

**WHAT'S MY AGE,  
again?**



**WRITTEN BY: JACKSON KELLARD**  
**BASED ON A TRUE STORY.**



**INT. BOY'S BATHROOM - TRUMAN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

A teenager, **CLIVE** (17), approaches an EMPTY URINAL. His neon windbreaker and Off-White sneakers tell us this kid is not only fashion forward, but has a spunk to him as well. A few seconds into urinating, Clive turns to the camera and BREAKS THE FOURTH WALL.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA)  
Alright you 'wanks. If you want a proper education on how this all came about, then have a listen. Now you're probably wondering why a bloke like me is wasting my time telling YOU this story. It's a good bloody question. But the answer is simple; it's because you fucks don't have the faintest clue on what happened, so it's my civic duty to inform you.

Clive flushes the urinal.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
I was front and center mate, VIP na' I mean. The story you're about to hear is absolute batshit. Not just because it's high on kites, but because it's true.

Another Teenager enters to take a piss. Clive waits until he's alone again.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
Bloody papers and history books got it ALL wrong, trust a Brit. I was there. And yes, I know Jack Bergeson, Alex Cline, Sean, the whole lot. Absolute nutters. What they did...Mad. That's why I know THEIR names, but I don't know YOURS, yeah?

(Turning on the faucet)  
Yes, you guessed it, I'm a foreign exchange student. I'm from Surrey, England. You know, Guildford Park, Strawberry Hill?

Clive washes his hands.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
Anyways...Put your mobiles away. Stop texting your birds, and don't worry those TikTok cooking videos aren't going anywhere. Pay close attention, hear?

(MORE)

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
 I move quick with a hop and you  
 won't want to miss a thing. TRUST  
 ME.

Clive fixes his hair in the mirror.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
 Now, Let's go back to September  
 2017. Come to think of it, Rachel  
 wasn't even dating Jimmy yet.

From the bathroom window, we can hear the faint beginnings of  
 a MARCHING BAND playing **FIREWORK By Katy Perry**.

We follow the music through campus.

SUPERIMPOSED OVER IMAGE: "September 2017"

A typical Mid Western high school...hallways congested with  
 teenage angst, teachers one lecture away from a meltdown and  
 everything in between.

We finally arrive at - -

#### **EXT. TRUMAN HIGH FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

The high school marching band practice "Firework" on the  
 sidelines next to Cheerleaders rehearsing.

The Cheer Captain is hoisted to the top of the pyramid. This  
 is **SOPHIE ADAMS, 18**.

SOPHIE ADAMS (TO THE CAMERA)  
 Let's start out with a name.  
 Jack...Bergeson I think? But, MY  
 name is Sophie Adams.

UNDER THE BLEECHERS -

A couple MAKES OUT. The boy pauses and looks at the camera.

TEENAGE BOY (TO CAMERA)  
 Yeah, Jack was in my history class.  
 I cheated off him. But, it wasn't  
 until after that I realized I had a  
 different version of the test.

ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD

The varsity football team practices. The Quarterback is about  
 to receive a snap - -

QUARTERBACK (TO THE CAMERA)  
 He was on the team last year, until  
 the Saint Marrow's game.  
 (MORE)

QUARTERBACK (TO THE CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
 He picked up a fumble and handed it  
 back to the other team. He was  
 immediately cut. Coach hasn't made  
 eye contact with him since.

The quarterback throws a touchdown. A testosterone packed  
**COACH MACINTIRE** wants to run the play again.

COACH MACINTIRE  
 Ricky! Another half-second and your  
 quarterback woulda' been ground  
 beef. Stay with your man. Let's run  
 it again, god damnit! And where the  
 hell is my water!

A water boy hands the coach a cup of water. Coach Macintire  
 takes a sip and SPITS it out.

COACH MACINTIRE (CONT'D)  
 That's the worst damn water I've  
 ever had, get the hell outta my  
 peripheral, god damnit!!

We SOAR across the field toward the BREEZEWAY where - -

**EXT. BREEZEWAY - TRUMAN HIGH - SAME**

A group of STONERS light up a joint.

GUY 3 (TO THE CAMERA)  
 Jack has been my next door neighbor  
 for like eight years. I just found  
 out we went to the same school  
 yesterday...

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - CONTINUOUS**

CLIVE rides his bike down a quaint suburban street in a  
 typical midwestern subdivision community. If we didn't know  
 any better we'd think we were in a 2017 version of THE TRUMAN  
 SHOW.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA)  
 Oh, don't listen to those bumholes,  
 they're just jealous. Now, it all  
 started on a day like this.  
 (thinking to himself)  
 Actually, this day exactly!  
 (spotting something ahead)  
 In three...two...one...

The sound of A DOORBELL RING brings us to -

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - NEIGHBORHOOD HOME - DAY**

An adorable, slightly plump teen waits at the doorstep. He's wearing mismatched socks and cargo shorts. There is an air of familiarity about him. Like he's that shy cousin no one talks to at family functions. This is **JACK BERGESON (15)**.

An ADULT answers the door.

JACK BERGESON

Hi! I am Jack Bergeson and I wanted to talk to you today about voter suppression in the rural counties in our great state of Kansas! Do you have a few minutes.

ADULTS

Uhh...

JACK BERGESON

Since 2013, Kansas has required voters to present a valid passport, birth cer...

ADULT

...How old are you? Shouldn't you be doing homework or playing with your friends or something?

JACK BERGESON

Well, I am volunteering fo...

ADULT

...Sorry kid not today.

The door SLAMS in Jack's face. Judging by Jack's reaction, it's clear this isn't the first door slam of the day.

**ON THE SIDEWALK -**

A teenager with an arsenal of PROTECTION PADS razor scooters around the driveway. This is **ALEX CLINE (16)**, Jack's best friend. As much as he wants to say otherwise, the word "cool" and Alex have NEVER been used in the same sentence.

ALEX

Dude, check it.

Alex attempts to land a TAIL WHIP, but falls on his ass.

JACK BERGESON

(helping him up)

You're getting worse.

ALEX  
 How'd it go?  
 (off Jack's  
 disappointment)  
 I mean it is Friday afternoon.  
 Three signatures is pretty good.

JACK BERGESON  
 Oh, yeah? We have Master Bates,  
 Jack Hoff, and Hugh Jass. I'm sure  
 they're all registered voters.

ALEX  
 What? Ben Dover wasn't home?

The two can't help but laugh. Until Suddenly...

A CARAVAN of convertibles and trucks pass by filled with  
 TEENAGERS smeared in BRAVEHEART-like face paint. The girls  
 are hot and the guys are douches. We all know this picture...

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 We should join the football team.

JACK BERGESON  
 We tried.

ALEX  
 Well, fuck it. Let's at least go to  
 the game.

JACK BERGESON  
 I'm seeing Alan tonight.

ALEX  
 You're spending your Friday night  
 hanging out with a 91 year old man?  
 (off Jack)  
 And you wonder why we're losers...

JACK BERGESON  
 We're losers because you shit your  
 pants in 8th grade English class.

ALEX  
 It wasn't me. It was Sean Howard,  
 for fuck's sake!

# **INT. CAPPER SENIOR CENTER - RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Jack plays BINGO with a group of elders. Among them, **ALAN**  
**(91)**, a foul mouthed, Hunter S. Thompson doppelgänger.

ELDER  
 BINGO!

ALAN  
 You cheating son of a bitch,  
 Archie!

Alan turns over to Jack.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
 Archie's a two-timing hustler, but  
 we let it slide. He gets one of  
 the janitors to sneak in Arby's on  
 Tuesdays. And Stevee, over there,  
 is the contraband king. Viagra,  
 cigarettes, you name it. If it has  
 a high chance of killing us, he has  
 it. I swear this place makes  
 Woodstock look like a concert in  
 the park

Jack shakes his head.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
 You see the broad in the purple  
 cardigan at table nine?  
 (off Jack)  
 Pumped like rabbits last week. Had  
 to stop in the middle to take my  
 Lisinopril.

JACK BERGESON  
 Jesus, Alan!

ALAN  
 Her roommate joined, too.

Alan winks at the two women at table nine. Jack can't believe it.

JACK BERGESON  
 You have a more exciting life than  
 I do, and you're ninety years old.

ALAN  
 Someone having a pity party?

JACK BERGESON  
 No, I just, sometimes I just wonder  
 like, if I am doing anything with  
 my life. I mean, I'm going to be a  
 senior next year and I have nothing  
 to show for it.

ALAN  
 Listen, if you want to do something  
 with your life, then do something  
 with your life.  
 (MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

It's as simple as that. What about all that political mumbo jumbo you like?

JACK BERGESON

Last I checked politics doesn't care much for kids old man.

ALAN

So make them care. Slap 'em around!

Alan notices Archie cheating...Again.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You Cockball! I see what you're doing over there.

Jack is deep in thought, while Alan enjoys banter with the elders.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. CLASSROOM - TRUMAN HIGH - DAY**

Jack stares out the classroom window as **MR. LIVANOS** lectures students on the US constitution.

**SHEBBY**, a colorful off-the-wall teen, sits across from Jack. She sends him a NOTE, it reads - -"**TRUE OR FALSE...I JUST FARTED**".

Jack circles "**FALSE**". Shebby shakes her head...nope!

MR. LIVANOS

Now class, I want you to imagine yourselves as these "free staters". It's 1859 and YOU are in charge of creating this state's constitution.

Mr. Livanos writes on the whiteboard.

MR. LIVANOS (CONT'D)

Pick ONE article from our State's Constitution and challenge it. What is dated about it? How would you improve it? And do it in a thousand words.

The students all GRUNT as the class bell RINGS.

**INT. GYM - TRUMAN HIGH - CONTINUOUS**

Jack, Shebby, and Alex are among the masses entering the gym for a PEP RALLY.



ALEX  
I wish I was the focus of a pep rally.

SHEBBY  
You should focus on getting your first blow job.

Alex is about to rebuttal, when -

SHEBBY (CONT'D)  
Don't even. We all know that Monica from Riverway camp doesn't exist.

Jack agrees. Alex is stuck with his tail between his legs.

LATER -

The FOOTBALL team address the entire student body.

QUARTERBACK  
And that's why we need all of you there this Friday! Hamilton High has got nothing on us!

The students cheer. Another teammate grabs the mic.

FOOTBALL PLAYER  
Hamilton High is going downnnnnn!!!

**PRINCIPAL WESTON** grabs the mic.

PRINCIPAL WESTON  
Alright, thank you gentleman for your energetic words. Reminds me when I was a state champion in 84. Man, the eighties...

The principal's nostalgia creeps out the students.

STUDENT IN THE CROWD  
You were third string safety!

PRINCIPAL WESTON  
It's a team effort Jared!  
(Regaining himself)  
Now without further ado, your student body president.

JACK takes the podium, no one applauds or even cares...

JACK BERGESON  
Truman High. Hi. I have some exciting updates for you.  
(MORE)

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)

But before I get into that, I  
wanted to remind everyone there is  
still time to join Student Council.  
As of now, EVERY single position is  
still fully available.

STUDENT IN THE CROWD

No one cares!

ANOTHER STUDENT IN THE CROWD

Show us your chode!

\*

Jack tries to brush off both comments.

JACK BERGESON

Haha no, that wouldn't be  
appropriate.

(composing himself)

So...now to those exciting updates.  
Mr. Gaeta is back after breaking  
his femur bone in the student  
teacher kickball game.

A STUDENT IN THE CROWD

You're a complete O.G, Mr. Gaeta!

Jack feels confident and joins in with the students.

JACK BERGESON

Yeah he is! The head O.G!

Crickets from the audience. Ouch.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)

And the lunch truck will put tatter  
tots back on the menu after a  
formal complaint from our very own  
Zachery Pless.

The crowd cheer as Zachery stands up to take a bow.

A GIRL IN THE CROWD

I want to have your babies Zachery!

Jack holds a somber gaze.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. CAFETERIA - FAIRMONT HIGH - DAY**

Jack's bleak day dreaming is cut short as Alex and Shebby  
snap him back to reality.

SHEBBY

Jack, did you hear me?! Greg  
Mortigo just got certified on  
Instagram.

JACK BERGESON  
Mortigo?! You got to be kidding me.

We see a pimple faced boy-scout with slicked back hair and a hyena laugh taking selfies. This is **GREG MORTIGO**.

ALEX  
Whoever verified that man should be in prison.

SHEBBY  
I can't believe he has twelve thousand followers.

JACK BERGESON  
I can.

Alex and Shebby aren't following.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
He knew what he wanted, and he went out there and got it. We could learn a thing or two from Mortigo.

Shebby playfully slaps Jack across the face.

SHEBBY  
You're welcome.

ALEX  
You always get existential when you have too much dairy. Maybe you're lactose intolerant.

JACK BERGESON  
I'm not being existential, but guys come on! What have we done with our lives? These are supposed to be some of the best years of our lives. I literally don't have one accomplishment to my name, what the hell am I even supposed to put on my college applications!

ALEX  
Dude you're student body president.

JACK BERGESON  
I ran unopposed, and I barely got enough votes. Do you know how embarrassing that is? Almost fifty percent of the people at this school would rather not circle anything than circle my name.

CLOSE ON: Shebby and Alex, speechless, as we go to...

**INT. HALLWAY - TRUMAN HIGH - DAY**

Down a row of endless lockers and countless teens, we find Jack - alone, invisible to the lawlessness of high school.

Up ahead Jack notices something. His facial expression tells us it's not good...

REVEAL: Jack's STUDENT COUNCIL BOOTH is vandalized with TOILET PAPER and GRAFFITI with **"BETTER LUCK NEXT YEAR"**

Onlookers LAUGH as they pass by Jack's demolished booth.

The sign in sheet has ZERO signatures. This feeling is becoming all too familiar for Jack...

**INT. KITCHEN - BERGESON HOUSE - NIGHT**

Jack, his mother **STACY**, and little brother **JOEY** sit in silence at the dinner table. Joey's glued to his Nintendo Switch.

STACY

Mr. Livanos said there's a paper due next week. Something about the Kansas constitution?

JACK BERGESON

Mom! What the hell?! You called Mr. Livanos AGAIN? How many times do I have to tell you? Stay out of my business.

STACY

Oh honey, stop it.

Jack stops eating.

JACK BERGESON

If it ever got out that my mom calls my teachers, I'd be dead. You want that? 'Cause if you do just kill me now, it'll be less painful than being the laughing stock of a thousand teenagers.

JOEY

(playing his switch)

You are the laughing stock of a thousand teenagers.

JACK BERGESON

Shut up, Joey.

STACY  
Honey, I'm just trying to help you.  
We don't want to see that 4.4 GPA  
drop.

JACK BERGESON  
How come you don't call Joey's  
teachers?!

Stacy pats Joey on the head.

STACY  
Joey's my 2.0 son. You're my 4.0  
son.

Jack storms upstairs.

STACY (CONT'D)  
Where are you going young man?!

JACK  
To read the constitution!

#### **INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jack grabs a pamphlet out of his backpack titled  
*"CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF KANSAS"*.

LATER...

Jack's on the floor reading the Constitution pamphlet.

SUDDENLY, Jack shuts the book. His eyes widen. He types into  
Google "Age requirement for Kansas Governor".

Website after website all the same...No answer...

