

IT'S A WEIRD ADOLESCENCE

by

Two Intoxicated People on a Couch

Based on the Twilight Zone Episode 'It's a Good Life'

He's such a nice young man

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EXT. TOWN OF PEAKSVILLE, OHIO - NEAR A CORNFIELD - MORNING

SLOWLY FADE UP ON: a VAST, seemingly endless CORNFIELD -- Stretching as far as the eye can see. It's peaceful, quiet.

But somehow, as we move in closer on the field, a strange dread begins to build...*MUSIC MIGHT SWELL*...But before all that -- *SOMETHING WHIPS PAST OUR FIELD OF VIEW -- a BICYCLE.*

And riding on top, past the field of endless corn, is the "hero" of our story -- **ANTHONY FREEMONT** (16), a short, meek-looking kid with a bit of a babyface. He seems nice enough.

He whizzes by on this long rural road, backpack strapped to his shoulders, readjusting his glasses so they don't fall off. As he continues to gain speed, going *FASTER and FASTER* --

His bike hits a bump in the road -- And the bike goes end-over-end -- *FALLING -- AND CRASHING INTO THE OLD ASPHALT --*

Along with Anthony, who hits the ground hard, and with an audible *SNAP!*

Seconds later, we watch as the toppled over bicycle wheel slows it's spinning to a stop. Then, we find Anthony again.

He's on the ground, bleeding, clutching his arm in pain. His glasses lie broken on the ground. Anthony just winces, almost crying from the amount of pain. He's not used to this at all.

Slowly, Anthony lifts his shirt sleeve of his pained arm to reveal: *It is so fucking broken*. No bones sticking out, but it's definitely misshapen enough to make someone nauseous...

At the sight of this, Anthony begins to cry out for help --

ANTHONY

AHHH! HELP! PLLEEEESSSEE!!! HELP!

I-I -- I BROKE MY ARM -- HELP!

PLEASE!!! Please, please, please...

No answer. He's basically out in the middle of nowhere, so thought of some sort of rescue is pretty unlikely out here.

Anthony winces again, *adrenaline draining from his body* -- He looks down at his arm again -- Yep, *still broken* -- But wait a second -- What's happening to it? Is it...*fixing itself?*

IT IS! As Anthony stares at it more and more, seemingly as taken aback by this as we are -- The broken bone begins to SET ITSELF -- And soon enough, it looks as if nothing had ever happened to it. And all Anthony can do is just stare...

Slowly, Anthony manages to stand up and look over himself -- He's absolutely fine. And now that he stands up, he notices --

HIS BIKE IS NOW FIXED TOO!

It's propped up and waiting for him. Anthony, confused and slightly scared, is speechless as he surveys what should be the damages. But there's nothing. And off his own confusion:

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
*What the fff...What the...**WHAT THE
 FUCK!!!?***

SLAM TO TITLE:
**IT'S A WEIRD
 ADOLESCENCE**

EXT. TOWN OF PEAKSVILLE, OHIO - MOMENTS LATER

ARIAL VIEW of this old, quaint little town right in the middle of a bunch of farmland and cornfields. We move in...

CLOSE ON A SIGN: WELCOME TO PEAKSVILLE! POP. 3,456

Just then, we see Anthony peddling his way back into town...

INT. PEAKSVILLE HIGH - HALLWAY - LATER THAT DAY

CROWDED HALLS FILLED WITH STUDENTS, and right in the middle of it: Anthony, walking mostly by himself. A clear loner.

That's when, as we track with him through the halls, SOMEONE SHOVES Anthony into a NEARBY ROW OF LOCKERS and RUNS OFF, their LAUGHTER echoing through the halls as Anthony shakes it off. Just a every day occurrence for him. He then steps into:

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Anthony sits all by his lonesome in the back of the class. His HISTORY TEACHER, **MR. STERLING** (*You get the joke*), holds the classes attention as he goes about his History lecture.

On the white board, the words:

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR - (1861-1864)

Mr. Sterling points to those words and asks a question:

MR. STERLING

Now, Class, I'm sure you've seen the words before -- It's the American Civil War for crying out loud -- Every American should know about this...but to prove if you guys are who you say you are -- Hopefully known of you are spies...

