

CELLULOID

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL BUS - MOVING - DAY

Full of junior high students, rowdy. A clique of boys belt out their travelling tune.

STUDENTS

*Hail to the bus driver, bus driver,
bus driver... he drinks, and he
cusses, and stinks up the busses.
O! hail to the bus driver, bus
driver, man!*

The teacher, MR TODD (30), a younger, disheveled version of Gabe Kaplan, bobs around in a lone front seat, catatonic.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The bus slows and turns onto a side-road. An interstate sign reads: "WELCOME TO BIG SLED RUNWAY"

EXT. BIG SLED RUNWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The bus pulls to a stop in an open park area. The kids pile out and make their way to the --

COMMON AREA

Picnic tables, public washrooms.

They all group together as they greet a park employee, MR. CHO (20), hyper and happy. Everyone is too excited to settle down.

MR CHO

We're good? Okay. Hello everyone!
I'm Mr. Cho. Welcome to Big Sled
Runway, on this sunny summer
morning!

He claps erratically, alone.

MR CHO

OK, lively bunch. First off, can
anyone tell me how this huuuuuge
man-made hill got here?

MINDY (14), know it all, puts her hand up.

MINDY

My friend's older brother said that aliens made it thousands of years ago.

Some GEEKY BOY (15), destroys her narrative.

GEEKY BOY

Nuh-uh. My Grandpa told me that the military was doing experiments on mutants in underground bunkers, and the Russians didn't like it, so they blew that shit up.

MR TODD

(reserved)

Language.

MINDY

It is so true! My friend's older brother wants to be a doctor and said he isn't allowed to lie, because he signed the hypocritical oath!

MR CHO

Wow, ha-ha, interesting, but -- no. Like I said before; it's man-made, actually. By machines.

Mindy puts her hand up again.

MR TODD

Mindy, let him finish.

MR CHO

Right, so, what appears to be a freak of natural selection among ignominious mountain ranges, is actually nothing more than a haphazard creation by Parks and Recreation to construct a really big sled-run that's really only usable during the winter months, and, might I add... pay someone minimum wage to talk about it.

MR TODD

(lamented)

Just... wow.

Mindy waves erratically.

MR CHO
Who wants to climb it?

Like crazies, they all take off towards the sled-run. Cho is almost trampled by the herd.

EXT. BIG SLED RUNWAY - OUTLOOK - MOMENTS LATER

Several trails lead up to a clearing that overlooks the entire area. As the kids come about, they whoop and holler.

Mr. Todd makes his way up behind them with a bunch of papers and pencils.

MR TODD
OK, hey... everyone! Come get your nature hike sheet.

The kids mob him. A lanky boy, DAVID (14), chimes in.

DAVID
Why didn't the whole school come?

MR TODD
Yearbook Committee only, David. We talked about this... profusely.

He addresses everyone else.

MR TODD
Which reminds me. Where are my cameras? I should have six cameras taking yearbook photos.

Several kids hold up 35mm pocket cams.

MR TODD
OK, good. Go get some pictures!

They scatter like roaches as Mr. Todd calls out.

MR TODD
Zoom is your friend! If you need me, I'll be at the rest area!
(mumbles)
... washing down a line of cocaine with bourbon.

EXT. COMMON AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Todd makes his way across the park area towards the picnic tables. He comes up on the school librarian, MRS. GRANGER (30), sitting alone.

MR TODD
Hey.

MRS GRANGER
Hey.

MR TODD
Field trip duty?

MRS GRANGER
Yeah, the BCC.

MR TODD
The what?

MRS GRANGER
Butterfly Catcher Club.

MR TODD
Oh, right.

MRS GRANGER
You?

MR TODD
Yearbook.

MRS GRANGER
Okay, okay... yeah.

A long beat of awkward silence.

MR TODD
Wanna get high?

MRS GRANGER
Yeah.

INT. PUBLIC WASHROOM - STALL - MOMENTS LATER

Mr Todd sits bare ass on the toilet, he's got his pants down around his ankles as Mrs Granger rides him like a pony.

He powders her tits with cocaine from a vile -- SNORT!

MRS GRANGER
Oh, shit, yeah! I love field trips,
whoooo!

MR TODD

I can't feel my face, man! I can't
feel my fuckin' face!

She grinds harder.

MRS GRANGER

No? You feel that, big boy?! Huh?!

A few more lewd moments before we slowly PAN UP to reveal...
a small open window egress above the stall.

A 35mm camera comes into view, aims, and fires with a quick
multi-burst capture -- SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

Then -- just as quick, disappears.

EXT. PUBLIC WASHROOM - REAR - CONTINUOUS

A bench is propped near the window, but no one's there.

Only a crescendo of nasty GRUNTS and GROANS as we --

SMASH CUT TO AN
INSINUATIVE PG:
13 MONEYSHOT:

EXT. FOREST - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A DOUBLE BARREL rifle rings out -- BLAM! BLAM!

A huge flock of birds are startled to flight.

EXT. KUMONCH INN - NIGHT

A derelict motel on the edge of town. A neon sign flashes:

FREE XXX MOVIES

EXT. KUMONCH INN - ROOM 66 - CONTINUOUS

The curtains are drawn. The place looks void.

INT. KUMONCH INN - ROOM 66 - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bathtub has been converted to a photo chemical bath.

Under a deep red light, a shadowy figure scans film
negatives.

BATH: move in slowly as an image develops. It's somewhat blurry, but, there's the distinctive aerial capture of the cocaine fueled toilet-stall escapade.

The photo is removed and hung on a wire to aerate as --

A SLEAZEBALL voice, à la Pennywise, whispers in the shadows.

