

Brendan's gone. Kelsey slides closer to Chet.

KELSEY
You're a hero now. How many people can say they survived a shooting?

FADE TO BLACK.

SCREAMING.

EXT. SLEEPING BEAR SAND DUNES - LATER

Children in PIRATE costumes slide down the dunes, shrieking in delight.

BRENDAN (O.S.)
All this sand. It's like God went to the beach and emptied his vagina right here.

Grace and Brendan are sitting at the edge of a dune.

GRACE
What if we skipped? We would have missed everything.

Brendan cups a handful of sand and watches it sift through his fingers.

BRENDAN

I'm about to graduate. All the awesome shit that's happened... the parties. New Years last year at Baby Monroe's.

GRACE

Breaking into Sarah Carter's swimming pool.

BRENDAN

Exactly. All the good times. Black Girls concerts. Chet getting jumped outside Mooners. But no, I'm gonna remember the asshole that came to school and shot everybody.

Brendan picks up another handful of sand.

GRACE

Throw another party. A beach party.

Brendan throws the sand.

BRENDAN

No one gives a shit. Chet didn't even show up.

GRACE

He would.

BRENDAN

We need everyone, Boobies.

GRACE

I wish you'd give me a different nickname.

BRENDAN

I'm serious, Titteranomous.

Grace smiles, watching the Pirates slide down the dune.

GRACE

I wanna do that.

CUT TO:

Brendan and Grace race down, faces aglow, Pirates on all sides.

Grace slips and slides down. Brendan dives, belly-surfing right behind her.

AT THE BASE OF THE DUNE

Brendan and Grace are cuddling. She kisses him.

They kiss for a moment before Brendan pulls back.

GRACE
What's wrong? Too sandy?

BRENDAN
(self-conscious)
Yeah.

Brendan checks his inner lip for sand. Nope.

Grace watches the Pirates playing nearby.

GRACE
Not to mention the swarm of
Pirates.

She smiles unconvincingly.

JOJO (V.O.)
(shouting)
You fucked her yet?

INT. CHET'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

Jojo's loading dishes in the dishwasher with one hand, cradling a beer in the other. A small TV plays silently on the counter.

JOJO
(shouting)
Brendan!

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Chet and Brendan are sitting on the sofa, cutting out Black Girls promo cards.

JOJO (O.S.)
I need to get my ex-wife to break
you in?

BACK IN THE KITCHEN

Jojo chuckles to himself and sips his beer.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

CHET

I could get Kelsey to pop your cherry. She's great, man.

BRENDAN

Nah. Who knows what she has.

CHET

I'll tell you what she has: great fucking sex.

JOJO (O.S.)

(shouting)

Do her friends know your Pops is in a Violent Femmes cover band? I'm a rock star, dudes. A rock star that needs a hand-out.

Chet and Brendan ignore Jojo.

BRENDAN

You should fuck Kelsey in the library tomorrow. First day back.

CHET

I think I'm gonna hold off on the dumb shit for the rest of the year.

BRENDAN

Well, if she's got the time, I guess I could take that free fuck.

CHET

(pissed off)

That was a limited time offer.

BRENDAN

So Grace and I had an idea.

Chet stands, tossing the scissors on the table.

CHET

I'm going to bed. Wake me at graduation.

And he's gone.

BRENDAN

That's how it is, huh? Fine. I'll tell Jojo.

INT. CHET'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Jojo stands over the toilet, pants at his ankles.

BRENDAN (O.S.)
So what do you think?

JOJO
I'm dedicating this song to you.

The door's open. Brendan chills in the hallway. The dedication begins. Tinkle tinkle tinkle. Tinkle.

BRENDAN
I bet you've never played a beach party before. We're talking, like, super exposure. Kids are idiots about music. You'd get so much underage babes.

JOJO
Smell that asparagus.
(attention drifts to
Brendan)
Not a chance in hell. Who's gonna pay me? You?

INT. CHET'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chet's flipping through a yearbook. He finds the picture he's looking for: Tim Champetier.

INT. GOVERNMENT - MORNING

The empty room possesses a strange serenity.

As does AMERICAN HISTORY.

And PHOTOGRAPHY.

And the CAFETERIA.

EXT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER

Mr. Saintz stands next to the entrance doors, holding a cup of coffee.

The first BUS arrives, and STUDENTS filter out.

Mr. Saintz sips his coffee.

EXT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER

Chet and Brendan pass Mr. Saintz as they enter the building.

Mr. Saintz follows them.

INT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

MR. SAINTZ (O.S.)

Chet!

Chet stops, waiting for Mr. Saintz. Brendan continues to the lockers.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)

Chet, man. Looking good. How you feeling, buddy?

Chet glowers silently.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)

We're in a tough spot. But you know I'm your pal, so if you need anything... you know where to find me. Right?

Mr. Saintz forces a smile. Chet just stares.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Chet stops before the lockers.

Brendan's CHATTING with Grace. Behind them, Jessica and the Feminists prepare for class. Other students SHUFFLE along.

Kelsey stands apart, wearing Chet's hoodie.

Chet watches, unseen.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Brendan and Chet are changing into their gym clothes.

BRENDAN

Everyone would go, man. It's a beach party.

Chet's wound is briefly exposed.

CHET
Sounds pretty lame to me, but hey.
Bring enough snacks maybe people
will show up.

BRENDAN
I'm bring hella ton of snacks.

Sammy approaches in his underwear.

SAMMY
'Sup, guys?

Sammy is completely ignored.

BRENDAN
That shooting is not gonna be the
last thing that happens before we
graduate.

CHET
I got shot, man. I'm not going to a
fucking becah party.

SAMMY
I'll go.

BRENDAN
(to Chet)
That's exactly what you need.
Fucking beach party.

CHET
Look who it is.

Randall hobbles in with a cane, his leg freshly-bandaged. As usual, he's not dressed in gym clothes.

CHET (CONT'D)
If I needed a cane to walk, there's
no way I'd show up to class.

RANDALL
I need gym to graduate, man. Same
as you. Check this out.

Randall pulls back the handle of his cane, unsheathing a blade hidden inside. Chet smiles. Finally, something he's interested in.

INT. GYMNASIUM - MINUTES LATER

The class is sitting on the bleachers, Brendan alone in the back. Chet enters with Randall, and they take their usual seats.

Sammy runs in.

SAMMY

You'll never guess who's subbing.

Sammy pretends to beat off.

Coach Comte enters.

BRENDAN

Fuck yes.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

The class rides scooter boards, playing tag. Brendan and Sammy wheel around, seeing who can tag Coach Comte the most.

AT THE BLEACHERS

Chet and Randall haven't moved. Chet pulls the blade from Randall's cane, examining it.

CHET

This is great.

RANDALL

I know, man. Ms. Snugglybutts.

Mr. Saintz's voice crackles on the intercom. Everyone pauses.

MR. SAINTZ (V.O.)

Good morning, students and faculty.

(clears throat)

Welcome back. I hope everyone enjoyed their time off.

INT. AV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Saintz continues reading his announcement. BJ the DJ stands behind him.

MR. SAINTZ

It's a scary time to be a Moore students, and I'm sure you're all a bit scared.

INT. BIOLOGY - CONTINUOUS

Grace sits in silence, surrounded by mournful faces.

MR. SAINTZ (V.O.)
Scared you'll forget Eric...
(mispronouncing last name)
Nygren.

INT. CALCULUS - CONTINUOUS

Kelsey glances around, studying the faces of her fellow Students and CALCULUS TEACHER.

MR. SAINTZ (V.O.)
Scared the memories will disappear,
as if he never existed.

INT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Stillness. Nobody moves.

MR. SAINTZ (V.O.)
Let's assure Eric that memories are never lost. We'll be holding a ceremony to preserve his place here at Moore as a Cherry.

Brendan and Sammy resume scooting.

MR. SAINTZ (V.O.)
Make sure you never forget. Thank you.

Chet sheathes the blade and examines the cane.

NUNNSTER (V.O.)
You're Charles Schulz.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY - LATER

Chet draws in his sketchbook, handicapped by his sling. Nunnster watches.

NUNNSTER
I was right. It's Charles Schulz.

Chet looks at his drawing.

Nunnster returns to her seat as Brendan approaches.

BRENDAN
I should fuck Nunnster. She could
be my training wheels.

Chet doesn't respond.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
You want to go? Rescue the babes?

CHET
I've got shit to do.

BRENDAN
Like what?

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - LATER

Chet pulls a photo from the developer -- the photo Tim took:
Chet slumped against the wall, face obscured, bleeding from
the shoulder.

He stares at it.

INT. MR. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Two fingers point out a window, aimed at HORTICULTURE
STUDENTS working on a flower bed, Brianna among them. Pichoo
pichoo, the fingers shoot.

