

HIGH SCHOOL RECORD - THE PILOT

by

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INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL classroom - DAY

On the board, a handpainted banner reads "The Life And Death Of Tupac Shakur -- Written and Directed by Andre Washington."

Two teenage actors stand in front of the class. TUPAC: a skinny black boy with a Tupac-style bandanna around his head; SUGE: an awkward, pimply white girl with braces. The actors nervously stumble over every word.

Handmade props: a cardboard moon hung from the ceiling with a boom box inside, a cardboard Caddy front attached to a table.

COACH ROBERTS, beer-bellied, classic middle-aged teacher/coach in a stretch "sport shirt" and "sans-a-belt" slacks, whistle around his neck, sits at his desk watching with dull resignation/utter boredom.

SUGE
(halting)
I'm Suge Knight, and n-n-nobody...

Suge stops for a minute to remember the line.

SUGE (CONT'D)
(confident, now)
Nobody messes with me! Ya hear?

CUT TO ANDRE WASHINGTON, 16, African-American, wiry, energized, wearing a pork-pie hat, Angela Davis t-shirt and camos, hunched in the corner, furiously gesticulating at Suge, mouthing the next line again and again.

ANDRE
(whispering)
"Not even YOU, Tupac!"

INSERT TITLE CARD - ANDRE

As we see the title card, the audio continues.

SUGE (CONT'D)
Not even...not even YOU, Tupac.

Cut to Andre sighing with relief. "Tupac" addresses Snoop "in the distance" (not really there).

TUPAC
(yelling)
YO, Snoop! I'm outta here, man!

"Tupac" goes to the "Cadillac" table and sits down. "Suge" looks at a friend in the audience and waves.

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ANDRE
 (whispering)
 BRIANNA! Stay in character!

Tupac picks up a steering wheel and pretends to drive. Suge whips out a bright orange plastic flare gun. Shoots it. The flare goes directly into the teacher's face. The teacher falls out of his chair screaming and clutching his eye. Andre is horrified.

COACH ROBERTS
 My eye! Aaargh!

EXT. ANDRE'S HOUSE IN THE ST. JOHN'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Summer. ANDRE walks down the front path, opens the mailbox. Pulls out a bright yellow envelope addressed TO THE PARENTS OF ANDRE WASHINGTON with the return address: JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL, AUSTIN TX. He looks a bit alarmed and curious.

INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY -NIGHT

Close up on an exit door, we see the handle jiggle, the door pop open. A figure wearing a black hoodie runs down the hall.

INSERT TITLE CARD - VIV

As we see the title card, the audio of the scene continues, shoes against the tile floor.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sitting at principal's desk we see VIV, 16, tall, blonde, beautiful, high-strung, Cameron Diaz type. Her hood is down, she stares intently at a computer screen.

Close up on the screen as she scrolls down, finds her name, and looks at her grades, all A's, until she finds the single B. Seeing this, her eyes narrow, jaw clenches. She changes it to an "A" with a thump on the keyboard. She leans back and smiles with great satisfaction. Just then, a light turns on in the hallway and her eyes zoom toward it in panic...

EXT. PROMISELAND MEGACHURCH, ULTRA-SUBURBS - DAY

A massive gleaming glass church, acres of green lawn. Viv runs down the sidewalk toward the front door.

INT. PROMISELAND MEGACHURCH - Day

The huge worship hall buzzes with activity in preparation for a TV broadcast. We see cameras, lights, crew.

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Sitting in purple velvet throne-like chairs at the center of the action are CRYSTAL AND JOHN VALENTINE, Viv's parents and the stars of the Texas Christian Network. (based on Trinity Broadcast Network stars Jan and Paul Crouch)

Makeup artists fuss over CRYSTAL's giant blonde, pink-streaked beehive and massive eyelashes as John reads off a teleprompter. He squints. He is being powdered by a makeup person.

JOHN

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, BOB! I
can't read the fucking thing! Can't
you make it any bigger?

DIRECTOR

(offscreen over a P.A.)
This is as big as it gets, John...

Viv runs in, down the long aisle, toward her parents. It's summer, she wears shorts and a t-shirt, knee socks, hair in a ponytail, giant sunglasses. She's waving a bright yellow piece of paper. She shoves her way past the crew.

VIV

Mother. Did you see this letter
from school?

CRYSTAL

(distracted, eyeshadow is
being applied)
We're on in three minutes, dear...

VIV

(panic)
They want to put me in some
juvenile delinquents class! It's
going to totally ruin my record!
You've got to do something!

JOHN

What did I teach you about
Judgement Day, Vivian? You chose to
break into school...now you've got
to face the consequences.

DIRECTOR

(O.S. over P.A.)
On in two...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VIV

Unless you want your only daughter to end up a cashier at Wal-Mart for the rest of her life, you need to call a lawyer and get me out of this. PLEASE, Daddy.

