



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 (O.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!