

A Game Of Supers
by
Khamanna Iskandarova

Khamanna Iskandarova
5950 N Course dr
Houston, TX
77072

FADE IN:

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - LOCKERS - DAY

TREVOR (11), sleek and tidy, stands at his locker, pulling at small red hearts sewn on his sleeves.

MARGARITA (11), a pretty cheer leader type, followed by several girls, marches by.

MARGARITA

Nice top.

He sees Margarita's shirt, spots small star-shaped glitter on its pockets.

TREVOR

Nice top yourself. Target?

She proudly nods.

Trevor hides behind the door to his locker and rolls his eyes.

TREVOR (V.O.)

And I'm not the only one looking stupid. This girl's shirt with silly little stars on it, come on - it lives and breathes sick.

Trevor looks about, sizes up the kids that run around in the hall.

TREVOR (V.O.)

In fact, this whole place is sick and there's no doubt about it.

A few play freeze tag - regular school kids in action. Trevor cringes at the sight of them.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Believe me, I was at a normal school once. Just a normal kid among other normal kids.

INT. UPSCALE SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY - ONE WEEK EARLIER

Much higher quality than Rochester Elementary - bamboo trays, leather chairs, mahogany tables. Trevor, sporting designer suit, eats a fancy-looking lunch.

Boys and girls around are clad in designer clothes.

TREVOR (V.O.)
If you insist on calling me a kid.

A boy on his left stares into his iPhone. A girl on his right checks her bracelet clasp. Compared to regular eleven-year-olds, these children are way too composed and mellow.

TREVOR (V.O.)
See, people are used to referring to eleven-year-old folk as "kids". But the teenage bracket has moved.

Trevor peeks into the boy's iPhone. The boy checks his planner, marks a few days. There's "Psychic" twice a week for the month.

TREVOR (V.O.)
That's the age we start visiting a psychologist. Well, nine out of ten students in our class did.

Trevor checks his own planner in his phone, glances at his Rolex and rises.

TREVOR (V.O.)
All we are lacking is some height and weight to be perceived as money makers.

IN FRONT OF PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE

The sign on the door reads SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGIST. Trevor knocks on the door.

TREVOR (V.O.)
What eleven-year olds of the past used to gather through childish plays we pick up conversing with adults.

SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGIST (O.S.)
Please come in.

PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Seated in a leather chair is THE SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGIST, a middle-aged woman in a sleek attire.

Trevor proceeds to the sofa, lies down - he obviously knows his way around here.

SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGIST
 We'll do something different. I'll
 show you a picture and you'll tell
 me what you associate with it.

She starts showing pictures to Trevor: a poor trailer park,
 ugly trash bags in front of Harlem houses, military air combat.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 In fact, we're black belts at adult
 tricks: we fake positive attitude...

He answers to the pictures:

TREVOR
 Social imbalance, ecological
 impacts of population growth,
 mission aircraft.

SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGIST
 Good. Now complete the phrases.

She reaches for a list of words and reads from it:

TREVOR (V.O.)
 We learn all the bad words that are
 out there.

SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGIST
 Mother-

TREVOR (V.O.)
 And remember to hide the fact that
 we know them.

TREVOR
 Land.

The psychologist eyes Trevor with curiosity.

INT. UPSCALE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Trevor shares a desk with another eleven-year-old KID.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 Most importantly we master life-
 saving gadgets.

He shows The Kid his laptop.

TREVOR

It's called the Marauders map. Now I know when my mom is not home when she replies to my text.

KID

Airdrop it to my Apple watch nine, will you.

He flashes his watch at Trevor. Trevor's eyes widen.

TREVOR (V.O.)

And ways to react when someone has them and you don't.

He puts on his jacket, purposefully exposing the tag.

KID

Cool jacket.

In a minute Trevor's attention is on a Chanel purse that stares him in the face.

The purse belongs to Mrs. OLIVIA (30s), his homeroom teacher and a major fashion freak.

TREVOR (V.O)

Same as with teachers. They ready us for the real world.

Mrs. Olivia sets her purse on the table. She fishes a mirror out and--

Mrs. Olivia powders her nose. She finds a way to check her iPad and talk to the class - all at the same time.

MRS. OLIVIA

Would someone help me? I can't download Photo Editor on my iPad.

A couple of kids rise and approach with their notebooks.

KID 1

IPad 8's already out. Sorry to be rude, but you have to get on with times.

MRS. OLIVIA

I know. Their stock went up two point five percent because of that.

TREVOR

Did you see what happened to FB stock after it acquired Insta?

MRS. OLIVIA
Everybody saw that. It pays off to
invest in FANG.

KID 1
What's a FANG?

MRS. OLIVIA
Facebook, Apple, Netflix and
Google. Sorry to be rude, but you
have to get on with times.

TREVOR (V.O.)
Needless to say, I had a truly
fulfilled childhood that would set
me ready for adulthood by the time
I was sixteen.

Trevor checks FANG stock on his iPad.

TREVOR (V.O.)
Until one day...

INT. UPSCALE SCHOOL - LOCKERS - DAY

Trevor rummages in his locker when a woman, Trevor's MOTHER
(Diane), eyes all cried out, strides toward him.

TREVOR (V.O.)
Mom paid a visit.

She sports a Furla purse, that is way inferior to any Chanel
and Prada worn by the schoolkids.

He checks out her shoes - DKNY. Suspicion crosses Trevor's
face, but he tries to remain cheerful.

TREVOR
Is it Halloween already and we
pretend to be poor?

The Mother reaches inside the locker, shoves Trevor's books
into her bag.

MOTHER
Hurry up. Sorry, sweetie, we've got
to move.

Trevor grabs the books from her and puts them back.

TREVOR
These stay here, not like I'll need
them for homework or something.

MOTHER

Move to Rochester with your grandmother.
It's going to be nice over there.

Trevor's jaw drops.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Rochester was a neat village that
locals insisted on calling a town.
I felt my tongue swelling up inside
my mouth.

MOTHER

Let me fill you in on the way home.

TREVOR

But... But I have no one there, no
friends, no nothing.

MOTHER

That's not true. You have Ivanie.

FLASHBACK: EXT. PARK - DAY

Equipped with a playground for kids.

IVANIE (5), a happy girl with orange hair and freckles, runs
around like crazy.

TREVOR (5), in an expensive suit, exits a black Mercedes. His
Mother looks out the window and gives him an encouraging nod.

Trevor trots toward the playground, cautiously approaches the
slides, finds a shady spot to sit.

Ivanie runs up to Trevor.

IVANIE

Hi, I'm Ivanie. Wanna play?

TREVOR

Nah.

Ivanie skips away, circles the slides and returns. As she
passes by Trevor she screams:

IVANIE

Bet you can't catch me.

TREVOR

Bet I can't. You do that for me.

IVANIE
How will I catch myself?

TREVOR
Go on, give it a try.

Ivanie stands still for a moment.

IVANIE
It's a joke, isn't it? You're
funny. I like you!

Trevor rolls his eyes--

BACK TO SCENE

--Eleven-year old Trevor rolls his eyes at his Mother.

MOTHER
Hurry up, Trevor. The bus to
Rochester is leaving in an hour.

Trevor's eyes widen at that.

The Mother empties the locker into her Furla bag. Trevor winces.

TREVOR (V.O.)
That bag could house all of my
locker. Would Chanel ever?

The Mother nudges Trevor forward.

EXT. UPSCALE SCHOOL - PARKING - DAY

Trevor looks at an economy size Toyota, then at his mother. The Mother clicks the door open.

MOTHER
Go on, get in.

TREVOR
Into this? People are watching.

MOTHER
Please, Trev. We're in a hurry.

TREVOR
What is this pile of junk anyway?

MOTHER
 Rental.
 (off Trevor's look)
 Just for a day.

INT. MOTHER'S CAR - DAY

The Mother drives.

MOTHER
 This is our last car ride. It's
 gonna be busses and trains from now
 on, too bad there's no underground
 in Rochester.

Trevor mouths the scary "underground" word after his mother.

The Mother reaches for her phone. Trevor's jaw drops - it's a simple mobile her hand has obviously never touched before.

She hits a thousand buttons to dial, swears under her breath.

TREVOR
 What happened to your iPhone?

MOTHER
 I had to trade with Janet.

TREVOR
 Our cleaning lady Janet?

Unable to use the phone, The Mother shoves it into her purse. She looks at Trevor with empathy through the rear view mirror.

MOTHER
 There's something I have to tell
 you, Trev.

They close a huge construction which is Trevor's house.

EXT. TREVOR'S MANSION - DAY

The immaculate lawn is a state of the art.

The mansion is a state of the art.

AAA MOVERS truck parked on the curb across from the lawn.

INT. MOTHER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Trevor's mother parks close to the truck and turns to Trevor.

Trevor ogles the movers that go in and out with vintage furniture, large vases, and other pricey decor.

TREVOR (V.O.)

That's when she told me everything.

As his mother talks to Trevor, he hears a mishmash of sounds except for a few keywords that ring to his ears like sirens in a library.

MOTHER

Blah blah, Trevor. Poor now, blah
blah. Debt, Tre, blah blah.

Trevor sees his FATHER.

EXT. TREVOR'S MANSION - DAY

The Father grabs a piece of furniture, tries to yank it out the hands of a Mover.

Unsuccessful, The Father runs toward another Mover.

INT. MOTHER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Mother talks MOS to Trevor. Tears sparkle in her eyes.

MOTHER

Poor. Pouring. Purified.
Poorifique. Poorless. Poor!

Trevor tries hard to make sense of his Mother's words.

EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Trevor exits the car and walks across the lawn.

The Father sees Trevor, grabs him, holds tight to his chest.

FATHER

Don't you ever cheap out on a lawyer,
you hear me son? Because whoever
tells you I didn't pay the taxes is
wrong - it's all my lawyer's fault,
the man can't file a shit. True, I
shouldn't have shorted FANG when it
showed a slight drop...

TREVOR

You bet on it to drop further? Even my grade teacher knows better than that and she has a degree in literature.

FATHER

The point is, the cheapie I hired failed to report the gain but didn't forget to show the loss. Do you copy, son?

Trevor shrugs. The Father's attention switches to a painting as he sees it being carried out of the house and he rushes after it.

Trevor trots toward the house.

INT. TREVOR'S ROOM - HOUSE

Trevor walks in, shuts the door behind.

The room is huge and extremely stylish, yet there's a picture of Freud and Hemingway on the wall.

Trevor reaches into his closet. Grabs a suit, then changes his mind and hangs it back.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I figured mother will take care of my clothes and stuff, so I took something that could easily get lost. My journals.

He crouches under the bed and pulls out a box stuffed with notebooks. He looks a few up, leafs through the pages filled with his notes.

He shoves the journals into his bag.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - LOCKERS - BACK TO PRESENT

Trevor reaches into his backpack, grabs a pen and covers the hearts on his shoulders with a good layer of ink.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Should have taken the clothes.

IVANIE (11), a lovable redhead with blue streaks in her hair and dressed as a hippie, approaches.

IVANIE

Hey, what are you doing?

TREVOR

These adorable heart thingies would be good on a five-year-old or any of your classmates for that matter. No offense.

IVANIE

None taken.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I wasn't afraid to say that to Ivania. Like I said, her and I go several years back.

FLASHBACK: EXT. RURAL HOUSE - DAY

TREVOR (7) sits on a porch watching IVANIE (7) run around like a crazy kid.

IVANIE

Waaaannnaaaa play?

Trevor rises, walks inside the house.

BACK TO SCENE

Ivanie watches Trevor covering the hearts on his shirt with a good layer of ink.

IVANIE

You don't want to make new friends here, do you?

TREVOR

This is temporary, believe me. Besides, I have you, don't I?

Ivanie studies Trevor - he's so lying. She walks away.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - TREVOR'S ROOM - DAY

The room is a screaming difference to the fancy Trevor's room in the other house - small, faded wallpaper and old furniture. Posters of Freud and Hemingway as opposed to the nicely framed pictures of them seen earlier.

Trevor sits behind his desk with a phone to his ear. His Mother is on the other side of the line.

MOTHER (PHONE)

It's not temporary. You'll have to make your peace with it.

TREVOR

Can you just tell me for how long I'm supposed to rot in here.

MOTHER (PHONE)

Well, first, you need to finish elementary school, then it's the middle and high school. After that you can apply for a college loan--

TREVOR

Loan?! Thanks for not answering my question, Ma. And for plunging me into the horrors of my upcoming adulthood, appreciate it much.

GRANDMA (70S), kind eyes, knocks and peeks in.

GRANDMA

Have you washed your hands, dear? Dinner's ready.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Never would have thought I'd be happy to see grandma.

Trevor hangs up.

TREVOR

I have no appetite, thanks.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - TREVOR'S ROOM - LATER

Trevor sits behind his desk, plays a game of chess against his computer. He doesn't pay attention to--

His Grandma, who bustles around, putting stuff away. Without turning his head:

TREVOR

Do you know if Mom and Dad will make my birthday tomorrow?

GRANDMA

Oh, dear.

She tries to hug Trevor, but Trevor pulls away.

TREVOR

I asked them for a new PC. Hope they didn't forget.

GRANDMA

Hey, I got something for you, too.

She crouches under his bed and retrieves a package.

Trevor continues to play on his computer. The monitor freezes, Trevor smacks it in frustration.

TREVOR

Would you please tell them that I can't work with this anymore?

Grandma extends him the package.

GRANDMA

What if we don't wait and open it today? You might like it.

Trevor frowns. Skeptical, he unwraps the present.

It's a pair of pants. Trevor checks the tag - Target. Then, he sees a red chiffon kerchief hanging out of its pocket.

He pulls it out but it's stuck. He looks it up, the kerchief is sewn inside the pocket and is supposed to stick out.

GRANDMA

There's an inscription, honey. It says Trevor Cooper. Your grandpa used to have a pair just like those, with a kerchief hanging out of his pocket and all.

TREVOR

Are you kidding me? You mean my life is not terrible enough I have to wear these?

Grandma sighs.

GRANDMA

You don't have to, darling.

She walks out.

Trevor rises from his desk, plops on his bed head down in frustration.

TREVOR (V.O.)
I felt bad for Grandma, but the pants
were so Rochester that I couldn't
handle myself at the moment.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - SCHOOL CORRIDOR- DAY

Nothing like his old school. Students buzz about - these kids
are noisy and full of life.

Trevor walks along the corridor.

He stumbles in front of a classroom door.

The kids push him aside and rush in.

Trevor steps back and waits out.

CLASSROOM

He enters last - when everyone appears already seated with
their books and notebooks open in front of them.

Trevor sizes up the kids.

TREVOR (V.O.)
Robinson Crusoe had an island to
cater to his needs. Gilligan had
his. I have Rochester and
Rochester kids.

Sitting at the very end corner, BOBBY (11), a class bully by
looks, makes a nasty face seeing Trevor.

TREVOR (V.O.)
And the niceties in every shape and
form that come with it.

The class teacher, MRS. GRANGER (30s), kind eyes and pleasant
demeanor, commands the room.

MRS. GRANGER
Who'll tell me what's fourteen by
four? Raise your hands, please.

TREVOR
You mean without a calculator?

The class laughs, they think it's a joke when it's so not.

MRS. GRANGER

Hi, Trevor. Welcome! Everybody, please say hello to Trevor, our new student. Trev, find yourself a seat, please.

Trevor spots Ivanie. He proceeds to the chair next to her.

And jumps up right away - something bites him in the butt.

It's a screw.

Bobby throws a crumpled piece of paper at him. Trevor straightens it out and reads:

INSERT: "You're not a class clown, got it?"

TREVOR (TO IVANIE)

What's his name?

IVANIE

Shshsh. Be careful around Bobby.

Margarita, same perfect braid and hauty looks, is in his class as well. She lifts her hand.

MRS. GRANGER

Yes, Margarita. You may.

Margarita walks to the top of the class.

MARGARITA

Fourteen by four - fifty-six.
Fourteen by five - seventy.
Fourteen by six - eighty-four...

Trevor sees her skirt has Benetton logo on it.

TREVOR (V.O.)

This one tries at least. Like no other.

Ivanie lifts her hand.

IVANIE

May I continue, Mrs. Granger?

MRS. GRANGER

Sure you may.

The class boos her. Ivanie doesn't pay attention to them.

TREVOR (V.O.)

The only thing these kids and I agree on - Ivanie should have fixed her hair before coming to school. The blue streaks are not bad, but it's not the eighties anymore.

The bell rings. Trevor isn't in a hurry to leave the room.

Everyone rushes out, including Ivanie.

Bobby passes by. He flicks one of the books of Trevor's desk. The book falls.

Trevor bends down for it, lifts it up when he notices that the only ones remaining in class are Trevor and Mrs. Granger.

MRS. GRANGER

You're not going to lunch, Trevor?

Trevor retrieves an apple from his lunch box. He shoots it up in the air, twirling it. It lands back in his hands.

TREVOR

This is much safer than out there, with them. They might be nice, but I don't want to turn into one, sorry.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Mrs. Granger has these puppy dog eyes. I've got to be careful they don't penetrate my steely resolve.

MRS. GRANGER

Do try though, Trevor. Please.

Trevor nods and rises.

TREVOR

You are not going to lunch either.

Mrs. Granger conceals her eyes, opens a drawer, retrieves a packed sandwich. She glances toward the window.

Trevor catches that and sees a smartly-dressed man in a parked car, NICK (30s), designer clothes, dandy demeanor. Nick stares at them as he eats his lunch inside his car.

MRS. GRANGER

The more I postponed the harder it was to socialize with the others.

Trevor frowns - she's so lying - there must be something between her and the man inside that car.

He walks out the classroom.

EXT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - LUNCH COURT - DAY

Trevor stands in the food line behind Ivanie. His turn to select foods from the counter, he takes milk and cookies.

Children in line act like they've been hungry all their lives.

A boy behind Trevor leans over for the only piece of white bread, cutting Trevor. Another boy grabs the bread away.

TREVOR (TO IVANIE)

I knew that the transition was going to be long and painful but had no idea I'd have to adjust to the post-war era lifestyle.

Then, Trevor noticed Bobby. Bobby sees how slow Trevor is and cuts three people in line.

BOBBY

Hey, new kid, shake it, pokey, will ya.

Trevor stands thunder struck - he has an idea.

TREVOR (TO IVANIE)

Unless I do something about it. The old cliché turn lemons into lemonade needs some dusting off.

Ivanie shrugs, annoyed. Trevor explains:

TREVOR

If Bobby beats me up I may win myself a sick leave for a couple of days. Watch me.

Bobby moves forward, towers over Trevor, glares.

TREVOR

Are you going mute on me or something?

BOBBY

What did you just say?

Bobby tips Trevor's tray over.

BOBBY

How's that for a mute?

A teacher behind them grabs the boys by the collars.

TEACHER

Out you two. To the principal's office. Right now.

Trevor leans over to Ivanie, who watches disapprovingly:

TREVOR

Fat chance of that happening now.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Trevor and Bobby sit opposite each other and wait.

BOBBY

It's a war. Starting today.

Trevor shrugs.

TREVOR (V.O.)

The boy was all talk and no action.

MR. ROBERTS, THE PRINCIPAL, a burly man with cold gray eyes opens the door for Trevor and Bobby.

MR. ROBERTS

Lookie here. Who have we got?

TREVOR

Trevor Cooper, Sir.

Trevor and Bobby wobble in.

MR. ROBERTS' OFFICE

TREVOR

I'm new to Barbara Bush Elementary, sir. It's a nice school, I've got to tell you--

MR. ROBERTS

Shut up and sit.

TREVOR

Used to pride myself in being quiet, not a problem at all, sir.

The boys sit down, Trevor - uneasy, Bobby - at ease, lips stretched in a sneer.

Mr. Roberts leans on the table, his eyes drill right into Trevor's soul.

MR. ROBERTS

A shiny white-collar intellectual,
aren't we? A kind I deemed extinct.

TREVOR

I guess I'll take that as a
compliment. Should I?

Mr. Roberts is done with his evaluation of Trevor and by the
look of his eyes Trevor did not do well. Mr. Roberts leans back.

MR. ROBERTS

Excellent. Let me tell you this,
boy. I don't like Bobby in my
school, but I've seen the likes of
him, he's not a rare breed. You - I
don't like the likes of you to the
point I don't want to see, hear or
smell you, not in my school not
anywhere around. You got me, son?

TREVOR

I understand every word you just
said, but I don't get the overall
idea, no, sir.

MR. ROBERTS

Do you want out of the school?

Mr. Roberts inches towards Trevor and Trevor flinches.

TREVOR

You mean take a sick leave?

BOBBY

A sick leave? What are you, a forty
year old manager?

PRINCIPAL

I'm asking if you want permanently
out of my school?

Trevor stares both suspicious and hopeful.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I had to act cool not to scare Mr.
Weird off.

Trevor tries to look casual.

TREVOR

No, sir, not at all.

MR. ROBERTS

You should like home school. It's for handicapped mainly but we'll get you in.

TREVOR

Home school?

Trevor looks down to hide his eyes.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I tried my best to conceal my excitement.

MR. ROBERTS

Yeah, you need to have some tutoring at this age, right?

TREVOR

Hmm. Don't you want to try the school psychologist on me first?

Bobby and the Mr. Roberts sneer.

MR. ROBERTS

A school psychologist? Oh, I get it, you lost your job right after your wife left you with five kids to care for. You developed suicidal thoughts and now in need of a therapist. Right?

Mr. Roberts and Bobby laugh like crazy.

MR. ROBERTS

We do have a counselor, but she's not used to "troubled" boys like yourself. If you were a regular troublemaker such as Bobby she would be of help. At the present state of things, home school is your only option.

Trevor thinks. He closes his eyes.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I tried to envision what it'll be when I return home after doing time being home schooled.

TREVOR'S FORMER UPSCALE SCHOOL

Trevor eats his lunch. Two girls watch him and whisper to each other. Trevor overhears:

A GIRL

Poor guy chose to be home schooled rather than go to one of these strange public facilities in some forsaken village when his family went through difficult times.

BACK TO SCENE

Trevor smiles at his thoughts.

Mr. Roberts notices strange change in Trevor's mood and cocks his brow.

MR. ROBERTS

You still need to do two hours of detention. Wash the toilets perhaps?

BOBBY

The girl's toilets if I may suggest, sir.

Mr. Roberts gives Bobby an encouraging nod.

MR. ROBERTS

That may teach you some values, Trevor Cooper. Your detention, Bobby, is a usual visit to the counselor.

Bobby gives a fake sigh. Trevor opens his mouth - so unfair! Mr. Roberts smiles.

MR. ROBERTS

Mark my words, boy, if you frequent my office I'll get you expelled. No one likes studying at home except for freaks and withdrawn weirdo types which is... a freak all the same.

Mr. Roberts opens the office door. Trevor trudges out.

TREVOR (V.O.)

That's what I was to Rochester - a weirdo. Being bullied could have been the ticket out.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - DAY

After class time. Only Trevor and Mrs. Granger are in: Trevor cleans the board, while Mrs. Granger grades the papers.

TREVOR

Thank you for sparing me from
cleaning the toilets.

Mrs. Granger puts the papers aside, her kind eyes fixate on Trevor.

MRS. GRANGER

Trevor, you don't feel at home
here, do you?

TREVOR

Oh, yes, I don't.

MRS. GRANGER

Do you know why that is?

TREVOR (V.O.)

I suspected this woman might get
under my skin, so I was on my guard.

TREVOR

I absolutely do, Mrs. Granger.
Luckily it will be over soon.
...Should I do the floors?

Mrs. Granger grabs Trevor's hand and sits him opposite herself. She looks deep into his eyes.

MRS. GRANGER

It's time you opened up to the
changes in your life. Don't you
want to like those around you? You
could start acting like it even if
you don't care about them - that
would make the transition much
easier on you.

TREVOR

I can't lie to people saying I want
to be their friend.

MRS. GRANGER

Let's call it pretend game. I think
once you start pretending you're
giving them a chance.

Trevor tries not to roll his eyes at Mrs. Granger.

MRS. GRANGER

I know you're thinking "eh, this
country folk", am I right?

TREVOR

Hmm... Actually, Mr. Roberts wants me home schooled. He might be talking to my mom about it this very moment.

MRS. GRANGER

What if I gave your mother a call, ask what she thinks about the pretend game. Would you like that?

