BLACK SCREEN

Twenty-five lines of bright light slowly open across the screen. The lines continue to broaden, revealing that we're looking through window blinds that are being opened. The light is from a rising sun. Handclaps fade up. Cheerleader claps. A hypervariation of the old "Wipe Out" riff. Stomping feet come in. Then a bass line. The sound is jagged and jubilant. The martial music of the suburban high school tribes. The title track surges in and we:

CUT TO

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - EARLY MORNING - CHEERLEADERS

It's the crack of dawn and five uniformed cheerleaders are performing for empty stands and an absent football team. They're cute and sexy in their own accidental way. They're the teen romantic ideal singing and working out in a rebellious, unorthodox fashion.

Super title:

"THE BREAKFAST CLUB"

Roll credits

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

The English wing. Deserted, empty, lonely, rows of lockers, open classroom doors. We begin a rare tour of a high school at dawn on a Saturday.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM

A math class. Charts, giant slide rule on the wall -- a massive, single equation that covers the entire blackboard but equals zero.

INT. AUDITORIUM

A silent stage, empty seats, a banner originally strung across the proscenium but one end has fallen. It reads -- SENIOR SPIRIT SCARS!

CUT TO - TROPHY CASE

Among the huge and splendid totems to athletic glory is a student academic cup.
INT. BOY’S LOCKER ROOM - CLOSEUP - UNIFORMS

The dirty uniforms in a heap on the floor beneath a sign -- PLAY CLEAN. WIN CLEAN. The top jersey on the pile is #86 CLARKE.

INT. SWIMMING POOL AREA

In the shimmering light of the ceiling floods reflecting off the water, we see the banners of the other schools in the conference on the tile wall above the spectator stands. The most perceptive with notice a bra and panties floating in the water.

CLOSEUP - SOCIAL WORKER’S DESK

Bulging manila files arranged neatly on the desk. A bust of Freud playfully sporting a Cubs cap. We learn from a nameplate that the desk is that of the social worker.

CLOSEUP - WALL

A misspelled sign in the student activities corridor spray painted in large, bold letters -- CATHY FOR SECRETARY.

CLOSEUP - LOCKER

A hall locker defaced with the words "OPEN THIS LOCKER AND YOU DIE, FAG!"

EXT. STUDENT MALL

Trees, shrubs, benches, cold and lonely. The sun’s broken the horizon.

End music.

End credits.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MAIN ENTRANCE - STREET

A black Mercedes with a telephone antenna is parked in front of the school.

INT. MERCEDES

A distinguished-looking, middle-aged man in a business suit is at the wheel. Beside him is his seventeen-year-old
daughter, Cathy Douglas. She's a budding beauty. Much too pretty, much too sexy for her age. One hundred dollar silk blouse, two hundred dollar skirt, one hundred dollar shoes. Spoiled and petulant.

CATHY'S FATHER
You have every right in the world to be angry. You're not a troublemaker.

CATHY
Can't you sue the school district?

Her father smiles at her spirit, misplaced as it may be.

CATHY'S FATHER
It's not worth it, sweetie.

Cathy sighs and gives him a pout.

CATHY'S FATHER
(with a wink)
I'll make it up to you.

He leans over and gives her a kiss. He reaches into the backseat and hands her a home packed lunch. It's in a Neiman Marcus bag.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL

The Mercedes pulls away and Cathy starts up to the school. A beat and a little Ford Escort pulls up.

INT. ESCORT

A woman in a bathrobe is at the wheel and she's mad. Her son, Brian Johnson, has his head bowed in shame. He's slight and plain with neatly combed hair, cuffed cord pants, a dress shirt, loafers, brown socks and glasses. His mother shakes her head with disgust. She talks to him like he's five years old.

BRIAN'S MOTHER
Is this the first time or the last time we do this?

BRIAN
( obediently)
The last.
BRIAN'S MOTHER
I didn't even tell Dad.

BRIAN
Thanks.

BRIAN'S MOTHER
I didn't do it for you. I did it for him. He'd go through the roof.

Brian picks up his bag lunch off the seat.

BRIAN'S MOTHER
Get in there and use the time to your advantage.

BRIAN
We're not allowed to study.

BRIAN'S MOTHER
(uncompromising)
Well, you figure out a way to study.

BRIAN
(softly)
I will.

BRIAN'S MOTHER
Damn right you will.

A horn blows.

BRIAN'S MOTHER
(impatiently)
Go!

Brian scrambles out of the car.

INT. ANOTHER CAR

In the car behind the Escort is a big, burly, man's man and a handsome, athletic young man, Andy Clarke. He's wearing frayed, fashionably worn jeans, a surgeon's top, sloppy, old turf shoes without laces. He has a neo-flattop haircut.

ANDY'S FATHER
You're old enough not to have to be told what's right and wrong.

ANDY
(weary of the punishment)
Mom already reamed me.
ANDY’S FATHER
(angry)
What if today had been a game day, huh? You wanna miss a game? You wanna blow your ride?

Andy shakes his head, no. He opens the door and gets out. His Father calls to him.

ANDY’S FATHER
No school gives a scholarship to a Caucasian discipline case.

EXT. SCHOOL
Andy’s dad’s heep pulls away and an immaculate white Cadillac replaces it.

INT. CADALLIC
A strange young girl, Allison Reynolds, is staring out the passenger window at the school. She’s thin and plain-looking. No makeup, no style to her long, straight hair, no attempt to look like anything. A pale, invisible human being. She’s biting her thumbnail. Her parents are in the front seat. We never see their faces. Only the backs of their heads. She gets out of the car and waits for a word, good or bad. Nothing. She closes the door and the car pulls away. She turns and walks slowly up the school walk. A tow truck replaces the Cadillac.

INT. TOW TRUCK
A sour, young punk, John Bender, gets out of the truck. He’s wearing Army-issue camouflage field pants, a Whoi U.S. Tour t-shirt, a jean jacket, a bandana around his neck and heavy motorcycle boots. His Father, in mechanic’s overalls, is driving.

JOHN’S FATHER
(angry)
You walk home pal. I work. I ain’t gonna chauffer you around.

JOHN
Thank God.
CONTINUED

JOHN'S FATHER
Maybe if your mouth was connected to your brain you wouldn't spend Saturdays in school.

John's Father tosses him his bag lunch.

JOHN'S FATHER
Personally, I think you're a waste of lunch meat.

JOHN
(sarcastically)
I love you, too.

John mockingly throws him a kiss and starts for the school.

JOHN'S FATHER
Hey, smart-ass! You get thrown outta there, you get thrown outta the house. Understand?

JOHN
(without turning around)
Promises, promises.

His Father jams the truck in gear and pulls away. John keeps walking. A beat and he throws the lunch bag over his shoulder.

DISSOLVE TO

CLOSEUP - DEAN OF STUDENTS

Harvey Vernon, a twenty-two-year veteran of the school. He's seen and heard it all. Heavyset, close-cropped hair, red face, double chin. He's looking into camera with a tough, sadistic smile. He knows how miserable it is for the kids to get up so early on a Saturday to spend the day in detention. He shrugs it in.

VERNON
Good morning.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - HIS POINT OF VIEW - STUDENTS

The five kids we saw arrive are seated at a long library table. Cathy, Andy, Brian, John, an empty chair and then Allison. Cathy, Andy and Brian are listening attentively. Allison is staring in her lap. John is trying not to laugh.
INT. LIBRARY - VERNON

Full figure and he looks ridiculous. A teacher in civvies. A sight to behold, confirming the rumor that teachers are not regular people. Wild sport shirt, khaki work pants and sneakers. The face is official, the body's from the moon. He stands before the table. He looks at his watch.

VERNON

I want to congratulate you for being on time.

Cathy raises her hand.

CATHY

I think there's been a mistake.

Vernon looks at her.

CATHY

I don't think I belong in here.

John looks at her with a smirk. He's disgusted at the simple-mindedness of her play.

CATHY

(timidly)

I'm a normal person.

Vernon stares blankly at her, unmoved, unconvinced. He ignores her comment.

VERNON

It is now...

(looks at his watch)

7:00 A.M., on the nose. You have exactly eight hours to spend in each other's company.

Cathy looks at John.

CATHY

(under her breath)

I can't handle this.

John looks at her with sleepy, half-closed eyes and blocks one nostril with his thumb. He fakes a construction worker's hankie. Cathy is repulsed and turns away.

VERNON

You may not talk, you may not move from your seat...

(to John)

...you may not sleep.
CONTINUED

Vernon passes out sheets of paper and pencils to the kids.

Vernon
We're going to try something new today. We're going to write an essay describing to me who you think you are.

John
(smart-ass)
Is this a test?

Vernon
(ignores him)
Perhaps you'll learn something about why you're here and maybe you'll decide whether or not you care to return.

Brian raises his hand and speaks.

Brian
I can answer that right now, sir. No. An unequivocal No. No way....

Vernon
Save it, Mr. Johnson. I'll be across the hall in my office. Any monkey business is ill-advised. Questions?

Closeup - Andy
He shakes his head. He understands the rules.

Closeup - Brian
Fear, total fear. He stares at Vernon, his eyes pleading mercy.

Closeup - Cathy
She puts on her most charming smile in a vain attempt to alter her fate.

Closeup - John
Still trying not to laugh. Not doing very well.

Closeup - Allison
She wasn't joking.
INT. LIBRARY

Vernon heads for the library door. John raises his hand.

J oh n

Sir?

Vernon stops and turns.

J oh n

(trying not
to laugh)

I got a question.

He puts on his best poker face.

J oh n

(dead-pan)

Where'd you get that shirt?

Cathy and Andy bite their tongues to keep from laughing.
Brian winces, fearing more trouble. Allison doesn't react.
John can't help but smile.

Vernon

He's unflustered. John Bender could not possibly insult,
harass or disturb him.

Vernon

(with a grin)

I'll tell you next Saturday,
Mr. Bender.

He turns and exits through the open library doors, confident
that he's sufficiently one-upped John.

TABLE

John slouches down in his chair.

J oh n

What a scumbag.

Then silence. A lot of silence. John makes like he's
going to go to sleep. Cathy sighs and staring at her sheet
of paper. Andy cracks his knuckles. Brian starts thinking
about his paper. Allison studies her hand. It's so quiet
in the library and the school you can hear the linoleum
squeaking.
His eyes are closed. Working hard to pretend he doesn't give a damn. We hear the sound of Allison gnawing on her thumbnail. John opens one eye, then the other. He turns to Allison. She's really bugging him.

She's chewing her thumb with great determination.

He's still staring at Allison.

You keep eating your hand and you won't be hungry for lunch.

He leans forward and looks at Allison. Then at John. It's innocent curiosity. No ill intended.

He looks at Andy and makes a face.

Take a picture, it lasts longer.

She shakes her head in disgust at John.

I can't believe this is really happening to me.

He looks up from his paper, glances left and right and goes back to his thinking.

He smirks and settles back into the boredom. He does a little air guitar. Andy gives him a sour look. John plays
on for a beat then loses interest. He slouches down and opens his jean jacket.

JOHN

What are we supposed to do if we have to take a leak?

Cathy groans. John pretends to undo his zipper.

JOHN

Lift your feet. I gotta syphon the python.

CATHY

(horrified)
Oh, my God!

Andy turns to him. Brian lifts his feet, closes his eyes and covers his head.

ANDY

(threatens)
You piss, you die!

John laughs, having accomplished his objective -- upset the others.

ANDY

(to John)
If I lose my temper, you're totalled.

John leans around Brian to address Andy.

JOHN

Totalled?

ANDY

(inadvertent)
Totally.

CATHY

(to John)
Why don't you just shut up. Nobody's interested.

ANDY

(insult)
Motorhead.

John snarls at the insult. He reacts by unloading on Andy.

JOHN

What'd you do to get in here? Forget to wash your jock?
CONTINUED - 2

CATHY
(to Andy)
Ignore him and maybe he'll go away.

JOHN
Drop a pass?

Andy ignores him.

JOHN
Was it something in the shower?

Andy stiffens with anger.

ANDY
You want me to call Vernon?

JOHN
(mock fear)
Coo! Tremble, tremble.

The verbal battle is making Brian nervous. He's afraid the situation's going to escalate and involve him.

BRIAN
(to Andy)
Don't. Okay?

ANDY
(ignores Brian)
Just 'cause you live in here that doesn't give you the right to be a pain in the ass.

JOHN
It's a free country.

CATHY
(to Andy)
He's just doing it to get a rise out of you. Ignore him.

John keeps it up.

JOHN
Are you guys like girl friend/boyfriend?

Cathy doesn't respond. John enjoys mocking them.

JOHN
Steady dates?
CATHY still doesn't respond. Andy struggles to control himself. John's confident he's going to get a reaction.

JACK
Are we talking major horizontal action?

CATHY
Go to hell!

INT. VERNON'S OFFICE
Vernon's standing at his standing file looking at a Penthouse calendar. He's startled by Cathy's scream and drops the calendar in an open file drawer.

INT. LIBRARY
Andy has John by the jacket front and is holding him off the floor. He has his fist drawn back, ready to put John's lights out. Brian is covering from the potential violence. Allison is unmoved, hiding in her hair. Cathy is holding back Andy's drawn fist.

VERNON (O.C.)
What's going on?!

All heads turn to the door when Vernon yells. The kids dive for their seats.

INT. HALLWAY
Vernon hurries from his office to the library.

INT. LIBRARY
The five kids are seated as they were when Vernon left. They shake their heads.

CATHY
Nothing, sir.

Vernon gives them his best warning stare. He realizes he can't pin anything on them this time. It's too early to nail anybody. He clucks his tongue, turns and heads back to his office. As soon as it's safe John jumps up out of
CONTINUED

JOHN
We gotta close those doors. We can't have any kind of party with Vernon checking us out every two seconds.

BRIAN
(fearful)
The doors are supposed to stay open.

JOHN
What do you mean 'supposed to'?

BRIAN
Vernon said.

JOHN
So?

ANDY
So, why don't you just shut up? There's four other people in here, you know.

JOHN
Math whiz. You can count.

ANDY
We're content with the situation like it is.

JOHN
Content is for cows.

Moo.

ANDY
That's about it, man. Moo.

ANDY
Why don't you just shut your face, okay? You don't even count. If you disappeared forever, it wouldn't make any difference. You may as well not even exist at this school.

John twitches slightly. It gets him a little. He covers it up immediately with a wisecrack.
CONTINUED - 2

JOHN
Ch, hey. I'll go join the football team right away. Maybe the Pep Club, too.

ANDY
They wouldn't take you.

JOHN
I'm hurt.

CATHY
(to John, motherly)
You know why guys like you knock everything?

JOHN
This oughta be good.

CATHY
Because you're chicken.

John stares at her like she's crazy, as if what she just said was the stupidest thing a human being ever uttered. Brian looks up from his paper.

BRIAN
I'm in the Math Club.

CATHY
(ignores Brian, to John)
You're afraid they won't let you in. You can't belong so you put it down.

Cathy's getting John as bad as he got her. He doesn't let it show. Keeps trying to cover.

JOHN
Right. That's why.

CATHY
It is.

JOHN
It wouldn't have anything to do with you people being assholes would it?

CATHY
You wouldn't know if we are. You don't know any of us

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 3

JOHN
I don't know any lepers either but I wouldn't want to join their fuckin' club.

ANDY
Let's watch the mouth, okay?

BRIAN
I'm in the Physics Club, too.

JOHN
(to Brian)
What are you babbling about?

BRIAN
I belong to the Math Club and the Physics Club.

JOHN
I won't tell anybody.

Brian's feelings are hurt.

JOHN
(to Cathy)
Do you belong to the Physics Club?

CATHY
(tells her eyes)
Not quite.

JOHN
You chicken to join?

Brian looks at Cathy, interested in her answer.

CATHY
We're not talking about academic clubs, jerk.

JOHN
What's the difference?

CATHY
The difference is academic clubs are not the same as other kinds of clubs.

JOHN
To dorks like him they are.
(to Brian)
What do you guys do in your club?

Brian brightens at the prospect of being able to discuss his social life with someone.
BRIAN  
(cheerfully)
We talk physics and math, do problems. Goof around with the Apples... We have a big party at the end of each semester.

JOHN  
You get high and party hard, right?

BRIAN  
Uh, we don't get high.

CATHY  
(to John)  
Only burnouts like you get high.

BRIAN  
I know a guy in the Math Club that tried it. He said he just got hungry and felt like he didn't belong anywhere.

Cathy giggles and gestures to John.

CATHY  
Sounds like him.

JOHN  
Changing the subject?

CATHY  
From what to what?

ANDY  
You guys keep up your talking and Vernon's gonna be in here, you know. I got a game next Saturday. I'm not going to miss it for you jerks.

JOHN  
Wouldn't that be a bite? Missing a whole football game.

ANDY  
You wouldn't know anything about it, puse. You've probably never competed in your life.

JOHN  
I know. I feel all empty inside because of it.

ANDY  
You'll never miss it. You don't have any goals.
CONTINUED - 5

JOHN
Yeah, I do. My goal is to be just like you. All I need is a lobotomy and some faggot shirts.

Andy shakes his head in disgust, not caring to dignify the remark with a retort. Brian chimes in again.

BRIAN
I compete in a lot of stuff.
(qualifies the remark)
Not athletics.

ANDY
We're not talking about grades.

BRIAN
I'm not talking about grades either. I'm talking about academic competitions.

ANDY
It's not the same, guy.

JOHN
You don't have to be a jock to compete.

ANDY
I'm talking about athletic competition.

CATHY
What's the difference?

ANDY
(exasperated)
What do you mean what's the difference?

JOHN
She means just what she said. What's the difference?

ANDY
Bite it!

JOHN
If I could find it, I would.

CATHY
Competition is competition.

Andy is appalled that Cathy would side with John.
ANDY
You're siding with him now?

CATHY
I'm not siding with anybody. You're just wrong.

ANDY
You're all fucked.

JOHN
Hey, man! Mouth. There's a girl here, remember? She doesn't appreciate you using a word like...
(loud, dramatic)
...fuuuck! in front of her. I don't know if you know it, sport, but this girl's mother is a nun!

CATHY
(to John)
You're such a fool.

JOHN
Sorry.
(to Andy)
Her father's a nun.

Brian chuckles.

ANDY
(to Brian)
Shut up, fag.

Brian shuts up fast. Something in the hall catches Cathy's eye.

CATHY
(mildly excited)
Hey. Vernon just left.

John sits up straight and looks across at the empty office. He gets up from his seat. Brian's eyes open wide with fear.

BRIAN
Don't do anything, okay? Please?

JOHN
Don't get nervous, dork.

Allison glances up, looks at John then looks back in her... John hurries to the door and looks down the hall.
INT. HALLWAY - HIS POINT OF VIEW - VERNON

waddles down the hall picking his seat. He stops at the drinking fountain.

INT. LIBRARY

John pulls a chair over to the door and stands up on it.

ANDY
Don't screw around.

CATHY
(to John)
What're you gonna do?

ANDY
Die, I hope.

He takes a coin out of his pocket and with it removes a screw from the door spring assembly. The door swings shut. John jumps down off the chair and takes a bow for his handiwork.

ANDY
Very funny, man. Fix it!

BRIAN
Fix it, please?

JOHN
Let's party.

ANDY
Let's not, asshole.

JOHN
(to Cathy)
Do you believe the mouth on that boy?

John goes back to his seat.

JOHN
Everybody shut up now.

ANDY
Fix that door or I'll....

JOHN
Shut up!

ANDY
Are you gonna fix the door?

CONTINUED
Shut up, man!
The door opens suddenly. It's Vernon. Andy whirls around to face the front.

Who closed this door?!
Andy considers squealing on John. He looks at Cathy. He's afraid he's going to get caught for it.

We were just sitting here. Like we're supposed to.

(picking on Andy)
Who was it?

I think the wind blew it shut.

It just...closed, sir.

Andy looks daggers at John. Vernon pushes the door open thinking it's going to lock open. It closes on him.

I want to know who was fooling with the door...Mr. Bender.

He looks up at the spring assembly.

I think a screw fell out of it. I heard something that sounded like a screw falling out of something.

Vernon glares at John.

I'll bet. Give me the screw!

I don't have it.

Am I going to have to turn you upside down and shake you?

I don't have it. Screws fall out all the time.
VERNON
Give it to me, Bender!

JOHN
You wanna search me?

CATHY
Sir, why would somebody steal a screw?

John looks at Cathy with surprise. She returns a look to make it clear to John that she didn't do it because she likes him. Vernon rattles the door.

VERNON
How do your parents put up with you, Bender?

JOHN
They don't, sir.

Vernon realizes how pointless it is to go after John. He tries to hold the door open with a chair.

JOHN
That seldom works, sir.

He lets go of the door. It pushes the chair with it as it closes.

VERNON
Andy, come here.

Andy gets up.

JOHN
How come he gets to get up?

Vernon ignores John. He instructs Andy to help him with the librarian's desk. They slide it over to the door.

JOHN
What if there's a fire, sir?

Vernon hadn't thought of that. He doesn't let it show.

JOHN
You'd feel really bad if, like, the fire department found us all burned up in front of a desk we couldn't get over.

...contorts his hands and arms like a burn victim.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 3

BRIAN
I'm sure we could climb....

John drops his boot down on Brian's foot. He gulps hard and winces in pain. With a sharp nod of his head, Vernon orders Andy to move the desk away. Vernon takes a book off the desk.

VERNON
You're not fooling anybody, Bender. The next screw that 'falls' out will be you.

JOHN
(tough talk)
Blow me.

VERNON
(barks)
I didn't catch that!

JOHN
That's not my fault.

Vernon's patience is at an end.

VERNON
You just bought another Saturday.

JOHN
(wincing)
I'm crushed.

VERNON
You just bought another.

JOHN
Hey, I'm free the Saturday after that.

VERNON
Another.

JOHN
Beyond this I'm going to have to check my calendar.

VERNON
Another.

Cathy looks at John in horror. He's getting slaughtered no matter how much she dislikes him and is moved by his reliance.
CONTINUED - 4

CATHY
(to John)
Cut it out.

VERNON
(to John)
You through?

JOHN
How many is that?

Brian quickly calculates in his head.

BRIAN
Four.

VERNON
(to John)
Let's call it five.
(to the others)
I'm not going to put up with any more crap. Next time I have to come in here, you'll all be invited back.

He sets his threat with a hard, angry glare. Then he exits. John slides down in his chair, trying to act like it doesn't bother him that he's given himself five more weeks of detention. Cathy looks at him with a mix of sympathy, bewilderment and disgust.

CATHY
You're crazy. You wrecked your whole fall.

John shrugs his shoulders, jerks his fist in the air and settles in for the long wait.

CLOSEUP - WALL CLOCK

It reads 7:44.30. We hold on the clock for thirty uninterrupted seconds. Enough to remind our audience how slowly time passes.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. LIBRARY - TABLE

It's boredom time. Andy's cleaning his ear with the eraser end of his pencil. Cathy's studying her fingernails. Brian's writing. Allison's sitting in her same position. It's absolutely silent. Then the sound of the clock mechanics fade up - the grinding of gears, the hum of the electric motor, the movement of the hands. The second hand makes a rapid, clicking sound. At five-second intervals, the minute hand
CONTINUED

squeaks. The clock sounds become the percussion for the slow, sleepy, simpleminded track for cello and tuba. There's a laugh in the music because it's so obviously the soundtrack of teenage boredom. John glances up at the clock.

CLOSEUP - CLOCK FACE

It's 7:51.

INT. LIBRARY - TABLE

Andy's picking long pieces of rubber off his turf shoes. Cathy's brushing out her hair. John's pretending to be pulling something out of his mouth. Brian's drawing Frankenstein scars on his wrist. Allison's still hunched over, hidden in her hair.

CLOSEUP - CLOCK FACE

The clock reads: 9:01.

CLOSEUP - ANDY

He's staring up at the ceiling.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - AN ACCOUSTICAL TILE CEILING

In his mind, Andy's connecting the holes, like connect-the-dots. We see his mind at work and the holes are connected before our eyes to form the crude outline of a shapely woman with her legs rudely spread apart.

CLOSEUP - BRIAN

He's trying to work on his paper. But his mind is wandering. He stares off into space for a moment. Then he returns to his paper.

CLOSEUP - PAPER

The theme is boldly titled "WHO AM I?" Beginning in the upper right hand corner is his name. Below is the date, the time, his age, driver's license number, height and weight. He continues to write adding his favorite foods, colors and hobbies.

CLOSEUP - CATHY

She's fiddling with her retainer. She's managed to hang her ballpoint pen, her earrings and her necklace from it.
CLOSEUP - JOHN

He stares at camera like a zombie with cigarettes in his nostrils, ears and all across his lips.

CLOSEUP - ALLISON

She's still hunched over, hidden by her hair.

CLOSEUP - ALLISON'S LAP

In the confines of her house of hair we see she has a digital game watch and is and has been playing Galaxian.

DISSOLVE TO

CLOSEUP - CLOCK FACE

It reads: 8:18.

INT. LIBRARY - TABLE

Andy's slumped down in his chair. His head's rolled to the side and he's peeling off his palm callouses. Cathy has her head on the table. Brian's pulled a boredom erection. He discretely adjusts his pants. John's playing "air guitar"; a plaintive, silent solo. Allison has bored of her game and is scratching her head over her sheet of paper, making a dandruff snowstorm.

JOHN

He determines that his "air guitar" is out of tune. He twists the invisible pegs. We hear the sound of the strings being tuned. He begins to play and we hear it. The track tightens up a notch.

BRIAN

He's playing with his pen like it's a jet fighter. We hear fuzzed control tower radio talk. It's directed to Brian as he prepares his pen for takeoff.

CATHY

She looks up from the table. Her eyes are half-closed and dreamy. A deep, masculine voice beckons her.

MALE VOICE

Let me excite your soul.

She smiles a spacey smile.
ALLISON

She separates her hair to reveal an evil, angry expression.

HER POINT OF VIEW - A STOCK CLIP OF A JAPANESE MOVIE MONSTER advancing on a terrified city, crushing buildings and spitting flames.

ANDY

His eyelids flutter and he nods off. The music takes off, changes character and screams ahead.

DAYDREAM MONTAGE

An explosion of stock footage cut to the music, symbolizing the dreams and fantasies of the kids. White stallions, cheering crowds, cars, money, breasts, buttocks, beer and cosmetics commercials, blazing pistols, fighter planes, crushing football hits, clothes, hurricanes, volcanoes, space battles. The hazy, looney, creamy faces of the kids superimpose over the images. The pace picks up as the track reaches a frenzied conclusion, ending with a thundering crash and a mushroom cloud.

DISSOLVE TO

CLOSEUP - VERNON'S FACE

The mushroom cloud gives way to Vernon's hard, scowling face. The track echoes away and is replaced by the jangle of the keys he's waving in front of his face.

VERNON

(singsong)

Anybody have to go to the bathroom?

INT. HALLWAY

Vernon leads the kids down the hall to the restrooms. He unlocks both doors.

VERNON

(stern)

Two minutes for the guys, three for the girls.

JOHN

How come they get an extra minute?

VERNON

You're a big boy, Mr. Bender. Figure it out.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

J O H N

Does this mean Andy gets an extra minute?

John chuckles. Andy bristles but can't do anything about it.

INT. BOY'S BATHROOM

John reaches into his hair and takes a cigarette from behind his ear. Andy walks to the urinal. Brian goes into a stall.

A N D Y

(to John's smoking)

That's typical.

You want one?

J O H N

ANDY

Oh, yeah, ten of 'em, please. I need to prove I'm a man.

J O H N

(off-handedly)

It couldn't hurt.

Brian locks the stall door.

J O H N

Dork? If you're whizzing in the stall, it means you're gay.

The door opens and Brian looks out.

B R I A N

It does not.

A S K  t h e  j o c k.

J O H N

Andy looks around from the urinal. He goes along with the tease.

A N D Y

He's right.

B R I A N

What if I do the other?

J O H N

A dump at school? That means you're semi-retarded.

Brian slams the stall door closed.
CONTINUED

J O H N

(continuing
the tease)
If you sit down to make it look like
you’re not taking a piss...you’re a
lesbian.

Brian opens the door.

B R I A N

(pleads)
C’mon, you guys, cut it out.

INT. GIRL’S BATHROOM

Cathy’s checking her makeup. Allison’s in a stall.

C A T H Y

Is this a drag or what?

No answer from Allison. Cathy rummages through her purse,
pulling out makeup, bottles, compacts, etc.

C A T H Y

Do you have any kind of lotion?
It doesn’t have to be Clinique. My
neck is gross.

(studying her
neck in the mirror)
Most people just get hickies. I get
a chapped neck.

Still no response from Allison. Cathy’s puzzled.

C A T H Y

Hello?

No answer.

C A T H Y

Are you okay? Can’t you go and talk
at the same time?

Cathy bends over and looks under the stall.

C A T H Y’ S P O I N T O F V I E W - CLOSEUP - FEET

Allison’s dirty white Keds are pointing out toward the
door. She’s not sitting.

C A T H Y

She reaches over the top of the door and pulls it open
slowly.
ALLISON

As the door opens we see Allison look up from the bag of potato chips she's eating.

CATHY

She's mystified. And repulsed.

CATHY

This is very strange.

HALLWAY - VERNON

He's looking at his watch. Time's up for the boys. He starts to rap on the door when something catches his eye. He looks down the hall.

HIS POINT OF VIEW

At the far end of the hall, we see a stream of adult women coming from outside, crossing the hall and going into the gymnasium.

VERNON

He's interested in the women. Keeping his eye on them, he taps on the boy's bathroom door.

VERNON

Zip it up!

The door opens and Andy comes out. Then John. No Brian.

VERNON

Where's Mr. Johnson?

JOHN

He drowned.

VERNON looks in.

INT. BOY'S BATHROOM

Brian's at the urinal, cursing and sputtering to himself.

BRIAN

Call me a fag? Do I care? I don't care. I'd like to aim this right in their faces and...

He makes machine gun sounds.
VERNON

He watches for a moment then barks at Brian.

VERNON

Time's up!

CLOSEUP - BRIAN

He's jolted by the loud voice and reflexively turns from the urinal to face Vernon.

CLOSEUP - VERNON

He looks down at the floor.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - CATHY

She's running a Chap Stick up and down her neck.

CATHY
You could get VD of the mouth or something.

Allison comes out of the stall. She takes a paper towel out of the dispenser and uses it to turn on the sink. Cathy watches as Allison washes her hands.

CATHY
This is so sad. You're into washing your hands but you eat food inches from a live toilet?

Allison looks at her nonplussed.

CATHY
Are you putting me on?

Allison stares blankly at her.

CATHY
I'm not trying to depress you. I was just reacting to something I consider seriously weird. If you'd like to talk about it, I think I could probably handle it.

Allison dries off her hands and uses the towel to open the door. She slips her foot in the door to keep it from closing. She wads the towel and shoots it into the dispenser. She flips open the door with her foot. Cathy just stares.

