PUMP IT UP

Ву

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INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (SEPTEMBER, 1979)

Students mill about as MR. BRUNO (50's), small in stature but big in attitude, is deeply into what he is reading.

MIKE (17), the star athlete who is used to attention and likes it, sits next to his smarter, copy cat friend ROBBY (17). They both have on their school FOOTBALL JERSEYS.

MIKE

I don't care!

ROBBY You should care. Caring denotes responsibility. As a Captain...

MIKE I. Don't. Care.

ROBBY

Indeed!

The bell rings, the students fall into their seats.

MR. BRUNO Settle down. AP Sociology. Tell me, who in here, will pass the state test and earn themselves college credit...

The door pops open and MEG (17) bounds in like a gymnast.

MR. BRUNO (CONT'D) Miss Kelly.

Crunchy granola but pretty, she flashes an innocent smile and darts past him to an open desk, the one in front of Mike.

The boys turn toward her and stare.

MIKE

Hey.

Meg looks at him, then Robby, then at their football jerseys.

MEG

Humph.

She turns away and sits.

Mike is shocked. Annoyed, he turns to Robby.

Mike shrugs, they turn back to Mr. Bruno.

MR. BRUNO You each have a syllabus, know it like you know your phone number. Who can tell me what sociology is?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mike exits the classroom and hands his books to Robby. He pulls a comb from the back pocket of his too tight jeans and whisks it through his perfectly, feathered hair.

The other students part like the Red Sea as Mike and Robby begin their hallway strut.

Girls whisper, other boys shout "Murph!!" "Touchdown Murphy!!" Mike takes it in, swells with pride and smiles confidently to his people.

> ROBBY You're like Terry Bradshaw, only cooler!

Meg is off to the side talking with her socially awkward friend FERN (17) and glares as they pass. Mike smiles towards her but doesn't see her.

Meg fumes.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The bell rings, the kids take their seats.

MR. BRUNO Tell me about last night's homework...

The door opens and Mike cruises in wearing his football jersey with a long sleeve shirt under it.

MIKE (shrugs) You know coach. MR. BRUNO Fail my class and you won't have a coach, Murphy.

Mike rolls his eyes, stops at Meg's desk.

MIKE

Hey.

Meg stares, nothing.

MR. BRUNO Murphy?! We've been at this for two months. Sit!

MIKE

Sorry.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Bruno talks, but it's background noise to Mike. In a basketball jersey and long sleeve shirt, he stares at Meg's empty desk. Robby, also in a basketball jersey, pokes him.

MIKE

What?

MR. BRUNO Murphy! Customs.

Floundering, Mike opens his book, leafs through the pages.

MIKE Umm... umm... hmm... customs are...

MR. BRUNO Yep, cold outside. Looks like Murphy's brain could use some snow tires. Anyone? (sighs) Robby, regale us.

ROBBY Customs, once established, become a role or norm of action. They often involve binding reciprocal obligations.

MR. BRUNO (surprised) Very nice. (MORE) MR. BRUNO (CONT'D) Yes, custom supports law, without which it becomes meaningless. Thank you Robby!

Mike glances at Robby. Robby shrugs.

ROBBY My pleasure!

MR. BRUNO (to Mike) Much like the reciprocal agreement in this classroom is I ask the questions, you provide the answers.

Robby smirks at Mike, who slyly flips him the bird.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Test day, all heads are down, concentrating. Mike's test is blank, he scans the tests around him for inspiration.

Meg stands up, gathers her things and glances at Mike. She looks down, notices his blank sheet and gives him a look that's half pity/half shame.

Meg pivots for the Mr. Bruno, hands in her test and prances out the door. Mike's eyes follow her.

MIKE (to himself) This really sucks...

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike looks at a tiny sheet of paper, dials the number and puts the phone to his ear.

He abruptly hangs up.

He breathes deep, nervously re-dials the number and puts the phone back to his ear.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. MEG'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Meg sits on the couch reading as the phone rings. BRIDGET (14), her very opposite, younger sister with too much make up and very big hair, races to answer it.

BRIDGET

Hello.

MIKE Uh, hi. Is Meg home?

Bridget looks at her sister.

BRIDGET Who's calling please?

MIKE Mike. Uh, Mike Murphy.

Bridget lights up.

BRIDGET (loudly) Mike Murphy.

Meg is surprised but waves for her to say no. Now it's Bridget's turn to be surprised, she holds the phone out for Meg. The sisters go back and forth.

> MIKE Hello... anyone there?

BRIDGET Sorry, Meg's not home right now.

MIKE Okay. Well, can I leave a...

BRIDGET (smiling at Meg) Wait, I think I hear here coming through the door right now. Yep, here she comes.