Trevor fidgets in his seat.

MRS. GRANGER

Besides, we need to get you involved in school activities. I'll talk to your mom about that, too.

TREVOR (V.O.)

There it was, the dreaded " get you involved".

Trevor's eye catches a spider spinning a web in a corner. A fly buzzes around it. The fly escapes the web and flies out the window.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Me and that fly are alike. We're not getting caught. No, sir.

Trevor sees his GRANDMOTHER (70s) out there waiting for him. He points at her.

TREVOR

Don't want to make Grandma wait.

He grabs his stuff, rushes out.

EXT. ROCHESTER - POOL - DAY

Clad in swimming suits, the kids make quite a fuss. Boys throw rocks into water, striving for it to bounce. Girls try to avoid being hurt by one. Mrs. Granger, dressed in a light summer dress, reprimands them.

Trevor, the only one in pants and shirt, watches the activity. Mrs. Granger gives Trevor a look of disappointment.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Having me "involved" apparently wasn't enough. You think anyone would appreciate a student that did not make a splash, but not Mrs. Granger.

Trevor walks away from the pool and joins a table occupied by parents. He plops down next to his Grandma.

TREVOR
People here will never change.

Ivanie comes up to Trevor, points at his pants.

IVANIE
Aren't you going to change?

TREVOR
If the optimist in me was alive,
he'd hope you're speaking about the
clothes.

Ivanie rolls her eyes, runs away.

Grandma peels an apple, cuts it to pieces and extends the plate to Trevor.

GRANDMA
That teacher of yours, she's from
the city like yourself. Her family
used to have money, too.

TREVOR
You mean she used to be... normal?
How did she get stuck in here?

GRANDMA
Ask her.

She pushes the plate toward Trevor, encouraging him to eat.
He rises to get away from the Grandma.

Mrs. Granger stops him. She carries butterfly nets.

MRS. GRANGER
Hey, Trevor help me, will you.

Trevor cringes at the thought. He reaches into his pocket for his iPhone. It rings.

TREVOR
Oops, sorry. I've got to take it.
(into phone) Hey, mother.

Trevor walks away. Mrs. Granger shakes her head at him,
watches him talk to his mother.

TREVOR (V.O.)
The ring activation did its job, but
Mrs. Granger seemed to be onto me.

INT. MCDONALDS - DAY

The class shares an after party lunch. Everyone has a burger. All the kids involved in some kind of physical activity, a horse play over lunch time.

Trevor stands in line, waiting for his order. Mrs. Granger stands next to him, pen and paper in hands. She counts something.

TREVOR (V.O.)

The woman just wouldn't let go.

MRS. GRANGER

Trevor, help me count, will you.

Trevor sighs, works her calculator, and in a couple of hits he has an answer for her. Mrs. Granger writes it down in a notebook.

TREVOR

By the way, eventually they'll think I'm a teacher's pet and will hate me even more.

MRS. GRANGER

Eventually you'll learn that things and places don't define a person, a person defines what's around him.

TREVOR

Sounds like a formula to adjust to crazy that sadly doesn't add up.

Trevor receives his shrimp basket.

MRS. GRANGER

They'll hate you anyway. You're the only one having popcorn shrimp in this place.

Trevor glances toward the window and sees Nick sitting a bit further away from his classmates. There's a shrimp basket in front of Nick.

TREVOR

Besides that man. I meant to ask - is it me or that man is after you?

MRS. GRANGER

We used to be engaged.

TREVOR

Seems like stalking to me. Is he a trouble, Mrs. Granger?

She takes a moment before answering. Her eyes well up.

TREVOR

I'll tell the office people tomorrow that he's bothering you.

MRS. GRANGER

No, please don't.

TREVOR

Why not?

Mrs. Granger keeps silent. Trevor stops in his tracks.

TREVOR

If your feelings are mutual what keeps you from being happy?

Trevor studies her saddened face. She shakes off her thoughts.

MRS. GRANGER

Come on, Trevor. We shouldn't be talking about my feelings for Nick. I mean my lack of feelings. Any kind of feelings for that matter.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I shouldn't have, but it was the way to redirect the conversation and she knew it.

TREVOR

Huh. So, why aren't you two together?

Mrs. Granger sighs. Trevor is too adamant to discover the truth and she stops fighting telling it.

MRS. GRANGER

Because I'm me, and he's him. We are different.

TREVOR

Les extremités se touchent, Mrs. Granger. It means "extremes meet".

MRS. GRANGER

I know what it means... Think about the pretend game please, ok?

TREVOR (V.O.)
 She was not bad at this change the
 talk game herself.

Trevor nods, sits aloof with his popcorn shrimp. Ivanie joins him, smells his shrimp and cringes.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - DAY

The bell rings.

Mrs. Granger tidies up her desk.

The classroom fills up.

Mrs. Granger shushes the students, walks to the board, takes a piece of chalk and writes.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 The fact that I could choose home
 school over seeing Rochester kids
 every day greatly uncomplicated
 things for me.

Trevor whispers to Ivanie:

TREVOR
 Even the themes make sense now,
 which is quite strange, especially
 since they aren't at all plausible
 over here.

Ivanie shrugs.

Mrs. Granger puts the chalk down, steps aside.

"What kind of a super are you?" written on the board.

MRS. GRANGER
 To stimulate your creativity and
 positive thinking, the school wants
 to engage you in a game of supers.
 Think what kind of a super you are
 and we'll have it up on the board.

BOBBY
 What for?

MRS. GRANGER
 The class with the most exciting
 supers that bring the most good to
 the human race or our planet wins.
 The reward is a surprise for now.

BOBBY

In that case, I'm Batman.

MRS. GRANGER

The rule is you can't be something that's already out there.

Trevor sighs at Bobby's sheer stupidity.

MRS. GRANGER

Trevor, do you have an idea what you'll be?

TREVOR

Ugh, I might be leaving the school in the nearest future, remember?

MRS. GRANGER

You're with us so far and I truly wish you participated.

Mrs. Granger builds a chart on the board:

"Skills" "Powers" and "How will I better the world"

MRS. GRANGER

Think about the superpowers you want to possess and the good it would bring to the table.

TREVOR

A human is already endowed with super skills, otherwise, there would be no skyscrapers, bridges and other wonderful stuff.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Chanel, Vuitton and Apple devices were the works of the human brain, but there was no point in talking brands and Apple to these people.

MRS. GRANGER

I totally agree with you, but lets come up with real supers as we don't want five hundred and thirty-four regular humans and zero supermen at our school.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Trevor finishes his soup as his Mother walks in with an iPad in hands.

Grandma bustles around, cleans up the plates, sticks the candles into the birthday cake.

GRANDMA

I'm glad you could make it, Elaine.
It's not every day your boy turns eleven.

Trevor yawns bored out of his mind.

His Mother sets the iPad on the table. The Skype is ringing.

MOTHER

Too bad your dad is not able to share your day with us. But cheer up, never before did we gather as a family for your birthday, have we? Hardships make you appreciate what you used to take for granted.

Dad appears on Skype.

DAD (VIA SKYPE)

Hey, birthday boy. Are you having fun?

Dad's sporting prison orange overalls. He and Trevor wave to each other.

TREVOR

(bitterly)

Lots. And, looks like you won't be able to make my birthday for another five years or so - that truly adds to my excitement.

A phone rings. The Mother picks it up.

MOTHER

Hello?

She listens to whoever it is on the other end of the line as she walks away with an iPad and the phone in hands. She closes the doors behind.

Grandma puts away the plates, sets the table for the cake. Trevor idly waits.

Grandma turns off the light, lights up the candles.

GRANDMA

Make a wish, darling.

TREVOR

I want outta here.

Trevor blows off the candles. His Grandmother cuts and distributes the cake.

The Mother returns, takes her seat at the table.

MOTHER

I just talked to Diane. She's quite charming.

TREVOR

On the first name basis already!
Good going, Mrs. Granger.

MOTHER

Then you principal called...

TREVOR

About that. Let's face it - you've raised a home boy. I'm not used to bullies whatsoever and not through the fault of my own.

MOTHER

Mr. Roberts said you want out of the school? Is that right?

TREVOR

He suggested it in the first place!

MOTHER

Guess what? I believe him.

She gives Trevor a long look.

MOTHER

We can arrange that, you know.

Trevor opens his eyes wide, unsure he heard her right.

TREVOR

You mean I can go back to my life?

His Mother shakes her head.

MOTHER

You can switch to home school if you wish. I talked to Mr. Roberts and he agreed to bear with us for a little longer. It's your call, Trev.

Trevor thinks.

MOTHER

I know Mrs. Granger suggested a game to you and I liked what she proposed.

She looks into his eyes for a really long time.

MOTHER

Ok, let's leave the so called pretend game alone. Would you please try to fit in before you even consider home school? It's not that much to ask, Trevor.

Trevor turns away.

MOTHER

Hey, wait till you see what your dad and I got you for your birthday.

The Mother reaches into her bag, pulls out a laptop for Trevor.

MOTHER

Ta da!

Trevor stares at it.

TREVOR

HP? You got me HP?? It's two thousand eighteen, Mother.

Trevor darts up and runs away.

The door to his room slams shut.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - TREVOR'S ROOM - DAY

The mother towers over lying Trevor. Trevor holds a pillow over his head to block out her words.

MOTHER

You have to grow up, honey. It's difficult times for all of us, not just you.

She speaks louder and more firmly.

MOTHER

Know what, if you make an effort to fit in we'll get you back home to your old school. That's a promise.

Trevor freezes for a moment, then emerges from under the pillow.

TREVOR
You mean it?

MOTHER
Yes. But no cheating, okay?

Trevor hides back under the pillow.

TREVOR
We have no funds for that.

MOTHER
I sold my Chanel jewelry. That
should cover the school this year.
My Hermes items the year after that.

She rapidly adds:

MOTHER
Or you could stay in Rochester and
let us keep this money for
greater needs.

TREVOR (V.O.)
I pitied my mother. All she wanted
was some security for her family. But
then she said this:

MOTHER
You know, like buying a house here...

TREVOR
Where? You mean in Rochester?

Then, extends his hand for a high five.

TREVOR
Done. I hearby swear I'll do
everything in my power to fit in and
therefore become a true Rochesterian.
Even if I have to dress like a loser
for it or woe a girl that dresses
like one. But you promise to get me
out of here as soon as I succeed.

Sad, the Mother slaps his hand and shakes it - it's a deal.

EXT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - SCHOOL QUAD - DAY

Kids walk, talk, hang out.

Trevor strides by. Ivania runs up to him.

TREVOR
Hey, it's a nice day, isn't it?

IVANIE
Look who's in a good mood.

TREVOR
Yep, I decided to befriend everyone
in this dump. No offense.

IVANIE
None taken.

Ivanie frowns - something smells fishy.

Trevor takes out a journal. Ivanie snatches it away from him,
leafs through it. Some of it is filled in.

IVANIE
What are you up for?

She returns the journal to Trevor.

TREVOR
This is what an organized way of
thinking looks like. I'm going to
monitor my steps to being accepted.

IVANIE
You mean you'll write down
everything you do or say?

He leafs through the journal, shows her bits of his writings.

TREVOR
In the past, Mom and Dad used to
get me things I asked for. Not
because they wanted to but because
I developed a set of special
tricks, that worked every time.

IVANIE
This is so weird.

--Trevor points at the kids. Some play catch. Others play
hide and seek.

TREVOR
Each of you is weird in his own
way, so I don't look an outsider
walking with a journal.

Trevor writes something down in his notebook.

IVANIE

Are you saying you're going to prance around with that notebook of yours to fit in and look "normal"?

TREVOR

The journal serves a purpose. It's a documented proof of my efforts for my mother and the official sponsor of the "Trevor becomes social in Rochester" game, my new dear friend, Mrs. Granger.

IVANIE

Are you for real?

TREVOR

I made a promise to become a part of this environment and bet the highlights in your hair I will.

Trevor writes something in his journal.

TREVOR

A neat plan to fit in is all there's to it. Dressing like a looser apparently is not enough. No offense.

IVANIE

None taken. The "looser" clothes look good on you by the way.

TREVOR

Nice finding.

IVANIE

Where will you start?

TREVOR

I don't know yet, but I have an idea. Am I a Rochester kid or what?

There's a drunken voice in the yard. It belongs to Nick.