CATHY
I'm so sure.
INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Brian's at the pencil sharpener trying to sharpen his pencil without making any noise. Allison is in her same seat, staring at her lap. John's stretched out on the librarian's desk casually tearing pages out of books. Andy's doing stretching exercises. Cathy's sitting on a window ledge, looking out. Brian winces with each rip.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - CATHY'S POINT OF VIEW - A BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN MORNING

Sun; breeze, cars going by on the road.

CATHY

She sighs. She rests her head against the window.

... CATHY ... This is a total bummer. I hate to waste good days.

BRIAN

He blows the shavings from the pencil tip. It's no sharper than it was when he began. He puts the pencil back in the sharpener.

BRIAN

Only one out of four days in our climatic region can be considered 'good.'

He turns around and looks out the window as he grinds the pencil sharpener.

ANDY

He shakes out his legs and looks out the window.

ANDY

(nostalgically)

This is perfect game weather.

JOHN

He's at the card catalogue pulling cards at random. He takes them from one drawer and puts them in another, creating a horrible mess.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

JOHN
Big deal. There's nothing to do. Doesn't make any difference if it's nice or shitty when you're locked into vacancy.

WIDE
Andy resumes his exercises.

ANDY
Speak for yourself.

JOHN
Do you think I'd speak for you? I don't even know your language.

ANDY
(to Cathy)
Are you grounded tonight?

CATHY
I don't know. My mother said I was but my Dad told me to blow her off.

ANDY
Are you going to the street dance?

CATHY
(shrugs)
I doubt it. I don't have anything decent to wear. I was going to get something to wear today. Even if I had something, I'd probably not go.

ANDY
How come?

CATHY
I don't want to listen to my parents. If I do what my Mom doesn't want me to because my dad says it's okay, it's like this whole big monster deal. It lasts forever and it's a total drag. It's like any minute -- divorce.

John sits up on the desk.

JOHN
Who do you like better?

Cathy turns to see him.
CATHY
Huh?

JOHN
You like your old man better than your mom?

Cathy thinks.

CATHY
Actually, they're both blitzed.

JOHN
If you had to choose between 'em?

CATHY
I don't know. I don't think either one of them gives a shit times two about me.

(pause)
They just use me to get back at each other.

For some reason that provokes a laugh from Allison. A silly, hoarse laugh. Everybody looks at her. She shakes the hair out of her face and looks at them for a beat. She turns away. They continue:

CATHY
It's true.

ANDY
You're just feeling sorry for yourself.

CATHY
If I didn't, nobody else would.

ANDY
(mocking her)
You're breaking my heart.

John sides with Cathy.

JOHN
Do you get along with your parents?

ANDY
I suppose if I say, yeah, you'll think I'm a real idiot, huh?

JOHN
You're an idiot anyway. But if you say you get along with your parents, you'll be a liar, too.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 2

ANDY
If we weren't in school, man, I'd wail all over you. They'd have to pick you up with tweezers.

BRIAN
I hate my parents.

He feels a little uncomfortable with the strength of his remark.

BRIAN
Maybe not hate, but extreme dislike.

JOHN
Come on, dork, you're the perfect kid.

BRIAN
That's the trouble.

JOHN
I could see you not liking them for making you wear those kind of clothes. But, shit, you're a major dip. What else would you be doing if you weren't reading?

ANDY
Why do you have to insult everybody?

JOHN
I'm being honest, asshole. Don't you know the difference?

ANDY
He's got a name.
(to Brian)
What's your name?

BRIAN
Dork's okay. It's better than Brian.

CATHY
I like Brian. It's a tender kind of name. Guy's named Brian remind me of guys that are sensitive.

She looks at John.

CATHY
What's your name?
CONTINUED - 3

JOHN

What's yours?

CATHY

Cathy. Katherine. It's a shitty name but what can I do? Cathy is like a generic name. Like generic groceries. It's just a name.

JOHN

Cathy's a fat girl's name.

CATHY

Thanks a lot. I'm not fat.

JOHN

Then why don't you call yourself Katherine?

CATHY

Katherine's like an old person name. I'd rather be dull than old.

JOHN

There's this theory, you know, that people become their names.

Brian finds light in that remark. Cathy takes offense.

CATHY

Make up something why don't you?

JOHN

I'm not making it up. I heard it on TV.

CATHY

No way I'm gonna get fat.

JOHN

I could see you really beefing out.

John swings his legs over the side of the desk as he gets deeper into his discussion.

JOHN

You'll get the guy you want and you'll get married and then....

He puffs out his cheeks to feign obesity.

CATHY

Oh, right.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 4

JOHN

(serious)
You know, I could help you.

Cathy snorts. Andy laughs.

ANDY

He's burned.

JOHN

I could help you, too, jock.

ANDY

Spare me.

CATHY

How could you help anybody? I mean, really.

JOHN

I know the cure for assholitis.

Andy and Cathy scoff at John. Brian's interested in the offer.

BRIAN

Could you help me?

John looks at Brian.

JOHN

I'm not that brilliant, dork.

Brian's disappointed. John jumps off the desk and walks to the book stacks.

JOHN

(cocky)
I can help a lot of people. All they gotta do is ask nice.

ALLISON

She looks up at John through her long, stringy hair.

DISSOLVE TO

CLOSEUP - WALL CLOCK

It reads 11:30.
INT. LIBRARY - TABLE

The kids are bored out of their skulls, staring at the clock, absentmindedly whistling a medley of Beatles tunes. Their eyes move down from the clock to the door and they stop whistling.

INT. LIBRARY - DOORS - VERNON

He's standing in the open door.

VERNON
Thirty minutes for lunch.

JOHN
Here? What if we get mayonnaise on the books.

ANDY
I think the lunch room would be a better place for lunch.

VERNON
I don't care what you think, Mr. Clark.

CATHY
Do you care what I think?

Vernon ignores the complaints and suggestions.

VERNON
Thirty minutes for lunch.

JOHN
Sir? Are liquid refreshments going to be available?

Vernon doesn't dignify the question with an answer. He starts for the door.

JOHN
We're going to need something to drink. Someone like Brian could choke to death on a dry sandwich.

Andy and Cathy are unaware of it but they're picking up a little of John's attitude.

ANDY
We're pretty thirsty, sir.

CATHY
I have a low tolerance to dehydration.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

JOHN
Nobody told us to bring stuff to drink.

Vernon's wise to John's plan.

VERNON
You don't fool me for a minute, Bender. I'm not having you roaming around the halls.
(points to Andy)
You...
(points to Allison)
...and you. There's a soft drink machine in the teachers' lounge.

Andy holds out his hand to the others for money. Brian digs into his pocket. He takes out a little change purse. Cathy rummages through her purse. John looks over her shoulder into the purse.

JOHN
You got a quarter I can borrow?

Cathy turns away from John, annoyed that he's peeking into her purse.

CATHY
Do you mind?

VERNON
Hurry it up!

Brian gives Andy his money. Andy looks at Allison. She flips a quarter in the air with one hand and catches it with the other. John fishes out some assorted change, crumpled gum wrappers and loose tobacco. He hands it to Andy. He curls his lip angrily. Cathy's exasperated. She waves a fifty dollar bill.

CATHY
All I have is a fifty.

Vernon's had it with screwing around. He reaches into his pocket and volunteers Cathy a quarter.

VERNON
I didn't see a fifty dollar bill until I was already married.

JOHN
Well, sir, I'll bet by now you've probably seen two or three.

Vernon doesn't appreciate the remark. He looks at Andy and Allison and jerks his thumb over his shoulder, suggesting them to get a move on.
They're on their way to the teachers' lounge. Andy's walking a couple steps ahead of Allison. She's lagging behind. It's an uncomfortable pairing. He's as unsure of himself as she is of herself.

ANDY
What do you drink?

Allison doesn't answer. Andy slows down and lets her catch up.

ANDY
What do you drink?

She looks at him and shrugs her shoulders. Andy concedes that she's nuts.

ANDY
Okay.

They continue walking. Andy abandons his plans to converse with her.

ALLISON
Vodka.

Andy stops. Allison stops a step behind him.

ANDY
Vodka?

He turns around to face her.

ANDY
I meant, like, Coke?

She nods, yes.

ANDY
When do you drink vodka?

ALLISON
Whenever.

ANDY
A lot?

ALLISON
Tons.

Andy cocks his head and nods. Okay. He continues. A beat and Allison follows him.

ANDY
How come you're here today?

doesn't answer.

CONTINUED
ANDY
You want to know why I'm here?

Again no response.

ANDY
I blew off football practice.
 Doesn't sound like a big deal, does it? Usually if you blow off a prac-
tice you have to do double the next
day. Coach put me in here. You
know why?

Nothing from Allison.

ANDY
I have a different set of standards.
I get treated different because
Coach thinks I'm a star. So does my
old man. But you know what? I don't
care. I'm not a star because I want
to be a star, I'm a star because I

got size and speed. I'm like a race
horse. That's about how involved I
am in what's happening to me.

Allison is listening but not responding. They reach the
stairs and Andy heads up. Allison opens her purse and
takes out a cigarette. She lights up and follows Andy.

INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE

A rundown sofa, tables, chairs, lockers, a desk, schedules
and announcements on a bulletin board. And a Coke machine.
Andy's dropping in quarters and pushing buttons. Allison's
looking around the room. She makes a beeline for the
teachers' lockers and opens one. She begins fishing through
it. Andy catches her out of the corner of his eye.

ANDY
What are you doing?

Allison looks around at him with her cigarette dangling from
her lips.

ANDY
I think those are private lockers.

Allison displays a pack of Virginia Slings. Then a box of
Tampax. Then the Spirits In The Material World album.
Andy's eyes bug out. He sets aside the soft drinks he's
bought and joins Allison. He takes the album from her.

ANDY
This belongs to a teacher?

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

ALLISON

You know it means?

Andy looks at her.

ALLISON

They're human.

A startling organ chord.

INT. LIBRARY

John's stretched out on the librarian's desk with a medical reference book. Cathy's looking at her face in a small compact mirror. Brian's staring out the window.

JOHN

Either of you want to see a picture of a man with elephantitus of the nuts?

CATHY

(weary of his revolting taste)

No, thank you.

BRIAN

I've seen it.

JOHN

How do you suppose he rides a bike?

Cathy sighs at the idiocy of the questions.

JOHN

Cathy? Would you ever consider dating a guy like that?

CATHY

Can't you please leave me alone?

JOHN

I mean if he had a great personality and was a good dancer and had a cool car....

CATHY

No.

JOHN

Is it because he's Chinese?
Cathy slams her compact down on the table, gets up and walks to the window. John watches her, surprised she's so angry. Cathy sits in the window and gazes out sadly.

CATHY
You know what I wish I was doing?

JOHN
Watch what you say, Brian's a virgin.

Brian snaps around to throw John an angry glare.

JOHN
You're not.

BRIAN
No.

Cathy ignores John and Brian and continues talking. As much to feel sorry for herself as to inform them.

CATHY
I wish I was shopping.

JOHN
(to Brian)
When have you ever gotten laid?

BRIAN
Lots of times.

JOHN
Yeah? Name one.

Brian bobs his head, motioning to Cathy. He wants to communicate to John that he doesn't want a girl to know he's not a virgin. John, of course, pretends he doesn't get it to further annoy Brian.

JOHN
What are you jerking your head toward Cathy for?

Brian shakes his head furiously. He repeats his mime, putting his finger to his lips and bobs his head at Cathy to tell John to keep quiet in front of Cathy.

JOHN
(pretends to get the message)
Oh! You did it with Cathy!

Cathy looks around and gives John and Brian a slow burn.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 2

BRIAN
I think this conversation has gone as far as prudence would allow.

CATHY
What're you talking about?

JOHN
Brian's trying to tell me you and him did it.

Brian stutters nervously as Cathy glares at him and he tries to explain what's happened.

BRIAN
I am not! John said I was a virgin and I said I wasn't. That's all.

JOHN
Then what were you motioning to Cathy for?

CATHY
I don't appreciate this very much.

BRIAN
He's lying.

JOHN
You didn't motion to Cathy?

BRIAN
Yes, but that was only because I didn't want her to know I was a virgin!

CATHY
Why didn't you want me to know you were a virgin?

BRIAN
(hurt and embarrassed)
Because it's private business.

JOHN
Doesn't sound like you're doing any business.

CATHY
(warm and kind)
I think it's okay for a boy to be a virgin.

BRIAN
(relieved)
You do?
CATHY

Yeah.

(smiles mischievously)
If he's a fag.

Brian drops his head on the desk in frustration. John laughs.

INT. HALLWAY

Andy and Allison come down the hallway with Cokes.

ANDY
It's weird to see teacher's personal stuff. I went over to Coach's house for dinner during the summer. It was real strange to see how he lived.

(anticipating a question)
His wife was fat. And one of his kids was in a wheelchair. It was kinda sad. It was a nice kid.

ALLISON
If he invited you to dinner how come he treats you like a horse?

ANDY
He and my old man are working to get me a scholarship. They think I have a shot at a full ride. My old man says there's no way he can afford to send me anywhere good. They both figure I deserve a Division One School.

ALLISON
Really? I think you deserve shit.

Andy gives her a puzzled, angry look. She walks on ahead. He's upset that she's insulted him and that she's probably right.

ANDY
You know what you deserve?

She doesn't answer him.

ANDY
You deserve a straight-jacket! You're mental!

ALLISON
(without turning around)
But I'm free, diddy dick.
100 INT. VERNON'S OFFICE
He's standing at the file cabinet with his back to us.

101 INT. VERNON'S OFFICE - DOOR
Andy appears at the door with the Cokes.

    ANDY
    We got the drinks, sir.

102 ANOTHER ANGLE - VERNON
We see that he's looking through his dirty calendar again. He looks up in alarm, then releases the calendar. It drops into the file cabinet.

103 INT. LIBRARY
John, Andy and Cathy are at the table waiting for Andy and Allison to return. John continues to chip at Cathy.

    JOHN
    I'd leave you alone if you weren't giving me signals not to leave you alone.

    CATHY
    What signals?

    JOHN
    Every time I say something, you say something back. You must want me to say more.

    CATHY
    Not quite.

    JOHN
    Brian, you think she's interested?

    BRIAN
    No.

    JOHN
    Is it my breath? (breathes against his hand)
    My pits? (smells his underarm)
CONTINUED

JOHN (Cont'd)

My split-ends?

(lifts his hair)

Do I have unsightly body hair?

As much as she doesn't want to, Cathy giggles.

JOHN

Brian? Do you have unsightly body hair?

Brian sinks down in his seat and opens his lunch bag.

JOHN

Do you have any body hair?

Cathy lets out a hoarse laugh. Andy walks in followed by Allison. They set the drinks on the table and go to get their own lunches. John reaches out and takes one of the drinks. He shakes it furiously. Cathy and Brian look at him like he's crazy.

CATHY

That's going to spray all over you.

JOHN

Not necessarily.

He puts the drink back with the others and moves the cans all around so that no one will know which can was shaken up.

CATHY

You're such a zero.

Andy and Allison sit down at the table. Everybody opens their lunch bags. John doesn't have one. He surveys everyone else's.

JOHN

What's in there?

CATHY

Food, fool. Where's your lunch?

JOHN

(mock sexy)

You're wearing it.

She curls her lip in disgust.
CATHY

You're sick.

She takes a plastic container out of her Neiman Marcus shoebag.

JOHN

(looking at the container with disgust)

Look who's talking. You don't care what you put in your mouth.

CATHY

It's a pasta salad.

JOHN

What's that?

CATHY

Noodles. And vinegar and oil and raw vegetables.

JOHN

(incredulous)

You won't accept a man's tongue into your face, but you'll eat that muck.

CATHY

Can I eat?

JOHN

I don't know. Give it a try.

John switches his attention to Andy. He stares at the huge assortment of food he's pulling out of a grocery bag. Three sandwiches, a family size bag of potato chips, a quart of milk, a box of cookies.

ANDY

What's your problem?

Brian notices the huge amount of food.

BRIAN

Are you going to eat all that?

ANDY

No, I'm to carry it around with me till it rots.

Andy reaches for a Coke. Cathy and Brian shrink away from it, expecting it to explode. Andy pops it. Nothing happens.
ALLISON

She's sitting at the far end of the table. She opens her purse and takes out a sandwich in Saran Wrap. She unwraps the sandwich and opens it and goes to work on it like a mad scientist. She rolls up the lunch meat and whips it to the side.

CLOSEUP - WALL

A slice of lunch meat slaps against the wall and sticks.

ALLISON

She reaches into her purse again and pulls out a bag of M&M's. She tears open the bag and pours them onto the buttered sandwich bread.

OTHER KIDS

They notice what she's doing. They lean forward and watch in amazement.

ALLISON

Out of her pocket, she takes a small package of Fritos, opens them and sprinkles them over the M&Ms. Finally, she takes out a couple Pixie Stix (straws filled with flavored sugar), tears them open and sprinkles the sugar over the whole mess. She closes the sandwich and takes a bite. It's then that she notices that everybody's watching her.

INT. LIBRARY

The others are dumbfounded at what she's made for herself. Even John is amazed.

BRIAN

You are bizarre.

Allison sets down her sandwich and makes a fist with one hand. She holds her other over the fist and jerks on an imaginary string making her middle finger go up and down at Brian. Then she reaches for a Coke. John pokes Cathy, to let her know Allison's picked the booby trapped can. Allison puts it up to her mouth and pops it. Coke sprays cleanly into her mouth. After the fizz is gone, she looks at John and winks.

CONTINUED
ALLISON
Nice try, dog breath.

Brian leans back, shaking his head. He looks at John.

BRIAN
Weird, huh?

John stares at Brian.

JOHN
What do you have?

BRIAN
Just your standard, regular lunch.

John grabs the bag before Brian can protect it. He starts pulling things out.

JOHN
Carrot sticks. How nice. A sandwich...
(looks at it closely)
PBJ with the crusts cut off. Sweet.
Apple juice. Very nutritious. And some Chips Ahoy. A little dessert for Big Bry. And a Thermos. Soup?

BRIAN
(embarrassed)
Milk.

JOHN
This is a real swell lunch. All the food groups are represented. That's good. Did your mom marry Mr. Rogers?

John shoves the lunch across to Brian.

JOHN
Here's my impression of life at Big Bry's house.

John stands up and acts out what he thinks Brian's family is like. First he plays Brian's father. He steps away from the table and walks back holding his crotch.

JOHN
(wimpy, nasal voice)
Hello, dear. I'm home from the coal mine.

John quickly plays Brian's mother.
JOHN
Oh, hello, sweetie pie. Dinner's almost ready. I'm serving stuffing instead of potatoes.
(playing the father)
My favorite!
(playing Brian)
Hi, Dad! Yippee, you're home! I got eight million As. I cleaned up my room and I wrote Grandma a letter!


BRIAN

(serious)
It's not like that at all. It's like this....

Brian does his father walking in. It's a precise and studied impression of an adult male. He stomps in, sits down and hits his fist on the table.

BRIAN
Goddamn job! Goddamn stock market! Goddamn economy! Goddamn everything!
(doing his mother)
Please, Bill, don't have a heart attack.
(doing himself)
Hi, Dad.
(doing his mother)
Brian got five As!
(doing his father)
Only five?
(himself)
I'm only taking five courses.
(father)
Five?!! When I was your age, I took ten!
(mother)
We'll see if we can get him ten.
(to the others)
And so on.

John looks at Brian with a hint of sympathy. Seeing Brian spill his guts, Cathy stands up to do her parents...
CONTINUED - 3

CATHY
Check it out. My father.

She pretends she's reading a paper.

CATHY
(as herself)
Hi, Dad.
(as her father)
I love you. My wallet's on my
dresser.
(as herself)
Dad? Is it okay if I start shooting
hard drugs?
(as her father)
If it'll make you happy, princess...
(herself)
Here's my mother.

She stretches out in the chair, a study in vanity, blowing
on freshly painted fingernails.

CATHY
(as her mother)
What the hell are you talking about,
Frank?! How's she going to wear a
bathing suit with holes in her
arms? We are going to St. Maartin,
aren't we?
(as her father)
Oh, be quiet!
(as her mother)
Do you hear how he talks to me?
That's your father.
(as her father)
Why don't you do something useful
and fix me a drink?
(as her mother)
Your daughter's threatening to ruin
our vacation and you want to get
drunk!
(as herself)
That goes on until they both get
drunk and fall asleep.

Brian is appalled.

BRIAN
Do you wish they'd get a divorce?

No.

CATHY

Why not?

BRIAN

CONTINUED
CATHY
I'd have to live with one or the other. And I don't know which one would be worse.

John looks at Andy.

ANDY
What are you gawking at?

JOHN
You're next.

ANDY
Forget it.

JOHN
Are you an orphan?

ANDY
I don't need to dump on my parents.

Allison guffaws. Andy throws her an angry look.

ANDY
(to John)
What about your family, big mouth?

JOHN
Mine? It's simple.

He climbs down off his seat.

JOHN
(does his father)
Stupid, worthless, no good, goddamn freelancing, son-of-a-bitch, retarded, slime-sucking, know-it-all, asshole, jerk!

(does his mother)
You forgot ugly, lazy and disrespectful.

John, as his father, throws a punch. John falls onto the table.

JOHN
Then they make me work to pay off the dentist for the teeth he busts.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 5

BRIAN
Is that for real?

JOHN
You wanna come over sometime?

Brian shakes his head, an emphatic no.

ANDY
That's part of your image. I don't believe a word.

John jumps up, immediately incensed.

JOHN
You don't believe it, huh?

ANDY
No.

John whips off his jacket and yanks up his sleeve. He displays a grotesque purple scar on his forearm.

JOHN
You believe that?!

The kids recoil at the sight.

JOHN
Cigar. When I was nine. Believe it. It's true. I don't have to sit with you scumbags anymore.

He picks up his coat and storms to the doors. Cathy looks at Andy.

CATHY
You shouldn't have done that.

ANDY
(upset)
How did I know? He lies about everything anyway.

BRIAN
He's got a terrible life. I thought mine was bad....

CLOSEUP - ALLISON

She watches John with a sly, knowing smile. She nods to herself. She likes what he's doing.
INT. LIBRARY DOORS - JOHN

John's looking out through the wire reinforced window.

JOHN
(laughing)
This is unreal!

He turns to the others and waves for them to come over.

JOHN
It's Doctor Lange. You don't want to miss it.

Cathy, Andy and Brian come to the window. They crowd around and start laughing.

INT. VERNON'S OFFICE - STUDENTS' POINT OF VIEW

Vernon is talking with the head of the History Department, Dr. Lange. He's a thin, older man with a bald head. He has a pipe clenched in his teeth. He's in street clothes -- checkered polyester pants and an orange sport's shirt, white socks and sandals. He looks like a clown.

INT. LIBRARY - STUDENTS

They turn from the window in stitches. They've never seen anything quite as hilarious.

JOHN
That's the authority!

CATHY
Where did he get those pants?

ANDY
Same place Vernon got his shirt.

BRIAN
What a fuckin' joke!

Andy, Cathy and John turn to Brian with surprise. Brian? Vernon and Dr. Lange are heard O.C. The kids make a dash for their seats.

INT. HALLWAY

Vernon leads Dr. Lange out of the office into the hall. They cross to the library. Vernon opens the door.
INT. LIBRARY

The students land in their seats without a second to spare. Vernon and Lange look in on them.

VERNON
Keep it down in here!

HALLWAY

The two teachers start down the hall.

DR. LANGE
An unusual assortment in detention this week, Harvey.

VERNON
Only one regular customer.

DR. LANGE
Sender?

VERNON
The little bastard.

DR. LANGE
I'd like five minutes alone with him, boy.

VERNON
Get in line behind me.

DR. LANGE
Can you leave them alone without them tearing the place apart?

VERNON
Probably not. But I've got something for you to see. Working Saturdays is not all drudgery.

Vernon and Lange continue down the hall past camera. As they pass we see John's head poke out the library door.

INT. LIBRARY - JOHN

He waves for the others to come back to the door.

JOHN
Let's take off.

Kelly, Brian and Cathy look at each other. Cathy wants to. Brian and Andy aren't sure. Brian's afraid. Andy doesn't want to be the only one who stays behind.
I'll go out in the hall for a minute. But I don't want to leave.

CATHY
Take off for good?

John shakes his head, no.

JOHN
Just down to my locker.

The others consider it. Andy and Brian are still apprehensive. Cathy's game.

CATHY
Okay.

ANDY
What's the point of going to a locker?

BRIAN
Why don't we just stand in the hall for a minute? That'd be fun, huh? (worried)
If we get away with it.

Cathy gets up and joins John.

JOHN
Suit yourselves.

John and Cathy slip out the door.

They look at each other.

ANDY
I'm not chicken.

BRIAN
I am.

ANDY
You gonna stay?

BRIAN
Not if you don't.

ANDY
What do I have to do with you making up your mind?
CONTINUED

VERNON
Then we have Mort from AV set up a video tape machine.

DR. LANGE
You're sordid, Harv.

VERNON
I'm not sordid. I'm married twenty years.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE THE TEACHERS' LOUNGE - THE KIDS

tiptoe down the hall and stop at the door to the teachers' lounge. We can hear Vernon and Lange inside laughing. Brian hangs close to Andy. Andy gives him a shove. John turns angrily and puts his finger to his lips. They sneak past the door, one at a time.

INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - VERNON AND LANGE

Vernon finds his binoculars. Lange chuckles. In the b.g., we see the kids slipping past.

DR. LANGE
Does she teach this class every Saturday?

VERNON
You think I volunteer for this horseshit duty for my health?

Lange looks through the binoculars.

DR. LANGE
What's she wear?

VERNON
Very little.

Lange hands the binoculars back to Vernon. In the b.g. Allison passes the door. She stops and locks in at the men.

INT. HALLWAY - THE KIDS

continue down the hall. John turns and looks back to see that everybody's made it past the door. His eyes bulge as he spots Allison standing in the door.

JOHN
Oh, shit!
JOHN'S POINT OF VIEW - ALLISON

She stands like a statue, looking at the teachers. She raises her arm and curls her fist. Slowly, her middle finger pops up and she flips the unknowing teachers the bird.

KIDS

They smile with glee at Allison's bold show of defiance.

CATHY
(whispers)
She's nuts, but she's cool.

CLOSEUP - LOCKER - LATER

The same one we saw in the opening with the warning written on it -- OPEN THIS AND YOU DIE, FAG! It opens to reveal a stunning mess. The locker's packed with all kinds of stuff. Clothes, bags, paper, books, records, auto parts.

ANDY AND JOHN

John fishes through the locker. Andy's revolted by it.

ANDY
(with disgust)
You're such a slob.

JOHN
This is on purpose, jock.

ANDY
It couldn't be an accident.

CATHY
(revolted)
Oh, my God! F.U.!

JOHN
The aroma discourages nosey people from going into it. Like cops.

CATHY
I guess.

John smiles as he locates what he's looking for. He pulls out a greasy, stained shopping bag. Out of the shopping CONTINUED
CONTINUED

bag he takes a smaller brown paper bag. And out of that an
even smaller paper bag. Then with great drama and a huge,
proud smile, he reaches his hand into the bag.

JOHN
You ready for this action?

He slowly takes out a Baggie bulging with marijuana.

CLOSEUP - CATHY

A big, amazed smile.

CATHY
Outrageous!

CLOSEUP - ANDY

He doesn't like it.

ANDY
No way, man. Put it back!

CLOSEUP - BRIAN

He is terrified.

BRIAN
Narcotics!

CLOSEUP - ALLISON

She pushes the hair out of her eyes. Her face twitches as
she studies the Baggie.

INT. HALLWAY

John stuffs the Baggie down the front of his pants.

JOHN
Let's go.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE TEACHER'S LOUNGE

Vernon and Lange walk out, still chuckling.
OPPOSITE END OF THE HALLWAY

The kids creep around the corner. They stop dead as they see the two teachers heading back down the hall.

JOHN
We're screwed!

ANDY
(to John)
You asshole! I knew this was a lost idea!

BRIAN
(terrified)
We're goners.

CATHY
Maybe he won't look in on us.

JOHN
Do you get off on being stupid?

CATHY
What're we gonna do?

John thinks hard as the teachers continue down the hall, each step diminishing their chances to get back to the library undetected.

JOHN
How about if we run?

VERNON AND LANGE

They continue walking down the hall.

VERNON
The real bitch of the matter is as an administrator I have to side with the board on salary disputes.

DR. LANGE
(Kiddingly)
Traitor.

VERNON
Hey, the board can stuff it. I don't make the house payment with my good looks. Let's see the board come in here on a Saturday and play warden to the monsters this community creates.

DR. LANGE
(with a shrug)
And look at seminaked women....
INT. HALLWAY - STAIRCASE

The kids scramble down the stairs.

JOHN
We'll cut through the cafeteria!

ANDY
The gym'll be faster!

BRIAN
We're going to jail!

They dash down the hall.

LANGE AND VERNON

They're coming down the stairs at the opposite end of the hall. As they reach the bottom of the stairs, we catch a glimpse of the kids coming up behind them and cutting down across hall. Lange opens his briefcase as he walks and takes out a sheet of notebook paper.

DR. LANGE
You oughta try grading freshmen history papers. Listen to this:

(reads)
'English history began many years ago. The English way back then were cavemen and they developed into English people and when they had done that the Romans came up from Italy on foot and killed a great deal of them and tried to make them part of Rome but the weather was too cold and Roman's only wore sandals and skirts and no pants and so they really froze and went back to Italy but they left behind the idea of roads, government, and money and also heating your food.'

Vernon chuckles.

VERNON
One sentence?

LANGE
Two.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE GYM

The kids are at the doors. Sheer panic as they look in to see it's occupied. We hear a woman addressing a group.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

JOHN
(at Andy)
Great idea, jag off!

ANDY
We’re screwed!

CATHY
Why didn’t you listen to John, you jerk? He’s got some brains!

BRIAN
We’re gonna die!

JOHN
Okay, this is the situation. We’re screwed.

CATHY
For sure.

ANDY
But?

JOHN
But we’re not all screwed. Just me.

BRIAN
What about the narcotics?

John remembers the dope. He pulls the Baggie out. He reaches over to Brian and shoves it down his pants. Brian’s horrified.

JOHN
Keep your unit out of it.

Cathy giggles. Brian’s embarrassed.

CATHY
What if it gets blitzed?

Brian snaps around and looks at John with horrible visions of a stoned penis.

BRIAN
I don’t want this, John.

JOHN
I’m gonna save your buns, you can’t help out?

Cathy can’t control herself. Andy starts to laugh. John starts to laugh. Then Brian cracks a smile.
INT. HALLWAY BEHIND THE GYMNASIUM - VERNON AND LANGE

They're peeking in the gym windows. Aerobic dancing disco music is coming from the gym. Vernon and Lange are tapping their toes to the music.

INT. GYM - THEIR POINT OF VIEW - A LADIES EXERCISE CLASS

is in session. It's being led by a very attractive, trim and fit girl's gym teacher, Robin Robertson.

INT. HALLWAY - VERNON AND LANGE

They enjoy the show.