REVEAL - It's Mr. Saintz, sitting at his desk.

MR. SAINTZ
You know, Bob, I envy you
sometimes.

BJ is applying Goo Gone to Mr. Saintz's diploma frame,
removing the Black Girls sticker.

BJ THE DJ
Is that right?

MR. SAINTZ
You don't have to get into these
kids' heads. To understand their
pain. It's hard.

BJ tosses the sticker in the trash.

BJ THE DJ
Have you ever lost someone?

MR. SAINTZ
(wistfully)
Geraldine.

BJ THE DJ
Geraldine. She was, what? Your
wife? Mother?

MR. SAINTZ
My Yorkie. She was... God, so many
memories.

Mr. Saintz's eyes light up.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)
I've got it! Quincy, you're a
genius!

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

A BLONDE SOPHOMORE sings a cheap rendition of Puff Daddy's "I'll Be Missing You." Two other GIRLS sing backup.

WIDER - A FAT GIRL in black spandex translates in sign language, waving her arms about. Streamers dangle from her elbows, flapping as she thrashes her arms, getting into the music.

On the bleachers, Sammy gets into it. Surrounded by boredom, he's bouncing to the beat.

Mr. Saintz stands off to the side.

MR. SAINTZ
(to himself)
You're making a difference. You're
making a change.

He turns to the projector, displaying a picture of ERIC NYGREN grinning. The image dissolves into a montage of intimate moments with Eric: guffawing at a foreigner; smoking an imaginary joint; taunting the Frankfort Hot Dogs at the line of scrimmage, holding a weiner at his crotch.

The music goes under as we pre-lap Mr. Saintz's speech.

MR. SAINTZ (V.O.)

...I plied my face with Moomers and that thirty-five pounds snuck up on me. Yeah, I was fat. A real porker.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - MINUTES LATER

Mr. Saintz is giving a heartfelt speech at the podium.

MR. SAINTZ

People stopped talking to me. I lost my job as Principal at Saugatuck High. But you know what, kids? I lost that weight and got a new job, here, at Moore. So, if you think about it, without Geraldine's passing I wouldn't be with you right now. So everything happens for a reason.

One STUDENT starts a slow clap, mockingly.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)

Thank you... I know Eric was a friend, a neighbor. He was second string quarterback of our Moore High Cherries. Heck, I'll be the first to admit that I miss him.

Mr. Saintz looks to the ends of the bleachers, where TEACHERS hand out stacks of papers with "Dear Eric" printed at the top. They pass them down each row.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)

Everyone's getting a piece of paper. And we're going to write our final thoughts to Eric. Write something you loved about him. Something you'll miss. Then, we'll fold them into paper airplanes and release them outside.

AT THE BLEACHERS

Brendan accepts the stack from Grace, takes a paper, and passes the stack to Chet and Kelsey.

Around them: heads down, pens scratching.

CHET

What are we supposed to write? The
guy was a dick.

Chet glances at Kelsey's paper:
Rest in peace.

CHET (CONT'D)

(to Brendan)

What about you?

Chet looks at Brendan's paper.
Friends since 4th grade.

CHET (CONT'D)

Oh, right. That's honest.

BRENDAN

I'm making shit up, so when his mom
reads these she'll be happy that
her son was a good guy.

MR. SAINTZ (O.S.)

Wrap it up, everyone. We're back in
school. This isn't vacation.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - MINUTES LATER

Students in the stands throw their letters to Eric. Hundreds
of planes soar gracefully onto the field.

Mr. Saintz smiles at another great idea.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LATER

The bleachers are empty.

Mr. Saintz and BJ stand side by side.

MR. SAINTZ

I'd say that was a success,
wouldn't you?

BJ THE DJ

(sarcastic)

You really sung it into their
hearts.

Mr. Saintz doesn't catch his tone.

MR. SAINTZ

All right, Carl, do the duty.

WIDER - A JANITOR with a trash bag starts scooping airplanes and throwing them away.

INT. CHET'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chet and Kelsey are lying on the floor, playing Scrabble. Jojo plays the guitar behind them, an irrelevant presence.

Chet places a word: HURT.

KELSEY
You could put that here, make it
'truth' and take the double word
score.

CHET
I like 'hurt.'

Kelsey looks at Chet.

CHET (CONT'D)
Can we just play Scrabble?

KELSEY
You're hurting. It's okay.

CHET
It's just a word, Kels. Maybe don't
psychiatrize me.

Kelsey lays down a bullshit word: KUIFFE.

CHET (CONT'D)
That's not a word.

KELSEY
It is.

CHET
Define it.

KELSEY
I don't know what it means. I just
know it's a word.

CHET
You don't know what it means
because you just made it up.

KELSEY
You know what? Let's do something
else.

She pushes the game aside.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
Guess what. Exciting news. I'm off
my period.

Jojo plays "Gimme the Car" on the guitar but he's an old
person, so no one notices.

CHET
I'm not in the mood.

KELSEY
I'll be careful. It's good for you
to do normal stuff.

CHET
I can't.

KELSEY
Why not?

CHET
'Cause I was just fucking shot.

KELSEY
That's fine. I'll just sit with you
until we wanna do things again.

A FLASK of whiskey wags before Chet's face.

JOJO
Hey, Mr. Mope.

Jojo is trying to give his son a swig.

INT. RANDALL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Randall's playing Call of Duty. He's on a fourteen-kill
streak.

RANDALL
Fuckers can't die fast enough.

He's killed by a grenade. CLAMJAMMER 666 chimes in over the
headset.

CLAMJAMMER 666 (V.O.)
Who's the fucker now?

Randall checks the score. Clamjammer 666, his teammate, has
only three kills and seventeen deaths.

RANDALL

You're talking to me? You're three
and seventeen, you little pussy.

SMASH CUT TO:

A CLOSE-UP of Brendan's face looking at something.

CUT TO:

A PHOTO of Grace dressed as a Zombie, surrounded by Zombies.

CUT TO:

A PHOTO of Grace, Jessica, and their MOM with a CAMEL.

CUT TO:

A sepia-toned PHOTO of Grace dressed as a COWGIRL.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY - DAY

Brendan's sitting at Mr. Ramirez's desk, creeping on Grace's facebook photos.

Mr. Ramirez stands over Chet's table, looking at his photo.

MR. RAMIREZ

Definitely an interesting photo.
Good composition. Strong subject.
All in all, Chet, your best work
this semester.

CHET

But I didn't take it. I'm in it.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Brendan, camera around his neck, walks with Chet.

BRENDAN

You wanna pull Kelsey from class? I
still gotta get up in there.
Silence that broad in the library.

Chet ignores him, stopping at a poster of a smiling Eric Nygren. The caption: IN MEMORIAM.

A sticker changes the message to: IN BLACK GIRLS.

CHET
Kelsey would never fuck you.

Nunnster, at the end of the hall, approaches.

NUNNSTER
Chet!

Nunnster joins Chet's side.

NUNNSTER (CONT'D)
(raising her camera)
Can I borrow you?

Chet looks at Brendan for a second before walking off with Nunnster.

Brendan snaps a photo of his middle finger raised at their backs.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Chet and Nunnster walk past rows of cars.

CHET
I'm not posing or anything.

Chet walks ahead, approaching his car.

NUNNSTER
There. Stop. Perfect.

Chet freezes, his back to her.

NUNNSTER (CONT'D)
You're really not going to pose?

CHET
Nope.

NUNNSTER
Can you at least face me?

Chet leans over, resting his hand on the hood, looking over his injured shoulder.

Nunnster snaps a photo. Chet pushes his butt out, smiling.

Nunnster snaps a much better photo and approaches his car.

NUNNSTER (CONT'D)
Will you show me Afro Puss?

She glances in the backseat at a NOTEBOOK.

INT. CHET'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

A DRAWING of a rock star cat with a giant afro. AFRO PUSS.

Wider - Chet and Nunnster are sitting in the backseat. Chet holds the notebook. All the pages are falling out.

CHET

This is Afro Puss.

Chet flips to another page.

INSERT - A drawing of Jessica in her cat costume, her giant bush protruding from her crotch.

NUNNSTER

That's Jessica?

CHET

Nah, it's not anyone. It's just a girl.

NUNNSTER

Oh.

Nunnster takes the Afro Puss drawing.

NUNNSTER (CONT'D)

I could get this in the paper.

CHET

Really? I've asked Mr. Rasmussen, like, thirty times, and he's rejected me every time.

NUNNSTER

I could do it.

CHET

That would be... awesome.

Chet fights a smile. Nunnster stares into his eyes, at his lips. She kisses him.

Chet pulls back.

CHET (CONT'D)

I can't...

Nunnster looks away, humiliated.

NUNNSTER
I just thought...