NICK

Diane. Hey, Diane, where are you?

TREVOR

Is that Mrs. Granger's fiancee?

IVANIE

Yep, that's Nick. We call him Mr. Nick. I love it when he comes over - he surely can get under her skin.

Trevor frowns, watching Nick for some time.

TREVOR

That woman sticks her nose in everyone's live as if she's got the right. Falling for a loser like that serves her well.

Trevor sees Mrs. Granger approach the janitor and point at Nick.

The Janitor rushes toward Nick, grabs him and drags him away from the school premises.

IVANIE

Our janitor is her dad. That's why Nick never gets in trouble at school premises.

TREVOR

The guy who used to have money is a cleaner? It's getting better and better.

Mrs. Granger approaches Trevor.

MRS. GRANGER

I hope you don't hold a grudge for calling your mother, Trevor.

TREVOR

Nah, we're cool.

She leaves and Trevor's lips stretch into a wicked smile - he so holds a grudge.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - DAY

Filled with kids.

Mrs. Granger is at the blackboard conducting the lesson.

MRS. GRANGER

Let's continue with out theme, please. Does anyone have anything for me?

Trevor studies everyone's faces. The kids seem excited about the theme - faces pensive, focused.

TREVOR (V.O.)

To think that all of them are the same age as myself.

Mrs. Granger's gaze falls on Trevor.

MRS. GRANGER

Trevor. Did you decide who you would be if you were given a chance to upgrade your abilities?

BOBBY

Poop. He'll turn into a poop every time he's in danger. And no one will touch him.

The kids laugh.

MRS. GRANGER

Stop it, Bobby.

TREVOR

Please let him. At least he's being funny this time.

IVANIE

(whispering)

Are you crazy? Bobby will eat you alive for that.

TREVOR

Relax. I need to become part of this alien life, don't I?

Suddenly Trevor has a thought.

TREVOR (V.O.)

That's when it dawned on me. I should become a superman. The stupid theme could be a way to win them over.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - DAY

Trevor trudges along the corridor. He mouths to himself:

TREVOR

A Superman. Good one, too.

Bobby runs by, strikes Trevor from behind. Trevor falls head down. Bobby snatches Trevor's backpack and throws it several feet forward.

Bobby then winks to Trevor, disappears around the corner.

Trevor touches his forehead - skin ripped, blood shows.

Ivanie rushes to Trevor.

IVANIE
What have I told you?!

Trevor nods. He collects the stuff that fell out of his backpack.

TREVOR
The main thing is not to get a concussion before I manage to prove my super skills to the class.

IVANIE
What super skills?

Ivanie searches Trevor's head for bumps.

Trevor fishes a journal out his backpack, turns to the clean page, makes a graph titled "Super skills/ Villains/ The good it will bring" and writes "Nick" under "Villains".

He shoves the journal back into his backpack.

TREVOR
Relax, Ivanie, I surely don't believe in flying men.

Ivanie lets out a sigh of relief, helps him up. Trevor dusts of his clothes.

TREVOR
But I'm a sucker for a well organized plan. See, I need these kids to accept me. The only way to have that happen is for me to prove myself. So, here it comes - what if I helped Mrs. Granger with that Nick person? True, that's a toughie, but I don't do anything halfass, pardon my French.

Ivanie cringes her forehead.

TREVOR
Winning Mrs. Granger's relationship back will automatically make me a hero. As in a superhero, you might say. You get it? Everyone will accept me and I go back to my hometown.

Trevor and Ivanie walk down the corridor.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Trevor and Ivanie approach an open door. And as Trevor is going to enter the classroom the door shuts in his face, knocking him down.

TREVOR (V.O.)
Meanwhile, Bobby showed no class
at all.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - GYM - DAY

Boys play basketball.

Bobby gets a ball and purposefully strikes Trevor with it. Trevor falls, holding his head.

Bobbie shrugs and says in the most apologetic way:

BOBBY
Oops, sorry, don't know what's
wrong with me today.

Ivanie crouches to Trevor.

Bobby doesn't stop running, he encourages everyone to continue even if Trevor lies in the middle of the court.

Ivanie drags Trevor away from the running feet of the playing kids.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - GYM / LOCKERS SECTION - DAY

TREVOR (V.O.)
Sadly the guy didn't have much
imagination either.

Bobby pushes Trevor inside a locker and locks it.

Trevor pounds on the door, but Bobby walks away.

LATER

Ivanie unlocks Trevor. Trevor shuffles out, rubs aching limbs.

IVANIE
I heard the boys talk about you
being locked up. Maybe it's time
you fought back.

TREVOR

That's a great thought. Whenever I do something to him it wins me another detention.

IVANIE

Why would you need more detention?

TREVOR

To talk to Mrs. Granger. I need more info on Nick.

EXT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - SCHOOL QUAD - DAY

A beautiful spring day.

The class sits around Mrs. Granger on a green lawn. It's peaceful and quiet, the sun shines brightly, birds chirp.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Spending much needed alone time in a locker was not the worst of it. Nothing compares to participating in profound class discussions at Rochester.

Mrs. Granger addresses the class:

MRS. GRANGER

What did Ivania just say?

Ivania nervously yanks her shirt.

BOBBY

Something stupid. ...Ah, sorry. Ivania wants to be a suicidal hero.

MRS. GRANGER

Drop it, Bobby! Tell me, do you understand what she means by it?

BOBBY

Does anyone?

Everyone laughs.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Sadly, I had to agree with Bobby. Everything these kids would do or say was just... yeah, stupid. But I had to show Ivania my support as she was my only friend.

Trevor lifts his hand to speak up:

TREVOR

Ivanie wants to be able to stay alive if she ever tries to kill herself. She also wants to help people stay alive when they commit suicide, I guess.

MRS. GRANGER

Great job, Trevor. Thank you.

Kids roll their eyes at Ivanie and Trevor.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I immediately felt regret for standing up for Ivanie. She and her blue streak of hair were becoming a liability.

At that moment, Trevor sees Nick's car.

Nick parks, shuffles out of his vehicle and looks in their direction.

Mrs. Granger hastily diverts Trevor's attention back to the subject.

MRS. GRANGER

Who do YOU want to be, Trevor?

Trevor ponders over the question.

TREVOR (V.O.)

My voice did not shake when I unleashed my super plan to the Rochester world.

TREVOR

I'll kill bad people with my charm and wit.

MRS. GRANGER

How's that possible?

TREVOR

I'll talk villains into being good, they'll stop being evil and the villain in them will die.

MRS. GRANGER

Do you know many evil people, Trevor?

TREVOR

Not that they're evil, it's their ideas on life that make them and those around them unhappy. I will change that.

Bobby claps his hands.

BOBBY

Very funny. Yeah, Mrs. Granger, he'll save all of us.

Mrs. Granger taps Bobby on the shoulder to calm him down.

MRS. GRANGER

Good luck with it, Trevor.

Mrs. Granger grabs a small board and writes down "wit and charm hero". She fills in the "Villain" part of the graph on the board as well.

MRS. GRANGER

What about you, Margarita?

MARGARITA

I want to fly the fastest.

MRS. GRANGER

Have you thought who you'll be rescuing?

MARGARITA

Hmm... I don't know. Maybe witty Trevor can help.

She turns to Trevor.

TREVOR

Just give me time to come up with something.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Meanwhile, I had to think of Bobby and his next act.

Trevor reassembles a pen, rolls a small piece of paper into a ball, blows it into the hollow tube of the pen. He puts another paper in the tube to hone his blowmanship.

EXT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Recess time. Mrs. Granger supervises the kids.

Trevor appears close to Bobby.

TREVOR (V.O.)
The coveted detention wouldn't
happen on its own.

Trevor retrieves the tube and a piece of rolled paper out of his pocket. The paper hits Bobby on the head. Bobby turns to the classmates, infuriated.

BOBBY
Who was it?

Trevor readily lifts his hand.

TREVOR
Sorry, I was aiming at Mr. Nick.

Bobby turns to see Nick approach the school fence.

TREVOR
Oops. He's too far from me.

Bobby squints his eyes, sees Mrs. Granger watching and steps away. For now. Ivanie comes close.

IVANIE
(in a whisper, to Trevor)
What on stupid wide earth are you
doing again?

TREVOR
I hope Bobby doesn't swallow the offense.

EXT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - SCHOOL QUAD - DAY

Trevor is being dunked into a trash bin by Bobby.

Trevor retrieves a small package from his pocket and shoves it into Bobby's pants.

Bobby screams, drops Trevor and starts shaking to get the thing out of his clothes.

A snake slithers out.

Bobby yelps, slides out of his pants -the snake bit him on the leg.

A crowd of curious kids forms around him. They laugh.

Mrs. Granger watches the scene from afar.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The Principal walks to and fro. Sitting on the sofa in front of him are Trevor and Bobby.

The Principal addresses Trevor:

PRINCIPAL
Do you like it here, in my office
or something?

Bobby throws a triumphant look at Trevor.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - DAY

Another detention. Trevor washes the floors. Mrs. Granger checks the papers. She throws a concerned look at Trevor from time to time.

TREVOR (V.O.)
Poor Mrs. Granger couldn't see a kid
at hard work. I had to start talking
as it looked like she would dismiss
me right away.

He clears his throat.

TREVOR
I don't know whose detention it is,
Mrs. Granger. Looks like you would
be home, dining or doing whatever
you do at home this time of the day
instead of babysitting me.

Mrs. Granger puts down the papers.

MRS. GRANGER
Why would you make Bobby angry?

TREVOR
You too? I thought only Mr. Roberts
saw me that way.

MRS. GRANGER
Bobby is after you and there should
be a reason for that. Sit down,
please. Let's have a talk.

Trevor slowly puts away the mop.

TREVOR (V.O.)

The detention was going into a pooper - she left no room to switch the talk to her and Nick.

Trevor sits down further away from Mrs. Granger.

MRS. GRANGER

Keeping at a safe distance, huh?

Trevor moves closer.

MRS. GRANGER

Tell me the truth, Trevor. What's on your mind?

Trevor takes time to answer.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I could blame all on Bobby and pretend to be a victim. But I chose to lay the blame on her instead.

TREVOR

I'm doing it to be like anyone else here in Rochester. Just like we agreed with you.

MRS. GRANGER

What do you mean?

TREVOR

The fit in game, remember?
(he lowers his voice to a whisper)
I'm pretending to be engaged in the school life. That's what "normal" kids supposed to do, don't they?

MRS. GRANGER

Oh, boy. I don't think...

She reaches for her wallet, rummages in it looking for something, but it's not there.

MRS. GRANGER

Remind me to show you something next time we have a talk.

TREVOR

I sure will.

Trevor grabs his bag - he sure won't!

EXT. GRANDMA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - BUS STOP - DAY

Trevor walks to the stop with his backpack over his shoulder.

Ivanie approaches.

IVANIE

Hey. How did the detention go?

TREVOR

Not good. We were talking about that bully all the time.

IVANIE

About that - I hope you'll stop being Bobby's rag doll from now on though.

TREVOR

Yep, unfortunately, Bobby tainted my reputation which means I need to start mending the holes.

The bus pulls over, they board.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Ivanie wouldn't let go.

EXT. SCHOOL QUAD - DAY

Recess. Trevor sits aloof, immersed in his journal. He suddenly feels someone's presence. He turns left, sees Ivanie. She peeks into her journal.

Trevor shuts his journal. Looks at Ivanie.

IVANIE

Would you care to join me in cups and strings game?

Ivanie points at the kids. Gathered in teams of three to five, they play cups and strings game, right on the ground. Trevor regards them as if they are being involved in some medieval activity.

TREVOR

Seated on the grass?

Ivanie shrugs, walks away.

IVANIE

He's all yours, Mrs. Granger. I tried.

Trevor turns right, Mrs. Granger parks next to him, with a wallet in hands.

TREVOR

Mrs. Granger was consistent as well.

Mrs. Granger fishes out a picture of herself. It accidentally appears stuck to another photo with Nick's happy face.

Mrs. Granger quick grabs the picture of her and Nick together and shoves it back into her wallet. Trevor's eyes light up at the sight of that picture.

MRS. GRANGER

Here's me, a little girl.

The girl in the picture dressed in furs.

MRS. GRANGER

They threw eggs at my mink coat.

