

ABOVE THE LINE AGENCY

Assassination of a High School President

by

Tim Calpin & Kevin Jakubowski

Bruce Bartlett
310.859.6115
Bartlett@anet.net
Wgaw reg

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A dark hallway unfolds before us. Its brick and marble walls built at the turn of the century are Gothic, looming. The noir appearance suggests the interior of an abandoned mansion or bygone museum...but in fact this is a HIGH SCHOOL.

Shadows fall on lockers and trophy cases. A banner bearing the school colors, black and white, hangs from the ceiling exclaiming VERITAS UNITAS CARITAS (Truth Unity Love).

A pair of girls' brown leather PENNY LOAFERS stride down the deserted hall. They belong to FRANCESCA FACHINI (Junior).

The voice of BOBBY FUNKE (Sophomore) narrates. The tone of his voice is unique for this day and age. Think a younger version of JACK NICHOLSON or even HUMPHREY BOGART.

FUNKE (V.O.)

She wore penny loafers and a smile
most seniors couldn't pull off with
a few beers in them.

Francesca is cute in her standard Catholic school uniform, but only cute in appearance. She brims with sexuality.

Her skirt, while criminally short, is regulation. It's her ass doing all the lifting.

FUNKE (V.O.)

Francesca Fachini stayed late last
Thursday as she'd done every other
Thursday this month. She knew he'd
be there finishing up.

Francesca turns a corner, walks by a group of BOYS on the TRACK TEAM heading in the opposite direction. They stop to gawk as she passes.

BOY

Hey Francesca.

Francesca crinkles her nose, barely acknowledging the group, not even breaking stride. The boys fall to the wayside.

Francesca passes a locker with the phrase "Francesca Fachini Hottest Girl Ever" poetically written in graffiti.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

STEVEN LOPEZ (Junior) writes the final answer in his SPANISH WORKBOOK. He closes the book, stuffs it into his backpack.

FUNKE (V.O.)

Steven Lopez, Junior honors student
on work ethic alone. Nice,
considerate, straight.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Steven exits the library and walks down an empty hallway.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Poor kid didn't stand a chance.

Steven rounds a corner and runs directly into Francesca. Francesca places a seductive hand on Steve's chest. She slides up to him, her face inches from his.

STEVEN
Hey Francesca.

Francesca slides her hand around Steven's torso. She pulls his backpack in front of him and opens it. She pulls out his Spanish workbook while placing a hand on his cheek.

FREEZE ON: The workbook entitled "Leones y Tigres y Osos, Oh Mi!"

FUNKE (V.O.)
Lions and tigers and bears, indeed.
A week before, a run of identical
incorrect answers in Spanish III
had caught my eye. It seemed the
whole class was regurgitating
whatever they'd been passed over
the weekend.

Francesca clutches the book close to her chest and smiles.

FUNKE (V.O.)
"Toco la flauta del piel" does not
mean "I went to the library". It
means "I play the skin flute".

FREEZE ON: Steven's sighing face, his half-open mouth. If Francesca had a skin flute he'd be playing it.

FUNKE (V.O.)
And twenty two kids gave that as an
answer last week. Wasn't sure about
the skin flute, but somebody was
playing something alright.

Francesca takes the book and walks off down the hall.

FUNKE (V.O.)
If everyone copied the same Spanish
homework, it had to start
somewhere.

FREEZE ON: Francesca's beautiful behind as it bounces away.

FUNKE (V.O.)
I just happened to have a hunch
where.

A DARK FIGURE stands in the shadows unnoticed by Steven or Francesca. He packs a pack of cigarettes into the palm of his hand. We only get a glimpse of his eyes.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Sometimes that's all you need.

INT. MR. FACHINI'S BMW - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Francesca sits in the backseat copying Steven's answers into her workbook as the car pulls out of the school parking lot.

FUNKE (V.O.)
No slouch herself, Fachini had it
copied in a matter of minutes.

MR. FACHINI (O.S.)
How was school sweetie?

FRANCESCA
Take me to Paul's.

INT. PAUL MOORE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gangsta rap plays loudly on a stereo. The kitchen is beautiful, as is the rest of the house.

FUNKE (V.O.)
From Francesca it went to the
pillars of St. Dominick's. Student
Council.

ALEX SCHNEIDER (Senior) sits at the counter. He takes a pull on a 40oz beer. He copies down answers in the workbook.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Alex Schneider. Treasurer.

ALEX
(rapping)
Make money money, make money money
money.

MARTY & MATT MULLEN (Junior and Senior, brothers) search through the refrigerator drinking and eating whatever they please. The Mullen brothers are huge football players.

Matt dips a carrot into a jar of Cheeze-Wiz.

MARTY MULLEN
Gimme some wiz.

MATT MULLEN
Get your own wiz.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Matt and Marty Mullen. Senior and
Junior class reps and the head hall
monitors of St. Dominick's.

MARLON PIAZZA (Junior) sits at the counter next to Alex
sucking on a familiar Lucky Strike. Marlon is handsome, fits
the rated R bill. He stares at something in the living room.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Marlon Piazza, Vice President and
stepbrother to Francesca.

On the Italian leather sofa in the living room Francesca
makes out hardcore with PAUL MOORE (Senior).

ALEX (O.S.)
Yo Moore, I'm finished.

Moore pulls back from Francesca. He gets off the couch and
heads to the counter. Paul fits the bill of the All American
kid right down to his Levis.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Paul Moore, School President and
Francesca's boyfriend.

EXT. PAUL MOORE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Francesca, Marlon, the Mullens and Alex leave the house.

FUNKE (V.O.)
It was enough to make you vote for
the dorks next year.

The same DARK FIGURE stands across the street, hose in hand,
watering somebody's front lawn, watching Moore's house.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - LOCKERROOM - NIGHT

Paul Moore slaps a fellow BASKETBALL PLAYER on the ass. He
hands off the Spanish work book to one of his TEAMMATES.

FUNKE (V.O.)
From Moore it went to the
basketball team.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - COMPUTER CLUSTER - NIGHT

Marlon hands his workbook to his RICH FRIENDS.

FUNKE (V.O.)
From Marlon it went to the rest of
the richies.

INT. KINKO'S - NIGHT

Alex hands his workbook to the STONER KINKO'S CREW. They make photocopies.

FUNKE (V.O.)
From Alex it went to the potheads
that worked at Kinko's.

The DARK FIGURE watches from a shadowy corner. At a photo kiosk, he prints out a photocopy of the school's auditorium where the DRAMA CLUB practices the school play.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The same scene from the dark figure's photocopy materializes.

FUNKE (V.O.)
From there on in it spread like a
virus.

A FLAMING DRAMA KID runs into the auditorium waving his Spanish workbook like a gay pride flag.

All of the drama kids copy the homework.

FUNKE (V.O.)
A string of replications so
developed it was the only
extracurricular activity corrupt
enough not to discriminate.

We see numerous students of all STEREOTYPES copying the homework in various settings.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Burnouts, pretty boys, drama dorks,
jocks, debaters, player haters, you
name it. It was big alright. And I
was on it like pink rubber bands on
your little sister's braces.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S HALLWAY - DAY

A sign reads "SAT TESTING TODAY. LEAVE ALL BOOKBAGS IN THE HALL". Inside classrooms kids diligently take the SAT's. Dozens of backpacks line the halls.

The figure opens up several bags and examines answer number seven in several Spanish workbooks. They all read "SALCHICHA".

The figure walks down the hall, from shadow to light. He is BOBBY FUNKE (Sophomore), the classic leading man but in his most awkward years. The tough guy before he becomes tough.

Funke wears a long coat over his slightly disheveled school uniform. Shirt, tie, khakis. If not for the fitted baseball cap, he'd be a dead ringer for an old school private eye.

FUNKE (V.O.)
 St. Dominick's, it's one prickly
 pear. You want something juicy, you
 just gotta know where to bite.

The "cigarettes" Funke has been packing is actually a pack of gum. He slides a stick of it in his mouth and chews, smiling.

FUNKE (V.O.)
 The name's Bobby Funke. I write for
 the paper.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

TAD GOLTZ (Senior, Sports Editor) stares at the front of the room, very confused.

TAD
 Who?

Funke stands in the front of the room amidst a sea of charts and blurry surveillance photos regarding this Spanish case.

FUNKE
 Bobby Funke. I write for the paper.

The STUDENT NEWSPAPER STAFF stares blankly at Funke.

TAD
 No, you don't.

FUNKE
 Yes, I do.

TAD
 No. You don't. I'm Tad Goltz. *I*
 write for the paper. You don't
 write for anything.

A few chuckles. Funke is heating up.

FUNKE
 Then what am I doing up here? What
 is all this, *Taaad*?

TAD
I have no idea.

FEMALE WRITER
Aren't you the Freshman they tied
to the snowman penis?

FUNKE
Sophomore.

TAD
Listen chief, your "story", it's
totally gay.

FUNKE
Is it?

Funke picks up a piece of carbon copy paper amidst his
sloppy, well worn research. He examines it thoughtfully.

FUNKE
You take Spanish now don't you,
Tad. An AP course if I'm not
mistaken. You also used the "Liones
y Tigres y Osos Oh Mi" workbook. Es
verdad?

TAD
No, es not verdad, dildo.

PEI-MIN
Okay Tad, that's enough.

FUNKE
Quite a paper you're running here,
Pei-Min.

PEI-MIN INIMI (Senior, the paper's editor in chief) stands at
the back of the room. Pei-Min is Asian-American, attractive
and smart. She speaks with a slight Asian accent.

PEI-MIN
Bobby. You can't expect us to just
give you a story like this when
there is nothing written and no
solid proof.

FUNKE
Nothing written! Did you even look
at what I gave you?

Pei-Min holds up a cluster of crumpled items.

PEI-MIN
A paragraph on the back of what
looks like one of your ties.

FUNKE
I was undercover.

Pei-Min holds up several crumpled pieces of paper.

PEI-MIN
And whatever these things are. I
can't even read them.

FUNKE
Expense reports.

TAD
Expense reports!

FUNKE
Take it up with accounting, dick!
(to Pei-Min)
I'm the best writer you've got
here, Pei-Min. Tell me differently.

PEI-MIN
You've never finished an article.

FUNKE
Are you gonna give me this one or
not?

PEI-MIN
No.

A beat. Funke collects himself.

FUNKE
You wanna go to Homecoming with me
then?

PEI-MIN
No.

FUNKE
(sighs)
Awesome.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - SPANISH CLASS - DAY

Funke sits at his desk staring at an application for THE COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM HIGH SCHOOL SUMMER PROGRAM. He has neatly written his name and contact information on it.

The first question reads: "Why do you want to attend this program?". Answer: "To become the greatest journalist the world has ever known." Funke underlines "greatest".

Under "Extra curricular activities" Funke lists:
 "Wiretapping, long range photography, Scrabble, unraveling international conspiracies".

Funke looks up to see students file into the classroom, the ones he watched copy homework over the weekend.

Funke looks back down to the application. A line reads "Title of Article for submission." The space is BLANK.

WHACK! A hand slaps Funke in the ear, gives him a violent "wet Willy". The hand belongs to CIPRIANO (Junior, big, strong, not too smart). Cipriano sits behind Funke.

CIPRIANO
 Gimme a piece of loose leaf.

Cipriano has no backpack, no books, nothing. He talks like he has a perpetual head cold. He's tough, but lazy about it. Funke hands him a piece of looseleaf.

CIPRIANO
 Gimme a pen.

FUNKE
 Where's the last pen I gave you?

Cipriano gives another "hurry up slap".

CIPRIANO
 Gimme a pen.

Funke hands over his pen. He reaches into his backpack to get another. Cipriano looks around the class.

CIPRIANO
 Who's got it?

A student tosses the Spanish WORKBOOK to Cipriano. He copies down the answers at a rapid pace.

Steven walks into the room. He looks at Francesca for his book. She doesn't even acknowledge him.

Cipriano tosses the book back to the student, who tosses it to Steven. He sighs relief. Funke grits his teeth knowingly.

SENOR NEWELL (40's, Spanish teacher) enters. The bell rings.

SENOR NEWELL
 Buenos Dias. Ahora, pagina numero ventidos. Ah...senor Funke? The homework from the weekend, enlighten us.

Funke looks down at his workbook. He hasn't done any of the homework. He grimaces, this isn't the first time.

EXT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - LATER

Funke hunches over the water fountain drinking.

PEI-MIN (O.S.)

Bobby.

Startled, Funke looks up. Water shoots onto his shirt pocket soaking his Columbia application. He shakes it dry.

FUNKE

Awesome.

PEI-MIN

I want to talk to you.

FUNKE

Failing Spanish right now, Pei-Min.
No habla con queso.

PEI-MIN

Look, I feel bad about what happened in there. I know you're going for that Columbia summer scholarship, and, well I've got an assignment for you.

FUNKE

Take you to Homecoming? Heard you're going with Tad, yikes. You know what Tad's short for right?

PEI-MIN

Theodore.

FUNKE

Nope. Vagina. Look it up. Listen, I don't want some charity story, Pei-Min.

PEI-MIN

I want you to write a story on the student body president.

FUNKE

Really?

PEI-MIN

Really. Just get it on paper this time.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - CLASSROOM - DAY

Funke sharpens pencils. Noisy and annoying.

PAUL MOORE (O.S.)
Are we gonna do this or what?

Paul Moore sits in a chair reading Sports Illustrated.

Funke gives one last sharpen. Sits next to Moore.

FUNKE
Would you please state your name,
date of birth, and social security
number?

PAUL MOORE
Paul Moore, January 29th, 1988. I'm
not gonna give you my soc.

Funke scrawls something in his notebook.

FUNKE
Fair enough.

PAUL MOORE
Aren't you the freshman they tied
to the snowman penis?

FUNKE
Sophomore. Why don't we start out
slow and work our way into it? If
you had to describe your high
school experience in a word, what
would it be?

PAUL MOORE
Let's see...I'd have to say random.
See...

FUNKE (V.O.)
(over Moore's answer)
Random. An evil word that had
downloaded its way into my
generation's vernacular.

PAUL MOORE
...and then shit just happens and
I'm like there.

FUNKE
That was great. As president how
would you say you're handling the
recent drop in ACT and SAT scores
along with the drop schoolwide
grade point average?

PAUL MOORE
There's a drop in grade point
average?

FUNKE
It's been pretty significant
actually over the past two years.

PAUL MOORE
What do you want me to do about it?

FUNKE
Oh...kay. Let's talk about the
student council as a whole, as a
living breathing institution.

PAUL MOORE
Well I'm the head, I'll tell you
that much. And the mouth.

INTERVIEW MONTAGE IN:

We move in and out of Paul Moore's answers to questions.

PAUL MOORE
Plus, I don't take crap from
people.

PAUL MOORE
Some Junior library representative
wants, y'know, more copies of The
Davinci Code in the library, that's
gotta go through me.

PAUL MOORE
Kids look up to me. Those little
freshman, they need Paul Moore.

FUNKE (V.O.)
You're at a party with a thousand
high school seniors, how do you
know which one is Paul Moore?
Answer, he'll tell you.

PAUL MOORE
That's how we do, you know what I'm
saying? Just get me the ball and
I'll run with it. Seriously, you've
seen me on the boards. I'll do
whatever it takes to get it done.
That's a Paul Moore promise. To
you, to St. Dominick's, to Paul
Moore. You know what I'm talking
about?

Funke nods at Moore.

FUNKE (V.O.)
I didn't. I didn't have the faintest idea what he was talking about. Maybe no one did. Maybe that's why everybody loved Paul Moore.

PAUL MOORE
So that's it? How did I do?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Funke paces back and forth under a street light.

FUNKE (V.O.)
In my experience, assholes came in a few sizes. Before I could figure for certain which one Paul Moore was I needed to see him in his element. I needed to see him play ball.

A huge Chevy Suburban pulls up next to Funke. The window rolls down revealing FALDO (20's). Faldo is a tiny Guatemalan with a tiny brain and a tiny voice. Faldo is not retarded, but he's not far from it.

INT. FALDO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Funke gets in, closes the door.

FALDO
Helloooooo.

FUNKE (V.O.)
My neighbor. Faldo Kribbeljuez. A mad Guatemalan with a cantaloupe for a brain.

FALDO
Do you have any--?

Funke tosses a pack of Skittles at Faldo.

FUNKE
Yeah, I got your Skittles.

Faldo looks them over, smiles.

FALDO
Do you have any...Starbursts?

FUNKE
No.

FALDO
French Fries?

FUNKE
No, Faldo.

FALDO
Fred McGriff rookie card?

Faldo continues on a never-ending spree of requests.