She pauses.

CHET
I know. But I can't.

NUNNSTER
I'm gonna go.

She exits the car.

CHET
(shouting after her)
Can you still get my shit in the
paper?

INT. ART HISTORY - LATER

Brendan, standing on the desk, poses as the STATUE OF DAVID. A circle of desks surrounds him, STUDENTS sketching.

Kathy stands over Chet, the only student not drawing.

KATHY
If you don't want to draw, you
don't have to draw. But I always
like when you do.

She smiles concernedly. And moves onto Nunnster's drawing.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Oh, Maggie. Bless your heart. Don't
worry --
(to the class)
I'm not grading on skill. This is
strictly participation.
(to Nunnster)
Maybe Kevin can give you some tips.

Kathy glances at KEVIN's desk. He's the best artist in class.
INSERT KEVIN'S DRAWING - A
realistic sketch of Brendan except
for an imagined testicular area --
large droopy balls with a thick
mane of hair.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Or ask Chet. He could use the
participation points.

Nunnster glances at Chet. He avoids her gaze.

INT. CHET'S GARAGE - LATER

Chet sits on the step talking to Kelsey, who leans against the passenger door of his car.

They sit silently for a beat.

CHET
It's hard. It's really fucking hard.

Kelsey listens sympathetically.

Chet removes his sling and shirt. He begins to unwrap the bandage.

CHET (CONT'D)
I was shot. And you know what I did?

He reveals his WOUND.

CHET (CONT'D)
I ran away... Eric stood up to him.
Even Sammy stood up to him. And I
ran like a little bitch. Now what?
What can I do after something like
that?

Kelsey runs her fingers through his hair.

CHET (CONT'D)
I wish there was something I could do.

She kisses him on the forehead and rests her cheek on his head.

INT. MOOMERS ICE CREAM - LATER

Kelsey enters, radiant with post-coital glow.

She passes Grace, wearing her cat ears, and MANAGER JOHN, a muscular twenty-six-year-old cutie, in short shorts, showing off his calves.

She heads to the ice cream maker and starts making herself a sundae.

CUSTOMERS
Bitch./What the fuck?

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE MOOMERS

Kelsey sits on the staircase on the side of the building. She pulls a spoon from her mouth, her sundae in hand.

Grace takes a seat beside her.

GRACE

All right. Spill. I gotta get back inside.

KELSEY

To flaunt yourself all over Tree Trunk Legs.

They laugh.

GRACE

This is the happiest you've been in awhile. Chet finally put out?

KELSEY

He did. He opened up. It was amazing.

GRACE

You know what that means? You can finally get your tongue pierced.

KELSEY

I don't know...

GRACE

Help him get back in the groove again. With your tongue. You know he's gonna love it.

Manager John steps outside.

MANAGER JOHN

What's the story, Kelsey? All these girls on the stairs... Slow jams on the stairs.

Manager John slides between the girls. He sings "Love in This Club" by Usher.

MANAGER JOHN (CONT'D)

(singing)

Gotta do it for the ladies/And I gotta keep it hood/Where we at Polo? Aye!/Dundundun Dundun dundundun.

Kelsey and Grace playfully dance with John.

MANAGER JOHN (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 Dundundun dundundundundun/We gotta
 make love in this club.

Manager John smiles and sticks his tongue out, revealing his own PIERCING.

GRACE AND KELSEY
 (ie: the song)
 Hey!

John stops dancing.

MANAGER JOHN
 All right, but seriously, Grace,
 we're getting slammed in there.
 It's Go-Time.

EXT. THE PARK - EARLIER

Chet and Kelsey are swinging.

Kelsey's lines are clumsy as she trips over her words, her tongue having swollen with her new piercing.

CHET (V.O.)
 I can't believe you. You look like
 a fucking whore. Why would you do
 something like that?

KELSEY (V.O.)
 I don't know. I guess I'm a whore.

Chet swings slowly with his arm in the sling. Kelsey goes faster, higher.

KELSEY
 I thought I was supposed to do
 something. Isn't that what you
 said? I'm living my life. And Grace
 told me --

EXT. CHET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chet and Kelsey stand on his front porch.

CHET
 (interrupting)
 Fucking Grace?
 (MORE)

CHET (CONT'D)
Fucking Doo Doo Cowboy? I'm not
pissed 'cause you're living your
life. I'm pissed 'cause you're
stupid.

Kelsey slaps Chet in the face.

CHET (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
That's a great point. I didn't
think about it like that.

KELSEY
You're such --

CHET
(interrupting)
I'm such an asshole.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Sammy carries a ladder to the side of his house.

CUT TO:

Sammy, on the top of the ladder, swipes at a strand of toilet paper with an outstretched broom.

WIDER - The toilet paper flutters to the lawn. His trees are finally clean.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Brendan and Grace sit together.

BRENDAN
Everyone sucks now. Like boring,
sad, miserable adults. All I've got
is my wittle poo poo butt.

GRACE
And your wittle poo poo butt isn't
enough?

Sammy, in a zany new sweater, approaches with a tray of food.

SAMMY
Whats up, playas?

BRENDAN
Hey, Sammy. Love the sweater.

Sammy daps Brendan.

GRACE
It's Nick, right?

SAMMY
They call me Sammy these days.

Sammy eye-fucks Grace's tits.

GRACE
Are you sneaking peeks at my boobs?

SAMMY
My eyes are fluttering a bit these days.

GRACE
I have a face too. It's up here.

Two MOURNING STUDENTS walk behind Sammy. He tips back his chair and tumbles into them. They stop, confused.

SAMMY
(overly concerned)
Oh my god. I'm so sorry.

Mourning Students continue down the hall. Brendan grins.

A STUDENT passes behind Sammy. He tips his chair back again, barely missing Student.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Oh no! I just... sorry.

Sammy straightens his chair and takes a seat.

BRENDAN
What are you doing?

SAMMY
This is the new Sammy. I do whatever I want. It's great. What's the new Brendan gonna do? Something crazy?

BRENDAN
Whatever I want?

SAMMY
Fuck yeah.

Brendan smiles knowingly.

CUT TO:

Brendan caps a thick black MARKER. He's standing with a small CROWD of students laughing, looking at --

SAMMY with a drawing of a PENIS on his forehead. Sammy smiles, offering two thumbs up.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

Murmuring students fill the bleachers. Another assembly.

Brendan, Grace, and Sammy (dick on forehead) sit together.

The FIRE CHIEF stands in front of a microphone.

FIRE CHIEF

So what happened in December? We had some snow. Yeah. Christmas. That was fun. The fire drill? Didn't take that too seriously, did we? You're lucky it wasn't the real McCoy.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chet stands over the metal wastebasket, holding a Zippo to the corner of his NOTEBOOK. He watches it catch fire, consuming months of hard work.

FIRE CHIEF (V.O.)

Listen, kids. Fire is a wild animal. You think you can tame a fire? You can't.

BACK IN THE GYMNASIUM

Fire Chief picks up the mic and begins to pace.

FIRE CHIEF

Fire burns. Till there's nothing left and everything's dead.

Sammy chuckles.

Mr. Saintz, off to the side, scowls at him.

FIRE CHIEF (CONT'D)

(to Sammy)

Even you, Dick Face. You fight a fire, son, you're going down for the count.

That lightens Saintz's mood.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Students head to cars and buses.

Sammy toddles along with Brendan. Brendan pauses. Grace approaches from behind.

SAMMY

That old guy really sold me on the fire drill. S'gonna be tiiiight.

BRENDAN

Hellsa tight, girl.

SAMMY

Cool if I catch a ride?

BRENDAN

Yeah. Maybe next time.

Brendan heads to his car with Grace.

Sammy, standing alone, feels someone looking at him. Brianna's watching.

SAMMY

(shouting to Brendan)

Sweet! See ya tomorrow, B-Jangle!

He strolls to the bus as confidently as possible.

AT BRENDAN'S CAR

BRENDAN

So what's the plan? You wanna go somewhere with me?

Grace's smiles says she'd love to.

GRACE

What'd you have in mind?

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH, RANDALL'S MANSION - LATER

Grace watches disinterestedly as Brendan knocks on the door.

BRENDAN

I'm glad you came. Randall's a
creep.

Grace rings the doorbell.

INT. RANDALL'S BEDROOM - SAME

Randall attaches a cape to his dog's collar.

RANDALL

Boom. Now you're in it to win it.

Randall's doorbell RINGS. He grabs his cane.

EXT. FRONT PORCH, RANDALL'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Randall answers.

RANDALL

What are you guys doing here?

Grace looks at Brendan.

BRENDAN

(to Randall)

You never told me you lived on
Brakel Point.

RANDALL

What's your point?

Brendan flashes his nicest smile.