She retrieves a folded piece of paper out of her purse. It's a list of students with check marks next to them.

MRS. GRANGER

This is the list of my class. Later, I became friends with each one but unlike you, I didn't go the great lengths for it.

TREVOR

Yeah, right. May I see the pic of your ex-fiance with his arm over your shoulder?

Mrs. Granger studies Trevor - sadness sweeps over her face.

MRS. GRANGER

Don't you think you're being nosy?

TREVOR

I do. And frankly, Mrs. Granger, I'm thinking you're being nosy as well pushing me to fit in.

MRS. GRANGER

All I want is to help you.

TREVOR

As much as I want to help you.

She shows him the picture he wants to see.

Nick has his arm around Mrs. Granger, her head on his shoulder. It's signed "Together forever."

MRS. GRANGER

There's nothing to help with really.

TREVOR

Are you sure about that? Mr. Nick's here all the time, trying to have a talk with you. And, pardon my prying, you obviously can't get him out of your mind either.

MRS. GRANGER

It's complicated.

TREVOR

Please don't go all "adult" on me. I'm not one of you Rochester kids, ask the three shrinks I visited for the past year.

Mrs. Granger laughs.

MRS. GRANGER

The thing is I want to get married and have kids just like any other woman, I guess.

TREVOR

And Mr. Nick wants to...?

MRS. GRANGER

To travel. Or in his own words "to be free". He did add he wants "to see the world together" though.

TREVOR

That doesn't sound abnormal.

MRS. GRANGER

We are different. The way Rochester kids are different from you or your friends. Do you have many friends in the city, Trevor?

Alarmed at the new subject, Trevor rises.

TREVOR

Well, Mrs. Granger, it was nice talking to you. Let me join the game of whatever it is as I can't disappoint Ivania. She's my only friend in Rochester.

Mrs. Granger takes a long moment watching Trevor backpedal towards the kids.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 Never would have thought I'd be
 happy that Ivanie was there for me.

Trevor approaches Ivanie, opens up his phone and searches for an app game of cups and strings. She stares into his phone, shrugs and leaves to play the real thing.

Mrs. Granger watches him closely.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - DAY

Trevor eyes the theme "Superheroes vs. Villains" written on the board.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 Meanwhile, the inevitable superhero
 theme stared me right in the eye.
 And so did Mrs. Granger.

Nick knocks on the window, sticks his lips to a peephole.

NICK
 Hey, Diane, do you want to hear
 about my superpowers?

MRS. GRANGER
 My stars, Nick! What are you doing
 here again?

And as Trevor watches them, his eyes gleam as an idea forms in his head.

He raises his hand.

TREVOR
 May I be excused, please?

He doesn't wait for the response and runs out of the room.

Next moment, the kids watch Trevor appear next to Nick. The two talk which makes Mrs. Granger frown.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 It was time to take action. If I
 helped Mrs. Granger I would be
 helping myself get out of here.

EXT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - DAY

Trevor approaches Nick, stands next to him.

TREVOR

Psst. Psst.

Nick notices Trevor.

TREVOR

Why would you snoop around the school all the time?

Nick stares unsure how to answer or if to answer at all.

NICK

Well... You're a strange little dude.

TREVOR

I can help you. Answer me and you'll see.

NICK

Woah... That's a funny statement.

TREVOR

I'm your only chance. Try me and see for yourself.

Nick sighs, frustrated - that's the sad truth.

NICK

Ok... The school is the only place I can talk to her. She wouldn't answer my calls, blocked me on WhatsApp.

TREVOR

Do you love her?

Nick reaches into his pocket, retrieves a pack of cigarettes.

NICK

Yes, sir, so much that I'm about to start smoking, and I never did. Why do you ask?

Trevor snatches the cigarettes away from Nick and throws it into the trash can.

TREVOR

Do you want me to get you inside the building so you two have a talk?

NICK

You're pretty assertive for a kid.

TREVOR

Expect a note from me. And, if anyone asks what we were talking about here - it's a nice weather we are having today, right?

NICK

Little windy perhaps.

TREVOR

I mean to say we were talking about the weather.

Trevor sees the Janitor come their way.

TREVOR

Adios.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The kids watch the Janitor order Trevor back to the class and drag Nick off and away from the school grounds.

IN A MOMENT:

Trevor walks into the classroom.

MRS. GRANGER

Have you had a nice walk, Trevor?

Trevor averts his eyes, goes back to his desk.

Bobby extends his foot and Trevor trips on it.

Trevor sighs, rises, takes his place next to Ivanie.

TREVOR

Do you know if Bobby likes any of the girls?

Ivanie points at Margarita.

IVANIE

You may have noticed the Miss Know-It-All in our class.

TREVOR
 Just like I thought, it's
 Margarita. Now all we have to do is
 to take her down.

Ivanie gulps at that.

Trevor watches Margarita.

TREVOR
 Hold on to your crutches, Margo.
 Here I come.

IVANIE
 She hates it when they call her
 different names.

TREVOR
 All the better. We'll change her
 name and make her accept it.

IVANIE
 What are you talking about?

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - DAY

Recess time. Most of the kids are in, including Trevor,
 Ivanie, Bobbie and Margarita.

Trevor watches Margarita.

She and her girlfriends chat in the other corner of the
 classroom. Margarita is at the center of attention.

Trevor reaches for his lunch box, produces a sandwich, chews.

Sandwich half gone, he--

Slicks his hair, squints at Margarita.

TREVOR
 You heard me right, Ivanie, "Make
 her", with a capital M.

Sandwich in hands, Trevor sprouts behind Margarita. He taps
 on her shoulder.

TREVOR
 Hey, Margo, wanna finish it? It's
 good.

Margarita and the girls quiet down and gawk. It's two bites
 of the sandwich left.

Margarita chins up. Sarcastically--

MARGARITA

That's very thoughtful of you but
I'll pass.

Trevor crams the rest of the sandwich into his mouth.

TREVOR

It's for fall, Margo.

MARGARITA

What?

Trevor swallows.

TREVOR

I said, "It's your call, Margo".

He retreats.

Back in his seat, Trevor whispers to Ivanie.

TREVOR

Now she's Margo forever. She can't
say "don't call me that" cuz I
already did and she said nothing.
The trick is to puzzle her first and
only then call her a different name.

IVANIE

Well, Margo is a bit cooler than
Margarita, that's all I can say.
...What else have you got?

TREVOR

All in good time, Ivanie. All in
good time.

He looks at Bobby. Bobby makes a sign as if he's going to cut
his neck. Trevor can't conceal he's pleased.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I knew I was playing hardball with
the major bully but there was no
other way to handle the situation.
Besides, he'd keep me in his
thoughts - and that couldn't be
bad. Bobby wasn't hard. All he was--

He looks at the board. Sees "What kind of a Super are you?"

TREVOR
--Another villain I have to
slaughter.

Trevor opens his journal and includes Bobby into his list of villains.

Mrs. Granger shakes her head, having seen the entire scene.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - DAY

Another recess. No one in the classroom except for Trevor, Ivanie and Margarita.

TREVOR
(to Ivanie)
She stayed without her entourage,
must be onto something.

Ivanie nods to Trevor, gets up and leaves.

As soon as Ivanie's out the door, Margarita turns to Trevor.

MARGARITA
So, Trev, have you been working on
your superman skills? Got any
charms for me?

TREVOR
Getting better, Margo.

MARGARITA
Is that so?

Trevor turns away from her.

MARGARITA
Let's put it to test then. What
would you do if I... say...

Margarita walks up to him. Now we see that she's taller than Trevor.

She puts her hands on his shoulders and pushes him down. She's strong.

Trevor bends under her push - the torture is unbearable. He shuts his eyes tight, his breathing intensifies.

MARGARITA
Villainy enough for you?

TREVOR
(through clenched teeth)
Not bad. Margo.

MARGARITA
That's where your charm and wit
comes in. Talk to me. Make me stop.

Trevor closes his eyes. He thinks hard... but nothing clever comes to mind. Margarita lets go of Trevor's chair.

MARGARITA
Boo you. You'll never kill the
villains this way.

Trevor squirms. He rubs his shoulders.

TREVOR
Did you decide who you want to be?

Margarita walks back to her seat.

Trevor rubs his rib cage area.

MARGARITA
Don't know how my flying will
better the world. It's a pointless
skill for now.

Trevor opens his journal and adds Margarita to the list of his villains.

The bell rings.

Kids rush in and take their places.

Mrs. Granger enters last. Her hair a mess, eyes red, shirt wrongly buttoned.

She proceeds to her chair, rubs her head, closes her eyes. The kids watch in silence. A minute passes. Mrs. Granger sobs.

Trevor and Ivania exchange sympathetic glances.

Trevor walks up to Mrs. Granger, pours her a glass of water.

MRS. GRANGER
Thank you.

BOBBY
Oh, brother, he's working on his
stupid skills. We're doomed.

MRS. GRANGER
Bobby please, not today.

Mrs. Granger takes a hold of herself, looks up at the kids.

MRS. GRANGER
It's the same theme for today,
please start with your super skills
and the villains you want to fight
when you're ready.

Trevor goes back to his seat.

Ivanie raises her hand.

IVANIE
I'll think of someone better, than
a suicide hero.

The class laughs mockingly.

TREVOR (V.O.)
Ivanie could be that pin in the
wheel which was supposed to roll me
into the hearts of these kids.
However, I still needed her help
with Mrs. Granger and Nick.

EXT. IVANIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Dated exterior.

Trevor stands on a rotten porch and peeks in through a half-open door. The hall is a dusty mess.

Trevor listens to Ivanie running around the house - she takes an awfully long time for a hippie girl.

Trevor glances around - wood siding bears traces of recent fire. The front yard or whatever left of it, burnt as well.

There's a grave close to the house.

Trevor approaches to read the inscription:

"SAM STEELY
2000 - 2016"

Ivanie walks out of the house. She casually marches by Trevor who stares at the grave.

IVANIE

That's my brother Sam. I mean he
used to be my brother, he's nothing
but earth now.

Trevor paces behind.

TREVOR

Wow. How did he die?

IVANIE

Hanged himself.

She pauses, tries to suppress her emotions.

IVANIE

Right after he tried to burn
himself alive inside the house.

Ivanie diverts Trevor's attention to a nearby house.

IVANIE

She's out. Nick's already there
waiting for her as usual.

Trevor sees Mrs. Granger.

Mrs. Granger locks the front door, says something to Nick and
stomps away toward her car.

TREVOR

What did she tell him there?

IVANIE

Must be the same thing she tells him
every time she sees him, to go away.

TREVOR

Did something bad happen between them?

IVANIE

No. She just hates his guts.

TREVOR

And loves him at the same time.

Ivanie strides forward.

IVANIE

Let's go.

Trevor tries to catch up to Ivanie's wide steps.

TREVOR

Don't you think we need to do something about it?

IVANIE

That depends. I'm not going to help if you're doing this just to be liked by others at school.

TREVOR

Not exactly to be liked by them but be like them.

Ivanie cups her ears not hearing him through.

TREVOR

I need to "fit in" if I wish to go back to where I belong.

IVANIE

Whatever.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - STAIRCASE - SCHOOL - DAY

A LARGE FICUS POT

Trevor and Ivanie hide on a staircase behind it.

IVANIE

One day Bobby will seriously beat the crap outta you.

TREVOR

Not before I'm out of here.

Trevor rummages in his pocket, retrieves a piece of paper.

TREVOR

You better take a look at what I've got for that Nick person.

It reads "Nick Favreau has a permission to pick up Trevor Cooper" and it's signed "Elaine Cooper".

IVANIE

Why would you fake your mother's writing and have Nick pick you up?

Trevor shakes his head.

TREVOR

No one is going to pick me up - this is the way for him to get inside the school and talk to her. Remember I had a word with him outside the classroom? Nick told me Mrs. Granger refuses to see him. So, here's the plan - I help him in and he'll find a way to talk to her. He'll win her over, let her know I did that for the two of them to end up together and ta-da - I save the day. I'm the guy, the Superman. As simple as that.

Ivanie twists a finger at her temple.

SCHOOL CORRIDOR

Bobby spots Trevor. Eyes gleaming with menace, he wades through a group of students, heading toward the pot.

The bell saves Trevor. The kids rush into classrooms, Trevor and Ivanie emerge.

