

THE LUNCHROOM

Episode 5x17

"I Don't Mind If You Forget Me"
(Secret Origins Part II)

Written by
Bruce Snyder

Executive Producers
Bruce Snyder
Vincent Biga

Story Editor
Rebecca Parker

Series Created by
Bruce Snyder

(C) Copyright Bruce Snyder.
This screenplay is copyrighted
to its author. All rights
reserved.

TEASER

BLACKNESS.

The cooling rhythm of "Carry On My Wayward Son" by Kansas begins to play.

QUICK FLASHES - We see a series of shots from the previous episode: Young WILL COOPER and BRAD HOLT hanging out; their "break-up"; Brad pouring the grease on Will; Will and Brad fist fighting.

SUPER: "The Road So Far"

Cue RECORD SCRATCH.

REICTHER (V/O)

He use to be their friend, he
became an asshole, Will told him to
piss off, I blinded him with candy
dust and then boom: count yourself
up to date.

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL - HOME EC - DAY

MRS. JOHNSON prattles away at the chalkboard while her small class struggles to pay attention. Near the back of the room at one of the tiny tables sits BRAD HOLT and ELLEN CONNER.

Brad mindlessly texts on his phone while Ellen, lacking any subtly, curiously gawks at the star athlete. His eyes dart up only to be greeted by Ellen's over-enthusiastic smile.

BRAD

(confused)

Uh...why do you keep staring at me?

ELLEN

(nervously laughs)

Staring? What staring? I'm not
staring! I'm just quietly
observing.

Brad attempts to go back to his phone but occasional looks over his shoulder reveal that Ellen is still "observing".

MRS. JOHNSON (O.S.)

All right time for a group project.
Everyone find a partner.

(CONTINUED)

Ellen gives Brad an overzealous tap on the shoulder.

ELLEN

Dibs on Brad!

BRAD

Look I don't know what's going on here but I already have a girlfriend.

ELLEN

(laughing)

Oh Brad, you rapsallion! I have zero interest in you romantically.

BRAD

Really? Then why have you been staring at me for the last half hour like some sort of weirdo?

ELLEN

Weird? I'm not weird!

BRAD

(notices notebook)

What's that?

Brad snatches Ellen notebook.

BRAD

(reading notebook)

It's my name with a list of stuff under it. Have you been taking... "notes" on me?

ELLEN

Look I know I said I wasn't weird and then you found a notebook filled with secret notes and theories about you but I want to reassure you: I'm not weird.

BRAD

All I've seen of you is weird! In fact weren't you the girl who wore suit jackets all freshmen year?

ELLEN

It's called being fashionable you classless yokel!

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Wearing suits to school *is* weird!

ELLEN

Look we can agree to disagree about suits --

(fake cough)

*cough*you're wrong"*cough* but I can explain my current weirdness. I'm just curious is all.

BRAD

About what?

ELLEN

About you and Will Cooper.

BRAD

What about him?

ELLEN

(disappointed)

Oh...I was kinda expecting a bigger reaction of you.

BRAD

Why? He's just some piece of shit bully.

ELLEN

I was hoping that with the --

(beat)

-- Wait, bully?!

SMASH CUT TO:

OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE

Marvin Gaye's "Ain't That Peculiar" plays over the opening credits.

FADE IN:

FADE TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DUSK (FRESHMEN YEAR)

SUPER: "FRESHMEN YEAR"

It's a FRENZY. Hundreds upon hundreds of fans have filled the stands -- old, young, seniors, freshmen, possibly the whole town. Bulldogs jerseys are everywhere. Chants can be heard. Poorly painted signs in every row.

(CONTINUED)

On the field the school's cheerleaders warm up the crowd with an enthusiastic routine. COACH DAVIS gives a rousing speech to the players on the sidelines.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Folks, I've never felt this kind of electricity! Not in years! *This town is on fire!*

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - GATE - SAME (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Some stragglers rush to make it to the stands. A young, eager Casey Jennings stands by a trash can. Behind him, his girlfriend LACIE NOLAN and her spunky friend with weird hair, VALERIE, fiddle around with what appears to be "cigarettes".

CASEY

Wow! Can you believe it? It's my first American football game! Oh man my friend Katsuhiro is going to be so jealous when I face-time him later.

VALERIE

(giggles)

Dude you're white. How have you never been to a football game?

LACIE

(boasting)

Casey lived in Japan all his life.

VALERIE

Wow. Sorry but in my defense you do look suspiciously white for a Japanese kid.

CASEY

I'm not actually Japane --

LACIE

I know! Isn't cool that I'm dating a man of color who looks white. It's a total win-win for me.

CASEY

(cringes)

Everything about that sentence was wrong.

(CONTINUED)

Valerie takes a huge hit of her "cigarette" and coughs up a storm. Lacie takes a huge hit of her "cigarette".

LACIE
(offers some)
Here. Smoke this, Casey.

CASEY
What is it?

LACIE
That's not important. Here.

CASEY
(pushes it away)
Lacie, I've told you before. I
don't do that stuff.

LACIE
C'mon, it's not going to hurt you.
It can actually help out in a lot
of ways.

VALERIE
It stopped my seizures.

CASEY
Really?

VALERIE
I mean, if I *had* any it totally
would.

Lacie tries passing it again only to have Casey angrily bat it away.

LACIE
(annoyed)
Fine. You don't have to smoke it.

CASEY
Thank you.

LACIE
Open your mouth. I'll shotgun it in
for you.

CASEY
Lacie, we've been over this! I
don't do drugs!

VALERIE
(under breath)
Buzzkill.

LACIE
Sorry. I shouldn't try to force
that stuff on you. How about a
couple of Icees? It's on me.

CASEY
Sounds good to me.

Lacie hands Casey some money.

LACIE
Grab us some drinks and meet us at
our spot near the top of the
bleachers.

They kiss.

CASEY
(overly cute)
I love you, Sugarbutt.

LACIE
(overly cute)
I love you, Snugglebear.

Casey walks away.

LACIE
(annoyed/angry)
Ugh. Fuck this shit. Let's go find
Kirk.

VALERIE
You're boyfriend is kind of
annoying, Lace.

LACIE
Tell me about it. I'm probably
going to dump him on Monday anyway.

Lacie and Valerie stomp out their "cigarettes" before
darting off into another direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - CONCESSION STAND - CONTINUOUS

A ridiculously long line of people has formed in front of the concession stand. Just a little off to the right, we see young Will and Joel battling with one of the vending machines.

JOEL

Anyway that's why I hate crows.
Whether they be black or counting
(grunts/annoyed)
Ugh. Give it up! You've been at
this for twenty minutes!

WILL

Joel, we paid a dollar for these
Fantas and I'm going to get us our
goddamn Fantas!

JOEL

(giggling)
Sounds like you need Fanta in a
hurry...
(starts singing)
Wanna Fanta don't you --

WILL

(overlapping)
I swear to God I will punch in the
dick with a cactus if you sing that
fucking song.

Will sticks his hand up the machine.

WILL

Say something if you see a cop.

JOEL

It's alarming how many times you've
said that to me over the years.

Casey is walking by, arms loaded with Icees, when he does a double take at the sight of Joel.

CASEY

Joel?

JOEL

Oh hey Casey! I didn't know you
were going to be here tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY
I'm actually on a date.

JOEL
Oh I almost forgot, this is Will
Cooper.

Casey holds out his hand.

WILL
Can't talk. Busy.

Casey puts his hand away.

CASEY
(giggling)
By the way, you remember that one
shirt we were talking about making
in English class?

JOEL
Yeah?

CASEY
(giggling)
Well I decided to make it myself!

Casey lifts his Bulldog jersey to reveal: A shirt that reads
"Motherfucking Oedipus" with a picture of Oedipus. Joel and
Casey both start cracking up -- Dead silence from Will.

JOEL
(to Will)
You get it?