DIRECTOR

(O.S. over P.A.)

We need to get Viv out of the frame. Now.

VIV

(talking down to the director)

Just one more minute, Bob.

An assistant with a clipboard shoos Viv off the set.

VIV (CONT'D)

Don't touch me! I'm leaving!

CUT TO T.V. VIEWER'S POV: A TCN logo and the words "Christian Coffee Break!" We hear cheesy music and we see Crystal and John, beaming at the camera.

JOHN

Well, howdy, true believers!

EXT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

After school, the lot is empty. TRAVIS, 16, Mexican-American, tough-looking, revs his customized mini-monster truck with giant tires in front of a group of guys. Travis is cackling with glee as he spins the tires, making a black streak on the concrete.

CUT TO TITLE CARD: TRAVIS

But something goes wrong and the truck speeds forward. Travis tries to regain control but can't - pedal or gear shift is stuck. He panics. His truck barrels through a large window...

INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL LUNCHROOM - DAY

Travis' truck crashes into a wall and stops. The PRINCIPAL rushes out to see. Travis sticks his head out the window.

TRAVIS

Uh...hey, everything's cool, just, wait a minute...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He opens the door and a waterfall of empty beer cans spills out across the floor. Travis looks at the cans, looks at the Principal, back at the cans...

EXT. TRAVIS' HOUSE, EAST AUSTIN - MORNING

Summer. A small house with toys strewn across the lawn, car up on blocks, shrine to Virgin Mary, barking dog, chain link fence. An outrageous Spanish-language radio talk show, "Chula Y Boca," (La Ley 98.9 FM) blasts out the open windows.

INT. TRAVIS' HOUSE, EAST AUSTIN - MORNING

Close up on a vintage kitchen radio. The radio show is deafening. A small Mexican boy with a devilish look cranks it up even louder. Travis' voice comes from off-screen.

TRAVIS
(off screen)
Carlos! I SAID, turn it down, not
up!

Carlos turns toward Travis' voice, grins, then turns the radio down. It plays in the background for the rest of the scene. Travis braids his 5-year old sister's hair. Then he pours cereal and juice for 5 little kids, all talking at once. One boy draws with crayons on the back of a bright yellow piece of paper. Travis holds it up to admire it...he turns the paper over and his face darkens.

We see a close up on the letter as we read "Regarding the placement of Travis Hernandez into the Oswald Annex Alternative Program..."

Electronic beeps interrupt. Travis looks up and sees his Dad (who looks to be the same age as Travis) slumped over at the end of the table, playing on a PSP. Travis grabs it from him.

TRAVIS' DAD
Hey! I was playing with that.

Travis looks at the clock.

TRAVIS
Dad, you're late for work.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY IN THE SUBURBS - NIGHT

Nice small modern house. Hip hop BLASTS, windows are steamy. A DJ in a Kangol cap carrying a milk crate stuffed full of records enters as a few glammed-up black partygoers in their mid-20's leave. When the door opens, smoke, light and loud music pour out.

INT. HOUSE PARTY IN THE SUBURBS - NIGHT

Next to the DJ in the living room 7 fashionable black partygoers in their mid-20's dance. The room is small and the camera shot is tight - we see dancing bodies and the DJ.

TINY, 16, is dancing near the DJ too. She sticks out like a sore thumb. Not just for her bizarre fashion sense (gym shorts, knee socks, trucker cap, corn rows) but she's the only Asian in the room. She's dancing with FINE BLACK GUY. She takes a swig off a 40-ouncer.

CUT TO TITLE CARD: TINY

Cut to three high-style, gorgeous black MEAN GIRLS in tiny dresses standing in the corner, staring at Tiny. QUEEN MEAN GIRL, stunning, gorgeous, sticks a manicured finger in Tiny's face, shouts something with major attitude that can't be heard over the music.

QUEEN MEAN GIRL

(yells but we can't hear)

Who invited you? And what are you
doin'? Dancin' with my boyfriend?
Take your wanna-be ass OUTTA here!

Tiny holds up her hands and backs off.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Tiny walks out the front door of the house holding the 40-ouncer and she is bathed in the blue and red lights of cop cars. Tiny freaks, tries to hide the beer and go back inside.

COP'S VOICE

(O.S., through speaker)

Turn around, young lady, and put
your hands up.

Tiny turns back around, grins sheepishly, puts up her hands.

INT. TINY'S ROOM - DAY

All white girly bedroom, canopy bed, white dresser set, yet the walls are plastered with hardcore gangsta rap posters and magazine pages. Tiny is BLASTING Geto Boys and posing in front of the mirror trying her hat on in different ways.