FUNKE (V.O.)
He was always asking me for things
except he called them 'theengs'.
The world was Faldo's scavenger
hunt and everything was on the
list. All I needed was a ride.
Lately me and the DMV weren't
seeing eye to eye.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDENT DRIVER CAR - DAY

Funke is behind the wheel. A LADY DRIVING INSTRUCTOR sits
shotgun with a clipboard. The car is parked on an uphill
slope.

DMV LADY
And we turn our wheels to the...?

Funke turns the steering wheel to the left.

DMV LADY
Nope.

INT. STUDENT DRIVER CAR - NIGHT

Funke approaches a busy intersection. The light turns yellow.

DMV LADY
And we approach the intersection at
a nice...?

Funke speeds up at an alarming rate, taps the roof of the car
and makes a left narrowly missing several cars. Horns blare.

DMV LADY
Nope.

INT. STUDENT DRIVER CAR - DAY

Funke drives.

DMV LADY
And we stop when...?

The car runs over SOMETHING. Funke looks confused.

INT. STUDENT DRIVER CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Funke rests his head on the wheel. In front of him a crowd gathers as a POLICE OFFICER fires a euthanasia round into the dying dog lying under Funke's bumper.

DMV LADY

Nope.

BACK TO:

INT. FALDO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

FUNKE

I got your Skittles. Now drive me to the game.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The frenzy that is high school basketball. A huge CROWD fills the stands. Everyone on their feet. Cheering, stomping.

On the floor, the ST. DOMINICK'S FRIARS play the ABINGTON COMETS. The scoreboard reads HOME 33 - AWAY 34.

Paul Moore grabs a board off the glass. On a fast break, he takes the ball downcourt. With a chance to take the lead, he throws a wild pass that sails out of bounds.

COACH D (40s, surly, Italian) and ASSISTANT COACH BYRON (30s, thin, aloof) stand side court.

COACH D

Goddamnit! Byron, get me Wennig!

COACH BYRON

Which Wennig, Coach?

The WENNIG TWINS (Juniors, identical) sit on the bench.

COACH D

The fuckin' good one.

COACH BYRON

Wennig.

The fuckin' good Wennig twin stands up. Coach D slaps Wennig on his fanny as he subs in.

At the score table, Tad Goltz mans the microphone. Funke sits beside him, jotting notes into a small notebook. Goltz keeps a hand over the mic as he talks to Funke.

TAD
She really gave you that story?

FUNKE
Uh huh.

TAD
That's so surprising because,
y'know, you suck so hard.

FUNKE
You would know.

We see that Funke has written under NOTES: TAD = VAGINA.

TAD
How did the interview go?
(into mic)
Hill, two points.

FUNKE
He didn't give me a whole lot.

TAD
Didn't give you a whole lot?
(into mic)
Foul on Kramer. That's his second
personal.
(to Funke)
How could he not give you a lot?
Look at the guy. People love him.
He's like JFK. Smart, charismatic,
good-looking. A tenacious athlete.

On the floor, Moore bricks his freethrow.

TAD
Well, maybe not tonight.

FUNKE
Geez, Tad, I didn't know you felt
that way. You want me to see if
he'll go to prom with you?

TAD
Dear Funke, Nobody thinks you're
remotely funny. Sincerely, the
whole school.
(into mic)
Ongatamamwe with the rebound.
(to Funke)
P.S. No one understands why you got
the Moore story instead of Tad
Goltz.

FUNKE
I'm sure there's a lot you don't
understand, Tad.

TAD
Not that you're a dildo, got that
one pretty much understood.
(into the mic)
Time out Friars.

The Friars huddle up on the sideline. The ST. DOMINICK'S
CHEERLEADERS take to the court wearing PINK ROLLERBLADES.

COACH D
Okay guys, we look like a dump I
took last Thanksgiving out there.
P. Moore, what's goin' on?

PAUL MOORE
I don't know, Coach. I'm not
feeling it.

COACH D
Not feeling it, huh? Well you got
to, son. You've got to feel the
flow, you hear me? Feel that flow
and go. To the hoop, son. Feel.
Flow. Go. Hoop. Win.
(claps)
You get me?

Coach D notices the rollerblading cheerleaders.

COACH D
Are those roller blades? Those are
roller blades!

COACH BYRON
I know, I know. Spicing it up.

COACH D
They're tearing up my court! Get
'em off my court! Jesus-cockamamie-
Christ!

Byron trots off to attend to the cheerleaders.

Funke watches Moore take a seat on the bench, bury his head
in his hands. He looks up and locks eyes with Francesca who
sits in the stands. Francesca looks as worried as Moore.

The buzzer sounds. Moore trots back onto the floor.

FUNKE
(to Tad)
I'm going to get a soda.

TAD
I could use one too.

FUNKE
I'll bet you could.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Funke buys a Coke. He notices Marlon and the Mullen brothers enter the building. They walk towards him on their way into the gym.

FUNKE
Hey Marlon, Bobby Funke. I'm doing this piece on Paul Moore, wonder if I could get a few comments from the VP on his--

Marty Mullen pushes Funke into a locker as he walks by and grabs Funke's coke. Matt Mullen grabs Funke's small notebook and throws it in his face. They all walk into the gym.

MATT MULLEN
Piss off, dork.

Inside the gym the crowd groans.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Funke rushes into the gym. Paul Moore lies on the floor clutching his knee. His teammates circle him. The coaches pick Paul up and carry him off the court out of the gym.

EXT. ST. DOMINICK'S HIGH SCHOOL - THE NEXT DAY

Funke hops out of Faldo's Suburban, leaves frame.

A beat. Faldo lays on the HORN with both hands, non-stop.

Funke trots back, tosses a framed picture of JORGE CAMPOS, Mexico's soccer goalie through the car window.

Faldo catches it, smiles, then looks closer.

FALDO
Where is the autograph?

Funke heads toward the school's front entrance. He notices large groups of students milling around.

Funke spots Cipriano, approaches him.

FUNKE
What's going on?

CIPRIANO
You haven't heard the--?

Cipriano stops mid-question to tear a no-nonsense fart.

CIPRIANO
Oh... Oh shnap.

Cipriano smells it, he's proud of it. He begins to waft his fart up to his nose with his hand.

CIPRIANO
Oh yeah. Bon appetite.

FUNKE
Wow.

Cipriano keeps wafting the fart and smelling.

CIPRIANO
Somebody stole all the SAT scores last night. All of 'em. Cracked the safe open before scan-tron was supposed to pick them up this morning. We gotta retake 'em now.

FUNKE
Seriously?

CIPRIANO
You think I make jokes? You got some fruit in your lunch? Gimme your lunch.

Cipriano puts Funke in a head lock.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

PRINCIPAL JOHN T. KIRKPATRICK (40s, tough, Desert Storm veteran) and the school secretary NANCY MARGLE (30s) squat before the safe, which is both open and empty.

KIRKPATRICK
What kind of f-ing a-hole would do something like this, Nancy?

NANCY
I don't know, sir. Treasurer Schnedier didn't drop any student council deposits by you, did he?

KIRKPATRICK
No, but double check with him to be sure nothing was in here. And keep it on the D.L.

(MORE)

KIRKPATRICK(cont'd)

I don't want any twinkle toe cops
mucking up my manhunt.

NANCY

Yes sir. Anything else?

KIRKPATRICK

Bring me my list.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

DUTCH MIDDLETON (Sophomore) lays on a cot. He smokes a
cigarette as he reads Maxim magazine.

VOICE (O.S.)

Dutch Middleton.

Middleton quickly stubs out his cigarette. He fakes a cough.

MIDDLETON

I'm sick.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Gym class. A small FRESHMAN boy stands next to a rope that
hangs from the ceiling.

VOICE (O.S.)

Tim Landis.

The Freshman looks up the rope to see TIM LANDIS (Junior)
sitting on the rafters holding a water bottle.

Landis looks down, spits water and hits the Freshman.

FRESHMAN

Quit it!

Landis smiles devilishly.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - SHOP CLASS - DAY

The basement. Dark and creepy. Various students work on shop
projects. Alone at the end of the room is RICKY DELACRUZ
(grade unknown). Sparks fly as he welds two pieces of metal.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ricky Delacruz.

Delacruz lifts his welder's mask up to find the HALL MONITORS
standing before him, they wear arm bands with the school
crest on them. Matt and Marty Mullen lead the pack.

Delacruz sneers.

DELACRUZ

You think you brought enough guys?

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - DAY

Funke passes two sobbing JUNIOR girls.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Stealing the SAT's was like
stealing a Junior's soul. I could
only imagine the round up
Kirkpatrick was getting together.
It must have been something pretty
fierce.

VOICE (O.S.)
Bobby Funke.

Funke looks up at Matt and Marty Mullen, shocked.

FUNKE
No way.

MATT AND MARTY MULLEN
Way.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The usual suspects--Landis, Middleton and Delacruz as well as
Cipriano stand against the wall. Funke stands at the end of
this line-up chewing gum as usual.

Principal Kirkpatrick paces in front of them. Behind him in
his office are plaques and pictures from Desert Storm.

KIRKPATRICK
I assume you all know why you're
here.

DELACRUZ
You finally wanna start that boy
band you've been dreaming about?

The troublemakers have a laugh.

KIRKPATRICK
WATCH IT!

FUNKE
Actually sir, I'm not sure why you
called me down.

KIRKPATRICK
Oh no?

Kirkpatrick sticks his fingers in Funke's mouth and removes
his chewing gum. Everyone groans in disgust.

PHILBUS

Sick.

KIRKPATRICK

You've got a gum problem and it's chewing its way right into an attitude problem, maybe even theft. You're here because I don't like gum, I don't like your snooping around, and I don't like you, Funke.

Everyone shuts up. Kirkpatrick resumes pacing.

KIRKPATRICK

Gentlemen, you are filth. Your parents have either spoiled or abused you to such a degree that your hearts have become black and lifeless. Your brains are warped, your souls doomed. There is no hope for any of you.

FUNKE (V.O.)

Kirkpatrick had the tired, crazed demeanor of an old soldier of education. The kind that wakes up one morning only to realize that in fifteen years he hasn't made a bit of difference. It's a dangerous thing to wake up to.

KIRKPATRICK

One of you vermin stole the SATs out of this very office. I am certain of it. But please, I beseech you, do not come forward. Because I am going to enjoy tracking you down. Just like I enjoyed tracking down that camel humping ammunitions envoy two clicks east of the Tigris. Do you know what the Arabic "laa hriiq" translates to, Cipriano?

CIPRIANO

No sir.

KIRKPATRICK

It means "don't shoot". I'd be sure to learn it.

The boys stand there, slightly scared.

KIRKPATRICK

Dismissed.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - LATER

Funke walks with Delacruz. Delacruz hands him a stick of gum.

FUNKE

Thanks.

DELACRUZ

You do it?

FUNKE

No way. Did you?

DELACRUZ

Naw, man. I got picked up for
underage possession last night.
Spent the night in holding.
(he leans in, whispering)
Fucked up.

FUNKE

That's some alibi.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - BOYS' BATHROOM - LATER - DAY

Funke stands at the sink. He splashes water on his face and reads the GRAFFITI on the mirror in front of him. It reads, "Special Ed Neck Exercises, See Other Mirror."

Funke turns to the adjacent mirror. More graffiti reads "Special Ed Neck Exercises, See Other Mirror." Funke returns to the original mirror to find Francesca in its reflection.

FRANCESCA

I hope you know how bad that is for
your skin.

FUNKE

Hey Francesca.

Francesca walks to the sink.

FRANCESCA

I wouldn't recommend washing your
face here at all, what with all
that lead in the school's water,
but if you insist--
(turning hot water knob)
--you should use warm water. Cold
water dries the skin out.

Francesca takes Funke's hand and puts it under the water.

FRANCESCA

See. Isn't that better?

Francesca hands Funke a towel and turns off the faucet.

FUNKE

What are you doing in the men's room?

FRANCESCA

I thought I might find a man in here. Are you a man, Funke?

Funke wants to answer, but can't quite pull it together.

FRANCESCA

I'm screwing with you. I need your help.

FUNKE

Help with what?

FRANCESCA

Whoever stole the SATs, I need you to find them and get them back. I aced that thing and I don't want to have to do it again. I can get in early to Penn with that score. And the next SAT test isn't for another two months. I'm not waiting that long.

FUNKE

Why me?

FRANCESCA

Whoever did it is on the lookout for Kirkpatrick, not you. And I've got a feeling about you, Funke. This stuff's right up your alley.

Francesca places a hand on Funke's chest, gives him a pat and walks off.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - SPANISH CLASSROOM - DAY

Senor Newell begins to hand out today's test. Funke sits in his desk. Cipriano sits behind him.

CIPRIANO

Hey Funke. You want a gumball?

FUNKE

Not falling for the gumball trick Cipriano, so you can put your ballbag back in your pants.

CIPRIANO
(putting away testicles)
What's it like sucking on another
man's fingers?

FUNKE
What's it like stealing the SAT's?

CIPRIANO
I asked you first.

FUNKE
I think I have mouth cancer. Where
were you Thursday night?

CIPRIANO
Church. Then on my way home, I
stopped at the orphanage to play
Chutes and Ladders with the retard
kids.

FUNKE
Funny. Where were you?

CIPRIANO
What do you care?

FUNKE
I'm writing your biography.

CIPRIANO
Lemme copy off of you and I'll tell
you.

FUNKE
Fine.

CIPRIANO
I was at the Oak Park Arms with my
Nana. Playing Bingo. I got thirty
geriatrics can back that up.

FUNKE
I'm touched, Cipriano.

CIPRIANO
Not a word, Funke.

FUNKE
Who do you think stole the tests
then?

CIPRIANO
Who knows. They'd have to get past
that guard too, not easy.
(MORE)

CIPRIANO(cont'd)

That guy spends all night on the
couch outside Kirkpatrick's office.

Senor Newell hands Funke and Cipriano each a test.

CIPRIANO

You studied right?

Funke smiles slyly.

FUNKE

Sure I did.

CIPRIANO

You mutt.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - FOYER - DAY

Funke interviews RUBEN THE SECURITY GUARD.

FUNKE

And that was the only time you were
away from your post, Ruben?

RUBEN

That's right. I never miss a game
versus the Comets.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - DAY - INTERVIEW MONTAGE

One by one, we see Funke talking with Middleton and Landis at
different intervals in the day.

FUNKE (V.O.)

From what I got off of Ruben the
guard, I figured that the tests had
to have been stolen during the
game, between the hours of seven
and eight. I grilled Middleton and
Landis. Figured the first one to
hit me probably did it. I didn't
even get two for flinching. They
were either all innocent or all in
on it. That left me right back
where I started.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Pei-Min sits on a desk in the front of the room with her legs
crossed. She addresses the rest of the newspaper staff.

FUNKE (V.O.)

No leads, no story and no date to
Homecoming.

PEI-MIN

The article entitled "Tom: Mussolini of My Space". I read it, Dave, it's great. We'll print it as is. Tad, am I gonna get the story on the girls' bowling team anytime soon?

TAD

(cups his hands to mouth)
Nobody gives two shits about girls bowling.

PEI-MIN

I give two shit, okay? In fact, I give three shit. How many shit do I need to get a story?

TAD

You'll get it.

Pei-Min itches her lower thigh, then moves down to her BARE KNEE. Funke can't take his eyes off her legs.

PEI-MIN

And...Bobby?

Funke's eyes close in on Pei-Min's KNEE where she drums her fingers. He is mesmerized.

PEI-MIN

Funke.

FUNKE

Yeah?

PEI-MIN

Where's my story on Paul Moore?

CUT TO:

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Thursday night. Funke recalls Paul Moore on the gym floor holding his KNEE.

BACK TO:

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Funke looks up from Pei-Min's legs. He's onto something.

FUNKE

It's on its way.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - COACH D'S OFFICE - DAY

Coach D sits at his desk on the phone. He tosses a pink rollerblade into a box filled with pink rollerblades.

COACH D

Uh huh. You tell Hanold she can come talk to me when they play basketball games during cheerleader halftime. Yeah. Make it a foot long spicy Italian, Byron. Yeah, foot long spicy Italian, yeah. Yeah I want one and I got one.

Coach D hangs up.

COACH D

Sorry about that, kid. Where was I?

Funke sits across from Coach D.

FUNKE

Paul Moore.

COACH D

P. Moore, that's right. Well, I'd say his stats speak for themselves.

Coach D hands Funke a sheet of paper with Moore's STATS.

COACH D

Best all around captain I've ever had here. 100% effort every game, a born leader. Problem is, there's not too many big time programs with room for a six foot white kid.

FUNKE

So no colleges are recruiting him?

COACH D

Ivy leagues and a bunch of D-III's. Hey, you're that kid they tied to the big snow dick, right?

FUNKE

Uh huh. And I'm in your tenth period gym class.

Coach D shrugs as if to say, who gives a shit.

FUNKE

How are his test scores? Can he even get into an Ivy league school?

COACH D

I've known Paul since he was a seventh grader and grades have never been his strong suit. But believe me, if he wants to go Ivy, he'll figure out a way to get in.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Funke sits on a cot facing NURSE PLATT (26), who somehow makes the combination of hippie and school nurse extremely hot. She's not the sharpest tool in the shed.

FUNKE

So how did Paul's knee look?

NURSE PLATT

Okay. Why?

FUNKE

Well, because Nurse Platt, Paul injured it. That's why they brought him here.

NURSE PLATT

Oh. I thought he had diarrhea. But he was limping so I guess his knee could have been injured. Yeah.

FUNKE

Okay. Were you here with him in the office the whole time?

NURSE PLATT

Yeah. Well except I got hungry and Paul said I should get something to eat. His treat. So I went across the street and got a gyro at that Greek place, Little Nikos. Have you ever been there? It's so good.

FUNKE

You mean to tell me that Paul was alone in here?

NURSE PLATT

I mean, so good.

FUNKE

Nurse Platt. For how long did you leave Paul on his own that night?

NURSE PLATT

Um, hey Drew, when I go get Greek food how long does it take me?

Middleton pops his head up from a cot in the back. He's still smoking.

MIDDLETON
'Bout twenty minutes.
(sees Funke)
Aw, what's up, dude?

INT. FALDO'S SUBURBAN - DAY

Faldo drives, Funke sits shotgun. Funke is deep in thought.

FUNKE
We're onto something Faldo.

FALDO
Sometheeeeeng?

FUNKE
Yeah.

INT. CHUCK E. CHEESE'S - DAY

Funke sits at a tiny kids' table. Sitting across from him is CHRISSY MOORE (9). LITTLE KIDS run around behind her.

FUNKE
Chrissy Moore. Hi. Thanks for
meeting me here. I'm a friend of
your brother Paul.

CHRISSY
No you're not.

FUNKE
How do you know? Now I just want to
ask you some questions because I'm
going to write a story about your
brother in the school newspaper.
How does that sound?

CHRISSY
Stupid.

FUNKE
Okay. Now your brother is a really
good basketball player. Have you
ever seen him play at his school?

CHRISSY
I want a candy necklace.

FUNKE
You what?

CHRISSY
I WANT A CANDY NECKLAAAAAAACE!

From afar a few KIDS and GIANT MOUSE take note. Funke smiles at them, waves politely.

FUNKE
You can't have a candy necklace,
Chrissy.

CHRISSY
He has one.

Funke glances at Faldo, who operates the ARCADE CRANE MACHINE next to him. Faldo is mesmerized by the ocean of junk prizes inside. He's in "theeng" heaven.

He wears a huge candy necklace around his neck.

FUNKE
Don't worry about him, Chrissy,
he's just my driver.

CHRISSY
You can't drive a car? You're a
high schooler and you don't have a
license?

FALDO
I have my license.

FUNKE
And your necklace, Faldo, now shut
up.

CHRISSY
I want a candy necklace.

FUNKE
I'll get you a candy necklace as
soon as you answer a few questions.
I'll have Faldo here drive us down
to Candy Haven and get you a whole
box of candy necklaces. Now--

CHRISSY
I want his necklace.

FUNKE
Chrissy.

CHRISSY
You give me his necklace and I'll
tell you everything about my
brother. Everything. I read his
journal.

Funke stares at Chrissy, then Faldo. Faldo quickly goes to take his first lick of the necklace. Funke grabs him, the two begin to wrestle for it.

FALDO
Theeeeengs!

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Funke walks down the road. He's lost his ride. Cars whiz by. Funke is a little disheveled, but happy.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Chrissy Moore was one candy necklace well spent. I was on the verge of breaking this thing wide open.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - NEWSPAPER OFFICE - NIGHT

Funke sits staring at a blank computer screen.

FUNKE (V.O.)
All I had to do now was write it.

A long beat. Funke continues to stare.

FUNKE (V.O.)
All I had to do now was write it.

FUNKE
Fuck.

Funke slowly types.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Wide-eyed, Pei-Min reads Funke's story now neatly typed out.

PEI-MIN
Bobby. This is amazing.

Funke looks tired. He's been up all night.

FUNKE
Can I send someone out for some coffee? Preferably Tad.

PEI-MIN
Is it true?

FUNKE
Every word.

PEI-MIN
Tad!

FUNKE

Nice.

Tad peers his head around the corner of the sports cubicle.

PEI-MIN

I want you to fact check Funke's story.

TAD

Yeah. I'll get on it right after I sell my grandmother into a life of sexual slavery.

PEI-MIN

Just do it!

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Paul Moore rounds the corner from the showers wearing a towel and holding a bottle of shampoo. He yells as he walks.

PAUL MOORE

I won't tell you again Ongatumamwe. It's Paul Moore's shampoo. I got enough clout around here to get your ass deported for less.

Moore notices the Mullens standing in front of his locker.

PAUL MOORE

What are you homos doing down here?

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Funke walks into the school. Everyone's cracking a copy of the St. Dominick's Daily. The headline reads "Hail To The Thief". A picture of Paul Moore eating a banana accompanies it.

WHITE KID WITH CORNROLLS walks up to Funke holding a paper.

WHITE KID

This story's gonna start, like, a friggin' coup de'tat in this bitch.

FUNKE

Thanks a lot. I like your dreads.

Funke continues down the hallway to his locker. He's greeted with high fives, pats on the back.

There's a COMMOTION at the other end of the hall.

PAUL MOORE
 I didn't do it! This is crazy! I'm
 the president! I'm the president!

Kirkpatrick and Paul Moore stride down the hall.
 Kirkpatrick's got his arm in a deathlock. The Mullens follow.

Kirkpatrick, Moore and the monitors walk past Funke. They
 stop in front of a locker. Funeral silence.

Kirkpatrick pulls a tiny Swiss army knife out of his pocket
 and twirls it expertly. Moore's eyes widen.

KIRKPATRICK
 Fire in the hole.

Kirkpatrick jams the knife into Paul Moore's locker door and
 pries it open. The SAT TESTS spill out onto the floor.

PAUL MOORE
 I, I don't know how those--

KIRKPATRICK
 Office.

The monitors grab hold of Moore and take him away. Moore
 struggles.

PAUL MOORE
 I didn't do anything! I'm a patsy!
 I'm a patsy!

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - NEWSPAPER OFFICE - LATER

Funke sits on the desk at the front of the room. Pei-Min
 reads over his shoulder. The staff hangs on every word.

FUNKE
 "But in the end Paul Moore's high
 school experience was far from
 random. It was plotted and planned
 out right down to the very safe
 that held his unsatisfactory SAT
 scores. Bobby Funke."

Funke lowers the paper.

FUNKE
 I write for the paper.

The entire staff applauds. Pei-Min puts her arm around
 Funke's shoulder. She leans in.

PEI-MIN
 I just wanted to let you know,
 Bobby, I'm submitting this article
 to the Columbia people with my
 highest commendation.

Funke smiles ear to ear.

DAVE
 Hey Funke?

FUNKE
 Yeah, Dave.

DAVE
 How'd you get his little sister to
 talk?

FUNKE
 Gave her a candy necklace.

The whole room cracks up.

A door opens, Francesca enters. The place quiets down as she
 walks up to Funke.

FUNKE
 Hey Francesca.

FRANCESCA
 I wanted to thank you for finding
 the SATs. And for showing me what a
 sketchball Paul really is.

FUNKE
 Okay.

FRANCESCA
 Thing is I seem to have lost my
 date to Homecoming. And I can't
 think of anyone I'd rather go with
 than St. Dominick's own Wolf
 Blitzler.

The rest of the room hangs on every word.

FUNKE
 Blitzler's a TV reporter. I'm more
 of a Woodward and Bernstein. Except
 just one guy.

FRANCESCA
 (leans in, whispers)
 But I like Wolf Blitzler. I like the
 Wolf a lot.

FUNKE

Okay. I can be Wolf Blitzler, sure.

FRANCESCA

I knew that you could. Pick me up
at eight.

INT. FACHINI HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marlon, wearing an expensive suit, opens the door. Funke
stands on the porch in a suit of his own. He holds a corsage.

FUNKE

Hey Marlon.

Marlon opens the door without a word. Funke walks inside.
Marlon's date, AMY EARLY (Junior), lies passed out on the
couch cradling a bottle of Southern Comfort.

FUNKE

Kill anybody today?

MARLON

I'll let you play with her tits for
twenty bucks.

Marlon lights a Lucky, slumps down on the couch next to Amy.

Funke has a look around the place. It's gorgeous.

FUNKE

Nice place.

MARLON

Have a good look while you can. I
doubt you'll be stopping by again.

FUNKE

That's great. I guess I should
congratulate you on your new
presidency. Isn't it funny how
somebody can be your average cake
walk VP one day and head of the
school the next?

MARLON

Yeah. It's kind of like how
somebody can be the school joke one
day and then go to Homecoming with
the hottest girl at St. Dominick's
the next. Isn't it?

FUNKE

She's like your half-sister right?

MARLON
Step-sister.

Francesca walks down the stairs in a dress that compliments her every curve, school girl becomes super model.

FRANCESCA
Hey Funke.

FUNKE
Francesca. You look stunning.

FRANCESCA
Thank you.
(to Marlon)
She doesn't have to go to the hospital again, does she?

MARLON
Eh.

Francesca takes Bobby's hand, leads him to the door.

FRANCESCA
Alright. We'll see you at the dance.

INT. FALDO'S SUBURBAN - MOMENTS LATER

Funke opens the back door to Faldo's Suburban.

FRANCESCA
You got us a driver? Cool.

Francesca and Funke get inside.

FUNKE
Yeah. Cool.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Standard fare for a Homecoming Dance. Balloons, streamers, colored lights. A BAND plays cover tunes on-stage.

Funke slow dances with Francesca on the dance floor.

FRANCESCA
Do you think I'm a bitch, Funke?
You can be honest. I don't really care either way, I'm just curious.

FUNKE
I used to think so, but now I don't know. I think maybe you're just misunderstood.

FRANCESCA

Nobody's misunderstood. That's just what people say when they don't like who they are. If people think I'm a bitch, it's because I am.

(leans in)

So I guess you're going to have to come to terms with the fact that you're into a girl who's a bitch.

FUNKE

How do you feel about newspaper dorks?

FRANCESCA

When I see one I'll let you know.

Funke takes that one to heart. The song ends. The lead singer steps up to the mic.

VILLAGE IDIOT ONE

Here's a tune for all you hellraisers out there.

(singing)

We don't need no education...

Cipriano raises a lone fist in the air.

CIPRIANO

YEAH!

Francesca steps back from Funke.

FRANCESCA

I'm gonna sit this one out. I'll lose my cred in the ladies room if I don't make an appearance.

Francesca makes her way to the ladies' room.

Middleton and Delacruz sit on the bleachers. Middleton has an unlit cigarette between his lips. EYE PATCH GIRL (Freshman, with an EYE PATCH) walks past them. Delacruz makes EYE CONTACT.

DELACRUZ

Dude, I think that chick just winked at me.

Funke sits down between Middleton and Delacruz.

DELACRUZ

You're light on your feet, Funke. But we noticed you're having a problem out there.

FUNKE
Oh yeah? What's that?

MIDDLETON
(leans in with cigarette)
Your hard-on.

FUNKE
Jesus.

DELACRUZ
That close to a girl like her, it's natural.

MIDDLETON
(demonstrating)
What you wanna do is tuck that thing into the side of your boxer shorts so it's running down your leg.

DELACRUZ
That way you can contain it.

FUNKE
Okay, yeah. Thanks.

MIDDLETON
It's like getting a stiffrod when you're taking a dump.

DELACRUZ
A shitboner.

MIDDLETON
(violently demonstrating)
Yeah, and you have to jam it down into the bowl, like--

DELACRUZ
That's a no win situation.

Kirkpatrick walks up to the group.

KIRKPATRICK
At ease, gentlemen. Erections or otherwise.

Kirkpatrick stands looming over the boys.

KIRKPATRICK
We used to have similar conversations when we tracked the towel heads through their "nafags". Pitch-black spider holes no wider than a hula hoop.

DELACRUZ
That sounds frightening, sir.

KIRKPATRICK
Funke. I wanted to take this opportunity to express my gratitude for helping get the SAT's back. I admire your persistence and your thirst for blood.

Kirkpatrick tosses Funke a stick of gum.

FUNKE
Thanks, Principal Kirkpatrick.

KIRKPATRICK
And Funke. Chew it on your own time. Or I'll be on you faster than you can say Juicy Fruit.

EXT. ST. DOMINICK'S HIGH SCHOOL - LATER - NIGHT

Funke exits the main doors of the gym. He sighs and pops in a stick of gum.

Funke rounds the corner straight into Paul Moore's FIST. He hits the pavement. Moore stands over him.

PAUL MOORE
How does it feel?

FUNKE
Like someone just punched me in the mouth.

Funke starts to get up. Moore holds him down with his foot.

PAUL MOORE
My life here is over now, dick! I didn't steal those SAT's!

FUNKE
Then where were you between 7:45 and 8:10 that night?

PAUL MOORE
Screw you, Funke. I hope Francesca chews you up and spits you out. Do you really think I'd chance everything for an SAT score? Who the hell do you think you are? Inspector Gadget?

FUNKE
Go go gadget dickhead repellent.

Moore kicks Funke in the side, pulls a folded piece of paper from his back pocket.

PAUL MOORE
You're not a reporter, Funke,
you're a leech! And a phoney.

Moore crumples up the paper, throws it at Funke's face.

PAUL MOORE
You couldn't find the truth if it
was staring you in the face.

Moore spits, then walks away.

Funke touches his bloody lip, picks up the crumpled paper, unfolds it. It's a CORNELL UNIVERSITY ACCEPTANCE LETTER.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - THE NEXT WEEK - DAY

Start of the day. Funke, now healing nicely, places books from his locker into his bookbag. He closes his locker door.

Pei-Min waits behind it holding a letter marked COLUMBIA.

PEI-MIN
Congratulations, Bobby.

She hands Funke the letter. He takes it, nearly in disbelief.

PEI-MIN
They just need to verify all the
detail and you get the summer
scholarship.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - CLASSROOM - DAY

Homeroom. Funke sits in his desk reading through the letter. The opening line reads "Congratulations, Mr. Funke".

Funke reads on. "Prior to acceptance, your story will be thoroughly proofed by one of our graduate students. Your fact checker is: Ben Striedel, M.A. Journalism."

FUNKE
Striedel.

Funke sits in front of Cipriano, who engages in his AM routine - farting and wafting the foul smell toward his face.

CIPRIANO
Oh yeah. Blueberry pie, eh Funke?

The PA crackles on.

KIRKPATRICK (O.S.)
 Good morning, students. As I'm sure
 you're all aware, there's been a
 regime change here at St.
 Dominick's. Your new president,
 Marlon Piazza would like to say a
 few words.

MARLON (O.S.)
 Thank you. I wanted to take this
 opportunity to talk to the student
 body about some changes I plan to
 make.

Cipriano tears ass again. Funke raises his hand.

FUNKE
 Bathroom?

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Funke walks past the boys' bathroom.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Funke peers through the IN-SCHOOL SUSPENSION ROOM where
 delinquents are held. It is a tiny room, almost like an attic
 located on the school's top floor.

Paul Moore sits on one side of the room, baseball mitt on his
 hand, repeatedly whipping a TENNIS BALL against the wall in
 anger.

FUNKE (V.O.)
 In school suspension. Cruel and
 unusual punishment reserved solely
 for dangerous offenders. Rumor had
 it that Rocky Raccoon was doing
 time for spray-painting
 Kirkpatrick's car.

ROCKY RACCOON (Junior) sits at the other end of the room
 wearing sunglasses, reading a book.

FUNKE (V.O.)
 Everyone called him Rocky Raccoon
 on account of the Beatles' song.

Rocky removes his sunglasses to reveal two BLACK EYES.

FUNKE (V.O.)
 The black eyes didn't help much
 either. He and Moore had a history.

ROCKY AND PAUL MOORE'S HISTORY IN:

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - DAY

Rocky works diligently on a series of test tubes. He writes figures down on a lab sheet. Francesca sits next to Rocky at the lab table casually reading STAR magazine.

FUNKE (V.O.)

Rocky and Francesca dated. For a week last year while Paul and Francesca were broken up.

Rocky gives Francesca some figures. She pats Rocky's head, and goes back to her magazine.

FUNKE (V.O.)

She was his lab partner. You know how that works.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - DAY

Francesca and Rocky walk down the hallway during change of class. Rocky smiles.

FUNKE (V.O.)

Poor sap really fell for her. Didn't realize she was stringing him along for a grade and a reaction.

As they pass Paul in the hallway, Francesca slips her hand into Rocky's. Paul fumes.

FUNKE (V.O.)

She got both.

INT. MOORE HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Paul and Francesca suck serious face on the couch. A few of their FRIENDS idle around the house drinking, smoking.

FUNKE (V.O.)

When Paul and Francesca inevitably got back together, she gave Rocky the big adios. But he wanted her back.

The front door swings open. Drunk, Rocky walks into the living room holding a bottle of GIN. He swoons, grins.

FUNKE (V.O.)

So while Paul was throwing a minor soiree, Rocky burst in and grinning a grin, he said--

ROCKY
P Moore, my boy, this is a
showdown.

All the guys bum rush Rocky, Paul leads the charge.

FUNKE (V.O.)
And as the song goes, Rocky
collapsed in the corner.

Now with two black eyes, Rocky collapses in the corner.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Moore thought he looked so funny,
he made sure that Rocky had a pair
of shiners at all times.

ROCKY'S BLACK EYE MONTAGE:

Paul gives Rocky a black eye.

The Mullens give Rocky a black eye.

A BUTCH-LESBIAN FIELD HOCKEY PLAYER gives Rocky a black eye.

BACK TO:

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - SUSPENSION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sitting on a small stool in the hallway outside the
suspension room is a Hall Monitor.

FUNKE
I need five minutes with Moore.

Funke tosses the Hall Monitor a stick of gum. He stands and
opens the door with a set of keys latched to his belt.

HALL MONITOR
You got three.

Funke walks into the room. Moore and Rocky look up at him.
The door locks behind him.

Rocky and Moore look like they're each in their own little
jail cell. Rocky has clippings on the wall, piles of books at
his table. He reads thoughtfully. He's been there for awhile.

FUNKE
Long time no see, Rocky.

ROCKY
Weekends and holidays, man.

Moore looks up at Funke.

PAUL MOORE
Aren't you supposed to be in home
room?

FUNKE
Maybe I got to thinking.

Funke sits down in a chair facing Moore. Moore continues to
throw the ball against the wall.

PAUL MOORE
Maybe you should have done that
sooner.

FUNKE
"Maybe humans are the pet
alligators that God flushed down
the toilet."

PAUL MOORE
What?

FUNKE
Chuck Palahniuk said that.

PAUL MOORE
Who's Chuck Palahniuk?

ROCKY (O.S.)
He wrote Fight Club, numbnuts.

PAUL MOORE
Stow it, fag.

The Hall Monitor bangs on the wall, signals to shut up.

FUNKE
Tell me where you were that night.

PAUL MOORE
You think it's that easy? You think
that I can just tell you where I
was and that's gonna set it all
straight? Look around, Funke! I'm
screwed no matter what I say now.

FUNKE
So just tell me the truth.

Moore says nothing.

FUNKE
Listen, you're in here right now
for the rest of the year with a guy
who hates your varsity guts.

ROCKY (O.S.)
Eat a dick, Moore!

Moore throws the tennis ball at Rocky, just missing his head.
The Hall Monitor bangs on the wall again.

FUNKE
If you didn't do it, I'm all you
got. And you only have me for one
more minute. Now spill it.

Moore agonizes.

PAUL MOORE
Last year I did some things on the
basketball court I'm not proud of.

FUNKE
Like what?

PAUL MOORE
Like shaving points. Twice last
season. It was two times too many.
I only did it because I needed the
money.

FUNKE
For what?

PAUL MOORE
It doesn't matter. When I was
approached this year, I turned it
down. We had a shot at State, I'm
not gonna mess that up my Senior
year.

FUNKE
So this person who approached you,
you think he might have set you up?

PAUL MOORE
I don't know. Maybe.

FUNKE
Gimme his name.

Funke removes his notebook. Moore says nothing.

FUNKE
If you don't get cooperative,
you're gonna convince me that
you're completely full of shit.
You've gotta--

PAUL MOORE

No, you've gotta start thinking with your head! Anybody could have set me up! Do you know how many people benefit when the president goes down?!

The Hall Monitor opens the door. He grabs Funke's arm.

HALL MONITOR

Time's up, Funke. You're gettin' the animals all riled up, startin' a rumpus.

FUNKE

What's this guy's name, Moore?

The Hall Monitor starts to pull Funke out of the room.

HALL MONITOR

I said, time's up.

FUNKE

What's his name?

PAUL MOORE

Freddy Bismark.

Funke and the Hall Monitor wrestle a bit.

FUNKE

Where do I find him? Where is he?
Moore!

The door closes and locks. The Hall Monitor smirks and begins to slide the stick of gum into his mouth. Funke flicks it away with his index finger.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - LATER - DAY

Funke walks down the hall during a change of class. He sees Francesca at the other end of the hall going into her class. She smiles, waves. Funke waves back. The PA crackles on.

NANCY (O.S.)

Bobby Funke please report to the office, immediately.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

A bit uncertain, Funke holds a telephone.

FUNKE

Hello?

On the other end is Ben Striedel (Grad Student), the guy who sits in the front row of class and never shuts up.

STRIEDEL (O.S.)
(mispronounces)
Robert Funk. Ben Striedel,
Columbia. I'm proofing your story
here, chief. It's not bad. Not
exactly good either--

FUNKE
Excuse me?

STRIEDEL (O.S.)
So I'm gonna need the following
from you: transcriptions of your
interviews, a bibliography, MLA
style natch, your notes, pretty
much anything pertaining to the
story.

FUNKE
Uh, I'll need some time to gather
this. Can I get your number?

STRIEDEL (O.S.)
No.
(click.)

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - LIBRARY - STUDY HALL - DAY

Students sit at tables diligently doing homework. Funke
chomps on gum as he peruses a shelf of books.

FUNKE (V.O.)
I found Freddy Bismark where all
high school graduates go on to live
in infamy.

We see that Funke is looking at YEARBOOKS. He takes an old
St. Dominick's yearbook, opens it.

He locates Freddy's senior photo. He has a fiendish look
about him, a smile that implies he's done something wrong.

FUNKE (V.O.)
They say a picture's worth a
thousand words. But a senior quote
is worth a goddamn encyclopedia.

Freddy's senior quote: "Cash Rules Everything Around Me.
CREAM Is The Money. Dolla Dolla bills, y'all--Wu-Tang Clan."

EYE PATCH GIRL (O.S.)
You're not supposed to be looking
at that.

EYE PATCH GIRL (O.S.)
It's called study hall because
you're supposed to study. You're
gonna get in trouble.

Funke turns to find Eye Patch Girl standing next to him.

FUNKE
What are you, a cop?

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Funke strides down the hall holding the yearbook.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Freddy Bismark. Nickname, The
Business. JV basketball 1. Young
entrepreneurs 4. Voted most likely
to commit a hostile takeover of a
company. And that quote. "Cash
Rules Everything Around Me". This
guy had criminal written all over
him.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - CAFETERIA PHONE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

The phone book opens right to the BIS page.

FUNKE
Hell yeah.

Funke dials.

FUNKE
Hi, is this Freddy Bismark's house?
Mrs. Bismark? Hey, this is Lee
Glancey, I don't know if you
remember me...you do remember me?
Okay...Well I'm organizing our
three year reunion and I don't have
a current number or address for
Freddy...Three year reunion, that's
right...Well times are rapidly
changing and three year reunions
are the way of the future.
Okay...Uh huh...Prager-Dinkins?

EXT. PRAGER-DINKINS COLLEGE - SIGMA PI FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Funke glares up at the frat house. The place is a shithole,
it sits high atop a very large hill.

INT. SIGMA PI FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Funke walks into the frat house to find a group of PLEDGES
sitting on the floor, wearing diapers, sucking their thumbs.

FUNKE
Um, I'm looking for the business.

PLEDGE ONE points upstairs.

INT. SIGMA PI FRAT HOUSE - THE BUSINESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Funke knocks on a door, it swings ajar. FREDDY BISMARK (college junior) waves Funke inside.

The place looks more like a bookmaker's than a dorm room, sports play on numerous TV's. Bismark sits at a desk with his feet up skimming through Cliff Notes while on his cell phone.

BISMARK
...you want ten times on Villanova.
And ten on Syracuse. No problem.

Bismark hangs up.

BISMARK
Let me guess. Fake ID?

FUNKE
No. Do you mind if I sit?

Bismark gestures 'go ahead'. Funke sits.

FUNKE
I'm here about Paul Moore.

BISMARK
Paul Moore? Isn't that the lead singer of Bad Company?

FUNKE
I don't know. This Paul Moore plays basketball for St. Dominick's.

BISMARK
My alma mater.

FUNKE
It sure is. I was actually going through some old St. Dom's yearbooks and I came across your senior quote. I see that cash still rules everything around you.

BISMARK
You go through old St. Dominick's yearbooks for recreation?

FUNKE
That's right. It's a hobby I have.

BISMARK

Sounds like fun, kid. Sorry but I don't know any Paul Moore.

FUNKE

Well he seems to know you. Said you asked him to drop a few games last year in exchange for some cheddar.

BISMARK

That sounds like an illegal practice to me and I wouldn't know anything about that. I'm just a college kid trying to get a decent education.

FUNKE

Wonderful.

INT. SIGMA PI FRAT HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

BROTHERS mingle around nonchalantly hazing the pledges who crawl on the floor picking up empty beer cans.

Bismark stands before a Pop-A-Shot basketball game. He puts up shots as Funke grills him.

FUNKE

Let me tell you some more about this guy you don't know. Somebody stole the SAT's from Kirkpatrick's safe and everyone thinks that it was Paul Moore. Thing is, Moore swears he's been set up.

BISMARK

Cut to the chase, High School. I'm a busy man.

Bismark finishes a beer, whips it at a pledge.

BISMARK

Pick it up!

FUNKE

Moore seems to think you might have something to do with it. Says you might have been sore cause he wouldn't shave points this year.

Bismark stops shooting.

BISMARK

Let me explain something to you. I don't know thing one about Paul Moore.

(MORE)

BISMARK(cont'd)

To me, his name is Small Potatoes.
I got kids on half the teams in the
district. If I had to go out and
frame every one that didn't want to
brick a few lay-ups, I wouldn't
have time to spend my money. Get
it?

Funke looks Bismark over. He didn't do it.

FUNKE

"Mo money mo problems."

BISMARK

You can take that garbage out with
you. I don't have time for these
reindeer games, kid. Pledges!

CUT TO:

EXT. SIGMA PI HOUSE - BACK PORCH - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Two PLEDGES swing Funke back and forth over the porch
banister. The rest of the FRAT watches on while drinking.

FUNKE

What did he need the money for?

BISMARK

I don't know. I heard he was having
girl problems.

FUNKE

What's that supposed to mean?

BISMARK

He was having problems with girls.

FUNKE

Try not to hurt yourself.

The pledges toss Funke over the bannister down the hill.

BISMARK

She was some chick from Northridge,
man. That's all I know.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - THE NEXT MORNING

Funke stands on the corner drinking a cup of coffee. Faldo's
Suburban pulls up. Funke opens the door.

FALDO

You know you're going to have to
give me many theengs for such a
long ride.

FUNKE
I'm well aware of that, Faldo.

EXT. NORTHRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Faldo's car parks in front of the school. The building is massive, built out of red brick. A public school.

Funke catches sight of ELLIOT DUNCAN (Sophomore). He wears khakis and a button down.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Elliot Duncan. An old grade school acquaintance I'd kept in contact with throughout the years. Proved to be useful.

Funke gets out of the car.

ELLIOT
There's the old smartass.

FUNKE
Elliot.

ELLIOT
Those pubes come in yet?

FUNKE
You still eating Crayolas?

ELLIOT
Only when I'm hungry. How've you been?

INT. NORTHRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Funke and Elliot stride down the hallway. They pass students on their way to class.

FUNKE
Well, as I mentioned on the phone, I managed to implicate our school president in a sordid theft, one that basically ruined his life in a fashion so perverse and horrible that he's now in in-school suspension with his arch enemy. And I'm dating his girlfriend.

ELLIOT
So what's the problem?

FUNKE
I'm not sure the guy did it anymore. You've seen this kid?

Funke flashes the newspaper photo of Moore eating a banana.

ELLIOT

Yeah. That's Valerie's boyfriend.
You're dating Valerie?

FUNKE

The plot thickens, Elliot.

INT. NORTHRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Funke and Elliot walk into the room where VALERIE TORRES (Junior) sits at a desk. She is Mexican. Cute, petite, dark hair. Her thrift-store wardrobe makes it clear she's poor.

FUNKE

Hi Valerie, I'm Bobby Funke.

Funke holds out his hand. Valerie doesn't shake it.

VALERIE

I know who you are, I know what you did. So tell me, why should I tell you anything?

FUNKE

Cause I'm a swell guy and you're a nice girl.

VALERIE

Not gonna do it for me.

INT. NORTHRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Valerie strides down the hall. Funke pursues her.

VALERIE

Man, all you St. Dominicks guys are the same. You don't know the first thing about Paul.

FUNKE

When did you two break up?

VALERIE

It's kind of hard to break up with someone when you're not officially going out.

Funke catches up, places a hand on Valerie's shoulder. She stops, faces Funke.

FUNKE

So you and Paul weren't together?

VALERIE

Oh we've been "together" for three years. He comes out here because he likes anonymity. At St. Dominick's he's gotta be the president.

FUNKE

Uh huh. Did he ever give you any money?

VALERIE

What the hell is this all about? You write a story about Paul, you get him suspended, waltz in here and question me--

Three oncoming FOOTBALL PLAYERS push Funke as they pass him.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Sweet tie, dickweed.

FUNKE

(to Valerie)

Look, it's quite possible that Paul was framed. All I'm trying to do is find out what really happened. If Moore's innocent then you can help him by helping me.

Valerie looks away. Her eyes gloss over.

VALERIE

It was a gambling debt.

FUNKE

You don't seem the type.

VALERIE

My father's gambling debt. He owed the Diaz brothers a lot of money. They were ready to get it out of him whatever way they could. Paul wouldn't stand for it. He hated seeing me or my family pushed around. Somebody told him about Freddy Bismark, Paul has two off nights, my dad's debt goes away.

FUNKE

Paul threw two games for you.

VALERIE

He'd have thrown the season if I asked him to. Somebody set Paul up, but it wasn't Freddy Bismark, and it certainly wasn't me.

EXT. NORTHRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Funke and Elliot walk out to Faldo's car.

FUNKE
Doo Doo Brown.

ELLIOT
Poopy pants.

The two shake hands.

ELLIOT
Hey, I meant to ask you, what BS
Catholic holiday is today?

FUNKE
What are you talking about?

ELLIOT
Class. Why aren't you in class?

Funke does the math.

INT. FALDO'S CAR - DAY

Funke bangs on the dashboard. Faldo drives.

FALDO
Weekdays are the school days, first
it is Monday then it is Tuesday
then it--

FUNKE
Pedal to the metal, Faldo!

FALDO
There is no metal. It is brown
carpet.

FUNKE
DRIVE!

FUNKE (V.O.)
Not only was I missing school, I
was also about to miss my midterm
history presentation on The French
Revolution. Believe it or not, I
was also failing history.

FUNKE
Listen and listen good, you twisted
Latin feeb--

FALDO
Guatemalan.

FUNKE

You get me to St. Dominick's in
twenty minutes and I'll get you any
little theeng your heart desires.

Faldo smiles, accelerates.

EXT. ST. DOMINICK'S - NINETEEN MINUTES & FORTY SECONDS LATER

Faldo's car screeches to a halt. Funke gets out, bolts across
the campus.

FUNKE (V.O.)

List of things I know about the
French Revolution. Takes place in
France. Napoleon may or may not
have been involved...

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Funke runs down an empty hallway.

FUNKE (V.O.)

...Ménage a trois invented. Various
salad dressings created as a by-
product of the--

Funke notices that he's running past EMPTY CLASSROOMS. He
cocks his head to hear the low sound of a crowd.

FUNKE

What the...?

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Funke sneaks in. The entire student body holds little yellow
sheets. They are singing a mumbled version of the '91 Desert
Storm classic "PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN" by Lee Greenwood.

Kirkpatrick leads the students in song.

Funke catches his breath, sits beside Middleton and Delacruz.

FUNKE

What's going on?

DELACRUZ

Kirkpatrick's on some school spirit
rampage. He cancelled AM classes to
have a pep rally for Friday's game.

FUNKE

Merci, Kirkpatrick.

Out of the corner of his eye, Funke catches sight of Rocky
walking past the gym doors. Doesn't know what to make of it.

Funke scans the gym. He's looking for something, but he's not sure what it is...

Then he finds it. Funke glares up at the A/V Room, which sits atop the stands. Paul Moore stands at the projector window with a RIFLE cocked professionally in his arms.

FUNKE

Moore.

Funke's up and bolting for the gym doors.

The song ends, Kirkpatrick salutes. Coach D takes to the podium.

COACH D

St. Dominick's, today's MC and your president. Marlon Piazza!

The Roots' "THE SEED 2.0", a high tempo hip-hop anthem blasts over the PA. The SCHOOL BAND plays along with the song.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - A/V ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moore's POV through the sight of the rifle. He watches Marlon take to the podium. He wets his lips.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Funke bounds up the stairs two, three at a time.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

The crowd applauds Marlon as he takes the mic.

MARLON

We are the Friars and the Friars are great!

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - A/V ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moore gets Marlon in his sights.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Funke reaches the glass A/V door. He turns the knob. Locked.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Applause dies down.

MARLON

I have one prediction for Friday's game. And that prediction, is pain.

On the verge of another bout of applause, the crowd is silenced when a burst of BLOOD explodes across Marlon's chest. Marlon falls back behind the podium.

Then, pandemonium. Everyone panics. Students run in all directions. Screaming, shouting, crying.

By the exit, Kirkpatrick expertly waves combat signals.

KIRKPATRICK
Over here, students! This way to
saftey!

Everyone ignores him.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Funke kicks the door, nothing. He kicks it again. Again.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - A/V ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Off Funke's kicking, Moore glances over his shoulder, sees Funke. He gets back to the rifle.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Coach D crawls to where Marlon lies behind the podium.

COACH D
Marlon! Can you hear me, son?

Marlon sits up. He wipes blood from his chest, looks at it. It's not really blood, but the paint from a RED PAINTBALL.

Coach D dabs at the paint.

COACH D
It's a friggin' fugazi.

Moore starts to pick targets off at will. He nails Matt and Marty Mullen. Kirkpatrick gets a HEAD SHOT. He hits Ongatumamwe in the balls. The kid doubles over in pain.

Moore blasts three rounds into the ST. DOMINICKS BANNER covering the word VERITAS (Truth) in paint.

Francesca stands in the middle of the gym floor with her arms folded staring up at Moore. Moore gets her in his sights. A tear rolls down his cheek.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY/A/V ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Funke picks up an old film strip projector, heaves it through the glass door. Funke dashes toward Moore, pushes him away from the window. Still, Moore manages to get his shot off.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Moore's shot misses Francesca's body. Instead, it smears her penny loafers in crimson paint.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - A/V ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moore fires a close range shot that hits Funke's THIGH. Funke screams, grabs his leg.

FUNKE

You dick.

Moore bolts past Funke out the shattered glass door.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - NURSE'S OFFICE - LATER

Funke lays on the nurse's table with his pant leg rolled up. Funke's leg is bruised and cut up.

Nurse Platt hands Funke a cup of GATORADE and two MIDOL.

NURSE PLATT

Here. Take these.

FUNKE

Midol? Are you serious? Lady, I got shot in the leg with a paintball.

NURSE PLATT

I'm gonna go to the vending machine for some pretzels. Do you want anything from downstairs?

FUNKE

A bandage?

Nurse Platt just stands there. It's over her head.

FUNKE

Forget it.

Nurse Platt leaves. Funke closes his eyes, sighs. The phone next to him RINGS...and RINGS...and RINGS. Funke picks it up.

FUNKE

Nurse Platt's phone.

STRIEDEL (O.S.)

Just got word your boy shot some kids. How does that sit with the facts of your story I'd like to ask, Funk?

FUNKE

Striedel? How the hell did you--?

STRIEDEL (O.S.)
I have not, yes yes, have not
received your notes on the story,
boss.

FUNKE
I know. I had to do some back-
tracking. To locate everything.

STRIEDEL (O.S.)
Backtracking, huh. You know, there
was a kid a few years back, said he
was doing some backtracking. Turned
out he fabricated a whole story to
get into the program. Made the
whole thing up. They kicked him out
of course, blacked balled him from
all national publications. Last I
heard he was working as a
pharmaceutical test subject for
carpal tunnel syndrome.

FUNKE
Why are you telling me this?

STRIEDEL (O.S.)
Your story's thin kid. I want your
notes. Stat.
(click)

Funke hangs up. Closes his eyes, sighs. When he opens them,
Francesca is standing above him.

FUNKE
Hey Francesca.

Francesca fondles Funke's hair.

FUNKE
There's something I need to tell
you.

FRANCESCA
Not before I get to say thank you.

Francesca leans in and kisses Funke passionately.

FUNKE
For what?

FRANCESCA
For saving my life out there.

FUNKE
It was a paintball gun.

FRANCESCA

But you didn't know that did you.

Francesca moves in again. Funke kisses back, then pulls away.

FUNKE

Francesca, as a professional journalist and a man who is dedicated to his work I think you should know, your boyfriend was framed.

FRANCESCA

I already told you. He's not my boyfriend. I have a new one.

Francesca moves in and the two go at it some more.

Out the window, three stories below, Paul Moore is being led in handcuffs into the back of a police car.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - FOYER - DAY

The next morning. Students file into school.

Two NEW GUARDS man the front and back entrances.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - SUSPENSION ROOM - LATER - DAY

The same Hall Monitor that guarded Moore and Rocky sits outside the room. He has a FAT LIP and eats a doughnut.

FUNKE

Moore?

HALL MONITOR

Uh huh.

FUNKE

Looks good on you. I need five minutes with Rocky.

HALL MONITOR

He's not in there. They moved him down to the library until they fix up the door.

The window of the room has been shattered.

FUNKE

Why do they still have you here?

HALL MONITOR

Red tape.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Study Hall. The library is packed. Students study superhard. It's kind of freaky. A sign reads "SATs will be held Saturday the 15th".

Funke notices the quiet, unnerving demeanor of the room.

DELACRUZ (O.S.)
Freaky, isn't it?

Funke turns to find Delacruz standing behind him.

FUNKE
What's going on?

DELACRUZ
It's getting down to the college admissions wire. GPA's are down, and apparently they just got the results back from the ACT's. Everybody bombed it.

FUNKE
Everybody?

DELACRUZ
Look at it this way. You see Seamus Fenelon over there?

Funke looks to see SEAMUS FENELON (Senior, pale, Irish). His teeth chatter and his hand taps his book as he studies.

FUNKE
Yeah.

DELACRUZ
Tanked it. Third generation Notre Dame and it's not looking good.

FUNKE
His teeth are chattering.

DELACRUZ
Probably from the Ritalin.

FUNKE
Ritalin? I didn't know Seamus had ADD.

DELACRUZ
For a reporter, you're really out of the loop. Fenelon doesn't have ADD. Half the school's on Ritalin right now, or Adderall or Cylert, Dexedrine, maybe Dextrostat.

(MORE)

DELACRUZ(cont'd)

They're all just nice words for speed. If a kid needs a study aid, he'll find a way to get one.

FUNKE

Seamus Fenelon?

DELACRUZ

Supply and demand, son.

FUNKE

Wow. Good talk, Delacruz. Listen, you seen Rocky Raccoon around here?

DELACRUZ

They've got him over in American History.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Funke walks to Rocky Raccoon who sits at a table in the facing the wall. The table is covered in books. He flips through some pages, deep in thought. Barely notices Funke.

ROCKY

I was wondering when you were gonna pay me a visit.

FUNKE

Why's that?

ROCKY

Don't play dumb with me. I was the last person who saw Moore before he busted out. You might even think I helped him get out of there.

FUNKE

Did you?

Funke sits. Rocky smiles slightly.

ROCKY

You're big on quotes, aren't you, Funke?

(reading aloud from book)

"I am only slightly less astonished by the egotism of the assassin, the inflated self esteem it requires to kill a president, than I am astonished by the men who run for president. These are people who have the gaul to believe they can fix us."

Rocky holds up the book Assassination Vacation.

FUNKE

So what, you're saying that presidents and assassins are the same type of people?

ROCKY

No, in Paul Moore's case, the same person. Guy was the president, but when he lost it all, he took matters into his own hands. Got me to thinking, presidents, assassins, it's all a matter of circumstance. The only constant is that they're both assholes.

Rocky picks up another book entitled John Wilkes Booth. Rocky looks eyes with Funke.

ROCKY

"Never saw Booth".

FUNKE

What?

ROCKY

Another quote. Right before Moore went Columbine he snapped his cell phone shut and muttered that under his breath. "Never saw Booth". He was looking right at me.

FUNKE

John Wilkes Booth?

ROCKY

Lincoln never saw him coming, man. Creepy ass shit. Couldn't even sleep last night.

FUNKE

Rocky. You hate Paul Moore, don't you?

Rocky takes his sunglasses off exposing his two black eyes.

ROCKY

What do you think?

FUNKE

Do you think he stole those tests?

ROCKY

I hate to admit it, but it doesn't seem like something that any decent president would do, or assassin for that matter.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - LUNCHROOM - LUNCHTIME - DAY

Eye Patch girl and an OVERWEIGHT GIRL sit next to each other at a lunch table quietly sharing french fries and ketchup.

Marlon, Alex, and the Mullens move through the lunch line.

ALEX

Check it out. It's that slut Laura Hoffner.

LAURA HOFFNER (Sophomore) walks past the line.

MATT MULLEN

You know what I did to that ass?

MARTY MULLEN

Probably the same thing I did to your mom's ass.

Mimics banging ass.

MATT MULLEN

Dude. That's Mom.

MARTY MULLEN

Shit.

ALEX

I'd give Laura a nice Strawberry Shortcake. Pow.

MATT MULLEN

Respect.

Funke cuts through the line to get up to Marlon. The group makes its way toward a table. Funke struggles to keep up.

FUNKE

Marlon. You mind if I have a word with you?

MARLON

What about?

The group sits down. There are no seats for Funke.

ALEX

Then I'd give her the old Hoover.

Funke searches for a chair. He finds one, sits down.

ALEX

I've got this move I call The Operator.

Matt and Marty dip french fries into some ketchup that sits on a napkin in the middle of the table.

FUNKE

Why do you suppose Paul Moore would target you, Marlon?

MARLON

How should I know?

Alex grabs another fry and dips it into some ketchup.

ALEX

It's when I'm railing a girl and I steal her cell phone and call up her father so he can listen to me do her. Yeah, yeah.

MARLON

The Father's Day Special.

All the guys laugh. Marlon grabs the whole package of fries.

We now see that the fries that the guys are eating actually belong to the Eye Patch Girl and the Overweight Girl. The girls are shocked and disgusted. Marlon could care less.

MARLON

(to the girls)
What's going on?

FUNKE

You know what? I don't think you guys have done any of this shit you're talking about. In fact...

Funke stands up, takes the package of fries from Marlon and hands it back to the girls. Marlon stares him down.

FUNKE

I'm positive you haven't.

Matt Mullen flashes his hall monitor badge.

MATT MULLEN

You want JUG for the rest of the week, Funke?

FUNKE

Why'd he shoot you, Marlon?

MARLON

He shot you too, didn't he?

FUNKE

He shot you first.

ALEX
Yo, screw this guy Marlon.

MARLON
'Course he shot me first, I took his spot. What do you want me to do about it? That's what the VP does when the Pres gets the boot. It's not my fault the dude went apeshit.

FUNKE
You and Moore didn't argue at all before the SAT's were stolen?

MARLON
Dude, I barely know Moore. You saw how he ran things, I wasn't even in the equation.

FUNKE
That doesn't answer my question.

MARLON
Tell you what, Funke. Come by the house on Friday, I'm having a party.

ALEX
Aw, come on dude.

MARLON
It's alright. He wants to ask me some questions for the paper. He can come. I don't want to get on his bad side. I mean, look what happened to Moore.

INT. FACHINI HOUSE - NIGHT

A high school party how you remember it, not like what you see in movies. No band, no strobe-light dancing, no jumping in the pool. Just underage drinking, music, Play Station.

Alex clutches a 40oz as he raps along with the music in front of a large mirror. He's no Jay-Z.

ALEX
If you're havin' girl problems I feel bad for you son, Schneider's got some problems but a bitch ain't one. Hit me.

Matt & Marty Mullen and Cipriano stand together.

MATT MULLEN

All I know is, me personally, I've tried to smoke banana peels many, many times. Got me nowhere.

CIPRIANO

These were Chiquita bananas?

MATT MULLEN

Don't front, Cipriano.

MARTY MULLEN

Yeah, don't front.

MATT MULLEN

You know what really messes you up is toothpaste. You put it on a cigarette and smoke it.

CIPRIANO

Uh uh. No way. Toothpaste is good for you. That shit kills tartar.

MARTY MULLEN

No he's right, Cipriano. Steve Ives tried it last week at that party at the caves. He was wasted.

CIPRIANO

I guess you didn't hear me. Kills tartar. Prevents gum disease. Tastes minty fresh. Nothing minty fresh can be bad for you.

MATT MULLEN

I guess you've never heard of peppermint schnapps.

MARTY MULLEN

Or menthols. Dipshit.

CIPRIANO

Twenty bucks says that toothpaste doesn't do a goddamn thing. I'll smoke it myself.

Matt and Cipriano shake hands.

MATT MULLEN

You're on.

CIPRIANO

I'm gonna go find some toothpaste. BRB, sucker.

Cipriano bounds up the stairs.

MARTY MULLEN
Dude, I hope you're right.

MATT MULLEN
Don't worry about it. Cipriano's
gonna get so wasted, he'll think it
was the toothpaste.

MARTY MULLEN
You see all the angles, bro.

Matt and Marty pound fists.

INT. FACHINI HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A knock at the front door. Francesca opens it, looking
insanely hot. Funke stands on the doorstep.

FRANCESCA
Funke.

FUNKE
Hey Francescsa.

Over Funke's shoulder, Francesca spots Faldo in his car.
Faldo honks the horn.

FALDO
Theeee--!

Funke slams the door shut behind him. He has a look around.

FUNKE
So this is a party.

FRANCESCA
You knew enough to show up
fashionably late.

FUNKE
No, Faldo needed a universal
remote.

FRANCESCA
I'm really glad you're here.

Francesca kisses Funke on the cheek. In the background, Tad
sits on the couch. He takes note of the two of them.

Francesca takes Funke's hand, leads him to the keg. As Funke
passes KIDS at the party, they pound fists with him, slap him
on the back. Funke smiles, nods in quiet recognition. He's
getting used to being cool...and he's liking it.

Francesca pours a beer from the keg into a red plastic cup.

FUNKE

You know what, I have to get up
early for my driver's test. So--

Francesca hands him the beer she's just poured.

FUNKE

Alright.

Funke takes a sip, lowers his cup. Marlon stands before him.

MARLON

Funke. You made it.

Funke struggles ever so slightly with the taste of beer.

FUNKE

Thanks for the invite, Marlon.
This, this is some good brew. It's
you know, cold.

MARLON

I'm glad you like it.

Funke spots Pei-Min across the room. She waves to him.

FUNKE

Would you two excuse me?

As Funke walks across the room to meet Pei-Min, he passes the
Mullens and Cipriano. Cipriano squeezes toothpaste onto a
cigarette, lights it, takes a drag and coughs horribly.

CIPRIANO

Oof.

Pei-Min and Funke stand together in a corner. Amy Early sits
slumped, passed-out in an armchair next to them.

PEI-MIN

What's up, Bobby? Fancy seeing you
here.

FUNKE

How am I doing?

PEI-MIN

I'd say you're at the top of your
game. That's the power of the
press.

FUNKE

(sighing)
Yeah.

PEI-MIN
What the matter?

FUNKE
Have you ever second guessed a story?

PEI-MIN
You're second guessing your Paul Moore story?

FUNKE
I don't know. You don't know where he is now, do you?

PEI-MIN
One of the secretaries said his parents took him to some sort of private mental institution upstate. The real press can't even get to him. What do you have cooking?

FUNKE
I'm not sure yet. What do you know about Ritalin?

PEI-MIN
I've been trying to write something about it since my sophomore year. It's a problem. I could name fifteen kids who are definitely using it to help with studying on a regular basis.

FUNKE
So why haven't you written something?

PEI-MIN
I don't know its source. Nobody will tell me where it comes from.

FRANCESCA (O.S.)
Funke!

Funke looks up. Francesca waves him toward the kitchen.

PEI-MIN
You better go. Your girlfriend calling you.

FUNKE
Maybe she wouldn't be my girlfriend if you let me take you to Homecoming.

Pei-Min blushes. She doesn't know what to say.

INT. FACHINI HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Francesca leads Funke to a Beirut game (beer pong) already in progress. Marlon stands at one end of the table, Tad and his partner Dave at the other end. A small crowd watches.

Marlon hands Funke a ping-pong ball.

MARLON
Go ahead, Funke. Take a shot.

FUNKE
What I am I aiming for? Those cups?

MARLON
That's right.

Funke sinks the head cup. The crowd cheers.

MARLON
Atta boy.

Tad drinks his cup. He lines up for a shot.

FUNKE
(to Marlon)
Marlon, you and Paul had been the
head of student council for two
years. In all that time--

Tad hits a shot. Marlon holds the cup up for Funke to drink.

MARLON
Hey Funke.

FUNKE
Yeah?

MARLON
It's a party.

Funke deliberates. He takes the cup from Marlon, drinks it.

MARLON
Good. Now let's beat these
faggotmasters.

Marlon smiles. Funke takes the ball from Marlon, nails his shot. Marlon pulls up to shoot his ball.

MARLON
Rebate!

Marlon nails it. Funke and Marlon high five.

Tad and Dave throw the balls back to Marlon and Funke.
Francesca hugs Funke's waist.

The game goes on. Time passes. Funke hits numerous shots,
drinks numerous beers. Francesca hangs all over him.

FRANCESCA
You're a natural, baby.

Just as Funke's about to shoot a winning shot, Cipriano
stumbles into the room. He's got toothpaste smeared around
his mouth and a cigarette hanging from his lips. He pushes a
few kids out of the way.

CIPRIANO
I got winners!

Cipriano falls onto the pong table. It collapses into a V.
All the remaining beer spills onto him.

TAD
You stupid asshole.

Matt & Marty Mullen rush into the room. As they wrestle
Cipriano up off the floor he licks beer from his fingers.

CIPRIANO
TARTAR CONTROL! FLUORIDE'S ALL UP
IN THIS SHIT!

MATT MULLEN
(to Marlon)
Sorry, Marlon. What should we do
with him?

MARLON
He's too wrecked to go home. Let me
see...yeah, tie him up. In the
study.

Cipriano struggles to get free. It's futile.

CIPRIANO
TARTAR CONTROL IN THE HOUUUSE!

Amidst the commotion, Francesca whispers in Funke's ear.

FRANCESCA
Let's go upstairs.

Francesca takes him by the hand.

INT. FACHINI HOUSE - MARLON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Francesca opens the door. Funke, pretty drunk, glances around
the room. It isn't hers.

FUNKE
Is this your brother's room?

FRANCESCA
Stepbrother's. Somebody already
passed out in my bed.

FUNKE
Won't he mind that we're in here?

FRANCESCA
Marlon doesn't care.

INT. FACHINI HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Cipriano wrestles as the Mullen brothers tie him up to a
chair with EXTENSION CORDS. He looks over the cords.

CIPRIANO
What are ya gonna do now, plug me
in?

INT. FACHINI HOUSE - MARLON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Francesca and Funke make out as Francesca shuts the door
behind her. She kisses Funke's neck.

FUNKE
Francesca, listen, I need to know
where they took Paul.

FRANCESCA
I don't know why you keep bringing
him up. Paul's gone, Funke. What
you wrote was true and he's gone.
I'm yours now.

Francesca kisses Funke on the mouth. The two tumble onto
Marlon's bed. Francesca pulls back for a moment, locks eyes
with Funke and stares lovingly at him.

FUNKE
What are you doing with me?

FRANCESCA
What kind of question is that?

FUNKE
A good one.

FRANCESCA
I like you. I like the way you look
at me, like it's for real. Like you
don't have to impress anyone.
(MORE)

FRANCESCA(cont'd)

Like if tomorrow St. Dominick's
just went away, you'd still look at
me the way you do.

FUNKE

I can't stop thinking about you. I
tried on eleven shirts before I
came over here.

Francesca starts unbuttoning Funke's shirt.

FRANCESCA

It's cute. I want you to spend the
night.

FUNKE

What about your parents?

FRANCESCA

Shh...My dad's out of town. He
won't be back until Tuesday.

FUNKE

What about your mom?

FRANCESCA

My mom's dead, Funke.

FUNKE

I'm sorry.

The two go at it passionately.

INT. FACHINI HOUSE - HALLWAY - THE NEXT MORNING

Beer cans litter the hallway. Marlon's bedroom door opens.
Funke walks out into the hallway and shuts the door behind
him. He's a bit disoriented. He rubs his eyes and then...

Funke's face lights up. He raises his arms in victory.

Funke sees a clock in the hall it reads 8:30.

FUNKE

Shit.

Funke takes off running.

INT. FACHINI HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Cipriano is wide awake. He calmly sits in a chair, still tied
up. He licks his lips curiously.

Amy Early rolls over in her sleep on the couch. Her pants are
all WET, getting wetter. Cipriano takes note.

CIPRIANO
Hey Early, you're pissing yourself.

Funke comes bounding through the room, trying to run while putting on his shoes.

CIPRIANO
Funke!

Funke stops, smiles.

FUNKE
Cipriano.

Funke runs out of the house.

CIPRIANO
FUNKE! You son of a--

Cipriano tears a no-nonsense beer fart.

CIPRIANO
Oh.

A beat. Cipriano smells it.

CIPRIANO
Oh.

Unable to waft with his hands, Cipriano cocks his leg at a right angle and wafts the smell with his leg.

CIPRIANO
Oh yeah.

INT. STUDENT DRIVER CAR - LATER

Funke drives. The DMV lady sits shotgun.

DMV LADY
You're doing considerably better
this time around, Mr. Funke.

FUNKE
Thanks. I had a good night's sleep.

Funke winks at her. She blinks.

DMV LADY
Take a right here onto Grand.

Funke signals, makes a right.

As he rounds the corner, Funke sees Alex Schneider walking out of a PHARMACY holding a BAG. Alex gets into the backseat of the Mullen brothers' Dodge Caravan.

Funke passes the Caravan. He slows and pulls to the side of the road so that Marty can pull out and drive past him.

DMV LADY
What are you doing?

FUNKE
(adjusting rearview)
Sorry. Just wanted to adjust this mirror a smidge. Safety first.

DMV LADY
That's very good of you, Mr. Funke.

Funke pulls out, tails the Caravan.

Two or three blocks down, the Caravan pulls over in front of another pharmacy. Funke slows to a stop.

DMV LADY
Now what are you doing?

FUNKE
Oh, I thought I'd parallel park here.

DMV LADY
Well I was just going to have you do that back at the DMV lot.

Funke eyes an open spot across the street from the pharmacy.

FUNKE
But this is such a challenging spot. I'm really feeling it today.

Funke throws it in reverse.

FUNKE
For me, it's about the aesthetic.

DMV LADY
The aesthetic?

Funke backs into the spot quickly, perfectly. He hits the roof with his fist.

FUNKE
Put it on the board...

The DMV Lady pauses, then checks off PASS on the parallel parking segment on her clip board.

FUNKE
YES! DMV Lady you are awesome!

Funke drums his hands on the wheel and watches as Matt comes out of the pharmacy, bag in hand.

DMV LADY

Well I must say Mr. Funke, that was some mighty fine parking.

Funke doesn't respond. He watches the Caravan pull out of the parking lot across the street and then pulls out to tail it.

DMV LADY

I never thought I'd see the day but, I'd say you're about to get yourself a driver's license.

Funke is stopped short at a red light. He watches in agony as the Caravan speeds through the intersection.

FUNKE

Really?

Funke takes a deep breath.

DMV LADY

Really.

FUNKE

(to himself)

Woodward and Bernstein. Woodward and Bernstein.

DMV LADY

All you have to do is get me back to the DMV in one piece and--

Funke guns it as he spits his gum out the window. He tears around the corner and makes a U-turn, in the direction of the Caravan, avoiding numerous cars.

DMV LADY

AHHHHHH!

Funke changes lanes like a mad man.

INT/EXT. STUDENT DRIVER CAR - LATER

Funke pulls the car into the DMV parking lot.

FUNKE (V.O.)

Four pharmacies and a dozen traffic violations later, Alex and the Mullen brothers were still making the rounds.

Funke turns off the ignition.

FUNKE
So I guess I'll see you next week?

DMV LADY
Get out.

Funke gets out of the car, walks away from the DMV.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Somehow I doubted they had penny
candy in those bags.

Funke slides in a new stick of gum and smiles.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Funke walks down the hall.

FUNKE (V.O.)
It didn't take much research to
figure out that Ritalin didn't come
cheap. If that's what those guys
were buying, they needed a way to
come up with the cash. I figured it
might help to be the school
treasurer.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICE - DAY

Funke and Francesca meet up outside the Student Council
office in between classes. Funke kisses her on the cheek.

FUNKE
Did you get it?

Francesca holds up a key.

FRANCESCA
I'm a Junior class rep, it wasn't
hard. I'm gonna be late for class
though, what's this all about?

FUNKE
Something big.

FRANCESCA
This better not have anything to do
with Paul, I told you--

FUNKE
It's Schneider. I think he's been
embezzling council funds.

FRANCESCA
Alex?

Funke unlocks the door, opens it. He flicks on a light.

Tad Goltz faces a filing cabinet. He spins around, surprised. He holds an accounting ledger in his hands.

FUNKE

Tad? What are you doing in here?

TAD

I might ask you the same question.

FUNKE

She's on Student Council.

TAD

But you're not. You get her in here for a little afternoon delight. Or is it something else?

FUNKE

What are you talking about?

Tad smiles, slyly.

TAD

Nothin'.

Tad finishes writing something in a small notebook. He shuts the accounting ledger closed.

FUNKE

Look Goltz, this is my story, if you think you've got something on it you better run it by me first.

TAD

You know, a few weeks ago nobody even knew you existed. Funny how things change.

Tad shuts off the light.

TAD

See you in class Francesca.

Tad walks out, the bell rings.

FRANCESCA

I have to go, Funke. Now.

FUNKE

Okay, I'll lock up.

FRANCESCA

It only locks with the key and I
have to return it right now to Mr.
Rudnick. I can't be late, I have a
test.

Funke contemplates quickly. He grabs the book Tad was looking
at out of the filing cabinet and stuffs it in his bag.

FRANCESCA

Funke...

FUNKE

Sorry.

The two exit. Francesca locks the door.

FUNKE

I'll explain everything later, I
promise.

Francesca bounds off down the hall, upset. Funke watches her
for a moment then takes off in the other direction.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Coach D stands in front of his class. Students in black and
white gym uniforms sit in rows on the gym floor.

Funke eyes Schneider, who sits in the row in front of him.

COACH D

...so let me end the class on this
note. Once upon a time, there was a
little Indian boy and this little
Indian boy decided to climb up the
mountain. On his way he met a snake
and the snake says, he says,
"Little Indian boy, please carry me
up the mountain. If you do I
promise I will not bite you." So
the little Indian boy carried the
snake up the mountain and when they
got to the top, do you know what
that snake did?

Nobody cares.

COACH D

That snake bit the little Indian
boy.

(beat)

Boys and girls...that snake...was
drugs and alcohol.

The bell rings. Everybody bolts for the gym doors.

COACH D
Point being, if you're gonna drink,
eat something!

Funke makes his way towards the exit. He's in a hurry.

COACH D
Funke. C'mere a second, son.

Funke hesitantly makes his way to Coach D. He watches as Tad stops Schneider right outside of the gym doors.

COACH D
You're a writer. What'd ya think of
my Indian boy story? The snake,
that's symbolism.

FUNKE
I thought it was great, Coach.
You've inspired me to, y'know, not
abuse my body.

COACH D
Good. See, I'm gonna write my
autobiography and I thought you
could give me a few tips.

Funke watches Tad and Alex as they walk into the hallway.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Stampede. Students bolt for the exits.

Funke pans the crowd in search of Pei-Min. He sees her at the far end of the hall walking into the newspaper office.

Funke makes his way toward the office through the crowd. He runs right into Francesca.

FRANCESCA
I've got a bone to pick with you.

FUNKE
Hey Francesca.

FRANCESCA
I was late to class and Rudnick
took a grade off my test. I'll
probably get a B now.

FUNKE
I'm sorry, seriously. But right now
I have to--

FRANCESCA
Help me with my Lit paper.

FUNKE

I will. We can work on it the whole weekend. I just--

FRANCESCA

I have to email it to Egan by ten tonight. I already had an extension from yesterday. You owe me one.

Funke commiserates. Francesca moves in.

FRANCESCA

Please.

FUNKE

I'm all sweaty from gym.

FRANCESCA

You can shower at my house. My stepmom's away with my dad.

FUNKE

Do your parents actually live at your house?

FRANCESCA

Come on, it'll be fun.

Resistance is futile. Funke gives in.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - FOYER - DAY

Thursday morning. A grinning Funke walks into school.

Everyone's cracking a copy of the St. Dominick's Daily. People stare at Funke. Something is up. He stops smiling.

EYE PATCH GIRL

You shouldn't have done that.

Funke grabs a copy from the Eye Patch Girl. He stares at it.

FUNKE

Son of a bitch.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - NEWSPAPER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

WHACK! Funke slams the newspaper down on Pei-Min's desk. There's a picture of Funke holding hands with Francesca while blowing a bubble. The headline reads FUNKE FRAMED HIM!

FUNKE

What the hell is this!

Pei-Min sits calmly behind her desk.

PEI-MIN

You tell me. It all checks out. I can't believe I hadn't seen it earlier. You framed Paul Moore. You couldn't get the story you wanted so you made one up. You got him kicked out, made yourself a hero and then stole his girlfriend.

FUNKE

Tad's full of shit! I was up all night working on the best way to present a story to you. Schneider is cooking the books!

PEI-MIN

The books you stole from the student council office?

FUNKE

He's using funds to buy Ritalin and then selling it to half the school!

PEI-MIN

What does that have to do with Paul Moore, Funke? Making up some other story now won't work with me. You stole the SAT's. You stole the Student Council's money.

FUNKE

What money?

PEI-MIN

I always believed in you, Bobby. You were such a promising writer. Such a promising person. I really thought you were one of the few kids in school who didn't need to be popular. I guess I was wrong.

FUNKE

I swear to God, I don't have the faintest idea what you're talking about.

PEI-MIN

I'm recommending that Tad gets your summer scholarship. Listen Funke, I got AP English right now.

Funke watches Pei-min leave, dumbfounded.

FUNKE

(sighs)
Awesome.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - BOYS' BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

White Kid With Dreads stands at the john next to Funke.

WHITE KID

I don't even wanna piss next to
you. You Nazi.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - CLASSROOM - DAY

Homeroom. Funke sits in his desk. Students around him read
copies of today's paper. They whisper and point at Funke.

Cipriano reads a copy behind Funke.

CIPRIANO

That's some cold shit, Funke.
What'd you do with the thousand
dollars? Give it to Francesca so
she'd screw you?

Cipriano gives Funke a quick "hurry up" slap.

CIPRIANO

Gimme all your pens before you get
suspended.

Funke turns around and faces Cipriano.

FUNKE

Cipriano, first of all there is no
money. Secondly, you don't think I
went to all the trouble of stealing
the SAT's just so I could go out
with Francesca do you?

CIPRIANO

I would.

FUNKE

Francesca and I happen to be in
love, Cipriano. Maybe that's just
something you can't mentally
comprehend yet.

Funke turns around.

SLAP. Francesca whacks Funke across the face.

FRANCESCA

You asshole!

CIPRIANO

Nope.

Funke stands up.

FUNKE

Francesca, it's not true. Goltz doesn't know what he's talking about! I'd never hurt you. All I'm trying to do is uncover the truth. This is bigger than me and you, it's bigger than Paul Moore, it's--

Francesca slaps Funke again. She sits down in her chair fuming, on the verge of tears.

Senor Newell enters the room. He sees Funke standing up.

SENOR NEWELL

Have a seat, Mr. Funke.

The bell rings. Funke stammers.

FUNKE

Senor Newell, I need to go to the bathroom. Please.

SENOR NEWELL

We're about to have chapter seven homework review right now. I'll let you go after.

FUNKE

Look, okay, I don't have to go to the bathroom, I just need a hall pass so I can go see a few people right now before--

SENOR NEWELL

Go see some people? It's 8:45 and this is Spanish class. Sit down.

FUNKE

Senor Newell, please--

SENOR NEWELL

Sit down, turn to page fifty eight and read us the first translation.

FUNKE

I don't have the homework.

SENOR NEWELL

Why not?

FUNKE

Because I'm the only one in this whole stinking class that didn't copy it from Lopez last night!

SENOR NEWELL
I don't like your attitude, Mr.
Funke.

FUNKE
Oh yeah?

Mr. Kirkpatrick knocks on the class room door. He is flanked
by the Mullen brothers.

KIRKPATRICK
Senor Newell. I need to speak with
Mr. Funke.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Funke stands in the hall before Kirkpatrick. The Mullens
stand to the wayside.

FUNKE
Thank God you got me out of there,
there's a lot we need to talk
about. You aren't going to believe
some of the stuff I've uncovered.
Where should I start? Point-
shaving, theft, embezzling, a
pharmaceutical drug ring.

Funke chews his gum furiously as he talks.

KIRKPATRICK
Are you chewing gum?

FUNKE
There's this pill okay, it's called
Ritalin, it helps kids concentrate,
the whole school is--

KIRKPATRICK
I asked you if you were chewing
gum.

FUNKE
That's, that's irrelevant. I'm
trying to tell you--

KIRKPATRICK
I think you're a little foggy on
why I'm here, Mr. Funke. From what
I understand you've made a mockery
of this high school. You take this
place for a circus and you take me
for a clown. I am not an f-ing
clown, Mr. Funke. I am not here to
fill your f-ing heart with joy and
laughter and sunshine.

(MORE)

KIRKPATRICK(cont'd)

I am here to discipline you.
Thoroughly. And today, your name is
Abdul Al-Camelsexer.

Kirkpatrick adjusts his tie.

KIRKPATRICK

Now. I'm going to ask you again and
this time I want an answer. Is.
That. Gum. In. Your. Mouth?

FUNKE

Is this gum in my mouth? Is this
gum in my mouth?

Funke gets a crazy look in his eyes.

FUNKE

Yes! This is gum! It's gum. It's
gum it's gum it's gum it's gum it's
GUM! I chew it all the time. Non-
stop. Twenty four seven. I've got a
fucking jumbo pack right here in my
pocket. I've got a locker, it's
filled to the brim with gum. No
books. Just gum.

Funke takes his gum out and shows it to Kirkpatrick.

FUNKE

Gum! G to the U-M, buddy!

Funke slaps the wad of gum onto a locker door.

FUNKE

I'm talking to you about matters of
the utmost importance and you're
talking to me about gum! Doesn't
anybody care about what matters
here? Has everyone in this school
gone crazy?!

CUT TO:

INT. IN SCHOOL SUSPENSION ROOM - DAY

Funke sits in the very desk that Paul Moore sat in. He looks
almost catatonic. Rocky sits across from him.

ROCKY

Bathroom breaks. You get one. Right
after lunch. Work's brought in at
the start of the day, and that's
nice 'cause you can finish it all
before third period if you want.
That leaves you the rest of the day
to do whatever.

Funke slumps his head down on the desk. Rocky's cell phone rings, it's a text that reads **"Hand phone to Funke ;0"**

ROCKY
"Hand phone to Funke."

Rocky shrugs, hands his phone to Funke.

The phone rings. Rocky nods for him to answer it. He does.

FUNKE
Hello?

STRIEDEL (O.S.)
Hello, dickhead.

FUNKE
You've got to be kidding me.

STRIEDEL (O.S.)
I've got two stories on my desk and one contradicts the living shit out of the other. Did you really think you could pull one over on Mitch Striedel? Did you? Because that's just wholesale crazy, chief. I have a 175 IQ. That means I skipped third grade.

FUNKE
You don't understand, Striedel. I was framed.

STRIEDEL (O.S.)
(laughing)
Oh, that's rich. You're a funny guy. Listen, I'm meeting with the director of summer admissions after the weekend. We're gonna have a long talk about you and your completely inept journalism skills.

FUNKE
But--

STRIEDEL (O.S.)
Tick tock tick tock. Can you hear that, Funk? That's the sound of opportunity waving goodbye to you. Send it a postcard 'cause it's not coming back. You got 'til Monday to give me the truth.
(click)

Funke hands the phone back to Rocky, slumps down.

FUNKE

I'm not supposed to be here.

Rocky leans back, stretches.

ROCKY

Tell me about it, kid. Everybody in ISS is innocent.

FUNKE

You painted "Saddam's Gonna Get You" on Kirkpatrick's Lexus.

ROCKY

Let's just say that's what they put me in here for.

FUNKE

What are you talking about?

ROCKY

Forget it. You've got enough to worry about.

FUNKE

What am I gonna do about Francesca?

ROCKY

My advice is masturbate. Four, five times a day. I've got some decent DVDs, I'll bring 'em in for you.

FUNKE

This Goltz story is totally inaccurate! I just can't find the connection between all the variables. Everyone and their brother had a reason to set Moore up. I could have done it just as easily as the next guy.

ROCKY

So you concede, eh. And just as the president becomes the assassin, the hero becomes the pussy.

FUNKE

What do you want me to do, Rocky? I'm taking the fall for this whole thing and, and...I don't even know where to look anymore!

ROCKY

What is it you're looking for, Funke?

FUNKE

The truth.

ROCKY

Well, I've always found that when it comes to high school, the truth rarely makes its way into the morning announcements. You need to open up. Sometimes the writing's on the wall and all we do is glance at it.

Rocky motions to the GRAFFITI on his desk.

ROCKY

On desktops and in bathroom stalls
(reads from his desk)
"Amy Early is a bedwetting whore."
See, nobody's gonna come out and say that. Are they?

FUNKE

But it's true.

ROCKY

It's the ordinary places where the truth hides, Funke. So ask yourself, what's hidden? And who's hiding it?

Funke rights himself, thinks.

ROCKY

Hell, use Goltz's work if you have to. Did he uncover anything?

FUNKE

The money.

ROCKY

Okay...

FUNKE

The SAT's were in the safe...the money, the money must have been...

Funke pulls the accounting ledger out of his back pack. He flips through some pages.

FUNKE

Rocky, you beautiful bastard.

The three o'clock bell RINGS.

INT. FALDO'S SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Funke sits shotgun as he studies the accounting ledger.

FUNKE

It disappears, Faldo. The night the SAT's were stolen, it says right here there was a grand in the very safe that the tests were being held in! A holdover from the week's raffle ticket sales. And it's gone!

Faldo drives wearing a red construction helmet that holds two Mountain Dew cans on either side of it. A plastic tube runs from the cans to his mouth.

FALDO

Why do you keep failing your driving test?

No response. Funke is deep in thought, studying the books.

FALDO

Is it because you are dumb?

FUNKE

Whoever stole the SAT's would have taken the grand too. Even if Schneider wasn't in on it, he'd have to know it was missing. And if that's the case then why wouldn't he say anything?

FALDO

Driving tests are easy. The man from the test told me what to do and I did it.

FUNKE

Where's the connection, Faldo? Paul Moore, the SAT's, a thousand dollars in student council funds and all this Ritalin? Schneider's got an angle on this. Turn right here.

Faldo hesitates.

FUNKE

That's that way.

INT. MULLEN'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Band practice. Matt sits behind a pair of turntables, scratching. Marty plays a drum kit, badly. Alex mans the mic, he reads off a lyric sheet. They sound awful at best.

ALEX
 (rapping)
 Mic check. Uh one two, uh one two.
 Yup yup. White boy on the mic.

MATT MULLEN
What?

ALEX
 White boy cold ridin' a bike. *What?*

MATT MULLEN
What?

MARTY MULLEN
 Wait, what?

ALEX
 I say, bitches, bitches, report to
 your knees. Take a look at my
 wallet, I got crazy cheddar cheese.
 'Cause I'm the dopest MC on the
 planet. I'm the one that gave your
 sister that rash goddamnit! That's
 right, that's right. Now everybody
 in the six-one-six, eat a Chinese
 girl out with a pair of chopsticks.

ALEX
 Hey Matt. Cut it. Cut it!

Matt stops scratching. Marty stops playing the drums.

ALEX
 We're gonna need some beers, man.
 I'm not feelin' it unless I have my
 rhyme sauce.

MATT MULLEN
 Marty, go grab a case.

MARTY MULLEN
 Screw that. I went the last two
 times, d-bag.

MATT MULLEN
 And you're goin' this time.

ALEX
 When did your brother become such a
 homo?

Marty stands up, walks over to Matt.

MARTY MULLEN
 Gimme money.

Matt hands him a twenty.

MATT MULLEN
Make sure it's cold.

ALEX
Hey grab me some Tums while you're
at it. I've got mad indigestion.

Alex begins to freestyle about indigestion as Marty exits.

ALEX
Wicka one two. Yo I got a tummy, a
tummy ache. Making me deuce mud
slides like a California earth
quake...

EXT. MULLEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The side door of the garage opens. Marty walks to the Dodge Caravan parked in the driveway.

INT. DODGE CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

Marty gets into the car. He turns on the ignition.

FUNKE (O.S.)
You guys sounded pretty good in
there.

Startled, Marty turns his head to find Funke in the backseat.

MARTY MULLEN
Jesus, Funke. What the hell are you
doing?

Funke holds up the accounting ledger.

FUNKE
Just a little light reading. You
know this book? It's a real page
turner. The student council
treasury ledger. Money disappears,
reappears. Schneider's a regular
Houdini.

MARTY MULLEN
What are you telling me for?

FUNKE
Don't play coy with me, Marty. I
know all about your Ritalin scheme.

MARTY MULLEN
I don't know what you're talking
about.

FUNKE

Sure you do. But maybe it wasn't your idea. Maybe you didn't want any part of it, but your older brother says you gotta play ball so you play ball. Sound familiar? Maybe it's time to start becoming your own man and come clean. I'll level with you. I don't have the whole enchilada, but I'm only one ingredient short. Now what's the link between your operation and Paul Moore?

No response.

FUNKE

If you tell me now, things'll go easier on you. I'll make sure of it.

Nothing.

FUNKE

You don't know what you're getting yourself into, Mullen.

MARTY MULLEN

Oh yeah?

Marty locks all the doors. Funke reaches for the handle, pulls on it, gets nothing courtesy of the child safety locks.

FUNKE

Shit.

Marty hits the garage door opener and backs into the garage.

MARTY MULLEN

Try not to bleed on the carpet. My mom will get pissed.

As the garage door closes we see the reactions of Alex and Matt. Funke's about to get his ass kicked.

EXT. MULLEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The side garage door opens. Alex and the Mullens drag Funke out onto the sidewalk and drop him there. Funke's badly beaten. Swollen eye, fat lip, bloody nose. The works.

ALEX

If you pull something like this again Funke, you better go ahead and call your parents first, tell them you love them. Cause you're dead.

The Mullens and Alex go inside. Alex totes the Student Council ledger.

Funke opens his hand to reveal Alex's lyric sheet, it's stationary from MENDAKOTA COUNTRY CLUB. Funke has stolen it from the garage. He notices a phone number on the bottom corner of it. He wipes some blood from his nose and smiles.

EXT. STREET CORNER - PHONE BOOTH - LATER THAT NIGHT

Funke holds his tie to his bloody nose. He drops a quarter into the pay phone and dials the number on the lyric sheet.

VOICE (O.S.)

You've reached the offices of The Thompson Medical Center. Our hours of business are seven AM to seven PM Monday through Friday. We are closed on the weekends. If this is an emergency please contact Delnor Hospital at--

Funke hangs up the phone.

EXT. THOMPSON MEDICAL CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

A tall, modern building filled with doctors' offices.

Funke and Faldo get out of Faldo's Suburban. Faldo plays with one of those annoying paddles connected to a ball by an elastic string.

FUNKE (V.O.)

Coming up with the cash to buy Ritalin may not have been the problem. But for Schneider to get access to it he needed prescriptions. I needed to find out where he got them.

Funke puts a hand on Faldo's shoulder as they walk.

FUNKE

Do you like your thing, Faldo?

FALDO

I wish it was bigger.

Faldo tries to paddle the ball, it's pathetic.

FUNKE
Okay, now when the doctor asks what
the problem is you say...

FALDO
I can't concentrate in school.

Funke is almost shocked.

FUNKE
That's right. Very good, Faldo.
Perfect in fact.

FALDO
And I have rashes.

FUNKE
No.

FALDO
I need a cream.

FUNKE
No, Faldo.

FALDO
I pick my scabs. They taste like
nothing.

FUNKE
No. Just tell the doctor that you
can't pay attention in school and
let me do the rest of the talking,
okay? Come on now, Faldo.
Concentrate.

FALDO
I can't concentrate.

FUNKE
Exactly. Good man.

INT. THOMPSON MEDICAL CENTER - FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Funke stands with Faldo in front of the reception desk. A
RECEPTIONIST sits behind the counter.

RECEPTIONIST
May I help you?

FUNKE
Yes you may. My name is Charles
Bukowski and this here is my
adopted Guatemalan brother Faldo.

FALDO
Hellooooo.

FUNKE
We have an appointment at eight
with, oh I can't quite remember the
name of the doctor. He was highly
recommended to our parents.

Funke takes note as Faldo picks up a pretty metal rack on the
desk that holds a bunch of brochures.

RECEPTIONIST
Well we have a lot of doctors here.
Can I ask what it pertained to?

Funke slaps Faldo's hand away from the brochures.

FUNKE
Well it's kind of personal,
but...well...it's attention deficit
disorder. My brother here, he's got
a bad case of it.

RECEPTIONIST
I see. Just a minute.

The Receptionist turns to make a few phone calls. Faldo goes
for the rack of brochures again.

FALDO
Theeeeengs.

Funke grabs one of the brochures.

FUNKE
Stop it. One. We can take one.

The receptionist turns around.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry Mr. Bukowski, but we
don't have any doctors here that
deal with those kinds of
conditions.

FUNKE
I don't understand.

RECEPTIONIST
The doctors in this building are
mainly specialists in dermatology
or laser eye surgery. There's also
a family planning facility and...
(whispers)
(MORE)

RECEPTIONIST(cont'd)
A gynecologist. But that's really
it.

FUNKE
What? But my brother here is in
desperate need. Look at the kid.

Faldo smiles.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry, son. You're just in the
wrong place altogether.

FUNKE
(sighs)
Awesome.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S IN-SCHOOL SUSPENSION ROOM - DAY

Funke sits at his desk. All of the EVIDENCE he has compiled
so far is spread before him: notes, Paul Moore's statistics,
everything. He stares at it, deep in thought.

ROCKY (O.S.)
A-9.

MIDDLETON (O.S.)
Whore!

Rocky is playing Middleton and Delacruz in the game
Battleship.

DELACRUZ
I told you putting it there was a
bad idea.

MIDDLETON
Just like filling the soda machine
with High Life was a bad idea?

DELACRUZ
Shut up.

MIDDLETON
You shut up.

FUNKE
You guys mind using your library
voices? I'm trying to think.

MIDDLETON
Sorry, Funke.

DELACRUZ
Anything we can do to help?

FUNKE

There's a simple answer here
somewhere and it's staring me in
the face.

ROCKY

I've been trying to tell you,
conspiracies are complex. The JFK
conspirators ranged from organized
crime bosses to members of the FBI
to the White house itself. B-5.

DELACRUZ

Hit.

ROCKY

And Booth. I've read theories that
he had dozens of people working
with him, maybe hundreds.

DELACRUZ

G-8.

ROCKY

Miss. Everybody from the guy who
sold him his gun to the doctor who
fixed his leg when he broke it
jumping from that balcony. It went
way deeper than one dude just
pulling the--

Funke snaps up in thought.

FUNKE

What did you just say?

ROCKY

I said Booth had tons of people
conspiring with him.

FUNKE

Not that. You said something about
Booth's doctor.

ROCKY

Yeah, so.

Funke's eyes dart from one piece of evidence to another
until... He stares at the BROCHURE from The Thompson Medical
Center.

FUNKE

"Never saw Booth".

Like Agent Kujan with the bulletin board in 'The Usual Suspects', Funke suddenly starts to make sense of the evidence before him.

MIDDLETON

You can't let Goltz get one up on you, Funke. That guy's an enormous vagina.

Funke's eyes dart to his notebook. He flips a page to the note he took at the game. TAD=VAGINA. He notices PENCIL SMUDGES on it. It's coming to him...

The big realization. Funke's eyes widen as it all comes flooding to him.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM FOYER - FLASHBACK

Basketball game. The night of the SAT theft.

Marty Mullen pushes Funke into a locker as he walks by and grabs Funke's Coke. Matt Mullen grabs Funke's small notebook and throws it in his face.

Funke notices that there are PENCIL SMUDGES all over Matt's hands. He looks at Marty's hands. The same graphite smudges.

BACK TO:

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S IN-SCHOOL SUSPENSION ROOM - DAY

Funke looks at the clock. One-thirty. He stands up, walks to the window.

ROCKY

What are you doing?

FUNKE

I've gotta get outta here. Now.

DELACRUZ

Now? You get caught sneaking out of here, they'll expel you for sure.

FUNKE

So how do I do it without getting caught?

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S IN-SCHOOL SUSPENSION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Middleton raps on the ISS window. The Hall Monitor sits outside reading a Hustler.

HALL MONITOR
 Middleton, your bladder's the size
 of your brain. No more bathroom
 breaks.

Middleton raps on the window again.

MIDDLETON
 Hey.

HALL MONITOR
 Goddamn it, Middleton.

Middleton knocks again. The Hall Monitor cracks the door
 open. Still seated.

HALL MONITOR
 You'd better be bleeding or dead.

MIDDLETON
 Just thought you'd like to see
 Laura Hoffner changing in her car.

The Hall Monitor jolts up off his chair into the room. He
 rushes to the window.

Delacruz sneaks out into the hall. He removes his shoe and
 sock. He pulls his sock over his hand.

HALL MONITOR (O.S.)
 Where? I don't see her. Which car?

Delacruz places his sock-covered hand over the fire alarm. A
 locker door closes behind him. He turns to see the Eye Patch
 Girl standing there.

EYE PATCH GIRL
 You can't do that unless there's a
 fire.

Delacruz looks around. He places his socked hand on her
 cheek.

DELACRUZ
 Can't you see the fire, honey? It's
 in my heart.

Delacruz lifts her eye patch.

DELACRUZ
 And it's burning for you.

Delacruz moves in for a big kiss. As he pulls back, he pulls
 the alarm. Ink shoots out onto his handsock. The alarm rings.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Students pile out of classrooms. In the commotion Funke walks inconspicuously past Delacruz and the Eyepatch Girl. Delacruz discreetly drops his inky sock into a wastebasket.

DELACRUZ
You got an hour. Tops.

EXT. THOMPSON MEDICAL CENTER - LATER

Funke jogs into the building.

INT. THOMPSON MEDICAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The Receptionist sits behind the reception desk. Funke walks up to her, somewhat out of breath.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Bukowski, how are you?

FUNKE
Fine, thank you.

RECEPTIONIST
Your brother isn't with you?

FUNKE
No, he was hit by a car.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh my God, what happened?

FUNKE
Wasn't paying attention.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm so sorry to hear that.

FUNKE
Don't be. I have an appointment
with Dr. Booth.

EXT. ST. DOMINICK'S- LATER DAY

Funke runs to the school just as the students are being ushered back in. A fire truck is parked in front.

Delacruz, Middleton and Rocky all notice Funke. They walk together.

DELACRUZ
So?

FUNKE

If I were you I'd be at that game tomorrow. It's gonna be a barn burner.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - NEWSPAPER OFFICE - NIGHT

Funke sits at the computer typing away. He's SOAKING WET.

FUNKE (V.O.)

Mathematically it's a percentage of your life. Four years. Forty eight months. One thousand four hundred and sixty one days.

EXT. ST. DOMINICK'S - DAY

Saturday morning. Students file into the school to take the SAT tests. A sign reads "SAT Testing Today".

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Students sit in their seats filling out Scantron sheets. Writing, erasing, tapping pencils on their teeth. Some sweat it, others could give a shit less.

FUNKE (V.O.)

And when they go by they exist only in their simplicity. Watch enough teen movies and you'll get the gist of it. High school is Prom. Football games. Boyfriends. Girlfriends. Party at the rich kid's house. A family forgetting a birthday. A kid cutting class and getting away with it. Fun. Simple. Wholesome.

We pass a student who uses a crib sheet to cheat.

FUNKE (V.O.)

But it's really anything but. High school might be the least wholesome four years of your life. And there's nothing simple about it.

EXT. ST. DOMINICK'S - NIGHT

From outside, the sound of cheering is audible. There are cars packed into the school parking lot.

Funke walks into the school.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The crowd cheers as one of the Friars nails a three-pointer.

Funke walks into the gym. He catches dirty looks from students and teachers alike.

FUNKE -(V.O.)
High School is ugly and hard and complicated.

Funke passes a CHEERLEADER who looks as if she's been crying.

FUNKE (V.O.)
As complicated as a conspiracy to assassinate the President.

Funke sits down beside Pei-Min.

On the floor, Ongutumamwe stuffs a block into the opposing team's CHEERLEADING SECTION. The crowd goes nuts.

As everyone around them gets to their feet, cheering and hollering, Funke and Pei-Min stay seated.

FUNKE (V.O.)
A conspiracy about to be uncovered.

Funke hands Pei-Min several rolled up pieces of paper. A story. He yells to her over the roar of the crowd.

FUNKE
I want front page on Monday. And a phone call to Columbia.

Funke gets up, walks out of the stands.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Funke walks out of the gym, down the dark hallway. His face is hidden and revealed by shadows and moonlight.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Pei-Min looks down at the story Funke handed her. She reads the opening sentence. This segues with Funke's voice over.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Alex Schneider and the Mullen brothers had been selling Ritalin since their freshman year.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. MULLEN'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

A slightly younger Matt Mullen and Marty Mullen sit in their dad's office, each playing PSP.

DR. MULLEN talks on his cell phone and exits the room.

Matt slaps Marty's shoulder. Marty walks over to his dad's now vacant desk and steals a few prescription pads.

FUNKE (V.O.)
The Mullens pocketed their father's prescription pads every chance they got.

Marty sits back down and continues his PSP game.

INT. THE MULLENS' GARAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Band practice. MC Schneider's on the mic.

ALEX
Time is money, money is time, your grandpa's gonna bust a nut when he hears this dope rhyme.

FUNKE (V.O.)
But Alex and the Mullens weren't competent enough to run things on their own.

Matt and Marty argue with each other beside the drumset.

FUNKE (V.O.)
They needed a leader.

MARLON (O.S.)
Yo. Shit Bizkit.

A younger Marlon sits at a table off to the side of the garage filling pill bottles.

MARLON
These bottles aren't going to fill themselves.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Marlon approaches a JOCK getting books out of his locker.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Initially the market for academic performance enhancers wasn't as ripe as Marlon had hoped.

The Jock shakes his head, closes his locker door.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - CLASSROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Marlon, Alex and the Mullens break into the classroom.

FUNKE (V.O.)
So like good businessmen, they
created a demand.

Marlon rifles through the desk until he finds what he's
looking for: the day's HISTORY TESTS.

Marlon, Alex and the Mullens erase answers from Scantron
sheets and fill in new ones.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - CLASSROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Marlon, Alex and the Mullens change answers on another set of
tests.

FUNKE (V.O.)
They sabotaged tests, homework,
book reports, thesis papers, shop
projects...

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - KIRKPATRICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT -
FLASHBACK

The night of the theft. Sitting on the floor in the dark,
Marlon, Alex and the Mullens rapidly change answers on the
SAT's.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Even the SAT's.

We notice PENCIL SMUDGES on their fingertips and hands.

Alex has a look at Seamus Fenelon's test. He laughs to
himself.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - STUDENT COUNCIL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Seamus Fenelon walks into the office where Alex, Marlon and
the Mullens are hanging out.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Business boomed.

Fenelon trades some cash for a bottle of Ritalin.

FUNKE (V.O.)
So much so that they started
dipping into Student Council funds
to use as venture capitol.

Alex lifts a few twenties from the council lockbox.

BACK TO:

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Funke rounds a corner. He passes a locker that's been defaced with black marker. It reads "Justice Jerked Off. That's How It Went Blind."

FUNKE (V.O.)
P. Moore wasn't exactly Alan Greenspan.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - STUDENT COUNCIL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

A younger Paul Moore looks over the accounting ledger.

FUNKE (V.O.)
But it didn't take an economic genius to figure out that hundreds and hundreds of dollars were being shifted around weekly.

EXT. ST. DOMINICK'S - DAY - FLASHBACK

Moore and Marlon argue on the steps of the school.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Moore wouldn't rat on Francesca's brother, but he made it clear he was going to put the kaibosh on Marlon and Alex's creative accounting.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Kirkpatrick jams the knife into Paul Moore's locker door and pries it open. The SAT TESTS spill out onto the floor.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Marlon couldn't have that. Things were too good. He had big plans and the president was in the way. He needed Moore out of the picture.

BACK TO:

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Funke continues down the hall.

FUNKE (V.O.)
He knew it would be difficult.

INT. PAUL MOORE'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Moore lies on his bed reading Sports Illustrated.

FUNKE (V.O.)
But he was lucky to have the help
of a most persuasive and cunning
individual. A real grifter.

Paul's door opens. Francesca walks inside. Tears stream down her face.

FRANCESCA
I'm late, Paul.

PAUL MOORE
For what?

FRANCESCA
My period. I'm pregnant.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Basketball game. On a fast break, Paul bricks an easy lay-up.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Paul had a weak spot.

INT. VALERIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Paul, Valerie and Valerie's FATHER stands in the kitchen. Her father shakes Paul's hand.

FUNKE (V.O.)
Damsels in distress.

INT. PAUL MOORE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Paul talks on the telephone. Francesca sits beside him.

FUNKE (V.O.)
So when Francesca said she wanted
an abortion, Paul made an
appointment with the best physician
of his kind. Dr. Henry Booth.

Paul writes a phone number and a figure down on a piece of stationery from MENDAKOTA COUNTRY CLUB. He circles the number a few times. It reads \$900.

Paul hangs up. Hands her the paper. This paper becomes Alex's LYRIC SHEET later.

FUNKE (V.O.)
He couldn't ask his father for that
kind of money without an
explanation. And he'd severed his
ties with Freddy Bismark.
Fortunately, Francesca had a
suggestion.

FRANCESCA

The money's just sitting there.
I've got the combination from when
I answered phones there this
summer. We can pay it back when
you've got the cash.

PAUL MOORE

Jesus, Francesca. I don't know.

FRANCESCA

I just want to get this over with
so we can go back to the way things
were.

Francesca starts crying. Paul holds her.

FRANCESCA

It's the only way.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - KIRKPATRICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT -
FLASHBACK

In his basketball uniform, sweating, Paul crouches before the
open safe. He takes the money. The SAT's aren't there.

Paul walks out of the office. The door closes behind him.

FUNKE (V.O.)

And thus from a coup de'tat...an
assassin is born.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - ISS ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Moore snaps his cell phone shut.

PAUL MOORE

Never saw Booth.

Moore throws his phone through the door window. It shatters.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Paul Moore fires a round into Marlon's chest.

BACK TO:

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Funke reaches Kirkpatrick's office. The very door that Moore
walked out of.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - KIRKPATRICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Funke opens the door, walks inside, hits the lights.

Sure enough, Marlon, Alex and the Mullens are inside. They sit on the floor. Sweat runs down their faces. They've been hard at work. The SAT's are spread out all over the floor.

FUNKE

Hey guys. Whatcha doin'?

ALEX

Funke.

Marlon stands up, walks toward Funke.

MARLON

You really don't know when to quit,
do you?

Funke slides a stick of gum into his mouth. He offers the pack to Marlon.

FUNKE

Gum?

Marlon declines. Funke puts the gum away, his hands lean back on Kirkpatrick's desk.

FUNKE

Screwing with the SAT's so you can
sell more drugs. It's clever,
Marlon. Twisted, but clever
nonetheless. Should make a good
story.

MARLON

You can write what you want, Funke.
They won't believe you.

FUNKE

Sure they will. They'll believe me
because it's true. I'll tell ya, I
almost didn't put it together. I
couldn't figure out why Francesca
would do what she did for you. Then
it came to me. Again, twisted.

MARLON

Bad move Funke.

Marlon nods to The Mullens. They take hold of Funke.

MARLON

Open up that window.

Alex goes to the window, opens it.

MARLON

Bring him over.

The Mullens drag Funke to the open window.

MARLON

Here's the real story. Bobby Funke, he made a few bad choices, lost his girlfriend, so he up and jumped out a window. Just another tormented Freshman.

FUNKE

I'm a Sophomore, dick.

Marlon punches Funke in the stomach.

FUNKE

You won't do it.

MARLON

Oh I won't? These sorts of things happen all the time. Lot a pressure here at St. Dominick's I'm told.
(to the Mullens)
Throw his ass out.

Matt looks to Marty. He shakes his head.

FUNKE

Duly noted, Marty.

MARLON

I'll do it myself.

Marlon takes hold of Funke.

DELACRUZ (O.S.)

No you won't.

Everyone turns toward the door. Delacruz, Middleton and Rocky stand in the jamb.

DELACRUZ

Not unless you wanna spend the rest of your life in prison.

MIDDLETON

Getting butt-raped.

ALEX

Don't do it, Marlon.

ROCKY

By a big Aaryan dude with a bunch of tats.

MARLON
How the hell did they know you were
here?

FUNKE
I might have made an announcement.

The microphone from the PA system has been turned on.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Dead silence. Everyone, including the players on the court,
stare up at the P.A. They've been listening the whole time.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - KIRKPATRICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marlon loosens his hold on Funke. Funke hauls off and PUNCHES
Marlon square in the jaw.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM

We hear Marlon hit the floor.

ALEX (O.S.)
He's right, it's on. Shit.

Cipriano sits in the stands eating a hot dog.

CIPRIANO
Oof.

MARLON (O.S.)
Well turn it off!

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - KIRKPATRICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Funke now stands beside Delacruz and Middleton.

The sound of a the crowd flooding down the hallway. Middleton
leans his head out the doorway. A rush of students, teachers
and parents comes down the hall.

MIDDLETON
Here they come.

A few people trickles into the office. Most of them crowd
around the office door.

Francesca pushes through the crowd, walks into the office.

FRANCESCA
Funke. What are you doing?

CUT TO:

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Pei-Min sits in the now empty gym reading Funke's story.

FUNKE (V.O.)
 Bob Woodward once said that "the
 first rule of good journalism is
 never to reveal the story before it
 goes to print."

CUT TO:

EXT. FACHINI HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Funke jogs up to the house in the POURING RAIN.

Funke sees that most of the house is dark. Francesca's
 bedroom light is on. He makes his way through some trees and
 bushes to the side of the house.

FUNKE (V.O.)
 But Bob Woodward wasn't in love
 with Francesca Fachini. I had to
 tell her the truth.

Funke looks up to Francesca's window. He stops dead in his
 tracks. His face turns white.

FUNKE (V.O.)
 Problem was, up until that moment,
 I hadn't seen it yet.

Francesca stares out of her window wearing a bra. Shirtless,
 Marlon comes up behind her. They KISS.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. DOMINICK'S - PARKING LOT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Marlon spray paints Kirkpatrick's Lexus.

FUNKE (V.O.)
 Francesca had a line of guys taking
 the fall for Marlon's iniquities.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - ISS ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Rocky and Paul Moore scowl at each other.

FUNKE (V.O.)
 Rocky Raccoon. Paul Moore.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Funke and Francesca stand at the sink.

FUNKE (V.O.)
And me.

FRANCESCA
Whoever stole the SAT's, I need you
to find them and get them back.

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Francesca opens Paul's locker and puts the stack of SAT's
inside. She walks down the hall.

FUNKE (V.O.)
You played me, Francesca.

BACK TO:

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S - KIRKPATRICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Funke faces Francesca.

FUNKE
You played the whole damn school.

Kirkpatrick pushes his way into the office. His battle face
is most definitely on. Marlon backs up against the wall.

KIRKPATRICK
The police are on their way. So,
I'd like everyone to file back to
the gymnasium in an ORDERLY
FASHION. Everyone except you five.

Kirkpatrick glares at Marlon, Francesca, Alex and the
Mullens.

KIRKPATRICK
You five are in big fucking
trouble.

Francesca wipes a tear, leans in, whispers to Funke.

FRANCESCA
You'll never understand why I did
it.

FUNKE
Nobody's misunderstood, Francesca.
That's just what people say when
they don't like who they are.

Funke files out with the tail end of the crowd into the hall.
Francesca rushes after him. She's held back by Kirkpatrick.

FRANCESCA
Bobby, wait.

Funke stops, glances back from the hallway.

A hand grasps Funke's shoulder. It's Pei-Min.

PEI-MIN

Forget it, Funke. It's high school.

SLOW MOTION: Funke spits his gum out onto the floor. He turns back toward Pei-Min, gives her a small familiar smile.

They file out down the hall with the masses.

FADE TO BLACK.