

VALEDICTORIAN

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INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A beautiful blond, ALICE (18) places a few books inside her locker. The summer dress she's wearing and her even tan make her look drop dead gorgeous. All the guys make eyes at her as they walk by. She closes her locker to see...

LARRY FIKUS (18) behind the locker door. He holds a rose and a small box of chocolates. His trim and clean cut appearance can't hide the severe anger in his eyes. He is driven by being number one at everything and has a remarkable talent for not caring about anyone but his self interest.

Alice is spooked by Larry.

ALICE

Larry!

LARRY

Hello Alice.

Larry holds a creepy grin for a little too long.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I would like to give you this rose.
Freshly cut. I had to put it in a
cooler to keep it firm.
(hands her the rose)
And a box of chocolates.
(hands her the box)
I made sure... there was no peanut
butter.

ALICE

Oh... that's... very nice of you.

LARRY

Alice, will you go to the prom with
me?

Alice is frozen. She doesn't know what to say.

ALICE

Um... well...

LARRY

There's no one who I'd rather go
with. I think we would have the
best time together.

ALICE

I don't know, Larry. I--

LARRY

I have it planned out already. You deserve the best and I'm willing to pay for it. I'd pick you up in limousine of course. I know of a driver who won't care if we drink in the back seat. I'd provide the champagne, a Dom Perignon 2006 is my preference but let me know if you have something else in mind. Now I don't know what dress you're thinking of but I have a few ideas, I'm flirting with the idea of off white, maybe even gold. Gold would be good. Definitely something with an open back because, well, that's just a given. Leave it to me for the best corsage, I know a guy... he'll do a fantastic job. But enough about the material things, as a date, I think you've hit the jackpot because well not only do I know how to treat a lady well, believe me I do, I know how to dance. Over winter break last year I took a Latin dance class and got hooked. I've been taking swing, ballroom, flamenco, you name it I've learned it. That's something no guy can do in this school can offer.

ALICE

Larry I--

LARRY

I'm not finished. I shouldn't even be saying this but I'm leading the prom committee on the student counsel, the prom committee chooses the prom king and queen. I could move some things around, do some negotiating and make sure you'd be Prom Queen. I mean you'd probably be it anyway with no help of mine but I can guarantee it. That I can offer. And then of course there's always the question of post prom activities. We could go to a house party, get drunk, and sleep in a tent but I was thinking of something a little more intimate.

(moving in closer)

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

I found this beautiful house in The Hamptons... I could rent it out for a night. There's a pool in the back that overlooks the sound. We could go for swim and watch the boats come in and out of the harbour. We'd have a fun time. I'd treat you right, Alice. It would be one night to remember.

ALICE

That sounds like a wonderful time.

LARRY

(proud)

I know.

ALICE

But... I have to pass. I was asked out already.

Larry is shell shocked. He takes a moment to gather himself.

LARRY

Who?

ALICE

I'm going with Chad. He asked me last night.

LARRY

Chad... Chad Wheeler?

ALICE

Yes.

LARRY

Did you hear what I'm offering?

ALICE

Larry...

LARRY

Why don't you leave him for me?

ALICE

I like Chad. I've had a crush on him for a while.

(beat)

You'll find someone.

Larry grills her.

LARRY

Chad may be cool to you now but who really is going to make a name for himself? I'll give him few years out of college before his ambition withers away until the only thing that's left is a poor man with a beer belly pumping gas down the road. Is this who you want to go to prom with or do you want to go to prom with the future president of the United States?

ALICE

I'm sorry, Larry.

Alice hands him the rose and the box of chocolates.

LARRY

Wait...

Alice shakes her head and walks away. Larry stands dejected, he looks around if anyone is watching him.

CUT TO:

Larry walks down the hall. He gets shoved aside by a JOCK who is way more muscular.

JOCK

Hey watch it Larr--

He continues to walk. Larry makes eye contact with an attractive girl. She looks away rolling her eyes to her friends. They giggle. Larry can't hear what they're talking about but he knows it's disparaging against him.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A large packet entitled "U.S. GOVERNMENT FINAL" slams on top of a desk. MRS. ANTRETTER (60's) goes down the rows of the desks handing back the finals. The students are socializing amongst themselves and signing each others yearbooks.

In the back corner of the class, not talking with anyone, sits Larry eating from the box of chocolates. Mrs. Antretter hands Larry his final.

MRS. ANTRETTER

Larry... You should be proud.

He licks the chocolate off his fingers and flips to the back page of the test... 95%. A shiver runs through Larry.

He scans through the test to look where he got points off. The bell rings and all students get up to leave... Larry remains seething at his desk.

CUT TO:

Larry approaches Mrs. Antretter at her desk typing at a computer. His demeanor is polite.

LARRY

Mrs. Antretter, I have a question about my final.

MRS. ANTRETTER

I had a feeling you would.

Mrs. Antretter swivels her chair toward Larry.

LARRY

I wanted to get clarification on why five points were taken off this essay question.

Larry hands her the test. Mrs. Antretter puts her glasses on and examines.

MRS. ANTRETTER

I can't read this.

LARRY

I'm sorry?

MRS. ANTRETTER

This answer is illegible.

LARRY

Where exactly couldn't you read it? Is it--

MRS. ANTRETTER

(Cutting him off)

The whole thing. It's poor penmanship.

LARRY

That didn't seem to be a problem on my other essay questions.

MRS. ANTRETTER

And your other answers were fine. This one got a little sloppy.

LARRY

Maybe if I read my answer aloud to you then you could hear that my answer deserves full credit.

MRS. ANTRETTTER

Wouldn't that be unfair to the other students?

Larry takes a moment to recalculate.

LARRY

Is there an extra credit assignment I could do to help my score?

MRS. ANTRETTTER

Larry, no. How many times have you come to my desk grade grubbing this year?

(beat)

You should take this as a learning experience. You may not think it now but later when those Harvard professors read something like this they won't be as kind as I am. They wouldn't think twice before failing you. You did well. Don't make me think twice about that.

A tense beat. Larry nods his head and heads for the door. He shuts it. He squares his jaw and hardens his eyes.

LARRY

Mrs. Antretter, how is Mr. Antretter?

MRS. ANTRETTTER

(Stern)

Excuse me?

LARRY

He's getting up there in age.

(beat)

Tell me are you two still having sex?

MRS. ANTRETTTER

(Standing up)

Excuse me?

Larry smirks.

MRS. ANTRETTTER (CONT'D)

Principal Greene's office. Now!

LARRY
Can we bring Mr. Biladoo?

Mrs. Antretter freezes.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Mr. Biladoo? You know him right?
You know him well don't you? The
young handsome chemistry teacher?

Larry reaches into his jacket pocket to grab...

A PHOTO. He offers it, Mrs. Antretter snatches it, and immediately she throws it on her desk horrified.

MRS. ANTRETTER
How did you get that?

LARRY
I took it myself. I was here late
Tuesday night, down the hall in the
library studying for your final. I
heard some strange sounds, when I
checked I saw you two on this desk.
(beat)
I had no idea you were so flexible.

Mrs. Antretter slumps to her chair looking at the photo.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I have more pictures you know.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: VALEDICTORIAN

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Larry leaves the classroom clutching his final with the 95% crossed off and replaced with a 100%. He folds it and puts it in his jacket pocket.

VOICE
Larry!

Larry swings around to see OMAR SADAAR (18), a Pakistani immigrant who wears his heart on his sleeve. What he lacks in social skills he makes up for in academic intellect.

LARRY
(blank)
Hello, Omar.

Larry stares... where is this going?

OMAR

Were you just talking with Mrs.
Antretter?

LARRY

I was.

OMAR

Do you mind me asking what was it
about?

LARRY

(puzzled)

I have to get going, there's a
student gov meeting. Have a good
day.

Larry walks away, Omar follows.

OMAR

How did you do on the final?

Larry acts like he can't hear him. Omar gets more desperate.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Larry... Larry? Were you talking
about the final with Mrs.
Antretter?

LARRY

Why are you asking?

OMAR

I need the Jacob Newman
Scholarship.

LARRY

(knowing)

I see.

OMAR

That money will really help me out.
Most of, all of my college funds
are helping my mom pay for
treatment. I have nothing to pay
for Cornell.

LARRY

I'm really sorry but there's only
one week left. If you wanted to be
Valedictorian then you could've
done better in the years before.

They come to the doors of the school auditorium. Larry walks in.

OMAR
You're not the Valedictorian.

Larry stops for a moment, smirks, and continues walking.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Bridget Greene is.

This freezes Larry, he turns.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Bridget Greene is Valedictorian,
currently. I'm salutatorian,
currently. You're third.

LARRY
Bridget Greene?

Omar nods.

LARRY (CONT'D)
That's impossible.

OMAR
It's true, Larry.

LARRY
How do you know this?

OMAR
(anxious)
I-I just do.

Larry walks back into the auditorium.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Wait.

Omar grabs Larry by the arm.

OMAR (CONT'D)
I'm only telling you because I know
you, Larry. I've know you since the
second grade. I know that when you
want something you're... dangerous.
I need that scholarship and I have
a good shot at beating Bridget but
you-you can't take that away from
me.

The second bell rings. Larry jerks away and goes into the auditorium.

LARRY
Goodbye Omar. Hakuna matata.

The doors close on Omar.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

The room filled with thirty students. Larry walks to the front row aisle. JAMES, an Asian bro sits manspreading hard.

LARRY
Yo Iwo Jima, would you mind if I
sat here?

JAMES
I'm Chinese, Larry. Sit over there.

Larry leans in.

LARRY
I'm only asking because I heard
Beth talking about you at the lunch
table earlier. I think she's into
you. She's sitting back there.

JAMES
Really?

Larry nods. James gets up. Larry wins the seat and turns around to see Frank sitting next to BETH (18).

JAMES (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Hey.

BETH
(dismissive)
Hey.

PRINCIPAL GREENE (50's) tall, confident, and commanding of attention. She runs this school. She bobs the microphone at a podium. Larry turns his attention up front.

PRINCIPAL GREENE
Attention. Attention! Thank you for
coming to our last student
government meeting of the year.
(MORE)

PRINCIPAL GREENE (CONT'D)

It has been my pleasure working
with your class as your principal
over the past four years. You're
class really is one of a kind.

LARRY

(whispering to the student
next to him)

Give me a break.

PRINCIPAL GREENE

But now I have the pleasure of
introducing the senior class
president and my daughter...
Bridget Greene.

BRIDGET GREENE, a tiny girl with a perfect pony tail takes
the stand. Everything about her is perfect... her posture...
her smile... she's lint free and her clothes are crisp and
pressed. We've all had a Bridget Greene in our life.

BRIDGET

Thanks mom.

LARRY

Kill me now.

BRIDGET

Good morning my fellow classmates.
This marks our last student counsel
meeting of our high school career.
It has been a pleasure working with
you as class president. We have
accomplished so much together over
the past year. We've raised over a
thousand dollars through car washes
alone. We've organized countless
bake sales, Pizza Friday's, and
pancake breakfasts. All the money
we raised will be contributed
toward the cost of prom, which will
be the lowest ticket charge of any
class in the history of
Harborfields High School.

Students clap.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

We started "Cookies for Courage,"
providing dozens of plates of
cookies to local policemen,
firemen, and highway patrol
officers.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Our "Socktober Drive" gave hundreds of socks to homeless families to keep their feet warm during the winter. We created a Harborfields High School official twitter page, updated this school for the twenty first century. But today we must make one final decision. Now I know this issue has divided us over the past couple of weeks but we must come to a conclusion... Who will be the graduation speaker? We must take this to a vote. Please carefully consider the candidates and pick the teacher who best reflects our grade as a whole.

CUT TO:

A PIECE OF PAPER...

CIRCLE ONE:

"Mr. Maravel

Or

Mr. Incorvaia"

The students overwhelmingly circle Mr. Maravel.

MS. GAVIN

Hands the ballots up to the front of the room.

All the papers comes to Larry. He looks to Principal Greene who is chatting with Bridget. Larry then...

CRUMPLES the ballots discreetly. He places them in his jacket pocket then pulls out a wad of ballots from the other pocket of his jacket. Incorvaia's circled in all of those ballots too.

PRINCIPAL GREENE

Is everyone finished? Yes? Can I take the ballots?

Larry hands them over.

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

MR. INCORVAIA (30's) sits at a desk grading papers. There are various Shakespeare posters all around the classroom. Incorvaia looks up. Larry enters.

INCORVAIA
Mr. Larry Fikus... how was the
student government meeting?

LARRY
You're in.

INCORVAIA
Are you sure?

Larry nods.

INCORVAIA (CONT'D)
Maravel was heavily favored.

LARRY
I took care of it.

Larry hands Incorvaia a packet. Incorvaia opens and skims through the pages. Incorvaia writes 100 on the back with red marker.

INCORVAIA
An excellent paper.

Larry motions to leave but then turns back.

LARRY
Did anyone else get a 100?

INCORVAIA
Just you, Larry... and one other
person?

LARRY
Who was that?

INCORVAIA
Bridget Greene.

INT. MATH CLASS - AFTERNOON

Mr. Baltrusitis goes down the rows to give the math quizzes back.

MR. BALTRUSITIS
Larry...

Larry is handed his quiz... 82. The student behind him gets his test... 95.

MR. BALTUSITIS

You should be happy with that. It was the highest grade in the class.

STUDENT

This was your highest grade?

MR. BALTRUSITIS

In this class yes. In the class behind Omar Sadaar and Bridget Greene both received perfect scores.

Mr. Baltrusitis heads to the front of the class. Larry crumbles up his quiz.

MR. BALTRUSITIS (CONT'D)

Okay class, put everything away except for a pencil and your calculator.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

An adorable WHITE MOUSE is pinched from behind by a human hand. The mouse dangles in front of the class. MR. ELLICK (50's) holds the mouse.