This gets a bit of a laugh from the Class.

MR. STERLING (CONT'D)

No, no, I'm kidding...why I'm showing you this is because I want you guys to point out what exactly is wrong with these words...got it?

There's a brief silence.

MR. STERLING (CONT'D)

Nobody know? Really? You guys are Americans, right? I'm not wrong?
(beat)
C'mon, *nobody know??*

From the back of the class:

ANTHONY

The date is wrong, sir.

MR. STERLING

What? Who said that?

ANTHONY

I, uh...I did. I did, Mr. Sterling.

Mr. Sterling looks to the back of the class and spots Anthony.

MR. STERLING

Well, Mr. Freemont -- *You are correct*. What's wrong about the date?

ANTHONY

It's, uh...it's 65, not --

MR. STERLING

What? Speak up, dude. Let's the whole class hear you, please.

ANTHONY

It's 1865 -- Not 1864. It ended in 1865.

Mr. Sterling smiles, finally getting Anthony to speak up.

MR. STERLING
Correct. Thank you, Mr. Freemont.
Let's keep it up.

As Mr. Sterling continues his lecture, we watch as Anthony's eyes gaze over to a GIRL -- HARPER THOMPSON (16) -- Who's sitting at a nearby desk. We can feel the attraction in the air. Though, it may only be coming from Anthony. Oh well.

But then something weird happens.

Anthony winces and grabs his temples as an ONSLAUGHT OF VOICES RING OUT -- Mixing and matching -- Incomprehensible at first...but after a moment of Anthony in pain, we REALIZE...

ANTHONY CAN HEAR EVERYONE'S THOUGHTS!

But it's too much for him, and Anthony FALLS out of his seat and onto the ground -- Covering his ears and CRYING OUT FOR HELP.

Mr. Sterling turns his head to see this -- Races over to Anthony's side -- Trying to find what's wrong --

MR. STERLING (CONT'D)
Anthony? Anthony? What's wrong?
What's happening? Are you okay?

By now, a crowd has formed around the composing Anthony, who's screaming out IN PAIN. All the voice in his head are yelling -- HIGH-PITCHED WINES -- ALL BUILDING, ADDING UP, UNTIL --

KAAABBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOM!

Everyone in the class is *FLUNG BACKWARDS* -- *SOME SMASHING INTO THE WALLS* -- *BONES BREAKING.*

Mr. Sterling is LAUNCHED INTO THE WHITEBOARD -- SPINE CRACKS -- Then, SUDDENLY -- *HE DISSAPPEARS!*

In fact, this isn't some weird energy explosion...this looks more like an *ACID-TRIP.*

No joke, some Students DISAPPEAR, other are WARPED/STRETCHED BEYOND RECOGNITION -- ALL ARE SCREAMING IN PAIN -- One KID VOMITS up a JACK-IN-THE-BOX, along with a TON OF BLOOD --

This shit is crazy. Students are RIPPED APART, TURNED INTO ANIMALS, FADE OUT OF EXESTENSE -- You name it...

Well, except Harper, who's standing in the middle of the room -- Completely unscathed. She looks around in horror as her class is mutilated in front of her. That's when we notice...

Anthony standing up. He looks around at what he's done -- In shock. Then, he meets Harper's gaze. Both equally terrified.

But as chaos erupts around them and Anthony keeps looking at Harper, we HARD CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY, WIDE OPEN FIELD. CONTINUOUS

Sudden and jarring silence. A gentle wind blows through the air.

Here, standing in the field, we find Anthony and Harper again. Still standing in the position they were before. Like nothing had happened.

They catch their breath for a moment. *So so so so so confused.*

Then, as Harper looks like she might scream:

HARPER

What...what just happened? Where's the...where is the school?

Anthony is speechless for a moment.

ANTHONY

I...I, uh...I think I wished it away.

HARPER

...YOU WHAT?

ANTHONY

I'm not really sure --

HARPER

THEN WHERE IS IT?

ANTHONY

I don't know...!

There's a silent beat. And strangely, Anthony smiles at Harper.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

...Hi.

There's another silent beat. We watch as Anthony and Harper just stand there. Unsure of what to do next. FADE TO BLACK.