IVANIE

Nick will never do it if you just hand the note to him. Too risky.

EXT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - SCHOOL QUAD - DAY

The school day is over.

Mrs. Granger walks to her car.

Nick watches from afar.

Mrs. Granger doesn't pay any attention to him, opens the door to her car and slides in.

Trevor runs up to Mrs. Granger, knocks on her window. She rolls it down. Trevor hands her a sealed envelope.

TREVOR

Remember how I was going to work on my charms - well, I talked to Mr. Nick the other day about you and him and he told me not to poke my nose into something that's not my business. I realized he was right, so I drafted a letter of apology.

MRS. GRANGER

You certainly are a very interesting boy, Trevor.

TREVOR

Yeah. Well... Could you please pass it to him for me?

Trevor shoves the envelope into Mrs. Granger's hand.

MRS. GRANGER

Why don't you give it to him yourself?

TREVOR

Please, I've already exceeded the limit of flops for the week.

She shrugs, takes the envelope.

Trevor runs away and joins Ivanie who watches from a corner.

EXT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - SCHOOL QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Trevor and Ivanie see Mrs. Granger hand Nick the envelope on her way off and drive away.

TREVOR

Now he'll make an appearance - all because she gave it to him herself. And you know what it tells me?

IVANIE

That you like to stick your nose into something that's not your business?

TREVOR

She wouldn't agree to give it to him if she didn't love him. Don't you think so?

IVANIE

I think that our principal will "love" the note your mom didn't write.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - DAY

TREVOR AND IVANIE'S DESK

Trevor and Ivanie open their notebooks.

IVANIE

Let's hope Nick doesn't use it.

TREVOR

If he cares for her, he'll take his chances.

The door to the classroom opens. Nick rushes in. He looks more disturbed than usual.

Trevor gives Ivanie the thumbs up.

FRONT OF THE ROOM

Mrs. Granger's eyes open wide.

NICK

Diane, hi. Listen--

MRS. GRANGER

How did you get in?

NICK

That's not important. Please hear me out. ...I'm just saying that maybe we are young for this kind of life. You're only thirty-four.

MRS. GRANGER

Nick, please, not in front of the children.

Mrs. Granger clenches her teeth. Seems like she'll breathe out fire if she opens her mouth.

NICK

But when, dammit? You have to hear me out sometime.

TREVOR AND IVANIE'S DESK

Ivanie whispers to Trevor:

IVANIE

For the record he just made it worse. Much much worse, if you know anything about women.

Trevor frowns and nods.

FRONT OF THE ROOM

Mrs. Granger is paper white.

NICK

Tell me what's wrong with traveling
the world instead of a dull life
here at Rochester?

Mrs. Granger's mouth is wide open.

NICK

Would you please cut the bullshit
and talk to me?

TREVOR AND IVANIE'S DESK

IVANIE

Check out her face - he spelled out
b.s. right in front of us!

Trevor bites his lips.

IVANIE

We have to stop him somehow.

TREVOR

I got him in - I'll get him out.

IVANIE

If you fail you won't be that
superman guy, like ever.

Trevor rises. He clears his throat. Nick shuts up staring at Trevor. Everybody does.

TREVOR

Sorry, Mrs. Granger, it was me. I
helped Mr. Nick in with the note you
handed him for me.

Trevor walks toward the board.

FRONT OF THE ROOM

Trevor stops next to Nick.

TREVOR

If you don't leave right this
moment I'm going to tell the
principal on you.

MRS. GRANGER

Nick, go away, before they call the police. We'll talk later. Go.

NICK

You promise to talk to me?

Teeth clenched, she nods.

Nick strides out. The door closes behind him.

TREVOR

I'm sorry, Mrs. Granger. Do you want me to turn myself in?

MRS. GRANGER

Please go back to your seat, Trev.

Trevor walks to his desk. Every kid in the classroom gives him an evil eye as he passes by.

Bobby extends his foot - Trevor trips on it and--

--falls, but hardly pays attention to it. He rises.

TREVOR AND IVANIE'S DESK

He reaches his seat:

TREVOR

(to Ivanie)

Well, if I didn't succeed this time - there's always another.

IVANIE

Are you for real?

Ivanie rises and starts clearing her desk.

TREVOR

I admitted it was my note in front of everybody. What more should I do?

IVANIE

Exactly, you've done enough.

Ivanie changes her seat. Trevor can't believe his eyes. She turns her back at Trevor.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I wanted to get rid of Ivanie, but seeing her bail out on me first didn't make me happy.

He looks around, sees condemnation on the kids' faces.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 Everyone in the class hated me.
 Ivanie hated me. And I was not even
 sure about Mrs. Granger.

Trevor packs his things.

Rises.

Walks out.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 I knew there and then that it's not
 worth to try to fit in. ...I was
 ready for home school.

He mouths sorry to Mrs. Granger on his way out.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Trevor sits at the table and writes something on a piece of paper. There's an open textbook in front of him. In it, a picture titled "Missing School".

In the picture, a boy dressed in dated winter clothes, drags a boat to a lake.

Trevor's Mother walks in.

MOTHER
 Hey Trev, Mrs. White will be here
 in exactly sixteen minutes.

The Mother comes closer and sees the Missing school picture in front of Trevor.

MOTHER
 What are you doing?

TREVOR
 Writing an essay about a boy who
 can't go to school.

MOTHER

I remember that one, - the boy wants to go to school but can't do anything about it because it's Sunday.

The Grandma corrects her from the kitchen.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

The boy skipping school on a weekday sounds more like it. Because it's exciting to miss a day at a regular school, the one you can actually skip. Don't you think so, Trevor?

Trevor looks toward the window and sees Ivanie--

--She bounces a ball along the street in school uniform.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Grandma nailed it. You couldn't skip school if you were home schooled.

But Trevor can't admit he agrees with Grandma.

TREVOR

You guys are totally missing the point. The boy has to fish to provide for his family. But I'm not sticking to the dull version, mine is much more fun. You're welcome to listen to it, when Mrs. White comes over.

His Mother shrugs her shoulders in annoyance and leaves the room.

The Grandmother enters and spots Ivanie out the window.

TREVOR

It's no fun to skip school alone anyway. My only friend won't talk to me anymore.

GRANDMA

You must find out why then.

TREVOR

She didn't even accept my apology. I am different to the kids here, Grandma and that's the answer to it.

The Grandma watches Ivanie who meows at a cat as if talking to it.

GRANDMA

Ivanie used to have lots of friends. She used to look regular, no highlights or anything unusual. Once that boy died--

TREVOR

You mean her brother? The one that hanged himself?

A knock on the door interrupts them.

It squeaks open. There's muffled talk in the hall.

A moment later a woman steps in. It's Mrs. WHITE (50s), stern looking.

She walks in and pulls out a chair to sit.

MRS. WHITE

Ready for your lesson? How's the essay coming along?

TREVOR

I have it ready, the only thing, it's not on the paper yet. Well parts of it are--

She takes her place behind the table. Signals for Trevor to go ahead with the essay.

MRS. WHITE

For future reference you need to have it down in writing.

TREVOR

Sure. So--

The Grandma and Mother step in to listen to Trevor's version.

TREVOR

The boy is a Superman. A kind that stops time, goes fishing and still makes school by the time it starts.

The Grandma stifles a chuckle.

Mrs. White frowns, grabs Trevor's paper, reads what he wrote.

She finishes and puts Trevor's paper down. Her eyebrows remain cocked.

MRS. WHITE

The boy who earns a living is a much better story. Stick with it.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I missed Mrs. Granger. She wouldn't dismiss my version even if it was a complete and utter crap. She'd just ask what good this Superman of mine would bring to the world.

LATER

Mrs. White collects her things, ready to leave.

MRS. WHITE

Rewrite the story for tomorrow, please. No strange stuff. Deal?

Trevor nods. Mrs. White leaves.

Trevor slumps in his chair, stares at his essay, crumples the paper into a ball and throws it away.

IN A MOMENT:

His Mother waltzes in.

MOTHER

Hey Trev, how do you like your teachers so far?

The Mother doesn't let him respond, grabs his hands.

MOTHER

Guess what? ...It doesn't matter, since our money is back! Well almost back. Your dad got to be here in a couple of minutes. Know why?

She takes a deep breath and suddenly screams out:

MOTHER

He was proven innocent! We won't be able to move back to the house just yet, it's still being auctioned, but the school is willing to take you back as long as we pay them.

Trevor's jaw drops in surprise. The Mother pulls Trevor in for an embrace.

MOTHER
I wanted to wait for your father
but couldn't hold it in any longer!

The door squeaks open.

A Male voice wafts into the room:

DAD (O.S.)
Guys. I'm here.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Trevor rolls his suitcase through the kitchen when he sees his Grandmother. She dabs her wet eyes.

Trevor leans in to give her a kiss.

TREVOR
Can't say I'm ready to leave just
yet.

FATHER (O.S.)
Hurry up, son.

The Grandmother hugs Trevor tight, then nudges him forward.

He looks at the window and sees schoolchildren passing by.

TREVOR
One last thing to do here in
Rochester before I leave. I'll make
it right by Ivanie.

HALL

Trevor rushes in, leaves his suitcase next to his Dad.

TREVOR
Be back in ten.

EXT. IVANIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Trevor walks toward the house, past the grave of Ivanie's brother.

He knocks on the door.

Ivanie opens. She sees Trevor and is about to shut the door in his face right away.

TREVOR

Wait. I'm sorry about your brother. It's a terrible tragedy. Just want to tell you that maybe he did it because he didn't have any friends. And, you were a good friend to me, Ivanie, thought I'd tell you that.

IVANIE

You know, Trevor, my brother's hair was all blue and purple. After he killed himself I dyed it, as well, to remember him by. Do you know what happened next?

Trevor shakes his head.

IVANIE

A group of kids knocked on my door to say how sorry they were. It was a Halloween night, so I gave them candy and listened to their sorries. The next morning the trees in our yard were decorated with toilet paper. All because of my weird hair.

TREVOR

And you're saying...?

IVANIE

I don't believe in a "sorry". Are you going to do something about Mrs. Granger or not?

TREVOR

I... I'm leaving tonight for the city.

IVANIE

Great, can't be any happier for you. Have a nice life.

Ivanie shuts the door.

For a moment Trevor just stands there. Then he turns toward the road and walks away.

EXT. UPSCALE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Trevor, all dressed up, backpack slings behind his shoulder eyes his old school.

The kids are composed, as usual, no running around. Impeccably dressed in fine designer clothes, leather messenger bags and nice shoes - no backpacks or sneakers.

The change is so obvious that Trevor stops and looks around. Someone bumps into him. It's the Kid with whom he has been sharing his desk at this school.

KID
Hey, you're back.

The Kid flashes his ankle watch at Trevor.

KID
Just in time to check this out.

TREVOR
I was absent for a month and you're boasting about your watch? How would you check the time on your ankle anyway?

The Kid shrugs and walks away.

Trevor sees his fanciful teacher, Mrs. Olivia. She stares into her phone and passes by Trevor without paying attention to him.

TREVOR
Morning, Mrs. Olivia.

Zero emotion shows on Mrs. Olivia's face. She doesn't stop for Trevor, just gives him a glance.

MRS. OLIVIA
I know you. You had to move away to a small village, right? How are you?

TREVOR
Town. It's called Rochester.

She gives him a sorry look, estimating his clothes and the nylon backpack he's carrying.

TREVOR (V.O.)
I remembered Mrs. Granger and how she chose Rochester over everything she knew before. At the moment I could relate.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Olivia's eyes are on his iPhone. He sees her iPhone - it's an iPhone 6 model.

INT. UPSCALE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM

Trevor occupies his old seat.

He ogles everyone around. The kids are immersed in their phones, and laptops. Mrs. Olivia is busy doing the same. Without breaking from whatever she's been doing:

MRS. OLIVIA

What was the homework for tonight?

The kids sound devoid of any expression:

KIDS

Percentages.

MRS. OLIVIA

If you have twenty shares of a total four hundred shares of a company, what percentage of the company you own?

The kids consult their calculators.

A KID

Five. You can push for your own chair on the board with that.

MRS. OLIVIA

That can't be right.

ANOTHER KID

Snap's female board member did.