MR. ELLICK

If anyone who wishes to leave the room, please exit now.

One chubby boy waddles away, hyperventilating.

MR. ELLICK (CONT'D)

No one else?

Mr. Ellick drops the mouse into an empty aquarium. Empty except for...

A BLACK MAMBA. The snake rises as the mouse scampers in the tank. Larry watches. Bridget Greene sits in front. Students lean in. Students in the back stand on their chairs.

MR. ELLICK (CONT'D)

You see the Mamba's tongue is flicking out into the air. Receptors on the tongue pick up minuscule chemical particles, which are perceived as scent.

(MORE)

MR. ELLICK (CONT'D)
Essentially, the Mamba is tasting
the mouse now.

The mouse tries to climb out of the tank, there's nothing to
hold on to.

MR. ELLICK (CONT'D)
When the tongue is retracted into
its sheath, the tips of the tongue
fit neatly into the... Brian?

BRIAN
(looking away)
The brain.

MR. ELLICK
No, it's an organ specific to the
snake. This will be on your final.
Anyone? Omar?

OMAR
The Jacobson's organ.

MR. ELLICK
That's correct.

The mouse gets close. The snake...

BITES.

The class jumps back. Larry doesn't move.

MR. ELLICK (CONT'D)
Like cobras and coral snakes, the
venom of a black mamba contains
neurotoxins, specifically
dendrotoxin. The venom shuts down
the nervous system and paralyzes
victim.

The Mamba watches the mouse twitch. So does Larry.

MR. ELLICK (CONT'D)
Can anyone tell me what this mouse
is going through?

STUDENT
He's dying.

MR. ELLICK
Yes. But how?

OMAR

A bite from a black mamba causes initial neurological and neuromuscular symptoms which may commonly include headache and a metallic taste in the mouth, which may be accompanied by a triad of paresthesias, profuse perspiration and salivation. Symptoms typically progress to more severe reactions such as tachycardia and neurogenic shock, leading to death by asphyxiation, cardiovascular collapse, or respiratory failure.

MR. ELLICK

Yes that would be true if this guy still had his venom glands. They've recently been removed. That's why I was able to bring him in today. However, it's been known that these snakes can regenerate their venom glands. Rare but possible.

(beat)

The mouse has been paralyzed from the shock of the bite. He will be swallowed alive.

The mouse's feet stick out of the snakes mouth. Larry scribbles down notes.

INT. SPANISH CLASS - DAY

"The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly" plays on an outdated TV screen. The three way stand off scene plays with the trumpets blaring.

The students talk amongst themselves instead of watching. Larry checks the clock. He gathers his things and walks to the front of the classroom. He comes to SENORA LOPEZ (30's) who is very pregnant. She files her nails with her feet up on the desk.

LARRY

(terrible accent)

Hola Senora Lopez, may I go to the nurses's office? I'm not really feeling well at all.

SENORA LOPEZ

Oh Larry... are you okay?

LARRY
My tummy hurts.

SENORA LOPEZ
You poor thing. Go to the nurse.

LARRY
Gracias.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Larry leaves the classroom and walks at a brisk pace. Ennio Morricone's music still plays.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

Larry enters an office and walks over to a SECRETARY (50's) who hates her job and life.

SECRETARY
Can I help you Larry?

LARRY
I'm looking to speak with Mrs. Kimotech.

SECRETARY
She's in a meeting with another student. You can come back next week.

LARRY
This is rather urgent.

SECRETARY
You don't have an appointment...
Come back next week.

Larry walks over to Mrs. Kimotech's office.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Excuse me. You can't go in there.

The door swings open...

Bridget Greene walks out of the office of MS. KIMOTECH (30's). They giggle together.

MRS. KIMOTECH
And Congratulations on your hard work. I'm sure you will do just fine at Stanford.

BRIDGET

Thank you! Say hello to little Bobby for me will you.

MRS. KIMOTECH

Of course.

Bridget's warm disposition drops when she sees Larry. She walks over to him.

BRIDGET

Larry.

LARRY

Bridget.

BRIDGET

I heard about Alice denying your prom invitation this morning. That's got to be really hard. Is that why you're in the guidance office... to talk about your feelings?

LARRY

Maybe you could help me, when you found out people were taking Snapchats of you after you walked out of the girls bathroom with your skirt tucked into your thong, how did you cope? Did the counselors here help you or did you cry to mommy in her office?

BRIDGET

Everyone who shared that was suspended.

LARRY

Well then that answers my question. It's good to have a fire breathing mommy you can whip out to do what you want.

BRIDGET

Are you still angry about losing class president to me? It's been a year, Larry, you need to get over it. But seriously, why are you here?

LARRY

I have a meeting.

BRIDGET
You don't think I'll find out?

Ms. Kimotech butts into their conversation.

MS. KIMOTECH
Larry... you're looking to see me?

LARRY
Yes! Good to see you, Bridget.
Let's do lunch sometime before
school ends, huh?

BRIDGET
I'll see you later, Larry.

INT. MRS. KIMOTECH'S OFFICE - DAY

Mrs. Kimotech sits behind a desk. Larry slumps in a chair.

MS. KIMOTECH
We haven't talked in a while. Is
everything okay with you?

LARRY
Never been better!

MS. KIMOTECH
Good... that's good. Are you still
by yourself at home?

LARRY
I am... but that's not what I want
to talk about. I'm here to check in
about the top ten of the class.

Mrs. Kimotech's expression drops.

MRS. KIMOTECH
What about it?

LARRY
I know that information is very
private but I just want to know
where I am on the list.

MS. KIMOTECH
You know I can't give that out. I'm
sorry. They'll announce it the last
day of school.

LARRY

I've been working on this since the day I stepped in this school. I just want to know that I'm in the top ten.

MS. KIMOTECH

Larry...

LARRY

My mother would be so proud of me if I was.

Mrs. Kimotech sighs and takes a moment.

MS. KIMOTECH

You don't have to worry.

LARRY

What do you mean?

MS. KIMOTECH

You know what I mean.

LARRY

I'm the...

MS. KIMOTECH

(warm smile)

Yes.

LARRY

I'm the Valedictorian.

Mrs. Kimotech shakes her head.

LARRY (CONT'D)

What?

The smile turns to a frown.

MS. KIMOTECH

That's not what you asked.

LARRY

So... I'm not the Valedictorian?

Pause.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Am I the Salutatorian?

Long pause.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I'm third?

Mrs. Kimotech nods. Larry is shell shocked.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I'm third...

MS. KIMOTECH
Some students would kill to be
that... it's an amazing
accomplishment.

Larry coils and puts his hand over his head.

LARRY
Bridget Greene... Omar Sadaar.

MS. KIMOTECH
Well... technically the top ten
won't be solidified until the last
day of school.

Slowly, Larry move's up and looks at Mrs. Kimotech.

LARRY
What do you mean? The standings
could change?

MS. KIMOTECH
It's highly unlikely at this point.

LARRY
But it's not outside the realm of
possibility for me to move up?

MS. KIMOTECH
Larry, you're going to college at
one of the best academic centers of
the world. At this point, who cares
if you're Valedictorian?

Larry stares... she doesn't get it.

INT. NURSES OFFICE - AFTERNOON

MS. CAROL (60) the grumpy school nurse is taking the
temperature of JULIO, a Mexican immigrant who can barely
speak english. Larry enters.

MS. CAROL
98.7. That's normal.

JULIO
No por favor. Estoy enfermado.

MS. CAROL
Get back to class Julio.

JULIO
Este es terrible. Estoy enfermo no
me siento bien.

Julio leaves. Ms. Carol looks at Larry.

MS. CAROL
You don't look sick.

LARRY
I was looking to get my student
file.

MS. CAROL
Why?

LARRY
This is embarrassing but I don't
know my locker combination. I've
always just used my briefcase. I
need to hand in my lock soon so
that's all I need.

Ms. Carol opens a drawer and pulls out a key, she moves to a
large file cabinet, unlocks it, and pulls out a large file.
She hands it to Larry.

Larry flips through the file.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Okay... got it.

Larry motions to put his file back in the drawer.

MS. CAROL
Stop. I'll do it.

LARRY
Really? I can just put it back.

MS. CAROL
No. It's school policy.

Larry hands her the folder.

MS. CAROL (CONT'D)
No one is allowed to look at anyone
else's medical or personal
information.

INT. CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Students chit-chat at the lunch tables. Smiling faces and summer clothes. In the back corner, all alone is Larry looking over to see Alice, the girl that rejected Larry, giggling with CHAD WHEELER (18), a piece of meat. They walk over to a vending machine.

Larry eyes her food tray.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

From outside the Nurses office we see a teacher rush in.

TEACHER
We need you! Alice Walker ate
peanut butter and is going into
anaphylactic shock.

MS. CAROL
Jesus!

Ms. Carol rips open a drawer, pulls out an auto injector, and exits with the teacher. Ms. Carol exits the nurses office. Larry creeps from behind a corner and watches her and the teacher run to the cafeteria.

He enters the Nurses office.

INT. NURSES OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Larry goes around to her desk drawer, checks if anyone is around, and takes out the key. He moves to the file cabinet... He flips through the names. It is listed alphabetically by last name. Larry gets to the G's...

GREAR... GREATHOUSE... GROMER

No Bridget Greene.

LARRY
Where is it?

Larry checks again... Still no Greene.

Larry moves to the S's.

SABATA... SABATINO... SADAAR

Larry takes Omar Sadaar's file out and shoves it down his pants.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Larry exits the nurses office. He looks down the hall to see a crowd of people gasping in horror at the sight of...

ALICE, lying on the ground, FOAMING at the mouth. Chad and Ms. Carol kneel by her.

CHAD

Oh God. Babe... you're going to be okay.

MS. CAROL

Did she hit her head? When she fell, did she hit her head?

Ms. Carol shoves a needle in her chest.

MS. CAROL (CONT'D)

Call 911!

Larry walks in the other direction.

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Larry enters the locker room and pulls the file out of his pants. He methodically analyzes Omar's folder. He flips through pictures of Omar as a little boy.

He takes notes on a separate note-pad. His address... his phone number... his social security number.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Larry peers in to a classroom through the cracked door...

Students on computers type away with varying degrees of speed. Larry finds Omar in the back plugged in, furiously working away at the computer. All of a sudden Omar raises his hand and a teacher walks away to check the screen over Omar's shoulder. The teacher gives a warm smile and shakes Omar's hand.

COMPUTER TEACHER

We have a winner!

The other students deflate.

VOICE
What are you doing?

Larry is shocked, he hits his head on the door and looks up to see...

PRINCIPAL GREENE.

PRINCIPAL GREENE
Are you spying?

LARRY
No... I was just waiting for a friend.

She shakes her head and grins.

PRINCIPAL GREENE
I have to congratulate you on making the top ten. Third... that's a huge accomplishment.

LARRY
Thank you.

PRINCIPAL GREENE
Ms. Kimotech told me you were shaken when you found out your class position... Why was that?

LARRY
I don't know what Mrs. Kimotech is referring to. It's good news.

PRINCIPAL GREENE
Look.

Principal Greene points though a doorway where a student, DRAKE (18) is arguing with a teacher. He's a white boy wearing do-rag and a sleeveless shirt.

PRINCIPAL GREENE (CONT'D)
Do you know who that is?

LARRY
That's Drake Farkas.

PRINCIPAL GREENE
Ms. Jackson caught him dealing an ounce of marijuana underneath the lunch table today. He'll get expelled.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL GREENE (CONT'D)

The police are on their way to arrest him right now. It's a shame. He won't graduate. If he had just waited to sell after school he'd be walking. But rules are rules. It doesn't matter if someone breaks them the first week of school or the last. This school used to have this kind of stuff happen daily... You know how I got it to be so clean? I threw out the snakes.

(beat)

My daughter will be up on that podium giving the valedictorian address and if you do anything to keep that from happening I'll throw you out of this fucking school myself.

The bell rings. Students starts filling the hallway.

PRINCIPAL GREENE (CONT'D)

Now go to class.

Principal Greene walks away. Larry stands still, petrified.

EXT. HARBORFIELDS HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

School buses are lining up along the end of the curb. Students fill the buses or walk over to their cars. Larry, watching from his Mercedes, eyes Omar get into his beat up Honda Civic. Omar tries starting the ignition multiple times before the car turns on. Omar drives off, Larry starts up his car and follows him.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - AFTERNOON

Larry turns the radio on to listen to the Carl Orff's opera song "O Fortuna." He is close behind Omar's tail and follows him down a winding road.

EXT. CUL DE SAC - DUSK

Omar parks his car in his driveway and enters his shabby run down home.

Larry, not far behind, parks his car on the side of the road. He turns off the radio and looks around, taking in the grim neighborhood. Cracked roads with weeds popping out, shopping carts on lawns, and boarded up houses. Omar's front lawn is covered in weeds and litter.

A pitbull growls behind a fence. The dog has his eyes on Larry.

Larry looks to Omar's smashed in mailbox. Larry is curious about the mailbox... he pulls out a pen and a notebook to writes down Omar's address.

Larry gets out of the car. The pitbull starts barking uncontrollably.

CUT TO:

Larry rings the doorbell. He waits... no answer. Larry rings again.

OMAR

Mario, we don't have any money!
Please stop trying to sell us pop
tarts for your bad habits.

Larry rings the door bell once more.

OMAR (CONT'D)

We don't want any. Please leave! I
will call the police.

LARRY

It's Larry.

The door swings open.

OMAR

What are you doing here?

LARRY

I didn't think it was safe to talk
in school so I followed you.

OMAR

I'm sorry-- you followed me? In
your car?