Meg's look says you're a dead girl, which makes Bridget smile back even brighter at Meg, while she covers the phone with her hand.

> MEG (ready to boil) Give me that!

BRIDGET You do not leave Mike Murphy hanging! MEG Hello. MIKE Hey. It's Mike. MEG Yes. MIKE That was some test today. MEG Yes, it was. MIKE (struggling) I was wondering ... if you might help me out. MEG No. MIKE What? No? MEG If you're asking what I think you're asking... MIKE To tutor me? Meg is shocked. MEG Oh. (a beat) No. MIKE No? MEG Why should I care? MIKE (quietly) I need help.

Silence on both ends of the call.

MEG Did you do this week's reading? MIKE No... MEG See... MIKE But I will! Will you help? MEG Do the reading. MIKE Then...? MEG While you're reading, compare it to what goes on with your teammates. Like at practice or in the locker room. Got it? MIKE But... MEG Don't talk to me at school. Don't call me again unless you've done it. MIKE But... MEG Good bye. Meg hangs up the phone and smiles. INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS Mike hangs up the phone confused.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The Red Sea parts again as Mike and Robby swagger down the hall. We hear "Great Game last night!" "Swish!" Mike soaks it in, Robby soaks in walking with Mike.

ROBBY I guess you're Dr. J now? Only shorter... and albino?

Meg and Fern are off to the side. Mike sees Meg, stops and smiles directly at her.

Meg and Fern walk away.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike dials the phone and listens.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. MEG'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bridget races to answer the phone.

BRIDGET

Hello.

MIKE Is Meg there?

BRIDGET Is this Mike Murphy? This is Bridget, Meg's younger and far more attractive sister...

Meg grabs the phone from Bridget's ear.

MEG Sorry about that...

MIKE (goofy grin) Hey. Thanks.

MEG You did the reading?

Silence.

MEG (CONT'D) Tell me you're calling and you didn't do the reading.

MIKE I started to but... 8.

CLICK!

Irritated, Mike furiously dials again. Meg answers.

MEG What?! MIKE You didn't let me finish... MEG Did you read or not? MIKE Can I finish?! MEG Yes or no?! MIKE No. Not all of it... Yes. MEG Goodbye! MIKE Wait... Meg holds the phone to her ear but says nothing. MIKE (CONT'D) (stammering) I think I get it. It's about social status, right? Mores are rules for a group. Surprised, Meg cocks an eyebrow. MIKE (CONT'D) Like how the freshmen have their part of the locker room. MEG Okay. MIKE (more confident) And they don't talk unless asked to talk. Meg softens towards Mike. MEG

MEG The class is about how we interact with one another as a society. (MORE)

MEG (CONT'D) How we group ourselves, the roles we play in those groups and the status those groups bring. MIKE Yep. Do we get to talk now? MEG Really? MIKE I mean, did I do something to you? MEG Well no, not you directly. Yes. MIKE Huh? MEG Have you ever come to our school plays? MIKE Uh, no? MEG Do you even have interest in something if it doesn't involve cleats or a ball? MIKE Maybe... MEG Maybe... try it some time. MIKE (irritated) Maybe I will. MEG Great! MIKE Great! MEG Good bye!! MIKE Good bye!!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Everyone is relaxed, the students sit on their desks, casually. Mike and Robby are dressed in Hawaiian shirts.

MR. BRUNO You've saved your folks a few bucks next year. Officially, everyone passed.

The class cheers, the bell rings, students flee the classroom.

Mike lets out a huge sigh of relief and heads for Mr. Bruno.

MIKE (extending his hand) Hey, thanks Mr. B!

MR. BRUNO Good job, you pulled through. Barely. Go get 'em next year! It's my alma mater you know.

MIKE

Will do.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

House party, kids mingle everywhere.

Mike, still in his Hawaiian shirt stands near the keg, his tragically beautiful girlfriend KITTY (16) is pretty much on top of him with her hand in his back pocket. Dressed the same, Robby stands with them.

MIKE What are we doing here?

KITTY

Yeah, what?

Kitty kisses Mike on the cheek, he flinches.

ROBBY I've known Dowd forever. MIKE

Freaks...

KITTY Drama geeks...

Kitty waits for validation.

MIKE (to Kitty) Hey. Isn't that Misty?

KITTY

So?

MIKE Go say hello. Go.

Kitty reluctantly heads to Misty, Mike and Robby sneak to --

INT. SCREENED IN FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Mike and Robby sit down on the front porch, away from the party.

ROBBY You're really going to break up (beat) with that?

They look at Kitty as she chats with Misty. She looks back at them over her shoulder.

MIKE (sighs) She's killing me.

ROBBY If it were me...