WILL
Nope. Not even going to pretend to
be smart around you guys.

CASEY
(giggling)
He was probably the biggest
motherfucker of all time.

JOEL
(giggling)
Hey! Watch your language! He kisses
his mother with that mouth.

They both break up laughing. In their minds nothing has been
this funny *EVER*.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
(under breath)
Fucking AP kids.

CASEY
Where are you guys sitting? Maybe
we can sit with you?

JOEL
We're by -

WILL
(overlapping)
Actually we don't have seats. We're
just sorta lingering by the fences.

CASEY
Oh okay.
(to Joel)
Good seeing you man.

JOEL
You too.

Casey walks away.

JOEL
You really didn't get the Oedipus
joke?

WILL
I rarely read anything that doesn't
have "Batman" or "Garfield" in the
title, Joel. Who the hell was that
anyway?

JOEL
He's that cool guy from my AP
English class I was telling you
about.

WILL
That explains your pretentious,
high brow inside jokes.

JOEL
Trust me, he's cool. He likes the
same stuff we do. In fact he's got
an encyclopedic knowledge of
Dragonball Z.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Big whoop. So what if he knows a lot about some dumb anime.

JOEL

(very offended)

Whoa! You are clearly not in a good place right now, so I'm going to let that slide.

WILL

(re: vending machine)

I think I got it!

POP! dozens of soda come rushing out. Will and Joel grab a few and start to walk away.

WILL

(checks phone)

It's about that time. We should head towards the guest bleachers.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS - LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Casey ascends to the top of the the bleachers. As he reaches he the top he notices two empty spots that merely contain a his jacket and a pink sweater.

CASEY

(to nearby Fan)

Did you see where that girl went?

FAN

Who? Lacie Nolan? Nah man. Sorry.

A deflated Casey collapses into one of the empty spots. For a minute he just stares off into the distance. Anger, sadness, confusion: every emotion seems to be battling it out in Casey's mind.

He whips out his phone. A simple text of "Where are u?" is immediately sent off to Lacie. Casey makes a valiant effort to focus on the game but this proves difficult as his phone keeps drawing his attention away.

Not even a second goes by before he checks for a response -- no reply.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - GUEST BLEACHERS - MINUTES LATER

Will and Joel near the guest bleachers. Sparsely populated and falling apart at the seams, the guest side is quite the opposite to the overabundant enthusiasm seen on the home side.

JOEL

So what's this big thing you're trying to pull off that's forcing me to come to a football game?

WILL

I think I found a way to get a date with Samantha Barton.

JOEL

(shocked)

Samantha fucking Barton?!

WILL

(giddy)

I know! That's the same way Brian said it.

JOEL

Are you out of your fucking mind! She's the head cheerleader!

WILL

You don't think I can pull it off?

JOEL

She hangs out with cool kids, her parents are rich, and she dates Seniors...you on the other hand have seen *Ghostbusters* 37 times. You do the math.

Will and Joel slowly start to make their way to the back of the bleachers.

JOEL

What's your plan anyway?

WILL

So I wrote Sam this big romantic note yesterday --

JOEL

(overlapping)

Did you steal that one speech from *Chasing Amy* again?

(CONTINUED)

WILL (CONT'D)

Fuck you. It's gotta work one of these days. Anyway, at the end of it, I told her I'd meet her under the guest bleachers.

JOEL

Bold move. What if she doesn't go for it?

WILL

I've got that covered. I didn't sign my name. That way, if she's really put off by it, she won't know it's me.

JOEL

Then why do you need me?

WILL

I want you to go up to her and ask if she likes the note for me.

JOEL

What are we, in the 4th grade or something? You go talk to her!

WILL

Joel, I can't! What with me being a pussy and all.

Joel hesitates as they reach end of the bleachers.

WILL

Just do me this one solid and I'll watch *Purple Rain* with you.

JOEL

(excited)

Sold! And no faking any medical emergencies to get out of it this time.

WILL

Hey! My anal glaucoma was acting up that night.

Joel casually leans over to see what's behind the bleachers.

JOEL

Uh-oh.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
What's wrong?

Will pulls Joel back and takes a step forward. He quickly freezes, devastated at what he sees -

- Brad Holt making out with SAMANTHA BARTON.

Will is wrecked. A loss for words, he slowly tip toes away so that the happy couple doesn't spot him.

TIME FADE TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Will and Joel mindlessly watch the game while leaning against the fence. Joel sips at a soda as Will mutters to himself.

WILL
(furious/under breath)
Fuckin' fucker fuckin' fuckitty
fuck!

Will kicks the fence.

WILL
It's not fair! I put all the work
in!

JOEL
Stealing lines from a movie doesn't
count as "work".

WILL
I had the whole thing perfectly
laid out in my head too. You would
have brought her over just as she
finished reading, where she would
spot my sad, beautiful eyes and
think to herself "there's the guy!
There's the guy who wrote me this
beautiful love letter. He seems so
intriguing. I should totally kiss
him and stuff."

Will glances over and spots Brad (who wears a letterman jacket over a blue polo) flirting with Samantha at a t-shirt stand.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

(re: Brad)

What a bunch of bullshit. I can't get any girl around here to even notice me and all that prick has to do is smile and they're puddy in his hand.

JOEL

Where did he get that polo?
Abercrombie and Douche?

WILL

Burn!

They high five.

Will looks back at Brad and Samantha -- they inch closer and closer by the second. Another kiss is inevitable. Dishearten, Will turns the other way to spot a couple of elementary kids playing with glow sticks.

Brad kisses Samantha and makes his way to the concession stand. Will looks back at Brad. Then at the glow sticks. Then back at Brad before gasping.

WILL

(realizes idea)

Joel, I've got an idea! Where's Kirk?

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

KIRK McNEIL stands against a wall, staring off in the distance, eyes bloodshot. Will and Joel approach him.

WILL

Hey Kirk.
(no response)
Kirk!

KIRK

(freaks outs)
It's not mine! I swear!
(realizes it's Will)
Oh hey Will! How are...
(beat/thinks)
...things?

(CONTINUED)

WILL
Things are good.

KIRK
(smirking)
Well that's how things should
always be..."good".

WILL
Kirk, if I give you twenty bucks
would you --

KIRK
(overlapping)
Sold!

WILL
You don't know what it is yet!

KIRK
Twenty bucks is twenty bucks, man.

JOEL
That's a frightening motto to have.

KIRK
What do you want me to do?

Will leans in and whispers into Kirk's ear.

KIRK
(laughs)
Suckers. I would have done that for
free!

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - CONCESSION STAND -LATER

An annoyed Brad stands in front of a long line of impatient customers, talking to a young Ellen Conner -- who's in a pantsuit. There's a banner which reads "Save the School Paper" above the stand.

ELLEN
Many people seem to ignore all the
good the school paper provides.
Where else can the students make
the school accountable for their
actions? Or voice their opinions?
Where I ask you! Where!

(CONTINUED)

BRAD
(annoyed)
Can I just get my two Sprites
please?

ELLEN
(sigh)
One moment.

Ellen turns around and starts to pour two Sprites into cheap looking paper cups.

Murmurs start to spread along the line. Spectators start to look to their left as some mysterious sight is grabbing all the attention.

GUY IN LINE
Holy crap!

GIRL IN LINE
I can't believe it!

OLD MAN IN LINE
That's a weird looking penis.

We PAN OVER to see a completely NAKED Kirk casually strolling by.

KIRK
(enthusiastic)
Whoa! I love sports! Go our team!

The crowds are transfixed on him. Some laugh. Some gasp. Some try to take pictures. Brad is losing it with laughter while Ellen just shakes her head.

While everyone is looking at Kirk, a mysterious hand pops up and pours the insides of two glow sticks into Brad's drinks.