#### **EXT. CITY CALL - TOPEKA - DAY**

Jack races up the steps of City Hall.

#### **INT. CLERK'S OFFICE - CITY HALL - DAY**

Jack waits for the State Clerk. Anxiously shaking his legs.

The door finally opens, and in comes the CLERK.

CLERK  
(grouchy)  
Okay Mr. Bergeson. How can the  
great state of Kansas help you  
today?



JACK BERGESON  
Yeah so I have a question regarding  
eligibility for candidates running  
for Governor.

The Clerk tilts her glasses to make menacing eye contact.

CLERK  
Well get on with it, kid.

JACK BERGESON  
Is there an age requirement to run  
for Governor of Kansas?

An immediate chuckle from the Clerk, until she realizes Jack  
is serious.

Her mouth drops as she scrambles for an answer.

CLERK  
Uhhmm. Well...

She pulls up a document on her computer. Inspecting it with  
cynicism.

Jack attempts small talk.

JACK BERGESON  
(pointing at a photo)  
That's a great photo, Yellowstone?

CLERK  
Mhmm. Got married there.

JACK BERGESON  
Oh congratulations!

CLERK  
Marriage is tough, kid.

Jack can't win with this woman.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
Okay. It looks like today is your  
lucky day. **There doesn't seem to be  
an age requirement** to run for  
Governor of Kansas.

Holy. Shit.

Jack just found his ticket to purpose. Alan's advice rings  
through his ears as he processes this discovery.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
Congratulations. Go celebrate with  
a root-beer float, kid.

**INT. HALLWAY - TRUMAN HIGH - DAY**

Jack SLAMS his locker shut to reveal Alex and Shebby...their jaws practically on the floor.

SHEBBY  
Governor of what?!

ALEX  
Are you sniffing glue again?! \*

JACK BERGESON  
Guys, think about it. It's exactly what we've wanted. We can finally DO something with our lives and make a difference. Think about how much better we can make this place.

SHEBBY  
You're clinically insane if you think I am going to do this. I have to focus on my Juliard auditions. Plus, I'd have a scandal ridden campaign.

Jacks looks to Alex for an answer.

ALEX  
What? You want me to run as your Lieutenant Governor or something?

JACK BERGESON  
Think about everything we could do. For Kansas. For ourselves.

ALEX  
We're just kids, man. You can't even manage your own life, what makes you think we could manage an entire state?

JACK BERGESON  
What are you talking about? I have my life perfectly under control.

Just as the words come out of Jack's mouth - He collides with another student. A handsome, polished, and charming Teenage Boy. We will come to know him as **OLIVER THOMAS, 17.**

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
Shit, sorry.

Jack is completely moonstruck as he makes eye contact.

OLIVER  
No no, it was me, I was glued to Loren Grey's TikTok.

The connection between the two is electric and undeniable.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
You're Jack, right?

Jack can't believe it.

JACK BERGESON  
Me? Am I Jack?

Oliver doesn't entertain that question with a response.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
Yeah I'm Jack. I mean, there are other Jacks here. I think there's five others...Three freshmen, a sophomore, and a senior.

OLIVER  
And let me guess, you're the junior?

JACK BERGESON  
Haha yup, you guessed it!

Alex and Shebby can't take this cringeworthy conversation.

OLIVER  
I'm Oliver.

JACK BERGESON  
Oh good name, don't think there are any of those here. Well, besides you.

OLIVER  
Right.

The school's LOUDSPEAKER interrupts their conversation.

MICROPHONE  
Jack Bergeson, please report to the principal's office immediately.

OLIVER  
Well, see ya later, Junior Jack.

Oliver walks away, leaving Jack flustered and floundering.

ALEX  
You know if you run for public office, you're going to have to be public about your...secret.

JACK BERGESON  
I will when I am ready.

SHEBBY

You've been saying that for two years now. Imagine how much dick you could be sucking already.

JACK BERGESON

Shh! Sheb, relax!

**INT. PRINCIPAL WESTON'S OFFICE - DAY**

Principal Weston lounges at his desk while receiving an actual PEDICURE.

PRINCIPAL WESTON

You're a man of few words, Jack.

JACK BERGESON

Sir, you told me not to talk.

PRINCIPAL WESTON

Good memory.

(beat)

You know, I was a kid once.

JACK BERGESON

I assumed so.

PRINCIPAL WESTON

I used to do "hood rat things with my friends" as they say.

JACK BERGESON

That's cool.

PRINCIPAL WESTON

Listen Jack, I called you in here to talk about Student Council... It's not sticking. We're going to scrap it.

JACK BERGESON

But...

PRINCIPAL WESTON

...no buts.

The PEDICURIST finishes. Principal Weston stands up in his slippers and looks out his office window.

PRINCIPAL WESTON (CONT'D)

Read the room, Jack. Kids have never been interested in politics. They're too busy being teenagers, and you should be, too.

JACK BERGESON  
But every High School has student council.

PRINCIPAL WESTON  
Well, not this High School. It's a dated concept anyway. Now go out there and play video games or whatever you kids do now.

A somber Jack concedes defeat.

**EXT. TOPEKA STREETS - DAY**

Jack rides his bike down a street full of FORECLOSED RETAIL SHOPS. The desolation continues as he bikes past crowded HOMELESS ENCAMPMENTS.

Down the road Jack notices a construction site for a NEW PETROLIUM PLANT.

This bleak reality of where Kansas is heading isn't helping Jack's already defeated mood.

Jack stops to answer his cellphone. His face goes pale as we -

CUT TO:

**INT. CAPPER SENIOR CENTER - DAY**

Jack races down the hallway.

ALAN'S NEW ROOM -

THREE different patients are separated by a line of curtains. Among them is Alan. He's seen better days.

JACK BERGESON  
I got here as fast as I could. Are you okay? What's going on?

ALAN  
My heart skipped a few beats, no big deal. I'm fine. Pissed myself though. Best leak in twenty years.

JACK BERGESON  
Why'd you get moved to a triple?

ALAN  
I'm broke, kid. Can barely afford my healthcare especially with these new heart pills.



A T.V commercial steals Alan's attention. It's for **KRIS KOBACH**, Republican Candidate for Governor of Kansas.

ALAN (CONT'D)

And if that asshole gets elected, I can say goodbye to this luxurious tri-suite. He'll blow up Kansas' healthcare system and I'll be eight different kinds of fucked.

Jack studies Kris on screen.

Suddenly, Jack's face burns with an overwhelming sense of confidence. Enough of being a nobody.

JACK BERGESON

Don't worry Alan, I've got a plan.

ALAN

What're you going to do?  
(sarcastically)  
Run for damn Governor?!

Jack takes this moment in.

JACK BERGESON

Yes. I'm going to run for damn Governor.

Jack holds a pensive stare at Kris Kobach's commercial.

#### **EXT. STEEL MILL - KRIS KOBACH CAMPAIGN EVENT - DAY**

BANNERS fly high while an energetic crowd cheer as **KRIS KOBACH** speaks at the podium. Kris is a classic red tie politician, his Narcissism and forged affability would make even the likes of Ted Cruz proud.

KRIS KOBACH

What happened to Kansas first?

The crowd cheer.

KRIS KOBACH (CONT'D)

What happened to lower taxes? It was taken from you! Without your permission!

The audience cheer even louder.

KRIS KOBACH (CONT'D)

With me in charge, you will get it ALL back. Every cent! And places like this glorious steel mill will once again thrive!

Kris covers the microphone to speak with his advisor.

KRIS KOBACH (CONT'D)  
Alright, I'm done with these hicks.

Kris turns back to his crowd and gives his award winning smile, and applauds his supporters.

**INT. WENDY'S DRIVE THRU - DAY**

CLIVE, in the iconic Wendy's red button down shirt and baseball cap, mans the register and takes orders. The line is practically out the door. America at it's finest.

Clive turns to break the fourth wall...

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA)  
You all love your cheeseburgers and chicken tendies. Too much salt if you ask me.

In line we see Jack and Alex ARGUING.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
Yeah Golly Ol' Jack thought it would be a walk in the park. Jumpin' into a Gubernatorial race. Didn't take the bloke long to realize he wasn't going to be able to do this on his own.

Jack and Alex are almost up to order.

ALEX  
Dude, I've said no like a hundred times. Ask someone else.

JACK BERGESON  
We both know I don't have any other friends to ask. Just be a mensch and run for Lieutenant Governor!

ALEX  
I am not a Mensch. Wrong guy. I hope this doesn't affect our friendship.

JACK BERGESON  
Of course it does! It's like you don't believe in me!

ALEX  
I don't. But if it makes you feel better, I don't believe in me either.

Jack and Alex are up.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 Hey Clive. Can I get a number  
 three.  
 (to Jack)  
 How about I get this one, call it  
 even for rejecting your offer.

A cheeseburger won't help Jack, but maybe SIX will...

JACK BERGESON  
 Fine. Can I get four number 2's and  
 three extra fries. And a half and  
 half milkshake.

CLOSE ON - Alex's face inflated with regret.

**INT. KRIS KOBACH CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

A congregation of old, white, male political advisors sit at  
 a conference table. They show Kris a polling map of Kansas.

ADVISOR 1  
 Besides a tight race in Wichita  
 which we predict a one point  
 deficit, the rest of the state is  
 overwhelmingly yours.

ADVISOR 2  
 We project this will be the largest  
 margin victory in the history of a  
 Kansas gubernatorial race.

KRIS KOBACH  
 I know. My victory is going to make  
 front page news. My face will be  
 everywhere.  
 (to his assistant)  
 Martha! Schedule a teeth whitening  
 with Dr. Rousin!  
 (to his advisors)  
 A shut out like this will turn some  
 heads on Capitol Hill. The  
 President said they see me as the  
 future of this party, as long as I  
 K.O the fuck out of this job.

ROB, one of Kris's new advisors interrupts.

ROB

Hi, yeah, sorry. Mr. Kobach, my name's Rob and I just wanted to point out that all the polling estimates only account for a fifteen percent voter turnout for the youth demographic here in Kansas.

ADVISOR 1

And?

ROB

Fifteen percent turnout? Doesn't that seem a bit...low?

KRIS KOBACH

Low? Ha! That's high! Youth don't vote. Not now, not ever.

ROB

But you don't think....

KRIS KOBACH

...No, I don't. And Bob was it? Who hired you?!

ROB

You did, sir.

KRIS KOBACH

Well, I pay you to tell me good news. If I wanted bad news I would go to my ex wife. Understood?

Rob nods.

#### **INT. CLASSROOM - DAY**

A BULLY leans forward and whispers in Alex's ear.

BULLY

Make sure I can see your answers on tomorrow's test. Don't want a black eye in your yearbook photo now do you, Andrew?

Sophie Adams, Mrs. Cheer captain, overhears the Bully.

SOPHIE ADAMS

Shut up, Evan. And his name is Adam, asshole!

Alex has HAD IT. He jolts up from his desk!

ALEX  
Neither of those are my name!

The whole class freezes. The teacher is taken aback.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Does anyone in this classroom know  
my name?!

Alex waits for someone to answer. The teacher takes a crack.

ENGLISH TEACHER  
Brett...

An emo student in the way back makes himself known -

EMO STUDENT  
I'm Brett.

ALEX  
Great. Fucking Great!

Alex grabs his backpack and storms out of class.

**INT. CLERK OFFICE - WICHITA CITY HALL - DAY**

Jack hands a clerk a folder with his registration papers.

JACK BERGESON  
And here is my candidate intention  
statement, and these are my  
campaign contribution forms.

The clerk keeps to herself, chewing her gum.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
Did you do something new to your  
hair? It looks nice.

CLERK  
Yeah. I got divorced.

JACK BERGESON  
Oh shit, I'm sorry to hear that.

CLERK  
That makes one of us. Where's your  
\$2500 registration fee?

JACK BERGESON  
I'm glad you brought that up. I was  
hoping there might be a student  
discount or payment plan...



CLERK

We don't have a student discount to run for Governor of Kansas...

Jack scrambles, his gig might be up.

JACK BERGESON

Listen, I really feel I have what it takes to change this place. What do you say you cut the underdog a break. Give him a chance to change the world, huh?

After a hopeful pause.

CLERK

No money, no registration.

Jack is out of options. Until suddenly - -

A WAD OF CASH in a Taco Bell bag is thrown on the Clerk's table -

REVEAL: **ALEX** - Standing over Jack.

ALEX

There's five thousand. That should cover his registration fee. And my registration fee, for Lieutenant Governor of Kansas.

Alex hands the clerk his registration forms.

JACK BERGESON

How the...?

ALEX

My college savings.

JACK BERGESON

Alex, I can't.

ALEX

I want to. Enough of being a nobody.

Jack gives Alex a bear hug.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You better hope my ass gets that scholarship.

BACK ON the Clerk -

CLERK

In my day boys spent their money on Aerosmith tickets. You guys get dumber by the generation.

**INT. MAKE UP ROOM - BACKSTAGE - TRUMAN HIGH THEATER - DAY**

Jack and Alex share the news with Shebby.

SHEBBY

I feel like I'm having my first fucking orgasm. I love this! There's going to be cameras and red carpets...I should prepare a monologue.

Shebby is interrupted by a KNOCK at her door.

O.S VOICE

Shebby you're on in two.

SHEBBY

Yeah Tyler I know how to read a clock, you fucking asscat.

(to Jack)

Don't worry, he likes dirty talk. We hook up sometimes.

They get back to the conversation at hand.

SHEBBY (CONT'D)

You two are so fucked. But I am completely here for it.

**OUTSIDE THE MAKE UP ROOM -**

Clive, dressed as a STAGEHAND, hauls a PROP BIN toward the exit. He turns to break the fourth wall.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA)

Last thing Jack needed, was a campaign manager...

**INT. TEXAS ROADHOUSE - DAY**

Jack, Shebby, and Alex sit in the restaurant booth interviewing candidates to be Jack's campaign manager.

JACK BERGESON

So where did you find these people?

ALEX

Craigslist, but trust me. They're legit.

A MONTAGE of CANDIDATES being interviewed.

Up first, ASIAN TWIN SISTERS - -

JACK

Okay, so why do you want to be a campaign manager?

TWIN SISTER 1

We have a 4.0. Are co-captains of the debate club.

TWIN SISTER 2

And we're in the marching band. But our counselor wants us to diversify our portfolios more.

TWIN SISTER 1 (CONT'D)

Oh, and we speak Latin.

Up Next, a young NUN - - holds a pensive stare.

NUN

It's no secret. You need the All Mighty if you have any chance of pulling this off. I believe he put me on this earth to help you.

JACK

I was raised Agnostic...

Up next, A hooded EMO TEEN.

EMO TEEN

I want to create anarchy.

ALEX

Yeah, I'm not sure if this would be a good fit then.

Up next, A 90 YEAR OLD WOMAN - -

90 YEAR OLD WOMAN

I was there when Kennedy was shot.

JACK

Is that supposed to be reassuring?

Up next, THE WAITER at Texas Roadhouse...

THE WAITER

I dunno', I mean I definitely think I've hit my ceiling at this job. I'm ready for the next step in my career.

ALEX

I still haven't gotten my food...

THE WAITER

Oh crap. Forgot to put it in.

END MONTAGE -

Alex lays out the "Resumes" on the table.

Just then - Oliver Thomas walks into the restaurant. Jack is glued to Oliver's adorable smile and rockstar hair.

