

(ANDRE sides)
UPDATED 2-23-07

Andre:

Like all freakishly smart kids who read a lot, Andre is a bit of a misfit among his peers – he is not afraid to use large weird descriptive words and make references that no one else would get, and yet he is confident enough to never fear looking "uncool." This also sets him apart from most of the other kids in his mainly black, working-class neighborhood – and he likes this. He has no wish to be "like everybody else." His parents don't understand their odd child but they encourage him. Keep in mind, however, that Andre is NOT A NERD. This character is very much like a young Andre 3000 (Outkast) – offbeat, marching to a different drummer.

Far from it: Andre is an aspiring playwright who accidentally shoots his teacher in the face with a flare gun as part of a play about Tupac. He is smart, energetic, creative, with an eccentric fashion style. He is far from a typical "ghetto" kid though he lives in a poor neighborhood next door to a Baptist church. African-American.

Andre rides that fine line – he doesn't come off as a mean jerk but he is far from a nice guy either. He would be a good lawyer, he loves to start debates and argue his way out of things, if he could only find people to keep up with his lightning-fast mind. Andre likes Dug but also likes to make fun of him. He thinks Dug is an idiot savant, who drives him crazy mad sometimes. Andre is the one with the hot temper (fitting with his super sensitive, fast paced nature) and because Dug can take the insults and laughter, Andre doesn't come off super "mean." He insults and berates and corrects Dug constantly, but it's done "out of love."

Not only does Andre not fit in with the Black kids...he does not get along with most people. Yet he and his good (best?) friend Trav serve as a true "odd couple" in looks and temperament. Since Trav is a bit of a misfit in the Mexican community... they have this in common. Andre also (and this is mainly "backstory") feels envious of Travis' assured ways, his clear sense of wrong and right, his satisfaction with the simple things in life...Trav is not a tortured guy like Andre is, and Andre marvels at this.

words to describe Andre: smart, tense, slightly cruel, mocking.

INT. MR. STECKLEBERG'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Cut to Andre and Travis sitting on the floor, Travis is showing Andre a "dirty" (but cool) comic: like Gilbert Hernandez's "Birdland."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUG
(conspiratorial)
So what are y'all in here for?

ANDRE
...Let's just say...I got a teacher
shot in the eye.

DUG
Wait...YOU'RE the guy who shot
Coach Roberts with that flare gun?

Dug slaps his knee and lets out a whoop!

ANDRE
It wasn't me, it was a prop
malfunction in one of my plays.

DUG
(still laughing)
Man, I wish I woulda been there to
see it. Nailing a teacher in the
eye with a friggin' flare gun - so
genius.

Dug is continuing to massage and flex his knee.

TRAVIS
...what's with the knee?

Dug lies on his back and does a weird dramatic leg stretch.
Deep breathing. Eyes closed.

DUG
I got "sex knee."

Andre and Travis look at him like, "what?"

DUG (CONT'D)
It's a...chronic condition. If you
get what I'm saying.

ANDRE
(condescending)
You SURE it's not from playing
football?

DUG
Hell no, it's not from football!
You don't have to lean on your
knees like this when you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dug starts to demonstrate by getting on his knees and maybe humping the air.

ANDRE

That's ok! That's ok. We get it.

Goth Girl walks by the boys. Travis is staring hard at her. Dug notices.

DUG

(to Travis)

She would totally go for you. Goth chicks love guys in bands.

ANDRE

Who's in a band?

Travis looks a bit uncomfortable.

TRAVIS

Well, I HAVE been playing bass for about 5 years...

ANDRE

No, for 5 years you've been SAYING you're gonna learn how to play...

DUG

Well, you totally look like you're in a band.

TRAVIS

(defensive)

I know some songs.

ANDRE

Ok, how many songs do you know?

TRAVIS

Four. Or...three. There's "War Pigs"...half of Slayer's "Raining Blood,"...oh, and I also know the theme from "Spongebob Square Pants."

Andre and Dug laugh.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

(defensive)

Shit. It was the only way I could get Diego Junior to sleep at night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DUG
Wait, you have a KID?

TRAVIS
No...4 little brothers and a
sister.

ANDRE
It's like hardcore daycare over
there.

DUG
(looking off into space)
Man, working at a day care would be
such an awesome way to pick up some
young, hot, frustrated Moms...
they'd fuck (bleep) you and bake
you cookies after.

**In the background, Mr. S. is trying to get the attention of
the class, but he can't be heard over the loud kids.**

MR. S
Class? Class? Eyes up here! Class?