KIRK
(enthusiastic)
Woo hoo! Our team is better at
competition than the other team
we're playing!
(chanting)
Organized sports! Organized
sports! Organized sports!

Somehow this catches on: other people among the crowds start chanting with him. MR. JOHN PARKER works his way through the crowd to see what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

PARKER
Damn it, McNeil!
(points towards his crotch)
Put that thing away before King
Kong tries to climb up it!

KIRK
You'll have to catch me first!

Kirk runs off.

PARKER
(to himself)
I'm about to chase a naked 14 year
old boy. How did my life come to
this?

Parker runs off in hot pursuit. Everyone turns their attention back to what they were doing, still stunned at what they just saw. Ellen goes back to the drinks and hands them to Brad.

BRAD
Thank you.

Brad walks back toward the t-shirt stand and hands Samantha her drink.

SAMANTHA
(shell-shocked)
Oh my God! I just saw Kirk
McNeil's... "thing"!

BRAD
I know! Jesus.

SAMANTHA
(slightly embarrassed)
But, you know... good for him.

BRAD
I'm pretty sure they use him to see
how deep the ocean is.

Samantha covers her mouth from laughing. She playfully hits him in the shoulder. Samantha takes a swig of her drink while Brad searches the crowd.

BRAD
Man, I wouldn't be surprised if
they expelled him for that.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA
Or at least detention for the rest
of his life.

Brad looks back at Samantha and is frozen -- her mouth is glowing bright BLUE.

SAMANTHA
(re: Brad's look)
What?

BRAD
(amused/confused)
You're mouth...

Samantha reaches into her purse and pulls out a small mirror. She recoils in horror at what she sees.

SAMANTHA
(furious)
What'd you do to my drink?!

BRAD
(snickering)
Me? I didn't do anything.

Samantha notices some nearby STUDENTS carrying glow sticks.

SAMANTHA
(shocked/angry)
Did you put glow sticks in my
drink!?

Samantha shoves Brad pretty hard. Adjacent spectators start to watch.

BRAD
I didn't do -

SAMANTHA
(overlapping)
You think it's funny!? Those are
probably toxic you asshole!

She shoves Brad again. Onlookers are beginning to snicker and record this event.

BRAD
Sam, I didn't put anything in your
--

SPLASH! Samantha throws the rest of her drink in Brad's face before storming off, in tears, in another direction. People start to point and laugh.

(CONTINUED)

Brad looks around and the in crowd catches a glimpse of Will: He grins and gives a knowing look. Brad, crushed, sulks off and disappears into the crowd.

WILL
C'mon, let's go to Brian's.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Will and Joel walk down a poorly lit street. Joel is in the middle of a failed attempt at being scary.

JOEL
(spooky voice)
His head was tilted toward the camera and Skull Kid was floating above him so I couldn't move or press any buttons. All I could do was stare at Link's body. After around 30 seconds of this, the game faded out with the message "You've met with a terrible fate, haven't you?" before kicking me to the title screen. And then the screen went dark and the Nintendo 64 turned itself off!

WILL
(unimpressed)
Joel, I don't believe for a second that your Zelda game is haunted.

JOEL
How do you explain all that, Will? Huh? How did the Nintendo turn itself off? How I ask you!

WILL
I dunno. Loose power cord? Power went out? The Nintendo stopped working?

JOEL
I mean, yeah, if you want to get logical and spoil the fun of it, then yeah it was probably one of those things. But still -- haunted Zelda!

(CONTINUED)

WILL
Sounds a million more times fun
then a normal Zelda game.

JOEL
(gasps)
Blasphemy!

An extremely expensive car pulls up along side our heroes. The window rolls down to reveal BEN TRAMER, an obnoxiously good looking jock at the wheel. His squirrely looking sidekick LANCE WATTERS rides shotgun while THREE JOCKS sit in back.

WILL
(under breath)
Oh get fucked...

BEN
Hey Cooper! You out on a date with your *boyfriend*? Don't stop holding hands on my account.

His goons laugh it up.

WILL
Hey, Ben. Can you do me a favor?
(points)
If you could fuck off over there that'd be great.

BEN
(gets serious)
I heard what you did to Brad.

WILL
Me? You must be mistaken because I didn't do a goddamn thing to Brad. Joel, did I do anything to Brad?

JOEL
(playing dumb)
I don't even know who this Brad fellow is.

BEN
Give it up losers! I know you were at the football game.

WILL
(playing dumb)
Foot...ball? What is this *football*?

JOEL
(playing dumb)
Is it some sort of ball made of
human feet?

BEN
God you're so fucking weird.

Ben chucks something at Joel's head -- a Whitecastle burger.

JOEL
You willing *wanted* Whitecasle? The
fuck is wrong with you?

Joel tosses it back, nailing Ben in the eye.

BEN
(angry)
Get 'em!

The jocks pile out of the car. Will and Joel make a run for it.

WILL
Run!

They only make a few feet before being tackled by the jocks. Ben's gang drags our heroes along the sidewalk, kicking and screaming, before throwing them into the back of Ben's car.

They all hop in and the car speeds off.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

This place is now a ghost town. The stands emptied. The concession stand locked up. Trash littering almost every inch of it. The football field is mostly empty except for one curious sight -

- Will and Joel tied up to a goalpost with various bungee cords, smeared head to toe in Whitecastle food. Ben, Lance, and the other cronies admire their work a few feet over.

LANCE
This was a great idea, Ben. Cooper
looks way better this way.

BEN
Yeah but you know, I think he needs
some horseradis.

(CONTINUED)

Lance leans in and pours a horseradish packet onto Will.

WILL
(furious)
You know what?! Fuck you Ben!
Nobody would miss you if your dad
had put you in a tissue.

This strikes a nerve -- Ben takes a burger and pelts Will as hard as he can in the face. The cronies laugh.

BEN
Let's get out of here and spray
paint dicks on Principal Stevens'
house again.
(to Will & Joel)
Enjoy!

They disappear. Will and Joel sit in silence for what seems to be an eternity.

JOEL
(sarcastic)
Thanks again bringing me to a
football game, Will.

WILL
Anytime.

Long beat.

VOICE (O.S.)
Joel?

They try to turn their heads but can't.

JOEL
Yes! Yes! It's me! Help! We're
cold and covered in cheeseburgers!

Out of nowhere, Casey appears on the other side of the fence.

CASEY
(perplexed)
What happened to you guys?

WILL
(annoyed)
A sex act gone wrong. Will you just
untie us!

Casey hops the fence and begins to untie them.

JOEL

(to Casey)

What are you still doing here? The game ended a while ago.

CASEY

(embarrassed)

I'm looking for my girlfriend. She seems to have --

(deep sigh)

-- disappeared...again.

WILL

Wait. You're not Lacie Nolan's boyfriend are you?

CASEY

I am. Have you seen her?

WILL

Uh, well...

INSERT:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Lacie and Val are walking, struggling to keep their balance, giggling uncontrollably. An fancy car pulls up to them. The window rolls down to reveal a gorgeous, blonde upperclassmen named LEON.

LEON

(suave)

Hello ladies.

VAL

Oh my god. Aren't you that Junior from my Latin class?

LANCE

(cocky smile)

That's me all right. You know, I just turned 17 yesterday.

LACIE

(intrigued)

Really?

LANCE

Guess who can legally donate blood ...without an adult present.

(CONTINUED)

Lacie and Val swoon. Leon opens up his car door and the ladies hop in. He speeds away.

BACK TO SCENE:

Casey finishes untying them. Will and Joel quickly hop up and start to wipe away the burgers. A now depressed Casey leans against the fence.

WILL

(re: burgers)

Eww. It's gonna to take weeks to get this smell off me.

JOEL

(to Casey)

Thanks again man. God only knows how long we'd be out here if you didn't show up.

CASEY

(sad)

No problem. I guess since my date has left, I should probably take off too.

Casey begins to walk away.

