

RESPECT

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL - DAY

RICHARD GLASS (40s), dressed in khaki pants and plaid shirt, walks with his shoulders slumped and head down.

His coke bottle glasses, receding hair line and noticeable gut compliment his unassuming look.

If there was a poster boy for confidence, he's the furthest thing from it.

Some TEENAGE BOYS congregate around a set of lockers.

A bell RINGS.

MR. GLASS

Time to go to class gentlemen.

TEENAGE BOY

Yeah, yeah, right away, Dick.

The rest of the boys laugh and don't move.

Mr. Glass slumps his head and carries on.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Glass paces back and forth in the front of the classroom in his unconfident slouch.

MR. GLASS

Now, if you remember from last class, we were discussing the Appalachian mountains. Does anyone recall what we were discussing?

He raises his head to a classroom full of STUDENTS.

None of them pay attention.

Some scribble in their books.

The glazed eyes of others scream boredom.

One rests his head on his hand, fighting to stay awake.

PATRICK (16), perfect hair, broad shoulders, wearing a letterman jacket, raises his hand.

Mr. Glass smiles.

MR. GLASS (CONT'D)  
Yes, Patrick.

PATRICK  
They're big.

The class laughs.

Mr. White frowns and lowers his head back down and starts to pace again.

MR. WHITE  
We were discussing the fact that...

PATRICK (O.S.)  
(overlapping)  
Hey man, how's it going?

Mr. Glass raises his head and looks at Patrick.

Patrick has an old flip phone to his ear.

MR. WHITE  
Patrick, can you please put your  
phone away?

Patrick raises his index finger to indicate "one second".

PATRICK  
(over the phone)  
Yeah, so did you see that last  
night? I mean it was completely  
messed up wasn't it?

MR. GLASS  
(overlapping)  
Patrick, please put your phone  
down. I'm teaching a class.

PATRICK  
(over the phone)  
Just hold on a second man.

Patrick takes his phone away from his head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Hey, Mr. Glass. Can you just give  
me a second here? Some crazy stuff  
happened last night.

MR. GLASS  
I asked you to put the phone down.

PATRICK  
I'm almost done.

Mr. Glass walks up to Patrick and rips the phone out of his hands.

Patrick looks dumbfounded.

Mr. Glass walks back to the front of the classroom and sets the phone down on his desk.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Fine, take it. I'll get it back  
after class right?

Mr. Glass walks to a shelf in the corner of the classroom and grabs a large book. He walks back to his desk and stops in front of the phone.

He stands still for a few seconds, book in hand.

Mr. Glass grasps the book tightly with his other hand, raises it over his head, and brings it down like a crashing tidal wave on the phone.

SLAM!

He raises it again.

SLAM!

One more time for good measure.

SLAM!

Mr. Glass drops the book, picks the phone up and throws it against the chalkboard.

SMASH!

The phone breaks into two pieces.

Everyone is silent.

MR. GLASS  
All I ever wanted is respect. Is  
that so hard for you to do? I see  
you for an hour each day and you  
can't even keep your eyes open, or  
look like you care. What the hell  
is wrong with kids today?

PATRICK  
You broke my phone.

MR. GLASS

(overlapping)

I asked you to put it away. I asked three times, but no, you had to keep on talking, in my class, on my time.

(beat)

Go to the principal's office.

PATRICK

But you broke my...

MR. GLASS

(overlapping)

I said go to the principal's office.

Patrick picks up his backpack, rises out of his chair and walks out of the classroom.

MR. GLASS (CONT'D)

Anyone else?

Not a peep.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

PRINCIPAL DOUGLAS sits on his chair, in front of a desk.

MR. and MRS. CLEARWATER, Patrick's parents, sit across from him on the other side of the desk.

Mr. Glass sits beside them, slumped in his chair, twiddling his thumbs nervously.

PRINCIPAL DOUGLAS

(to Mr. Glass)

For now, I'm only going to be giving you a warning. And, I think it best that you pay for a new phone.

MR. CLEARWATER

(overlapping)

I wanted you fired for this, but lucky for you, Patrick spoke out on your behalf saying that you must have been stressed to the max, and that you were probably having a really bad day. He begged me not to press for your dismissal.

(beat)

(MORE)

MR. CLEARWATER (CONT'D)  
 We didn't want him having all this fancy stuff because I want him to earn it. But now, you're going to buy him the best damn cell phone there is. Do you understand me?

Mr. Glass sheepishly nods his head.

PRINCIPAL DOUGLAS  
 (to Mr. Glass)  
 Anymore outbursts like this, and I will be requesting for your dismissal. Is that clear?

Richard nods his head again.

PRINCIPAL DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
 (to Mr. and Mrs. Clearwater)  
 I'm terribly sorry for this inconvenience.

MR. CLEARWATER  
 There's nothing you could do about it Principal Douglas. We just appreciate you telling us about this right away.

Mr. and Mrs. Clearwater rise from their seats.

MR. CLEARWATER (CONT'D)  
 (to Mr. Glass)  
 And you, I expect that new phone soon.

Mr. Glass cowers in his seat.

Mr. and Mrs. Clearwater leave the room.

PRINCIPAL DOUGLAS  
 Richard, I know you don't always have the easiest time with the kids, but did you really have to do this? I could see you doing this with a kid like Billy Myers, he's always been a little prick.  
 (beat)  
 But Patrick Clearwater?

MR. GLASS  
 I'm tired of not being respected. You've seen the way the kids treat me. I've had enough of it, and today was the breaking point.

PRINCIPAL DOUGLAS

I think you need to see someone  
about this Richard. It's not  
healthy.

MR. GLASS

You're probably right.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL - DAY

A WEEK LATER

Mr. Glass has a bounce to his step, his head raised and  
shoulders not so slumped.

A group of teenage boys mingles in the hall. Patrick is  
among them.

The bell RINGS.

MR. GLASS

Time to go to class gentlemen.

TEENAGE BOY

Yes sir.

The boys scatter in a hurry. Patrick remains behind.

PATRICK

You really sold that the other day  
Mr. Glass.

MR. GLASS

Drama class in high school really  
paid off.

PATRICK

That was genius with the book.

MR. GLASS

Well thank you, Patrick.

(beat)

So let's see the new phone.

Patrick takes a brand spanking new phone out of his pocket.

PATRICK

I didn't think they'd make you pay  
for a new one. I'll pay you back  
for it.

MR. GLASS

No, don't be silly. I knew full well that I would be forced to buy another one. It was a price I was willing to pay, literally.

Patrick laughs.

PATRICK

Well thank you, I really love this phone.

(beat)

Is it true you're going to therapy?

MR. GLASS

Sure is.

PATRICK

Oh man, that sucks. Sorry about that.

MR. GLASS

Oh, on the contrary, she's quite attractive. I'm thoroughly enjoying my Tuesday evenings.

Another chuckle from Patrick.

MR. GLASS (CONT'D)

Off to class now Mr. Clearwater. You wouldn't want your next teacher breaking that shiny new phone you've got there.

Mr. Glass winks at Patrick.

Patrick gathers his things and leaves.

Mr. Glass struts down the hall.

Confidence needs a new poster boy.

FADE OUT