INT. AV ROOM - DAY

Tim's note hangs on the corkboard, beside BJ the DJ who shuffles his note cards and prepares for the announcements.

Mr. Saintz sits with his feet on the desk.

MR. SAINTZ

It's weird, Bob, but I'm still not
over it.

BJ THE DJ

Over it?

MR. SAINTZ
 Where does the violence come from?
 We've got a good group of kids, not
 too many ethnics. Nowadays it could
 be anybody.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRCASE - SAME

Randall hobbles down the stairs with his cane. Nathaniel the Greaser bumps into him.

NATHANIEL
 Watch it, Candle Stink.

Randall glares at Nathaniel.

BACK TO:

AV ROOM

Mr. Saintz shoots BJ a concerned look. BJ, about to do the announcements, misses it.

BJ THE DJ
 What up? It jo boy BJ the DJ
 remindin' you bout dat pesky fire
 drill we be havin'. Take it from
 me, safety da key.

INT. GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Students, on the bleachers, await Coach Comte's arrival. Brendan sits next to Sammy.

Further up, Chet chats with Randall.

CHET
 If she doesn't show in five
 minutes, we can leave.

RANDALL
 Brendan came by yesterday. I gave
 him two hundred bucks for the beach
 party.

CHET
 If you gave him two hundred bucks,
 you're a fucking idiot.
 (MORE)

CHET (CONT'D)
Don't put up with his shit, man.
He's a pussy.

RANDALL
He is. He's a fucking pussy.

CHET
Take action. Take that money back
and stab that motherfucker dead.

RANDALL
What?

CHET
You're not the murderous type?

RANDALL
Fuck you, man.

INT. AV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Saintz watches TWO AV STUDENTS mount a video camera on a TV. One of the students has red hair.

CLOSER -

Red hair like Randall's.

MR. SAINTZ
Randall Handlequink. The redhead.
He's the type. You watch.

BJ, hunched under the desk, fumbles with cords.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)
Computers are an alien science.

INT. GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Chet stands.

CHET
Well. It's been five. I guess this
is goodbye.

He heads to the exit.

The AV Students enter with the TV on casters. Another AV Student enters, throwing down extension cord as they progress across the gym.

They turn on the TV:

A CLOSE-UP of WEATHERS, live video feed from his hospital bed.

WEATHERS

A round of applause for your principal, for his terrific waste of tax dollars.

The TV glides across the floor in front of the bleachers.

WEATHERS (CONT'D)

Looks like you pansies got weak on me. Like you been instructed by a woman. Alright. On your feet. We're making up for lost time. Suicides.

INT. GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone's running suicides. Randall hobbles as fast as he can with his cane.

AV Students keep pace, pushing the TV back and forth across the gym floor, Weathers shouting all the while.

Chet sits with Sammy on the bleachers.

WEATHERS

We gotta problem, boys? You too good for suicides?

AV Students wheel the TV at Sammy.

SAMMY

I'm wearing my platforms today.

Sammy reveals his right foot: a giant platform shoe.

CHET

I'm like you. In recovery.

WEATHERS

I took two to the chest. You don't see me picking daisies. You want to graduate?

Chet avoids Weather's stare.

WEATHERS (CONT'D)

Huh?

Mr. Saintz enters and approaches.

WEATHERS (CONT'D)
Do you want to graduate?

CHET
I guess not.

Chet passes Saintz on the way out.

MR. SAINTZ
What's going on here?

CHET
I'm leaving.

EXT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Saintz shuffles after Chet.

MR. SAINTZ
Chet.

Chet pauses for a moment.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)
Go back inside.

CHET
Oh, okay. I'll do that.

Chet walks off.

MR. SAINTZ
You keep going and... You just keep
going. You hear me?

Chet keeps going.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)
That's your decision? Okay. Have a
nice life. Have fun getting a job.
Going to work. Start a family and
try to feed the kids.

Saintz returns to the building.

INT. GYMNASIUM - SAME

Weathers barks at Students to get back to work.

RANDALL
I don't think he's coming back. You
gonna talk to him?

BRENDAN
(shrugs)
Can't.

RANDALL
Damn. I thought he was your guy.

BRENDAN
He is. But I got plans with my
girl.

SAMMY
Not to mention the fire drill.

BRENDAN
Fuck the fire drill.

SAMMY
I'll fuck it all right.

Sammy smiles knowingly.

INT. BOYS' BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

The inside of a MASK. As it's raised, we see through the eye
holes.

It's SAMMY looking at himself in the mirror.

WIDER - He's naked except for his platforms.

The FIRE ALARM goes off.

SAMMY
Show time, niggas.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Students stream out of classrooms. Teachers shuffle
alongside, jabbering, trying to keep control.

Sammy joins the flow and brushes against the students.

SAMMY
Oops! Did I getcha?

Randall shuffles nearby in the crowd. He stops to appreciate
the spectacle.

RANDALL
Living the dream.

Students shout obscenities; others laugh. Screams, smiles -- everyone reacts differently.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Chet is walking home when he notices --

A well-kept GARDEN with blooming flowers. A pair of HEDGE CLIPPERS lie nearby on the ground.

CUT TO:

ALL THE FLOWERS ARE NOW HEADLESS.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Chet walks to his house. Upbeat step. He twirls the hedge clippers.

He passes the PARK. An empty swing set.

CUT TO:

THE SWINGS LIE ON THE GROUND.

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

Brendan leans against the wall. Grace leans against the railing.

Muffled Students pass outside.

GRACE

There's a fire, Brendan. Can you protect me?

Grace beckons him. Brendan shuffles over.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You think you can tame a fire?

The door opens. Mr. Saintz peeks in.

MR. SAINTZ

Mr. Palmer. Ms. Lumpstrumpstopher.

Mr. Saintz holds the door open for them as they exit.

EXT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER

Students stream through the doors and disperse.

Mr. Saintz spots Sammy as he pushes through the crowd.

MR. SAINTZ
What the...

Sammy runs very slowly -- his shoes weigh him down.

SAMMY
Catch me if you can, fuckers!

Mr. Saintz bolts after him. BJ the DJ follows.

Sammy gains some distance. Just when it looks like he's home free, he trips and falls on his face.

Mr. Saintz and BJ the DJ catch him easily.

EXT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER

A crowd watches as POLICE drag Sammy along. He's now in handcuffs and an ORANGE TRENCH COAT.

Saintz and BJ stand aside and watch.

Fire Chief pops in to say something real quick.

FIRE CHIEF
Dick Face... Shoulda known.

Brendan joins the crowd. He stops beside Randall.

BRENDAN
What a fuckin' asshole.

RANDALL
I'm into it. Going out like a champ. Livin' the perv's dream.

Sammy is led to a waiting PATROL CAR.

SAMMY
Carpe diem! Long live the Republic!
The revolution will not be
televised!

The crowd cheers. Cops shove him in the backseat.

Brianna approaches Brendan.

BRIANNA
Is that Nick?

BRENDAN
It's the living legend: Sammy.

INT. MR. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - LATER

Mr. Saintz admires his sticker-free diploma. BJ stands behind him.

MR. SAINTZ
Send a message. We will not have some masked intruder flashing his little penis in our halls. It's a fire drill, for God's sake.

BJ THE DJ
A mock fire drill.

Mr. Saintz faces BJ.

MR. SAINTZ
It's an act of terrorism.

BJ THE DJ
It was just a prank.

MR. SAINTZ
No offense, BJ, but you don't know these kids like I do. Sure, you've got the hip-hop thing, but that doesn't earn their respect.

Mr. Saintz straightens up.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)
I just don't think you're the authority on streaking.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Jessica enters, wearing a pregnant suit. A bloody BABY DOLL hangs from a strand of yarn between her legs.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)
I think we've reached the end of these costume parties you're having here at school. Don't you think?

JESSICA
I think women have a right to express themselves. It's only fair.

MR. SAINTZ

I can't tell you how many times I've heard it, and it never gets old. Life's not fair. In fact, it's so unfair that your club no longer meets Moore standards.

Jessica looks to BJ for help. He looks away.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)

Your club officially disbanded five seconds ago.

Jessica storms out.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)

Now that that's taken care of, I'm gonna cut out early. Some things I need to do. Can I leave you to watch the fort?

Mr. Saintz doesn't wait for a response.

INT. GAMING STORE - LATER

Mr. Saintz hands CALL OF DUTY and a HEADSET to the CASHIER.

MR. SAINTZ

I'm getting into the mind of a murderer.

Cashier doesn't know what to say to that.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE -LATER

BANG. BANG. Bullet holes riddle a target.

The firing stops as Mr. Saintz admires his marksmanship.

He begins shooting again.

INT. SAINTZ'S ROOM - LATER

Saintz opens CALL OF DUTY and removes the disc from the package.

LATER

Saintz now wears the HEADSET. He's leaning forward, hooked.

He shoots SPETSNAZ SNIPER in the head.

MR. SAINTZ
Gotcha, SuperPhallus.

Saintz sneaks up behind a GUY and stabs him.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)
Knifed ya, DarkTitanWarlock.

Saint fishes his hand into a bag of CORN CURLS.

DARKTITANWARLOCK (V.O.)
Saintz?

INT. RANDALL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randall, on the other end of the game, was just knifed.

RANDALL
(in his headset)
Saintz, is that you?

INT. SAINTZ'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Saintz sits holds a CORN CURL inches from his mouth, petrified by the prospect of having just knifed his student.

EXT. CHET'S PORCH - LATER

Brendan's car sits in the driveway next to Jojo's utility van.

Brendan, Grace, and Kelsey stand by the door. Brendan's holding his phone to his ear.

IN THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A KNOCK.

Chet, on the couch, is burning old photographs in the waste basket. He glances at the door.

BACK ON THE PORCH

Kelsey heads to the car. Brendan and Grace follow.

INT. CHET'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Chet stares at his slightly-wrinkled victim photo.

His cell phone RINGS.

He reads the CALLER ID and answers.

CHET

Sammy?

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sammy's on the phone in the passenger seat. A COP is driving him home.

SAMMY

Hey, Mom. You're home right?

CHET (V.O.)

(on the phone)

Mom?

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

Chet looks at an old photograph of his family: JOJO, CHET, and CHET'S MOM.

SAMMY (V.O.)

You're not there? Is Jerry home?

...Yeah. I'll be there in a minute.

CHET

What the hell?

I/E. CHET'S HOUSE - LATER

Sammy stands in the doorway, waving goodbye to the Cop.

Sammy turns to Chet.

SAMMY

Chet, my man, my dream boat, I've
been on the most wonderful
adventure.

INT. CHET'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - LATER

Chet's washing his hands. Sammy stands in the doorway.

CHET

So you streaked, got caught, might
be kicked out of school, and you
still wanna go to this thing?

SAMMY

Shit yeah. You could be my wheels.

Chet dries his hands and grabs his WHISKEY BOTTLE wrapped in RED RIBBON from the shelf above the toilet.

CHET

And you're reading poetry?

Chet smiles condescendingly and takes a swig of whiskey

SAMMY

Nikuh. I spit poetry.

Chet coughs and laughs.

TERRIBLE POETRY STUDENT (V.O.)

We stand, you and I, on
consecrated ground.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Brendan and Grace snuggle against a tree. Kelsey, a short distance away, hugs her knees, staring at the swings lying on the ground.

TERRIBLE POETRY STUDENT (V.O.)

Holy ground. Battleground.

INT. THEATER - LATER

BJ helps STUDENTS set up the stage.

TERRIBLE POETRY STUDENT (V.O.)

We're alone. Unprotected.

INT. CHET'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chet fastens the wrinkled victim photo to his shirt as Sammy practices his rap in the background.

TERRIBLE POETRY STUDENT (V.O.)

Can I protect you from the
approaching onslaught?

INT. THEATER - SAME

Brendan and Grace, seated beside one another, show a Black Girls promo card to a neighboring STUDENT.

Kelsey, next to them, is visibly out of place.

TERRIBLE POETRY STUDENT (V.O.)
The answer, in the depths of our
souls, awaits. Trembling.

INT. SAINTZ'S ROOM - LATER

Mr. Saintz can't stop playing CALL OF DUTY. It's always "One more round." He's addicted.

TERRIBLE POETRY STUDENT (V.O.)
We feel it. The rumble of battle.
Clank of steel on the horizon.
Earth groaning.

He looks at his clock -- 7:17.

One more round. Maybe two.

EXT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

On the marquee:

BABY MONROE PRESENTS
STUDENT POETRY SLAM
7 PM

AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE

Chet stashes the whiskey in his pocket as he stumbles inside.

Beside him, Sammy carries a beer bottle.

TERRIBLE POETRY STUDENT (V.O.)
I see it approaching: a mass of
coagulated bodies.

INT. THEATER - MINUTES LATER

Chet and Sammy enter. TERRIBLE POETRY STUDENT reads his poem in the spotlight.

It's a full house.

TERRIBLE POETRY STUDENT

The goblins fly forward, blades
flashing, ready. They forgot one
thing: I've been waiting.
(thunderstorm)
Ptsssshhh! Kwoo! Thhkkkkkkkk!

The audience APPLAUDS.

BJ stands at the far side of the stage.

Baby Monroe takes the mic as Terrible Poetry Student exits.

BABY MONROE

We're adding some fresh blood to
tonight's lineup. You know him. You
love him. My boy. Sammy.

The audience cheers. Chet, standing in the back, whoops
rudely. Kelsey stares back at him.

Sammy's on stage, mic in hand. He cuts the applause short.

SAMMY

(rapping)

Believe it or not, I was there for
ya birthday./You think I forgot,
but I broughtcha some fadorade./I
sent you a note, girl. My boy is an
office aid./It wasn't a letter,
girl. I wrote on a hand grenade.

The crowd ERUPTS. Baby Monroe starts beatboxing.

Brendan shoots Chet the stink eye.

Chet swigs from the whiskey -- almost gone -- and flashes
Brendan a sarcastic thumbs up before puking on the row in
front of him.

SMASH CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE - MINUTES LATER

Brendan and Chet stand outside. Dried vomit stains Chet's
shirt. He's holding Sammy's beer bottle.

Brendan stares daggers at Chet while Kelsey talks to him.

KELSEY

(re: the bottle)

You're driving.

CHET

It's empty. I'm just holding it for
style points.

KELSEY

You need to sober up.

Kelsey takes the bottle and heads to the WATER FOUNTAIN.

CHET

Sounds yeah.

BRENDAN

What were you thinking?

CHET

What?

BRENDAN

You're bellig'.

CHET

Let's see.

Chet breathes into his hands and wafts it to his face. He
grins.

BRENDAN

What the fuck's your problem?

CHET

Did you see Sammy up there?
Hilarious.

Grace approaches and stops a short distance away, waiting.

BRENDAN

You're gonna get expelled. You're
acting like a fucking idiot.

CHET

How do you expel a guy who dropped
out? How does that happen?

BRENDAN

You're so fucking stupid.

CHET

You still don't realize. None of
this matters. We're gonna graduate,
and all the people around us are:
poof! Goodbye.

Chet pretends to look around.

CHET (CONT'D)
Where did they go? Not in my life
anymore.

AT THE WATER FOUNTAIN

Kelsey is filling the beer bottle with water.

CHET (O.S.)
You think I'm going to be with
Kelsey forever? You're going to be
with Grace?

OUTSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE

Kelsey returns with the beer bottle.

CHET
Fuck. They're high school bitches.
I'm over it.

BRENDAN
Maybe you can be a locksmith like
Jojo.

CHET
Fuck you. You're such an ass.

BRENDAN
Right, I'm an ass because I didn't
get shot.

Chet punches Brendan in the face.

Brendan checks his nose for blood. Nope.

Chet comes in for more. Brendan dodges another punch and a kick.

Chet loses his balance, tumbling to the ground.

Chet stands up, trying to regain his composure as he exits.

KELSEY
Volunteers to stop the idiot from
driving?

Brendan stares daggers at her.

SAMMY

This isn't the best time, but... my ride just bailed. You think I could sneak into your crawl space?

Brendan redirects his daggers at Sammy.

INT. BRENDAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Brendan drives Grace, Sammy, and Kelsey. Together they tail Chet as he swerves all over the road at eleven miles an hour.

SAMMY

So all B.S. aside, what'd you think of my debut?

Chet's car coasts across the street toward a parked TRUCK.

Brendan HONKS.

Chet's car straightens, barely missing the TRUCK.

Chet pumps the brakes.

EXT. CHET'S HOUSE - LATER

Chet's car is parked in the grass.

KELSEY (O.S.)

Chet.

Brendan's car idles in the street.

Kelsey, carrying the bottle, follows Chet up the driveway.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Here. It's water.

She hands Chet the bottle. He drops it. It shatters.

CHEP

I think my water just broke.

KELSEY

Can we talk?

CHEP

Can you sit on my... dick?

IN THE CAR -

Brendan, Grace, and Sammy are watching.

BRENDAN
Looks like they're working things out.

Brendan drives off.

BACK ON CHET'S DRIVEWAY -

Kelsey watches Brendan's car disappear.

Chet grins sarcastically and continues to the door.

KELSEY
Chet.

Chet heads inside, closing the door behind him.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
How am I supposed to get home?

Kelsey glances behind her at the empty street.