The two exchange a brief intimate look. Jack, lost in a "Oliver trance".

*Until...*

A jubilant voice breaks his focus -

SEAN (O.C.)

What's up muchachos. You guys with the campaign thingy?

We reveal **SEAN OPPENHEIMER**, an air brain-ed off-center twenty two year old. He's holding a duffel bag. Sean's the kind of kid who doesn't even know what anxiety feels like. Life has just always worked out.

ALEX

Excuse me?

SEAN

(looking at his phone)

Says on the Ad to meet at the family booth at Texas Roadhouse. At first I was like, confused because we're in Kansas, but, hey, looks like Texas is trying to make moves. Classic Texans.

SHEBBY

I'm sorry, who are you?

SEAN

Well let me answer your question with a question. Is one of you Jack Bergeson?

(beat)

This reddit column said to always ask questions in interviews.

Jack looks around. Is this doofus for real?

JACK BERGESON

I'm Jack.

SEAN

How do I know you're not pulling a fast one on me, huh? Can I see some Identification?

(off Jack)

Ha! I'm just messing.

Sean extends his hand for an introduction.

SEAN (CONT'D)

My name is Sean Oppenheimer, but my alias is Timothy Brandt. You can call me either. I respond to both pretty frequently. I saw your craigslist Ad last night. I was at a Mexican restaurant when I got the notification. I had chicken tamales.

JACK BERGESON

I see...mhm...and you want to interview for the campaign manager position?

Sean takes a sip of Alex's SODA.

SEAN

Thanks man. I was super parched. And that's a great question Mr. Bergeson, to answer it simply...Yes. I want to join the party. Pop some bubbly, maybe get into some trouble. Who knows. I'm usually game for anything. Except bondage parties. Well, I'll try it again if you guys really want.

Jack and co. are STUNNED.

SHEBBY

I'm sorry Sean, or Timothy, or whatever you want to be called. What exactly qualifies you to be a campaign manager?

SEAN

Uhh, well...I want Jack to win?

Sean's response is unexpectedly satisfying.

JACK BERGESON

Can you give us a minute, thanks.

SEAN

Sure, I need to wizz anyway.



Sean wanders off. A TRAIN TICKET falls out of his pocket as he leaves. Jack grabs it.

ALEX  
You're not seriously considering  
that guy are you?

JACK BERGESON  
Who else do we have?

SHEBBY  
My vote goes to the Nun.

JACK BERGESON  
We're running out of time. All the  
other candidates have been  
campaigning for weeks. This is the  
best option we have.

ALEX  
No it's not. Even our waiter has  
more brain cells than that walking  
insurance policy.

Jack places Sean's TRAIN TICKET on the table.

JACK BERGESON  
This fell out of his pocket when he  
sat down.

ALEX  
Ok so he takes public  
transportation what's the big deal?

JACK BERGESON  
He came all the way from Sharon  
Springs. That's on the other side  
of the state. With zero guarantees  
on an offer.

(off Alex and Shebby)  
Listen, if I'm asking people to  
believe in me, I should be able to  
return the favor.

ALEX  
(begrudgingly)  
Fuck it, we'll do it live.

Sean approaches from the bathroom.

JACK BERGESON  
So, congratulations. You are  
officially the campaign manager for  
the Bergeson/Cline ticket.

SEAN  
Alright! Let's go!  
(beat)  
Just one small thing.  
(off Jack)  
I need a place to crash.

**INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Jack prepares the couch for Sean.

JACK BERGESON  
Okay, all set. You're not a serial  
killer are you?

SEAN  
No, but I met one once. Well, I  
can't be certain though, he didn't  
drive a van.

Jack grabs a blanket and pillow from a cabinet.

JACK BERGESON  
Here. Don't make any noise.

SEAN  
Hey Jack.

Jack stops.

JACK BERGESON  
Yeah.

SEAN  
Thanks for hiring me man. I know  
you had other options and stuff.  
And I might not be like the best  
one of them, but I know I can help  
you like...win, or get close to it,  
or not, but either way...I can  
help.

(beat)  
My family kinda changed the locks  
on me and told me I was a waste of  
space, haha. So I was definitely in  
need of a "W". And this is totally  
it.

JACK BERGESON  
Your family sounds like a bunch of  
assholes. We're lucky to have you  
Ti--I mean Sean. We're in this  
together now.

SEAN  
Til death to us part!

JACK BERGESON  
Okay. I'm gonna' go to bed now.

**INT. CAFETERIA - TRUMAN HIGH - DAY**

Sean is in line with dozens of other hungry students.

SEAN  
Hey can I have your jello?

AT THE LUNCH TABLES -

ALEX  
(whispering)  
What the fuck is he doing here?

SHEBBY  
He's right, Jack. That's a twenty two year old man standing in line at a high school cafeteria. You could get expelled for this.

JACK BERGESON  
Yeah, well...I'll just have to take that chance.

ALEX  
Why can't he just stay at your house?

JACK BERGESON  
My mom woke up to him taking a shit in her bathroom. Needless to say, she doesn't want him at the house unsupervised.

SHEBBY  
Are you fucking serious?! This guy is ICONIC. He couldn't use any of your other bathrooms?!

JACK BERGESON  
He says he couldn't "find any others".

ALEX  
Jesus dude. You sure we're good with this guy?

Jack shushes them as Sean approaches with a full buffet dish of food.

SEAN  
(Mouth stuffed)  
You guys go to school with Greg  
Mortigo!? I've been following that  
guy on TikTok for days.

Eye rolls from the rest of the table. Jack tries to boost morale.

JACK BERGESON  
Okay! This is the official first  
Bergeson/Cline campaign meeting!

Sean clinks his cup and stands up.

SEAN  
Before you start. I just want to  
say I'm honored to be a member of  
this team. I am ready to do  
anything we need to win. I mean  
anything, literally. If shit gets  
messy, I'd take a bullet for all of  
you.

Jack and Alex have no words...

SHEBBY  
Do you remember my name?

SEAN  
Nope.

JACK BERGESON  
Sean, sit down. We need to start  
talking speaking engagements.

SEAN  
Oh right, I booked you an event  
tomorrow morning at 9AM.

JACK BERGESON  
See, this is what I'm talking  
about. Fuck yes, way to take  
initiative, Sean.

ALEX  
Where is this speaking engagement?

SEAN  
Not sure, but the place looks SICK.

**EXT. DAIRY FARM - DAY**

Yes. An ACTUAL COW FARM. Somewhere between the SADDLE BLANKETS and BRIDLES is Jack - nestled away in a HORSE STALL with Sean, Shebby, and Alex.

JACK BERGESON  
How the hell did you find this place, Sean?

SEAN  
I got a milk Ad on Instagram.

ALEX  
This place smells like shit.

SHEBBY  
It is shit...

JACK BERGESON  
Is there a crowd?

Alex peaks his head through the horse stall.

ALEX'S POV:

Boxed in by PILES OF HAY...the "Crowd" consists of FIVE SENIOR CITIZENS...one of which is in a SOLDIER'S UNIFORM.

ALEX  
There's...people.

A man with an obnoxiously large cowboy hat approaches the makeshift stage. This is the BARN OWNER. He introduces Jack to the "audience".

BARN OWNER  
Hey everybody. Glad Ya'll could make it. I'm not one for long introductions and such. I'm going to let Mr. Bergeson here do all the talking. So without further ado, let's give a warm welcome to Mr. Jack Bergeson!

Shebby SLAPS Jack to get his heart racing.

SHEBBY  
Fucking. Kill it.

Jack takes a deep breath and exits the stable. He approaches the makeshift stage. Stunned but also secretly relieved at how few people are in attendance.

JACK BERGESON  
How we doing today, Dresden?

Nothing from the crowd.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
 (to the elder in uniform)  
 This guy's feeling himself am I  
 right?!

OLD MAN IN UNIFORM  
 Hey, you're not from the VA!

JACK BERGESON  
 I am not, but that explains your  
 outfit. Thank you for your service.

More crickets...

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
 Okay, well...thank you for having  
 me today, I'm really happy to be  
 here. But you know what I am NOT  
 happy about? That community center  
 I passed on the way in. Rundown and  
 boarded up, this town deserves the  
 best, and that ladies and  
 gentlemen, sure ain't it.

Suddenly, the barn door OPENS - In comes **MARY CLARKIN, 31**. A  
 journalist with the local paper. She takes a seat.

Judging by her face, she was not expecting to see a sixteen  
 year old candidate when she opened those doors...

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
 And that's why I am the right  
 candidate for you. I will not sleep  
 until I speak to your Mayor and  
 insist on making some improvements  
 around here.

OLD LADY IN THE CROWD -

OLD LADY  
 I'm the mayor...

This has gone from bad to worse, and Shebby is EATING IT UP.

JACK BERGESON  
 Right. Well, you seem like you have  
 it under control. But just know I  
 am here to help.

Another OLD MAN interrupts.

OLD MAN  
 How old are you, kid?

OLD LADY/MAYOR  
You look like my granddaughter.

JACK BERGESON  
"GrandDAUGHTER"?! Geez.  
(To Everyone)  
Okay listen, yes I am younger than  
the other candidates, but what I  
lack in experience I make up for  
with uhh...

Jack's drawing blanks.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
Experience.

That's it. This event couldn't go any worse.

ALEX  
Did he just say what he lacks in  
experience he makes up for with  
experience?

SHEBBY  
I'm living for this.

SEAN  
He's so out there man! Californians  
are going to love him.

Alex rolls his eyes. He's working with an imbecile.

The awkward silence is broken when a COW projectile VOMITS on  
another cow. Both cows proceed to let out massive FARTS.

The elders are shook, and Shebby falls to the floor laughing.

JACK BERGESON  
Oh my god.

The owner jumps on stage.

BARN OWNER  
Everyone get out! Fast!

JACK BERGESON  
What's going on?

FARMER  
Once one goes off they all follow  
like a kids choir group. That's a  
lot of methane to be inhaling,  
especially for these old folks.

Jack and co. rush the elders outside at the SLOWEST PACE you  
could imagine.

OLD MAN  
Slow down!

OUTSIDE BARN -

Everyone coughs up a lung. And the event - a TOTAL fail.

*LATER...*

Jack and the others pack up, hurting from that atrocious event.

Mary Clarkin approaches.

MARY CLARKIN  
Hi. Jack. Alex.

Alex is surprised she knows his name.

MARY CLARKIN (CONT'D)  
I'm Mary Clarkin with Hutchinson  
News. Can I buy you all some pizza?

Jack and Alex share a look...OF COURSE she can!

**INT. PIZZA PARLOR - DAY**

Mary interviews Alex and Jack while Sean and Shebby stuff their faces with pizza.

MARY CLARKIN  
I see. And at what point did you  
join the campaign, Alex?

ALEX  
It took a little convincing, but  
Jack's my best friend. Together we  
can do anything.

SHEBBY  
(under her breath)  
Except get laid.

Sean interrupts.

SEAN  
Hey, can I say something OFF the  
record?

MARY CLARKIN  
Sure.



SEAN

Well, I've gotten to know Jack a lot in the past day or so, and he doesn't have a bad bone in his body. I know there is a lot of talk about his age or whatever. But he's something special, I've never met anyone like him. I really believe in him.

MARY CLARKIN

You want that OFF the record?

SEAN

Yeah. You can quote me.

Sean refocuses on his pizza.

JACK BERGESON

He meant on...

MARY CLARKIN

...Yeah. I assumed.

(back to the interview)

So, what do you hope to achieve from this, Jack?

JACK BERGESON

What do you mean? I hope to win.

Mary can't believe it.

MARY CLARKIN

Surely you understand the likelihood of that outcome is slim to none. No offense here, but you're not even old enough to vote for yourself. You're just a kid.

JACK BERGESON

Alexander the great was just a kid when he took Persia. Joan of Arc led the French to victory at thirteen. Malala Yousafzai won the Nobel Peace Prize at seventeen just a few years ago. Teenagers do amazing things everyday, and it's time we get a seat at the table.

(beat)

Let me ask you something. How long have you been at Hutchinson News?

MARY CLARKIN

Three years.

JACK BERGESON  
So should I only read Anderson  
Cooper since he has more  
experience?

Point taken.

MARY CLARKIN  
Okay Jack Bergeson. I'll buy in.  
You have a campaign, I'll give you  
that. What's next?

ALEX CLINE  
State debate. Next week.

MARY CLARKIN  
Are you ready for that, Jack?

ALEX CLINE  
Hell fucking yes he's ready.

Mary holds Jack's gaze.

MARY CLARKIN  
Excuse me, I need to use the  
restroom.

Mary exits.

JACK BERGESON  
Alex, I am so not ready.

ALEX  
Yeah, no shit dude. Fake it 'til we  
make it.

#### **INT. SUBARU - NIGHT**

A cute little girl in a SNOW WHITE costume is wedged between  
Jack and Sean in the back seat. This is Alex's LITTLE SISTER.

Alex sits shotgun with his DAD at the wheel.

JACK BERGESON  
(clearly irritable)  
Alex, I didn't know your dad would  
be driving us.

ALEX CLINE  
My mom's at book club and my...

MR. CLINE

...It's really no problem, Jack.  
I think it's so cool your school  
gives you tickets to our state  
debates. Got good seats?

SEAN

On stage.

ALEX

(scrambling)  
Well, right next to it, front row.  
(whispering to Sean)  
Shut up!

Alex's little sister can't stop staring at Sean.

LITTLE SISTER

You look old.

Sean can't help but respond.

SEAN

Old enough to be your father.

Sean WINKS to her and we see the innocence drown from her face.

They pull up to the entrance and Jack and Alex couldn't get out of the car faster -

#### **EXT. KTPS STUDIOS - NIGHT**

The three kids look out at the gigantic sound stage.

ALEX

Shit, this is actually happening.

#### **INT. BACKSTAGE - KTPS STUDIOS - NIGHT**

The reality of this moment takes center stage, literally.

Camera crews, reporters, hair and make up stations. The states most influential politicians ready to battle it out.

A familiar site: MARY CLARKIN makes her way to Jack.

MARY CLARKIN

Exciting, huh!?

JACK BERGESON

That's one way to describe it.

ALEX  
I think I'm peaking right now.

MARY CLARKIN  
The whole state will know you after  
tonight.

Jack's face turns white. But he plays it cool. Kind of.

JACK BERGESON  
Awesome. That's just awesome.

*LATER...*

FRONT STAGE - The MODERATOR gets on the microphone.

MODERATOR (O.S)  
Would the candidates please take  
their podiums.

Sean and Alex see Jack off.

SEAN  
If you're struggling, scratch your  
left ear. I'll call in a FAKE bomb  
threat.

Alex hugs Jack.

ALEX  
You got this, man. Just remember,  
you deserve to be here. We all do.

Jack takes a deep breath before going on stage.

The crowd, moderator, and other candidates watch in complete  
amazement as Jack approaches.

# **- THE DEBATE -**

The moderator silences the crowd.

MODERATOR  
Before we begin, each candidate  
will introduce themselves, starting  
with you Senator Kelly.

A resolute and confident LAURA KELLY (54), frontrunner -

LAURA KELLY  
Hi, I'm Laura Kelly and I am  
running to be your next Governor.  
With my experience, I know I can  
bring Kansas' economy, healthcare,  
education, and security back up to  
where it needs to be.

