Football Players Have It Tough

Ву

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EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MORNING

A mint muscle car parks. The door opens and out comes JOHN, 17, a good looking jock. He puts on his letterman's jacket and walks towards the school with his head down. MELVIN, 17, extremely dorky looking wearing glasses and a band shirt, comes running up and jumps on John's back.

MELVIN

John my man! How's it goin?

JOHN

Hi Melvin.

MELVIN

So did you get my homework done?

JOHN

Most of it, but I didn't have time for history.

MELVIN

(Adjusting his glasses)
Ya know, sometimes I wonder why I let you be my friend.

JOHN

Well I do have my homework to do too.

MELVIN

Ah calm down. I'm just kiddin.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

They walk through the halls and everyone says hi to Melvin, especially all the good looking girls. Only other football players wearing letterman jackets say hi to John.

MELVIN

So there's a big party tonight after the band recital. You wanna go?

JOHN

I can't. We have a football game tonight.

MELVIN

The same day as a recital? Man you guys won't have any fans at all.

JOHN

What's new. Our parents are the only one's who go to the games anyway.

MELVIN

That's just sad. Don't matter though. The party's not starting til late. You in?

JOHN

I don't think so. I just don't fit in at parties. I won't know anyone and will end up sitting all by myself.

MELVIN

Oh come on ya douche. You can roll with me. In fact, I'll make it my personal mission to get you laid. How long has your drought been anyway?

JOHN

Uh, I don't think you can call one time over a year ago a drought. It's more like a fluke.

MELVIN

Well we're gonna get you another fluke tonight!

(beat)

Dude you need to stop wearing that jacket though. It makes it a little embarrassing just to be seen talking to you.

JOHN

I'm required to wear it on game days.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASS ROOM

They enter the classroom and split as John goes to the desks in the front of the class while Melvin heads for the back.

MELVIN

Hey where you goin?

Melvin nods his head and John follows to the back where they take their seats. A GUY comes up and slaps Melvin's hand.

GUY

Melvin what up! You hear? Three kegs at my place tonight.

MELVIN

Hell yeah I heard! We'll be there.

JOHN

(to Guy)

Well I haven't decided yet.

The Guy glances disapprovingly at John.

GUY

Not a big deal if you don't make it. I'll catch ya later Melvin, tear it up in the recital tonight.

MELVIN

Will do.

MELVIN

(to John)

Hey so I need your decision on the party by the end of lunch.

JOHN

Why's that?

MELVIN

Cause if you're going, you're driving bitch. If not I've gotta make other arrangements.

Melvin pulls out a bottle of Pepsi and starts chugging. John catches a smell of it.

JOHN

Oh my god, what are you drinking?

MELVIN

What? It's just Pepsi.

JOHN

Since when does Pepsi smell like pure alcohol?

MELVIN

Oh shit you can smell that?

JOHN

You know we have a test next period right?

MELVIN

Yeah I studied drunk last night so I gotta be drunk for the test to be in the same state of mind.

A good looking FOOTBALL PLAYER comes up and waves to John.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Hey John, saved you a seat up front.

MELVIN

Sorry but I'm gonna be stealing him away from you douches. Little Johnny's gonna be gettin laid!

The Football Player ignores Melvin.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

So John, hear what's going on tonight?

JOHN

Yeah the three kegger.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

What's a kegger? No, I'm talking about Steve having people over for a screening of the Star Wars trilogy tonight after the game. It's going to be crazy!

Melvin looks at John and shakes his head no.

JOHN

Sorry I can't tonight, but thanks.

MELVIN

I think the plan to get you laid needs to involve eliminating your current friends.

The TEACHER enters and passes graded tests back to the students.

TEACHER

Well class, once again the football players did stellar on the test and upped the curve for everyone.

The class GROANS and a couple of people throw crumpld papers at the football players sitting in the front. The teacher gives John his paper which is an A. Then Melvin receives his

which is a D.

TEACHER

I need to see more from you on the next test. Anything lower than a B and you'll be ineligible for band.

The teacher goes to the front of the class and starts teaching.

Melvin chugs more of his drink, crumples up his test, and throws it at John's friend.

TEACHER

Boys, don't make me bust out the yard stick!

Melvin leans his head towards John indicating that John threw it. The teacher goes back to teaching.

JOHN

Quit it Melvin. You're going to get me in trouble.

MELVIN

Dude relax. Here take a swig. You'll loosen up and increase your class participation points.

Melvin waives the bottle in front of John's face, annoying him and blocking his view of the board.

JOHN

Fine.

John grabs the bottle and takes a sip. He spits it out coughing, eyes watering, and making a scene.

GIRL (O.S.)

What a loser.

TEACHER

John that's it, principal's office now!

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE LOBBY

John enters the principal's office and goes to the desk to sign in. There is a secretary, MRS. T., behind the desk.

MRS. T.

Take a seat and I'll call your name shortly.

John sits down next to the door. A girl, STACEY, 17 and good looking, walks in and goes to the desk.

STACEY

Hi my name's Stacey Lewis. Today's my first day here.

MRS. T.

Okay Stacey, if you can just take a seat I'll notify your counselor you're here and we'll set you up with your classes.

John quickly takes off his letterman jacket and hides it under his seat.

Stacey sits down in the seat next to him.

STACEY

Hey how's it goin?

JOHN

Hi, new here huh?

STACEY

Yeah, just transferred schools. I'm Stacey.

JOHN

John, nice to meet you.

A FLUTE PLAYER, boy, wearing the same band shirt as Melvin and carrying a flute, walks in and goes to the desk.

FLUTE PLAYER

Hey Mrs. T., I need a pass cause I'm late for class again.

MRS. T.

Oh sure, no problem. You just make sure you perform the hell out of that flute solo tonight!

FLUTE PLAYER

Thanks Mrs. T. You're the greatest.

STACEY

(to John)

So, got any tips on what classes to take?

JOHN

Well...

On his way out the door the Flute Player hits his flute across the side of John's head, knocking him out of his seat.

FLUTE PLAYER

Nerd

STACEY

Oh my god, are you okay?

JOHN

Yeah I think so.

STACEY

What the hell was that?

JOHN

He's in the band. They kind of run the school.

STACEY

Yeah of course they run the school. But why did he hit you?

John hesitates, then pulls out the letterman jacket.

JOHN

I guess I should tell you. I'm on the football team, which pretty much translates to instant loser status. I get picked on like that every day. Don't worry. You don't have to talk to me anymore. I understand.

STACEY

Hey, screw those guys. I happen to find nerds sexy.

The COUNSELOR enters the room.

COUNSELOR

Ms. Lewis? Lets get you enrolled in some classes.

Stacey gets up and walks to the door with the Counselor.

STACEY

Nice meeting you John. Maybe I'll see you at lunch.

JOHN

Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCH ROOM

John and Melvin walk through the lunch line.

JOHN

So thanks for the offer, but I think I'm gonna pass on your help finding me a girl. I think I might have found one myself.

MELVIN

Really. Have you actually talked to her or are you stalking?

JOHN

No, I actually talked to her and she seemed into me.

Melvin laughs but quickly stops himself.

MELVIN

Sorry, she probably is into you. So how big is this heffer anyway?

JOHN

Ha ha. You're going to be quite suprised though. She's gorgeous.

MELVIN

Well color me intrigued. See you in class.

Melvin parts with John and joins a table with a bunch of good looking girls and everyone having a good time. John joins a group of football players sitting on the floor in the corner of the lunchroom where they quietly eat.

Stacey walks over to John.

STACEY

Hey John, mind if I join you?

JOHN

Yeah sure.

The Flute player and his FRIEND walk up to Stacey.

FLUTE PLAYER

Hey girl, why don't you ditch these dorks and come join us.

FRIEND

Yeah, you can even eat your lunch on a table.

STACEY

Why don't you just leave us alone jerks.

FLUTE PLAYER

Your loss. Have fun in geekville.

STACEY

God I hate guys like that.

Stacey's cell phone RINGS. She answers.

STACEY

Hello. Stuart, I told you before I don't have it. Now stop calling me!

Stacey slams the phone shut.

JOHN

Who's Stuart?

STACEY

He's my ex. He's not over the breakup and won't leave me alone. He keeps claiming that I stole his drum sticks.

JOHN

Drum sticks? So you dated a drummer?

STACEY

Yeah, but I'm done with band members forever. Sure they have the looks, popularity, and are great in bed. Actually really great in bed. But I need someone I can settle down with, someone I can appreciate for their inner beauty.

John and Stacey lean towards each other about to kiss. Melvin comes up and slaps John in the back.

MELVIN

Johnny boy, is this the girl?

STACEY

Can't you creeps find something better to do?

JOHN

No Stacey, its okay. This is Melvin. We're friends. When we were eleven he was practicing his band marching down the street and rolled his ankle in front of my house.

MELVIN

Yep. Broke it in three places. John here helped me on the back of his bike and pedaled me to the hospital. Been friends ever since.

MELVIN

(to John)

So you decide if you're going to the party yet?

John looks over at Stacey.

JOHN

You feel like going to a party?

STACEY

It's an option. Or you could just come over to my house and hang out instead. My parents won't be home til tomorrow.

JOHN

(to Melvin)

Yeah that's a no on the party.

STACEY

(to Melvin)

So if you're friends with John why don't you get the rest of the band to stop picking on football players just because they're different?

MELVIN

Stacey, Stacey. So naive. If only we lived in a perfect world where it could be that simple. But this isn't a perfect world. It's the real world. And the reality is band members will always pick on football players. But who knows. Maybe in twenty years it will be the football

players who are the successful ones laughing at the band.
(beat)

Well you two have a fun night. I'm off to find a ride to the party.