LARRY

Good thing I did. The address the
school has is different then this
one. You just move here?

OMAR

Why are you following me to my
home, Larry?

LARRY

I know you hacked the school's
online security system to find out
the standings.

Omar is floored. Larry's got him.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Ah! There it is... the guilty face.

OMAR

I don't know what you're talking
about. I didn't hack into anything.

Omar goes to slam the door but Larry catches it.

LARRY

Hold it. I'm not done. I confirmed
what you said... Bridget will be
the valedictorian. But it doesn't
have to be that way. I'm
thinking... you and me partner up.
Take her down. You would be
valdictorian and I would be
salutatorian. You'll get the
scholarship you need. Either that
or I tell principal Greene what you
did.

CUT TO:

INT. OMAR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Omar and Larry walk into a grimy kitchen. There are moving
boxes everywhere.

LARRY

You just move here?

OMAR

Since July. Had to relocate. Would
you like some water?

LARRY

Please sit.

A frail voice can be heard from the living room...

VOICE O.S.

Omar? Omar?

OMAR

Excuse me.

Omar walks into the living room. OMAR'S MOM sits in a wheel chair with an oxygen tube below her nose. She wear a hijab and is watching TV. Omar adjusts her morphine drip.

Omar comes back to the kitchen. Larry looks away as if he didn't see.

LARRY

I think it's important to go over what's involved with this.

OMAR

I don't want to do anything illegal.

LARRY

You won't have to. Neither will I. But you need to understand what we're going up against. Bridget Greene. She's a different animal. She'll do anything to win. I know from experience.

OMAR

You're referring to the election last year?

LARRY

I should have been president. I was polling way ahead and then what? She starts spreading these vile rumors about me that I'm racist towards the Trinidadian lunch ladies after I vowed in my campaign a need for school employees who know how to speak english! That's not racist! She spread that I sexually harassed the cheerleaders, that I masturbate in the bathroom during my free periods, and this was the nail in the coffin... she had her mother schedule the Christian club to go on a bible study field trip in Appalachia on the day of the election. She knew that was my constituency. I pushed hard for an audit on the vote but the school board didn't take me seriously. The point is Bridget knows what she's doing. Her and her mom -- The Greene Machine.

OMAR

So how are we going to both move past her? There's only one week left of school.

LARRY

Right now we need to focus on those daily math quizzes. You're in her class right?

OMAR

Yes.

LARRY

She sits next to you?

OMAR

Yes.

LARRY

And she's been acing the quizzes just like you right?

Omar nods.

LARRY (CONT'D)

She's copying your answers. Or at least verifying them with yours. That needs to change.

OMAR

(realizing)

She has been copying my answers.

Omar's mom starts to wheeze.

LARRY

So what you need to do is feed her the wrong answers. Don't make it obviously wrong. Make it subtly wrong so she'll bite. And then in between periods you'll give me the correct answers.

OMAR

Okay I'll do all that but I have to ask... what's in it for you? Why do you want to be Salutatorian so badly?

LARRY

Garfield. JFK. Nixon. Carter. Obama.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

They were all either valedictorian or salutatorian of their high school class.

(beat)

You will get the Jacob Newman scholarship. A blank check. Use it on whatever you need. So, Omar, do we have a deal?

Omar's mother's wheezing grows loud. Larry extends his hand.

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Larry's drives up to a large iron gate. He pushes the automatic opener and the gate part. Larry drives through and up a long straight pathway. The hedges are perfectly manicured and a row of lights along the pathway lead up to an enormous Victorian estate.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens up and Larry parks his car in the pristine four car garage. The floors don't even have a speck of dust. Larry gets out of the car and looks to the empty car spaces.

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Larry enters and without flipping the switch the lights turn on automatically to reveal a pristine kitchen with all stainless steel appliances. Larry walks over to the phone and presses PLAY.

ANSWERING MACHINE

No new messages.

Larry sighs. He picks up the phone and dials.

VOICE

Hello offices of Croswell, Kellog, Fikus, LLP who may I ask is calling?

LARRY

It's Larry.

VOICE

Oh Hi, Larry... your father's been meaning to call. He'll be staying in the city, again, tonight and probably the weekend too.

(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D)
This merger has been taking up all
is time.

LARRY
Can I speak with him?

VOICE
Sure, let me check.

Larry is put on hold. He waits for a few seconds.

VOICE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry he's in with the client
right now. Can I have him return?

LARRY
Okay.

VOICE
Thank you, Larry. Have a great
weekend.

Click. Larry lets the dial tone run.

CUT TO:

Larry opens the freezer. There is a huge stack of Hungry-
Man's. Larry takes one out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Larry face is illuminated by the TV screen as he eats his
dinner.

MAN'S VOICE
In the long history of the world,
only a few generations have been
granted the role of defending
freedom in its hour of maximum
danger. I do not shrink from this
responsibility - I welcome it.

Applause.

JOHN F. KENNEDY, in standard definition, is watched on a high
definition plasma TV.

JOHN F. KENNEDY
I do not believe that any of us
would exchange places with any
other people or any other
generation.

Larry moves closer to the screen and sits criss cross on the floor, eyes glued to the TV like a kid watching Saturday morning cartoons.

Larry mouths the president's speech and matches his gestures perfectly.

JOHN F. KENNEDY (CONT'D)
The energy, the faith, the devotion
which we bring to this endeavor
will light our country and all who
serve it - and the glow from that
fire can truly light the world. And
so, my fellow Americans: ask not
what your country can do for you -
ask what you can do for your
country.

Thunderous applause.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: MONDAY

INT. RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

Larry picks up a phone connected to the school's loud speaker.

LARRY
Good Morning. Would everyone please
rise for the pledge. I pledge
allegiance to the Flag of the
United States of America and to the
Republic for which it stands, one
nation under God, indivisible, with
liberty and justice for all. You
may be seated. There are a couple
of announcements today...

INT. HALLWAY- MORNING

The bell rings. A bunch of students exist a classroom, Omar hurries out and runs to the men's room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Drew runs into a stall. Larry is sitting on the toilet with his pants on. He stands up.

LARRY
How'd it go?

OMAR
I think it worked. I slid my test all the way to the side of my desk with all the wrong answers, just as we discussed, and she wrote everything down. I switched my answers right before I turned it in.

LARRY
Perfect! So what were the right answers?

There's a bang on the stall door.

LARRY & OMAR
Occupied.

STUDENT
Jesus get a room.

LARRY
Hurry... what were the answers.

OMAR
Um, the first was $I \text{ two equals } \cos X \text{ plus five over one half sin } X \text{ parenthesis four plus } k \text{ to the second power.}$

LARRY
(closing eyes to remember)
Okay, $I \text{ two equals } \cos X \text{ plus five over one half sin } X \text{ parenthesis four plus } K \text{ got it.}$

OMAR
The second was uh... $\text{one half parenthesis } M \text{ plus one to the second power parenthesis minus } n \text{ squared bracket parenthesis } M \text{ plus } 1 \text{ N--}$

The bell rings.

LARRY
Wait, N or M?

OMAR
M...

LARRY
N? You said N.

OMAR
No no. M plus one N.

LARRY
M. M as in mark?

OMAR
Right... It's M plus N.

LARRY
M plus M?

OMAR
No. Mmmmmmm plus Nnnnn.

LARRY
But the equation started with M

OMAR
No, no. The equation started with
an N.

LARRY
You said M.

OMAR
Wait. I can't remember.

LARRY
Which is it M or N?

OMAR
M? Is it M?

LARRY
I don't know you took the damn
test!

OMAR
I think you're right it's M.

LARRY
You sure?

OMAR
Not really.

LARRY
Okay, come on we have to hurry!

OMAR
Where was I?

LARRY
You were getting to the bracket
with the M plus N.

OMAR
Which bracket?

LARRY
Write this down!

Larry rips out a piece of paper from his briefcase. Omar uses the wall to write it on the paper.

INT. MATH CLASS - MORNING

Larry enters the classroom late. The students are already at their desks taking the quiz. Larry walks over to Mr. Baltrusitis, who hands him a quiz.

Larry rushes to his desk and writes down the answers as fast as he can to remember them.

INT. CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Larry and Omar sit in a secluded corner table.

OMAR
I don't know man, this is-- this
is... not right.

LARRY
You already did it once before!

OMAR
There's a higher probability of the
school catching me if it's done
multiple times. I would get
expelled, maybe even go to jail. I
can't do jail, Larry. Scrawny
Muslims are the first to get
shanked.

LARRY
It's not like this public school
has a cyber security task force
waiting to catch hackers.

OMAR

You don't know that... I can't do it. I never should have done it in the first place. It was a messed up thing for me to do.

LARRY

Think about your mom, Omar. What's more important than family?

Omar looks down.

LARRY (CONT'D)

We have to take risks, that's the only way this thing can work. There's no way we can beat her if we can't see the scoreboard.

INT. LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Omar is hacking into the school's online network on his laptop. Larry stands over his shoulder, looking to see if anyone is approaching.

OMAR

Almost there.

Drew types some more.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Okay, we're in.

Larry sits down next to Omar.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Bridget Greene.

A profile of Bridget is on the screen.

LARRY

Go to her transcript.

Omar clicks around. He gets to the current transcript.

LARRY (CONT'D)

What's the GPA?

OMAR

99.8... I don't know if we can do this. I'm at a 99 flat.

LARRY

Did Baltricitus upload the math quiz?

OMAR

She got a... 90.

LARRY

A 90!? What did you get?

OMAR

100.

LARRY

Then how the fuck did she get a 90?

OMAR

I guess she didn't copy my wrong answers.

LARRY

You didn't do it right. You made them too wrong!

OMAR

No, I made them slightly wrong, little mistakes.

LARRY

Omar, we're not going to go anywhere with a 10 point differential. We need her to bomb big!

The school LIBRARIAN (80's) dart her eyes over.

LIBRARIAN

Shh! Be quiet!

LARRY

Sorry Fran, We'll keep our voice down.

Larry and Omar whisper.

OMAR

Her record is immaculate. Perfect attendance since elementary school. Never had detention. Straight A's across the board. She's perfect.

LARRY

Does she have any allergies?

OMAR

Why?

LARRY

Just check.

OMAR

None that are listed.

LARRY

Damn it.

OMAR

I don't think we can mathematically beat her. I thought I had a chance but at this point she would have to absolutely bomb some tests which she won't do or be expelled for something which she'll never be.

An idea sparks in Larry.

LARRY

Expelled... she can be expelled...
What's her class schedule?

INT. CHOIR ROOM- AFTERNOON

The students sing a lovely melody. Larry peers through the window of the room through the hallway.

Bridget sings a solo. Her voice is pure and beautiful.

CUT TO:

Students walk out of the classroom. Larry follows Bridget. Bridget comes to her locker. Larry stops and turns to a locker opposite hers. He removes a small glass fragment and positions it so he can see behind him.

Bridget unlocks her the locker. Larry can see the numbers...

18. 24. 36.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Larry enters a dumpy 1990 Honda Civic passenger side. Drake, the kid who was expelled earlier, sits in the front seat.

DRAKE

Larry Fikus. I didn't take you for a ganja man.

LARRY

You have weed?

DRAKE

Do I have weed? Is that even a question? I've got a mobile dispensary up in this bitch. What are you lookin' for?

LARRY

I need something... rancid.

DRAKE

Well that's a first. Usually people are looking for the opposite.

LARRY

I like it to stink.

DRAKE

Ohhhh my man. I agree wit you. Just let the scent roam free, it's part of the experience. I'll tell you what, I've got a discount going on the green hornet hash. Here, get yourself a whiff.

Drake gives Larry a bag with a weed in it. Larry opens the top and smells.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

It's yours for 25 an eighth. You can't find a better price than that.

LARRY

Do you have something stronger?

DRAKE

That's pretty strong, Larry. But I think I have what you're looking for.

Drake reaches into his back seat, fumbles around. He retrieves a small tupperware container. He opens it and pulls out a plastic bag with a prescription bottle in it and then takes the bottle out of the bag.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Now this is new, you can't find this on the market. It don't have a name yet...

Larry takes whiff and starts coughing. His eyes water. This is the first time we see him blink.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
Yeah that'll give you a contact
high just by sniffing.

LARRY
This is good.

DRAKE
That's some pro weed right there,
big leagues Larry and for that it's
going to cost you a pretty penny.

LARRY
How much for a pound?

Drake's eyes widen.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: TUESDAY

INT. HALLWAY- EARLY MORNING

Empty. Peaceful. Quite. Then...

Larry enters. He comes to Bridget's locker, he looks around the hallway... No one.

ON THE LOCK: 18... 24... 36.

The lock comes undone. Larry opens, the door creaks... a few textbooks, a magnetic calender, and a pencil box. Very clean.

Larry removes a large plastic bag of weed from his briefcase and unzips the lining. He coughs, he covers his mouth.

Weed is sprinkled around the locker. He places the bag inside. He shuts the door and locks the lock.

INT. BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Larry furiously washes his hands. He can hear from outside...

STUDENT
You smell that?

ANOTHER STUDENT
Oh man that's bad.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Larry waits in a stall. There's a knock... then a double knock. Larry opens the door. Omar comes in.

LARRY
I have a pencil and paper.

OMAR
Good.

Omar starts writing the math answers down.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Have you been down the south hallway? Someone brought some weed into school.

LARRY
We'll see what happens.

Omar turns to Larry.

OMAR
Did you bring something in?

LARRY
After today Bridget Greene won't be a problem for us.

INT. HALLWAY- MORNING

A GERMAN SHEPARD sniffs the hallway. A policeman holds the leash. Another policeman follows. Principal Greene is close by.

Students and teachers find this all very entertaining. A crowd watches from either side of the hallway, Larry is in the front row. Omar joins him.