WILL

All right, Joel. It's official: fuck Brad Holt. Fuck Ben Trammer. And fuck football -- hockey's better. Let's go to Brian's and play video games until the mental scars of this fade away.

Joel watches Casey sadly saunter away. He turns back to Will and gives him "the look".

WILL

No!

JOEL

Dude, he just saved us from humiliation. We would have been out here all night, covered in greasy food if it weren't for him.

Will sighs and thinks for a second.

WILL

Casey, wait!

Casey stops and turns back to them.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
You want to play some *Super Smash Bros.*?

Casey smiles.

SLOW FADE TO:

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

SUPER: "The Present"

Casey runs as fast as he can down a hallway. He barrels through a classroom door.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - HOME EC - CONTINUOUS

Casey explodes into the room and takes a minute to catch his breath.

MRS. JOHNSON
Late again, Mr. Jennings. One more time and you'll have a week of detention to look forward to.

CASEY
(to himself)
Crap!

Casey walks over to a table where a preoccupied CATHY MATTHEWS sits.

CASEY
(out of breath)
Sorry I'm late. Me and the guys snuck out for lunch...it didn't go great. Did you know Reichter is deadly afraid of ketchup for some reason? Cause we sure didn't. Long story short, we are now banned from all McDonald's in the tri-state area. I swear, Reichter's slowly going from charming geek to inaccessible weirdo by the day.
(notices Cathy's not listening)
Are you even listening to me?

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

Do you know what's up with Ellen?

CASEY

I know she has a weird fascination with suit jackets and David Bowie.

CATHY

No, I mean her new fascination with Brad Holt.

CASEY

(worried/surprised)

Brad Holt?!

CATHY

Yeah. She really wanted to sit with him today. See.

She points to the corner -- Brad and Ellen are having an intense conversation.

CASEY

She's sitting with the enemy!

CATHY

(confused)

Enemy?

CASEY

I gotta tell Will.

Casey pulls out his phone and furiously texts. A few tables over, Ellen continues to pester Brad.

BRAD

Look can we just drop it?

ELLEN

I'm just trying to understand what you mean by 'bully'. Whadda we talkin' here?

'Taking-your-lunch-money' kind of stuff or was it some 'Jeremy-spoke-in-class-today' dark shit?

BRAD

I don't want to talk about it! I just want to focus on the project we're suppose to be doing.

PULL BACK to reveal an egg on their table.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Now what should we name our egg baby? I was thinking something unique like...

(thinks hard)

-- Mike or Butch.

ELLEN

C'mon! Will told me most of it already. He even hinted at something called 'the noodle incident'.

Brad slams the table causing the egg to fall off and shatter.

ELLEN

Baby Butch! No!

BRAD

(furious/scared)

The noodle incident?!

Other students watch in shock. Casey seems baffled and starts to text some more. Noticing all the attention, Brad leans in and speaks softer.

BRAD

(worried)

He...he told you about that?

ELLEN

No, although at this point I'm a little terrified to find out.

BRAD

Nothing! It was nothing! It was just a stupid dare that went too far. We...we ate some noddles --

(struggles)

Off a...off a...

Brad trails off.

ELLEN

You know what...I'm fine not knowing.

BRAD

Fine! You wanna know about Will Cooper? I *hate* Will Cooper! For everything. For every girl he's turned against me, for that dead snake he left in my truck --

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN
Dead snake?

BRAD (CONT'D)
-- For getting me suspended.

ELLEN
Wait, what?!

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Super: "Freshmen Year"

In this barely lit corridor, Brad Holt stands at an open locker and appears to taking a leak. The name "Cooper" is branded on the front of the locker.

BRAD
(to himself)
C'mon. Just go already.

A middle aged JANITOR appears.

JANITOR
You know when I have trouble going,
I find either thinking of rain or
blowing a little air on it helps.

BRAD
(freaked out)
Ah! How long have you been there?!

JANITOR
Long enough. You know I should call
the principal right now for what
you're trying to do.

BRAD
Really? You just told a teenage boy
with his penis out to "blow on it".

Beat.

JANITOR
You see the thing about that is...

The Janitor immediately bolts away in the other direction. A frustrated Brad zips up and slams the door.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Damn it!

BAM! Brad dents the bottom by kicking it as hard as he can. He lingers over the locker, staring at the "Cooper" name tag seething with uncontrollable rage.

POP! Brad gives the locker one last good punch before walking away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - SAME (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Brad exits from a side door when his phone starts to go off. He takes a quick glance before answering.

BRAD

Hey Ben.

BEN (V/O)

Where'd you go? We tried to find you.

BRAD

Uh...I had to take a leak.

BEN (V/O)

Dude, check out this photo I'm about to send you.

DING. Brad looks at his phone.

BRAD

(re: picture)

What am I looking at?

BEN (V/O)

We caught Will Cooper and his buddy, so we tied them to the goal post.

BRAD

(giggles)

Oh man. What are they covered in?

BEN (V/O)

Whitecastle.

BRAD

You sick bastards.

(CONTINUED)

BEN (V/O)
(laughing)
I know right?

BRAD
God. They will be showering for
hours to get that off.

BEN (V/O)
(laughing)
If they ever get free.

BRAD
(concerned)
You left them there?

BEN (V/O)
Why do you care? That asshole fucks
with you all the time.

BRAD
He's an asshole, I just don't think
he's an asshole worthy of
Whitecastle torture. That stuff we
save for the Hitlers or Bin Ladens
or the John Stamos of the world.
Where are you guys now?

BEN (V/O)
We're heading over to Principal
Stevens's house to spray paint it
with dicks.

BRAD
Stay there. I'll meet you guys in a
few.

BEN (V/O)
All right. See ya man.

They hang up. Brad takes a few steps towards the parking lot
but stops. He glances back -- The outline of the football
field visible, almost calling his name.

He hesitates. Stay? Help? Leave 'em? After a hard second he
grunts.

BRAD
(sighs)
Fine.

Brad walks toward the football field.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - SECONDS LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Brad walks up only to discover the field is completely empty.

BRAD
(confused)
Will? Will?

He looks around for any sign of life. He shrugs and leaves. After a second a still naked Kirk pops out of a nearby trash bin, collapsing onto the ground.

KIRK
Oh man. *Sesame Street* is so full of
shit! How does Oscar the Grouch
live like that?
(realizes)
That's why he's grouchy! I just now
got that!

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Brian, Brock, and Reichter stand around a small fire pit. In the middle of said fire pit is a Two-Face action figure taped to a giant bottle rocket.

BRIAN
For his honorable service as
Gotham's district attorney, we have
gathered here to give Harvey Dent
the send off he *needs* but not the
one he *deserves*.

Brian lights the rocket. **WHOOSH!** The rocket flies off and explodes, sending pieces of Two-Face everywhere.

BROCK
(to Reichter)
Where did you get all these bottle
rockets?

REICTHER
The better question is where did I
get these M80s

Reichter opens a nearby back pack to reveal a mountain of illegal fireworks. Will and Joel (still covered in fast food) walk in from the front. A nervous Casey stays a few steps behind them.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Hey guys.

BRIAN

What the hell?! What are you guys covered in?

Reichter uses his finger to taste some from Joel's shirt.

REICTHER

Jalapeno cheeseburger. Spicy yet disgusting.

WILL

Brad had some of his friends jump us after the football game. They tied us up and covered us in Whitecastle.

They recoil in horror.

JOEL

It was awful! Have you have been tied up and covered in shitty food before?

REICTHER

(matter-of-factly)

Yes.

BRIAN

(re: Casey)

Who's this?

WILL

Casey Jennings, this is Brian Vandele.

CASEY

I actually sit behind you in Geometry.

BRIAN

And I spend those classes playing my DS, so I was not aware of your existence until now. Will, Joel, can I talk to you in private?

Brian takes Will and Joel aside.

BRIAN

What are you doing bringing strangers over?