Trevor fidgets in his seat. He checks out the time on his phone. His Psychologist peeks in.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I was happy to see my psychologist. She remembered me.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST

Trevor Cooper? I have you scheduled for ten.

Trevor rises. She notices his frown.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST

Did your friends greet you alright?

Trevor looks around at the kids. No one pays attention to either him or his Psychologist.

INT. UPSCALE SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Trevor follows the Psychologist to her office.

PSYCHOLOGIST

I bet it's different in Rochester.
Kids there must be much more alive.

TREVOR

So alive that one of them committed
suicide. Not that being real is a
bad thing.

PSYCHOLOGIST

People come with all kinds of issues.
It's better to distance yourself from
them. That's what I'm here for, to
teach you how to do that.

Trevor gets a revelation.

TREVOR

Right. Here we're like frozen inside.
No friends, no memory of friends, no
attachments, no running around.

The Psychologist nods.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST

Which is quite healthy and safe.

TREVOR

I'm sorry, I'll have to miss
today's session. Headache.

Trevor rushes back to the classroom.

INT. UPSCALE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM

Trevor walks to his seat.

And just as if to prove Trevor right, Mrs. Olivia, eyes in her phone, addresses him.

MRS. OLIVIA

What did you say your name was? I had a list here in my phone, but it's been playing tricks on me lately, and there's no way to remember all of you.

Trevor freezes for a moment as if struck by lightning.

TREVOR (V.O.)

And it dawned on me - I wouldn't be able to get through to them, ever.

He reaches for his iPhone 7 and darts to Mrs. Olivia.

TREVOR

Take it. Like forever. And let's hope you see the last of me.

He shoves the phone into her numb hand, turns away to leave then remembers something.

He turns to his classmates:

TREVOR

If you ever visit Rochester, don't try to fit in, just be yourself.

MRS. OLIVIA

(eyes wide open)

The little village, Rochester?

Trevor leaves in a haste.

INT. URBAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Trevor's parents listen to Trevor who--

Talks MOS something important to them - he wildly gesticulates and waits for answers after every sentence, expecting them to understand.

They clearly don't - both Mother and Dad just stare.

TREVOR (V.O.)

There was no way to get through to my parents either.

TREVOR (ALoud)

Believe me guys, we're poorer now than when we were in Rochester, not having any real friends and all.

The parents cringe their collective foreheads as they hear:

TREVOR
 Poor. Pouring. Purified.
 Poorifique. Poorless. Poor!

They exchange puzzled glances and shake their heads.
 Trevor sighs.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 I had nothing to do but trick them
 into sending me back.

TREVOR (ALoud)
 Her father is a janitor now when he
 used to own controlling interest in
 Manifest. Today, he's a regular
 Rochesterian and they are happier
 than ever. What I'm saying is - why
 don't you find something simple to
 do like a cashier at McDonald's.
 Or, hey, why not a janitor?

The Mothers and Dad's collective eyes widen in horror.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 That got me straight back to
 Rochester.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - TREVOR'S ROOM - DAY

Trevor dresses in front of a mirror. He pulls up a pair of
 fine trousers and slides into them. He checks himself in the
 mirror.

TREVOR
 (to himself)
 I don't blame them. Rochester
 messed me up, there was no reason
 for them to get infected as well.

Suddenly Trevor changes his mind. He takes off his pants,
 runs into the--

CLOSET

He rifles through his a stack of his pants. The ones he's
 looking for are nowhere to be seen.

TREVOR
 Hey, Grandma!

Grandma peeks in as if she was waiting behind doors.

GRANDMA
Yes, dear?

TREVOR
I'm looking for a special pair of pants. Not just regular black corduroy but a--

GRANDMA
I'm afraid we don't have anything of brand in this house, dear.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Trevor comes down the stairs, wearing the pair of black pants with the red kerchief hanging out of one of the pockets. He looks pretty stupid with the kerchief out, but he doesn't care.

The Grandma downstairs covers her mouth with both hands.

TREVOR
The brand is Target by the way.

EXT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - SCHOOL QUAD - DAY

Trevor nears the school building and looks around at running, playing and chatting kids.

He takes a deep breath of air.

TREVOR (V.O.)
I didn't know if they'd take me back, but this time I cared.

Ivanie walks by. Trevor hurries after her.

He grabs her shoulder.

TREVOR
Hey, Ivanie. Listen, this time I'm me. No stupid game of supers or anything.

Ivanie shrugs him off.

IVANIE
You cried the wolf, Trev.

She enters the school.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Buzzing kids fill the room.

Trevor shuffles in and walks to a spare seat next to Ivanie.

Ivanie doesn't seem to be happy about it but doesn't move away.

Bobby wobbles to his seat, sees Trevor.

BOBBY

Woah, lookie here, who's back.

Trevor addresses Ivanie.

TREVOR

Where's Mrs. Granger? I need to apologize to her for what I've done.

BOBBY

For God's sakes park it and shut up.

Margarita overhears them.

MARGARITA

Your little stunt caused Mrs. Granger her relationship, Trevor. Do you realize that?

Suddenly, Mrs. Granger appears behind them.

MRS. GRANGER

Kids, please. Thank you, Trevor, but I wish we forgot the subject. It's a torture for me to think I managed to bring the whole class into my life.

In a moment, she smiles warmly at Trevor.

MRS. GRANGER

Good to have you back though.

Trevor mouths "thank you".

Mrs. Granger walks to the front of the classroom and takes a place behind her desk.

MRS. GRANGER

May I remind you that the school wraps up the superhero theme tomorrow. We need to finalize our list. Unfortunately, we don't have much variety.

Mrs. Granger crosses toward the blackboard and writes: "Grade 4: Superheroes". She turns toward the class. Then she adds two bullets, reads out loud what she wrote:

MRS. GRANGER

One. "Charms and Wit super" by Trevor. Two. Suicide hero by Ivanie.

IVANIE

No suicide hero. I want to go with a guy who climbs the trees the fastest.

MRS. GRANGER

Great! So, what good will you bring to the world?

Ivanie keeps silent, shrugs clearly at the loss of words. The kids in class roll their eyes.

TREVOR

She'll save cats. And kittens.

MRS. GRANGER

Excellent.

Mrs. Granger writes on the board "Best tree climber & cat savior".

IVANIE

(in a whisper)

Margarita's skill is flying. If you told her about saving kittens you'd be a real wit and charm hero.

TREVOR

Na-ah, not working on that anymore.

Ivanie looks deep into Trevor's eyes and sees he's being honest.

TREVOR

And for what it's worth I really like your hair.

She rolls her eyes in disbelief.

TREVOR

Suicide hero was a pretty good idea by the way.

IVANIE

You may compliment me all you like
but the fact you played Mrs.
Granger still makes me want to
change my seat.

Trevor recoils at that. Ivania looks serious, she really means it.

Trevor turns to class, observes:

Mrs. Granger writes something on the blackboard, kids raise hands, she asks questions, kids answer one by one.

Trevor sees Bobby being Bobby - half-sitting on his chair, giving snide remarks to everything about, laughing.

Ivania breaks his thoughts:

IVANIE

If you pushed Margarita into falling
in love with Bobby you'd be a hero.

The thought is genius.

TREVOR

Neat thought! Why didn't you tell
me that before?

IVANIE

Well, I wasn't exactly helping you
with your crazy plans.

TREVOR

Right. The plans were good, the
intentions not so.

He watches Bobby and Margarita.

TREVOR

I wish Bobby let me help them.

IVANIE

Are you still at it?

TREVOR

This time I want to do it out of
pure kindness of my heart.

IVANIE

As a thank you for all the beating
Bobby gave you?

TREVOR

I made him do that, remember?

Trevor's eyes shine excited - he got a new plan.

IVANIE

If you tell Bobby you want to help him with Margarita he'll laugh in your face.

TREVOR

He's going to ask me for help. Just watch.

BACK TO CLASS DISCUSSION

Mrs. Granger addresses the class.

MRS. GRANGER

Any more thoughts about who you'll be? Margarita?

MARGARITA

I'd want to be able to fly.

MRS. GRANGER

That's an excellent skill. And what will you need it for?

Margarita shrugs.

Trevor turns toward Bobby.

TREVOR

Psst. Psst.

BOBBY

Didn't you have enough?

Trevor writes something on another piece of paper, rolls it into a ball and throws it at Bobby. Bobby catches it, reads the note. He seems surprised, but--

--speaks up, keeping his eyes on the paper.

BOBBY

Mrs. Granger, I think I heard from Margarita that she wants to save birdies when they fall out of their nests.

MRS. GRANGER

Is that right, Margarita? That's a wonderful idea. Thank you.

Mrs. Granger walks to the board, writes "Bird savior".

Margarita throws a look of appreciation to Bobby.

Trevor leans over to Ivanie.

TREVOR

Now he has to ask her out.

The bell rings. Bobby darts toward Trevor.

BOBBY

Hey, dude, thanks.

EXT. SCHOOL PREMISES - DAY

Trevor and Ivanie walk home.

They turn around, see Mrs. Granger.

She treads to her car, pensive. They wave to her, she doesn't notice.

IVANIE

No matter how much you avoid it,
you'll still have to undo your
wrong. And it's not Bobby I'm
talking about.

TREVOR (V.O.)

As much as I didn't want to
continue playing "Trevor" I knew I
had to help Mrs. Granger.

TREVOR

What shall I do? Nick is nowhere
around and even if he was I have no
idea how to bring them together.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - DAY

Ivanie leans to Trevor and whispers.

TREVOR (V.O.)

But Ivanie wouldn't let go.

IVANIE

I watch her house - Nick doesn't
come by anymore. You think he might
have left the town?

TREVOR (V.O.)

It would be awful if Nick went to travel without Mrs. Granger. What's worse, it felt like my fault.

TREVOR

Do you know where he lives?

IVANIE

Yes, but I will not take you there. We better start with something small. Talk to Mrs. Granger at first or something.

TREVOR

Do you want to help them or not?

Ivanie stares at Trevor for quite some time.

IVANIE

From the moment you entered the classroom I knew there stands trouble.

EXT. NICK'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Trevor and Ivanie snoop around the premises.

TREVOR

Does he work?

IVANIE

How would I know?

NICK (O.S.)

Are you by any chance looking for me?

Trevor and Ivanie turn around to see Nick standing behind them. Unshaven, his dirty shirt unbuttoned, eyes shine mean.

NICK

No one wants to talk to me these days. I'm kind of hoping you do.

They take a note of Nick's hands - he holds a piece of rope. Trevor and Ivanie observe it with fear.

Nick approaches the kids. They cringe their noses at the smell coming from him.

TREVOR

(to Ivanie, in a whisper)
Mrs. Granger once said Nick didn't love kids. I am hoping not to that extent.

TREVOR (ALoud)

We came to talk to you.

IVANIE

(apologetically)
He came to talk to you. I just happened to follow him.

They won't take their eyes away from the rope.

NICK

Do you have a pair of jumpers? My car wouldn't start. Oh, yeah, I forgot you're just a couple of stupid kids, snooping around. What are you here for anyway?

He throws away the rope.

NICK

Go on, start wining. I mean talking.

The kids sigh with relief seeing the rope go.

TREVOR (V.O.)

As I was thinking what to say I realized that if he wants to travel it's his business and I can't stick my nose into people's affairs like that.

Trevor shrugs.

TREVOR

Do you still have a note from my mom?

Nick reaches into his front pocket and flashes the note at Trevor.

NICK

I keep it for my memoirs.

TREVOR

All I want to say is... you're welcome to use it again if you like.

Nick thinks and nods.

NICK

Nah, that train has shipped. I mean sailed. The ship. Anyway, thanks. Is that it?

TREVOR

Are you leaving the town?

NICK

I'm thinking about it.

TREVOR

Okay.

Trevor turns around and walks away.

Ivanie shrugs and follows Trevor.

IVANIE

O-kay? What was that about?

Trevor doesn't stop.

TREVOR

We can't meddle in their lives.

IVANIE

You mean we leave it at that?

TREVOR

We already didn't, don't you see?

Silence hangs.

They walk home.

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CAFETERIA

Trevor approaches Ivanie's table, sets the tray down.

TREVOR (V.O.)

A couple of days passed but Nick failed to show up.

Ivanie pouts her lips, she's angry at Trevor.

TREVOR

I did everything in my power. All I can do now is to make it right by Bobby.