INT. BRENDAN'S CAR, OUTSIDE GRACE'S HOUSE - LATER

Sammy watches Brendan talking with Grace on the porch.

ON THE PORCH

Brendan leans in for a kiss.

GRACE
You could have at least waited to see.

BRENDAN
What, he's gonna leave her outside?

GRACE
And what was that rant about? You didn't even stick up for me.

BRENDAN
Poo Boo...

Grace shakes her head.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
My face hurts. And I got a wittle
stinker in the car waiting. Can we
talk waiter?

Grace closes the door on Brendan.

INT. BRENDAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Brendan gets in the car.

SAMMY
Finally, man. I'm ready to catch
some fucking Z's.

BRENDAN
(re: Chet)
Fuck that guy.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MINUTES LATER

Brendan strolls down an aisle and grabs KETCHUP and MUSTARD.

SAMMY
Ketchuuuuuuup.

Sammy follows along.

DOWN ANOTHER AISLE

Brendan reaches for a bottle of SYRUP.

SAMMY
Syruuuuuuuuuup.

AND ANOTHER AISLE

Brendan reaches for a pack of PUDDING.

SAMMY
So... What are we doing?

BRENDAN
We have no choice, Sammy. Sometimes
you have to correct your shit. When
there's nothing else to do... you
correct your shit.

Brendan grabs a jar of PICKLES.

SAMMY
You mean vandalism.

Brendan stops and faces Sammy.

BRENDAN
Not vandalism. Ketchup Terrorism.

EXT. BRENDAN'S CAR, OUTSIDE CHET'S HOUSE - LATER

Brendan lays out the condiments on the trunk. KETCHUP, MUSTARD, PUDDING, PICKLES, SYRUP. Sammy watches.

BRENDAN
Pick your poison.

SAMMY
He's your boy.

BRENDAN
We do this shit all the time, man.
It's nothing.

Sammy looks away.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Come on, playa.

- MONTAGE

EXT. CHET'S HOUSE - LATER

Sammy watches from the passenger seat.

Brendan faces the door, swaying his hips back and forth, holding the KETCHUP bottle like it's his dick and he's pissing ketchup.

A second SPRAY joins as he begins to urinate.

Brendan sprinkles PICKLES on Chet's lawn.

Brendan peels the protective seal off a PUDDING PACKET and whips it at the front window, splattering pudding everywhere.

Brendan squirts SYRUP on the doorstep.

Brendan sprays MUSTARD on Chet's garage, writing a message: CHET YOU'RE A SHITTY FRIEND.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. CHET'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jojo, hungover, steps outside in his robe. His flip-flop sinks into the syrup and adheres to the pavement.

He heads to the mailbox, crunching pickles under foot.

He grabs the newspaper and notices his garage door, where large mustard letters read: CHET YOU'RE A SHITTY FRIEND. JOJO YOU'RE COOL.

INT. CHET'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jojo sits on the edge of Chet's bed. It's enough to wake him.

JOJO

I think we overslept, bud.

(beat)

Come on. Saddle up. Time for school.

CHET

I dropped out, Pops.

JOJO

So you drop back in.

CHET

I don't think I can. You don't know Saintz.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Grace stands at her locker with Jessica and the Fem Squad. Brendan approaches.

BRENDAN

Boobies. My face hurts. I need a massage. Does the stinker have massage hands?

Grace avoids eye contact.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Boobies. Come on.

GRACE

Why do you always talk like a baby?

INT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Jojo bursts through the front entrance. Chet walks sheepishly behind him.

JOJO
Where's Saintz?

INT. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Saints is eating Chinese take-out.

KATHY (O.S.)
I wish you'd reconsider, Quincy.

REVERSE - Kathy sits in front of Mr. Saintz.

KATHY (CONT'D)
The feminist club has a long
history of peaceful protests.

Kathy frowns, dismayed at Saintz's lack of response.

MR. SAINTZ
Go on. I'm listening.

Saintz continues eating.

Jojo bursts in.

JOJO
Mr. Saintz. Hot teacher babe. I'm
Jojo Seierstad, Chet's father.

Mr. Saintz takes his bite and sits up straight.

MR. SAINTZ
Of course. How's my favorite Chet
doing?

JOJO
I'm not sure who said what,
whatever. I'm not here to dispute
that. I'm here to get my son back
in school.

MR. SAINTZ
Chet walked out on his own free
will.

JOJO
He walks back in then.

MR. SAINTZ
I'm afraid that's not how it works.

Mr. Saintz notices Chet watching through the window in the door.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)
Technically he's not even allowed
on school property. Now, if you'll
excuse us, we were discussing the
futility of feminism.

Mr. Saintz resumes his lunch.

JOJO
We're working this out.

Mr. Saintz sits back and rests his feet on the desk.

MR. SAINTZ
You're not one of my students.
Neither is Chet. You're
trespassing.

JOJO
My son needs Moore High School.

MR. SAINTZ
I don't know what delusion you're
under that you think you can just --

JOJO
(interrupting)
I'm a rock star. It's like
invincibility. I can punch you in
the jaw and the police will ask me
for an autograph.

MR. SAINTZ
Rock star? You play cover songs at
retirement homes. It's time to stop
pretending.

Kathy glances sympathetically at Jojo. Ouch.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Jojo heads to his locksmith van with Chet in tow.

JOJO
Fuck that guy. Who needs him? Look
at me. I'm doing all right.

KATHY (O.S.)
Chet!

Chet looks back. Kathy hurries after him.

INT. MR. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Kathy enters with Chet.

Saintz is finishing his Chinese.

MR. SAINTZ
All right... I'm listening...
And... go!

Mr. Saintz plugs his ears.

KATHY
You can't expel Chet. Quincy,
listen to me.

Mr. Saintz smiles. He can't hear a thing!

KATHY (CONT'D)
He's a victim. You can't just send
him away.

Mr. Saintz unplugs his ears.

MR. SAINTZ
Hold on. How long have you been at
Moore? Three years? I've been here
six. Let's do some quick math. I've
been here two hundred percent
longer than you. So there's a two
hundred percent chance you can't
tell me how to do my job.

KATHY
What about the school's reputation?
You'd rather have another drop-out
than tolerate him for a few weeks?

Mr. Saintz resumes eating.

KATHY (CONT'D)
What about funding? More graduates
means more money for the school.

Mr. Saintz stares at Chet. He's obviously reconsidering.

EXT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Randall walks around the school's perimeter, making his way to the garden.

IN THE GARDEN

Randall looks suspiciously around.

MR. SAINTZ (V.O.)
I've been completely out of line.

Randall unsheathes his blade.

MR. SAINTZ (V.O.)
My recent actions have disrupted
the school.

Randall swings the sword like a ninja.

MR. SAINTZ (V.O.)
I've jeopardized not only my own
education, but that of others as
well.

Randall notices a caterpillar on the leaf of a nearby tree.

INT. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chet's looking out the window, watching as Randall raises the blade over his head.

MR. SAINTZ (O.S.)
I am truly sorry.

BACK IN THE GARDEN

Randall's blade stops inches from the caterpillar. The blade's tip nears the edge of the leaf.

MR. SAINTZ (V.O.)
I promise, in the future, to show
more respect to my peers and the
administration.

The caterpillar crawls across the blade. Randall lifts it to his face, examining its features.

INT. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chet's still watching Randall.

Mr. Saintz hands him a typed LETTER.

MR. SAINTZ

...And there's a place for you to
sign at the bottom.

CHESTER SEIERSTAD is printed at the bottom under a SOLID LINE.

INT. ART HISTORY - LATER

Kathy approaches Chet at his desk.

KATHY

You got a second chance. You think
you'll make the most of it?

She taps his desk with her finger and returns to the front of
the room.

Brendan enters. He pulls a photo from his backpack.

BRENDAN

We missed you in photo.

Smiling, he passes Chet a photo:

Brendan's middle finger aimed at
Chet and Nunnster's backs.

Chet walks out.

Kathy shoots Brendan a look.

Nunnster grabs the newest issue of the NEWSPAPER from her
bookbag and hurries after Chet.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nunnster catches up with Chet.

NUNNSTER

Chet, wait.

Chet stops.

NUNNSTER (CONT'D)

I don't think you've seen this yet.

Nunnster hands Chet the newspaper.

He examines the main story -- a student reaction to the shooting.

NUNNSTER (CONT'D)
The back page.

Chet flips it over and sees his AFRO PUSS drawing with the caption ROCKSTAR CAT.

NUNNSTER (CONT'D)
Afro Puss was too vulgar.

CHET
Whatever. It sucks anyway.

NUNNSTER
Let the people decide.

CHET
Can I burn this?

NUNNSTER
You know we printed a thousand
copies, right?

EXT. CHET'S CAR, PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Chet opens the glove compartment and grabs a lighter.

