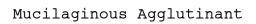


by



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FADE IN:

#### INT. TREEHOUSE - DAY

A cozy six-by-six foot refuge. The place is littered with twenty-first century Americana: BB guns, comics, wall banners, junk food wrappers, spent soda cans, etc.

You can smell the damp wood in this rustic dump.

Then -- FWUMP!

A trap door in the floor is quickly tossed open, as three kids pile inside with haste.

Two of 'em, JAKE and CRUZE (12), have typical frames for their age: gangly bodies supporting big Pez-Heads.

JUBE-JUBE (11), is a chunky kid.

They gather and unload a shit-ton of candy and sports cards from their pockets into a big pile on the floor.

CRUZE

Awesome!

JAKE Sweet score!

Jube-Jube hesitates to ante up his booty.

CRUZE Jube-Jube, put your shit in.

JUBE-JUBE No way, man! I stole more than both of you. Why should I divvy mine up too?

CRUZE Cause that's how we do it!

Jube-Jube retreats to the corner, slams the trap door shut, and parks his ass so no one gets in or out.

JUBE-JUBE This is my loot station, y'all stay the hell away from my shit!

CRUZE C'mon, Jubie, ya' dickweed! JAKE Leave him be, Cruze. Besides, we got the better grab anyway.

Cruze digs a shiny pack of sports cards from the pile ...

CRUZE Yeah, like this.

JAKE The coveted All Star Line-up, nice!

THUMP! THUMP! -- Jube-Jube bobs up and down as someone pushes on the trap door from below, then --

Another boy's voice echoes from beneath the treehouse.

JUDAS (O.C.) Open up, fat-ass! I know you're in there!

They stand still, motioning for all to keep quiet.

CRUZE (whispers) Crap... it's Judas!

JUDAS (0.C.) Hook me up with your score... or I'm gonna tell ol' man Potter you robbed his skate-shop!

#### EXT. TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

From outside, we get a better view of the elevated shack. It looks like it was built circa 1950s, and barely hangs on as it sits wedged between a few crooked limbs.

Jake sticks his head out a small window and cranes his neck to see below.

JAKE Watta ya' want, Judas?!

JUDAS (13), comes from under the tree. He's a little taller than the others, but just a gangly. He hollers up at Jake --

JUDAS Potter knows you broke into his shop and robbed him!

JAKE

Bullshit!

JUDAS He will, when I tell him. Gimme the loot, or I'm gonna squeal on y'all!

### INT. TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jake pulls his head back in.

JAKE Your brother is *such* an asshole, Jubie!

JUBE-JUBE Tell me about it.

CRUZE Aww, man. Just throw him a damn Clark Bar or something to shut him up.

Jake grabs a few packs of Pop-Rocks, and --

## EXT. TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tosses them out the window.

JAKE Here, ya' dillweed. Now, bugger off!

Judas picks up the candy.

JUDAS That's it?!

He walks off in a huff.

JUDAS Oh, man! I'm gonna burn y'all so bad!

# INT. TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jake pulls his head back in.

JAKE Seriously, Jubie... d'you think he'd rat us out?

Jube-Jube could give a shit. He has half a pound of chocolate crammed into his mouth.

JUBE-JUBE (incoherent) Fugged if I know. CRUZE Man, forget about it. Let's just take this loot and go down to the bridge. Jake grabs a one gallon jug from under a pile of rubbish. JAKE No way, man. I ain't gonna go down for this shit! CRUZE Dude, no ones going down, he's playing is all. JAKE I already have three priors. If he rats us out, they'll throw me in the pen for the entire summer! He uncaps the jug. CRUZE Pen? What pen? JUBE-JUBE He means Juvie hall. Jake grabs a pack of Mentos and rips them open. CRUZE What's that? He quickly drops the entire Mentos pack into the jug. JAKE I'm gonna bleach-bomb this entire place to get rid of fingerprints. He quickly twists the cap on the jug, gives it a vigorous shake, and slams it onto the floor. CRUZE Holy shit, dude! Cruze hauls it to the trap door, but Jube-Jube is blocking the way.

> CRUZE Move your ass, Jube-Jube!

Then realizes... it's too late. All stare in dismay as the jug quickly inflates, then -- BOOM!

Explodes, throwing a slurry of red liquid everywhere. Cruze rolls around the floor in a state of insanity.

CRUZE I'm blind! I can't see, I'm blind! My skin is falling off!

Jube-Jube, unfazed, licks his lips.

JUBE-JUBE Hmm... tastes like Cream Soda.

Cruze calms down a bit and wipes his eyes. He cautiously licks his fingers.

CRUZE He's right. It's just Cream Soda!

JAKE

Sugar Bomb!

Cruze gets to his feet, soaked head to toe in sticky syrup.

CRUZE Aww, man... this is so gross. What the hell, Jake?!

JAKE

My dad's gonna tear this place down this summer. So I figure, why not

go out with a bang, ha ha!

Just then, a -- THUNK! then a -- CRACK!

As the trap door gives way and Jube-Jube quickly falls out of sight.

JAKE Jubie?! Holy shit!

Cruze and Jake peer over the trap opening as Jube-Jube writhes in pain down below.

JUBE-JUBE

Oww, my ass!

Then, the local law, DEPUTY GREY (30), pokes his head into view. He stares up at opening.

DEPUTY GREY You boys get down here.

## EXT. TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cruze makes his way down the ladder.

CRUZE I knew he'd rat us out.

Jube-Jube still writhes in pain.

JUBE-JUBE You broke my friggin' ass!

DEPUTY GREY You curb that foul tongue, boy.

CUT TO:

## EXTREME CLOSE UP: JUDAS' FACE

He pours an entire pack of Pop-rocks into his mouth. They CRACKLE as he chows down.

JUDAS Mwahahaha! (cough) Hmmm... ugh! Mwaha --! (choke) Mwaha --!

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK

JUDAS (V.O.)

ACK!