

MY SCRIPT

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. A.C.C.C. / PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

RON clearly excited, parks his car. HAYLEY sits in the front seat. They climb out and before Ron stands FRANK JOHNSON.

Long Beat.

RON

...Hello?

Frank extends his hand.

FRANK JOHNSON

Frank Johnson.
(shakes Ron's hand)
Reporting for duty.

RON

We know you, Frank. You don't have to introduce yourself every time we--

FRANK JOHNSON

(shakes Hayley's hand)
Frank Johnson.
(to Ron)
Sir. Permission to speak, sir.

RON

Don't have to call me "sir" and yes.

FRANK JOHNSON

I wish to be relieved of my duties.

HAYLEY

Frank, you're the advisor. Without you we can't have a group.

FRANK JOHNSON

That's not right.
(looks at paper)
I'm currently listed as the "adversary". Not the advisor. I don't want to be the adversary. It makes me sad.

RON

Outreach doesn't have an adversary.

FRANK JOHNSON

It does. I'm the adversary.

HAYLEY

He means no such position exists.
Why would a club need an adversary?

FRANK JOHNSON

Ask Ron why he asked me to be the
adversary.

RON

I didn't ask you to be the adversary.

FRANK JOHNSON

Then why am I the adversary?

RON

You're not the adversary.

FRANK JOHNSON

But the paper says I'm the adversary.

RON

It says "advisor". Look. Read with
me.

FRANK JOHNSON

(slow)

Adversary.

RON

(slow)

Advisor.

RON (CONT'D)

No.

Long Beat.

HAYLEY

You can read, right?

FRANK JOHNSON

Define read.

Ron shakes his head.

INT. RON'S INTERVIEW - AFTERNOON

SUPER: Ron, Co-Founder & President of 'OutReach'. Hayley
stands next to him, equally excited as he.

RON

OutReach is a program that gives
back to the community and the school.
Am I excited? Yes! The school is
too. Only took a talk.

HAYLEY
Letters.

RON
Petitions.

HAYLEY
Signatures.

RON
A few threats.

HAYLEY
And a suicide note.

RON
Yeah, whatever happened to that girl?

Hayley shrugs.

INT. A.C.C.C. / CLASSROOM - EVENING

Ron and Hayley sit side-by-side on a desk. Hayley munches on some fast food. Ron stares into space.

HAYLEY
(as she eats)
So either I can explain OutReach,
introduce you and you answer questions
or I can introduce you, you explain
OutReach and I answer questions.
(notices his
inattention; nudges
him)
Ron? You alright?

He snaps out of it.

RON
Hm?! Oh yeah. I'm good. I think
I'm just nervous. I don't now how
people will respond to me. Everyone's
used to me being a troublemaker.

HAYLEY
That's who you were. That's not who
you are now. I mean look: you're in
school now, you started the group,
you stopped sending O.J. those
letters.

RON
I just wanted some advice.

HAYLEY

The point is Ron, you're good now.

Hayley reflexively places her hand on Ron's. She instantly takes it away.

The door FLIES open -- It's Tish.

TISH

Ron, we gotta go. Von's here.

RON

I'll be right back.

Ron ducks out. Hayley nods, discouraged.

INT. HAYLEY'S INTERVIEW - EVENING

SUPER: Hayley, Co-Founder & Secretary of 'OutReach'

HAYLEY

Would I go out with Ron? Don't get me wrong. He's...amazing. He's great. He's like a modern day Jesus.

(laughs; worried)

I just compared Ron to Jesus. Wow. I didn't mean it like that. We have a strict professional relationship. I just like being under Ron.

(shakes head)

Okay, I'm doing this again. I meant under him as a secretary. Not like some weird fantasy where we're doing it on the table after a meeting. I have a short skirt on. His chest is showing.

(realization)

That seems like I've thought about this before. Let me start over.

The camera moves away from her.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?!

Hayley awkwardly struggles to get back into frame.

INT. A.C.C.C. / HALLWAY - EVENING

Ron speed walks. Tish right behind him.

RON
(into camera)
We haven't seen our cousin Von in
the longest. I wonder what's new
with his life.

VON storms up, ripping his sunglasses off.

VON
My mother's dead!

Beat.

TISH
Then who's that?

FEATURE: KRIS waving.