Bobby hears his name and turns his head.

BOBBY
What's that?

TREVOR
I know how to get Margarita. I mean
would you like me to give you tips?

BOBBY
Why? What would you do that for?

TREVOR
For the money. I'm kidding, it's
for extra karma points.
(in a whisper)
Not here.

Trevor winks to Ivania leads Bobby away.

LATER

INT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM

The bell for the recess rings. Ivania and Trevor exit the
classroom.

IVANIE
What do you have for Bobby?

Trevor reaches for his journal, opens and shows to Ivania:

INSERT "Famished, she'll cave in"

IVANIE
That sounds smart...

TREVOR
It means he'll starve her to weaken
her for a positive answer. But
first, our boy will get her a
flower. Only he needs to be really
original with that.

IVANIE
He doesn't have a flower.

EXT. ROCHESTER ELEMENTARY - SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Trevor and Ivania walk towards daffodil pots. Past Margarita
and her entourage, who buzz lively.

TREVOR

When you don't have something you
get it. That's a golden rule of a
go-getter.

Trevor smells the flowers, back turned to Ivanie.

Trevor turns around.

IVANIE

How on earth will you be original
with a daffodil?

INT. CAFETERIA

Trevor, journal in hands, sits with Bobby, explaining
something to him non-stop.

Ivanie occupies another table. She twists a finger at her
temple when sees that Trevor is watching.

Several tables away Margarita, tray in hands, joins her
girlfriends at lunch. Bobby stops talking to Trevor and
watches her for a while. Nervous. Not ready yet.

Finally, Bobby rises.

Bobby approaches Margarita. She and her friends immediately
stop talking.

BOBBY

Margarita, there's something I
always wanted to give you...

Bobby reaches inside his pants. Rummages.

The girls around Margarita EEWW and YUCK.

Bobby pulls out a daffodil.

He presents it to Margarita with a graceful bow, and thrusts
the flower into her numb hand.

Then clicks his heels a hundred and eighty degrees around.
Soldier cool.

TREVOR AND IVANIE'S TABLE

Trevor and Ivanie smile watching Bobby.

TREVOR

Original enough for you?

Trevor signal to Bobby to spin around and continue talking to Margarita.

IVANIE

Since when are you Bobby's wingman?

TREVOR

I feel bad for invading the thoughts of both of them, you know that.

Trevor reads his journal.

"VILLAINS" 1. Nick 2. Bobby 3. Margarita

Their bad deeds are written in small letters under each name.

He crosses out the whole page. Ivanie points at Nick.

IVANIE

Still, you can't leave it undone.

TREVOR

It's not a game anymore, you know that.

IVANIE

Too bad. I thought you were real.

TREVOR

You thought I was egotistic.

IVANIE

That too, whatever it means. The ideal would be fun Trevor with a good soul that didn't think his designer clothes were the armpit of the world.

She turns the paper in his notebook, points at "famished she'll cave in".

IVANIE

How will that happen?

BOBBY AND MARGARITA

Bobby spins around and again approaches Margarita.

She pretends not to notice anything.

In fast motion, Bobby does the unexpected - he grabs the main course from Margarita's tray and crams into his mouth.

He chews super fast, washing it down with her milk.

Margarita can't believe her eyes.

She rises, lips seriously thinned.

MARGARITA

Okay, Bobby. I'll be waiting for
you in the classroom. Let's talk.

She stomps out.

Bobby follows her out, frowning. Uneasy. He looks at Trevor
on the way.

TREVOR AND IVANIE

Trevor gives him an encouraging nod.

IVANIE

What can they talk about?

He closes his eyes and breathes, in and out, in and out -
some kind of yoga technique.

IVANIE

Are you using telepathy to make
them fall for each other?

LATER

Trevor and Ivanie finish their lunches.

Bobby and Margarita return. They are not together, but she
gives Bobby a smile as he goes to his table.

Bobby passes by Trevor and hits his shoulder in deep
appreciation. It hurts.

TREVOR

I prefer you didn't do that.

BOBBY

Get used to it. You're officially
my friend now.

Bobby shows them a piece of paper with Margarita's phone
number. Ivanie shrugs

IVANIE

It's in the school phone book if
you must know.

Bobby gives her a mad look, and Trevor fast diverts Bobby's attention to another subject.

TREVOR

Did you ask her to the movies?

BOBBY

She said yes but with a cheapie, chappe something... chaperone. Will you be that for us?

TREVOR

A chaperone is someone over eighteen years of age. Possibly your mother.

BOBBY

Oh, Ok, I'll sleep on it.

Bobby leaves Trevor and Ivania alone.

IVANIE

The guy doesn't know what a chaperone is and he still managed to ask her out. Wow.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Mrs. Granger commands the room.

Trevor shows something to Ivania in his journal.

Mrs. Granger walks over and knocks on their table demanding attention.

MRS. GRANGER

Have you heard what I just said? Our class didn't come the last in the Game of Supers, which is great.

TREVOR

Who won?

MRS. GRANGER

Mrs. Palin's class. They came up with the Fastest Cleaner, a guy who cleans the fastest, and the Sleep Helper - a guy who helps others to fall asleep fast. These two won them the vote I guess.

TREVOR
 Sleeping peels and a vacuum
 cleaner?

KID 1
 Boo Mrs. Palin's class.

KID 2
 We have that at home.

MRS. GRANGER
 Actually Trevor your pick "Suicide
 Hero" almost had us at the first
 place.

Ivanie can't understand.

MRS. GRANGER
 Trevor gave up his "Charms and Wits
 Man" for Ivanie's "Suicide Hero".

The door to the class opens. A pizza guy barges in. He
 carries in five boxes of pizza that block his face.

MRS. GRANGER
 The second place bought us lunch.
 How awesome is that! Let's thank
 Ivanie for the neat thought and
 Trevor for supporting his friend.

The pizza guy puts the boxes down on a desk, everyone sees
 his face. It's Nick. Mrs. Granger's mouth opens wide.

He casually distributes pieces to children. Mrs. Granger stares.

NICK
 Hi, Diane. How have you been?

Mrs. Granger gets a hold of herself and hurries toward him.

MRS. GRANGER
 Let's talk outside the classroom,
 Nick. Please.

NICK
 Nope, I have a job to do.
 (to a kid)
 Would you help me with that?

The kid starts distributing the pizza. Trevor and Ivanie
 exchange glances.

TREVOR
(in a whisper, proud)
He sounds mean.

Nick has an aura of impudence around him this time.

MRS. GRANGER
How did you know we won and stuff?

NICK
I infiltrated your ranks, Mrs.
Granger.

The kids laugh.

KIDS
He's friends with Trevor, that's how.

Mrs. Granger tightens her lips, glares at Nick.

NICK
I'm planning to leave Rochester,
Diane and it kills me to know we
are not doing it together. What do
you say?

MRS. GRANGER
We've been through it, Nick,
please. Don't make me say it again
in front of the class.

Nick studies her face - she really means it.

He slumps. Shrugs. Takes a big slice of pizza, turns toward
the door.

Trevor rises.

TREVOR
Wait. Where are you going?

NICK
You've heard the woman - she won't
talk to me.

TREVOR
So what? You talk to her.

Nick shakes his head. He walks toward the door.

TREVOR
You love each other, remember?

Nick doesn't stop.

Trevor takes a stance and clears his throat.

TREVOR

Mrs. Granger is a nice person. She loves kids. If she cares for us so much she most probably wants kids in her life, too. Don't waste that wish. Don't go traveling. Don't go looking for another wife, you may stumble upon someone who wants restaurants and money. Or you can search other schools for your soulmate. The ones where everyone thinks about the way they dress and assess each other on the merits of a watch they have on their wrist. Find yourself a teacher like that and let's see if you are happy with her.

Nick's eyes open wide.

Mrs. Granger sits befuddled.

NICK

...the boy must be right.

Nick walks out.

Mrs. Granger's chin trembles. She cradles her head in her hands.

TREVOR

Don't cry, Mrs. Granger.

MRS. GRANGER

I'm not. Trevor, thank you, you did all you could, now go back to your seat, please. We actually had a bit of a closure, I'm truly happy that finally happened.

Slumping, Trevor walks to his desk.

IVANIE

Where did that crap about having kids come from?

Trevor shakes his head, utterly upset.

Mrs. Granger makes an effort to rise.

MRS. GRANGER

I want to apologize for Nick and myself. Now, let us go on with the lesson...

The door opens and Nick bursts in. He hides something in the hand that he holds behind.

NICK

Hey, Diane. I thought about it--

MRS. GRANGER

For the full two minutes?

NICK

Three. Well... weeks, Diane. And a couple of years before that. I'm here to propose to you if you must know, but you keep sending me away.

MRS. GRANGER

That was a proposal?

He extends her a couple of sadly looking garden flowers.

NICK

See, I'm risking a lot for you, that should tell you about my true feelings.

Trevor gives a knowing wink to Ivanie:

TREVOR

Go-getter.

(to Mrs. Granger, loudly)

He's got a point there, Mrs. Granger.

Mrs. Granger takes the flowers.

NICK

Smell them.

Mrs. Granger brings them close to her nose, sees a diamond ring inside.

MRS. GRANGER

Are you? Really.

Nick nods.

NICK

And, hey, if having kids implies raising someone like him (he points at Trevor) I'm totally up for it.

KIDS

(sotto)

Mrs. Granger is getting married.

Mrs. Granger peers into Nick's eyes. He looks sincere.

Unable to hold off any longer, she smiles at Nick.

MRS. GRANGER

Go home, Nick, please. We will talk about it later today.

NICK

And tomorrow?

MRS. GRANGER

Maybe even the day after tomorrow.

And by the gentle smile that spread on her face, we know that she finally accepts Nick.

Nick does a thumbs up. He turns around, skips toward the door, blows her a kiss and leaves.

MRS. GRANGER

Well, Trevor, that charm and wit of yours definitely started working. You certainly brought out the best in Nick.

Trevor grins.

TREVOR (V.O.)

How did I know about the second place and the pizza? Come on, my mother is on the first name basis with Mrs. Granger. And... Nick begged me to do something. "Another try wouldn't kill anyone" - he said. And it clearly didn't.

He takes his pen, opens up his notebook, and starts the Villain list again. He writes:

INSERT "The Villains - #1 Nick, #2 Bobby, #3 Margarita"

He crosses out Nick right away.

He watches Bobby and Margarita, and crosses out them as well.

TREVOR

(to Ivanie)

Happy people can't be mean.

Ivanie nods.

EXT. SCHOOL PREMISES - DAY

Mrs. Granger talks to Nick.

They kiss each other on the cheek and part.

TREVOR (V.O.)

It's not what you think - these two
did not end up together.

Nick remembers something, runs after Mrs. Granger, retrieves a package out of his pocket and hands it to her.

Then, they go separate ways.

TREVOR (V.O.)

They are on best of terms - she
even asked him to pick a present
for her new boyfriend.

A Guy pulls over. Mrs. Granger runs up to him, kisses him on the lips.

TREVOR (V.O.)

His name is Rob. I suppose he wants
kids and a quiet life in Rochester.

TREVOR AND IVANIE

They watch the scene. Ivanie bulges her lips - she's not happy about that development.

Trevor looks in Nick's direction. They wave to him.

Nick waves back and walks away.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Nick decided to travel and Mrs.
Granger eventually said no to that.
She told me he wasn't at fault,
they are just too different. I
don't get it - I'm different to the
folks out here in Rochester, too.

He shrugs.

TREVOR (V.O.)

But we get along fine.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Some girl practices her ballet moves.

Margarita chats with girls.

Bobby looks longingly at her from afar.

Ivanie chases a squirrel.

EXT. SCHOOL QUAD - DAY

Ivanie chases a squirrel.

Trevor - a journal and a pencil in hands - he was writing.

He watches Ivanie and smiles.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Well, maybe I'm not too different
from them after all.

Trevor runs toward Ivanie.

He starts chasing a squirrel with her.

He stops for a moment to write something down in his journal.

But Ivanie doesn't think Trevor is doing anything out of
order - not for once.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Now, you may think I should try to
woo Ivanie. Well, I must be careful
with her. She didn't like my hair
compliment. And, I can't rename her
because come on, she's got the
perfect name. So... a well organized
plan is in order, but believe me, I
won't be long with it.

FADE OUT.