OMAR
What's going on?

LARRY
Just watch.

The dog sniffs to Bridget's locker. Pauses. Silence...

BARK! BARK!

The crowd moves in closer. Larry tries to hide a smile. He see's Bridget on the opposite end. Her calm expression makes Larry wonder.

POLICEMAN
Everyone step back!

PRINCIPAL GREENE
Cut the lock.

BRIDGET
(stepping forward)
That's my locker. I will open it
for you, if you'd like. I have
nothing to hide.

Larry rolls his eyes.

PRINCIPAL GREENE
Yes Bridget, please do so.

Bridget unlocks the lock and the door. It creaks open...

POLICEMAN
There's nothing in here.

Larry's confused, he steps closer to see for himself.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Sir, step back.

Larry steps back.

The German Shepard continues to sniff. Bridget glares at Larry.

The German Shepard, sniffing harder, comes to...

LARRY'S LOCKER. Bridget's piercing stare is now accompanied with an evil grin. Principal Greene rolls her eyes at Larry. Larry's eyes dart to his locker.

BARK! BARK! BARK!

The dog jumps up and scratches the locker.

PRINCIPAL GREENE
I think we've got it.

Larry steps forward.

POLICEMAN

Sir, I'm not going to ask you
again.

Larry steps back.

OMAR

(whispering)
Isn't that your locker?

Larry is frozen. BARK! BARK! BARK!

PRINCIPAL GREENE

Is this anyone's locker?
(starring at Larry)
Anyone?

Bridget waves and mouths "Goodbye" to Larry.

PRINCIPAL HOWARD

Going once, going twice, Okay! Cut
the lock.

Heart pounding. Breath shortening. Larry jolts away.

The Policeman brings huge BOLT CUTTERS to the lock, it snaps
clean off...

A FIRE ALARM: PULL IN CASE OF FIRE. Larry pulls the lever
down.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

RECORDED VOICE

Fire! Fire! This is not a drill.
This is not a drill. Fire! Fire!

The overhead sprinkle system down pours...

Everyone gets soaked. Students scream.

PRINCIPAL GREENE

WAIT! OPEN THE LOCKER!

Pandemonium...

Teachers and students, holding books over their heads, sprint
to the nearest exit. The stampede of students move Principal
Greene and Bridget out of the school. Alice (peanut allergy
girl) slips right before the exit...

BAM! She hits her head hard on the floor, rendering her
unconscious. Students trample over her.

The two policemen rush over to Alice.

POLICEMAN

Miss. Miss! She hit her head. We
need an ambulance. Miss, stay with
us.

OTHER POLICEMAN

Let's get her out of the building.

They hoist her up and walk out.

OMAR

You coming?

LARRY

Go!

Omar sprints out. The only one left in the building is Larry.
A drenched suit.

He comes to his locker, opens it...

The pound of weed is sprinkled all over his locker. Larry
looks around. No one.

He gathers the weed up, holding it with his shirt.

Larry sprints to the...

MEN'S BATHROOM.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

No sprinklers in here. Larry rushes in. He goes to the first
stall...

SHIT EVERYWHERE.

The toilet is filled to the brim with yellow and green
diarrhea. Some is on the floor. Some is smeared on the wall.

LARRY

Jeez.

Larry tries the second stall. It's locked. He kicks it.

POOPY STUDENT

Occupied.

LARRY

Open up!

POOPY STUDENT
I'm taking a shit.

LARRY
There's a fire alarm going off!

POOPY STUDENT
I'm not finished. I can't just
leave mid poop.

Larry punches the stall.

LARRY
How much longer?

POOPY STUDENT
What?

LARRY
How much longer will you be in
there?

POOPY STUDENT
I can't tell! Just use the other
stall.

LARRY
It's disgusting.

POOPY STUDENT
Hey man, when you got to go... you
got to go.

Larry gulps. He enters the first stall and locks the door...

There's a lot of poo in that toilet. A lot.

Larry makes a horrid, disgusted face. He drops the weed into
the toilet.

He flushes...

The handle falls off, landing into a pile of poo on the
floor.

POOPY STUDENT (CONT'D)
What's going on in there? Are you
okay?

LARRY
Everything's fine.

POOPY STUDENT
You trying to fix the toilet? My
dad's a plumber.

LARRY
What do I do?

POOPY STUDENT
Wait why are you trying to fix the
toilet?

LARRY
JUST HELP ME!

POOPY STUDENT
Okay... You've got to open up the
top.

Larry removes the top of the toilet... poo in there too.

POOPY STUDENT (CONT'D)
Now what do you see?

LARRY
Shit.

POOPY STUDENT
What? What do you see?!

LARRY
Feces. A lot of feces.

POOPY STUDENT
Oh jeez. Is it overflowing with
water or just straight up poop?

LARRY
I can't tell. It's very watery.

POOPY STUDENT
Oh boy. Okay. You need to reach in
there and the lift the lift chain
up.

LARRY
What? Is there another way?

POOPY STUDENT
Nope. You need to go in there.

Larry contemplates, makes a face, then reaches into the poo
feeling around in the tank. He hoists the lift chain up...

Nothing.

LARRY

Nothing.

Larry pulls his sludge smeared hand out.

POOPY STUDENT

Okay, the water valve is not turned on, reach around back and twist the black nozzle, to the left. Right? No. To the left.

LARRY

Which is it?

POOPY STUDENT

Definitely left. Turn it left.

Larry gets down on his knees. His face is very close to the toilet contents. His pooppy hand gets to the nozzle. He tries to twist it...

LARRY

It won't budge.

POOPY STUDENT

Harder. Twist harder. You've got to give you're all.

Larry uses all his strength. The nozzle...

BREAKS OFF.

Water RUNS in the toilet.

LARRY

It broke off.

Pause.

POOPY STUDENT

That's no good. That's like really bad.

LARRY

Why?

POOPY STUDENT

The toilet will overflow.

Larry gets up, his eyes widen as the toilet start to...

RUMBLE

Then...

OVERFLOWING. Green and yellow sludges plop and splash down.

LARRY
What do I do?!

POOPY STUDENT
You have to reach in the toilet and
remove whatever's clogging it... Do
it! It's moving into my stall.

Some weed nuggets fall to the floor.

POOPY STUDENT (CONT'D)
Shit!

Larry shoves his hand in through the diarrhea.

POOPY STUDENT (CONT'D)
Hurry up in there!

Larry is shoulder deep in.

LARRY
I think I've got it.

Larry clenches his teeth and using all his strength to remove
it. He's using the toilet for leverage. His whole body is
wrapped around the toilet.

All the poo is splashing on him. Larry rips out...

A SHOE.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Got it!

POOPY STUDENT
Now flush it. Flush the toilet!

Larry yanks down on a pipe where the flush handle use to
be...

The toilet SUCKS everything away. Gone. No more poo. No more
weed.

LARRY
There! It's done!

Larry is covered in poo. Then hears a...

PLOP. SPLASH.

POOPY STUDENT
Me too.

Flush.

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Larry walks out into the hallway. The sprinklers still going. Larry wipes off the shit from his suit. He then goes to the fire alarm button and wipes it down with his shirt.

EXT. SCHOOL FIELD - DAY

Larry walks outside to see...

The entire school soaked in water. A girl rinses out her hair by twisting it. Another guy smacks his shirt pocket and water squirts out. A group of students watch Alice, on a stretcher, being hoisted in an ambulance. The two cops assist the paramedics. Principal Greene stands by.

PRINCIPAL GREENE

Alice, are you okay?

PARAMEDIC

Please step back.

PRINCIPAL GREENE

Are you coming back to open the locker?

POLICEMAN

Ma'am we are going with Alice to the hospital. We can come back after.

PRINCIPAL GREENE

After?! The weed will be gone by then!

The policemen and paramedics hop into the ambulance.

PARAMEDIC

Let's go!

They close the doors and drive off leaving a trail of dust which Principal Green gets covered in. Several fire trucks arrive, firemen jump out and run into the school.

Larry joins the crowd of students. Some of them turn their heads, sniffing in disgust.

INT. SPANISH CLASSROOM - DAY

A full class chit chats amongst themselves. Students are still wet from the sprinklers.

Larry sits in the back nervously clicking his pen repeatedly. One student sniffs in Larry's direction.

STUDENT

Yo Larry, you smell like shit.

He gets up and moves to the front of the class.

THWACK!

Everyone looks to the front. A white pole comes through the doorway. A blind Spanish man, Señor Shuler enters with the help of MS. PURCELL.

MS. PURCELL

This is the classroom.

SEÑOR SHULER

Gracias. Close the door por favor.

Ms. Purcell leaves. Students looks around confused.

THWACK!

Senor Shuler slams his pole on the ground.

SEÑOR SHULER (CONT'D)

Escucha!

Silence.

SEÑOR SHULER (CONT'D)

Señora Lopez went into labor a few hours ago. She will be gone for the reminder of the school year. I will be your new profesor. Mi nombre es Señor Shuler. It is my understanding that Señora Lopez graded you on class participation only.

THWACK!

Senor Shuler shakes his head.

SEÑOR SHULER (CONT'D)

No! Las cosas van a cambiar. Things are going to change.

STUDENT

Normally we just watch movies in Spanish.

SEÑOR SHULER

Silencio estúpido! Yo no juego juegos. I don't play games. No Finding Nemo español! We will have a final exam.

Gasps.

SEÑOR SHULER (CONT'D)

An oral exam tomorrow. We will talk, one on one. Uno a uno. You will need to demonstrate your mastery of the language.

Larry sinks into his seat.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

A janitor sweeps up a puddle of water as students walk around him. Larry comes to his locker and opens it. Omar comes close in to Larry.

OMAR

(whispering)

Did you have something to do with what happened today?

LARRY

What are you talking about?

OMAR

The weed, Larry. The weed. Your plan back fired didn't it?

LARRY

Here is not a great place to be discussing this.

Larry locks his locker and walks away. Omar follows him.

OMAR

Aren't you going too far with this? I mean can't you think up of something that's not incriminating?

Larry doesn't respond.

OMAR (CONT'D)

A thing like that could destroy Bridget's future. She's a hard worker, she may not be the best person but she has potential. She can do great things.

LARRY

Oh stop that! Let me give you a lesson they don't teach in any class here. When you have an enemy, which is what she is, you don't sympathize with it. You attack it with everything you got, you understand? Sympathy, empathy, any feelings only weakens your resolve.

OMAR

But don't you think you'll feel guilty after?

LARRY

Do you want to be Valedictorian, Omar?

Omar takes a moment...

OMAR

Yes.

LARRY

Then cut that thinking out. Just turn it off. Listen you're a sensitive guy and that's a good quality to have but take a guy from your tribe, Muhammad Ali, when he threw a punch in the ring, he didn't worry how it made them feel. Come on! He threw punch, after side jab, after upper cut until that motherfucker went down. Black and white thinking, Omar, it helps... and as far as I'm concerned Bridget deserves anything we throw at her. She's been strutting around this school with her goodie two-shoe outfits and her rehearsed diplomatic behavior like she owns the place. Everyone knows she's a phony, they can see right through her. If she were to drop dead today people might go to her funeral... but would they really care?

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

The only one who would shed tears
would be mommy and seeing that
would be worth the price of
admission right there.

OMAR

That's pretty grim.

LARRY

That's the reality, my friend like
it or not but the wheels on the bus
go round and round.

Larry pats Omar on the shoulder and exits the school.

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Students exit the school.

Larry walks to his car, half deflated. He throws his
briefcase in the back seat and turns to see...

Bridget Green, arms folded and her hair in a perfect bob.

BRIDGET

How is it that you both look and
smell like shit at the same time?

LARRY

Careful, Bridget we're on school
property, swear words can get you
detention.

BRIDGET

Did you flush down the weed you
stashed in my locker and then take
a bath in the toilet bowl?

LARRY

I don't know what you're talking
about. But maybe smoking would be
good for you, I hear it helps with
psychosis.

BRIDGET

Oh yes, Larry Fikus, the shining
apotheosis of mental stability. Let
me tell you if you ever try to pull
a trick like that again--

LARRY

You going go cry to mommy now?
She'll make it all better for you
won't she?

Bridget gives a sharp look.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Can I leave?

BRIDGET

You ever hear of Darla Kane?

LARRY

The vegetable?

BRIDGET

Darla and I were in the same music class in the 2nd grade. We were best friends... at the time. There was this one class Ms. Wilbur picked each student to play a different instrument. Some kids played the maracas, some kids were on the tambourine, there were drums, bells, a couple of triangles... but there was only one Vibraslap. I'm guessing you don't know what a Vibraslap is.

LARRY

No... but you're going to tell me.

BRIDGET

It's a percussion instrument you hold with one hand on a stiff wire connecting a wood ball to a hollow box of wood with metal "teeth" inside. When you hit the ball it makes this powerful rattle sound. It was the best instrument. I raised my hand high to play it but Darla was chosen instead. She crossed me... Darla knew I wanted to play it. The next day at recess Darla and I were on the monkey bars... she lost her grip. In the fall her head hit a rock and cracked open. The school had to replace the wood chips there because they were soaked and stained with her blood. Darla's been in a vegetative state since.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

That was when I was 7, imagine what I can think up at 18. Stay where you are Larry and tell that to your little Omar too... and... take a shower.

Bridget walks away.

INT. LARRY'S LIVING ROOM- EVENING

Barack Obama is on the plasma TV screen.

OBAMA

That's not what I'm talking about. I'm talking about something more substantial. It's the hope of slaves sitting around a fire singing freedom songs;

Larry, defeated, watches in a white robe with his hair slicked back wet. He's fresh and clean but his eyes look as if he rubbed shampoo in them. There are no lights on in the room. The house is empty.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

The hope of immigrants setting out for distant shores; the hope of a young naval lieutenant bravely patrolling the Mekong Delta; the hope of a millworker's son who dares to defy the odds; the hope of a skinny kid with a funny name who believes that America has a place for him, too.