SLEAZEBALL

(sing song)

Snort! snort! Sneaky, sneaky, so
freaky deaky. You like 'em powdered
titties, Georgie, huh...? Pervert!

INT. SCHOOL - MEDIA LAB - DAY

A classroom dedicated to school media activities. Mr. Todd, alone, posts the field-trip photos on a corkboard as --

KNOCK KNOCK -- A FEDEX DRIVER is at the door.

FEDEX DRIVER

The front office said I could find
a George Todd here?

MR TODD

Yeah, that's me. You could have
left it with them.

FEDEX DRIVER

I could have, yeah, but this here
envelope says 'Urgent', and it's my
ass if you don't sign for it.

He saunters over and signs for the package.

FEDEX DRIVER

Have a good one.

MR TODD

FYI, "have a nice day" sounds more
sincere.

The Driver is already halfway down the hall.

MR TODD

Pffft, millennials. Okay, what'd we
got here that's so damn urgent?

He tears open the envelope, pulls out some photos, and pretty much craps a cannoli on the spot.

MR TODD

Fuck.

INT. SCHOOL - LIBRARY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The candid toilet stall photos are laid out on a desk as Mr. Todd and Mrs. Granger whisper in secrecy.

She reads aloud from a note --

MRS GRANGER

"Transfer ten thousand dollars via e-transfer to the email address below before the end of the day, or I tell the principal. No cops, no funny stuf... I hate funny stuf!"

(beat)

He spelt 'stuff' wrong.

MR TODD

Sick bastard.

MRS GRANGER

Do you think it's one of the kids? I mean, they all had cameras that day... a prank? Who says; "I'll go to the principal"? Sounds like a conditioned response when having your ass handed to you, no?

MR TODD

I highly doubt it. Besides, only six of 'em had cameras, and none of those kids have the cognitive skills for something as complex as blackmail. No, this is definitely someone else, this is --

He suddenly recalls something. Thinks it through a moment.

MR TODD

Come with me.

INT. SCHOOL - MEDIA LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Back at the corkboard, Mr. Todd furiously scans all the photos he posted earlier from the field-trip.

MRS GRANGER

What?! What are you looking for?

MR TODD

There was a bunch of photos the kids took at lunch near the picnic tables and parking lot, and I thought I saw -- ah, here it is!

He pulls a photo from the board.

MR TODD

Look, here... see it?!

INSERT PHOTO: picture of parking lot. Several cars, school buses, and... a white van. Signage on side of van reads:

SHAKES THE CLOWN - FUN PARTY SHOWS AND STUF! 555-1234

MRS GRANGER

S-T-U-F -- that's the dumbass!
We're being blackmailed by an illiterate clown?!

MR TODD

Un-be-leeev-able!

MRS GRANGER

What'we do?

He picks up the phone, starts to dial.

MR TODD

What'we do? I tell you what we do.
We hire this fruitcake for a motherfucking birthday party.
That's what we do!

MRS GRANGER

Huh?

EXT. KUMONCH INN - ROOM 65 - NIGHT

A crude, crayon scribbled sign taped to the door reads:

BIRTHDAY PARTY IN HERE!

INT. KUMONCH INN - ROOM 65 - CONTINUOUS

Only a single lamp illuminates this dingy space.

KNOCK KNOCK -- Someone's at the door.

Mr. Todd quickly opens it to greet a nightmarish looking SHAKES THE CLOWN (40s).

SHAKES THE CLOWN
Hi! I'm Shakes the --!

Mr. Todd quickly grabs him and pulls him into the room.

MR TODD
C'mere, you piece of shit!

Mrs. Granger comes from behind the door and drives the claw-end of a hammer into his skull.

Shakes drops like a sack of shit... dead.

MRS GRANGER
Oh no! I think I killed him!

MR TODD
Of course you killed him! You hit him with the God-damn claw part, what'd you think was gonna happen!?

MRS GRANGER
Oh, shit! I just wanted to talk... what've do now?

MR TODD
What've do now? I tell what we do now. We're gonna go on a motherfucking field-trip. That's what we're gonna do now!

MRS GRANGER
Huh?

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Shakes The Clown's van slows and turns onto a side-road. An interstate sign reads: "WELCOME TO BIG SLED RUNWAY"

EXT. BIG SLED RUNWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The van pulls to a stop in an open park area.

Mr. Todd and Mrs. Granger both exit, pull open the back doors, and haul Shakes' shower curtain wrapped body from the cargo hold onto the gravel -- THUD!

They each grab a spade shovel, then, drag the body into the shadows.

EXT. BIG SLED RUNWAY - OUTLOOK - LATER

The sun is coming up as they finish patting the dirt on a mound of soil. A big obvious as fuck outline of a makeshift grave stares them both in the face.

MR TODD

There. That oughta do it.

MRS GRANGER

You think it's deep enough?

MR TODD

(reserved)

Mm-hmm.

A long beat of awkward silence.

MR TODD

Wanna get high?

MRS GRANGER

Yeah.

INT. PUBLIC WASHROOM - STALL - MOMENTS LATER

Mr Todd sits bare ass on the toilet, he's got his pants down around his ankles as Mrs Granger rides him like a pony.

He powders her tits with cocaine from a vile -- SNORT!

MRS GRANGER

Don't know how you can afford all that coke on a teachers' salary, baby, and I don't care. Just gimme some more of that primo sugar-smack! Whooo!

MR TODD

Well, it ain't large, but it ain't minimum wage either, toots!

He groans, closes his eyes, and tilts his head back as we --

Quickly PAN UP to reveal... a small open window egress above the stall, and, a 35mm camera pointed right at his face --

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

FADE TO BLACK.