Nunnster grabs the VICTIM PHOTO off the passenger seat.

Weathers walks his bike across the parking lot. He stops by the car and squints at Chet.

WEATHERS
You drop out of school. You cry
your way back in. And now, what?
Zip-a-dee-doo-dah.

Weathers chuckles, then starts coughing as he continues across the lot.

WEATHERS (CONT'D)
Buncha babies.

NUNNSTER
What a dick.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

Weathers bikes aggressively, keeping a good speed.

NUNNSTER (V.O.)
At least he's old. He won't be
around much longer.

A CAR slams into Weathers, knocking him off his bike. He tumbles into a nearby ditch.

His body lies in the weeds, beaten and motionless.

CHET (V.O.)
I don't know.

Weathers opens his hate-filled eyes.

CHET (V.O.)
I don't think he's going anywhere.

BACK IN THE PARKING LOT

Nunnster watches Chet light the NEWSPAPER on fire.

She raises the VICTIM PHOTO, lighting it with the blaze from the paper.

MONTAGE.

Chet and Nunnster rejoin the class.

Chet takes a seat. He's calmer than we've seen him since before the shooting.

He glances at Brendan -- a look without malice.

IN SAINTZ'S OFFICE

Mr. Saintz eats a taco. Some of the innards fall to the floor. He rubs them into the carpet with his shoe.

IN THE HALLWAY

Students pass the Eric Nygren poster.

IN THE GYMNASIUM

BJ the DJ and Students set up the graduation rehearsal.

Mr. Saintz, at the refreshment table, snacks and supervises.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, CHET'S HOUSE - LATER

Jojo leans on his van, examining a stack of twenties.

Brendan, all smiles, kicks an empty pudding cup as he walks down the driveway.

Jojo flips through the twenties. Someone's drawn a PARTY HAT on Andrew Jackson -- on every single bill.

EXT. MOOMERS ICE CREAM - NIGHT

Grace stands behind the building with her arms crossed on her chest.

Brendan, before her, can barely contain himself.

BRENDAN

It's happening. We're throwing a beach party.

Grace doesn't react.

Brendan gets a TEXT.

FROM SAMMY: HOOK ME UP WITH A RIDE TOMORROW?

FROM BRENDAN: CAN'T. STREP THROAT.

Brendan looks up from his phone. Grace is walking away.

INT. MOOMERS ICE CREAM - SAME

Kelsey's mopping the floor, alone.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL, ROADSIDE - DAY

Mr. Saintz, squatting, searches the ground for the missing letters.

Behind him, the marquee reads:

GAY REHEARSAL
TODAY IN G M

INT. BUS - SAME

Sammy sits in the back with his arm slung over a giant multi-pack of TOILET PAPER.

The KID in the next seat stares.

KID

Where you going? Brown town?

Sammy nods appreciatively and daps Kid.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Sammy struggles to shove the toilet paper into his locker.

Brendan stands beside the locker, holding his CAP and GOWN.

SAMMY

Strep throat my ass.

INT. GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Brendan and Sammy enter the gym.

BRENDAN

So everything's ready?

SAMMY

I talked to everybody. Shit's golden.

BRENDAN

I wish Grace would just... What am I supposed to do?

SAMMY

Have you fucked her yet?

Brendan's blank look answers for him.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Fuck her.

Brendan and Sammy join the rest of the class at --

THE REFRESHMENT TABLE, eating rehearsal snacks.

Brendan grabs a COOKIE.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Take her to Saintz's office and
give her a piece of that dick.

Brendan contemplates the idea.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
You're already skipping the
rehearsal. Might as well.

AT THE BLEACHERS

Chet sits alone, examining the plastic letters R and D.
Coach Comte, on the gym floor, attempts to take attendance.
Randall approaches in a DRESS SUIT.

CHET
What's this?

RANDALL
My fuckin' parents made me wear it.

Randall opens his suit coat.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
The better to hide you, my dear.

Randall is hiding a FLASK of raspberry vodka.

CHET
Should make rehearsal interesting.

Coach Comte notices their conversation.

COACH COMTE
What are you flashing over there,
Randall?

RANDALL
Barbie doll legs.

Randall pulls out a handful of BARBIE legs.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Students bustle about, noisier than usual. SENIORS grab CAPS and GOWNS from their lockers. Others already wear theirs.

Brendan approaches Grace.

BRENDAN
Hey. This is for you.

He hands her a NOTE.

SAMMY (O.S.)
Hear ye, hear ye! The time is near!

Sammy arrives on Baby Monroe's shoulders.

Amanda Shrapnel catcalls. Brianna watches, missing the old Sammy -- Nick.

INT. ALGEBRA - MINUTES LATER

TEACHER lectures in the background as Grace opens the NOTE:
Skip class with me? YES or YES.

INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE - LATER

Ms. Landis scowls at her CLASS. No one's working.

MS. LANDIS
You haven't graduated yet. There's
still plenty of time --

Mr. Saintz interrupts over the intercom.

MR. SAINTZ
Your attention please. Seniors,
report to the gymnasium for grad
rehearsal.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

The refreshment table is only CRUMBS.

Kelsey approaches Chet by the entrance as other STUDENTS take
seats in FOLD-OUT CHAIRS.

KELSEY
Did you see this?

She holds up the NEWSPAPER and shows him the back page.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
You got published. You should frame
it.

CHET
It's not even Afro Puss anymore.

KELSEY
Still. It's something.

Mr. Saintz interrupts at the mic.

MR. SAINTZ (O.S.)
Take your seats, please. It's time
to begin.

INT. COURTYARD - SAME

Grace sits on a bench by an indoor POND surrounded by
artificial PLANTS. The NOTE rests in her lap.

Brendan approaches. She hands him the NOTE.

Brendan reads it:

On the NOTE between YES AND YES Grace has added and circled a
third option: MAYBE.

BRENDAN
Boobies...

GRACE
Please don't call me that.

Brendan takes her hand and sits beside her.

BRENDAN
Cowboyyyy...

Grace shakes her head.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
I don't know what I'm doing wrong.
I just have such a big heart. I
want to share it with you.
(gesturing)
Inside of you.

EXT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - SAME

Sammy, in Brendan's CAP and GOWN, strikes a pose a la THE
THINKER.

Standing, he removes his makeshift chair from under his gown:
the pack of TOILET PAPER.

INT. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Brendan leads Grace in.

GRACE
In Mr. Saintz's office?

Brendan kisses her.

EXT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER

Sammy launches rolls of toilet paper into the trees.

BACK IN THE GYMNASIUM - SAME

An entire row is empty. It's Kelsey's.

KATHY (O.S.)
(on microphone)
Kelsey Cunningham.

Kelsey walks across the stage and accepts her IMAGINARY DIPLOMA from Mr. Saintz.

BACK IN SAINTZ'S OFFICE - SAME

Grace leans on Saintz's desk as Brendan's hand slides up her thigh, toying with her waistband. He slips two fingers in her pants.

EXT. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER

KETCHUP and MUSTARD spray on the pavement.

Sammy spins the squirt bottles like guns and slips them into imaginary holsters.

BACK IN THE GYMNASIUM - MINUTES LATER

KATHY (O.S.)
Maggie Nunn.

Nunnster walks across the stage and, shaking hands with Mr. Saintz, receives her IMAGINARY DIPLOMA.

Chet watches from his seat.

BACK IN SAINTZ'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Brendan pulls Grace's zipper down and kisses her.

I/E. MOORE HIGH SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER

Sammy enters. Strands of TOILET PAPER flap in the trees behind him.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE AV ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Sammy approaches, wagging a CD.

SAMMY
History in the making.

BJ the DJ opens the door for him.

BJ THE DJ
You know my name's at stake, right?

SAMMY
We're all good, gutter ball.

BACK IN THE GYMNASIUM - MINUTES LATER

Chet watches the stage as Students shake Saintz's hand and take their IMAGINARY DIPLOMAS.

KATHY (O.S.)
Brendan Palmer.

Nothing.

Mr. Saintz, on the stage, grimaces as the INTERCOM crackles.

IN THE AV ROOM

BJ the DJ gives Sammy the thumbs up.

Sammy eases his lips to the MIC as rap music (Sammy's) fades in.

IN SAINTZ'S OFFICE -

Brendan's eyes flutter to the intercom.

Grace pulls his face back to hers, kissing him.

BACK IN THE GYMNASIUM -

The rehearsal ceremony stops for the interruption.

SAMMY (O.S.)
What's up, Moore High School. It's
your motha fuckin' boy. Sammy.

Chet smiles.

Saintz turns, leaping from the stage -- a mad dash for the exit.

IN THE AV ROOM -

Sammy grins into the MIC. Behind him, BJ the DJ sits in Saintz's usual seat.