(CONTINUED)

WILL
Joel says he's cool.

BRIAN
Yeah well Joel also puts Ketchup on Bananas. You'll forgive me if I don't always trust his judgement.

JOEL
Hey! What's wrong Kenanas?

WILL
If it weren't for Casey, we'd still be tied up to a goalpost.

BRIAN
You know there's a very complicated process to adding a member to the Centerville Avengers.

WILL
Dude, that name is not stickin --

BRIAN
(overlapping)
It will stick!

JOEL
Complicated? Reichter threw some candy in a guy's eye and he was in.

WILL
C'mon, Brian. Give him a chance to prove himself.

Beat while Brian thinks.

BRIAN
(reluctant)
Fine! I'll do it for you, Joel. As long as you promise me you won't make me watch *Purple Rain* anymore.

WILL
(to Joel/annoyed)
Is all your free time just dedicated to beating off to some terrible 80's movie?

JOEL
No...sometimes I just listen to the soundtrack.

Brian approaches Casey.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
Okay pal. You wanna hang out with
the Centerville Avengers --

WILL
(overlapping)
Not our name.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
-- You have to prove your worth.

CASEY
...How?

Brian smiles.

BRIAN
Why don't we settle it in Smash.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - BRIAN'S ROOM - LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Brian, Casey, Brock, and Reichter sit around the TV, all frantically button mashing GameCube controllers. Will and Joel linger on Brian's bed, having their own conversation.

BRIAN
(enraged)
Fucking bullshit!

CASEY
Ha ha! Someone sounds angry!

BRIAN
(furious)
How are you beating us with
Jigglepuff!?

While they play, Joel examines Will's shirt.

JOEL
Looks like you got it all. I still
can't believe they did this.

WILL
They're assholes, Joel. Assholes
tend to asshole things. Stupid Brad
Holt. He's had out for me since the
7th grade.

(CONTINUED)

JOEL

I wish there was a way we could get them back. Maybe we could cover Ben's car in Whitecasle.

WILL

No we can't just copy what they did. We have to do something different. Cover them in something just as awful.

Victory plays from the TV. Reicther and Brock collapse in disappointment while Brian hurls his controller against the wall in anger.

BRIAN

(furious)

Goddamn Jigglypuff! Getting beaten by an adorably annoying little balloon fills me with murder frenzy!

BROCK

(to Casey)

Wow. That was impressive.

BRIAN

He cheated!

CASEY

(offended)

What? How!

BRIAN

Because I lost!

Brian grabs his closet door and starts slamming it. Items on a nearby shelf start to fall off: a pee-wee trophy, picture frames, a small PAINTBALL GUN.

BROCK

(mocking)

Aww, is Brian mad the new guy won?

Will gets transfixed on the gun. He stares -- ideas swarming in his mind. The sounds of Joel mocking Brian start to get drown out as Will focuses, calculating a plan.

WILL

Hey Brian...do you have anymore paintball guns?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

A beat up old truck stutters along the street, parking near the end of the block. Brad hops out and makes his way to a bright purple house in the middle of the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOUSE - BACKYARD - SECONDS LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Ben, Lance and some other goons are spraying painting the side of the house. Most of the images are phallic, gross, and childish -- just the way 14 year olds like them.

Brad quietly approaches.

BRAD

Guys?

BEN

Over here!

BRAD

(re: spray paint)

Oh shit.

BEN

(giggling)

I know right?

BRAD

Man...you guys drew so many penises.

BEN

Dicks are funny!

BRAD

To an extent. After a while it just raises some questions.

Ben slugs Brad in the shoulder.

BEN

Lance, what are you drawing?

Lance steps back to reveal a realistic drawing of a balding, older man.

(CONTINUED)

LANCE

Two time presidential nominee Adlai Stevenson.

BEN

...Why?

LANCE

To throw the cops off. They see spray painted dicks, they're going to suspect it was us. But if they see some obscure historical figure they won't know who to blame.

BEN

Whatever. Just put some wieners around his mouth when you're done.

LANCE

(sighs)

Why do we always draw dicks?

Ben slugs him in the shoulder.

BEN

Stop being a queer and put a penis around that guy's mouth!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

The Gang ride their bikes through a stereotypical suburban neighborhood. Near the back of the pack is Casey with Joel riding on his bike spokes.

CASEY

Joel, maybe I should go home.

JOEL

What? Why?

CASEY

I don't think your friends like me very much. Especially that Brian guy.

BRIAN

Very observant, turd burglar.

(CONTINUED)

JOEL
(to Brian)
Don't be rude you dopey cunt!

CASEY
Plus the one in the flannel keeps
giving me a *look*.

He points to Reichther who is eyeballing him without looking forward.

JOEL
(to Reichther)
Stop giving him "do me eyes",
Kevin.

REICTHER
Hey! I told you to never ever use
my first name! How am I suppose to
strike fear into the heart of my
enemies with a name like "Kevin".

JOEL
Look I know they seem mean --
(points to Brian)
-- especially breath of a 1000
dicks over there.

BRIAN
(flips Joel off)
Dickweed.

JOEL
They just need time to warm up to
you. *Especiallly* Brian.

BRIAN
Save your breath, Joel. He may be
suspiciously good at *Super Smash
Bros.* but that doesn't make him one
of us. Let us not forget that he is
a wrestler -- a fucking jock! Do
you remember the last time we were
friends with a jock? Will
remembers. Don't you, Will? I seem
to recall it ending with Will's
nose being broken.

CASEY
Dude I don't know what this Brad
guy did to you but I promise you I
am nothing like that.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
...We'll see about that.

Brian rides ahead leaving the others behind. Casey slows down as Brian's words have struck a cord with him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOUSE - MINUTES LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

The Gang ride up and park their bikes on the front lawn.

BROCK
Are we sure this is Stevens' house?

WILL
Positive.
(points to Brad's truck)
Brad's dad has that beat up old
pick up, remember?

Brock sneaks up to the side gate and leans over.

BRIAN
(whispering)
What do your elf eyes see, Brock?

BROCK
(whispering)
Brad, Ben, and three other jocks.

WILL
(to Brian)
How many paintball guns did you
bring?

Brian reaches into Reichter's backpack and pulls out TWO PAINTBALL GUNS.

BRIAN
Two. And I call dibs on one of
them.

REICTHER
No fair! Why do you get one?

BRIAN
Lots of reasons. One: fuck you, I
got these from my deadbeat dad fair
and square. Two: he called me
Grimace in gym class last week. The
son of a bitch needs to pay.

(CONTINUED)

Joel reaches for the other gun but Will puts his hand on it.

WILL
Let me have this, Joel.

JOEL
Yeah but --

WILL
Please. I *need* this.

Brief pause before Joel relinquishes it over to Will.

CASEY
I know I'm new to this but this seems like a bad idea.

BROCK
He's right. We could actually get in trouble for this. Like, real world trouble not stay-after-for-an-hour fake high school trouble.

BRIAN
They're not going to tell on us. Then they'd have to admit they're they ones who spray painted the house. Plausible deniability! Have you learned nothing from my mom, Brock?

Brian and Will cock their guns. Will peers over the gate. They inch closer, getting ride to strike.

THE JOCKS

Lance and Ben still spray paint while Brad lingers to the side.

BEN
(to Brad)
C'mon, don't you want to spray paint something?

BRAD
(annoyed)
I don't want to draw a dick.

LANCE
What about Calvin peeing on something? You love drawing Calving when he pees on stuff!

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Lance is right. Nothing is funnier
then Calvin peeing on various
things.

Brad shrugs and takes off his letterman jacket.

BRAD

You know what, I've got something.

Brad throws the jacket aside. He shakes a spray can and
begins to draw his own picture.

BRIAN AND WILL

They continue sneak. They're only a few feet away.