VERNON
What'd I tell you?

Jeez....

DR. LANGE

We hear the sound of a basketball being dribbled in a room behind Vernon and Lange. They turn from the door, curious and suspicious.

INT. SMALLER AUXILIARY GYM

John is dribbling the ball down the court. Surprisingly skillful moves and ball handling. He tries a dunk. Gets his rebound and shoots again. The doors open and Vernon and Lange walk in.

VERNON
Bender!

John takes aim and shoots. He gets the rebound and stuffs the ball under his arm.

JOHN
Afternoon, gentlemen.

VERNON
Get to my office. On the double.

JOHN
Don't you want to hear my excuse?

VERNON
Move it!

John lets the ball drop and heads for the doors.
CONTINUED

JOHN
I'm thinking of trying for a scholarship.

Vernon glares at him.

INT. LIBRARY

Brian, Andy and Allison are in their seats. Cathy's at the door peeking out.

CATHY
Oh, my God! Vernon's got him! He's gonna get reamed.

Brian recoils at the mention of Vernon's name.

BRIAN
I don't want these drugs in my underwear anymore.

ANDY
Shh!

Cathy runs from the door to her seat. No sooner is she seated than the door opens and Vernon shoves John in.

VERNON
Get your stuff!

John walks to the table trying again to act like he's not bothered by Vernon. He snatches his coat off the back of his chair and picks up his pencil and sheet of essay paper.

VERNON
Mr. Bender has taken it upon himself to visit the gymnasium. So, I'm sorry to inform you that you'll be losing his company for the remainder of the day.

John chuckles.

VERNON
Everything's a joke, huh, Bender? The false alarm you pulled Friday? Are false fire alarms real funny? What if your home was on fire and the fire department was over here answering a false alarm?

JOHN
I'm not that lucky, sir.

CONTINUED
The others suppress their urge to laugh at John's wisecrack.

JOHN
Is this the part where I better shut up for my own good?

VERNON
Something like that.

JOHN
Okay, sir. I'm going to shut up. For my own good.

Vernon looks at the others.

VERNON
If you're impressed by Mr. Bender, you're staring down an empty pipe. Mr. Bender has no future. He has nothing to look ahead to.

JOHN
Sir? I have the next five Saturdays with you to...

VERNON
Shut up!

JOHN
You said....

Vernon reaches out and grabs John by the front.

VERNON
Let's go! Out!

He releases John. John pats down his rumpled front. He's angry and embarrassed.

JOHN
Don't touch me again!

VERNON
Shut up and march!

JOHN
(to the others)
Solitary confinement.

John shuffles around the table. Vernon raises his leg to kick John in the butt but controls himself.

CONTINUED
VERNON
(to the others)
I expect a little better behavior from you people.

Vernon walks out. John shuffles along behind him. He turns his head and looks at the others.

JOHN
It's been a slice, guys.

Vernon holds the door as John walks out. The door closes.

CATHY
She's disappointed and mad.

CATHY
Vernon's such a faq.

ANDY
Sender asked for it.

BRIAN
(insistent)
What about the narcotics?

CATHY
Shut up!

Brian looks down at his lap nervously.

CATHY
It isn't fair that John gets treated like that. We all left. He saved our butts.

ANDY
Gimme a break.

CATHY
He sacrificed himself so we could get back here. I didn't see you volunteering.

ANDY
I didn't want to leave in the first place. He got us into it, it's only right that he take the shit for getting us out of it.

BRIAN
I see your point, Andy.
CATHY
We weren't forced to go.

BRIAN
Bender is a trouble maker.

CATHY
Yeah? So what does that make you?

BRIAN
Meaning what?

CATHY
(disgusted)
El wimp.

Allison finds humor in that. She chuckles to herself. Brian curls his lip at her.

BRIAN
(to Allison)
What's your problem?

ANDY
It doesn't seem to bother him that much.

CATHY
How do you know?

ANDY
Obviously not. He's in trouble all the time. It's like his vocation.

CATHY
Maybe he's in trouble all the time because everybody expects him to be.

BRIAN
He oughta take a cue from people like us. We don't have to do the sort of things he does to be cool.

Andy and Cathy stare at Brian and he's liking himself to them.

ANDY
What do you mean 'us'? You're not like us.

CATHY
You're more like John.
BRIAN (takes offense)
This is the first time I ever got in trouble!

CATHY
You're like John not because of trouble, but because you're kind of out of it. You're probably worse off.

BRIAN
What do you mean worse off?

CATHY
You don't belong to anything. John's at least a freak anyway.

ANDY
Brian's a brain.

Brian points to Allison.

BRIAN
She's worse off than me.

Allison looks up.

BRIAN
She's worse off than John. Nobody likes her.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET ADJACENT TO VERNON'S OFFICE

John's sitting in a chair. Vernon stands over him.

VERNON
I'm an inch from throwing you out of here altogether.

John doesn't respond.

VERNON
My patience is at the end. One more thing, Bender, just the tiniest thing and you're gone. For good. Understand? We don't need people like you.

John looks up at him. He won't give Vernon the satisfaction of seeing him scared.

VERNON
You punks are all the same. I've had twenty-two years of you guys. I hid on the outside, mush on the inside.

Vernon walks out, leaving the door open. John angrily and forcefully jerks his fist up and down at Vernon's back.
INT. VERNON'S OFFICE

He steps out of the closet. Lange's shaking his head in disgust at John's behavior.

VERNON
That's the disadvantage of working Saturdays.

DR. LANGE
I'm going to have to run along.
I've got a garage my wife's bitching to have painted.

VERNON
You're sure?

LANGE
I'll see you Monday.

Lange exits. Vernon waits a beat then goes to his file cabinet and gets his Penthouse calendar. He glances back at the closet.

VERNON'S POINT OF VIEW

All he can see of John are the toes of his boots.

VERNON
He shakes his head and walks out of the office.

CLOSEUP - JOHN'S BOOTS

We move up the boots. They're empty. He's gone. We continue to move up. Past the desk, up the wall to the ceiling. A ceiling tile is ajar. It's dropped into place from above. Track across the ceiling. We hear footsteps on the grid work.

INT. HALLWAY

The footsteps continue.

INT. LIBRARY

Commotion. Allison has her hand around Brian's neck. Cathy and Andy are trying to pull her off. Brian's choking and turning. Andy breaks the grip and pushes Allison away.

CONTINUED
ANDY
(to Brian)
You okay?

Brian rubs his neck and swallows. He's trembling.

CATHY
(to Brian)
Serves you right.
(to Allison)
He didn't mean it.

She very carefully turns her chair away from the others and sits down. Andy runs his finger in circles around his ear, indicating that Allison is nuts.

CATHY
Brian had no right to say that.

BRIAN
(to Allison)
No wonder you don't have any friends!

Allison jumps up.

ANDY
Take it easy!

Allison glares at Brian. She slowly sits down.

CATHY
This is the most bizarre Saturday of my whole life.

ANDY
No shit.

BRIAN
We better do our papers, before anything else happens.

The room settles and there's a beat of silence. Then there's an O.C. crash! The kids snap around.

INT. LIBRARY - THEIR POINT OF VIEW - JOHN

has fallen through the ceiling tiles and is laying on a library table. He pulls himself up painfully.

JOHN
Jesus!
THE OTHERS

They're stunned to see John laying on the table. They all look up at the ceiling and the hole John fell through.

CATHY

How'd you do that?

John pulls himself up and brushes off the dust. O.C. we hear a toilet flush. Then we hear rapid footsteps. The kids look up in alarm as the footsteps come closer. Brian and Andy quickly gather up the pieces of ceiling tile. Allison blows the dust away. Action accelerates as the kids try to beat an impossible clock. John doesn't know where to hide. The footsteps are nearly at the door. Cathy reaches up and puts her hand on top of John's head. She shoves him down under the table. All the kids slam into the seats. The library doors burst open and a red-faced, huffing and puffing Vernon stands before them.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE KIDS

are sitting at the table as good as gold. John is under the table, blocked from view by the chairs on the side of the table facing Vernon.

UNDER THE TABLE - JOHN

He's hunched underneath the table, cringing in fear. Cathy's legs are on either side of him as he faces toward the door. He looks first at her left shoe, then her right shoe. Something occurs to him. His nostrils flare slightly, he blushes and slowly looks over his shoulder.

TABLE

There is a sudden knock on the underside of the table. The kids quickly cover it by tapping their hands on the table.

HIS POINT OF VIEW

A perfect shot straight up Cathy's skirt. An older man would have cardiac arrest. Baby blue panties. An excruciatingly tender bulge. In his entire life, John will not duplicate the raw power of this moment.

VERNON (O.C.)

What was that noise?

ANDY (O.C.)

What noise?

BRIAN (O.C.)

All we heard was your toilet flush.
CLOSEUP JOHN

His lower lip is trembling. His face is soaked with sweat. His eyes are fixed in a stare. He appears that at any moment he could begin speaking in tongues. His hand is trembling, wanting so desperately to touch.

TABLE

The kids do their best to try and look innocent.

CATHY

Really, sir. There wasn't any noise. Just....

Suddenly she shoots up a foot in her seat and screams.

CATHY

Yesssssssssssssssssssh!!

The other's look at her with alarm. Cathy thinks fast.

CATHY

That noise? That noise I just made? Was that the noise?

UNDER THE TABLE - JOHN

His head's trapped between Cathy's knees. She relaxes and releases him. He rubs his ringing ears.

VERNON

He scowls at the kids.

VERNON

I didn't catch you this time, but you can bet I will. Do you understand?

(yells at Cathy)

YOU!!

Cathy sits bolt upright.

CATHY

Yes!

Vernon gives them his nastiest, meanest scowl.

VERNON

I'll not be made a fool of.

He turns around and exits. We see a paper toilet seat cover tucked into his pants. The door closes behind him.
The kids hold their angelic expressions for a couple beats and then, assured that Vernon's out of earshot, Andy, Allison and Brian break into laughter. Cathy shoves her seat and starts kicking her legs at John. He scrambles out from under the front of the table.

CATHY
You're such an asshole!

JOHN
(trying to be serious but unable to keep from laughing at her anger)
What?

CATHY
You know what!!

JOHN
(still laughing)
It was dark under there! It was an accident!

The other's take an interest in the spat. They want to share in John's laughter.

BRIAN
What?

Cathy whirls on him.

CATHY
None of your business!

She slumps down in her chair, angry and embarrassed. John sees how upset she is and feels bad.

JOHN
I couldn't help it, okay? I'm sorry.
(softer)
I'm sorry.

BRIAN
(still hoping for a laugh)
What'd you do?

JOHN
None of your business!
INT. HALLWAY

Vernon stalks down the hall to the faculty restroom. He's fuming and fussing about the kids. He reaches the door and discovers it's locked.

VERNON

Goddamn it!

He fishes out his key ring and jams the restroom key into the lock and opens the doors on Carl the janitor. He's a wasted, washed-out loser about thirty. He's on the john looking at Vernon's Penthouse calendar.

INT. LIBRARY DOOR

John checks to make sure Vernon's gone. He turns from the window.

JOHN

Well? You smoke all my reefer?

Brian reaches into his pants and takes out the dope. He tosses the baggie to John.

BRIAN

Good riddance.

John opens the bag and sets it on the table. He's troubled. He pats his pockets.

JOHN

Do you have any papers?

(answers himself)

Why would you dinks have papers?

ANDY

You're not smoking in here.

JOHN

Who died and left you king?

ANDY

If you want to smoke, go back to wherever you were before.

Cathy raises her hand.

CATHY

I'll smoke.

(lowers her arm)

I think.

BRIAN

Not me.
John walks over to the dictionary stand. Cathy follows.

BRIAN
(to himself)
He can't tear up a dictionary. What if somebody needs a word and he smoked it?

JOHN
(to Cathy)
What's your favorite dirty word?

CATHY
(unconsciously)
It's not in there.

JOHN

You looked?

Cathy blushes as she realizes what she said. John nods and flips the big dictionary open. He thumbs through the pages. Cathy watches over his shoulder. He stops.

CATHY
(with a smile)
You're so gross.

John tears out the page. He looks to the door.
John
Dork? You watch the door. This is serious if we get caught.

Brian
What would they do to me?

John
It's not you I'm worried about.

He holds up the dope.

John
You can be replaced.

John walks to the back of the library. Andy looks at Cathy.

Andy
The situation has definitely gotten out of control.

Cathy
Loosen up.

Brian
I'm not getting my paper written.

Cathy
(lowers her voice, to Andy)
You know, he's not a total accident. I kind of like him.

Andy shakes his head with dismay.

Andy
You're just bored.

John calls from the back of the library.

John (O.C.)
One at a time, come back.

Andy
Be my guest.

Cathy starts for the back of the library. She's nervous and excited and apprehensive.

INT. BACK OF THE LIBRARY

John is on the window ledge putting the finishing touches on a joint as long as a dictionary page. Cathy sits down on the ledge.
CONTINUED

CATHY

It's humongus!

John smiles proudly as he licks the thing all over to insure it's staying together. He holds it up to her mouth and fishes for his lighter. She tries not to act scared but is unconvincing.

JOHN

It's not gonna hurt you.

CATHY

I heard it can cause boys to turn feminine. Does it make girls become masculine?

JOHN

(overly fey voice)

Jesus, you got me.

CATHY

Very funny.

John holds the joint for her. She closes her eyes and timidly sucks on the end of it. She moves back from the joint and lets the smoke out. She looks at John and giggles. Then she closes her eyes and comes back for more. John replaces the joint with his lips and she moves in to draw on the joint, inadvertently kisses him. She opens her eyes and sees John. He smiles. She's not amused.

DISSOLVE TO

CLOSEUP BRIAN - LATER

His eyes are squeezed shut. He pounds his fists on his thighs as he struggles to hold the smoke in. He gags, coughs, chokes, snorts and convulses.

INT. WINDOW LEDGE

Andy, Cathy and John watch Brian going through his contortions. They're all stoned and watching with numbed concern.

ANDY

Is he gonna be all right?

JOHN

You can let it out, dork.

Brian explodes, letting the smoke steam out his mouth,
spitting on himself, gasping. He coughs violently, stomps his feet, shakes his head. Horrible, ugly hacking. The others watch with amusement.

BRIAN
(blasted)
Good stuff!

ALLISON

She's sitting in her chair, aware of everything but not moving a muscle. Slowly she looks over her shoulder and watches the laughing and giggling going on at the back of the room.

THE OTHERS

Uncontrollable laughter. Their attempts to talk are lost to their silliness. Allison walks to the window and stands before them. They look up at her and stop laughing.

ALLISON

Fire me up.

John torches the last inch of the joint and hands it to her. She shakes the hair out of her face and takes a long hit. She backs around and sits on the ledge.

INT. VERNON'S OFFICE

Vernon's at his file cabinet, leafing through folders. He looks over his shoulder toward the storage closet.

VERNON'S POINT OF VIEW - THE BOOTS

are still there.

INT. VERNON'S OFFICE - VERNON

He's satisfied that everything's okay. He turns back to his desk and gets the binoculars out of his desk drawer. He tiptoes out of the office.

INT. HALLWAY

Vernon hustles down the hall toward the gym.

INT. LIBRARY

The kids are sitting around in a loose circle. They're bored, relaxed, loose.
JOHN
(to Cathy)
What's your middle name?

Cathy gives John a sly, I'll never tell look.

BRIAN
(cheery, wanting to
play along)
I'll bet you can't guess my middle
name.

JOHN

Hard-on.

Once again, poor, enthusiastic Brian is shot down. John realizes he was cruel and tries to set it right.

JOHN
I'm sorry, Sri. What's your middle name?

BRIAN
You have to guess.

CATHY
That could take all day. Give us a hint.

BRIAN
It begins with 'R'.

Ron.

CATHY

Andy

Richard?

Brian shakes his head, no.

Andy

Robert?

John

Rabies?

Cath

Roger?

Andy

Roy?

John

Randy?
CATHY

(giggling)

Runt?

BRIAN

Not even close.

ALLISON

Your middle name's Ralph. As in puke. Your birthday's March 12. You weigh 113 pounds, you're five feet five inches and your Social Security number's 443-45-9989.

Everybody's mouths drop open. Brian's dumbfounded.

CATHY

(awed)

Are you psychic?

ALLISON

Oh, right.

BRIAN

Then how'd you know all about me?

ALLISON

I stole your wallet, weenie.

Brian slaps his hip pocket.

BRIAN

Give it!

Allison chuckles and takes the wallet out of her sweater pocket. She flips it Brian. He quickly opens it and looks through it to see if anything's missing.

BRIAN

Thief!

ALLISON

Give me a break. What's there to steal? Two bucks and a beaver shot.

A what?

BRIAN

Nothing.

ALLISON

He's got a nudie picture in there.

CATHY

Weird.
CONTINUED - 3

ANDY
Let's see it.

BRIAN
Let me see your wallet.

ANDY
I'm not showing you my wallet.

JOHN
What have you got in yours? Hairs?

ANDY
What about you?

CATHY
I want to see John's wallet.

JOHN
Hand over the purse.

Cathy pauses as she quickly tries to remember if there's anything embarrassing in her purse.

CATHY
If you let me see your wallet.

John digs out his wallet. Cathy reaches for her purse. They hold them out for each. John yanks the purse from Cathy at the same time she takes his wallet. Andy offers his wallet to Brian in exchange for his wallet.

CLOSEUP - CATHY'S PURSE

John opens it carefully, as if it holds a treasure. He pulls out makeup container after makeup container, eye liner tubes, lipstick tubes, gloss pots, tiny jars, brushes, pencils, combs, hairbrushes. An impossible amount of stuff.

CATHY
She fishes through John's wallet. She takes out his license, his Social Security card, a Mastercard. She studies the Mastercard.

CATHY
Who's Myron Lee Fong?

ANDY
He's looking through Brian's wallet. He chuckles.

ANDY
This is the worst fake ID I ever saw.
Brian looks up from Andy's wallet.

**ANDY**

*It says your age is fifty-six.*

**BRIAN**

*That's supposed to be the year I was born. I goofed.*

Allison taps Andy on the shoulder.

**ALLISON**

*You wanna look in my purse?*

He hands it to her. Andy doesn't really want to look in it. He's slightly fearful of what it may contain. He slides it to Brian. Brian slides it back.

**BRIAN**

*No way.*

Allison snatches the purse away from them. She yanks it open and turns it over on the table. Brian leaps back, Andy winces. Traveler's checks, a birth certificate, socks, a Baggie of underwear, tooth brush and toothpaste, a tiny teddy bear and a scad of tampons.

**ANDY**

*What's all that crap?*

**ALLISON**

*I travel light.*

**BRIAN**

*Where're you going?*

**ALLISON**

*I haven't decided.*

**ANDY**

*When are you leaving?*

Allison shrugs.

**BRIAN**

*How come you brought all this junk?*

**ALLISON**

*I always carry it. You never know when you may have to split.*

Brian gives Andy a "she's crazy" look. Andy looks at Allison.
CATHY
She's holding a handful of wallet photos of various girls.

CATHY
Are these all your girl friends?

JOHN
John is sniffing one of a dozen bottles of perfume.

John is sniffing one of a dozen bottles of perfume.

CATHY
Some of them.

CATHY
What are the others?

JOHN
Transvestites.

CATHY
What's that?

JOHN
Men that dress like women.

CATHY
Walk on. Really.

JOHN
Some I consider girl friends, some I just consider.

CATHY
Consider what?

JOHN
Consider whether or not I want to hang out with them.

CATHY
You don't believe in one guy, one girl?

JOHN
Do you?

CATHY
Yeah. That's the way it should be.

JOHN
Not for me.

CATHY
How come?

John looks at Cathy. A blank stare. He has no intentions of answering. He changes the subject to the contents of her purse.

JOHN
How come you got so much shit in here?
CATHY
How come you have so many girl friends?

JOHN
I asked you first.

CATHY
I never throw anything away.

John grins from ear to ear. Her answer is his answer.

JOHN
Either do I.

ANDY, BRIAN, ALLISON

Andy's staring at a tiny piece of paper from Brian's wallet. Brian's talking to Allison.

BRIAN
No matter how bad things got, I'd never run away from home. Living with assholes is preferable to living on the street.

ALLISON
That's your opinion.

BRIAN
Are you gonna be like a shopping bag kid?

ALLISON
I'll do what I have to do.

BRIAN
Why do you have to do anything?

ALLISON
My home life is unsatisfying.

BRIAN
(incredulous)
Unsatisfying? You'd subject yourself to the violent dangers of the street because things are unsatisfactory.

ALLISON
I don't have to run away and live on the street. I could run away to the country or the mountains.

Brian is worried about Allison and the fact that she may be serious about running away.
BRIAN
Is it really that bad at home?

ALLISON
It blows. Long and hard.

BRIAN
Can you be more specific?

ALLISON
(painful admission)
When I'm at home, I don't exist.

Brian thinks about that for a moment. He pokes Andy, to get him involved in the conversation.

BRIAN
Andy? You want to get in on this?

Andy looks up from the tiny photo.

ANDY
(referring to the tiny picture)
Is this what I think it is?

BRIAN
(slightly embarrassed)
Yeah. Could you....

ANDY
If you're going to carry a picture like this why wouldn't you have the whole woman instead of just her....

BRIAN
A whole woman doesn't fit in a wallet. Can you get involved here? Allison says she wants to run away because her home life is unsatisfactory.

ANDY
Everybody's home life is unsatisfactory. If it wasn't, people'd live with their parents forever.

BRIAN
But I think hers is beyond normal unsatisfactory.

Allison is growing impatient with the attention.

ALLISON
Never mind. Everything's cool.
Andy puts Brian's photo back.

**ANDY**

What's the deal?

Allison doesn't want to talk anymore.

**ALLISON**

There's no deal, dorklips. Forget it. There's no problem. What do you care? Leave me alone.

**ANDY**

You're carrying all that crap in your purse. Either way you really want to run away or you want people to think you really want to run away.

**ALLISON**

Piss off.

**BRIAN**

Wait a minute. I was making progress here.

(to Allison)

Do you not want to talk about this to Andy?

**ALLISON**

I don't want to talk about it, period.

**BRIAN**

I think it bears discussion.

She gets up and walks down the book aisles. Andy and Brian look at each other. Andy stands up. Brian tries to stop him.

**BRIAN**

She could be dangerous.

Andy ignores Brian and follows Allison.

**INT. LIBRARY - BOOK STACKS**

Andy corners Allison. She curls her lip angrily.

**ANDY**

Can we talk?
There's nothing to talk about.

Yeah?

Yeah!

Andy nods his head with disgust.

Sorry to disturb you. I thought I could help.

He turns and heads back to the table. Allison watches him. She really doesn't want him to leave. She just doesn't know how to accept help.

You have problems.

Andy stops. Then he turns back to her.

You do everything anybody tells you. That's a problem.

I didn't dump my purse on the table and invite people into my problems.

Allison glares at Andy. He's struck the truth.

Okay?

He walks towards her.

So what is it? What's wrong?

Allison lowers her head. She doesn't know how to present it.

Is it bad?

Allison nods sadly. Andy grimaces slightly expecting something horrible.

Real bad?

Allison nods.
CONTINUED - 2

ANDY

Child abuse?

She nods again. Andy swallows hard. He braces himself for a horror story.

ANDY

What do they do to you?

ALLISON

They ignore me.

Andy stares blankly at her. That isn't his definition of abuse. Is she just being nuts again?

ALLISON

I think they're sorry they had me. I interfere with their personal lives. Not on purpose. I try to stay out of their way. But I'm still there. If it wasn't illegal, I think they'd get rid of me.

Andy's too startled to say anything helpful or cogent.

ANDY

It's getting kind of warm in here.

BRIAN

He's sitting at the table alone fiddling with one of Allison's tampons. He looks around to make sure no one's looking. Then he peels the wrapper off and examines the contents. He checks it out very carefully. An idea occurs to him. He puts the tube to his lips and blows. The tampon fires from the tube.

INT. GYM

Another exercise class is underway. Robin is at the head of the class leading the ladies in the sappy dance exercises. The shot is from above.

INT. GYM - BASKETBALL SCORECARD BOOTH

We see Vernon hiding in the darkened booth looking through his binoculars.

CLOSEUP ROBIN - BINOCULAR VIEW

her face, then her bouncing boobs. Then her bouncing buns and back to her face. We hold on her profile for a moment, then suddenly, she turns her head and looks directly at camera.
INT. BOOTH

Vernon realizes he's been caught. He shoves back from the opening and his chair goes over backwards.

187

INT. LIBRARY - JOHN

He's fooling with the lock on the music listening room door. He manages to jimmy it. He looks back at the other kids. They aren't interested in what he's up to.

188

INT. MUSIC LISTENING ROOM

It's a small, windowless room with a turntable, speakers, a panel of controls and switches and racks of records. John walks in, looks around and begins going through the records.

189

INT. LIBRARY

The other kids take a mild interest in what John's up to. A record hisses and pops then we hear German folk songs. John looks out of the music room.

JOHN

(mocking the music)
Rock it! This stuff pumps!

CATHY

That is the worst thing I ever heard.

ANDY

What else is there?

JOHN

Not much.

John goes back to the racks. He starts thumbing through the records. The others filter in and start looking. John pulls out another choice selection and puts it on, ripping the old record off the turntable. It's opera. A prima donna is shrieking. John mocks her by singing in a ridiculous, high-pitched voice. Cathy joins, then Brian and Andy. Allison watches for a moment then throws her head back and sings in a thunderous baritone. The other kids are dumbstruck at the power of her voice and the weirdness of its deep tone. The record and Allison end big. There's a moment of silence as the stunned kids stare at Allison.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

ALLISON
(as if
nothing's
happened)

What are you jag-off's looking at?

John raises an eyebrow to her weirdness and turns back to the turntable. He removes the opera record.

CATHY
I've got an idea!

INT. GYM

The ladies continue their exercises to the sappy, limp disco-flavored disco exercise music.

INT. STAIRCASE

Vernon is coming down a metal ladder that leads up to the scoreboard. The binoculars dangle from his neck. He hangs from the last rung of the ladder, about to drop down to the floor. A hand grabs his ankle. Vernon looks down in shock.

HIS POINT OF VIEW

Carl the janitor smiles up at Vernon.

CARL
Checkin' the poon?

INT. GYM

The music ends. Robin claps her hands.

ROBIN
All right! That was great! I'm going to leave for a bit.
Mrs. Fletcher? Would you come up in front and lead the class. Just follow the music.

A dumpy, middle-aged housewife steps to the front. Robin glances up at the booth and exits.

INT. LIBRARY MUSIC LISTENING ROOM - JOHN

He yanks a tape off a reel-to-reel machine and switches off the turntable. He cleans the needle with his finger.
INT. GYM

The ladies cringe as they hear the horrible sound of John's finger scraping across the phono needle.

INT. LIBRARY

We don't see any of the kids. Kabalevsky's "Comedian's Galop" comes up. Andy, Brian, Cathy and Allison rise up into frame. They turn and dance out into the middle of the library. They crisscross the room in a wild, silly dance.

JOHN

He won't participate. He stands in the door of the music listening room watching. He smiles as he enjoys the show.

INT. GYM

The exercise class is trying to exercise to the same music.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM

Robin does a couple of stretching exercises and climbs into a Nautilus machine.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WEIGHT ROOM

Vernon peeks around the corner. A beat and Carl peeks around beneath Vernon.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Brian and Cathy are dancing to a waltz. Brian is looking at Cathy romantically. She doesn't notice. She's graceful and skilled. He's a clod.

INT. GYM

The ladies waltz around like Disney's hippo ballerinas.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Andy, Cathy and Brian dance to a Sousa march. Brian and Andy are the band, Cathy's the majorette.
INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE WEIGHT ROOM

Vernon and Carl are peeking in the door of the weight room. We hear the Sousa march over.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM

Robin is working out on a leg machine. She grits her teeth and closes her eyes as she struggles through the strenuous and inadvertently erotic exercise. Her firm, muscular legs open and close to the music.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM DOOR

Vernon and Carl are mesmerized by the opening and closing of the beautiful legs.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - ROBIN

She completes the exercise as the music ends. She lays still for a moment, her eyes closed, her legs wide open.

CLOSEUP - VERNON

He mops his brow with Carl's cleaning rag.

INT. LIBRARY

Cathy's standing in a shaft of sunlight, her head bowed, arms at her side. Saint-Saens "Bacchanale" from Samson and Delilah begins. Cathy interprets the earthy, amorous music. Her body glistens with perspiration. She loses herself to the music and her dance and sets her inhibitions aside.

BRIAN

He studies Cathy's bod and adjusts his pants.

ALLISON

She watches curiously, enviously.

ANDY

He's impressed by her skill. He moves to the music.
213

JOHN

He leans against the door jamb and smiles. In a way he's proud of her. And interested.

214

CATHY

She finishes her dance with sensuous flourish. She looks up at the others with a smile. Then she realizes that her blouse is open, her skirt's hiked up on her thighs, her hair's blown and wet.

215

INT. GYMNASIUM

The ladies are panting and wheezing after the wild workout. Suddenly the rockabilly tune blasts over the PA. They are startled by it. They look at each other, shrug and pick up the pace of their exercising to keep up with the new music.

216

INT. LIBRARY

The library's rocking. John and Cathy are dancing like maniacs. Allison and Andy are dancing likewise. Brian is dancing with a globe on a stand. Nothing like this has ever happened in a school library.

217

INT. GYM

The ladies' gym class is going berserk. They're shaking their plump buns, jumping, leaping, slamming into each other, screaming and hooting.

218

INT. WEIGHT ROOM

Robin's on a chest machine. Her arms are outstretched, her triceps are bulging. It's a beautiful sight.

219

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - DOOR

Vernon and Carl peek into the door again. Their mouths are open in amazed delight.

220

INT. LIBRARY

The kids wind up their dance and fall to the floor.

221

INT. GYM

The music ends and the ladies collapse.
INT. WEIGHT ROOM

Robin slumps forward off the machine, breathless. She wipes her face with a towel, smiles and looks out the door.

ROBIN

- Come on in, guys.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM DOORWAY

Vernon and Carl exchange terrified looks. Carl takes off down the hall.

Dissolve To

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

The kids are sprawled on the floor in a loose circle. The curtains are drawn, it's comfortably dark. "It's like camp and they're sitting around the fire telling stories. John is working on another joint.

ANDY

What would I do for a million bucks?

CATHY

Would you...

(thinks)

...drive to school naked?

ANDY

Would I have to get out of the car?

CATHY

Of course.

Andy thinks for a moment then shakes his head, no. Cathy looks at Brian.

CATHY

Would you?

BRIAN

I take the bus.

ALLISON

I would.

JOHN

Would yourench your grandfather?

Cathy makes a horrible face at the suggestion. Allison answers straight.

CONTINUED
He's dead.

JOHN
(mischievously)
So?

CATHY
(revolted)
Shut up!

ALLISON
I'll do anything sexual. Free.

Cathy looks at Allison with surprise.

CATHY
Walk on. You would not.