The audience cheers. Larry is catatonic on the couch.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: WEDNESDAY

INT. CAFETERIA - MORNING

Larry sits alone reading the local paper. Other around him chat and exchange yearbooks to sign. Omar slides down across the table.

LARRY

You read this?

OMAR

What?

LARRY

Bridget's in the paper.

Larry slams the newspaper down so Omar can see.

OMAR

(reads from the article)

"As a participant in Our Lady Queen of Martyrs Project Nicaragua Mission, Bridget Greene raised over \$30,000 to support the rural village of Amatitan, Nicaragua, where Greene served as a translator and helped to build homes and refurbish schools."

LARRY

Oh how wonderful. Nicaragua -- please. She only went down there so she could refurbish her Instagram with pictures of her holding little Latino babies. That bitch. You know how many times I've written a press release to get into this paper? Nine times. I'm the Harborfields Chess Champion. No coverage. Winter track last year -- I broke an Eleventh grade record on the 300. No column inches for me! But Bridget Greene gets in no problem with her saving the whole bullshit. If it's any consolation she looks horrible without makeup. By twenty those bags under her eyes will be bigger than her boobs.

(sighs)

It's times like this I wish I was a cute girl.

Omar laughs. Larry giggles with him.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Then I'd be in the paper.

OMAR

Come on it's the local paper no one is going to read this.

LARRY

Wrong. You know how many Long Island moms subscribe to this crap paper? How many old people? Way more than you think.

OMAR

Okay -- so what? What does this have to do with you?

LARRY

What are you my therapist? It matters. The press matters. I just never found a way to have my name featured. Don't you want that?

OMAR

It would be nice but I'm not obsessing over it. That's debilitating.

LARRY

For me it's motivating.

INT. DARK ROOM - AFTERNOON

A photo of a beautiful blonde woman sitting in a park lies in a puddle of chemicals. A pair of tongs picks up the corner of the photo.

Larry hangs the picture on a line with several other photos of the same women all in different locations in different outfits.

MR. MARAVEL, a jolly man, (60's) enters.

MR. MARAVEL

Nice work... beautiful subject. Is she a relative?

LARRY

No.

MR. MARAVEL

A girlfriend?

LARRY

No.

MR. MARAVEL

Then how do you know her?

LARRY

I don't.

The photo's include the woman at the library, in a coffee shop, driving in her car, etc.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I was always far away.

There is a silence.

MR. MARAVEL

Well, you have some nice work here.

(beat)

So is Incorvaia really the graduation speaker?

LARRY

I'm really sorry. I heard it was a close vote.

MR. MARAVEL

Well thanks. I was shocked to hear that announcement. Every student I checked with said they would vote for me but I guess a lot of them lied. You voted for me right, Larry?

LARRY

Of course I did.

MR. MARAVEL

You're not lying to me are you?

LARRY

No...

MR. MARAVEL

Good. I just wouldn't want this kind of thing to effect anyone's grade in my class.

Mr. Maravel pats Larry on the back and leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Larry exists a classroom. Over the loud speaker...

VOICE

Will Larry Fikus please report to Mr. Baltricitus's classroom.

(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D)
Larry Fikus to Mr. Baltricitus's
classroom. Thank you.

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

Larry enters. Mr. Baltricitus and Omar sit at the front of
the room.

MR. BALTRICITUS
Larry, please come here.

Larry walks towards them. Omar is petrified.

LARRY
What's going on?

MR. BALTRICITUS
Sit down.

Larry and Omar sit in chairs placed right in front of Mr.
Baltricitus's desk.

MR. BALTRICITUS (CONT'D)
Here.

Mr. Baltricitus hands Larry a piece of paper with a math
problem on it.

MR. BALTRICITUS (CONT'D)
Solve this.

Larry looks over.

LARRY
Mr. Baltricitus, I'm not really in
the frame of mind to approach this.

MR. BALTRICITUS
What is the Sandwich Theorem?

LARRY
The what?

MR. BALTRICITUS
The Sandwich Theorem.

LARRY
It's um. It ah. It's a theorem in
which--

MR. BALTRICITUS
Omar, what's the Sandwich Theorem?

Omar's head hangs over.

OMAR

It allows the computation of the limit of an expression by trapping the expression between two other expressions which have limits that are easier to compute.

LARRY

Right, yes. That's correct. I was paraphrasing a little.

MR. BALTRICITUS

Hmm. Maybe you can explain what a Rectangle form is.

LARRY

It's when the shape we're dealing with, in any given problem, is a rectangle.

MR. BALTRICITUS

Omar, what's Rectangle form?

OMAR

It's um A function or relation written using x , y or x , y , z coordinates.

MR. BALTRICITUS

Do you even know what an integer is?

Larry nervously laughs.

MR. BALTRICITUS

What do you make of this?

Mr. Baltricitus hands Larry a piece of paper.

MR. BALTRICITUS (CONT'D)

Read it.

Larry leers over, takes a breath, and reads.

LARRY

"This is an anonymous tip. Larry Fikus and Omar Sadaar have been cheating on your daily math quizzes.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

They meet in-between your calculus class in the men's rest room so that Omar can inform Larry of the correct answers. Signed deeply concerned student.

OMAR

Oh God.

Omar palms his face.

MR. BALTRICITUS

What do you make of this?

LARRY

These allegations are false.

MR. BALTRICITUS

I don't think they are Larry. You see I checked the grades. You two have been receiving the same perfect scores for five days straight now.

LARRY

It's a coincidence.

MR. BALTRICITUS

This is no co-wink-eee-dink. You were a B student until five days ago, then you magically improved. Explain that.

OMAR

I'm sorry Mr. Baltricitus.

Omar breaks down.

LARRY

Don't--

OMAR

What the paper says is true, we cheated. I gave Larry the answers before your class.

Larry is fuming.

MR. BALTRICITUS

Larry?

Larry looks away.

MR. BALTRICITUS (CONT'D)
What you boys did was serious and
you will be punished.

Omar turns to Larry, red in the face and eyes watery.

OMAR
It's all your fault. I should have
never listened to you.

MR. BALTRICITUS
After I notify Mr. Howard and the
administration about this I will
fail you both and personally notify
your colleges of what you've done.

Omar weeps.

LARRY
You won't do that.

MR. BALTRICITUS
I will Larry. You did a terrible
thing and you should be ashamed of
yourself.

LARRY
If you say anything to anyone about
our cheating, I will report you for
inappropriately touching me. No,
both of us will report you of
inappropriately touching.

Omar turns to Larry.

OMAR
Larry--

Larry grabs Omar on the shoulder.

MR. BALTRICITUS
You're crazy.

LARRY
You're up for tenure at the end of
the school year right?

Mr. Baltricitus stands up.

MR. BALTRICITUS
Get out of my classroom.

Omar moves to get up, Larry pushes him down.

LARRY

You know what would be just terrible in front of the tenure committee? Two separate accusations of inappropriately touching students. Now you could tell the truth, we cheated. Blah. Blah. Show them what you showed us but we'll go to the newspapers with this and you can bet that this will be news.

Mr. Baltricitus sits.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Both Omar and I are going to get perfect one-hundreds in your class as an average. You do this and we won't report anything.

Mr. Baltricitus grits his teeth.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Mr. B you're a young man. A whole career in front of you. A recent father, yes? Don't let something like this get in that way of that.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Larry exits the classroom buttoning his jacket. Omar follows, catching up to Larry. They walk down the hall.

OMAR

Larry... Larry!

LARRY

You're fluent in Spanish, right?

OMAR

I'm not okay with what you did in there.

LARRY

He was going to expose us. You should be thanking me, we're both getting hundreds.

OMAR

I was going to get that anyway.

LARRY

Omar, I need you to take this Spanish test for me today.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

The teacher's blind so you just go in there, say you're me, and speak Spanish.

OMAR

I don't think I can continue doing this anymore.

LARRY

What?

OMAR

I'm out.

Omar stops Larry.

OMAR (CONT'D)

You know Larry wouldn't it have been easier to just do the work on your own then think up of ways of cheating?

Larry doesn't have an answer.

OMAR (CONT'D)

We haven't even come close to knocking Bridget off. She's always two steps ahead of us. There's no way it can be done.

LARRY

So you just want to give up? Just like that?

Omar stands still.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Fine.

Larry walks away.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Larry enters into the stall he unclogged previously. He looks into the toilet... at his reflection. He's livid.

BAM!

Larry kicks down on the toilet.

BAM! BAM!

The toilet is destroyed.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Larry limps down the hall. He passes by a small classroom with an open door with a teacher going over english words with... JULIO, the student from before in the nurse's office.

An idea sparks in Larry.

CUT TO:

The bell rings. Julio walks out of the classroom. Larry's right there.

LARRY

Julio.

Julio's startled. He speaks in broken English and has a thick accent.

JULIO

Oh, hello Larry.

Larry speaks slowly.

LARRY

Julio, how would you like to make one hundred dollars?

Julio's confused. Larry thinks..

LARRY (CONT'D)

Um... cien dolares.

Julio's light up.

INT. CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Larry and Julio sit at a lunch table, alone. Larry still speaks slowly.

LARRY

You are going to act as me, got it?

JULIO

Larry Fikus.

LARRY

Yes, very good. Teacher is blind, he can't see you. You speak Spanish. Me get hundred on test. You get hundred dollars.

Julio doesn't understand. Larry points to his eyes.

LARRY (CONT'D)

His eyes... don't work. Um. What do you call it? Ojo's... No más.

JULIO

Comprende. Comprende.

LARRY

Good, lets just take a practise test.

Larry has an awful Spanish accent.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Cómo va su día?

JULIO

(Very fast)

Mi día es muy bueno. Me encontré con un nuevo amigo hoy . Parece muy agradable. También soy cariñosa aquí el clima cálido y estoy feliz de estar hablando con usted.

LARRY

That was really good.

(beat)

Maybe that's too good. Can you sound more American?

JULIO

Que?

LARRY

Sound more American. Like me. Um, say... I have a green car.

JULIO

(Very fast)

Tengo un carro de color verde.

LARRY

Okay, see how you're saying each word like a machine gun? Da da da da da. Slow it down. Tengo... un carro... de color... verde.

JULIO

Sí, sí.

LARRY

Try it.

JULIO
 (Very fast)
 Tengo un carro de color verde.

LARRY
 No. Slow. Repeat after me. Tengo...

JULIO
 Tengo.

LARRY
 Un carro...

JULIO
 Un carro...

LARRY
 De color...

JULIO
 De color...

LARRY
 Verde.

JULIO
 Verde.

LARRY
 Tengo... un carro... de color...
 verde.

JULIO
 (Very fast)
 Tengo un carro de color verde.

LARRY
 Jesus!

JULIO
 Jesús!

LARRY
 No, stop. Stop repeating me!

JULIO
 Oh lo siento.

Larry sighs.

LARRY
 It's okay. Don't roll your R's!
 Carrrrro is Car-o.

JULIO
Carrro.

LARRY
See there you're rolling your R's.
It needs to be believable. Say car.

JULIO
Car.

LARRY
Good. Now say O.

JULIO
O.

LARRY
Car-O.

JULIO
Carrrrro.

Larry palms his face.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Mister Larry I will get this, let's
keep practising.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Larry stands outside a classroom. He checks his watch a few times. He get his phone out and calls Julio, it goes straight to voice mail.

JULIO VOICE
Por favor, deje un mensaje.
Gracias.

LARRY
Julio! Where are you? The test is
now!

The classroom door opens, a long pole comes out hitting the floor. Señor Shuler holds the end of the pole.

SEÑOR SHULER
Larry Fikus!

Larry looks around... empty hallways. No Julio.

SEÑOR SHULER (CONT'D)
LARRY FIKUS!

Larry takes a deep breath.

LARRY
I'm here.

SEÑOR SHULER
Come in.

Larry wide eyes, walks in. The door slams behind him.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Larry sits in a chair in front Señor Shuler.

SEÑOR SHULER
Cómo estás, Larry?

LARRY
Um, not so well Señor. If we could
postpone--

SEÑOR SHULER
En español! The test has started.

There's a knock at the door, Julio peeks in.

SEÑOR SHULER (CONT'D)
Excuse me! We are in the middle of
an oral examination!

Julio backs away. Larry frantically pantomimes for Julio to
come over.

LARRY
The door just opened, I can close
it.

SEÑOR SHULER
Rápido!

Larry runs over and grabs Julio over.

JULIO
Mister Larry, he knows your voice.

Larry covers Julio's mouth.

LARRY
(Whispering)
You're going to do this. I'm paying
you good money. Now get in that
chair.

SEÑOR SHULER
Larry! We're losing time.

Larry closes the door.

LARRY
Coming.

Larry walks Julio to the chair. Julio sits, Larry stands behind him.

SEÑOR SHULER
Cómo va tu día?

Julio is silent. Larry pantomimes for Julio to speak.

SEÑOR SHULER (CONT'D)
Larry! Cómo va tu día?

JULIO
Estoy teniendo un día muy bueno. Es
cálido y el sol hacia fuera, no hay
quejas. Deseando que llegue el
verano.

Señor Shuler gives a suspicious look.

SEÑOR SHULER
That's an accent.

Señor Shuler leans forward with his ears first.

SEÑOR SHULER (CONT'D)
Where are you from?... In English
please.

Julio looks to Larry. Larry leans in next to Julio.

LARRY
Long Island.

SEÑOR SHULER
Muy extraño. You sound so different
in English... Cuánto tiempo ha
estado hablando español?

