

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 BLEACHERS -

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 downnnnnnn!!!

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

Uhmmm. 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 ALEX
Governor of what?! 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 Juilliard 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

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...mhmm...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 uhmm, 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 - CONTINUOS

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 Waspie 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 laniard.

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.

<p style="text-align: center;">HUSBAND</p> <p>My 14 year old son asked me if I was happy with my company's health insurance plan.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">WIFE</p> <p>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.</p>
--	--

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 COMMITTE 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

Ummmm. 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 starring 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 GAMAIKI. 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.