TINY'S PARENTS, Chinese, small, intense, dressed in tacky "American Retiree" style (velour sweatsuits?) storm in, screaming at her in Chinese, waving the yellow paper.

TINY'S MOM

(in Chinese)

They're putting you in a class for criminals!

TINY'S DAD

(in Chinese)

You have brought shame to our family! I am glad your grandfather is not alive to see this! You have no pride! No respect for your culture!

TINY

(in English)

Oh and YOU two are the PERFECT examples of Chinese culture! Moving from China to Texas, changing your names to AMERICAN names? That's just SO respectful, "Sheila" and "Tony" Chang!

TINY'S DAD

(in Chinese)

Why can't you speak Chinese? You forget your own language already?

TINY

(English)

Get out of my room!

Parents stare at her.

TINY (CONT'D)

(Chinese)

Get out of my room!

Tiny slams her door. Reopens it. Sticks her head in the hall.

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CONTINUED:

TINY (CONT'D)
 (in English)
 And LEARN ENGLISH!

She slams the door again.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

We hear pandemonium before seeing it. Multiple phone lines ring. Sound of ambulance/fire truck sirens. Doors slam, people whisper in angry tones. Principal paces back and forth behind his desk, shaking his head, pissed. Dug sits in a chair wearing the blackened, burnt, shredded remains of a football uniform. His burnt helmet is in his lap.

TITLE CARD: DUG

Dug swats casually at his hair which he discovers is smoking slightly (an ember flies out). He stomps it out.

DUG
 (sheepish)
 I didn't think the goalpost was that flammable. I didn't expect the fire to jump into the bleachers like it did, either, Sir.

PRINCIPAL
 Well, ya poured gas on a wooden pole, and then ya put a match to it, son. What did you THINK was gonna happen? Where's your common sense?

DUG
 I just thought it would be a cool way to celebrate a touchdown. School spirit, right?

INT. DUG'S HOUSE - DAY

Tacky, Vegas-inspired ranch house. Gold wallpaper, mirrored walls, white couches, huge painting of Dug's Dad in a Saints uniform. Glass case with trophies and photos of Dug's Dad on the cover of Sports Illustrated, etc. We hear the splashing and loud music of a pool party out back. Music: Poison, Journey, Christopher Cross etc.

EXT. DUG'S HOUSE, Backyard Swimming pool - day

A party reminiscent of the pool party in "Boogie Nights."
 Tacky, too-tan people in their 40's.

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We see DUG'S DAD, a bulky (ex-football player), too-tan, sharing a joint with his girlfriend, KAREN, and holding a cocktail. Dug approaches with the yellow envelope.

DUG
(friendly)
Yo, Dad. S'up?

Dug's dad makes a big show of trying to hide the joint.

DUG'S DAD
Karen, get this wacky tabacky out
of my face.

DUG
Dad, relax, it's cool. Hey, ya see
this letter? They're putting me in
some alternative classroom or
something.

Dad puts his arm around Dug's shoulder.

DUG'S DAD
And all you tried to do was teach
those squares about the true
meaning of school spirit, shit.
People never change. Hey, did I
tell you 'bout that time we stole
the Johnson City mascot, a black
angus, and put her up on the roof
of the school? September in Texas,
you can imagine...100 degrees...ol'
Bess DIED on us! Bitch stank to
high hell for a WEEK!

Dug and his Dad cracks up. Dad elbows Karen, who looks
grossed out.

DUG'S DAD (CONT'D)
Hilarious, am I right?

Karen has a blank look.

DUG'S DAD (CONT'D)
(quietly, to Dug)
Wasn't born with a funnybone...but
her other parts make up for it.

Dug's dad looks at Karen, then French kisses her. Dug looks
grossed out, looks away. Dug's Dad now has Karen's frosted
lip gloss all over his mouth.

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CONTINUED: (2)

DUG'S DAD (CONT'D)

(worried)

But there's no problem with
football, is there? You're still on
the team, right? You're the star
Q.B. for chrissakes...!

DUG

I'm all good with football, Dad.

Dad re-focuses on Karen. Dug walks off, reading the letter.
Close up on the letter: "On the first day of school, August
25, report DIRECTLY to Oswald Annex, room 314, 8:30 AM."

HIGH SCHOOL RECORD THEME SONG // INTRO TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Dug is driving his battered 70's Mustang plastered with
Willie Nelson, Kyuss and Johnny Cash stickers, wearing his
football helmet, an old western shirt, jeans and flip-flops.

WOLFMOTHER (or Kyuss/Mastadon) blasts from his car. He has no
hood on the trunk, just speakers sticking out blasting music.
Cut to groups of girls who look at him with obvious lust as
he drives by. Dug pulls into a spot marked "Reserved for
Honor Roll Student of the Month" and then leaves the car on
so he can listen to the end of the song.

INT. DUG'S CAR - MORNING

Eyes closed, rocking out, he starts to nod slower and slower
until he drops off to sleep. A hot stoner chick straight out
of Dazed and Confused (jean shorts, tight black rock tee,
long straight hair) leans in through his open window. She
blows cigarette smoke in his face.

STONER GIRL/KAITLYN

Bell's gonna ring.

Dug wakes up. Sees her, grins.

DUG

(sleepy)

Hey Kristin...have a good summer?

STONER GIRL/KAITLYN

It's KAITLYN...and, yeah, it was
ok.

EXT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Dug and Stoner Girl/Kaitlyn walk toward the school. He puts his arm lightly around her waist. We hear their conversation fading away as they walk away toward the school.

DUG
How's the boyfriend?

Stoner girl takes his hand off her waist. Their voices fade.

STONER GIRL/KAITLYN
Fine.

Dug puts his hand back.

DUG
YOU'RE fine.

INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - MORNING

The camera floats through the crowd, showing each group.

Andre laughs with Travis and a crew of misfit kids, graffiti artists, skaters, punks, kid carrying a guitar case - the guitar accidentally bumps a gangsta-looking black boy...

...the gangsta boy, surrounded by a group of tough-ass gangsta types gives the misfit kid a LOOK. Tiny is in this circle. One of these boys hears something weird and looks over to see Dug...

...and his friends slamming sodas from holes in the bottom of the cans to see who does it fastest. When they are done, Dug lets out a massive belch as Viv...

...standing like a queen with rest of the perfect, rich jock kids, makes eye contact with Dug and rolls her eyes.

When the bell rings, everyone scatters. Only Dug, Andre, Travis, Tiny and Viv are left. They come together beneath a sign reading "OSWALD ANNEX" and an arrow.

INT. OSWALD ANNEX HALLWAY - MORNING

They walk together down a hallway, into another wing painted a different color. Lighting changes: flickering and eerie.

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

No teacher, just CHAOS. One boy tries to light his desk on fire. Another tags the back wall with a black sharpie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A girl gives a boy a jailhouse tattoo (using a black pen cartridge attached to a safety pin). Two metalheads share a joint and play music from a little portable boom box. Wads of burning paper fly through the air. Someone keeps turning the lights off. A couple lies on the floor making out.

HOSTILE PUNK KID/HENRY, 16, a rangy looking boy with a greasy black floppy mowhawk and a homemade Clash army jacket, chews black licorice and spits black spit into an empty can on his desk. GOTH GIRL/CLOVE stares into space, biting her nails and listening to her black ipod.

Andre walks in, sees Travis sitting on the floor playing PSP. Travis gets up and they do something physical to show they are best buds (like a "guy hug"). They duck flying debris and laugh. Dug flirts with Stoner Girl/Kaitlyn. Viv stands in the back on her cell phone, very out of place.

Tiny sits on a filing cabinet. LINDA, 17, a trashy, sparkly long nails, 4-months pregnant white chick in a tight t-shirt that says "Size Does Matter," walks up and sits on a neighboring filing cabinet. Tiny's eyes drift over to Andre.

LINDA

You wanna get in his pants, doncha?

TINY

Whose pants?

LINDA

(like, "obviously")

Uh, the one you're, like, staring at...

TINY

Andre? Yeah. He's a straight-up fox.

LINDA

You should ask him out. Text him or something. Shit, if you don't, I will.

Tiny pokes at Linda's 4-month pregnant belly and laughs.

TINY

You're just horny 'cause you're pregnant.

They both look at Andre.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TINY (CONT'D)

He's so hot he makes me wanna order
wallet-sized photos of his naked
ass.

LINDA

Eh, he's not all that.

TINY

He's so hot he makes me wanna go to
Planned Parenthood and get on the
pill.

LINDA

Way to throw out the subtle hint,
there.

TINY

WHAT? I wasn't kidding!

Dug walks over to where Viv standing in the back of the room
talking on her cell. He leans against the wall next to her,
folds his arms, watches her, listens. She doesn't notice.

VIV

(whispers)

But they're going to kill me!

Viv listens. A wad of burning paper flies over her head, she
ducks, shrieks in terror.

VIV (CONT'D)

(talking on her cell)

But I'm gonna DIE in here. I
seriously need you to get me OUT.
Daddy...please?

Viv listens for a minute.

VIV (CONT'D)

But who was it that said "Father,
Forgive Them?" Wasn't it that buddy
of yours? That guy named...Jesus?

Pause as Viv listens to something on the other line.

VIV (CONT'D)

Hello? Are you there? Daddy?

Her Dad has hung up on her. She snaps the phone shut and
shoves it in her bag. She sees Dug standing there, grinning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VIV (CONT'D)

YOU?! My boyfriend Ricky burnt off his hair because of your stupid stunt last year. And he had GOOD hair.

DUG

It was an accident.

Viv rolls her eyes.

VIV

You're an idiot.

DUG

You remind me of someone. But I can't figure out who. It's driving me crazy.

VIV

(SUPER condescending)

Well, don't bruise your last brain cell trying to figure it out.

Dug just grins at her. She scowls at him. A beat passes.

VIV (CONT'D)

I gotta find a desk.

She walks off, he watches her. She turns around, trying to be subtle, and makes eye contact with him. As she's doing this, she smacks her leg on a desk. She turns away from Dug and only then, mouths to herself in great pain...

VIV (CONT'D)

OH my god...aaa!

MR. STECKLEBERG, 40, chubby, pale, enters, carrying a guitar case festooned with stupid stickers ("Visualize Whirled Peas"), a boom box, and a briefcase. He wears a suit and a piano-pattern tie with bright pink BRAND NEW Converse basketball shoes.

He writes his name in GIANT UNEVEN LETTERS on the board. He sets down his stuff, sits on the edge of his desk and just stares at the kids. He self-consciously stretches out his legs, flexes his feet, looks down at his shoes, then back at the kids, zeroing in on GOTH GIRL/CLOVE in a front desk, who is wearing ancient shredded black Converse. He points at his shoes, then hers, then his...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MR. S
 (to GOTH GIRL/CLOVE)
 Hot Topic?

Goth Girl looks distressed. Like she wants to hide and can't.

Mr. S. hits "play" on his cheap tape recorder - we hear the familiar siren that begins the Beyonce song: "Ring The Alarm." The kids all stop talking and stare. Mr. S. sprawls across the desk and slowly crawls across it, just like Beyonce in her video.

The music accompanies him as he sings, dances, gets in kid's faces and basically imitates everything Beyonce does. Note he never gets the "two middle rows" line right, he keeps pausing to count the rows and getting it wrong.

<HOOK>
 Ring the alarm!
 Listen to this here song!
 And will ya please try your best
 just to follow along!
 (there will be a quiz)

He runs around the rows of desks, getting in kid's faces

<1/2 CHORUS>
 In the back two rows
 I'll let ya know
 In the front two rows
 I'll let ya know
 And in those...two...three middle
 rows
 I'll let ya know
 I can't let ya go
 I can't let ya go

<VERSE>
 Well some of you got arrested
 and some of you cheated
 and some of you set fires
 and some of you are straight
 tweakers
 but now you're in the Annex for the
 entire year
 Takin' every single subject in this
 one classroom here

For the Pre-Chorus: He wags his finger in a student's face, just like Beyonce.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

<PRE CHORUS>

You can't go, you gotta stay.
For every hour of every day.

He takes a break. Maybe sits down. Wipes his brow. James Brown false ending. It appears he is finished. But, no, he LEAPS back up into it.

<HOOK>

Ring the alarm!
Listen to this here song!
And will ya please try your best
just to follow along!

<VERSE>

Science and Math;
English and His-to-ry
You've got one teacher now,
and that teacher is ME.
Yeah, ya might think this is
uncool...
But the rules are the (SHOUTED)
RUULES!!!

He does the final robot head thing from the video. The music ends. The kids sit in stunned silence, except for Dug, who thoroughly enjoyed it, clapping and whistling. Mr. S. wipes his face, sips from a water bottle, breathes hard.

ANDRE

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.

MR. S

(panting)

Yes, that's what I said...sang.
Said.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

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?

Mr. S. stops talking, moves away from Andre.

MR. S
You probably see me as "the man."

Mr. S. does air quotes. Tiny imitates the air quotes at
Linda, giggling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MR. S (CONT'D)

...but I grew up in a black neighborhood...all my best friends were black. I consider myself black on the inside. I'm like...an Oreo.

TRAVIS

Um...Oreo's aren't black on the inside.

MR. S

(sheepish)

I must be thinking of the white ones, then.

Everyone laughs out loud. Mr. S. looks embarrassed.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUG

(still laughing)

Man, I wish I woulda been there to see it. Nailing a teacher in the eye with a friggin' flare gun - did you post that online?

Andre gives him a LOOK - "no." Dug continues to massage and flex his knee.

TRAVIS

...what's with the leg?

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

DUG

(nonchalant)

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...

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/Clove 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3) DUG (CONT'D)
 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
 Wouldn't happen. Women don't walk around thinking about sex all the time. The world does not actually resemble one giant porno movie.

DUG
 MY world does.

Pause.

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>TRAVIS
 (to Andre)
 The sad thing is, I believe
 him.</p> | <p>MR. S
 (SCREAMING)
 CLASS!</p> |
|--|---|

MR. S
 (to class)
 Eyes on me, class. Up here. Now. We are going to all take some time to write a few Haikus. Write a few...Haikus. I'm a poet and I don't even know it! But on a serious note. Haiku is the ancient art of Japanese poetry, and it's also a great way to express your anger...at society, at parents, at authority figures. Find that heavy emotion! Tap into it!

Mr. S. points to the posterboard sign.

MR. S (CONT'D)
 Remember this is a JUDGEMENT FREE ZONE. These poems will be kept private, between me and you, only. You can trust me, kids. This is a safe space for ALL expression.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Cut to Viv, one of only a few kids writing. She writes on distinctive BRIGHT PINK scalloped-edge paper with giant "V's" on the corners. On her desk: dictionary, thesaurus, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FOOTBALL SPECIAL. On her paper she's written one word - "Judgement."

A crackly and unintelligible announcement comes over the school PA (similar to the NYC subway system).

PA VOICE
Locker assignments will begin in
...schhhh. You will need your
cards...numbered BY CLASS...schhh.

The kids all start to get up.

MR. S
Sit down...it's not our turn yet.

We HEAR from the hallway...kids and lockers slamming.

TINY
All the good lockers are gonna get
taken.

MR. S
Let's work on our poems...

From the back of the room the HOSTILE PUNK KID screams at Mr. S. His front teeth are coated in black licorice.

HOSTILE PUNK KID/HENRY
You're a GOD DAMN FASCIST!

MR. S
Henry, do you even know what a
fascist is?

HOSTILE PUNK KID/HENRY
(condescending)
Yes, a fascist is a middle-aged
nerd who thinks he's super cool in
his gay pink converse.

MR. S
Well for one thing, they're
cranberry...Andre, sit back down!

Andre gets up and walks over to the door. He peers through the door's window into the hallway.

INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

The PRINCIPAL (Alex Jones) marches through the hallway, crowded with kids. He holds a megaphone and barks out orders to "line up!" military-commander style.

INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY, LATER - DAY

The hall is empty. Most lockers have locks on them, claimed.

TINY

Daaamn! All the good ones ARE gone.

Travis opens one and jumps back in horror as a pair of dirty men's underwear falls out. Viv opens a locker only to discover a mysterious liquid seeping into it.

Tiny watches Andre dust out his new locker. She sees a free one next to Andre's but Hostile Punk Kid runs over to it first and LICKS it. Folds his arms and looks proud.

HOSTILE PUNK KID/HENRY

Mine.

Tiny she spies an air vent grate directly to the right of Andre's locker and her eyes light up. She glances at Andre.

LINDA

Tiny, there's a good one over here.

Tiny shoots her a look of death.

TINY

Uh, no, this one's good.

Tiny pulls a screw out of the grate - revealing a 4x4 inch square space. She shoves and bends a notebook to jam it in.

TINY (CONT'D)

This is SO dope.

ANDRE

Tiny, that's not even a locker...that's, like an air vent.

Tiny shrugs. A moment of shy eye contact between them...

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

MR. S

While you were choosing your lockers, I took the liberty of collecting the poems. I bet we have some really talented kids in here! Now it's time for a little "poetry salon."

Certain kids blush, groan and put their heads down. Mr. S. turns off the lights and turns on a single lamp on his desk.

Viv raises her hand.

MR. S (CONT'D)

Okay, Viv, yes?

VIV

You said these were private.

MR. S

Ever heard of "reverse psychology?" It's a little teaching trick I like to keep in my little bag of... teaching...tricks.

Viv looks at him like - "idiot." Mr. S. selects a bright pink scallop-edge paper (clearly Viv's stationery).

MR. S (CONT'D)

(reading aloud)

Unjustly accused.
Trapped - a class full of rejects.
Dreams crushed - no college.

We see on Viv's face that this is HER poem.

MR. S (CONT'D)

Way to bring the whole room down,
Viv.

Viv looks PISSED. Mr. S. chooses another poem.

MR. S (CONT'D)

Oh, now, I thought this one was
super great!

MR. S (CONT'D)

(reads aloud)

I see him from far away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: MR. S (CONT'D)
 If he was mine I would never stray.
 The guy I love is named An...

Tiny leaps up and GRABS the poem from Mr. S. Kids snicker.

INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL LUNCHROOM - DAY

Tracking shot of girl's butts: Tiny and her friends sitting at a lunch table. Big butt, big butt, tiny butt, big butt. Tiny sits at a table that's mostly black girls. Linda, too. Tiny sits by her friend NIQUA. Tiny has 2 full trays: 2 burgers 2 fries 2 drinks.

NIQUA
 Hungry?

TINY
 (mouth full)
 I'm trying to build up my butt.
 Have YOU ever seen a hip-hop video
 with a flat-assed chick in it? I'm
 never gonna be taken seriously as a
 dancer without a nice round butt.
 My concave Chinese ass is holding
 me back.

Niqua laughs. Tiny grabs a huge handful of Niqua's fries and shoves them in her mouth. Niqua gasps in mock-horror.

NIQUA
 (sassy but still nice)
 Ok, now you gotta take that concave
 Chinese ass BACK to the lunchline
 and buy me another fry.

Tiny rolls her eyes (the mood is still friendly) and gets up with great effort.

TINY
 FINE!

Niqua shouts after her as she walks off.

NIQUA
 And gimme a Coke too!

On her way to the lunchline, Tiny passes the Math Table (nerdy, mainly Asian kid table). LAWRENCE, a Chinese-American nerdy boy is thrilled to see Tiny pass and calls out to her.

MATH TABLE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE

Yo, Lily, long time no see. We miss
you in AP Calc...

TINY

(no eye contact)

Shut it, Lawrence.

She looks at him, suddenly intense.

TINY (CONT'D)

It's Tiny now. T-I-N-Y. Got it?

Tiny passes the Misfit table and as she sees Andre, she can't
hide the little thrill she gets. The camera stays behind with
the Misfits.

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/HENRY

(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/HENRY

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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...

JOCK TABLE

Viv approaches the jock table. Everyone looks at her weirdly.
She pulls out her Kate Spade lunch tote, a can of Tab and a
baloney sandwich on white bread with a cross burned into the
bread. She sighs at this, takes a bite. She calls out to
BRIT, sitting about 6 kids away from Viv.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VIV

Brit. How's bio? Is Mr. Taylor
kicking your ass?

Brit looks at Viv and turns away.

VIV (CONT'D)

Cory, you are SO tan! How was
Europe?

Cory ignores her too.

VIV (CONT'D)

(confused)
What's going on?

CORY

(seething whisper)
You're embarrassing yourself, Viv.
Isn't it obvious you're not wanted
here?

VIV

Cory - what the hell? We were just
hanging out this morning...you
still have my lip gloss in your
purse.

CORY

Yeah, but now we find out you're in
this special class...this whole
thing is just creeping us out, Viv.

Viv gets up, moves further down the table. Squeezes next to
boyfriend RICKY, with his head shaved, who doesn't move,
forcing Viv to sit on the very edge of the seat. Brit's
directly across from Ricky.

VIV

(quietly, just to Ricky)
Hey.

Ricky leans dramatically AWAY from Viv.

RICKY

Uh, don't touch me, I have a cold.

VIV

Oh, that sucks...do you want me to
get you a juice or something?

Brit hands Ricky a bottle of Odwalla.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BRIT
 (licking her lips)
 Mmm. You're right, Ricky, it does
 taste like pineapple.

RICKY
 Right?

He takes a sip off the juice.

BRIT
 Can I get one more sip, Ricky?

Ricky hands it back to Brit. She sips it.

VIV
 Why bother, Brit? You're just gonna
 throw it up in five minutes anyway.

Cut to Dug standing in the lunch line. He watches Viv
 closely. He sees her argue with Ricky, then look defeated.

Cut back to Viv's table.

VIV (CONT'D)
 Ricky, we really need to talk.

He doesn't answer but blows paper off a straw at a friend.

BRIT
 Leave him alone, Viv, you're
 stressing him out.

VIV
 WHAT?

RICKY
 Hey, why don't you go sit over
 there, with your new friends from
 your "special class?"

Everyone laughs at this. Cut to the Misfit Table.

MISFIT TABLE

Hostile Punk Kid is duct taping Goth Girl and her friend to
 the table as they eat. A punk couple makes out furiously.
 Andre and Travis are at the edge of the frame.

JOCK TABLE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Viv looks at the Misfit table with a pained expression, then stands up, face hard, trying not to cry.

VIV

I gotta go...and by the way, Cory,
you're not fooling anyone with that
Mystic Tan.

LUNCHROOM

Viv stalks through the cafeteria, face burning.

JOCK TABLE

Dug plops down in the spot Viv just left. He carries a tray with four slices of pizza. A few football players clap him on the back and greet him by name.

RICKY

Duggie. Dig Dug. Ready for practice
tonight?

Ricky grabs Dug's arm.

RICKY (CONT'D)

You been lifting this summer? Ready
to work that arm?

Dug smiles. He takes a few bites of pizza, then places one slice under each corner of his plastic tray. He tests how well the pizza makes the tray slide on the table. He leaps on the table, and, using the tray as a surfboard (on his knees) slides down the length of the table, sending a stream of food onto people's laps. All the jocks at the table are screaming.

MISFIT TABLE

CUT to Andre and Travis, watching with complete amusement. Dug walks over to rejoin Travis and Andre. He sits across from them and continues eating his sack lunch (still on the table from before) like nothing happened.

INT. MR. STECKLEBERG'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Mr. S. enters wearing a small white turban and a white terry cloth robe. Everyone stops talking and stares at him.

GOTH GIRL/CLOVE

Why are you dressed like that?

Laughter. Mr. S. remains serious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. S
And you are....

GOTH GIRL/CLOVE
Clove.

Mr. S. registers the odd name.

MR. S
Well, CLOVE...What do YOU think?
Have you judged me? Might you
assume I am...a terrorist?

Mr. S. waits for a reaction with a raised eyebrow. When there is none, and the kids just look confused, he clarifies.

MR. S (CONT'D)
...because I am wearing a Moo-slim
costume?

ANDRE
My uncle's Muslim, and he does NOT
dress like that.

VIV
(to Mr. S.)
Is that robe from Victoria's
Secret?

MR. S
What?

VIV
Uh, my MOM has that robe.

Mr. S. nervously, quickly removes the robe and turban.

MR. S.
Well, now that we've had a little,
as I like to call it, "stress
buster"...I think we're ready to
tackle some math.

He hands stacks of papers to the front of each row, then approaches the board and begins to write out numbers.

MR. S
Will you pass those back? Now,
here's something I think you can
all relate to. Call it "Urban
Math."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He writes "3 grams" and "17 grams" on the board.

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.

ANDRE

(sarcastic)

Well, speaking as someone who's
"urban," I can't honestly answer
this question without knowing if
the dealer is armed.

TRAVIS

(mock-innocent)

...and does he work out of his
house or is it more of a street-
corner operation?

Mr. S is now nervously shuffling papers.

ANDRE

(to Travis)

Nobody works from home, anymore,
dude. WAY too risky. And with cell
phones...you don't have to.

TRAVIS

Dealers in MY hood still rock
pagers, so I can't really
comment.

MR. S

Um, let's get back to the
task at hand, here...what was
it...3 grams...

Viv raises her hand. Mr. S. looks RELIEVED to call on her.

MR. S

Viv, yes?

VIV

This question is seriously flawed.
The first part is like a regular
math problem, 17 minus 3, fine.

(CONTINUED)

VIV(CONT'D)
 CONTINUED: (3)
 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.

EXT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL, FRONT OF SCHOOL - DAY

End of the day rush to get out. Soon only Viv is left behind, standing at the curb, waiting. She calls her Mom on her cell.

CRYSTAL
 (V.O. through the phone)
 Can't you just get a ride with
 Hayley?

VIV
 Fine, MOTHER.

EXT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL, SIDE OF SCHOOL - EARLY EVENING

Viv wanders by the dumpsters; sits on a bench, dialing through all of her ringtones; spies on some kids smoking joints or cigarettes; takes a self-portrait with her camera phone. Views it. Deletes it.

EXT. JOHN F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL, FOOTBALL FIELD - EARLY EVENING

Viv stands next to the fence circling the football field and watches Dug practicing. He spots her and waves. Viv smiles back, catches herself, looks down. Dug runs over and jumps the fence. Dug and Viv walk toward the parking lot.

VIV
 Coach lets you leave early?

DUG
 As long as I show up for games, I
 can pretty much do what I want.

Cut to Coach Roberts, far off, screaming Dug's name. HE IS WEARING AN EYE PATCH in reference to the opening scene -- Andre's flare gun incident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COACH ROBERTS
Dug!! Get the hell back
here!!

DUG
So much about sports is in
the mind. Y'know? The
physical stuff...not really
as important. Maybe its
'cause football runs in my
family, but running drills,
conditioning, all that's just
kind of a waste of time for
me.

VIV
So you don't have to practice like
the other guys? Just because your
Dad played for the Saints back in
the 80's?

DUG
(honestly surprised)
How'd you know that?

VIV
(in a "no duh" way)
Well, there's, like, that entire
glass trophy case next to the
locker room devoted to him...

DUG
Oh yeah..."the shrine."

VIV
(defensive)
...Actually, I just love football,
and I probably know WAY more about
it than you.

Dug tries to understand.

DUG
(innocently)
Oh! So you wanna be a cheerleader?

Viv is VERY insulted.

VIV
NO, I'm gonna get my masters in
sports management at UT. And then
I'm gonna own a pro team.

DUG
Sounds boring, but I can totally
see you doing that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They walk silently.

DUG (CONT'D)
Hey, you need a lift or something?

VIV
(REALLY defensive)
No. God.

Dug climbs into his car.

DUG
Ok. It just looked like...

VIV
(huffy)
I'm waiting for my ride. He's just
late.

Dug starts up the LOUD ASS engine and the WOLFMOTHER song.

DUG
Ok. See ya tomorrow, then.

Dug drives off and watches Viv through his mirror. She stands alone, hugging herself. Close out on Dug's car song: BLASTING LOUD!