

GYM COACHES BLOW

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SEWER SYSTEM - NIGHT

A group of four grown men carry flashlights, and traverse a dark, cramped tunnel below the street. They wade through knee-deep, dirty water.

The rag-tag team of adults consists of:

PETER, the leader.

PETER

What's our location, Charles?

CHARLES, the brainiac.

CHARLES

Well. According to the map. I think we're lost.

PETER

Oh great! Are you telling me you can't decipher a map you drew when you were ten?!

CHARLES

Well-- Well-- Well-- It's like this-- I thought that-- It's all a matter of-- Sorry, Peter.

PETER

I-- I-- I-- I thought nerds were supposed to be smart!

IAN, the stoner.

IAN

How much further?! I'm hungry!

PETER

Of course you are, Ian. You dope fiend!

EUNICE, that one Black friend.

PETER (CONT'D)

Eunice, you've been awfully quiet. Do you have anything to add?

Eunice opens his mouth to speak.

PETER (CONT'D)

Wait! I think we're close. See that crap there? That's the same piece of crap I saw thirty-five years ago. To this day.

CHARLES

Are you sure?!

IAN

Oh man! Why do I have the feeling my mind's about to be blown?

PETER

Yes. That's the one. Or, should I say? Two.

INT. SEWER SYSTEM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Ten year old versions of Peter, Charles, Ian, and Eunice guide their gym teacher, COACH DOBBS, through a tunnel.

The coach struggles to carry a basketball, a hockey stick, and a baseball and bat.

The four friends and the eager teacher reach a dead end.

COACH DOBBS

Here. Hold these.

The gym coach hands the sports equipment off to Charles, Ian, and Eunice.

Dobbs slowly steps towards the wall, then feels and pushes against it with his hands.

COACH DOBBS (CONT'D)

It's a dead end. What's the meaning of this?! You scrawny weaklings told me the ghosts of three sports legends presented themselves to you while you were playing pretend plumbers! That the only reason their souls haven't lifted up to Heaven is because they first needed to sign their autographs for me. Did you kids lie to me?!

A loud gunshot rings out. Coach Dobbs quickly spins around. Peter lowers a pistol, and aims it right at his P.E. teacher.

The four children each let go of a whistle, that hangs by their fingers from a drawstring.

PETER

We've had enough of your favoritism. You're going to eat these whistles, coach, or die trying.

COACH DOBBS

Are you insane?! No man could eat that many whistles!

PETER

Well, just think. You might be the first to do so. Who knows? Maybe they'll make a sport out of it.

COACH DOBBS

Okay. I'll do it. For sports.

INT. SEWER SYSTEM - NIGHT

The four estranged friends stand over the gruesome dead body of their old elementary gym coach.

Ian approaches the dead body, opens its mouth, then sticks his hand into the opening and reaches around. When he can't feel anything he shoves almost his whole arm inside.

IAN

Nothing yet.

Peter is in deep concentration, when Charles confronts him.

CHARLES

What's on your mind, Peter?

Peter lets out a loud sigh.

PETER

There are many things I regret doing in my life. Though my greatest regret of all is putting that whistle up my butt before feeding it to coach.

CHARLES

There's no way you could have known the whistles could be traced back to us. We were just kids back then.

IAN

I think I feel them!

Ian quickly pulls his arm out from inside of coach, and clutched in his hand is one of Dobbs's organs.

PETER (O.S.)

You idiot! That's his kidney!

Peter, Charles, Ian, and Eunice all hear the voice of their old teacher.

COACH DOBBS

Finally, I shall have my revenge!

IAN

Oh yeah? I remember I used to be scared of ghosts. Before seeing a little movie called 'Ghostbusters'. Maybe you heard of it!

COACH DOBBS

Yes, I'm dead. Although, luckily for me the sewer supplies a steady stream of unwanted children. Once the first wicker basket entered my domain, I knew the baby inside would help me achieve my revenge!

CHARLES

That's not possible. You're nothing more than a spectre. How can a ghost father children?!

COACH DOBBS

Fools! Obviously you've never heard of a little movie called 'Ghost Dad'.

Behind Charles, from out of the water rises the first of Dobbs's children. Charles senses the abomination, and quickly spins around.

The grown-up sewer baby is covered in warts, and has a green, slimy skin condition. He holds a basketball, and is dressed in shorts and a custom basketball jersey, with a big number '2' on his back, above it reads 'SEWER SON #1'.

Coach Dobbs's illegitimate offspring jumps very high into the air, does some aerial spins, before performing a backwards slam-dunk into the head of Charles.

Charles is crushed under the force of the ball, until he is almost flat as a pancake, and what's left of him floats up to the water's surface.

PETER
Charles!

IAN
Charles!

Next, a steady stream of hockey pucks are fired at Eunice from a connecting tunnel. Blood dramatically shoots out from wherever he is struck, and his body flails and contorts with each blast of round, orange plastic.

After being shot at with pucks about fifteen times in slow-motion, Eunice drops dead, causing a big splash.

PETER (CONT'D)
Eunice!

IAN (CONT'D)
Eunice!

Ian finally lets go of Dobbs's kidney, rushes over to his deceased friend, pulls him up out of the water, and cradles him in his arms.

IAN (CONT'D)
Eunice. You can't die. Anybody but
Eunice! Why, God?! Why him?!

A loud crack of a baseball bat striking a ball rings out.

Ian turns and looks at where the sound came from.

A baseball hits Ian's face with such force that it knocks his block off. Ian's head dangles down his back, held in place by his torn neck.

IAN (CONT'D)
Whoa. Not cool.

Ian dies, and his and Eunice's bodies fall and float there in the sewage.

PETER
Ian!

Peter backs away slowly, then stops to gather his bearings. His back is to a separate darkened tunnel that slimy sewer water trickles out of.

From inside the tunnel, out of the darkness, one of Coach Dobbs's sons rears his big, ugly rear-end right beside Peter's head. Between his cheeks, rests a red whistle.

The sewer son farts. The whistle blows softly.

Peter screams at the top of lungs.

FADE OUT.