Larry mouths "Answer! Answer!" Julio is petrified.

SEÑOR SHULER (CONT'D)
What is going on here?... Answer
the question!

LARRY

Señor Shuler, I have a confession to make.

SEÑOR SHULER

What?

LARRY

I lied.

Larry sighs. Julio is petrified.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I am not from Long Island. I grew up in small village called Veracruz in Mexico. There was terrible crime. People killed on the streets, children kidnapped from their families... The cartel owned the area. We sought to America for a new home. I was four years old when we moved. First we went to South Carolina, my father found work there but it wasn't easy. The community hated us. Every day I would be bullied for being an immigrant. After our dog, Pedro was decapitated we knew we had to move.

Larry sniffles.

LARRY (CONT'D)

We found Long Island.

(soft)

Beautiful Long Island. We were finally treated with respect but... what I realized here is that no matter how liberal the people are no matter how accepting the people are, they look at you differently if you have an accent, especially one from a Spanish speaking country.

Julio turns to Larry.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I worked *hard* to neutralize my accent. Don't get me wrong, I am proud of my Mexican heritage but now people see me as their equal. I can talk with my peers without them feeling uncomfortable.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

The only time my true colors show
is when I speak Spanish. I can't
hide my accent and that's why I
take Spanish here... I know it...
but I feel like I'm home.

(beat)

I hope you understand Señor.

There is a silence.

From behind Señor Shuler's glasses, a single tear slides down
his face.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Larry leaves the classroom with Julio.

LARRY

What the hell happened?

JULIO

Qué?

LARRY

You were late! If I didn't come up
with that bullshit story I would
have failed the test. I gave you
simple instructions. Get there at
twelve o'clock!

JULIO

Lo siento mister Larry.

Julio puts his hand out.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Por favor.

LARRY

Are you serious? You gave me
nothing, I give you nothing.

Larry walks away.

JULIO

Miss Greene.

Larry turns.

JULIO (CONT'D)

She pay double for this.

There is a pause.

LARRY

This is between you and me.

Larry talks out his wallet and hands Julio a hundred dollar bill.

JULIO

Eh... More.

Larry grits his teeth and gives him the rest of what he has.

LARRY

That's all I have.

JULIO

Thank you mister Larry.

Larry grabs Julio.

LARRY

You won't tell Bridget? No tell
Bridget?

JULIO

Not today mister Larry.

Julio walks away.

INT. GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON

Larry sits in the bleachers, tired and disheveled.

MR. AGOSTINO, a stout man with a hoodie and gym shorts holds a bunch of packets and scantrons. He address's his students.

MR. AGOSTINO

Okay here's your test, make sure
you write in pencil on the
scantron. There are ten questions.
Yes, you can work on it together I
don't care.

Mr. Agostino hands the test's and scantrons out.

MR. AGOSTINO (CONT'D)

Hand them back to me at the end of
the period.

CUT TO:

Students work in groups helping each other with the questions. Larry works on his alone. The first question reads...

Which one is the basketball?

- A) (picture of a baseball bat)
- B) (picture of a whistle)
- C) (picture of a basketball)

Larry circles the correct answer and looks up... BRIDGET GREENE is at the front of the room. She hands the test in to Mr. Agostino who is on his phone. Larry sneers.

MR. AGOSTINO (CONT'D)
Hey! No cell phones!

Chad Wheeler, the guy going to prom with Alice Kelly, is talking on his cell phone.

CHAD
I'm on the phone to see if Alice is okay. She's in the ICU.

MR. AGOSTINO
Put it in the phone tray.

Chad ends the call and hands his cell to Mr. Agostino.

CHAD
(whispering)
Bullshit.

CUT TO:

Students wait on a long line to hand their test in. The bell rings. Larry is in the back. Mr. Agostino is still on his phone. Larry hands in his test.

MR. AGOSTINO
Larry do me a favor. Could you shut the door to the outside? I'm gotta take a whiz bad.

Mr. Agostino exists. Larry walks to the end of the gymnasium. He goes to close the door but hears voices outside. He peers to see Principal Greene and Bridget.

PRINCIPAL GREENE
Everything will be fine, Bridget.

BRIDGET
You talked with Mrs. Antretter?

PRINCIPAL GREENE

She will give you a hundred on the final. I made sure of it.

BRIDGET

I know Larry is up to no good.

PRINCIPAL GREENE

Larry will not be a problem for you. I have eye witnesses that confirm he was the one who pulled the fire alarm. Tomorrow morning he will be expelled.

BRIDGET

Couldn't come soon enough.

PRINCIPAL GREENE

You have nothing to worry about. Just enjoy your last three days of high school. Come on.

Principal Greene and Bridget motion to walk into the gym. Larry hides behind the opposite door. When they walk through. Larry goes unnoticed.

CUT TO:

Larry walks past the gym office with the door open... He comes back to the office and see's...

THE PILE OF SCANTRONS

Larry looks to the right. No one. He looks to the left. Empty.

INT. GYM OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Larry creeps into the office and picks up the pile of scantrons.

VOICE

Hey!

Larry freezes.

VOICE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Larry puts down the scantrons but can't tell where the voice is coming from. He peers out of the office.

The voice is of a jock who talks to another jock.

JOCK #2
What's up my man?

They bro hug. Larry shuts the door and locks it. He moves back to the scantrons. He flips through the names, finally getting to...

BRIDGET GREENE

He takes a pencil out of his jacket pocket then frantically erases answers. He leaves some bubbles filled in the way they are but erases half the test. Larry wipes the eraser shaving into his hand and puts them in his pocket.

Larry then fills in the bubbles with the wrong answers. Larry emulates the pencil bumbles from Bridget's other answers which are perfectly filled in. Larry finishes the test off.

He brings the test up to the light and has a moment with it. This is Bridget's downfall. But suddenly...

The door handle is jerked! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

MR. AGOSTINO O.S.
Is someone in there?

Petrified, Larry, can hear Mr. Agostino from outside the office.

MR. AGOSTINO O.S. (CONT'D)
Which key is it?

Keys jiggle. Larry looks around the room. He's trapped. There's a desk with an opening under. Larry tries to squeeze himself under there... He's too big.

A key comes to the lock... it goes through. Larry tries to cram himself into the opening. The key is forced but the door doesn't open.

MR. AGOSTINO O.S. (CONT'D)
Not that one.

Larry comes out of the opening. He looks around again. He spots Chad's phone in the phone tray. He grabs it then goes back under the desk. He dials a number.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE
Thank you for calling Harborfields
Central School District. If you
know your parties three digit
extension please dials now.

Larry dials.

INT. SCHOOL FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

A sweet looking SECRETARY (30's) is typing away at her computer. Other administrative people have desks close to her. Her phone rings... she picks it up.

SECRETARY
Hello Harborfields Central School
District, this is the front desk,
who may I ask is calling?

LARRY O.S.
This is ISIS... We have bombs in
the school. Many. Evacuate now or
face your maker.

SECRETARY
AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

The secretary screeches! She throws down the phone.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
It's ISIS! There going to bomb the
school!

The other administrative people go frantic. They all
immediately leave their desks.

ADMINISTRATIVE PERSON #1
We need to leave!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

One of them run out into the hallway where some students are.

ADMINISTRATIVE PERSON #2
ISIS is here! Evacuate now!

The students run frantic and screaming like a chicken with
it's head cut off.

JOCK
Holy shit! Get outta my way!

A screaming CHUBBY STUDENT screaming running out of the room.

CHUBBY BOY
Oh my God! It's ISIS!

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Another administrative person barges into the cafeteria. All eyes look to her.

ADMINISTRATIVE PERSON #3
ISIS is in the building! They have
bombs! RUN!!!

All the students gets up and run. Almost all the girls scream. Some guys push others to the side to get to the door first. It's chaos.

INT. SCHOOL FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

The secretary gets on the loud speaker.

SECRETARY
Please evacuate the building now!
ISIS just called me. They are going
to blow us all up if we don't leave
now!

She pushes down a lever and the school alarm goes off.

INT. GYM OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MR. AGOSTINO O.S.
Oh god! Everyone get outside. Run!
Move it!

Mr. Agostino's voice fades away. Larry gets out from under the desk. Larry puts the phone down and wipes it with a tissue then he places Bridget's scantron in with the others. He creeks open up the door...

Madness. Students running outside. The alarm is blaring.

STUDENT
There's a bomb! There's a bomb in
the school! It's ISIS!

Larry joins the crowd.

EXT. SCHOOL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Hordes of students runs out of the school. Three SWAT vans pull up in the parking lot. A squad of fully armed SWAT men jump out of the van and run into the school.

SQUAD LEADER
Go! Go! Go!

Another man puts on protective bomb padding. Police cars swerve into the streets and come to the parking lot as well.

CUT TO:

NEWS CHANNEL 13 swings into frame. An animated title sequence plays with exciting music.

VOICE OVER
News Channel 13. Where the news comes first.

CUT TO:

Two anchors, WALLACE PETERS and SHELLY WOODS sit at a desk.

SHELLY
Good Evening, Long Island I'm Wallace Peters.

WALLACE
And I'm Shelly Woods.

SHELLY
We come on the air with some breaking news out of Harborfields High School of Greenlawn. The front office received a call that the Islamic terrorist group ISIS had planted a bomb inside the school and threatened to detonate if the school wasn't evacuated immediately.

WALLACE
Currently the police and SWAT team are still searching the school for a bomb. Our ground reporter Jan Davis has more on the story.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - EVENING

A local news reporter, JAN DAVIS, talks into the camera. The entrance to the school is behind her. Yellow DO NOT CROSS tape is everywhere. Policemen and a SWAT team come in and out of the school.

JAN DAVIS

Good Evening -- I'm here at the entrance of Harborfields High School where just two hours ago the front desk received a phone call threatening to detonate a bomb inside the school. The SWAT Team has not found any bombs as of yet. I spoke with the SWAT team leader and while they're treating this an active bomb investigation he believes this to be a prank call by a student. They were able to track the phone number and it came from student here by the name of Chad Wheeler.

CUT TO:

Footage plays of Chad in handcuffs resisting arrest.

CHAD

I didn't do it. Get your hands off of me! I need to visit my girlfriend, she's in the hospital!

He is thrown into the back of a police car.

CUT TO:

Back to Jan in front of the school.

JAN DAVIS

Only time will tell if that's actually the case. It should be mentioned that not just a day ago police were called into the school for an apparent weed smell in the hallway. The police were never able to find marijuana because the fire alarm went off.

CUT TO:

Jan holds the microphone in front of Larry Fikus. He's name is listed right under him.

LARRY

I think it's safe to say the school is in a bit of disarray. It's extremely troubling that one day we have weed in the school and the next there is prank call from ISIS.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

I think Principal Greene has done a wonderful job of keeping the school safe but lately it doesn't feel that way.

CUT TO:

Jan holds the microphone in front of Principal Greene.

PRINCIPAL GREENE

I would like to apologize to our school community for the turbulent past couple of days. They are not a representation of our school. I am disappointed that this call was made, and doubly disappointed that one of our students would harbor - let alone express - such a hateful viewpoint. This isn't who we are.

CUT TO:

Back to Jan in front of the school.

JAN DAVIS

All of this in the last week of the school year. Shelly back to you.

EXT. CUL DE SAC - DUSK

Larry parks his car in front of Omar's home. He looks to the home takes a moment then unbuckles his seat belt.

CUT TO:

Larry rings the doorbell. The door is immediately swung open by Omar.

OMAR

Oh, it's you.

LARRY

Are you okay?

OMAR

Why are you here, Larry? I told you I don't want part in your scheming anymore.

LARRY

There's a clear way to take down Bridget but I need your help.

OMAR

Well you're going to have to find something else.

Omar moves to close the door.

LARRY

Wait... Omar, please. I'm going to be expelled. I overheard Principal Greene talking with Bridget. She has witnesses that confirm I pulled the fire alarm. She will expel me tomorrow.

OMAR

Why should I care about that? It's not my problem.

LARRY

Can I come in--

OMAR

You know what people are saying online right now? They're saying I was the one who made the call. I'm probably going to be interviewed by the FBI. This story is making national headlines and last thing I want is my dark skinned face blasted over CNN and Fox as a suspect when you and I both know you were the one to make that call.

LARRY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean for that to happen.

OMAR

But it did and now I have to deal with this.

LARRY

Omar, you can beat them. Graduation day, all our grade will have to sit and watch you standing over them on that podium giving the valedictorian address. You can get your revenge.

OMAR

But it's impossible.

LARRY

I changed Bridget's gym test. It will be a major blow to her GPA.

(beat)

Let me in and I'll tell you how we destroy her.

CUT TO:

INT. OMAR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Omar and Larry sit across from each other at a table.

OMAR

And that's why you made the call?

LARRY

I had to. It was the only way out. Now when Bridget gets back the test tomorrow she'll just get mommy to take care of it for her. We can't have that again. Principal Greene has been her force field. She's been protecting and advancing Bridget in every way. We need to take out Principal Greene first, then we can get to Bridget.

OMAR

You can't do that. It's the last few days of school.

LARRY

Everyone in the school knows Principal Greene has helped Bridget out academically but no one can prove it. We need evidence and there is something we can get to... her emails. She's left a digital trail. If you hack into her account we'll find something.

OMAR

You want to hack into our principal's email account?

LARRY

That's exactly what I want. This is our only chance. We will get--

OMAR

Stop. You don't need to explain it any further.

(MORE)

OMAR (CONT'D)
(beat)
I think it's a good idea.

CUT TO:

INT. OMAR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Omar sits by a computer "hacking" away. There are empty pizza boxes around. Larry nods off on Omar's bed.

OMAR
Larry. Larry!

LARRY
(waking up)
What?

OMAR
I'm in. Read this.