Trav and Andre laugh at Dug. Dug tries to high five Travis
and Travis abruptly stops laughing. Travis looks at him
sideways, like, "I don't do that." Dug puts his hand down.

ANDRE
Women don't walk around thinking
about sex all the time like guys
do. The world does not actually
resemble one giant porno movie.

LATER

ANDRE (CONT'D)
Uh, Mr...Steckelberg?

MR. S
Yes...?

ANDRE
Andre. 'Scuse me if I'm getting
this wrong, but it sounds like
you're saying we have to be in this
room, all day, every day, for the
whole year.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MR. S
 (panting)
 Yes, that's what I said...sang.
 Said.

Mr. S. recites the song lyrics again, super fast, monotone.

MR. S (CONT'D)
 Science and Math, English
 and History, you've got one teacher
 now, and that...

ANDRE
Yeah, yeah. We heard it.

VIV
 (to Andre)
 Didn't you get the letter? We're in
 here all day except for P.E.

MR. S
 And YOU are?

VIV
 Vivian.

MR. S
 Well, Vivian, don't forget, you
 also get to leave for lunch!

VIV
 No offense, Sir, but I am NOT
 spending my entire year in this
 classroom. As soon as I can get
 everything straightened out, I'm
 leaving.

Mr. S. walks over and looks directly at Andre. He leans his
 face close to Andre, breathing on him.

MR. S
 Look. I know exactly what you're
 thinking.

ANDRE
 (making a face)
 Did you just eat Funyuns?

INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL LUNCHROOM

MISFIT TABLE

Dug, Travis and Andre sit with punks, graffiti kids, skaters. Travis eats a cafeteria sloppy joe sandwich. Andre has edamame, miso soup. Dug eats PB&J and chips from a paper bag.

HOSTILE PUNK KID
(to Travis)
Meat is murder, dude.

Hostile Punk Kid chews his black licorice angrily. His teeth are coated with the black goo.

TRAVIS
No, meat is MURDERED.

Hostile grabs his licorice. Stands up to leave.

HOSTILE PUNK KID
(indignant)
I hope your rotten ass meat gives
you ass cancer, Travis!

Hostile storms off, giving the finger to Travis. Travis waves and smiles back.

ANDRE
Don't worry, the huge amounts of
animal fat will kill him first.

TRAVIS
(mouth full)
Animal fat's GOOD for you.

DUG
Yeah, guys need meat in their diet,
a certain amount, every day...

ANDRE
No you don't. Every study ever done
says a Vegetarian diet is
healthier.

DUG
All I know is, if a man quits
eating meat, his balls shrink up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDRE

(laughing)

That is the most retarded thing I
have ever heard in my LIFE.

DUG

My Dad has a friend, he became a
vegetarian and his wife left him
because of it. His balls looked
like little raisins.

TRAVIS

Wouldn't they be more like prunes?

Travis stops eating. Puts down his food.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

All this ball talk makes me feel
ultra-gay.

ANDRE

Dug, that story is so fake.

TRAVIS

Keep eating your tofu soup or
whatever that is. Don't come crying
to me when your balls shrink.

INT. MR. STECKLEBERG'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

MR. S.

Everyone turn to your worksheets.
Look at problem number two. "If
your dealer gives you 3 grams of a
substance, but your friend needs to
buy 17 grams, and he already stole
10 grams from you the week before,
how much do you need?"

Mr. S. looks at the kids. Smiles.

MR. S. (CONT'D)

Come on, I KNOW you can do this.

TRAVIS

(mocking Mr. S.)

Quick question. Is the dealer
armed? That makes a big difference.
And is he new, or has he been
around for a while?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. S. consults his notes.

MR. S.
Where did it say...

ANDRE
(heavy sarcasm)
Speaking as someone "from the ghetto," let me tell you, Mr. S., these details make ALL the difference.

TRAVIS
(to Andre, sarcastic)
You're from the ghetto? That's near where I live.

ANDRE
(to Travis, sarcastic)
Oh, where's that?

TRAVIS
(sarcastic)
In "the hood."

ANDRE
(sarcastic)
Oh yeah, right, I've heard of that!

VIV
Actually, Mr. S., this question is seriously flawed. The first part is like a regular math problem, 17 minus 3, fine. But if the dealer owes you 10 grams, does that mean you want us to subtract 10?

The bell rings. Everyone leaps up. Mr. S. remains at the board, pointing to the poster, saying:

MR. S.
Remember, kids, Believe...to Achieve! Believe...to Achieve!

The kids walk out of the class, ignoring him.