Next up - CARL BREWER (60).

CARL BREWER  
I'm Carl Brewer and after eight  
incredible years as Mayor of  
Wichita, I am ready to make this  
the best state in this country.

The introductions go on - -

UNTIL - It's Jack's turn. In the spotlight, Jack forgets the  
entire english language as his nerves take over.

JACK BERGESON  
Hi. Hi. Yes.

A long pause.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
Yes. I'm Jack. Bergeson. And I am  
here to uhhm, I'm here.

Yikes. Crickets in the audience.

**INT. PATIENT ROOM - SENIOR CENTER - DAY**

Alan lays in his gurney watching Jack's horror show on T.V.

ALAN  
What the hell was that?!

**INT. FRONTSTAGE - KTPS STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS**

The debate commences. Candidates challenge and argue each  
prompt with more contention than the last. Jack can barely  
get a word in.

MODERATOR  
Mr. Bergeson. Our population's  
dietary habits are rapidly  
changing. Most notably a strong  
growth in vegetarianism. With the  
meat Industry amounting to over 10%  
of our state's economy, how do you  
plan to help the small farmers  
through this shift in demand?

JACK BERGESON  
Umm, right. Me? Yeah, okay. Well,  
repurposing that land for cannabis  
cultivation can pivot these workers  
to another industry that has just  
as much demand if not more than  
meat.

Gasps from the audience.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
We can also use the state tax on  
those cannabis crops to help  
improve our schooling districts and  
state healthcare system.

The audience's clatter intensifies. Jack's stomach drops.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
Listen, is that the best solution?  
I don't know.

Everyone's Jaws DROP - including Alex.

BACKSTAGE -

ALEX  
Well there goes my college tuition.

**INT. PATIENT ROOM - SENIOR CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

Not even Alan can believe it.

**INT. FRONTSTAGE - KTPS STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS**

Suddenly - Jack gets a wave of confidence.

JACK BERGESON  
And you know what? I am okay with  
that. When did "I don't know"  
become a death wish? You know my  
mom always says, "the smartest  
person in the room is the one  
asking the most questions."

Adrenaline begins to run through Jack's veins.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
Politicians stand up at these  
events and spew lies and bullshit  
to make you think they know what  
they are talking about. In truth,  
no one knows. I can stand here and  
tell you I would create an advisory  
board to address exactly that  
problem...but that doesn't change  
the fact that at this moment, I  
don't have an answer for you.

The audience start warming up to him as Jack loosens up.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
What happened to the truth? The  
truth got fucked.  
(MORE)

## JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)

By corporate America. By dirty politicians. By scared politicians. I am here to bring that truth back. So in a way. I am PROUD I don't know the answer.

The crowd gets behind Jack. The other candidates are visibly shook.

BACKSTAGE -

ALEX

This is a miracle.

SEAN

Was that an ear scratch? I couldn't tell.

ON STAGE -

JACK BERGESON

Hell, I don't even know how I am getting home tonight. I don't have all the answers, but I'm sure lots of you do, and I am here to listen and enact. I am running to bring back "I don't know". I am running to bring back the truth.

Jack receives a standing ovation. He rejoices in his victory on stage while the other candidates are flabbergasted.

**INT. BACKSTAGE - KTPS STUDIOS - LATER**

Jack arrives backstage. Alex and Sean blitz toward him.

SEAN

Alright man!!! Capitol Hill here we come!

ALEX

Dude! That was straight sex. Or at least what I hope sex is like.

A Man interrupts -

NATE (O.S.)

Trust me, what you did up there, that's way better than sex. Take my word for it.

This is **NATE CALLAGHAN** (38), with his glossy slicked back hair and overpriced plaid Burberry suit, many would mistake him for a total sleaze. Except they wouldn't be mistaken.

NATE (CONT'D)

Nate Callaghan.

JACK BERGESON  
Jack Bergeson.

NATE  
Oh, I know who you are.

ALEX  
Alex Cline.

NATE  
Never heard of you.

Ouch.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Listen Jack, what you just did up there. I've never seen anything like it in my career.

JACK BERGESON  
Oh, ha. Thanks. Just spoke from the ol' heart I guess.

NATE  
Yeah, that's cool man. Anyways, I think I could really help you and your campaign get the exposure needed to really make a run in this thing.

Nate hands Jack his BUSINESS CARD. **"Nate Callaghan: Founder of Callaghan PR Group."**

ALEX  
What do PR reps even do besides take client's money?

NATE  
Think of me as the Queen on a chessboard. You kids seem like you play a lot of chess.

Alex is NOT a fan.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Mull it over. Tonight's going to change your life.

Nate leaves to mingle with the other politicians.

SEAN  
I thought I was your PR guy?

ALEX  
You're our campaign manager.



SEAN  
Oh...cool.

JACK BERGESON  
(to himself)  
How much can my life really change  
overnight?

**EXT. TOPEKA SKYLINE - NIGHT**

**TIMELAPSE:** The moon illuminates over the bustle of Kansas' capital until the sun slowly rises on a new day.

**INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Jack wakes up and gets ready - like it's just any other day.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - TRUMAN HIGH - DAY**

Shebby rushes past STUDENTS to get to Alex and Jack.

SHEBBY  
I can't believe you're more famous  
than me!

ALEX  
What?

**INT. HALLWAY - TRUMAN HIGH - CONTINUOUS**

Shebby leads the way into the building. The hallway is electric - Students gawk and cheer for Jack.

SHEBBY  
Your speech. Yeah, it only took  
about ninety minutes to go viral.

Students huddle around their phones to watch. As - -

**FULL SCREEN** takes over:

TikTok's - Snaps - GIF's - Newscasts - TMZ, all cover Jack's EPIC debate speech. *Harry Styles, the Hadid sisters, Addison Rae, Zendaya, Olivia Rodrigo*- Everyone and anyone posts in support of Jack.

SHEBBY (O.S) (CONT'D)  
You're trending on every social  
media platform Zuckerberg can get  
his hands on.

Kids attack Jack for SELFIES while others livestream on Instagram. Everyone clawing for their two minutes of fame.

Even Alex gets some love from Truman high students. A few snaps here and there. He's pleasantly surprised.

Jack loses Shebby and Alex in the madness. He's swallowed whole by the students. UNTIL -

OLIVER emerges and rescues Jack out of the crowd. He shoves Jack into a CLASSROOM and locks the door.

OLIVER  
It is completely unhinged out there.

The two catch their breath for a moment.

**EXT. TRUMAN HIGH - FRONT LAWN - LATER**

Oliver and Jack jump out of the classroom window and scurry across the lawn to the parking lot.

**INT. OLIVER'S CAR - DAY**

JACK BERGESON  
Thanks.

OLIVER  
Don't mention it.

Jack's anxiety takes over.

JACK BERGESON  
I'm sorry. This is all a bit overwhelming.

OLIVER  
What'd you say we get outta' here?  
Somewhere less crazy. Your pick.

Jack's relieved eyes say all that's needed.

**INT. CAPPER SENIOR CENTER - ALAN'S ROOM - DAY**

Alan is delighted by Jack's surprise visit.

ALAN  
Don't you have school?

JACK BERGESON  
We had the day off. Alan, I want you to meet someone.

Oliver appears.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
This is Oliver.

OLIVER  
It's a pleasure to meet you, sir.

It's clear Alan has never met one of Jack's friends.

ALAN  
Oliver. Nice to meet you!

Their introduction is followed by an awkward silence.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
So, you guys fucking?

Jack goes BRIGHT RED.

JACK BERGESON  
Alan!!!!

OLIVER  
Haha, it's okay.  
(to Alan)  
We're just friends.

Oliver and Jack share an intimate look.

*LATER...*

Oliver and Alan play CHESS. "The Price is Right" is on in the background.

ALAN  
(to the TV)  
Easy. Thirty six fifty.

TV HOST  
Four hundred and ten dollars!

ALAN  
Bunch of horse shit.  
(beat)  
You know Pete told me his grand kid  
smokes pot out of a fucking laptop.  
What the hell has gotten into you  
kids? Damn near the craziest thing  
I've ever heard.

On Instagram Jack comes across a photo of Kris Kobach's campaign - A TOUR BUS followed by a caravan of black suburbans. He shows Alan and Oliver.

JACK BERGESON

How the hell am I supposed to compete with that? Kobach has an entire army behind him.

ALAN

You're in high school. That's the biggest most viscous army you could ever dream of. You kids have nothing to lose unlike those clowns.

JACK BERGESON

Teenagers have zero interest in politics.

ALAN

Nonsense! Tell that to all of us who marched during the 60's. We were loud, man. Real loud.

JACK BERGESON

It's not the 60's anymore old man.

ALAN

Well, it could be. If you bring it back.

Jack digests this...Alan is right.

**INT. OLIVER'S CAR - JACK'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

The two nervously await for one of them to break the silence.

JACK BERGESON

Well, this was fun. Thanks again for everything.

OLIVER

Of course. So what are you going to do?

JACK BERGESON

I dunno'. I need to find a way, but no one in this town cares about politics, like at all. Especially at school. And it's hard when no students will listen to me.

OLIVER

They don't listen because you're not speaking to them. You're speaking to you. Speak to THEM and I guarantee they'll hear you.

Jack absorbs Oliver's advice.

JACK BERGESON  
Maybe I'm just not the right person  
for this.

Oliver places his hand on Jack's. The two sense that this moment is more than friendly.

OLIVER  
Give yourself more credit. What  
you're doing is special. You stand  
for something. People respect that,  
I know I do.

It's becoming too much for Jack, and he pulls his hand away. Oliver can't hide his disappointment.

JACK BERGESON  
It's not that I don't. It's just.  
I'm just. Not there yet.

They hold each other's gaze until Jack gets out of the car.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
Thanks again for the ride.

#### **INT. KRIS KOBACH OFFICE - DAY**

Uncontrollable LAUGHTER introduces us to Kris and his advisors as they watch clips of JACK BERGESON'S DEBATE.

KRIS KOBACH  
It's just so damn good! Look at  
Laura! God, what IDIOTS!

ADVISOR 1  
Their party is officially the  
laughing stock of the nation.

KRIS KOBACH  
I bet they're shitting bricks over  
this Bergeson fella'. I mean you  
can't make this crap up!  
(to his assistant)  
Marj, send this to the president's  
office. He'll get a kick out of  
this.

Rob interrupts the banter -

ROB  
His speech is garnering quite the  
view count on social media.  
(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

He's receiving endorsements and support from considerable personalities. We should be watchful, make sure this doesn't happen on our side.

ADVISOR

What do you mean on our side?

ROB

Well, some kid might decide to run just like this Bergeson fella.

KRIS KOBACH

Ha! No one is dumb enough to run against me. Especially in my own party. I am Kansas.

**EXT. FRONT LAWN - TRUMAN HIGH - DAY**

Just another 3PM day at Truman High. Jack, Shebby, and Alex walk to their bikes.

ALEX

I RSVP'ed us for that conference in Kansas City next week.

Jack notices a teenage girl crying under a nearby tree. This is **TIFFANY**, towering in at 6'5'' she's a modern day Amazon.

JACK BERGESON

I'll catch up with you guys.

Jack approaches Tiffany solo.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)

Hey, sorry. Are you okay?

TIFFANY

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah, I'm fantastic.

JACK BERGESON

I'm Jack B--

TIFFANY

--Bergeson. I know. I saw the debate. Everyone did.

JACK BERGESON

What's your name?

TIFFANY

Tiffany.

JACK BERGESON

Nice to meet you Tiffany. So what's going on?

TIFFANY

Nothing.

Jack waits for Tiffany to open up.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

I got a full ride to K-State.

Jack's not following.

JACK BERGESON

And that's bad because?

TIFFANY

I don't want to go to K-State. I want to join the police academy. I want to be a policewoman.

JACK BERGESON

And I'm guessing your parents don't approve?

Tiffany shakes her head as she wipes away her tears.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)

Well Tiffany, I might just have a solution for you.

TIFFANY

I highly doubt that.

JACK BERGESON

I wouldn't be so sure.

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY - TRUMAN HIGH - DAY**

Tiffany is dressed in a FULL SECURITY detail outfit. Ear piece, sunglasses, the whole get up.

Clive follows Tiffany down the hall like paparazzi.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA)

Jack offered her LEAD security detail for his campaign. And let me tell you, she was a FORCE.

Tiffany notices a student approaching Jack *unthreateningly*. She lunges straight for him, and tackles the student to the ground. She gets in the kid's face.

TIFFANY  
Do NOT make eye contact with Mr.  
Bergeson.

STUDENT  
Owww! What the hell was that for!?

Tiffany picks up the student, brushes him off, and shoves him back down.

TIFFANY  
You're lucky I don't break you.  
  
She clearly takes her job VERY SERIOUSLY.

**INT. DARKROOM - PHOTOGRAPHY CLASSROOM - DAY**

Jack develops campaign pictures in a booth. Someone quietly enters the darkroom. This is **JOSH TRAPP**, high school quarterback and certified STUD.

Josh develops his own photos of FEET, HANDS, and LIPS.

JOSH  
(to himself)  
Oh baby. That is a winner.

Jack STARTLES Josh, who immediately tries to hide his photos.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
The fuck?! How'd you get in here?

JACK BERGESON  
That's a beautiful photo.

JOSH  
Tell anyone about these and you're  
a dead man, got it? Wait, you're--

Jack extends his hand.

JACK BERGESON  
--Jack Bergeson, and I think I can  
help.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - JACK'S HOUSE - DAY**

Josh Trapp organizes a photo shoot with Jack, Alex, and Sean.

JOSH  
Good. Good. Alex tilt your chin up.



Josh snaps hundreds of photos. STACY, Jack's mom, appears by the front door.

STACY  
I made some nachos for you kids.

The kids run into the house.

CLIVE sits ON THE ROOF of Jack's house unbeknownst to anyone like a Shakesperian fairy.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA)  
Jack was on a HEATER. But if he wanted an ARMY, he needed to land Truman High's General. And she's as tough as they come, 'no cap'.

# **INT. HALLWAY - TRUMAN HIGH - DAY**

SOPHIE ADAMS, the cheer captain we met earlier - struts down the hallway flanked on both sides by her clique. She walks like she is permanently on a red carpet.

Students watch in envy and fear. Yielding the floor to her.

Alex and Shebby attempt to invigorate Jack - who's anxiously staring across the hall at Sophie.

ALEX  
Remember, if the conversation asks for it, let her know I'm single.

SHEBBY  
The conversation won't ask for it.  
(to Jack)  
You need her on your side, Jack.  
Now go get her.

Jack, takes a deep breath, then - approaches Sophie in SLOW MOTION. The clamor of high school fades away as he focuses on his breathing. Until - -

SOPHIE ADAMS  
Umm...Hi?

Jack is suspended in time for a brief moment...

JACK BERGESON  
(In one breathe)  
My name is Jack Bergeson and I am running for Governor of Kansas and a few colleagues have told me I need to be more fashion forward.  
(MORE)

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
Would you by chance be interested  
in joining my campaign as my  
wardrobe stylist.

Jack GASPS for air. Sophie looks him up and down.

We can't tell what she's thinking...

CUT TO:

**INT. WICHITA MALL - DAY**

Jack and Sophie ride up an ESCALATOR.