THE JOCKS

Brad finishes a crude picture of BART SIMPSON with the quote
"The Pledge of Allegiance does not end with Hail Satan"
sloppily written next to it.

BRAD

How about that?

BEN

(unimpressed)

Meh. It's okay.

LANCE

It's not funny.

BRAD

Screw you! It's *The Simpsons* man.

LANCE

Whatever.

Lance and Ben go back to their own drawings while Brad
shakes his head in disappointment at his friends. Meanwhile
Will and Brian have successfully snuck up behind them, guns
in position.

They wait as the jocks continue be oblivious. After a long
beat Brian finally clears his throat for the attention. The
jocks turn around, startled at the sight of the guns.

BEN

What the - ?

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Uh....uh....

BRIAN

(whispering)

Say something badass, Will.

WILL

Um...I, uh...FUCK YOU!

Will and Brian open fire pelting their mortal enemies in all the colors of the rainbow. Every attempt to move forward and disarm them results in more paintballs to the face.

The rest of The Gang watch from the side gate, loving every second of the carnage.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - SAME (FRESHMEN YEAR)

A slightly younger BOB STEVENS is at the washer, pulling clothes out and singing to himself. He pulls out his normal KKK outfit which is now bright pink.

STEVENS

I'm just the worst at laundry.

(examines outfit)

You know I would look good in pink.

Why do we always have to wear white anyway.

He suddenly stops. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. A series of noises has caught his attention.

STEVENS

(to himself)

What the hell is that?

CRASH! This laundry room window breaks as a paintball splatters the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOUSE - SAME (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Will and Brian stop firing. Everyone freezes at the sight of the shattered window. Long pause -- nothing happens.

(CONTINUED)

STEVENS (O.S.)
What the hell?!

Like that they're off: Everyone starts to run away.

The Gang grab their bikes and pedal as hard as they can in the opposite direction. The Jocks pile into Brad's pick up that barrels away before they're all properly in.

Stevens runs out the door. He looks around for a culprit while dialing his phone.

STEVENS
Hello, police?

FADE TO:

INT. SCHOOL - HOME EC - PRESENT DAY

SUPER: "The Present."

Casey is "secretly" trying to snap photos of Brad and Ellen while Cathy texts away.

CATHY
What are you doing?

CASEY
Taking photos of Brad and Ellen for Will. Just stay still so people will think I'm taking photos of you.

Cathy turns and starts making goofy faces towards Casey's phone.

CATHY
(makes goofy face)
Does this help?
(makes goofy face)
How about this?
(makes face)
This doing it for you?

CASEY
Cathy! Stop! This is serious!

CATHY
So is this: this my "Bruce Willis can't poop" face.

Cathy squints her eyes and bites her lower lip.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY
(bad Bruce Willis impression)
"Why do I eat so much diary?"

Casey tries every each way to snag a photo while Cathy keeps goofing off.

At the other table Ellen sits in disbelief as Brad finishes his story.

BRAD
And then after it was all said and done, I got suspended for three weeks. Oh and my absent father, who could never be bothered to show up for anything, did manage to pop up long enough to take my truck away for two years. Piece of shit.

ELLEN
(blown away)
You gotta give me a sec here. I think my brain just exploded.

BRAD
He never mentioned this to you?

ELLEN
Until a few hours ago I didn't even think you knew Will Cooper existed.

BRAD
So in all these years he's never once mentioned me?

Ellen shakes her head.

BRAD
(rejected)
Figures.

The bell rings. Students practically leap out of their seats to get out the door. Brad slowly gathers his things before stepping away. Ellen walks beside him.

ELLEN
Look I know that some deep, personal shit went down between you guys but I can assure you Will's changed.

BRAD
(dismissive)
Yeah right.

ELLEN
He's not like that anymore! He's sweet, funny, kind. Why he wouldn't even harm a fly -- mostly because he's afraid of them and has me do it. But he *has* changed. He's not the bully you remember.

As they get to the door Will pops out of nowhere with most of The Gang standing behind him.

BRAD
Will?

WILL
(to Brad/furious)
You told her about the noodle incident?!

BRAD
I would never --

BAM! Will sucker punches Brad in face, sending him a few feet back onto the ground. Ellen's jaw hits the floor. The Gang gasps as even Will looks surprised at what he's just done.

WILL
Uh-oh. Run!

Will and The Gang quickly run away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - SECONDS LATER

The Gang come running out of the school and pile into Brian's beat up old car. The car peels out, cutting off others to get the hell out of there.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

Brad leans against a locker while Ellen examines his eye. Nearby students look on and whisper among themselves.

ELLEN

Oh my God! I'm so sorry. I never thought I would see Will punch someone.

(under breath)

Kinda of a turn on really.

BRAD

He's got a surprisingly good right hook.

Ben and Lance makes their way through the growing crowd.

BEN

Hey I just heard what just happened. Let's hunt this assholes down!

BRAD

Wait. I want to do this a different way.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAKE SHOP - LATER

LAURA PENTECOST tends to the front of the moderately crowded restaurant. The doors bust open and The Gang come barreling in.

WILL

Lock the doors!

Casey and Brian start moving tables to block the door. Patrons stand and stare at this sudden madness.

REICTHER

(to Laura)

Remember how you said you loved how random and spontaneous I am?

LAURA

What's going on? What's coming?

REICTHER

(over dramatic)

...War.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Nice one liner bro.

They high five.

WILL

Some jocks are coming by to beat us up.

REICTHER

Mostly just Will though.

WILL

We need a place to hide.

Laura hops over the counter and dramatically throws her apron aside.

LAURA

Say no more. All right everybody out! We're closed!

Customers start to file out.

LAURA

You know we can put those tables against the door to create a barricade. Also I think we have a baseball bat lying around here in the back.

She runs off to the back.

REICTHER

God I love that woman!

Everyone starts to move tables up against the main entrance for a makeshift barricade.

BROCK

I can't believe we're doing this again.

REICTHER

I think it's awesome! All the fear and adrenaline rushing through me. It's like doing drugs. You know, except boring and not cool.

While The Gang continue with the barricade, Will steps aside and starts to stare out the window -- slowly getting lost in his own thoughts.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FRESHMEN YEAR)

The Gang bike along the sidewalk as police sirens blare in the background.

BROCK

Oh my God! Oh my God! We're in so much trouble!

REICTHER

We? What's this we shit? Will and Brian were the shooters.

BRIAN

What?! You coward!

REICTHER

Sorry Brian. Every man for himself!

Brian turns around and shoots Reichter in the leg, causing him to fall onto the ground.

REICTHER

Help me! One for all, and all for one!

WILL

Casey, help me.

Will and Casey hop off their bikes to help out Reichter.

WILL

Look if we go down, we go down together. Now let's just get to Brian's.

They get back on their bikes and ride off.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOUSE - SAME (FRESHMEN YEAR)

A pair of cop cars are parked out front. Neighbors have slowly gathered to see what's going on. Two youngish COPS interview Stevens on his porch.

Ben, Lance, and Brad are sitting on the lawn: all handcuffed and covered in paint. Ben is rocking back and forth, almost in tears.

(CONTINUED)

COP #1
So then they shot out your window?

STEVENS
Yep. I was minding my own business,
cleaning my klan outfi -- I mean,
work shirt, and then bam: my window
shattered.

COP #2
(re: jocks)
Are these the boys you saw do it?

STEVENS
I'm not sure. I didn't get a good
look.

BRAD
We didn't break the window!

COP #1
Then why did we find a "Holt"
letterman jacket by the window.

BRAD
I took it off so I wouldn't get
spray pai --

Ben kicks Brad in the leg. He shakes his head, silently
pleading for him to be quiet.

COP #1
It's not looking good for you kids.

A third COP walks over from the side of the house.

COP #3
Sir, I think I found something.

He reveals his new evidence: Reichter's backpack.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

DEBBIE VANDELE talks on the phone while pouring herself some
Jim Bean.