ALLISON
I already have. I've done just about everything there is. Except a couple of things that are illegal.

Mouths hang open in disbelief.

ALLISON
I'm a nymphomaniac.

CATHY
(doesn't believe her)
Keep walking.

BRIAN
Isn't a nymphomaniac a sexual myth?

ALLISON
It's a state of mind.

CATHY
Do your parents know?

ALLISON
The only person I told was my psychiatrist.

ANDY
What did he do when you told him?

ALLISON
He nailed me.
INT. WEIGHT ROOM

Robin has Vernon in an exercise machine. He's reluctant to go along with it.

ROBIN
All you do is push out with your legs. Very simple. Okay? Ready?

Vernon nods.

ROBIN
Go!

Vernon pushes his legs and the weight out.

ROBIN
Good. Hold it for a second and then release.

Vernon's red-faced and in agony. He nods off the second and releases. The weight slams back, jamming his legs to his chest. There's a terrible crack! Robin gasps.

INT. LIBRARY

Allison continues unwinding her strange tale.

ALLISON
I don't think from a legal standpoint what he did can't be construed as rape since I paid him.

The others are in shock. Each thing she says is more bizarre than the next.

CATHY
He's an adult!

ALLISON
Yeah. He's married, too.

CATHY
I am freaking! A married doctor is raping your bod and you're not going totally schizzo? Do you have any idea how gross that is?

ALLISON
The first few times it was....

CATHY
You did it more than once?

CONTINUED
SURE.

CATHY

Are you crazy?

BRIAN

Obviously she's crazy if she's doing it with her psychiatrist.

(to Allison)

No offense.

Allison shrugs, no offense.

ALLISON

(to Cathy)

Have you ever done it?

Cathy blanches at the question. John titters. Brian is dead serious. He's in heaven over the whole discussion.

CATHY

I don't even have a psychiatrist?

ALLISON

Have you done it with a regular person?

Cathy blushes and tries to change the subject.

CATHY

I'm not going to discuss my private life with strangers.

ALLISON

It's kind of a double-edged sword, isn't it?

CATHY

A what?

ALLISON

If you say you haven't, you're a prude. If you say you have, you're a slut. It's a trap. You want to but you can't. But then when you do you wish you didn't. Right?
Wrongo.

ALLISON

Or are you a tease?

ANDY

She's a tease.

CATHY

I'm sure. Why don't you forget it?

ANDY

You're a tease and you knew it. All girls are teases.

BRIAN

Amen! That is the God's truth, boy.

JOHN

She's only a tease if what she does gets you guys hot.

CATHY

I don't do anything.

ALLISON

That's why you're a tease.

Brian scoots over closer to Cathy. He's obviously enjoying the topic immensely. Cathy curls her lip and moves away from him.

CATHY

Why am I, all of a sudden, the object of this scrutiny?

JOHN

You should have answered the question honestly in the first place.

CATHY

I don't have to answer any questions.

JOHN

True.
CATHY
Then adios yourself.

JOHN
I'm not doing anything.

CATHY
Tell them to leave me alone.

JOHN
(to the others, unconvincing)
Leave her alone.

Cathy turns angrily to Allison.

CATHY
Let me ask you some questions.

ALLISON
I told you everything.

CATHY
Doesn't it bother you to just put out without being in love? Don't you want respect?

ALLISON
I don't do it to get respect. That's the difference between you and me.

JOHN
That's why you're a tease.

CATHY
I'm not a tease.

JOHN
Sure you are. Sex is your weapon. You said it yourself. You use it to get respect.

CATHY
She twisted my words around. I never said that.

JOHN
What do you use it for then?

CATHY
I don't use it, period. End of the show.

JOHN
Are you medically frigid?
CATHY
I didn't mean it that way. You guys are putting words in my mouth.

JOHN
If you'd just answer the question....

CATHY
(explodes)
No! I never did it!

There's silence. Cathy turns away from the group, hurt and angry.

ALLISON
I never did it either. I'm not a nympho. I'm a compulsive liar.

CATHY
You're such a hick! You did that on purpose to piss me off!

ALLISON
I would do it, though. It wouldn't bother me.

Andy is watching with special fascination.

ALLISON
If you love somebody it's okay.

Cathy abruptly changes the subject.

CATHY
(to Allison)
You never say anything and then all of a sudden you open your mouth and unload these incredible lies all over me.

Allison looks at her thoughtfully as though she understands how weird it is.

ANDY
(to Cathy)
You're just pissed off because she got you to admit something you didn't want to admit.

CATHY
Okay. But that doesn't make it any less bizarre.

ANDY
What's bizarre? We're all pretty bizarre. We're just better at hiding it.
CATHY
How are you bizarre?

ANDY
I can't think for myself.

It embarrasses Andy to make the admission.

ANDY
I do anything anybody tells me.

JOHN
Well, I don't do anything anybody tells me, so we're sort of in the same boat.

BRIAN
I do the same thing.

ANDY
Do you hate what you're doing?

BRIAN
No. But I hate myself.

CATHY
What?

BRIAN
I like everybody, but I hate myself.

CATHY
(skeptical)
Why do you hate yourself?

BRIAN
I'm flunking shop.

John roars with laughter.

BRIAN
I made a lamp, but it doesn't work. I thought shop would be easy. All the stupid people take it. I thought it'd be a simple way to maintain my grade point average.

JOHN
(angry and hurt)
I take shop.

BRIAN
Sorry. Do you understand it?
JOHN
Yeah. I can make a lamp in my sleep. And it'll work. I can't believe you can't make a lamp.

BRIAN
Yeah? What do you know about trig?

JOHN
I could care less about trig.

BRIAN
Without trig, there'd be no engineering.

JOHN
Without lamps there'd be no light.

CATHY
Okay. So neither one of you is any better.

JOHN
What can you do?

CATHY
Nothing.

Allison joins in the conversation.

ALLISON
I can write with my toes.

All heads turn to her with surprise. Allison peels off her tennis shoe and her sock. She walks over to the table and climbs up on it. She sticks a pen between her toes, leans back on her palms and starts writing with her foot.

CLOSEUP - PAPER

Beautiful, classic handwriting. A quote:

"Young blood must have its course and every dog his day."

THE OTHER KIDS

They are gathered around the table watching her strange talent with fascination. Allison finishes and Andy takes the paper.

ANDY
That's great. What is it?

ALLISON
It's a quote I read.
Springsteen?

Kipling. I can also dial a phone, eat.

With your feet?

...play Atari....

I want to see what Cathy can do.

I can't do anything. I'm not interested in everybody picking on me again.

Who's picking on you?

I can play 'LA woman' on the phone. The first seven notes are the phone number of a dentist's office downtown.

Cathy's watching John, thinking, deciding.

There's one thing I can do. But it's too embarrassing.

What isn't?

Cathy looks at John again.

Okay. But you have to swear to God you won't laugh.

John raises his hand.

I swear to God.

Cathy looks to the others. They raise their hands.

(blushing)

I can't believe I'm doing this.

one rolls her eyes and unbuttons the second and third buttons on her blouse and exposes cleavage and a little bit of lacy bra.
CLOSEUP - BRIAN

He's dead serious about this. He licks his lips in anticipation.

BRIAN
(to himself)
This is gonna be outstanding....

CLOSEUP - JOHN

He's almost as interested as Brian.

CLOSEUP - ANDY

He isn't watching Cathy. He's watching Allison. Sizing her up.

CLOSEUP - ALLISON

She doesn't know Andy's watching her.

CLOSEUP - CATHY'S CHEST

It's open to view. She places an open lipstick tube between her breasts.

WIDE - CATHY

She bends over her chest and by manipulating her breasts with pressure from her arms, she applies the lipstick.

THE OTHER KIDS

They watch with fascination.

CLOSEUP - CATHY

She lifts her head proudly. Lipstick's laid on heavy all over her lips. She's finally let down her front and is acting like one of them.

THE KIDS

They applaud.

CATHY

She wipes her mouth and smiles. She sits down with the others.

CONTINUED
ANDY
That was great. How'd you learn to do that?

CATHY
At a slumber party in eighth grade.

JOHN
That was the most disgusting thing I ever saw a female do.

He plays to Cathy like he's grossed out.

JOHN
My image of you is totally wiped out now. From now on when I see you, all I'll be able to think of is Boto.

Cathy's crushed.

ALLISON
(to John)
You're a shit! You swore to God....

JOHN
That I wouldn't laugh. I didn't swear that I wouldn't be revolted and disappointed.

CATHY
You're a total faggot for doing that to me! Geek!

ALLISON
Really!

John laughs at Cathy's consternation.

JOHN
Don't worry about it. I'm sorry, I won't dump on you again.

He fires up another joint and takes a hit.

JOHN
What do you care what I think? You don't like me anyway.

He passes the joint to Brian. He's a pro now. He takes a long hit and talks while holding the dope. He passes the joint to Andy.
BRIAN
Let me ask you something.
(exhales)
What happens on Monday?

No one knows what he's talking about.

BRIAN
I'm assuming we're friends. Right?
We're doing things together, we're
talking about stuff, we've broken
the law together. It seems like we
can call ourselves friends.

The kids look at each other. They haven't confronted this
issue yet.

BRIAN
I think of you guys as my friends anyway. Am I wrong?

ANDY
(troubled)
No.

BRIAN
So, on Monday, what happens?

CATHY
Are we still friends, you mean? If
we're friends now, that is.

Everyone has an interest in the answer but no one wants to
commit to an answer one way or the other.

JOHN
See what I get for getting a dork
high? The guy gets philosophical.

John tries to bury the question. He's as upset by it as
everyone else.

Truth?

Brian nods.

CATHY
No.

ALLISON
With all of us or just John?

CONTINUED
CATHY
With neither of you and neither of you with me either.

ANDY
(disgusted with her attitude)
That's real nice.

CATHY
Be honest, Andy. On Monday, if Brian came up to you in S.A. hall, what would you do? You're there with all the sports.

Andy looks at Brain nervously. He's on the spot.

CATHY
I know exactly what you'd do. You'd say 'hi' to him and when he left, you'd cut him up so that your friends wouldn't think you really liked him.

ANDY
(unconvincing)
No way.

ALLISON
(to Cathy)
Okay. What if I walked up to you?

CATHY
Same thing.

JOHN
You're such a bitch!

CATHY
Because I'm telling the truth? That makes me a bitch?

JOHN
No! Because you know how shitty that it is to do to someone. You admit it and you aren't strong enough to tell your friends to fuck off and let you be friends with who you want!

CATHY
And what about you? Why don't you take Allison to one of your freak parties?

John shoots a look at Allison. Cathy's got him.

CONTINUED
CATHY
Take Brian out to the parking lot at
lunch and get high. Or Andy for
that matter or me. What would your
friends say if they saw you and me
walking down the hall together?
They'd laugh their asses off and
you'd cut me up. You'd probably say
I'm doing it with you so they'd
forgive you being with me? I am
correct?

Brian stands up and walks to the window.

BRIAN
(hurt)
Okay. I assume Allison and I are
better people than you guys.
(to Allison)
Would you do that?

ALLISON
I don't really have any friends.

BRIAN
If you did?

ALLISON
I don't know. Maybe. No, I doubt
if the kind of friends I'd have
would mind.

BRIAN
I wouldn't. I won't.

CATHY
Your friends wouldn't mind because
they look up to us.

BRIAN
You're so conceited, I want to puke!

CATHY
I'm not saying that to be conceited!
I don't like it. I hate having to go
along with everything my friends say.

BRIAN
Then why do you do it?

CATHY
You don't understand the pressure
people can put on you, Brian.

Brian's nostrils flare with anger.
BRIAN
I don't know what? I don't know
about pressure? Hey, fuck you! You
know why I'm in here?

CATHY
Don't get freaked over it....

BRIAN
I'm in here because Mr. Ryan found
a gun in my locker.

Everybody looks at Brain with alarm.

ANDY
What'd you have a gun for?

BRIAN
Do you know what my grade point
average is? It's a 4.0. That's
perfect.

ANDY
What's the gun for?

BRIAN
Six trimesters of As. Even in gym
and arts. That's perfection. I'm
going for twelve trimesters of A's
and a straight 4.0. Number one in
the class.

JOHN
That's bullshit. Why do you want to
be number one?

BRIAN
Because I want to! I don't have to
explain anything to you! If I want
to be perfect that's my business!

ANDY
Okay. Be perfect. What's the gun
for?

BRAIN
But I'm not perfect, okay? I can't
hack shop.

The kids smile at the absurdity of flunking shop class.

BRIAN
My lamp doesn't work. If I ace the
rest of the trimester, I'm still
only a B and everything's ruined.
Andy's mouth drops open as he thinks he's figured out what the gun was for.

**ANDY**
You were going to waste your teacher! Jesus!

**BRIAN**
(shakes his head)
You asshole! I wasn't going to waste anybody! Just me.

The laughter stops abruptly.

**CATHY**
What?!

**BRIAN**
I was considering my options.

**CATHY**
That's not an option!

**BRIAN**
I didn't do it!

**ALLISON**
.357 Magnum?

**BRIAN**
It was a flare gun.

**ANDY**
You were going to waste yourself with a flare?!

Brian's confused. He doesn't know what he was or was not going to do.

**BRIAN**
I don't know. Look, I'm not very good at things like that. I was pissed that I fucked up shop.

**JOHN**
How'd you get caught?

**BRIAN**
It went off in my locker.

John stifles a laugh.

**BRIAN**
It burned up everything in my locker.

CONTINUED
John starts to laugh. He's joined by Andy, then Cathy and finally Allison. Brian cracks a smile.

**BRIAN**

It's not funny.

He starts to laugh.

**BRIAN**

My lamp was destroyed!

Cathy holds up her hand for attention.

**CATHY**

This is better.

She composes herself.

**CATHY**

I got in here because I ditched class to go shopping.

The laughter winds down.

**JOHN**

What's so funny about that?

**CATHY**

I took a driver's ed car.

**ANDY**

It's not all that funny.

**CATHY**

Yeah, but it's how I got caught.

**JOHN**

Who caught you?

**CATHY**

The cops.

**BRIAN**

Were they looking for a stolen car?

Cathy can't control herself.

**CATHY**

Me and Kim Lamm finished our shopping; I got a couple pairs of pants and a pair of shoes and she got some records and we were leaving and we had that special car that's got two sets of controls?
CATHY (Cont'd)

...And I pulled out of the parking space and we saw a cop coming down the lane and we both freaked and Kim started driving too and I turned the wheel one way and she turned it the other and we hit the cop car head on.

The kids burst out laughing.

JOHN
What happened to Kim?

CATHY
She has mono. I picked her up at home. She's out for the whole semester anyway.

The kids continue laughing. Allison speaks up.

ALLISON
I can beat that.

The kids look at her.

ALLISON
You know what I did to get in here?

BRIAN
This should be classic!

The kids are anticipating a good laugh.

ALLISON
Nothing.
(pause)
I didn't have anything better to do today.

There's no laughter. Just incredulous stares and silence.

INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE

Robin helps Vernon into the nurse's office and sits him down on the couch.

VERNON
(trying to be tough)
I really don't need to lie down.
ROBIN
You need some heat on that back. You relax, I'll go check on the prisoners.

VERNON
I'm serious. I'm fine.

ROBIN
(warmly)
Don't give me a hard time, Harvey.

She starts for the door. Vernon keeps up his act.

VERNON
You're being ridiculous.

She exits. He waits a beat, then collapses on the couch in agony.

INT. LIBRARY

The kids are still thinking about what Allison said.

CATHY
Watching TV's better than this.

The library door opens and Robin looks in.

ROBIN
Hi.

The kids scramble to their feet. John panics and kicks his bag of dope under a shelf.

ROBIN
(laughs at their panic)
Take it easy.

She walks over them and sits on the edge of a library table.

ROBIN
So, what's going on?

JOHN
Where's Vernon?

ROBIN
(corrects him)
Dean Vernon? He's busy. He asked me to look in on you.

CONTINUED
ROBIN (Cont'd)

(makes a joke
to break the ice)
So, come here often?

BRIAN
(innocently)
John does.

ROBIN
(kiddingly)
Troublemaker, eh?

JOHN
(arrogant)
No, I just get caught.

ROBIN
(to everybody)
What have you been doing all day?

There's a pause as the kids contemplate whether or not to incriminate themselves.

CATHY
Just talking.

ROBIN
I thought you weren't supposed to talk.

JOHN
Then why'd you ask what we've been doing? We're not supposed to be talking, right?

ROBIN
Just curious.

There's an uncomfortable pause as Robin discovers how difficult it is to converse with them.

ROBIN
I wasn't born a teacher, you know.
I was once a normal person.

John makes circles in the air with his finger; big deal.

ROBIN
But I guess I'm still the enemy, huh?

JOHN
If you say so.

CONTINUED
I'd like to try and change your mind. If that's okay. Do you mind?

Everybody but John agrees.

I don't have any idea why you're in here. It's none of my business but I assume it was something serious. You wanna talk about it?

No response. She may as well be hollering down a sewer pipe. Nonetheless, she continues.

I think a lot of times teachers dish out punishment as though it's going to cure a problem. However, people don't obey rules out of fear of punishment but out of a sense of responsibility to themselves and to society.

John groans loudly to let her know he's bored.

Am I boring you?

Really! I don't think you have the right to come in here and lecture us.

It's not a lecture. I'm just trying to open up a little dialogue with you.

Did we ask for a little dialogue?

Did anyone ever offer it?

John hasn't an answer for that.

I just got through being your age and before I get to be Vernon's age, and forget what it was like to be your age, I'd like to share a couple thoughts with you. Okay? Is that too much of an imposition?
John turns away and shakes his head in disgust. Robin carries on despite him.

ROBIN
This is a very small part of your total life's history. You can't possibly see that while you're going through it. But it's only four years. When you graduate from here, you've got another sixty years left of living to do. The screw-ups you make today are paid for tomorrow. As you get older...you'll look back on these years as the best of your life. I swear to God. As shitty, pardon me, as you might think things are now, in ten years all you'll remember is how great it was.

It sucks.

ROBIN
Thank you.

JOHN
You're welcome.

There's a sharp rap on the library door. All heads snap around.

INT. LIBRARY DOORS - VERNON

He's standing in the doorway with a sour look on his face. He's overheard the last of the conversation.

VERNON
Ms. Robertson?

ROBIN
She's scared as the kids. She stands up.

ROBIN
(nervously)
We were just talking.

VERNON
This is a detention hall. Not a talk show.
VERNON (Cont'd)
(t to John)
Teacher? What are you doing in here?

Robin looks at John. He's caught. She quickly bails him out.

ROBIN
I invited him in.

John looks at her with surprise. It's the first time a teacher's ever offered any kindness. He's aware of how undeserving he is.

VERNON
That was not within your rights.

Vernon looks at his watch.

VERNON
You've got less than an hour to write your papers.

Vernon points to John and jerks his thumb over his shoulder. John stands up and heads for the door. He's passive and gentle, a sharp contrast to his tough guy facade. Vernon holds the door for Robin. John looks at her. He smiles his gratitude. She winks.

INT. HALLWAY

John shuffles back to the closet in Vernon's office. Vernon holds Robin in the hall. She's nervous and scared of him.

VERNON
That was uncalled for.

ROBIN
I think it was helpful.

VERNON
You do, huh? You've been teaching, what? Three weeks? I've been here twenty-two years. Let me be the judge.

ROBIN
I'm sorry. Take care of your back.

VERNON
The back's just fine, thank you.

Robin offers a sheepish smile and heads down the hall. Vernon watches her go. He's sorry he has to be such a hardass. He limps back into his office.
INT. LIBRARY - CLOSEUP - WALL CLOCK

It reads 3:35. Pull back from the clock to Brian. He's sitting alone at the big table thinking about his paper. Cathy's sitting with her fist on her chin.

CATHY
Brian? You writing your paper?

Brian turns around and looks at her.

BRIAN
Yeah, why?

CATHY
I was thinking. It's kind of a waste for us all to write papers.

BRIAN
That's the assignment.

CATHY
Yeah, but I think we'd all give the same answer. Since you're writing anyway, you wanna put my name on it?

BRIAN
Is this a trick?

CATHY
No. I think you'd do a better job.

BRIAN
You just don't want to write a paper.

CATHY
I think you oughta write it for everybody. Put all of our names on it.

ANDY
Right.

ALLISON
One paper.

BRIAN
Seriously?

CONTINUED
CATHY
You're the smartest, right? You do it. I trust you.

Brian turns all the way around in his chair and looks at Cathy.

CATHY
Don't let anybody kid you, Brian. You're an ace.

Brian turns back to the table with the biggest smile he's ever put on his face. He uncaps his pen and looks down at the sheet of paper. Cathy turns to Allison.

CATHY
(to Allison)
Come on.

She slides off the window ledge. Allison looks at her, puzzled.

CATHY
Come on.

Cathy unhooks her purse from the back of her chair.

ALLISON
Where?

CATHY
The john.

ALLISON
(bewildered)
But I already ate.

CATHY
Move it.

Allison stands up and walks out with Cathy. John walks to the window and sits down on the ledge. Andy saunters over to Brian.

ANDY
Weird day, huh?

BRIAN
Really.

CONTINUED
There's a pause. It's an uncomfortable conversation.

ANDY
Do you think Allison's...interesting?

BRIAN
I don't know. I don't think she's as screwed up as she wants us to think.

ANDY
Yeah. I think she's in a study hall with me. I never paid much attention to her.

BRIAN
She's sort of invisible.

ANDY
Right. Do you think what she was saying about sex...?

BRIAN
That was bullshit.

ANDY
You think so?

BRIAN
Yeah.

There's another considered pause.

ANDY
How bad do you think Allison looks?

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM

Cathy and Allison are at the mirror in the bathroom. We see Allison from the back. Cathy's sitting on the edge of the sink, facing Allison. She's fooling around with Allison's face and hair. We don't see what she's doing nor does Allison.

CATHY
I can't believe you don't do anything about your looks.

ALLISON
I don't have to. I'm naturally ugly.
CONTINUED

CATHY
You got great cheekbones. I'll bet you don't even know what color your eyes are.

ALLISON
Dogshit green.

CATHY
Hazel.

ALLISON
That's my grandmother's name.

CATHY
Hold still.

Allison freezes. Cathy applies lipstick.

CATHY
I'm real good at this.

She finishes and leans back.

CATHY
Outstanding! You look female.

She turns her around to face the mirror and camera. She has transformed Allison into a beauty. Allison is stunned. It's like she doesn't believe the mirror.

ALLISON
(overwhelmed)
Jesus fucking Christ....

INT. LIBRARY

Brian's writing. The ideas are coming fast and furious. Andy's sitting in the window alone. He's staring out at the descending sun.

ANDY
Brian? Do you think she's dangerous?

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LIBRARY

Outside the library doors, Cathy gives the rebuilt Allison some last minute coaching.

CATHY
You look awesome so don't blow it by saying things like dickhead and what's that other word you use?
CONTINUED

ALLISON
Dork lips.

CATHY
Right. And remember, you're the special one. You don't have to kiss anybody's ass.

ALLISON
What if he laughs?

CATHY
(mean, crude)
Knee him in the nuts.

INT. LIBRARY - BRIAN

He looks up from his writing. He smiles at Cathy and Alison.

ALLISON
She smiles at Brian.

BRIAN
He does a take as he suddenly realizes it's Allison.

ANDY
He's still sitting in the window. Allison slowly approaches him. Andy turns from the window to see Allison. His mouth drops open.

ALLISON
She's beautiful and shy and glowing with pride and excitement. She smiles bashfully.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET - OVERHEAD - JOHN

He's laying on a table with his hands behind his head and his eyes closed.

CLOSEUP - JOHN
He opens his eyes and looks sadly at the ceiling. His eyes roll down, hold, then look back up in surprise. He counts up at the ceiling.
HIS POINT OF VIEW

Cathy's in the open ceiling tile, looking down at him.

INT. LIBRARY - WINDOW

Allison and Andy are sitting facing each other.

ANDY
What happened to you?

Allison shrugs sheepishly.

ALLISON
Good or bad?

ANDY
(big smile)
Good.

Allison matches his smile.

ALLISON
That's really nice of you to say, dork lips.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET - CATHY AND JOHN

They're sitting on the floor between two storage shelf units, facing each other. They don't say anything. They just stare at each other.

INT. LIBRARY - BRIAN

He's looking up at the ceiling with his hands around the back of his head.

BRIAN
Should I just level with Vernon?
Should I just be totally honest?

There's no response.

BRIAN
Fuck it! I'm gonna say what I want. If he nails my ass to the wall, so what? It's just my ass.

He starts to write. A couple words and he looks up.

BRIAN
(apprehensive)
What if he calls my mother?

CONTINUED
A satisfied, to-hell-with-everything grin spreads across his face.

**BRIAN**

I'll punch her lights out! I'll trash the bitch.

He goes back to the paper. He looks up again.

**BRIAN**

It'll be self-defense!

---

**ALLISON AND ANDY**

They continue their conversation.

**ANDY**

So, you think you're still gonna take off?

Allison shrugs.

**ANDY**

If you do can I go along?

The corners of Allison's mouth curl up.

**ANDY**

I don't think anybody cares about me either. It seems like it but what it really is is people caring about themselves through me.

**ALLISON**

I'd rather be used than left alone.

**ANDY**

Maybe neither one of us has to be alone.

---

**INT. STORAGE CLOSET - CATHY AND JOHN**

They're in the dark, talking.

**CATHY**

You're even more stuck-up than me.

**JOHN**

Me?
CONTINUED

CATHY
Uh, huh. You're a reverse snob. Uncool is cool.

JOHN
(smiles)
Then we're both stuck-up, right?

CATHY
Right.

They both smile tentatively, nervously. There's an uncomfortable pause. Cathy's smile dissipates.

CATHY
Do you hate me?

John shakes his head no. He's serious.

JOHN
Do you hate me?

CATHY
I like you. Everybody's wrong about you. You're not a gearhead at all. It's real hard to get to know you but it's worth it.

JOHN
You think you know me?

CATHY
A little bit. Do you think you know me?

John nods slowly, yes.

JOHN
I'm starting to.

CATHY
Don't be a jerk. Finish.

They look at each other carefully. They start to move toward each other.

ANDY AND ALLISON

Andy's feeling Allison's muscle. She's flexing. He puts her arm down and starts to move toward her. She's a little frightened but starts to move toward him.
262 JOHN AND CATHY
They move closer. Their looks intensify.

263 ANDY AND ALLISON
Andy keeps moving in to kiss Allison. She twitches as if she thinks it's going to hurt.

264 JOHN AND CATHY
Their breath mingles. She closes her eyes.

265 BRIAN
As he finishes the last few words of the paper, his lips purse.

266 ANDY AND ALLISON
She winces. Andy kisses her. She caves in and submits.

267 CATHY AND JOHN
Their lips meet.

268 BRIAN
He brings the paper up to his lips and kisses it. He slams down his pen and stands up.

   BRIAN
   (sings)
   'His truth goes marching on!'  (picks up the paper)
   Bury this up your butt, Big V!

   He looks up at the clock.

269 CLOSEUP - CLOCK
The second hand sweeps past twelve and it's 5:00. We move down from the clock to:

70 INT. VERNON'S OFFICE
He rushes back from his desk and stands up. He walks to the storage closet and opens the door.
INT. STORAGE CLOSET

Cathy and John are sitting on the table. It's as if they are waiting for him.

VERNON

He's puzzled as to how Cathy got into the closet. But he doesn't say anything. It's late. He wants to go home.

VERNON

Let's go.

INT. LIBRARY

Andy and Allison walk up to the table and sit down. Cathy and John walk in followed by Vernon. Cathy and John sit down with Andy, Allison and Brian. Vernon stares at them from across the table.

VERNON

Papers?

Brian slides the group paper across the desk. Vernon sets his briefcase down on the floor. He picks up the sheet of paper and looks at it.

CLOSEUP - PAPER

At the top the signatures of the Breakfast Club -- JOHN BENTZER, BRIAN JOHNSON, CATHY DOUGLAS, ANDY CLARKE, ALLISON REYNOLDS.

INT. LIBRARY - TABLE

O.C. the four o'clock bell rings. The kids stand up and walk around the table to the door, leaving Vernon reading the paper.

CLOSEUP - VERNON

He's puzzled by the paper. It's not at all what he expected. We hear, one by one, the kid's voices fade up beginning with Brian.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Dear Mr. Vernon...We accept the fact that we had to sacrifice a whole Saturday in detention for whatever it
BRIAN (V.O.) (Cont'd)
was we did wrong. But we think
you're crazy to ask us to write an
essay telling you who we think we
are. What do you care? You see as
you want to see us. John's crazy
and bad, Cathy's beautiful and
spoiled, Andy's strong and mature,
Allison's looney tunes and Brian's
brilliant. That's pretty much how
we see ourselves. What we found
out, sir, was that we're all crazy
and bad and beautiful and spoiled
and strong and mature and looney
tunes and brilliant. Take it or
leave it...Sincerely yours, the
Breakfast Club.

Vernon looks up a little miffed that his orders were defied
but enlightened about who they are.

INT. LIBRARY

Vernon turns around and looks at the door. He cracks a
smile. He bends over slowly and picks up his briefcase.
He sets it on the table, pops the latches and opens it. He
puts the sheet of paper in the case and closes it. He
walks to the door and turns out the lights.

INT. HALLWAY

The kids walk down the hall toward the doors. Away from
camera. They're five across.

INT. HALLWAY - LIBRARY DOORS

Vernon comes out the door. He watches the kids leaving.

ROBIN (O.C.)

Harvey?

Vernon is surprised by the voice. He turns around to see
Marsha at the side door down the hall. She's in street
clothes with a coat and a gym bag.

ROBIN

Will you be here next Saturday?

VERNON

I imagine.
CONTINUED

ROBIN
I'll see you then.

She smiles and waves. She exits. Vernon grins. He feels better than he has in years.

EXT. SCHOOL - LATE AFTERNOON

The shadows are long and there's a chill in the air. The parents' cars are waiting in the street. The kids come outside and down the stairs to the sidewalk. John lingers behind. Brian marches ahead to the Escort. Andy and Allison walk slowly down the sidewalk to the parkway.

INT. ESCORT

Brian gets in. His mother stares at him with the same scowl she dropped him off with. He smiles at her and then looks back out the window at the others.

EXT. ESCORT

It pulls away and Brian's in the window waving.

ANDY AND ALLISON

They separate to head to their cars. Andy walks backwards. Allison opens the back door of her parents' station wagon. She looks at Andy for a moment, smiles and gets in.

ANDY

He gives her the thumb and gets into his father's heap.

CATHY AND JOHN

She walks ahead to the black Mercedes. She turns back to John.

CATHY

Want a ride?

John shakes his head, no. He gives her a salute and turns and heads across the lawn.

CATHY

... as she watches him go. Track comes up.
EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

The same cheerleaders we saw in the morning are working on their routine. A reprise of the opening. Singing, clapping and working out to the theme. The angle is reversed and they're against the setting sun. John cuts across the field.

Fade down and roll end credits.

THE END