SAMMY
As some of you may have heard,
class is cancelled for the rest of
the day.

IN THE HALLWAY -

Saintz sprints to the AV Room.

SAMMY (V.O.)
That's right, mother fuckers. It's
time --

IN A CLASSROOM -

Students listen attentively to the announcement.

SAMMY (V.O.)
-- for the party of the year.

IN SAINTZ'S OFFICE -

Brendan and Grace are back at it -- his hand in her pants, his lips on her neck.

SAMMY (V.O.)
So I hope you're all ready to get
wet.

IN THE GYMNASIUM -

SAMMY (V.O.)
'Cause we're about to get our beach
party on.

Students pull off their GOWNS, revealing BEACH WEAR.

They stream to the exit.

IN THE AV ROOM -

BJ waves at Sammy and points at his watch.

SAMMY
That's it, my babies. As always,
keep Moore smiling.

BJ smiles as the RAP MUSIC swells.

Sammy's already up and flying out the door.

OUTSIDE THE AV ROOM -

Mr. Saintz walks, catching his breath.

As Sammy exits, they lock eyes.

Sammy glances down. Saintz's gaze follows down to Sammy's --
RUNNING SHOES.

Sammy flees.

IN THE HALLWAY -

Students, exiting their classrooms, witness Sammy dashing
past with Saintz at his heels.

DOWN ANOTHER HALLWAY -

Sammy's flying. Saintz scurries behind.

The CAP flies off Sammy's head and whips at Saintz's feet.

IN A CLASSROOM -

TEACHER raises his hands in a frustrated attempt to keep
order. Students stream right past him.

IN THE CAFETERIA -

Sammy leaps from table to table. Saintz, on the ground, gives chase.

Sammy jumps from the last table to the floor and hurries out the exit.

AROUND THE SCHOOL PERIMETER -

Without slowing, Sammy peels off the gown. It flutters behind him and drifts over Saintz's face.

Saintz tosses it to the ground without breaking stride.

Sammy turns a corner and dashes into --

THE PARKING LOT.

Mr. Saintz flies out behind him. He slows as he notices BLACK GIRLS, on an erected STAGE, doing the sound check.

JOJO
(in the mic)
Testing. Testing. Fuck you, Quincy
Saintz. I'm a rock star. Testing.

Saintz looks back at Sammy, now in booty shorts and a photocopied picture of Saintz' face on his ass.

Saintz resumes the chase.

AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE

Toilet paper dangles from the trees. Sammy tears past his masterpiece and enters the school.

Saintz runs by, eyes widening as he sees the message on the pavement in ketchup and mustard: BRENDAN.

INT. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Brendan is fingering Grace. He raises his head from her neck and notices Saintz's motivational poster: SUCCESS!

Suddenly Sammy bursts into the office.

BRENDAN
What the hell?

Sammy repeats the exact gestures that Brendan performed in front of Sammy's house.

SAMMY

So familiar. But what's it from?

Saintz enters, out of breath, and sees Sammy already halfway out the window.

Saintz doubles over, hands on his knees, wheezing.

INT. GYMNASIUM - SAME

Chet sits in the back, behind rows of fold-out chairs.

Randall stands beside him. He pulls the FLASK from his jacket and hands it to Chet.

Randall slips his jacket off.

CHET

So you're not going to the thing?

Randall slips his pants off to reveal SWIMMING TRUNKS underneath. He removes his dress shirt.

RANDALL

I funded it, didn't I?

Chet hands back the flask. Randall takes a long swig.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

(wincing)

There it is.

Randall exits, leaving Chet alone.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER

The FLASK sits on a chair in the back.

The gym is EMPTY.

INT. MR. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - SAME

Mr. Saintz approaches Brendan and Grace. They're recomposing themselves on his desk.

Saintz pulls his WALKIE TALKIE from his belt.

MR. SAINTZ
(into the walkie)
BJ, I need you to get to the
parking lot ASAP. And call the
police.

BJ THE DJ (V.O.)
(crackling)
On it.

MR. SAINTZ
This day just keeps getting better.

Mr. Saintz, walkie in hand, gestures them off his desk.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Chet notices Nunnster exiting the bathroom at the end of the hall. She's wearing her swimsuit. She smiles.

Kelsey enters from a doorway halfway down the hall, blocking his view of Nunnster.

Kelsey approaches Chet.

KELSEY
Jojo's wondering where you're at.

CHET
I'll make it out there eventually.
How's it look?

KELSEY
You know. Typical Brendan party.
Looks like fun.

CHET
Shall we?

He extends his arm.

KELSEY
I'll make it out there eventually.

She walks away.

Chet looks to the end of the hall. Nunnster's gone.

INT. CLASSROOM - SAME

Teacher stands by the door.

TEACHER

I don't care what the announcement said. No one's leaving this classroom.

The door flies open. It's Sammy.

Amanda Shrapnel, in the front row, smiles.

Brianna, two rows back, is also smiling.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY -

Sammy and Brianna run together.

INT. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - SAME

Mr. Saintz sits behind his desk, staring at Brendan and Grace.

His PRINTER hums a moment before spitting out two documents.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

Students stream out the exit in bathing suits.

The BLACK GIRLS DRUMMER kicks his bass pedal for the sound check. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. It continues like a battle drum throughout this scene.

MR. SAINTZ (V.O.)

All I care about is having a good time, regardless of the consequences.

A CROWD of students gathers before the stage.

MR. SAINTZ (V.O.)

I have absolutely no respect for the rules.

A BEACH BALL bounces around.

MR. SAINTZ (V.O.)

I'm selfish and inconsiderate. Not to mention rude. And obscene.

Students shoot each other with WATER GUNS.

MR. SAINTZ (V.O.)
I will pay for this.

INT. SAINTZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brendan and Grace stand in front of the desk. Mr. Saintz hands them each a DOCUMENT.

MR. SAINTZ
Sign at the bottom.

They sign.

Mr. Saintz pulls out his WALKIE TALKIE.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)
(into the walkie)
BJ, how's it looking out there?

No response.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)
BJ? Do you read me?

BJ THE DJ (O.S.)
(from the mic)
Can't talk, Quince. I got an interview.

Mr. Saintz looks at Brendan.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

A long NOTE rings out. Then stops.

Jojo stands on the stage with Black Girls.

JOJO
That's not gonna work.

Jojo starts tuning his guitar.

FURTHER OFF

BJ stands in front of a CAMERA CREW. He's being interviewed by a REPORTER. He's dropped his DJ persona.

BJ THE DJ
You've seen the way the community
has taken it. It's been hard on all
of us.

Mr. Saintz, Brendan, and Grace hurry to BJ's side.

BJ THE DJ (CONT'D)
Especially these kids.

BJ gestures at Mr. Saintz.

BJ THE DJ (CONT'D)
Here's the man in charge.

Mr. Saintz looks like a deer in headlights.

REPORTER
Unorthodox, isn't it? Throwing a
party during school?

Mr. Saintz smiles calmly.

MR. SAINTZ
It's my experience that the
unorthodox method is often the most
effective.

REPORTER
And the toilet paper? Was that your
idea as well?

The CAMERA CREW pans over to the toilet paper in the trees.

MR. SAINTZ
That's Brendan here. Brendan
Palmer.

Saintz pulls Brendan and Grace in front of the camera.

MR. SAINTZ (CONT'D)
He and his girlfriend. I allowed
it, of course, under the condition
that they cleaned everything up
afterward.

Brendan smiles weakly.

Behind him, Sammy appears with Brianna. He wags his butt at
the camera.

REPORTER
Is that your face on the back of
his shorts?

MR. SAINTZ
It is. And, believe me, I'm
flattered.

Mr. Saintz smiles.

JOJO (O.S.)
All right, we're Black Girls and
we're about to unload on your sorry
asses!

Black Girls starts their first song, which continues over the last scenes.

Brendan and Grace take the opportunity to escape.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Black Girls play on stage. Jojo's rocking out.

Brendan's dancing with Grace.

Chet approaches.

CHET
Gotta give it to you, man. You
fucking nailed it.

BRENDAN
Thanks.

Chet and Brendan do their secret handshake.

Chet notices Nunnster a short distance off. He smiles at her. She smiles and approaches.

We PULL BACK to reveal a PARKING LOT full of students celebrating, dancing, losing their minds.

Interviews continue as the CREDITS ROLL.

ON RANDALL -

Randall dances sloppily.

RANDALL
I'm in it to win it.

REPORTER
Are you drunk?

ON BABY MONROE -

BABY MONROE
All of it, it's just fucking
amazing. You're not gonna bleep
that, are you?

ON CHET AND NUNNSTER -

CHET
That's my dad up there. He's a rock
star. And, yes ladies, he's single.

FADE TO BLACK.