MIKE Can't breath...

ROBBY

I'd consider the statistical probabilities of finding another girlfriend hot enough to melt ice cream just by walking near it...

They are interrupted as BECCA (17), always the life of the party, CHRISTY (17) of the perpetual scowl, and SUZI (17), sexual innuendo all the time, explode onto the porch.

MIKE

Finally!

BECCA 'Cause this party is lame!

SUZI What're you boys doing?

MIKE

Hiding.

Velcro couple DOUGIE (17) and MICHELLE (16) follow closely there after and Kitty sneaks in behind them. She snuggles into the same chair as Mike, he cringes. The girls notice, Christie scowls.

> KITTY Hello everyone!

DOUGIE We'll hide with you.

BECCA Kitty, room for me on that chair?

Kitty smiles politely and squeezes Mike.

SUZI Someone's getting laid tonight!

DOUGIE I hope it's me. (a little louder) I hope it's me.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Meg, in tiny jean shorts and a Dago Tee, and Fern, looking like a dirty hippy, look out at the porch.

FERN Why did they even come?

INT. SCREENED IN FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

MICHELLE (to Dougie) Why is everything sex with you? SUZI I don't think Dougie getting any toni...

All conversations stop as Meg vaults onto the porch. Eyes forward, she marches straight to the stereo. She fingers the albums, finds what she wants and places it on the turntable.

The friends alternate quizzical looks at Meg and each other.

Elvis Costello's "Pump It Up" starts, she cranks the volume and begins to dance.

The looks change as the music plays.

Meg dances faster, arms flail, hips shake, hair whips. She never looks at anyone, her moves grow more seductive as she goes, she whips herself into a frenzy.

Mike, Robby and Dougie exchange dirty grins. Kitty pokes Mike in the ribs.

The girls stare and whisper.

KITTY (to Mike) What are you smiling at?

Mike fights to wipe the grin from his face.

The song ends, Meg tries to catch her breath and stares at the stereo. All eyes are still on her, until --

FERN Yeah! Let's dance!!

Meg and Fern dance to the next song but the magic is gone.

MIKE

Let's...

ROBBY

Yeah.

The gang quickly exits the porch, Meg and Fern are alone.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The friends make their way through the crowd as they leave.

CHRISTY Can you believe her? MICHELLE What was that? KITTY (to Mike) You didn't like that, did you? MIKE That. That was... ROBBY Inappropriate. Yes. Thank you. Inappropriate. SUZI (to herself)

She's got me hot and bothered!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BONES BAR - NIGHT

Dressed in winter coats, Mike and Robby enter the bar. They grab a beer, exchange high fives with friends and make their way to the back. Mike hears his name called.

> MEG Merry Christmas! Michael Murphy.

The crowd separates and Mike sees Meg, a little tipsy.

MIKE (to Robby) Give a minute.

MEG You never remember me.

MIKE

Hey.

MEG

Well?

MIKE

Sure I do.

MEG

Sure.

MIKE Graduation. Dowd's party?

MEG Hmm. I hear you didn't like my dancing.

MIKE My girlfriend, at the time, didn't like it. I had to agree.

MEG

Sure.

Mike leans in close.

MIKE Actually, it turned me on.

Meg smiles a bit, blushes. A long silence follows.

Meg leaps at Mike and begins kissing him. Surprised, Mike reciprocates. Passion builds.

EXT. DODGE DART - NIGHT

Robby's Dodge Dart, parked in the lot outside the bar, is rocking. The windows are fogged.

INT. DODGE DART - LATER

Meg and Mike are in the backseat, sweaty and breathing heavy. Meg zips up her jeans and runs her fingers through her hair. Mike watches as she starts to leave.

MIKE

Hey.

Meg sits back down.

MEG

Yes?

MIKE

This? Us?

MEG

Us?

MIKE I mean, where did this come from? Meg shrugs.

MEG Doesn't mean there's an us.

MIKE (sighs) Will I see you again?

MEG

Sure.

Smiling, Meg gets out of the car, Mike remains seated.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. STAGE - DAY

CLOSE ON Mike in his university football jersey. His eyes are closed as he takes a few deep, anxious breaths.

DIRECTOR (O.S.) Theater 101. Places everyone. Places!

Mike paces nervously and gives a quick smile to those around him. He's on a different kind of stage and doesn't want to look foolish.

Light creeps into the theatre as a door opens and closes. Dark haired, crunchy granola and cute ANNIE (18) hurries into place opposite Mike.

MIKE

Hey.

DIRECTOR (0.S.) The show will go on without you, Miss Brennan.

Annie gathers herself, glances at Mike then at his football jersey.

ANNIE

Humph.

FADE OUT.