Larry gets up and hovers over Omar's shoulder. He reads what's on the screen.

LARRY
Holy...

OMAR
Read this one.

LARRY
It's worse than I thought.

OMAR
What do we do with these emails?

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: THURSDAY

NEWS CHANNEL 13 swings into frame. The same animated title sequence plays with exciting music.

VOICE OVER
News Channel 13. Where the news
comes first.

CUT TO:

WALLACE PETERS and SHELLY WOODS (news anchors) sit at a desk.

WALLACE

Good morning, Long Island I'm
Wallace Peters.

SHELLY

And I'm Shelly Woods.

WALLACE

More breaking news out of
Harborfields High School. The
school's official twitter page has
posted several emails from the
principal of the school, Ms. Helen
Greene, sent to various teachers of
her daughter Bridget Greene,
bribing them and threatening them
to give Bridget favorable grades.

CUT TO:

A reporter holding a CNN microphone talks into a camera in
front of Harborfields.

CNN REPORTER

The emails have been taken down
from the Harborfields twitter page
but have been shared already half a
million times on twitter all over
the globe.

CUT TO:

A Fox News Reporter speaks into a camera in front of the
school.

FOX NEWS REPORTER

The emails go as far back to when
Bridget was a freshmen. This was
seemingly an attempt to get Bridget
to be the valedictorian of her
class. Some of the emails are
incredibly threatening that include
vulgar language not appropriate to
air on national television.

CUT TO:

A tattooed Vice News Reporter speaks into the camera. He
reads from papers.

VICE NEWS REPORTER

"It's in your interest to give
Bridget an A on the History final.
(MORE)

VICE NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

If you don't I will tell Barbara you're fucking Cindy. Thanks." Also we have to Bridget's tenth grade History Teacher... "You gave Bridget a B on her chem final. She deserved an A. If this is not changed by tomorrow you'll be fired."

CUT TO:

A MSNBC reporter talk into the camera. She is in front of the school.

MSNBC REPORTER

Principal Greene not only helped Bridget with her grades she also tried to malign fellow high standing student Larry Fikus. The Principal emailed some of his teachers to sway them into giving him a lower grades then he deserved.

CUT TO:

Larry stands next to the CNN reporter.

CNN REPORTER

Larry, this must be a big surprise to you, tell us how you feel about it.

LARRY

I'm shocked. I really am. I always thought Principal Greene had my best interest. I always trusted her. I mean she is our principal for Gods sake. I really have no words.

CNN REPORTER

What would you like to happen as result of emails becoming public.

LARRY

Oh I don't think that's up for me to decide I leave that to the school board. I'm just very sorry this all had to happen in my last week of high school.

CNN REPORTER

Do you know if you are in the running to be Valedictorian?

LARRY

I believe I am. Even with the actions taken against me I am very close to that.

CNN REPORTER

Do you think that Bridget should be disqualified to be your grades Valedictorian?

LARRY

It's hard not to want that.

(Larry and the reporter giggle)

If you read Principal Greene's emails you'll see that the system has been rigged against me. She actively campaigned against me. I think action needs to be taken but, again, that's for the school board to decide.

EXT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - MORNING

The school BOARD PRESIDENT (60's) stands before reporters.

BOARD PRESIDENT

Good morning. I'm Wilber Kellog, president of the board for Harborfields High School. Given the news of the recently released emails by Principal Greene on our school twitter page earlier this morning the board has decided to let Principal Greene go.

CUT TO:

The Fox News Reporter stands in front of the camera.

FOX NEWS REPORTER

Recently fired High School Principal, Helen Greene was arrested on charges of intimidation and charges of threatening government employees, that would be Bridget Greene's teachers.

(MORE)

FOX NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
Apparently right before Greene was
arrested she was deleting her past
emails off of the school server.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Principal Greene, hands in cuffs, walks with a Police Man
holding her arm. Reporters hustle with her.

REPORTER #1
Principal Greene, is it true you
were deleting the emails in your
office before the police arrived?

REPORTER #2
Did you threaten and bribe teachers
because you wanted your daughter to
be Valedictorian?

REPORTER #3
What do you have against, Larry
Fikus?

PRINCIPAL GREENE
This is all one big
misunderstanding.

POLICE MAN
Please step back.

Principal Greene is put into the back of a police car.

EXT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - MORNING

BOARD PRESIDENT
We will also be investigating every
teacher in the email exchanges with
Ms. Greene to see if any wrongdoing
occurred.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Mrs. Antretter, the history teacher who Larry threatened
before walks to the entrance of the school.

REPORTER #1
Mrs. Antretter, do you admit to
changing Bridget's grade in your
class?

REPORTER #2

In the email exchange you had with Principal Greene, it mentions that you were having an affair with another teacher and performing sexual acts in the school, is this true?

MRS. ANTRETT

Please, I have a class to teach.

EXT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - MORNING

The board president takes questions.

BOARD PRESIDENT

And the school will also be monitored by local police under a 24 hour surveillance for the final days of school after the prank ISIS call was made. I now open it up to questions.

REPORTER #1

Will Bridget Greene still be allowed to be the valedictorian?

BOARD PRESIDENT

As of now every student of the senior class is still in competition to be the valedictorian.

REPORTER #2

What about Larry Fikus? His grades were lowered because of Principal Greene.

BOARD PRESIDENT

That has not been proven.

REPORTER #3

Who is the current valedictorian?

BOARD PRESIDENT

I cannot answer that because I don't have that information.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Larry walks down the hallway with sun glasses on. Girls eye him. A JOCK comes up to him.

JOCK

Hey Larry, I'm rooting for ya.

Larry nods and "pounds it" with the guy. An attractive girl bites her lip when Larry walks by. Other students whisper while eyeing Larry.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Larry puts a few books in his locker. Omar comes up to him.

OMAR

What did we do?

LARRY

Revealed the truth to the people.
It's a good thing.

OMAR

It's a media circus. The video of Principal Greene being shoved in the police car -- it's the second most trending video on Facebook.

LARRY

I saw that.

OMAR

They love you. You see there's a Fikus for Valedictorian hashtag?

(beat)

There's not a Sadaar for Valedictorian hashtag.

LARRY

Don't worry about the media. They come up with their own hero's and villains.

OMAR

Well did you see the board will not take action against Bridget? She can still be the Valedictorian.

LARRY

Bridget will be blown away by the end of today. Believe me.

INT. GYM - DAY

Some students sign yearbooks, others are on their phones, and a few people play basketball.

Larry sits on a bench watching a CNN video on his iPhone. The video is the president of the PTA talking to the press. Her title is under her on the screen.

PTA PRESIDENT

As president of the PTA council we endorse Larry Fikus to be the next Valedictorian of Harborfields High School.

There are cheers and some people clap.

REPORTER #1

Does your endorsement hold any weight in the choosing process?

PTA PRESIDENT

No it does not but we felt the egregious actions taken by our former principal and her daughter should be stated. Larry is the only honest candidate.

Mr. Agostino stands in front of the room. He hold a thick batch of scantrons in his hand.

MR. AGOSTINO

Carl Fagan!

Carl walks to Agostino, who gives him his test.

MR. AGOSTINO (CONT'D)

Larry Fikus!

Larry walks up, receives his test... perfect score. Larry folds it and places it in his inside jacket pocket.

LARRY

Thank you Mr. Agostino for a wonderful four years.

MR. AGOSTINO

You're welcome Larry.

Larry sits on the first row of the bleachers.

MR. AGOSTINO (CONT'D)

Bridget Greene... Bridget Greene!

Larry watches Bridget walking to the front of the room. He sits really still like a dog waiting with dinner scraps.

Bridget is handed the test. Her expression changes. Larry's eyes light up.

BRIDGET

Excuse me, Mr. Agostino there must be some kind of mistake here.

MR. AGOSTINO

I checked it twice. That's what you got... Holly Griffiths!

Bridget opens her mouth to fire back but then swallows the rage.

BRIDGET

Would you mind checking another time?

Larry slides in closer.

MR. AGOSTINO

Here's a copy of the test with the correct answers, you can check yourself.

Mr. Agostino hands her the test, Bridget flips through it.

MR. AGOSTINO (CONT'D)

Lisa Harris!

BRIDGET

Mr. Agostino, I answered these questions correctly.

MR. AGOSTINO

We can talk about this after class.

Bridget steps aside. As a student gets her test Bridget cuts in almost knocking her over.

BRIDGET

How could I get this wrong! I know that a score beyond the three point line is three points! It's common sense.

Some students turn to the front of the room.

MR. AGOSTINO

Bridget--

BRIDGET

MR. AGOSTINO! I've never failed anything in my life!

Everyone is now looking to the mess in front of the room.

MR. AGOSTINO

Sit down and take a deep breath--

BRIDGET

Basketball became an official Olympic event at the 1936 Summer Games in Berlin. It wasn't until the 1950s that the orange ball became the norm and for nine years, starting in 1967, slam dunks were illegal. Now was this on your test? No. Did you know any of that? No. Have I been the Harborfields point guard for four years in a row? Yes.
(beat)
I did not get these questions wrong.

Bridget turns to Larry.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Larry Fikus changed my test.

Larry gives a "Who me?" look.

MR. AGOSTINO

You are way out of line, I'm this close to giving you detention.

BRIDGET

Are you not listening? Larry, did this. He's trying to take me down as Valedictorian. He's the one who should be getting detention. He should be expelled!

MR. AGOSTINO

That's it. Bridget get out.

BRIDGET

Look at him! I know he did it.

MR. AGOSTINO

GET OUT!

Bridget slams the door and exists.

INT. CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Omar sits alone at the lunch table. Larry arrives and stands across from him.

LARRY

It worked. Bridget failed the gym test. Had a meltdown in front of the class.

OMAR

Is she okay?

LARRY

Stop that! We need to check her GPA.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Omar, using a laptop hacks into the school server. Larry hunches over. They sit at a table in the far corner of the room so no one can see what they're doing.

OMAR

Okay, we're in. Bridget. Greene. Gotcha.

Larry moves in closer.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Her average... wow. You're right. The gym test killed her.

Larry tries not to sound too excited.

LARRY

What is she at?!

OMAR

97.4. She dropped a point and a half. All her classes are locked in besides bio and she won't beat me on that final.

(beat)

I'm going to be valedictorian.

(beat)

My moms going to be so proud...

Larry lets Omar have a moment with that realization.

OMAR (CONT'D)

I'm going to have to write a speech. I'm a terrible public speaker. You're good at that stuff, maybe you can help me--

LARRY
(soft)
Where am I?

OMAR
Oh yes, let me check... Okay...
Larry Fikus.
(beat)
Oh.

LARRY
What?

OMAR
Your average... it went down...

LARRY
That's impossible.

OMAR
You're at a 96.4.

Omar points to the screen...

96.4.

LARRY
WHAT.

People in the library are disturbed. Larry gets in front of the computer.

OMAR
It's right there... your art class.

Drew points to the screen...

GENERAL ART... 65

LARRY
Maravel.

DREW
I'm sure it's a mistake. I mean,
who gets a D in Maravel's class?
He's the nicest guy.

Larry jolts up and exists the room.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Maravel holds a small blue piece of folded paper in front of students who hold the folded pastel paper.

MR. MARAVEL

Inside reverse fold the sides along the creases you just made and oh there you have the legs. There you go Trevor. Nice.

Larry peers into the room. He waits outside.

MR. MARAVEL (CONT'D)

Inside reverse fold again on the opposite side to make the head, then fold down the wings. Then voilà! Finished crane. Origami 101.

The bell rings.

MR. MARAVEL (CONT'D)

Okay! Make sure to put your crane in your cubby so I can check it.

Students leave with their origami figures, all of varying quality.

STUDENT

Mr. Maravel, mine's all lopsided.

MR. MARAVEL

That's okay Mikey, I saw that you tried.

The student exists, Larry enters.

LARRY

Mr. Maravel.

Mr. Maravel turns... his sunny demeanor is dropped.

MR. MARAVEL

Oh. Larry.

LARRY

I want to talk with you about my photo project.

MR. MARAVEL

You will be getting it back today. We can talk then.

Larry steps forward.

LARRY

Why did I get a 65?

MR. MARAVEL
How do you know the grade?

LARRY
When I handed it in last week you said "nice work." Those were your words.

MR. MARAVEL
I didn't say that, Larry. Don't lie.

LARRY
You've never given a D in your career here. What was it about my project?

MR. MARAVEL
Your project showed no evidence of original thought. You chose something very easy and completed it with minimum effort.

Larry steps towards Mr. Maravel.

LARRY
Is this about you not being graduation speaker?

There is a pause.

MR. MARAVEL
Don't feel bad, Larry. A lot of people have no talent.

LARRY
I will report you.

MR. MARAVEL
I know you cut a deal with Incorvaia.

LARRY
What do you want?

Mr. Maravel laughs, takes a breath, then...

MR. MARAVEL
You know Larry when I was in high school, I had this American history teacher... Mr. Kramer. He was everyone's favorite teacher.
(MORE)

MR. MARAVEL (CONT'D)

Great personality, commanded the room, you could feel the passion he had for his subject. Mr. Kramer inspired me to be a teacher, only in a subject more personal... Art. I wanted to make the same impact on my students as he did for his. I worked hard, to make things entertaining so students would be engaged in the lesson and take something from it. Some graduates, they come back for a visit but eventually... they all disappear. Eventually... no one remembers my class. It fades away.

(beat)

They see me as an easy A, a break where they don't have to work hard. After forty two years of teaching I tell the school I'm retiring... they promise me I'll be the graduation speaker.

(beat)

The graduation speaker! *This is my opportunity.* Here's where I make my impact. I wrote a wonderful speech, rehearsed it. Perfected it.

(beat)

You took that away from me... But I think-I think it was a blessing in disguise because no matter how brilliant my speech would have been... it would eventually fade in the audience's memory. I know that. But do you know what won't fade?

Mr. Maravel gets in Larry's face.

MR. MARAVEL (CONT'D)

Your memory of me. You won't forget me Larry because I'll be the one who blocked you from being Valedictorian....

Larry steps back.

MR. MARAVEL (CONT'D)

And I know you'll keep that with you for the rest of your life.

Larry doesn't respond, he knows he's fucked.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Larry, sweating and breathing heavy, barges into a stall. Vomit. Coughing. More vomit. He lays on the ground... He lets out a whimper.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Larry checks to see the locked door.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Larry closes his eyes.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Larry shuffles to his locker. Eyes watery and face red. He tries to hide his face... people notice. He opens his locker and puts his books into his briefcase. Omar comes up to him.

OMAR

Are you okay?

Larry closes his locker.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Did you really get a 65 on the art project?

LARRY

(screaming)

YES!

A few students turn.

LARRY (CONT'D)

It's over. It's over.

OMAR

Wait! It doesn't have to be. There is a way...

Larry turns.

OMAR (CONT'D)

You can still move up. I mean... it's a slim chance but not impossible.

LARRY

What are you talking about?

OMAR

The bio final tomorrow, If you ace it and Bridget gets below a 85... then you become salutatorian.

LARRY

She's not going to get below a 85.

OMAR

She could. Mr. Ellick didn't budge when Principal Greene tried to bribe him to help Bridget so she's been cheating off me all year. It won't happen this time.

LARRY

(new energy)

You're sure of this?

OMAR

It's her Achilles heel.
My advise, go to the extra help session after school.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - AFTERNOON

Students fill the classroom, every seat is taken. Dozens stand in the back with notebooks in hand.

Larry enters, he sees Bridget sitting in the front row. He finds a spot in the back next to the Black Mamba tank.

Mr. Ellick address the class...

MR. ELLICK

Okay here's how this goes, I will tell you the major concepts on the test.

Mr. Ellick flips through a packet, it's SALMON COLORED. Students furiously write down, Larry included.

MR. ELLICK (CONT'D)

The topics are... Characteristics of Water... Characteristics of Carbon... Macromolecules... and The Cell Cycle.

LARRY

Oh, that's not bad--

MR. ELLICK
Chromosomal Inheritance...
Molecular Inheritance... Origins of
Eukaryotic Diversity...
Prokaryotes...

Larry's eye's widen, he misspells everything.

MR. ELLICK (CONT'D)
Animal Evolution... Invertebrate
Animals... Vertebrate Animals...
Animal Nutrition... Chemical
Signaling in Animals... Animal
Reproduction... Animal
Development... Animal Behavior...
and... Fungi.

Students nod. Larry looks to the Black Mamba coiled up.

MR. ELLICK (CONT'D)
Now I'll ask some questions similar
to what you'll see on the test
tomorrow. I'll start off very
easy... In DNA replication, the
role of DNA polymerase is to...

LARRY
What the fuck did he say? Poly
what?

MR. ELLICK
a. Bring two separate strands back
together after new ones are formed
b. Join the RNA nucleotides
together to make the primer
c. Build a new strand from 5' to 3'
d. Unwind the tightly wound helix
e. Join the Okazaki fragments

STUDENT
Is it C?

MR. ELLICK
That's correct.

STUDENT
Is that the test?

MR. ELLICK
(smiling)
Could be...

Larry zero's in on the test.

MR. ELLICK (CONT'D)
Next question...

CUT TO:

Students exit the room.

MR. ELLICK (CONT'D)
I will see you tomorrow. Study
hard, get a good night sleep.

A few students talk with Mr. Ellick. Larry eyes the SALMON
COLORED TEST on the desk. He slowly walks toward it. The
packet is flipped to the back side.

Larry reads...

There's a diagram of a Black Mamba with lines next to
different parts of the body.

Please write the proper name of each of the Black Mamba's
body parts. Larry pulls out his cell phone...

TAKES A PICTURE.

MR. ELLICK (CONT'D)
Mr. Fikus, are you looking at the
test?

Mr. Ellick picks up the test.

LARRY
No, no sir.

MR. ELLICK
You'll be leaving now.

Larry exists.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Larry peers through the door to see Mr. Ellick put the Black
Mamba tank aquarium in a closet. He also puts the salmon
colored test in the closet too. As Mr. Ellick moves to the
door, Larry springs behind a wall.

Mr. Ellick passes by... He whistles... Mr. Ellick turns a
corner. Larry waits until the whistling becomes faint.

Larry goes to the door... LOCKED.

BRIDGET
Locked.

Larry turns around... Bridget Greene.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
No way in there. Believe me, I've
tried.

Bridget walks to Larry.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
You still think you have a chance.

There is a silence.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Well, mathematically it's possible.
You get a 100 and I get a 85
then... we switch spots but both
you and I know that's not going to
happen.

Bridget takes out a... SALMON COLORED PACKET.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I have the test.
(beat)
You want it?

Larry eyes are on the test.

LARRY
What do you want, Bridget?

BRIDGET
Right now Omar is number one but if
he is... expelled... you and I move
up. I will be Valedictorian you
will be... Salutatorian.

Larry sneers.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
It's your best option. We can take
down Omar but I need your help.

LARRY
What do you need me to do?

BRIDGET
Tomorrow morning you go into
Principal Howard's office.
(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

You tell him you saw Omar slam me against a locker, there was a heated discussion, you couldn't hear what but before Omar stormed off he slapped me. I fell to the floor, crying. You went over to help but I begged you not to tell anyone.

(beat)

Got it?

Larry sighs.

LARRY

I'll do it.

BRIDGET

Good.

The two shake hands.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

You know, Larry...

She leans in, whispering seductively in Larry's ear.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I always thought we were better together.

Bridget exists. Larry flips through the test. A police officer approaches Larry.

POLICE OFFICER

Hey, Lar I gotta kick you out. The building is closed.

LARRY

Oh, of course.

POLICE OFFICER

And just between you and me. Man to man, I think you should be up there giving that Valedictorian address graduation day. Bridget don't deserve that.

LARRY

Thanks Mike.

POLICE OFFICER

No problem. Have a good night.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's pouring. Thunder strikes. Larry runs to his car, covering the test in his jacket.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Larry gets in. He opens up the test, smiling. He goes through the questions. He flips to the back of the test. There is a diagram of a cell with lines next to different parts of the body...

Please write the proper name of each of the Cell's parts.

Larry is confused. He takes out his cell phone, refers to the picture he took of the test of the... Black Mamba diagram.

He looks but to the test. He flips through, ripping off pages... No Black Mamba.

LARRY
Bitch... FUCK.

He punches his car. Thunder strikes.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The car moves a little as Larry has a tantrum. He gets out of the car and runs to the school... The door is locked. He moves to the second door... Locked. The third door... locked.

He looks around to see a JANITOR throwing out bags of trash into a trash can outside. Larry sneaks over.

CUT TO:

Larry walks against the wall of the school so he's unseen. The janitor goes inside to grab a bag of trash and then walk over to the trash can. When he goes in for the second time Larry walks in behind him.

INT. JANITOR'S AREA - CONTINUOUS

Larry enters, he's soaked. The janitor grabs the bag and as he turns Larry does too in a sly way. He makes for the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Larry hides in the doorway alcove as a Police Officer walks by whistling. When he walks by Larry comes out, however, his sneakers, very wet, squeak on the floor. The officer turns around to see... nothing.

INT. JANITOR'S AREA - CONTINUOUS

Larry hides behind the door. He takes his shoes off. The officer opens up the door.

POLICE OFFICER
Hey Frank, you almost done.

JANITOR
You want to help?

POLICE OFFICER
Yeah right.

Larry goes behind the officer and enters the hallway again.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Larry walks briskly with his socks on.

CUT TO:

Larry walks up stairs and sees the door to the Biology Class.

A CUSTODIAN riding a floor cleaning machine circles around and Larry ducks to the stairwell so he's unseen. When the custodian drives by Larry sees he has headphones on and sings to his music. His keys are on the side of his pants.

Larry comes out and walks behind the cleaning machine. He reaches for the keys and misses. He almost trips. He tries again and this time he unlatches them from the custodians pants. Larry still walks to keep up with the cleaning machine. As it turns to the biology door Larry moves to it.

There are countless keys on the chain. Larry tries one... doesn't work. He tries another... doesn't fit. Larry looks behind him... the cleaning machine is about to make a turn... he tries one more key... it works.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - CONTINUOUS

The door creaks open...

THUNDER.

Larry enters, a dark silhouette. He closes the door. A sliver of light comes from out of the closet. A noise comes out from there too. Larry slowly walks over.

Larry peers in through the closet window...

BRIDGET GREENE.

She kneels looking through the test. Larry takes a moment before...

SWINGING the door open. Bridget yelps. Larry towers over her.

BRIDGET

Larry!

THUNDER. Larry towers over her.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

What now...

Next to the door is the... Black Mamba in an aquarium. The snake raises to make eye contact with Larry. Larry looks back to Bridget.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

No...

Larry pushes the aquarium off the self. Glass SHATTERS everywhere. Larry slams the door shut.

The Black Mamba slithers toward Bridget.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

HELP! HELP!

SCREAMS. THUNDER.

Bridget tries to get up but slips on the glass. The snake slithers over to her, THE MOUTH OPENS.

Bridget wails.

Larry eyes light up.

The snake lashes. BITE.

The fangs grip to Bridget's thigh. BLOOD DRIPS. She flails her leg. The snake is hoisted up in the air... lands on Bridget's lap.

LASH. BITE. Fangs on Bridget's neck. She jolts back...
THWACK. Her head hits against the wall. She falls forward...

CHOKING. EYES BULGING. Her skins turns red. She's stops
moving but continues to choke.

FOAM comes out of her mouth. Bridget twitches until
finally...

GONE... still clutches onto the test.

The snake slithers off.

Larry looks to his hands. With his tie he rubs off the door
handle and all the other areas he's touched.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Larry creeps out of the classroom.

The custodian sings along to his songs with his head phones
in. Larry locks the bio class door. Larry puts the keys back
on the custodian's pants and exists.

INT. JANITOR'S AREA - NIGHT

Larry puts his shoes back on. He opens the door. It's still
pouring rain. He leaves.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Larry runs to his car, getting drenched.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: FRIDAY

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Larry drives in to see pandemonium. COP CARS. NEWS VANS.
AMBULANCES. Students and faculty weep. The flag is at half
mast. Paramedics bring out a stretcher with a BODY BAG.

A cop holds Mr. Ellick in hand cuffs and puts him in a police
car. Mr. Ellick sobs. Larry gets out of the car with his
briefcase and walks past a CNN news reporter.

CNN REPORTER

Academic pressure turns deadly. Harborfields High School student Bridget Greene has been found dead this morning. Paramedics are telling us the cause of death was from venomous snake bites from a Black Mamba used for instructional purposes by Doug Ellick, a biology teacher, who has been arrested. Bridget and the snake were found in the biology classroom where Police are telling us she broke into to steal her Biology final. This is just one day after her mother Helen Greene was fired as the Principal of this school-- Larry...

The reporter turns to Larry.

CNN REPORTER (CONT'D)

Larry, can we get a response from you?

Other reporters from major news company see Larry and swarm to him.

FOX NEWS REPORTER

Larry can we get a statement?

MSNBC REPORTER

What's your reaction to this?

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Students mourn the loss of Bridget. Omar is quiet in the corner of the room. Larry sits next to him.

OMAR

Can you believe it? You know she was found with the test in her hands?

LARRY

I know.

OMAR

Well... your plan worked out. You're the Salutatorian and I'm the Valedictorian.

LARRY

I will be Valedictorian.

OMAR

What? The numbers--

LARRY

When your mom got sick two years ago you moved. You moved *outside* the district but still attended Harborfields. Legally you should have went to Eastwood.

(beat)

Your parents are subject to major tax penalties and criminal charges of falsifying documents.

Omar stares down Larry.

OMAR

Fuck. You.

LARRY

I don't want to make this harder than it is. Take the Bio final as you normally would but write my name at the top and I'll write yours on the test I take. I know you'll get an A. Do that so I don't have to report you to the New York State Department of Taxation and Finance.

There is a pause.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Do this for your own sake. The public won't take it kindly when they find out the Muslim Valedictorian, they so secretly resent, wasn't paying his fair share.

OMAR

You killed Bridget.

LARRY

Do we have a deal?

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Larry gets out of his car in cap and gown. Media vans surround the area. A few reporters run to Larry.

MSNBC REPORTER

Larry, can we get a comment from you?

LARRY

Sure Jan.

(beat)

I wasn't suppose to be Valedictorian... Bridget was. I will be deferring the Jacob Newman Scholarship money I receive today towards a memoriam for her, here at Harborfields so the memory of Bridget will live on for generations to come...

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

All of the major news outlets film the graduation ceremony. The senior class sits on a field in cap and gown, their parents and loved ones sit in the bleachers.

BOARD PRESIDENT

And now the Valedictorian address.
May I present Larry Fikus...

The crowd goes wild.

Larry Fikus stands holding his speech, he walks to a podium. Mr. Maravel, Mr. Incorvia, Mr. Baltricitus, Julio, and Omar all watch him walk by.

INT. PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

Principal Greene, looking like she hasn't slept in a year, watches Larry get to the podium with dozens of microphones including CNN, FOX, MSNBC on the prison TV.

PRINCIPAL GREENE

Turn this off!

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Assorted flowers surround Bridget Greene's senior photo next to the podium. Larry lays out his speech then looks up to his audience who is stands cheering for him.

Camera's flash. He looks presidential.

CUT TO BLACK.