VON
I'll rephrase. My mother's dead...to
me.

Ron looks at the camera, concerned.

INT. A.C.C.C. / CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Hayley marks down notes on her CLIPBOARD next to Ron.

SEBASTIAN, 20s, stylishly dressed, talks with a lisp, strides
into the room.

HAYLEY
Hey Sebastian.

Sebastian smiles wide at Ron. Looks him up and down.

SEBASTIAN
(obviously interested)
Hey, Ron.
(with attitude)
Hayley. How was your summer?

HAYLEY
Well--

SEBASTIAN
Because mine was fabulous.
(overly dramatic)
I...I found myself.

Hayley places a caring hand on his shoulder.

HAYLEY

(touched)
 You accepted your homosexuality?
 That's really--

Sebastian jerks her away.

SEBASTIAN

Oh my God! I am not gay!

Ron looks at the camera, nods -- "He is".

HAYLEY

I'm so, so sorry. I thought--

SEBASTIAN

I am so upset right now. Lady Gaga
 will see me through this!

Sebastian pops ear buds in and sashays away.

INT. A.C.C.C. / LOBBY - EVENING

Ron and Tish stare at Von, searching for answers.

RON

So what's going on again?

VON

My father's disappeared, Ron.
 Probably to scare some sense into my
 mother. She's a lunatic. She was
 talking about giving away the money.
My money.

TISH

You mean their money?

VON

Could you be any more insensitive?!
 My father's probably dead, my mother's
 abandoned me-- the only thing I got
 out of the split was this thing.

FEATURE: ANDREA, Asian, 16, just stares.

RON

I was gonna ask you: Who is this?

VON

Dad bought her in China and just
 left her behind. I mean who treats
 people like that?

Von chucks a piece of the sandwich at her. Hits her right in the face.

VON (CONT'D)
She doesn't know how to eat yet!

On Ron--

INT. A.C.C.C. / CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

JOWAUNTE, a smile as wide as The Joker's, places a bowl of cookies on the table.

Frank YANKS MORT, a full blown gerd, into the room.

MORT
I don't want to!

FRANK JOHNSON
Come on! Jowaunte. I brought him.

Jowaunte looks up and she--you guessed it. She smiles.

JOWAUNTE
Morty?! Franky!

FRANK JOHNSON
Frank Johnson.

JOWAUNTE
My two best friends in the world!

Jowaunte spreads her arms. Mort shoves her away.

MORT
I can't do that. My doctor said I'm allergic to skin.

JOWAUNTE
How'd he find that out?

Mort raises his hands showing his infected fingertips.

MORT
(self-conscious)
I bite when I get nervous. But I am ready to speak! I am ready to be heard! I am on! I-am-Batman!

FRANK JOHNSON
Too excited, Mort.

MORT
Sorry.

JOWAUNTE

I'm sure they're going to be the
greatest questions of all time!

Hayley walks up.

HAYLEY

Someone has questions?

Mort SCREAMS. Runs off.

FRANK JOHNSON

Look at what you did!

JOWAUNTE

Aw, Hayley!

NADIA

Damn, Hayley. That was messed up.

TISH

Really, Hayley?

SEBASTIAN

Do you always have to be such a bitch,
Hayley?!

All storm off. Hayley looks at the camera, lost.

INT. A.C.C.C. / OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Tish stands against the wall across from NADIA, Hispanic,
early 20s, drop dead gorgeous and pissed. Cross her and
you'll drop dead.

NADIA

I didn't know you was here. You
joinin' OutReach?

TISH

Girl, you know I have way too much
already to add on coming here.

(digs through purse)

Na, I'm just here to support Ron on
his first day. And I had to drop
off our cousin.

(pulls out cigarette
pack)

Things have been crazy.

Tish puts a cigarette in her mouth.

JOWAUNTE (O.S.)

You shouldn't do that.

REVEAL: Jowaunte. Smiling and everything.

TISH
Hello?

JOWAUNTE
Hi!

TISH
Have we met?

JOWAUNTE
No!

CU: Tish. Blank.

CU: Jowaunte. Smiling.

CU: Tish. Looks left and right.

CU: Jowaunte. Still smiling.

Tish sighs.

TISH
Name's Tish.

JOWAUNTE
Jowaunte! Meeting you right now is
one of my favorite moments of my
life.