DEBBIE
(giggling)
I'm doing fantastic.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE (cont'd)
Oh me? No plans. Just another night
with Jim.

She takes a drink.

DEBBIE
All right, Jill. *Alcohol* you later.
(laughs)
I'm such a cut up.

The Gang kick the door open and immediately run towards
Brian's room. Brian comes over and grabs Debbie's face.

BRIAN
(very serious)
If you love me then you will lie
for me!

He runs off to his room.

DEBBIE
(tipsy)
Who the hell was that?

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - BRIAN'S ROOM - SAME (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Our heroes pace around the tiny room and attempt to catch
their breathe. Brock instantly goes to the window.

BROCK
(freaking out)
We're going to be arrested!

BRIAN
Gun up.

Brian tosses over a BB gun which Brock reluctantly catches.

WILL
What the fuck, Brian!?

BRIAN
If the cops don't come, Brad and
his friends will. And they are
going to be pissed.

JOEL
He's right. *Something's* coming
after us.

(CONTINUED)

BROCK
I don't want to shoot anybody!

REICTHER
I will.

Reichter grabs the BB gun and shoots Brian in the foot.

BRIAN
(in extreme pain)
What the hell?! That hurt!

REICTHER
You know what else hurts? A point
blank shot to the knee!

Brian grabs his paintball gun and points it at Reichter. Arguing ensues. Brock and Joel try to break them up. Casey stands baffled, wondering what he's gotten into.

Will whistles and the room becomes quiet.

WILL
Guys! GUYS! Everybody relax! Put
down the guns and chill out.

The guns fall.

WILL
Why don't we just lay low here for
a while? The cops didn't see us.
They think Brad and his friends did
it, so they will be looking for
them.

JOEL
What about Brad? He knows where
Brian lives.

WILL
So? No one's going to let him in.
We're safe in here.

REICTHER
He's got a point.
(to Brian)
Sorry I shot you in the foot.

BRIAN
You dig the BB out and we'll call
it even.

They shake out on. Everyone (except Brock) begins to relax a little.

(CONTINUED)

TIME FADE TO:

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

A cop car rolls up and parks in front of Brian's house. OFFICER JARVIS, a muscular, blonde twenty-something year old cop steps out of the car.

JARVIS
(into walkie)
Dispatch, this is 13. I'm outside
the suspect's house.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - BRIAN'S ROOM - SAME (FRESHMEN YEAR)

The Gang is back to their old ways: Reicther and Casey play videos games; Brian and Will look at old porn mags on his bed; Joel messes around with a broken bass guitar in the corner.

Brock continues to stare out the window.

WILL
(re: porn mags)
Why do you have porn mags from the
80's?

BRIAN
They're my dad's. He gave them to
me.

WILL
You randomly get porn from your
dad? Being a kid of divorce sounds
awesome.

BRIAN
(suddenly sad)
It's not...it's really not.

More victory music from the TV.

REICTHER
(angry)
This is bull!

CASEY
That's what you get for picking the
Ice Climbers.

(CONTINUED)

REICTHER

I could have won but, um, my
controller didn't work.

Reichter tosses the controller off to the side.

REICTHER

My beloved Ice Climbers have never
lost before...truly you are a Smash
God.

Reichter gives him a half ass army salute which he returns
with a smile. Brian mumbles something unpleasant under his
breath.

KNOCK KNOCK. Everyone freezes.

BROCK

Oh God! The police!

BRIAN

Hide the porn!

WILL

Wait, we don't know that. It could
easily be Brad.

KNOCK KNOCK.

JOEL

Why isn't your mom answering the
door?

Brian peeks out his door -

BRIAN'S POV: Debbie is passed out on the couch.

BACK TO SCENE

BRIAN

Damn it mom! For a borderline
alcoholic she can't hold her liquor
for shit.

JARVIS (O.S.)

Police. Open up!

BRIAN

(shouting back)
No thank you!

(CONTINUED)

WILL
Guys play it cool! They didn't see
us. We can make this go away.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Brian opens the door to an annoyed Officer Jarvis.

BRIAN
(oblivious)
Hello. What seems to be the problem
officer?

JARVIS
Son, I'm here on a vandalism
compliant.
(notices Deb)
Uh, is she okay?

BRIAN
Oh yeah. She's just passed out from
drinking. Usually whiskey doesn't
put her out this quick.

JARVIS
Is that your mother?

BRIAN
Look, we can talk about my drunk,
passed out mom later. What's this
about vandalism?

JARVIS
Well someone was messing around at
the high school principal's house
and busted up a window with a paint
ball.

BRIAN
(playing dumb)
Oh my! What kind of scoundrel would
do that?

WILL (O.S.)
(whispering)
Tone it down!

JARVIS
Do you know anything about this?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

I've been here all night. My mom can vouch for me once she sobers up.

JARVIS

Really? Then what are those?

He motions toward the corner where both paintball guns are.

BRIAN

Uh...those...uh, belong to my mom.

JARVIS

Your mom? Who's passed out drunk? She plays paintball?

BRIAN

Oh yeah. She's the LeBron James of paintball. I'm not sure exactly who that is but my dad told me to use that name in case I needed a sports analogy.

Jarvis gives him a look. **CRASH!**

JARVIS

What was that?

BRIAN

I didn't hear anything.

Jarvis walks past him and makes his way toward his room.

BRIAN

Wait! You can't enter unless I invite you in!

JARVIS

That's vampires!

BRIAN

Damn!

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - BRIAN'S ROOM - SAME (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Jarvis enters the room to see that the guys are trying to push Reichter through Brian's window. Everyone freezes.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

JARVIS
Casey?

CASEY
(shocked)
Uncle Corey?

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

The Gang lounges around the front lawn. Casey and Joel talk to Jarvis near the doorway.

JARVIS
Casey, what are you doing here?
Aren't you suppose to be on a date?

CASEY
She bailed on me for some guy named
Leon.

JARVIS
Ugh, Leon? Why name your kid that?
Are you worried the world is going
to run out of douche bags?

JOEL
Officer, this all a simple mistake.
We didn't mean to damage Principal
Stevens' house.

JARVIS
Mistake or not, you broke a window.
And Bob Stevens is not the most
forgiving person around. I'm going
to have to call your parents.

Jarvis steps aside and gets his walkie ready.

JOEL
Parents?! No, no, no! Not my
parents! They will *kill* me if they
find out!

JARVIS
I'm sorry son. It's gotta be done.

Jarvis starts to radio it in while Joel paces. Casey takes notices at how anxious and near tears Joel is.

(CONTINUED)

JARVIS
(into radio)
Come in dispatch, this is 13.

CASEY
Corey...It was me.

Jarvis turns back in shock. Joel is speechless.

JARVIS
What?

CASEY
It was me. I broke the window. It was me and me alone. They had nothing to do with it. If anything they tried to stop me but I wouldn't listen.

JARVIS
C'mon, Casey. You really expect me to believe that?

CASEY
Do you have any proof that I *didn't* do it?

Jarvis pulls Casey aside.

JARVIS
You know it's noble what you're doing but you do realize I'll have to bring you in for this?

CASEY
You're own nephew?
(sighs)
I guess my dad was right.

JARVIS
(confused)
What?

CASEY
Nothing, nothing...just something my dad said about you turning your back on family.

JARVIS
(offended)
I never turn my back on family!

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

Corey...he told me about the incident in Cleveland.

JARVIS

(annoyed)

Not the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame story again! Look you're dad was the one who was drunk, not me.

CASEY

Yeah but who's the one who ratted him out to security for touching Ringo Starr's drums? He got banned for life! The day KISS gets inducted will be the saddest day of my father's life because he'll never be allowed to relish in their deserved glory among the rock gods. Why? Because his brother-in-law got scared and told on him, that's why!

Beat.