SOPHIE ADAMS  
Okay, we have a twenty five minute  
cap per store. When I raise my hand  
like this, that is our ten minute  
warning. We'll start with upper  
body and then match bottoms. If you  
so much as look at a sweater vest,  
I'll walk. Now, hold my Chanel.

Jack is a mere private in her platoon.

**INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS**

A MONTAGE OF JACK modeling different outfits in different  
changing rooms.

SOPHIE ADAMS  
(on the phone)  
Don't worry mom. I know what I'm  
doing. After this, the world will  
see me as a fashion icon.

Jack and Sophie pinball from store to store.

CLIVE is trying on a Hawaiian t-shirt in the DRESSING ROOM  
next to Jack. He breaks the fourth wall to tell us -

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA)  
And just like that Jack got his  
army.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Jack and Co. drive down the I-35 blasting the radio. Shebby  
takes out her phone and goes live on Instagram.

**IPHONE FOOTAGE:** Sean's absurd dance moves take center stage -  
Alex sticks his head out the car window, hollering.

A THREE CAR CARAVAN with Sophie, Josh, and Tiffany follow.

SHEBBY  
Kansas City here we come!

Her live feed accumulates hundreds of VIEWS, HEARTS, and COMMENTS as kids around the country tune in.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY**

Jack and his entourage approach the front desk.

CONCIERGE  
Good afternoon. Welcome to The Fontaine.

ALEX  
Hi. I have a reservation under Alex Cline.

The concierge pulls up the reservation on the computer.

CONCIERGE  
Two adjoining rooms. Can I see your credit card and I.D please.

Alex hands them over. The Concierge inspects Alex's driver's license. Something's not right.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)  
One moment.

Tiffany takes this time to introduce herself to Sophie.

TIFFANY  
Hi. I'm Tiffany, and I just want to say, Maddy Broder had absolutely NO business being voted Prom Queen last year. It was totally rigged.

SOPHIE ADAMS  
(cocky)  
Thanks. I know.

The concierge returns with an unfortunate look on her face.

CONCIERGE  
Mr. Cline, unfortunately you must be 18 years or older to book a hotel room with us.

ALEX  
But I made the reservation online it didn't ask for my age.

CONCIERGE

The credit card on file is in your mother's name.

Alex pivots.

ALEX

I didn't want to have to name drop,  
(pulling Jack over)  
But, this man and I are registered  
candidates to run for Governor and  
Lieutenant Governor of Kansas.

CONCIERGE

That's nice. But unless he or  
someone in your group is 18, you  
can't stay here.

SHEBBY

Wait, Sean, aren't you twenty two?

SEAN

Yeah.

CONCIERGE

Great. May I see your I.D Please?

SEAN

Don't have one.

Alex throws his hands on his head in complete disbelief.

ALEX

(to Sean)  
WHAT ARE YOU?!

SHEBBY

Guys. No other hotels have  
availability tonight.

JOSH TRAPP

Well, fuck. What do we do?

Jack and Alex are on the brink of defeat, UNTIL - -

MAN'S VOICE (O.S)

Put their rooms under my  
reservation.

REVEAL: CARL BREWER. One of the Gubernatorial candidates from  
the debate.

TIFFANY

Wasn't that guy Mayor of like  
Wichita?

JACK BERGESON  
Mr. Brewer please, I couldn't.

CARL BREWER  
You could and you will, son.

JACK BERGESON  
Are you sure?

CARL BREWER  
I'm sure, kid.

JACK BERGESON  
Sir. Thank you so much. We REALLY  
really appreciate this. You're  
doing us a huge solid.

CARL BREWER  
Don't mention it. I like what  
you're doing. Our party is lucky to  
have you. If only the opposition  
party had a kid like you, this  
could get real fun.

As Carl Brewer walks away -

CARL BREWER (CONT'D)  
No room service!

Jack has a LIGHTBULB moment.

JACK BERGESON  
(to himself)  
Another kid...

# **INT. TYLER RUZICH'S HOUSE - DAY**

A scrawny teen watches Fox News on the couch. His oversized  
glasses cover his innocent eyes. It's clear this kid has  
never broken a rule in his life. This is **TYLER RUZICH (16)**.

Tyler's cell phone rings -

TYLER  
(on phone)  
This is Tyler.

Jack is on the other end of the call -

JACK  
Tyler, this is Jack Bergeson. I'm  
not sure if you remember, but we  
met at Smithsonian's Youth camp  
last summer.

TYLER

Oh, right. Yeah, Jack. What can I do for ya?

JACK

I wanted to run something by you.

CUT TO:

**INT. TYLER'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Tyler's girlfriend powders his face while another friend sets up CAMERA LIGHTS and a TRIPOD.

FRIEND

Alright, we're good to go.

OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM WINDOW - **Clive spies** through the bushes.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA)

It took maybe five seconds of convincing for Tyler. Even though their political views didn't align, there is one thing that did. They both wanted their voices heard.

BACK INSIDE -

Looking camera ready, Tyler goes LIVE ON INSTAGRAM:

TYLER

To all my followers and loved ones. Today, I bring you exciting news. I have formally registered to enter the Kansas Gubernatorial race. It's time to...

Tyler's friend throws him a cocktail shaker -

TYLER (TO THE CAMERA) (CONT'D)

...Shake things up!

BACK ON: Clive outside the window -

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA)

Shake things up, they did. The revolution had started. It was like Kansas was soaked in kerosene.

(Lighting a match)

And Jack Bergeson just lit a match.

**INT/EXT. - VARIOUS LOCATIONS**

A MONTAGE of Jack and Tyler's separate CAMPAIGN EVENTS all over the state (A park, county fair, power plant, etc).

- Sean deposits a DONATION CHECK at the bank.
- Jack and Tyler's crowds' multiply in size. Jack's crowd covered in blue while Tyler's sports red.
- Sean deposits a few more DONATION CHECKS at the bank.
- Jack's charisma and stage presence grows with each event. Alex sees an uptick in his own charisma as well. With their confidence growing, Alex and Jack slowly transform into the best version of themselves, physically. Alex is now on the receiving end of a few flirty eyes from girls in the hallways while Jack takes crowds by storm.
- Jack approaches different students in one on one conversations (ie. Mathlete, Cello player, Art protégée). Each one of these students joins the campaign trail with Jack...Mathematician focuses on polling/budget, cello player is an opener for Jack's events, art protégée illustrates the campaign posters.
- Jack's army grows exponentially over this montage and his campaign caravan TRIPLES in size, surpassing Kobach's caravan we saw earlier.
- Alan watches Jack's campaign events with the whole senior center in the Rec room. They're all wearing VOTE BERGESON hats. Jack and his entourage visit Alan, which makes for a great photo opp.
- Sean deposits a HANDFUL of DONATION CHECKS at the bank.
- On the road, teens and students do what they do best. Cause trouble in the hallways of hotels, backstage shenanigans, and everything in between. Alex finds the courage to flirt with Sophie Adams, who surprisingly doesn't reject him...
- Truman High's BREEZEWAY is overflowing with student club BOOTHS ranging from climate change, abortion, to public transportation. PETITIONS are signed left and right. Principal Weston is SHOCKED and even TERRIFIED of what his school has become. He has lost complete control.
- NEWS SEGMENTS on Jack's astronomical rise in the polls.
- Sean deposits a BOX full of DONATION CHECKS at the bank.
- Clips of Jack on the campaign trail go viral. Manic front row supporters claw at him like he's one of THE BEATLES.

- Sean enters the bank with a ROLLING BIN full of donations.
- We see CLIVE in the middle of the crowd at a rally -

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA)

Things started to get absolutely  
MENTAL. People just lost the plot.  
And about a dozen other teens threw  
their own hats in the ring. Jack  
and Tyler had some new company, and  
they welcomed it.

- Instagram Live Video goes viral of a THIRD teen entering the Gubernatorial race.
- Another Teenager struts out of City Hall with a Governor registration certification -
- A fifth Teenager, **CHLOE** passes out "VOTE FOR CHLOE" pins at her rally.
- Famous TikTokers, Influencers, and Young Celebrities show their support for the movement in Kansas by posting videos with the **#KIDSOFKANSAS** hashtag.

CNN NEWSCAST...

CNN ANCHOR

What is happening in Kansas!?  
Reports are coming in that over a  
DOZEN teenagers have entered the  
Gubernatorial race. This is an  
extraordinary story and one that  
seems to challenge the entire  
political structure of Kansas, and  
possibly even our nation.

- JOHN OLIVER has a go at these teens in a segment.
- THE VIEW co-hosts discuss the KIDS OF KANSAS. They all are in agreement. Kids can't run for politics.
- END MONTAGE -

#### **EXT. GOLF COURSE - COUNTRY CLUB - DAY**

Kris Kobach and a Waspy BUSSINESSMAN tee off in their best Phil Michelson outfits. The man hits a flyer onto the green.

KRIS KOBACH

I'll tell ya, Ben. Your swing ain't  
given up with age.

BUSINESSMAN

Wish that were the case down below.



Kris politely chuckles.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)  
So, you get my check?

KRIS KOBACH  
We did, thank you. You're too generous. Truly...The campaign couldn't be going better. We're polling historic numbers.

BUSINESSMAN  
My son has been showing me these videos of kids. What's this about?

Kris shanks his hit far wide.

KRIS KOBACH  
Oh, haha. It's nothing. Clickbait. You know millennials. All for show.

BUSINESSMAN  
Looked like more than just clickbait. Let's not let this one slip away. It'd be an embarrassment to the party and not to mention your career. Not sure if you come back from that.

KRIS KOBACH  
Of course. And I assure you, I have it under control.

#### **INT. KOBACH CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Kobach's advisors have a front row seat as Kobach throws a tantrum in the conference room.

KRIS KOBACH  
How the HELL did this happen!?

ROB  
Well, I mentioned this could happen...After the young boy found that loophole.

KRIS KOBACH  
Christ! Well, find a loophole around his loophole.

ROB  
Sir, I'm not quite sure you know how loopholes work.

KRIS KOBACH

If you all don't find a way to fix this, you will never work another day in politics, do you hear me!?

ADVISOR

There might be something we can do.

(beat)

We could fast track a bill through the House. Some sort of age requirement to run for public office in Kansas.

ROB

But that would be limiting our own kids the opportunity to run.

KRIS KOBACH

Who the fuck cares!?

Kris knows he found these teen's kryptonite.

KRIS KOBACH (CONT'D)

This is perfect. I can call Ted and Artie, we could slide this right through the house with no hiccups.

(to advisors)

Alright, I want a bill on my desk by the end of the week. Let's cancel these kids.

# **INT. TEXAS ROADHOUSE - DAY**

Jack, Alex, and Sean gulp down MILKSHAKES as they meet with NATE CALLAGHAN, the slimy PR executive they met at the debate.

NATE

I'm very happy you returned my calls, Jack. As you can see I don't give up easily, and that's a guarantee I promise my clients, which as of today includes you.

ALEX

That's exciting, thank you. But I'm still fuzzy on what exactly you do.

NATE

(pointing to Alex)

Look at this guy! Straight to business. I love it.

(to everyone)

Listen, any schmuck here can tell you that your stock is rising.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

Hell, you're polling like a Kardashian, but I'm not here to blow smoke up your ass. I'm here to keep this bubble from bursting.

Jack's phone BUZZES. He checks it under the table.

A TEXT MESSAGE from Alan ***"You still coming today? Been waiting..."*** Jack types back... ***"Sorry, can't make it. Campaign Stuff."***

Jack refocuses on the meeting.

JACK BERGESON

This all sounds really great, Nate. The only thing I worry about is... Umm, well, this campaign is a collaboration amongst the youth. Bringing on an accomplished for lack of a better word, "elder", doesn't necessarily jive with our mission statement.

Nate laughs, flashes the kids his CLASS RING.

NATE

Notre Dame. Class of 2004. Haven't taken this thing off since I finger banged Courtney Caffrey on top of the Golden Dome. You want a kid? I am a kid. Just a rich one. With powerful friends. And a model girlfriend.

After consideration Jack agrees, and the two SHAKE HANDS.

At a booth across the restaurant - CLIVE scuffs down a pizza with a group of friends. He turns to the camera

CLIVE(TO THE CAMERA)

That's when everything started to change.

QUICK SHOTS:

- Jack Bergeson campaign ADS on TV.
- Jack throws out the opening pitch at a BASEBALL GAME.
- There are Jack Bergeson TOYS on shelves at toy stores.

**EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - TOPEKA - DAY**

A small crowd gathers around a GRAND OPENING ceremony. Jack and Nate Callaghan stand by the red ribbon next to the Mayor of Topeka, who takes the microphone.

MAYOR

And today marks a new beginning in our city's promise to give back. And what better way to honor new beginnings than to have our very own Jack Bergeson here to cut the ribbon. Everyone give a warm welcome to a real trailblazer, Mr. Bergeson!

We see Oliver in the crowd applauding with the others. Jack takes the scissors and CUTS the red ribbon.

JACK BERGESON

Thank you Mayor Wolgast. It's an honor to be here today with my fellow Topekans! As the mayor said this is just the beginning. I promise you if I am your Governor I will work hand in hand with Mayor Wolgast to build dozens more centers with after school and arts programs for all ages.

More applause. Nate showcases his delight with an evil grin.

*LATER...*

Jack finishes signing autographs just as Oliver approaches, with a pen in hand.

OLIVER

(flirty)

Can I get one? Name's Oliver.

JACK BERGESON

Ohh Oliver, that's a nice name. Sure. Where do you want it?

OLIVER

(grabbing his shirt collar)

Right here.

Jack gets close to Oliver - their noses practically kissing, as he sign's Oliver's shirt.

JACK BERGESON

There you go.

Jack wrote **"You're cute. Love, Jack"**.

The two blushing, hooked on young love.

OLIVER  
Need a ride home?

Jack looks back at Nate, who's busy closing deals on his phone.

JACK BERGESON  
Actually, yeah. That would be nice.

**OFF TO THE SIDE:** Nate notices Jack and Oliver's intimate behavior. He DOES NOT look pleased...

**INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Oliver examines every embarrassing photo he can find on Jack's desk. Jack lays on his bed.

JACK BERGESON  
Okay haven't you seen enough, yet?

OLIVER  
Not even close.

Oliver grabs a framed photo of Jack in KINDERGARTEN and JUMPS on the bed.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Can we please take a moment to pay respect to that bowl cut?

Jack grabs the photo -

JACK BERGESON  
You know what? Next time, we go to your house, and I can make fun of all your hideous photos.

OLIVER  
Out of luck, I photograph real well.

JACK BERGESON  
Not surprising.

The two get comfortable laying side by side.

OLIVER  
So...this is where it all started. It's just like any other kids bedroom.

JACK BERGESON  
I am any other kid.

They turn to each other -

OLIVER  
Any other kid doesn't run for  
Governor at sixteen.

JACK BERGESON  
So what do you think I am?

Oliver stares into Jack's eyes and moves in for THE KISS.  
Jack seems ready this time. BUT...

SUDDENLY - Sean BARGES into Jack's room listening to a  
WALKMAN.

Jack scrambles to act normal.

SEAN  
Jack, dinners ready!

JACK BERGESON  
Sean, what the fuck!?

SEAN  
(Shouting)  
What? I can't hear you. Found this  
Walkman in the garage. Dave  
Matthews Band. Classic.  
(to Oliver)  
Sup man, I'm Sean.

Sean walks out and leaves Jack's door wide open.

Oliver and Jack gather themselves.

JACK BERGESON  
Well, I should probably get  
downstairs. Do you want to stay for  
dinner?

OLIVER  
Oh, no it's okay. I should get  
home, anyway.  
(beat)  
But this weekend right? Soledad  
O'Brien?

JACK BERGESON  
Yup.

OLIVER  
Cool, I'll be there. Along with  
probably half of school, ha.

JACK BERGESON

Awesome!

The two share an awkward hug.

**EXT. KANSAS HIGHWAY - DAY**

A new addition to Jack's caravan: A massive TOUR BUS with an obnoxious photo of himself plastered across the whole side.

IN THE BUS -

Alex, Sean, and Shebby entertain themselves with all the toys the RV has to offer while Nate and Jack have a private conversation on the couch.

NATE

Okay, so after Soledad O'Brien we're flying you straight to L.A for Jimmy Kimmel.

JACK BERGESON

Okay, is Alex coming on Kimmel?

NATE

Alex needs to fight the good fight off camera for the next few weeks. YOU are the face of this campaign and right now, we need to give the supporters what they want. Remember this is for them.

Jack is distressed by this unfortunate reality.

JACK BERGESON

Okay, let's just make sure Alex has things to do here.

Nate smirks to himself. He has Jack in his back pocket.

**INT. BACKSTAGE SOLEDAD O'BRIEN - NIGHT**

Through the maze of electrical chords and Gaffers, we see Jack and his fellow teens - all allured by the glitz and glam of a Talk Show set.

Nate and a Costume Designer march forward -

NATE

Good, you guys are here. Jack this is Melinda and she's going to be taking care of your outfit today.

Sophie makes herself known, holding a GARMENT BAG -

SOPHIE ADAMS

That's not necessary, I have his outfit right here.

It's clear the Costume Designer has no time for these kids.

NATE

That's great sweetie. We'll take that and keep it as an option, but we kinda' have our own system here at Soledad and we don't want to mess with it...

A defeated Sophie hands Nate the garment bag. Before Jack can speak up for Sophie, Nate escorts him to the dressing room.

# **INT. DRESSING ROOM - BACKSTAGE - LATER**

A make up artist touches up Jack's face while the costume designer picks out an outfit NOT from Sophie's bag. Nate watches from the couch.

NATE

Jacky-boy. You ready, it's game time. Told you I'd deliver, didn't I?

JACK BERGESON

You did.

Nate fixes his posture, readying a conversation.

NATE

One quick thing. Not a biggie, but let's make sure not to say anything about your views on taxes, okay? Soledad's base is all over the electoral map, and today is about introducing you to that base. We don't want you scaring off half of them before they even get to know you!

JACK BERGESON

But I thought I...

NATE

...I know I know, but let's just keep politics out of this one. We'll do another taping in a few weeks. Just smile. She'll take care of you.

Jack succumbs to Nate once again.



Jack's phone starts BUZZING...It's Alan.

MAKE-UP ARTIST  
You're about to go on air. Do you  
need to answer that?

After a painful beat, Jack puts his phone away.

JACK BERGESON  
No, no. It's not important.

**INT. SOUND STAGE - SOLEDAD O'BRIEN SET - DAY**

Josh Trapp sets up his camera equipment right off-stage. A NO  
NONSENSE security guard approaches -

SECURITY GUARD  
There's no filming.

JOSH TRAPP  
Oh, it's okay.  
(flashing his badge)  
I'm Mr. Bergeson's filmographer.

The security guard inspects Josh's lanyard.

SECURITY GUARD  
You can request footage from our  
cam's department after taping.

JOSH TRAPP  
Let me get a hold of Jack. He'll  
sort this out.

SECURITY GUARD  
I have specific instructions from  
the shows executive producer, who  
is with Jack as we speak.

Josh reluctantly disassembles his gear. Tides seem to be  
changing in the Bergeson campaign.

*LATER...*

**SOLEDAD O'BRIEN** introduces Jack to her studio audience. He  
nervously waddles on stage.

SOLEDAD O'BRIEN  
Well, Jack Bergeson it is an  
absolute pleasure to finally meet  
you.

Jack couldn't look cuter if he tried.

JACK BERGESON  
Thanks Ms. O'Brien, and it's a  
pleasure to meet you as well.

SOLEDAD O'BRIEN  
Please, call me Soledad.

The audience are eating Jack up.

SOLEDAD O'BRIEN (CONT'D)  
So Jack, you're starting to make  
headlines all over the country for  
this "loophole" you found, which  
let's you, a sixteen year old, run  
for Governor.

JACK BERGESON  
That is correct.

SOLEDAD O'BRIEN  
Now from what I understand you're  
not even old enough to vote for  
yourself. Is that correct?

JACK BERGESON  
It is.

SOLEDAD O'BRIEN  
So what do you have to say to  
everyone out there who doesn't  
think someone of your age should be  
running for Governor of Kansas. A  
lot of people don't think you are  
qualified. Do you think you are?

JACK BERGESON  
I believe there are two  
qualifications a candidate must  
have, Soledad. One, is that they  
must care deeply about our state,  
and two, they must believe that  
they have solutions that will solve  
our state's problems.

Soledad and the audience are taken aback by Jack's guts.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
And that's why I joined the race.  
Because I see there are some issues  
Kansas is not addressing, and I am  
here to address them.

SOLEDAD O'BRIEN  
And I am sure you will. Ladies and  
Gentleman Jack Bergeson! More from  
him after the commercial break.

Soledad gives Nate, backstage, a thumbs up. Jack will be a ratings gold mine.

Josh and the other teens linger backstage. All of them, crushed they aren't able to contribute.

LATER...

The taping is over and Jack de-mics. He has a new air of confidence about him.

Oliver waits for Jack backstage. The two embrace in a big hug, but before Oliver can get a word in, Nate pulls Jack away for press.

NATE

That was brilliant Jack. You're about to enter a whole new stratosphere. Are you ready?

JACK BERGESON

I guess so!

#### **INT./EXT. MONTAGE**

- Jimmy Kimmel and Jack share laughs live on JIMMY KIMMEL LIVE in front of a sold out crowd.
- Jack makes front page on Magazines across the country.
- In shaky news reel footage, reporters take to the city streets to interview adults who voice their displeasure and annoyance at all these "KIDS OF KANSAS".
- The Campaign Bus becomes congested with more adult advisors. Alex, Sean, Shebby follow behind in normal cars with the rest of the teenagers.
- Alex begins leading team meetings with the other teen volunteers while Jack gets cozy with the new ADULT advisors.
- Watching TV in his hospital bed, Alan sees Jack and other teen candidates appear in a NIKE "Just do it" Commercial. Alan looks at his cell phone - a whole screen full of no responses from Jack on text message.
- Tiffany, Josh, and other's duties are gradually replaced by ADULT colleagues who have joined the campaign.
- Oliver waits by the sidelines, barely getting a word in with Jack before or after each event.
- Jack energizes MASSIVE crowds on the campaign trail, while Alex speaks at small department stores and libraries.

His confidence grows and he's become friendly with all of his fellow teens at school and on the campaign.

- END MONTAGE -

# **INT. RESTUARANT - NIGHT**

Nate entertains a full table at one of Topeka's fanciest restaurants.

NATE

And that's when I just looked at her, and said. Babe, are we gonna' hook up or are we gonna' hook up?

Jack forces a laugh. Surrounded by half a dozen adults, he looks completely out of place.

# **EXT. MOVIE THEATER - SAME**

Shebby, Sean, Alex, and Oliver are dressed in FULL AVENGERS COSTUMES as they wait in line for the midnight showing.

ALEX

He said he'd meet us here.

SHEBBY

This is what happens when you let boys plan things! Also, Sean who the hell are you supposed to be?

Sean has a full black tie suit on.

SEAN

Agent Coulson.

SHEBBY

Of course you are.

OLIVER

Oh, wait, he just texted me! "Hey sorry..."

(tonal shift)

"Stuck at a budget meeting with Nate. Not going to make it. Go on without me, 'Avenge the Fallen".

SHEBBY

A budget meeting at 11:30 at night? What are they? In the cartel?

Off: Alex and Oliver's disappointed faces.

**INT. RESTUARANT - NIGHT**

Still at dinner, Jack checks his phone under the table. He reads Oliver's response... **"Okay (Sad Face Emoji)."**

A wave of guilt overcomes Jack, who's lost in his own head, until -

NATE

Did you hear me? I said we gotta' get you a girlfriend. That would complete the package.

Jack looks at Oliver's contact card on his iPhone. Longing for the strength to be with him.

JACK BERGESON

Yeah. A girlfriend. Okay...

Nate is psyched.

NATE

All right! You heard the kid. Let's get him some candidates by Monday!!

**INT. TRUMAN HIGHSCHOOL - ASSEMBLY HALL - NIGHT**

A mob of ANGRY PARENTS pack into the small auditorium. The clamor grows by the second.

Principal Weston is under fire at the podium; hoping to quell the anarchy.

PRINCIPAL WESTON

Everyone, please! If we can all calm down I can help answer any questions or concerns you have.

One mother stands up.

MOTHER

Last night my thirteen year old daughter asked to see my tax returns!

Another Parent stands up.

PARENT

My kid stole my credit card...just to give PETA a thousand dollar donation!

A married couple follows.

HUSBAND

My 14 year old son asked me if I was happy with my company's health insurance plan.

WIFE

And then proceeded to tell me he forgives us for putting us through the public school system, and said we were doused by the current administration.

PARENT 2

What kind of school are you running here?! Kids shouldn't be talking about taxes and healthcare! It shouldn't even be in their heads!

PARENT 3

My brother is a writer on Saturday Night Live and he said they are doing a skit on the parents of this whole town. We're going to be the laughing stock of the nation!

This riles up the crowd even more.

PRINCIPAL WESTON

I assure you the faculty and I are doing everything we can to distract the students. We are confident that we can fix this problem. We just need a little bait...And we have the PERFECT bait.

#### **INT. TRUMAN HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY**

Janitors re-coat all the political banners that cover the hallways with "**PROM '18**". Students run mad in the hallways with their teenage glee and enthusiasm.

Principal Weston peaks through his office blinds to see the frenzy unfolding.

PRINCIPAL WESTON

(to himself)

Yessssss...

POV FROM INSIDE A LOCKER: CLIVE takes out his books.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA)

Principal Weston thought he had us beat. But man, he was SO WRONG.

Clive SLAMS his locker shut.

**INT. GYM - AFTERNOON**

Dozens of students convene on the bleachers. This is the PROM COMMITTEE headed by Sophie Adams.

She wheels a WHITE BOARD to center court. The board is filled with a list of generic prom themes from every John Hughes movie you could think of.

Sophie crosses out the ENTIRE list. She writes down a new theme.... **"WHITE HOUSE CORRESPONDENCE DINNER"**.

Students CHEER and APPLAUD with excitement. They're totally in. This prom is going to ROCK.

**INT. BERGESON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Jack's sleek new office space is a far cry from the Texas Roadhouse corner booth. Tables filled with cold callers. Staffers hustling and bustling. A full blown operation.

ENCLOSED GLASS OFFICE -

Jack consults with Adult staffers on CAMPAIGN POSTERS. Then -

Shebby, Alex, Sean, Sophie, and Josh enter; interrupting Jack's "meeting".

Jack is too focused to greet them.

SHEBBY

Are you coming to the strategy meeting for "Berg" Fair?

JACK BERGESON

Yeah, yeah. When does it start?

SOPHIE ADAMS

Fifteen minutes ago.

JACK BERGESON

Oh shoot guys, Nate and I need to get this mock up out today. Someone's going to have to give me the minutes.

You can feel their disappointment from across the room.

ALEX

It's sold out. Our biggest event of the campaign for kids and teens.

JACK BERGESON

(not paying attention)  
That's great.

JOSH  
It's THIS Saturday in case you  
forgot...We've worked really hard  
on this one. The whole school has.

JACK BERGESON  
Yes, yes. I know.

STAFFER  
Guys, sorry, but we really need to  
focus here.

Before the gang exit -

SEAN  
Jack, are you sure you're okay?

JACK BERGESON  
Yes, Sean. I'm fine.

Sean isn't buying it.

# **INT. KRIS KOBACH'S OFFICE - DAY**

Rob enters to find Kris face down on a MASSAGE TABLE with a  
Masseuse walking on his back.

KRIS KOBACH  
...You see that FOX piece on that  
Tyler kid?! Who the hell does Fox  
think they are? I OWN Fox. The  
president will have a word with  
them about that piece. Where the  
hell are we with the age  
requirement bill?

ROB  
Ready for your signature. Tom and  
Beau caved, so you have the votes.

KRIS KOBACH  
Fantastic. When will it be proposed  
to the House?

ROB  
In three weeks, sir.

Kris holds a devilish smirk.

KRIS KOBACH  
God, I love politics.



**EXT. OWNER'S BOX - KANSAS CITY ROYALS BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY**

Jack is surrounded by a bunch of SUITS stuffing down the luxurious buffet.

SUIT 1  
How are you polling in Wichita?  
Great I imagine.

JACK BERGESON  
Wichita has been kind to us, yes.  
We're excited by the numbers.

SUIT 2  
(condescending)  
Just when you think you've seen it  
all. A kid runs for Governor.

Nate approaches with a cute, bubbly teenager, this is **LAUREN**.

NATE  
There he is! Jahhko!

JACK BERGESON  
Hey!

NATE  
Jack, I want you to meet Lauren.  
Lauren is one of our most active  
volunteers in the eastern counties.

JACK BERGESON  
Oh, wow. It's a pleasure to meet  
you. Thank you for all you do. It  
really makes all the difference.

LAUREN  
Of course. I mean, it's an honor.

Lauren's eyes sparkle like she just met her idol.

NATE  
Well, why don't you two kids go  
take a seat and get to know each  
other a bit. See what kind of  
trouble you can get up to.

Nate's excitement tells us there is more to this "intro" than meets the eye. Lauren seems on board. Jack on the other hand, has caught on, and is NOT on board.

JACK BERGESON  
Okay...

Jack and Lauren take a seat.

LAUREN

I was at your Lawrence rally last week. You were incredible.

JACK BERGESON

Oh cool, thanks...

LAUREN

And your speech on labor laws. I cried. Twice.

JACK BERGESON

Haha, well sorry for that.

LAUREN

Don't be it was the most raw moment of my teenage life. My therapist said you unlocked a door deep inside me.

Uhoh, Jack is in for it.

**INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Jack stares at his computer screen reading articles about HIMSELF.

JACK BERGESON

(to himself)

Hell yeah I doubled down on Douglas County. That's a sleeper pick.

His mom knocks on the door.

STACY (O.S)

Honey! Nate's here.

JACK BERGESON

One sec.

Jack opens the door -

NATE

(to Stacy)

Thank you Mrs. Bergeson.

Nate enters Jack's room and shuts the door.

NATE (CONT'D)

So this is where the magic happens.

JACK BERGESON

Yeah. Well, not really, but yeah.

NATE

So I have fantastic news. The oil guys I told you about want to meet you. This Saturday!

Nate's giddy with self satisfaction.

JACK BERGESON

That's amazing!

(pausing)

Wait, aren't they in Kansas City?

NATE

Yup, but fear not, they are sending their private jet for us!

JACK BERGESON

Holly shit! For all of us?

NATE

Just us for the first meeting.

Jack doesn't seem to care.

NATE (CONT'D)

See what happens when you let me take charge. PJs on deck.

Nate inspects Jack's closet and picks out an outfit.

NATE (CONT'D)

Wear that Saturday. Oh and how is it going, with...Lauren?

Jack's trapped with no idea how to respond.

JACK BERGESON

Lauren. Yeah, she's cool. I don't know though Nate. I think maybe--

NATE

--Don't worry I totally get it.

JACK BERGESON

You do?!

NATE

Yes. You're young it's scary to make the first move. But, don't be scared. You're the most famous kid in the country. She's just a girl. You got this, 'k big guy?

Much to Jack's dismay...

JACK BERGESON

Yeah.

NATE

Alright, see you Saturday.

**EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - DAY**

Pay to play carnival games and a slew of rides fill the park.

Shebby and Sophie raise a "WELCOME" sign while Oliver and Alex unload stacks of HAY off a truck. Truman High Students are scattered all over the fairground helping set-up.

Everything looks great, they're just missing one thing...JACK

ALEX

Where the hell is Jack? He was supposed to be here hours ago. Fair opens in ninety minutes!

OLIVER

I don't know but I'm sure he's coming. He would NOT miss this.

SHEBBY

OH, HE WOULD. I don't know what hole you have been under lately, but Jack has changed. I have zero clue who he is anymore.

Alex and Oliver know Shebby is right, but they aren't ready to accept that reality.

Alex pulls out his phone and calls Jack.

**INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - SAME**

Jack is checking himself out in the mirror. His phone BUZZES...

Call from: ALEX. Jack is about to answer when -

THROUGH HIS BEDROOM WINDOW - - Nate pulls up in a stretch HUMMER LIMOUSINE.

Jack opens his window.

JACK BERGESON

(Shouting)

WHAT!!!!

Outside -

NATE  
When you ride with me, you ride in  
style!

Jack races downstairs forgetting his cellphone on the bed.

**EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - SAME**

Alex's call is sent to voicemail...

**INT. PRIVATE JET - LATER**

Stewardess greet Jack and Nate as they take their seats.

JACK BERGESON  
Holy shit! This is insane.

Jack is handed a hot towel. Nate gets a glass of champagne.

NATE  
Sit back and relax, kid. We're  
going places.

Jack falls into the leather sofa seat.

**EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - LATER**

The fair is PACKED. Hundreds of kids, teens, and young adults enjoy the plethora of amusements while Alex, Shebby, Sean, and Oliver scramble for a plan B.

SEAN  
Anyone want to go on a ride?

Everyone glares at Sean. No one is in the mood.

OLIVER  
Alex, if he doesn't show you'll  
have to fill in.

Alex looks at the daunting stage -

ALEX  
Mhmm.

His anxiety takes over, and he projectile vomits.

SHEBBY  
This is a disaster.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Jack and Nate are surrounded by a dozen oil tycoons sporting their best Gordon Gekko suits. Floor to ceiling glass windows eighty floors up only amplify this intimidating environment for Jack.

OIL TYCOON 1

Jack, we are so happy you were able to make it.

JACK BERGESON

Happy to be here, sir.

OIL TYCOON 2

We can't express enough how impressed we are with what you've accomplished.

JACK BERGESON

Thanks, yeah it's been a pretty wild ride so far.

NATE

Indeed it has, and it's only up from here! Now that we are all acquainted, let's get into it.

**EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - DAY**

Shebby, Alex, Sean, and Oliver wait by the stage as kids and teens begin to fill the seats.

Alex walks up on stage, slowly approaching the podium -

ALEX

Ummm. Hello and thank you all for coming out today. For those of you who don't know, I'm Alex Cline and...

KID IN AUDIENCE

...We know who you are! Where is Jack?

KID IN AUDIENCE 2

Yeah, we came to hear Jack!

Alex looks to Shebby, Sean, and Oliver for answers. But all he gets are blank faces -

ALEX

Jack is, uhh, well he's...He's stuck at a prior commitment at the moment.

Alex does what he can to entertain the crowd.

OFF TO THE SIDE:

A Carnie reads a MAGAZINE on his break. Oliver notices the cover, and something about the tabloid catches his attention.

We finally see what Oliver sees -

**FRONT PAGE OF TABLOID:** "Who is Jack Bergeson's Girlfriend?"

Jack is pictured with LAUREN, the girl he met at the baseball game. He has his arm around her.

All color drains from Oliver's face as his heart shatters into a million pieces.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME**

Jack can barely get a word in at the meeting. So much so that their tiresome jargon dissipates to MUFFLED MURMURS.

Jack stares out the window, consumed by his own thoughts.

UNTIL -

OIL TYCOON 1

Jack? Jack?

Jack snaps back to reality.

JACK BERGESON

Yeah, sorry.

One of the tycoons hands him a piece of paper.

OIL TYCOON 1

We have a list of some minor alterations to your platform that would make you a much more attractive candidate. One which would have our full support moving forward.

Jack takes a look at the "list". His face tells us these are NOT minor changes.

JACK BERGESON

This is a complete overhaul of my platform. I don't--

Nate jumps in to put out the fire before it starts.

NATE

--Don't think it'll be a problem.  
We'll take a deeper dive into this  
once we're back in Topeka, but for  
now, let's celebrate huh!?

This is a blow to Jack's core, but he doesn't have the  
courage to speak up.

**INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT**

Jack stares out the plane window, lost in the clouds. Nate  
interrupts him.

NATE

I know it seems like a complete  
rebrand, but I'm telling you these  
are the guys we want to have  
backing us.

JACK BERGESON

I know.

NATE

That's the right attitude. Today  
was a great day, Jack. Wait 'til  
you tell everyone where you've  
been. They won't believe it. Poor  
kids. Stuck at a lousy fair all  
day, and you're jet setting across  
the state.

Jack's heart stops in a panic.

JACK BERGESON

SHIT! The fair!

**EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT**

Carnies dismantle the rides, tents are packed up, and the  
music is gone. The gang and a few Truman High students are on  
clean up duty.

A TOWNCAR pulls up, and JACK steps out.

NO ONE is happy to see him. Except Sean.

SEAN

Hey Jack!

Alex nudges Sean to cut it out.

SOPHIE ADAMS

Well, look who decided to show up.



JACK BERGESON  
Guys, I'm sorry. Let me explain.

ALEX  
Explain what? How you just left  
your friends hanging, AGAIN? Or how  
you've turned into a complete  
asshole?

JACK BERGESON  
Okay, hey take it easy.

Alex tosses his garbage picker.

ALEX  
Take it easy? You know, I don't  
even recognize you anymore, man.  
None of us do. And don't even get  
me started on our "campaign". What  
happened to running for US, for  
THIS generation. It's like you  
don't even give a shit about that  
anymore.

JACK BERGESON  
Of course I give a shit. What do  
you think I am doing all day long?!

ALEX  
We have no clue what you are doing  
Jack. We can't ever get a hold of  
you. You're harder to reach than  
the god damn president. For all I  
know you're off sipping champagne  
with Kris Kobach.

JACK BERGESON  
Oh, wake up man! We're in the  
middle of a campaign and we have to  
do whatever we can to win. I'm  
sorry. I was out there in the REAL  
WORLD locking in votes and  
influence while you guys were  
playing fucking bumper cars. So  
don't tell me I have changed, I  
have just stepped up to the plate,  
something you are clearly too  
afraid to do. You've always been  
too afraid. Your whole fucking  
life.

Everyone is shocked. Alex just took a bullet to the heart.

ALEX

Well, congratulations Mr. Bergeson  
you finally sound like a real  
politician.

Alex looks at the others.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Take a good look around Jack, you  
would be nowhere without us. And  
stop trying to pretend you're still  
doing this for this generation.  
You're not doing it for them,  
you're not doing it for Nate,  
you're doing this for you. And I  
hope you're happy with that,  
because you're all alone now.

Alex walks away. One by one they each follow suit. Until It's  
just Oliver and Sean left.

Oliver throws the TABLOID he just read at Jack's feet.

Jack picks it up and his stomach drops...

JACK BERGESON

Oh, come on. She doesn't mean  
anything, it's just publicity.

Oliver doesn't want to hear it.

OLIVER

I don't want someone who hides who  
they really are. I want someone  
proud to be who they are. Proud to  
be with me. But you, you're the  
real coward, Jack.

Oliver's comments STING more than Jack expected.

JACK BERGESON

Oliver! Come on!

Oliver walks away to catch up with the others. Jack KICKS the  
trashcan.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)

You know what? Good! Get out of  
here. Watch what I do without you!

Sean is the last one left -

SEAN

I'm gonna' go with them, but can I  
still crash on your couch?

Jack is mentally drained from all of this.

JACK BERGESON  
Yes, that's fine Sean.

SEAN  
Thanks. See you tonight. And hang  
in there, man. I'm sure everything  
will blow over.

Sean runs off with the others - leaving Jack alone.

**INT. TRUMAN HIGH CAFETERIA - DAY**

Alex, Sean, Shebby, Oliver, Sophie, and Josh eat lunch  
together. The table is quiet.

Jack is being interviewed by a slew of reporters outside in  
the quad.

SHEBBY  
It's like he's trying to shove it  
in our face.

SOPHIE ADAMS  
I watched his press conference  
yesterday. Looks like he's  
abandoning his climate position.

JOSH  
Nate's assistant emailed me an NDA  
this morning for all of my footage.

SEAN  
Yeah, we barely talked at breakfast  
today, but I was beat. Binged  
Stranger Things last night.

Alex slams his fists on the table.

ALEX  
Can we just have one conversation  
that's not about him?! It's over,  
it's done. Back to regular  
scheduled programing. Where we're  
just kids!  
(to Sean)  
And what are you still doing here?  
You're like twenty five years old!

Alex gets up and leaves.

SHEBBY  
 (to Sean)  
 Don't listen to him, he's just  
 upset.

SEAN  
 He must be, he knows I'm only  
 twenty two.

**EXT. TRUMAN HIGH - QUAD - SAME**

Jack wraps up his interviews.

NATE  
 Thank you. That's all for today.  
 Don't forget he's also a student.  
 If he misses another Algebra class  
 his teacher will kill me! Catch us  
 tomorrow at the Kechi YMCA.

Jack sees Shebby, Oliver, and Co. in the cafeteria. The  
 moment Jack locks eyes with them, they look away.

This pains Jack to his core, but he bottles it in.

NATE (CONT'D)  
 You good?

JACK BERGESON  
 Yeah. Yeah, I'm good.

NATE  
 Yeah you are! You're great baby!  
 Let's go win an election.

**INT. TRUMAN HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY**

Students GLARE at Jack as he walks down the hallway. This has  
 become hostile territory.

Among Jack's new "adversaries" is Clive.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA)  
 Jack's fall from grace was as swift  
 as his rise. The WHOLE school  
 showed up to the fair, and let's  
 just say - everyone wanted their  
 money back. His stock dropped WAY  
 BELOW market value.

**EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - DAY**

Jack speaks to an underwhelming audience from a makeshift podium. Barely any YOUTH in attendance, mostly ADULTS.

JACK BERGESON

...And that is why I am here for you. For the working single mothers, the fathers with two jobs, the working class of this great state! Thank you all! And Vote Bergeson!

The conclusion of his speech is met with half-baked applause.

A town car is waiting for Jack -

**INT. TOWN CAR - SAME**

Jack turns off his fake smile. Nate's in the passenger seat.

JACK BERGESON

Well that was a waste of time.

NATE

It's okay. This county was always a toss up.

Jack CHUCKS his campaign hat on the floor.

JACK BERGESON

Anything from Alex or Oliver?

NATE

Nope.

JACK BERGESON

Shebby?

Nate shakes his head.

**INT. MARY CLARKIN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Mary, the reporter for the Hutchinson News, drinks a glass of wine as she watches the evening news.

TV REPORTER

In other news, new polling numbers will be worrisome for Jack Bergeson as they have now dropped for the second week in a row.

(MORE)

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)  
 Many out there speculate that his  
 recent struggles in the polls  
 coincide with his drastic u-turn in  
 key fundamentals of his platform.

We see Mary's laptop on the coffee table. She's almost done  
 with her newest article. The title - -

**"FROM RICHES TO RAGS: THE DOWNFALL OF JACK BERGESON"**

**INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Jack scrolls through Instagram. His feed is overflowing with  
 clips of his speeches. The comments...

"FRAUD"... "THIS GUY IS A HACK"... "CHEUGY"... "F\*\*\* HIM" etc...

**INT. CLASSROOM - TRUMAN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Jack's early - Students trickle in and sit as far away from  
 him as possible. Even when every seat is taken, Jack could  
 not feel more alone.

**EXT. WICHITA HIGHWAY - DAY**

Sean hitch-hikes on the side of the road. He's holding a sign  
 that reads... "VOTED BEST CO-PILOT BY MY EX-GIRLFRIEND"

**INT. KRIS KOBACH'S OFFICE - DAY**

Kris has an ear to ear smile on his face as he reads Mary  
 Clarkin's newest article.

Rob enters -

ROB  
 Press is confirmed for Monday.  
 (handing over papers)  
 And here's the newest draft of your  
 speech. We tested it. Plays great.

KRIS KOBACH  
 Finally... Time to shut those kids  
 up.

**EXT. BERGESON RALLY - DAY**

Another day another podium for Jack, who reads off a tele  
 prompt.

JACK BERGESON  
 ...And that's why WE are all  
 family. Every Kansas citizen has a  
 seat at my table. I joined this  
 race to give YOU a voice.

Jack can't find one kid in the audience...A wave of guilt  
 slowly consumes Jack. He stops mid speech.

Nate notices offstage.

NATE  
 What the hell is he doing?

Jack's pause becomes an awkward beat for the crowd.

JACK BERGESON  
 I'm sorry I can't do this. Thank  
 you everyone for coming out.

Jack walks off stage. The crowd in utter disbelief.

BACKSTAGE -

Nate storms up to Jack.

NATE  
 What the hell was that?

Jack doesn't respond. Nate grabs his arm forcefully -

NATE (CONT'D)  
 You're going to get your ass back  
 on that stage right now.

Jack breaks loose from his grip.

JACK BERGESON  
 Or what, Nate?

Nate's taken aback by Jack's fight.

NATE  
 Jack, listen to me. I know we've  
 over worked you the past few weeks.  
 We'll scale back some appearances.  
 But right now, I need you to get  
 back on that stage.

JACK BERGESON  
 I need to read a teleprompter  
 because I don't even know what I  
 stand for anymore. My policies  
 change with the highest bidder.  
 (pointing to the audience)  
 (MORE)

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)

And them out there, I don't know them. I didn't run for them. I ran for youth, for kids. And what did I do? I left them. I left them for you and all your bullshit.

NATE

My bullshit? That "bullshit" got a kid who doesn't know shit about politics to number one in the polls. You think you could do this without me!?

Jack has no response. The two are heated.

NATE (CONT'D)

Without me, this little shtick of yours will be over, very soon. -

Jack has a sense something else is coming...

NATE (CONT'D)

Yeah, you heard me. Kobach is fast tracking a bill through the house that would set an age requirement of twenty five in order to run for state office. The house votes on it Monday. So you see, you NEED me. I'm the only one who can lobby those votes.

JACK BERGESON

No. You're the last thing I need.

Jack - mustering the courage for what he's about to say.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)

You're fired, Nate.

Jack storms off. Leaving Nate and his advisors in shock.

#### **EXT. ALEX'S GARAGE - DAY**

Alex and Josh Trapp play video games while Shebby and Sophie paint each other's nails.

On the T.V - A newscast takes their attention.

NEWSCAST

Just in. Jack Bergeson has parted ways with his trusted right hand man Nate Callaghan. The move comes after Jack's sharp decline in the polls.

(MORE)



## NEWSCAST (CONT'D)

We will keep you informed as we  
hear more on this developing story.

The kids can't believe it.

JOSH TRAPP

Holy shit.

Alex's phone rings - It's Jack.

SHEBBY

Are you going to answer?

Alex shakes his head.

Shebby's phone rings next...She does not answer either.

**INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jack lays in bed starrng at the ceiling. Consumed by his thoughts.

Jack texts ALAN: "Hi sorry. Been a crazy few weeks. How are you?"

No response...

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - OLIVER'S HOUSE - DAY**

Jack knocks on the front door. Oliver's mom answers with a discouraging look on her face.

JACK BERGESON

Hi. Is Oliver home by chance?

Oliver's mom looks behind her. Oliver is clearly home.

OLIVER'S MOM

I'm sorry honey, he's not available  
right now.

**INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Jack and his mom watch the news. There is a segment on Kris Kobach's rise in the polls.

Jack checks his phone...still no response from Alan.

**INT. CAPPER SENIOR CENTER - FRONT OFFICE - DAY**

Jack approaches the sign-in window. There's a BERGESON/CLINE campaign poster on the wall with Jack's autograph on it.

JACK BERGESON  
Hey Tracey!

SIGN-IN CLERK  
Hey Jack! It's been a minute, how  
are ya kid!? We still have your  
campaign poster up.

JACK BERGESON  
Yeah I saw that. I've been good, I  
had some free time and wanted to  
come check on Alan. I haven't heard  
back from the ol' man in a few  
days.

The mood quickly shifts. Tracey pauses before responding.

SIGN-IN CLERK  
You didn't hear?

**EXT. CEMMETARY - DAY**

Jack sits on the grass completely grief-stricken next to a  
TOMBSTONE that reads:

**"ALAN GAMAIRI. Beloved husband, teacher, and student of life.  
1927-2018."**

Tears roll down Jack's face as he places a bouquet of flowers  
on Alan's grave.

JACK BERGESON  
I'm so sorry, Alan. I...I could  
have been there. I should have been  
there. You were always there for  
me. And when you needed me, I was  
off...being a fucking asshole.

Jack stares at the grave, almost imagining it were Alan.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
Oh no, trust me. I was a grade A  
dick. I abandoned you, I abandoned  
my friends, Oliver, everyone.

He looks at the grave again, wishing it would respond.

Beat.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
I just wish you were here. I'm lost  
Alan. I know you would know what to  
do.

There is a moment of silence.

Jack fixates on the grave, as if it were actually "speaking" to him.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
 You know what? You might just be right. I think that could work.  
 (jumping up)  
 Alan, you're a freaking genius!

Jack jumps on his bike and peddles away.

#### **EXT. TOPEKA SKYLINE - NIGHT/DAY**

The hustle and bustle of Topeka fades from day to night. There is a burst of energy and excitement in this time-lapse.

#### **INT. GYM - TRUMAN HIGH - NIGHT**

Prom Night in Topeka. A massive Banner drapes across the gym that reads **"TRUMAN HIGH'S WHITE HOUSE CORRESPONDENCE DINNER"**

As magical and glamorous as you could imagine. Dangling lights transform this gym into a romantic paradise. There is a "Never Been Kissed" NEON SIGN on the back wall.

Students make their way inside dressed to impress. Impersonating American politicians.

Sophie Adams wears a STATEMENT Jackie Kennedy outfit. There's a senior dressed as ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Another as George Washington. A few Barrack and Michelle Obamas. A Hillary Clinton. And a great RBG getup.

SOPHIE ADAMS  
 Oh my god! I LOVE this RBG flex.

FEMALE STUDENT  
 Thanks. I'm like, a huge Jackie Kennedy fan.

Alex and Shebby enter as BERNIE SANDERS & ROSIE THE RIVETER.

A BAND plays classic hits as WE PAN ACROSS the dance floor which is PACKED with lustful reproductive teens.

*LATER...*

Alex pounds drinks at the SPIKED fruit punch ICE LUGE. Hoping it'll help build confidence to dance.

*LATER...*

Principal Weston takes the stage with the mic -

PRINCIPAL WESTON

I know this year we decided to do things a bit different. Truman High's first ever year without a Prom Court. Now this was met with some resistance, especially from myself and the faculty.

Principal Weston looks backstage and smiles.

PRINCIPAL WESTON (CONT'D)

But someone came to me this morning and reminded me of the importance of change. Change is scary, especially for us adults, but what I've learned this year from you all...is how powerful that change can be. And when used for good, can make even an old geezer like myself think twice.

IN THE AUDIENCE: Shebby finds Alex.

SHEBBY

Is he coming out of the closet or something?

ANGLE BACK ON Principal Weston.

PRINCIPAL WESTON

Now I want to give that person a few minutes of your time. Maybe he'll be able to make you think twice as well.

The crowd has no clue what is going on. Until - -

JACK BERGESON comes out on stage.

Everyone's JAWS are on the floor. A few "BOO's" from the audience.

Alex, Shebby, and Oliver brace for this speech.

JACK BERGESON

Hi. So umm. Listen, I know I am the last person you all want to hear from and I don't deserve your forgiveness, but if you'll just hear me out for one minute, I can tell you how sorry I am. And then I'll get out of your way, forever if you want.

The crowd goes quiet. He has their attention.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)

I abandoned you. And I am so unbelievably sorry for that. I abandoned what we started. Something that was so real, it was almost too good to be true.

(beat)

You know...I lied to myself. I lied to you all. I failed to be the candidate I said I would be. I tried so hard to become the person I thought you all wanted me to be, when in fact, I became the exact person I was fighting against. I became a fraud...

(beat)

I wouldn't vote for me. Not right now.

Principal Weston and the teacher's are moved by Jack's words.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)

I let politics make the politician, and I promised you the opposite.

The crowd seems to be warming up to Jack.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)

Maybe I needed to lie to find the truth. Because my truth is, I'm just a kid.

Jack looks around the audience. About to get even more vulnerable.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)

A kid who still laughs when my answer in math class is 69. A kid who can't stand living with my annoying brother. A kid who puts off doing chores until my mom yells at me...

(holding Oliver's gaze)

A kid who's in love with Oliver Thomas.

Oliver's heart is ready to burst out of his chest.

Jack holds for a moment.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)

I'm withdrawing from the race.

A few murmurs in the crowd.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
Maybe some will say this was a huge failure, but I disagree. I ran for one reason. I ran to give us a voice in this fucked up world we live in. I ran to tell the older generations, if we're eating the same food, we deserve a seat at the same table.

Some cheers from the audience.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
(pointing at students)  
Felix, you have brilliant ideas on after school programs that could revolutionize education reform. Jeremy you used to think libertarians were a religious cult. Look at you now. You've started two fundraisers to combat climate change. Trish, you came to me the other week with a four page financial plan to increase state spending without increasing taxes. You got a C in math last semester. I mean guys, look at you, look at us.

Students look at each other, realizing Jack is right.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
What we created here is more powerful than any one politician. But, Kris Kobach wants to take it away from us. Monday morning he's putting a bill in front of Kansas' house, which will require a candidate to be 25 years old to run for state office.

GASPS from the crowd.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
Now I do have one last favor. I'm not asking for your vote. I'm asking for your VOICE. I am asking you to meet me on the football field Monday and march with me to the Capital to stop this thing.

Jack stares into the unreadable crowd.

JACK BERGESON (CONT'D)  
I hope to see you there. Have a great rest of your prom.

Jack exits. Principal Weston approaches the mic.

PRINCIPAL WESTON  
Okay! Well, let's get that music  
bumpin' again!

The band starts to play, helping dilute the silence. Shebby and Alex exchange a look. What are they going to do?

**INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jack lays restless in bed.

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - TRUMAN HIGH - MONDAY MORNING**

An early morning MIST introduces us to etchings of an ENDZONE. The field looks empty until we see JACK - off by the sidelines.

There's no one in sight. Jack's about to leave. Until - -

SEAN (O.S)  
Wait! Wait!

A huge smile sweeps across Jack's face. He recognizes THAT voice. Jack turns around and embraces Sean.

JACK BERGESON  
How'd you even...Where've you even?

SEAN  
I ended up on a Cherokee reservation. Long story. Went to this party Saturday night and woke up in the ER yesterday. Lost my pinky toe. But my nurse was watching a livestream of you at prom. Told her I knew you, she asked me to give you this.

Sean hands Jack his hospital bill. Jack laughs.

SOPHIE ADAMS (O.S)  
How the hell did you lose your toe?

Jack and Sean turn around to find Sophie and Josh Trapp.

JACK BERGESON  
Awh guys! I'm so happy you came.

SOPHIE ADAMS  
No one. I repeat NO ONE. Stands me up. K, pumpkin?

JACK BERGESON  
Yes. Never again.

SOPHIE ADAMS  
Good, now go put this on in the  
locker room. You look like a creepy  
substitute teacher.

Sophie hands him an outfit.

**INT. BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - TRUMAN HIGH - LATER**

Jack looks at himself in the mirror with his new outfit on.  
He takes a deep breath and goes back outside.

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - TRUMAN HIGH - CONTINUOUS**

Jack rounds the bleachers and is SHOCKED at what he sees.

REVEAL: The entire TRUMAN HIGH STUDENT BODY is on the field  
waiting for him. Even all the angry PARENTS from the town  
hall are there, led by Principal Weston.

Jack walks up to a roar of cheers -

Jack inspects the crowd - clearly looking for Alex, Shebby,  
and Oliver.

We see CLIVE in the crowd, he turns to the camera -

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA)  
You all know who he was looking  
for.

Alex and Shebby run up to Jack and tackle him to the ground.

SHEBBY  
You're a fucking asshole.  
(nudging him)  
But you're our asshole.

Jack embraces both of them.

JACK BERGESON  
I'm so sorry guys. Seriously I was  
a complete--

OLIVER (O.S.)  
--Idiot.

Jack's been waiting for this. He stands up. The whole crowd  
watches.



JACK BERGESON  
 Oliver, I--

OLIVER  
 Shh. Just kiss me before I change  
 my mind.

Jack leans in, grabs Oliver intimately, and KISSES HIM.  
 Everyone erupts in applause.

JACK BERGESON  
 Alright, let's MARCH!

Jack leads the heard of students off the field.

**EXT. STATE CAPITAL BUILDING - STEPS - DAY**

Kris Kobach and Rob stand at the top of the steps.

KRIS KOBACH  
 In 15 minutes this whole mess will  
 be over. And I can finally get my  
 state back from these children!

ROB  
 Congratulations, sir.

A faint commotion begins in the distance.

KRIS KOBACH  
 What the hell is that?!

Rob rounds the corner and comes back to report.

ROB  
 (dead-face)  
 It's a group of a few hundred kids  
 marching towards us. Screaming. "NO  
 KOBACH. NO AGE LAW. WE WILL NOT  
 WITHDRAW."

KRIS KOBACH  
 What!?

Kris rounds the corner to see for himself.

REVEAL: Jack and the entire Truman student body only a few  
 hundred feet away.

KRIS KOBACH (CONT'D)  
 Fucking kids.  
 (taking out his phone)  
 Good thing I planned ahead.  
 (MORE)

KRIS KOBACH (CONT'D)  
(on the phone)  
Bring them out.

Rob has no idea what Kris is up to.

A few moments later...

Jack and his army reach the steps. He locks eyes with Kris.

Suddenly in the distance MORE chants can be heard...

Jack and Kris both look to see - -

GROUPS OF KIDS from all over Kansas arriving in buses, ubers, bikes, skateboards, etc. They join forces with the Truman high camp. Jack's army just tripled in size!

Kris can't believe what he's witnessing, but he decides to stick to his plan.

KRIS KOBACH (CONT'D)  
(clapping)  
Well done. Well done. But you kids really think you could get away with this?

JACK BERGESON  
We can, and we will! This is our state, too. We deserve a seat.

KRIS KOBACH  
This is politics young man. No one get's what they deserve. They get what they are given. And you have been given nothing.  
(yelling)  
OFFICERS!

Dozens of police officers emerge from the other side of the building. They SWARM the kids from all sides.

KRIS KOBACH (CONT'D)  
These kids are obstructing justice!

Jack's stunned by Kris' blatant lie. He's thinking of a plan B, but it's too late -

Policemen launch RIOT CONTROL GRENADES and fire RUBBER BULLETS into the crowd.

Everyone disperses as chaos ensues.

Jack covers his mouth, dodging rubber bullets as they fly by. Principal Weston has his shirt off holding up a MOTLEY CRUE flag.

PRINCIPAL WESTON  
BRING DOWN THE HAMMER!!!

Alex tackles Sophie to the floor, saving her from a gas grenade explosion. Adrenaline taking over, the two finally **KISS** passionately.

Sean gets hit by A DOZEN rubber bullets, but somehow still stands tall, charging the cops.

SEAN  
BRING HOME OUR TROOPS!

Jack rolls his eyes.

JACK BERGESON  
Sean, there is no war!

Sean takes note.

SEAN  
DEPLOY OUR TROOPS!

JACK BERGESON  
Sean! Just go help Oliver! Now!

SEAN  
Okay!

Jack is about to stand up when a massive smoke grenade goes off, knocking him out cold -

The thick smoke cloud covers the area as we fade to black -

OVER BLACK: **1 MONTH LATER...**

**EXT. FRONT LAWN - TRUMAN HIGH - DAY**

An unrecognizable campus from the beginning of the film. Club sign-in sheets scattered along the steps, petitions, school council posters, healthy debates around the courtyard between students.

Truman High is WOKE. POLITICAL. ACTIVE.

A Skateboarder signs a petition that reads "SAVE THE LAGOON AT CHANDLER PARK".

We find CLIVE - he turns to the camera

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA)  
Yeah so, the demonstration turned into an absolute shit show.

Clive hands a TEXTBOOK to another student as he continues talking.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
But we made history. Youth voter turnout smashed previous records across the state. And, with the help of those votes, the highest office in the state of Kansas is now held by someone who is finally giving us a seat at the table.  
Laura Kelly.

Jack, Shebby, Alex, and Oliver all approach the front steps of Truman High. The hysteria and pandemonium is all but a distant memory now. They are back to being kids. BUT it's a little different this time.

Clive is the last to enter the high school.

CLIVE (TO THE CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
There you have it my people. The story of Jack Bergeson. Just remember. You have a voice. Even if it hasn't dropped yet. Get involved. Stay active. You have just as much a right as anyone.  
(beat)  
This is where I must say my farewell. It was a pleasure...

The school bell RINGS, and class is in session.

FADE TO BLACK.