TISH
Uh-huh.

NADIA
Jowaunte get back in the room! Can't
you see we was talking?!

JOWAUNTE
Well maybe she was lonely, Nadia.

NADIA
I just said "we".

TISH
Nadia, how are you help people with
that temper?

NADIA
The fuck you mean?!

On Nadia--

INT. NADIA'S INTERVIEW - EVENING

SUPER: NADIA, Vice-President of OutReach.

NADIA

I'm down for the cause. Shit. I am determined to save people. Even if I have to kill people to do it.

On Nadia--

INT. A.C.C.C. / OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

As before.

TISH

You two are going to have some problems.

NADIA

No, we not!

JOWAUNTE

Excuse my language, Ms. Tish, but I'm going to have to say "I disagree". There. I said it.

TISH

Nadia, you're too much and Jowaunte you're too little.

JOWAUNTE

What does height matter?

NADIA

She means like you're too submissive.

JOWAUNTE

I don't think I'm submissive.

NADIA

Yes, you are.

JOWAUNTE

(submissively)

Yes, I am.

TISH

Let's say you're trying to help someone and they yell at you. What would you two do?

JOWAUNTE

Hug them.

NADIA

Stab them.

TISH
Both equally bad.

JOWAUNTE
Why would you stab them?

NADIA
They was gonna stab me first! I
learned that in the joint. The sharp
way.

TISH
Well you need to know you're not in
the joint anymore.
(Nadia nods)
And Jowaunte, you have to know you
can't just love everybody.

JOWAUNTE
I don't.

On Jowaunte--

INT. JOWAUNTE'S INTERVIEW - NIGHT

SUPER: JOWAUNTE, Historian of OutReach.

JOWAUNTE
I love Nadia. She's honestly my
best friend. I love her almost as
much as I love Tish. And I just met
Tish...but I can honestly say, she's
easily one of the bestest friends
I've ever had.

On Jowaunte--

INT. A.C.C.C. / CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Jowaunte stands before a decent crowd. She grins like an
idiot, slightly nervous.

JOWAUNTE
(to everyone)
Hi, best friends! My name's Jowaunte!

Mort leaps to his feet.

MORT
HI, JOWAUNTE!

FRANK JOHNSON
Still too excited, Mort.

MORT

I apologize.

Frank YANKS Mort back into his seat.

JOWAUNTE

I'm Jowaunte, Historian of OutReach.
And now, the man who made all this
possible. The President of OutReach
and my bestest friend ever! Ron,
ladies and gentlemen!

Ron waves to everyone as he makes his way up front. SeBastian slaps him on the butt. Ron jerks him away waving "No".

RON

Hey! I want to get right into this.
We need ideas for funding, but to
start things off does anybody have
any questions?

VON

Who's the sexy bowl of taco meat?!

RON

That is not what I meant.

Sebastian scoffs.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, right! 'Cause I'm just some
piece of meat for you to have your
way with?! I don't care how thick
you look!
(off everyone's stare)
I'm talking about his arms!

HAYLEY

That's still gay.

VON

(points)
I was referring to the Mexican.

NADIA

(rises)
What you call me?!

Ron motions for her to relax.

RON

He has a point. Maybe we should
introduce ourselves. Get to know
each other better. Nadia, everyone.

Nadia groans.

NADIA

Name's Nadia. Just got outta jail--

Everyone frowns. Von smiles.

RON

Maybe you shouldn't start with that.

NADIA

I wanted to do it all.

JOWAUNTE

(excited)

You had dreams?

NADIA

I had drugs. Lots of 'em. Cocaine. Crack. Jack. Smack. Wack Backs. Okey Cokeys. Disco Biscuits. And a substance called Hitler's mustache.

RON

Please stop.

NADIA

I once snuck in a gallon of Angel Dust through my rectum. I did. I'm not proud of it. But then. Someone changed my life.

(pats Ron's back)

Mi hermano, Ron. Only person to visit me in the joint. Except for the man who said he was my dad and just stole my identity. And now a few words on my days as a prostitute.

RON

Intermission everybody!

Nadia sees Von staring at her. She looks away.

INT. A.C.C.C. / CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Ron looks on, his eyes fixed on the speaker.