JARVIS

(regretful)

I do feel awful. For that and the fact that your father's a KISS fan. Maybe if we find a way to calm Stevens down he might not press charges.

JOEL

That's great! How do we do that?

JARVIS

Bob does loves a good ass kissing.

BRIAN

(disgusted)

Ew! I'm not going to do that to some old man! They let this sick fuck be around children?

JOEL

Not *literally* you redheaded step child!

JARVIS

No I mean butter him up a bit. Really sell your apology by playing off his ego. It'd help you even offered to pay for the broken window.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

Pay?
 (to The Gang)
 Anybody got some money?

Everyone slow turns to Brian.

BRIAN

But...but...
 (sighs)
 Fine. Let me go get my money.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOUSE - LATER (FRESHMEN YEAR)

Casey apologizes to Stevens on the porch while Jarvis stands behind him. The Gang lean against Jarvis' cop car as the Jocks are being questioned by other cops.

CASEY

I'm so sorry, Principal Stevens. We felt so awful about your window being broken so we wanted to donate some money to help replace it. Here --

Casey hands over a large stack of money.

STEVENS

(shocked)
 Oh my. That's awfully kind of you boys. I'm still upset you broke my window but I admire your courage to admit what you did.

As they watch Casey apologize, Joel elbows Brian a bit and gives him "the look".

BRIAN

All right, all right. I admit it...Casey's a good dude.

JOEL

Can he be in the gang?

BRIAN

Hell no! He'll probably bring his druggie girlfriend to all our stuff. You want her to ruin one of our *Smash Bros.* nights with an overdose?

(CONTINUED)

JOEL
(annoyed)
C'mon Brian!

BRIAN
If they weren't together I'd be
more open to it but since she
currently smells like an old mans'
smoking chair, I'm saying no.

JOEL
(under breath)
Dick breath.

BRIAN
Prince fan.

Ben and Brad start to sneak away.

JARVIS
Wait a minute boys! We still need
to figure out who's responsible for
all the phallic images on side of
the house.

BEN
Phallic?
(laughs)
Those aren't phallic, they're
dicks.

Brad sighs. A nearby cop leads them to Jarvis and Stevens.

BRIAN
I just weaseled out of my first
arrest! My mom will be so proud!
Quick! Someone take a picture.

Brian brings everyone in close and hands his phone to a cop.

CASEY
Corey! Get in here.

JARVIS
It's highly inappropriate -- but
okay!

Jarvis runs over and takes center stage. The cop frames the
shot.

COP #2
All right everyone say
"insufficient evidence".

(CONTINUED)

EVERYONE
Insufficient evidence!

They give a thumbs up as as we FREEZE on this moment.

FADE TO:

INT. SHAKE SHOP - NIGHT

Super: "The Present"

The Gang lay around, bored out of their minds. Will still stands guard at the window.

BROCK
I don't think he's coming.

WILL
But I sucker punched him right in the face! He's gotta show!

BRIAN
It's been five hours. Him or his goons would have shown up by now.

REICTHER
Man I wish I had goons. I have so much bidding that goes undone.

Everyone starts to get up and clear the door barricade.

WILL
You're going to leave me?!

JOEL
Face it. He's not coming, Will.

Once the path is clear everyone starts to make their way out.

REICTHER
Hey check it out. Tom Lawrence just texted me. That Valerie girl is having seizure at the pizza place down the street.

LAURA
Another one?

And like that Will is by himself. He goes to the window again. He stares for a long beat before DING! He picks his phone up.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN (TEXT)
*I wouldn't worry anymore. Brad's
 not coming.*

Will deflates.

WILL (TEXT)
He's not?

ELLEN (TEXT)
He said it's not worth it.

Will kicks a nearby chair. What should be a moment of happiness has instead filled him with rage. *Not worth it?*

Beat before another DING!

ELLEN (TEXT)
*BTW He told me everything.
 EVERYTHING. Including the arrest.*

Like that Will slinks down in a chair. His anger quickly changes to shame.

JARVIS (V/O)
 Wait guys! Wait!

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOUSE - NIGHT (FRESHMEN YEAR)

The Gang are walking their bikes down the street. Officer Jarvis jogs after them.

JARVIS
 Wait! I need to borrow one of you.

WILL
 You guys ride ahead. I'll meet you
 at Brian's.

The rest of The Gang get on their bikes and ride away.

JARVIS
 (re: Brad & Ben)
 Look I can't get a straight answer
 out of them. They keep saying the
 other one did it and they're just
 an innocent bystander. Help me out
 here. Did you see who spray painted
 the house?

Will looks over at Brad and Ben for a long minute.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
(points at Brad)
He did it. Brad Holt spray painted
the house. His friends were just
watching when we showed up.

JARVIS
You sure?

WILL
Yeah. Definitely Brad.

JARVIS
Okay. Thank you for the help, Will.
I owe you.

Jarvis walks back over. He opens the back of the squad car
and starts to lead Brad into it.

BRAD
Wait! It wasn't just me! They spray
painted the dick!

Brad frantically looks around and spots Will, hanging his
head in shame.

BRAD
(frantic)
Will! Tell them! Help me out! Tell
'em it wasn't just me! Will!

BAM. The door shuts. Will can barely lift his head. He looks
ups to to spot an overly happy Ben who gives Will a nod of
approval.

Will slowly turns his bike around and starts to ride away
while in the background we see the squad car pull away.

FADE TO:

INT. SHAKE SHOP - PRESENT TIME

(BEGIN SONG: "Nothingman" by Pearl Jam)

Will sits in shame. He's so disgusted with himself he can
barely lift his head. DING! DING! His phone is blowing up
but he refuses to pick up.

Will grabs his belongings and slowly leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

(SONG CONTINUES)

Will walks by himself looking depressed. He is in his own little world -- a million thoughts racing through his mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

(SONG CONTINUES)

Will sits atop the monkey bars. He stares off into nothingness. After some pondering he starts to feel the monkey bars -- old memories coming rushing back.

YOUNG WILL (V/O)
The playground is in trouble!

YOUNG BRAD (V/O)
It's morphin time!

He lets out a deep sigh. He lays back and starts to stare at the stars. We start to CRANE UP as Will gets lost in the night sky.

SLOW FADE TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NEXT MORNING

(SONG CONTINUES)

Large groups of students make their way to the front entrance. Among them is Ellen who searches the crowd. She spots Brock and Reichter and tags along.

ELLEN
Hey have you guys seen Will? He stopped answering my texts.

BROCK
Not since last night. Did Brad ever show?

ELLEN
No. Things got complicated.

REICTHER
(notices something)
What's going on over there?

(CONTINUED)

A crowd is forming in the middle of the lot and in the middle of that crowd is Ben Tramer. He stands aghast as someone has smeared Whitecasle burgers all over his expensive car.

BEN

What the fuck?! What happened to my car!?

Ben notices a police officer bent over and putting a boot on his wheel.

BEN

What are you doing?!

The officer stands to reveal it's CORY JARVIS.

JARVIS

We got a tip that you don't have the proper stickers to park in this lot, sir.

BEN

Are you kidding me?!

JARVIS

Sir, I can assure I have no sense of humor.

The crowd laughs it up. Phones come out and filming begins.

JARVIS

I'm also going to have to issue a ticket.

BEN

What for?!

JARVIS

Dunno yet. Give me a minute to think of something.

As the crowd continues to revel in Ben's misery we see that Brad is slowly making his way through to see what's going on. He instantly looks shocked and takes a glance at everyone filming.

A bitter Ben starts to smack phones away of people close by which causes the crowd to boo.

BEN

(to the crowd)

Screw you guys! I'm going to beat the shit out of whoever did this!

(CONTINUED)

Brad looks across the crowd and spots Ellen. They exchange a puzzled look, not sure if this was the work of a certain someone. Ellen shrugs.

Brad lowers his head. A small smile comes across his face.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE