

(TRAVIS sides)
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TRAVIS CHARACTER DESCRIPTION:

Travis:

Travis drives a tricked-out mini-monster truck that accidentally crashes through the lunchroom window at the school. When Travis opens the car door, dozens of beer cans spill out. He lives in a ramshackle house with 5 younger brothers and sisters, all under the age of 10, and his dad doesn't seem much older than he is. Trav is Mexican-American. Looks very intimidating, mean and street-tough upon first impression, yet is a total softy at heart. He is the main caretaker of his family.

He wears the most super violent, gruesome, horror movie/comic t-shirts (which the Principal often makes him turn inside-out). Loves the Misfits (band) and basically everything they sell at Hot Topic: skulls, monsters, black lights, metal and old-school punk, etc...and of course, he loves Goth Girls (Suicide Girls is his most-visited bookmark). This makes him slightly alienated from the rest of the Mexican kids/community: he is the odd man out, the black sheep – and he likes this. Travis is very confident in who he is.

Travis' goal is to make life one long permanent vacation. He derives great joy and satisfaction from the simple things in life: an entire free day to do whatever he wants, a new CD, spending all day BBQing on his custom made oil-drum grill, a perfectly rolled joint, a new comic, etc. He has been trying to learn to play the bass for the past 5 years but he is just too relaxed to put any time into it. The answer to all troubles is a good joke -- keeping a good sense of humor. Not to say Trav is "jolly," but he loves a good laugh, be it at someone else's expense or his own. Trav serves almost as the go-between between Andre the super brilliant and mocking and Dug the dim but zen. Travis can find something to agree with on both sides but usually lands on Andres side marveling at Dug's bizarre "Dugness."

Trav has had an ultra traditional Catholic upbringing, partly due to the fact that he was mainly raised by his grandma (but that's just in his "backstory") – he currently thinks it's all quite hilarious and he likes to refer to himself jokingly as "satanic." Drawn to ultra-violent horror movies / comics. His outer self is as tough as a Hell's Angel and he sometimes provokes people for the fun of it ... but he is truly a nice person underneath. And oddly enough, even though he looks radical, he is socially conservative underneath – not in a "right wing republican" conservative way but in a "lives by a strict moral code / strong family values / do the right thing" way.

A large part of the comedy in this character is the contrast between the tough guy who loves violent "tough guy" things and the sensitive soul who takes care of his many siblings, cooking them dinner, helping with homework, etc. He lets his little sister paint his nails pink, for example. He also will spend hours looking through cookbooks and secretly watches TIVO'ed Martha Stewart episodes for baking and household tips. (backstory: this is probably a reaction to growing up with no mom and a dad who is incredibly young and irresponsible).

He does not fit in with the Mexican kids, partly because of his whole metal/horror/dress in black thing. This has also drawn him to Andre, a misfit among the Black kids. They both geek out about things like movies, art, music, etc.

words to describe Travis: normal, tough guy act, yet relaxed, hidden sweet side.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

Dug notices Viv approaching the jock table. Dug gets up and walks off, leaving his lunch. Follow Dug as he passes the...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

 INT. MR. STECKLEBERG'S CLASSROOM, LATER - DAY

On the board is written: "Haiku Topic: FEELINGS!" On the wall are a few "inspirational" signs such as "Believe...Achieve!" and a big handwritten posterboard sign with the word JUDGEMENT written on it, under a big circle with a slash drawn through it.

Cut to Viv staring intently at this sign, at the word "JUDGEMENT" and looking freaked.

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

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."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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...

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DUG
MY world does.

Pause.

TRAVIS
(to Andre)
The sad thing is, I believe him.

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.