NADIA

And then he says to me "it's just better if we see other people". So I followed him home. Watched them make out for several hours. I took out my knife and then proceeded to--

RON
Do you have a question?

NADIA
What?

RON
(clearer)
Do you have a question?

Nadia stares at Ron, confused. Slowly sits down.

Frank raises his hand.

RON (CONT'D)
You have a question?

FRANK JOHNSON
(matter-of-fact)
No.

Ron shakes his head.

MORT
(nods; to himself)
I am a winner. I am a winner. I am
a winner.

FRANK JOHNSON
You ready?! He has a question, sir!

MORT
Frank--

RON
Really? Mort? Go ahead. The floor's
yours.

Mort stands. Hyperventilates.

MORT
(low)
H-h-hello.

RON
Mort, you're gonna have to speak up.

Mort VOMITS.

RON (CONT'D)
(giving up)
Okay.

The room erupts. Von points and CACKLES.

HAYLEY
Somebody get a towel.

Ron grabs his head, shaking it.

INT. A.C.C.C. / CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Jowaunte and Sebastian approach Ron whose head rests on the table.

SEBASTIAN
You alright?

RON
No, Sebastian. No I am not alright.

JOWAUNTE
Think of it this way. Somebody somewhere is doing good. Probably even better than you are right now. And that someone is probably my best friend.

RON
(lifts head)
...Thanks?

JOWAUNTE
You're welcome!

SEBASTIAN
And if you need to feel good, here's my number.
(off Jowaunte's look)
My advice makes people feel good!

Sebastian hands Ron a piece of paper. The two exit. Ron looks around, confused, as Hayley sits next to him.

HAYLEY
I'm sorry. I thought things would go better, too. But you know what I always admired about you? You never give up.

RON
To this day I am still looking for Mew in Pokemon Red. I'm gonna find it.

HAYLEY
You'll catch 'em all one day.

Von approaches Nadia. Andrea close behind him.

NADIA

Yes?

VON

Alright this is how it's going to go down. I'm going to have sex with you. Now I've been told it's a little bit of a mess down there so if necessary a compensatory can be provided.

NADIA

You're gonna to pay me to fuck you?

VON

If you have change for a dollar...

Close On: Ron indicates "no" behind Von. Nadia marches away.

INT. RON'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tish and Ron sit at the table. Ron plays with his food.

RON

Not one idea, Tish.

TISH

Gotta be patient. If everything came in one, we'd appreciate it less.
(Ron nods)
Get some sleep.

As she passes, Von and Andrea enter.

VON

Poor Ron. As Andrea was brushing my teeth I couldn't help but realize just how hard this must be for you. You must be devastated that I'm sad.

RON

Von, I don't have time for this. I have to think on how I can get the group--

VON

See. That's just your problem. People in this world don't care about each other. Survival of the fittest. I invented that phrase.

RON

Charles Darwin?

VON
I told you I don't watch basketball,
Ron. Goodnight.

RON
That's Charles Barc-- Okay.

Ron shakes his head.

INT. A.C.C.C. / CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Ron staples papers together. Mort heads in.

MORT
Ron?

RON
Yeah?

MORT
I'm sorry for ruining the meeting.

RON
You didn't ruin it. No one had any
ideas anyway so it's a waste of time.

MORT
That's the thing, though! I have
ideas. I have lots of ideas.

RON
So why didn't you say anything?

MORT
I get nervous in front of people.

RON
Aren't you a communications major?

MORT
I meant to put Chemistry, but I was
too afraid of my advisor to change
it.

(off Ron's look)
He had a beard! A beard!

RON
You're talking to me now.

MORT
I don't know. I feel at ease with
you. I just know you're a good guy.

Ron smiles. He sees something O.S.

RON

Just tell me what you'd say to them then. Say one idea. Just one.

MORT

A homecoming dance. People would like to bring back their high school days and for others that don't it's just a nice way to mingle.

RON

(to O.S.)

What do you guys think?

Mort spins around.

REVEAL: The rest of the room filled with people.

Ron starts a clap. Everyone follows behind.

Von exchanges a glare with Ron.

Mort smiles.

INT. HAYLEY'S INTERVIEW - EVENING

CU: Hayley.

HAYLEY

Would I go out with Ron?

She sees Ron lift Mort as everyone else cheers them on. Hayley shrugs -- "Maybe".

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW