

MILLION DOLLAR IDEA

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

At one end of a long table sit RANDY, 17, COLIN, 17, MATT, 17, and ASHER, 16. Friends, this is their haunt during lunch. At the other end of the table sits SETH, 17, dressed in black, a Goth.

The other tables are filled with the usual mix of high school TEENS along with the problems they have.

RANDY  
Come on, someone help me.

COLIN  
It's crazy.

ASHER  
Stupid really.

RANDY  
Are you kidding? It's fucking brilliant.

MATT  
You don't know brilliant from asshole.

RANDY  
What does that mean?

COLIN  
It means that it's the stupidest plan I've ever heard.

RANDY  
It's a million hit idea. Every tweeter on the net will be all over it.

ASHER  
Ever see Dumb and Dumbest?

MATT  
Better think it through.

RANDY  
I have, I have.

COLIN  
(looking at his watch)  
Time, muchachos, time.

They grab their trays and head out.

RANDY  
Come on, guys, it's gold.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Randy slips through the door. Seth falls in step.

SETH  
I'll do it.

RANDY  
What? Do what?

SETH  
The million hit idea.

Randy looks over.

RANDY  
Yeah?

SETH  
One condition. No can know it's  
me.

RANDY  
Well...yeah...yeah, OK. Deal.

Randy holds out his hand, and they shake.

INT. STORAGE SPACE - DAY

Randy checks the focus of a camera on a tripod. It's pointed at a chair a few feet ahead.

He checks the cable leading to a computer. On the screen, the chair. He pulls out his phone, taps and swipes, and checks the screen. There is the chair.

RANDY  
Done.

EXT. STORAGE SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Randy uses a padlock to lock the door. Then, he walks to his car.

INT. RANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Randy types on his computer. Finishes and shuts down the app. On the screen appears the cute photo of Aimee, his girlfriend. Randy grins.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL - MORNING

Randy SLAMS his locker door and whirls around. As he does, he spots AIMEE, 17, as sexy as mesh nylons, chatting with another BOY. Randy doesn't wait but hustles over.

RANDY

Dude, give it up. She's mine.

AIMEE

Give it a rest. We're just talking.

RANDY

Doesn't look like just talking to me.

EOY

(holding up hands)

It's cool. I was just sayin' hey.

The Boy backs away.

RANDY

Keep goin'. She's off limits.

AIMEE

Good grief.

She starts away, and Randy grabs her arm.

RANDY

Where you goin'?

AIMEE

Class, asshole.

RANDY

I want to talk.

AIMEE

Not to me. I'm sick of your green as grass jealousy.

RANDY

I'm not jealous.

AIMEE  
 No, you're stupid. And don't call  
 me any more.

She rips away her arm and starts down the hall. He takes a  
 step after her when a BELL rings.

RANDY  
 AIMEE! Fuck.

He turns away and runs for his class.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Randy, tray in hand, walks amidst the tables, looking for a  
 place to sit. He spots the Boy from earlier, and anger fills  
 Randy's face. He walks over, takes the pudding off his tray,  
 and smashes into the Boy's head.

The Boy jumps up, and Randy doesn't hesitate. He throws a  
 punch that knocks the Boy back. Even as Randy wades in, the  
 Boy's BUDS jump up and grab Randy.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Randy, his face bruised, sits in front of the PRINCIPAL, a  
 dowdy woman whose frown says that Randy is in trouble.

Glumly, Randy stares back.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Randy stands next to his car as rain pelts down. He records  
 himself on his phone.

RANDY  
 Fucking worst day ever. My girl  
 dumped me. They kicked me out of  
 school for fighting. Now, my  
 fucking car won't start in the  
 coldest fucking rain ever. What a  
 fucking disaster.

INT. STORAGE SPACE - DAY

Randy stands in front of the camera that records him.

RANDY  
 My parents don't understand. Buck  
 up, they say.  
 (MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)

That's the same as fuck up, which is what I do. I no longer have a girlfriend. I don't have any friends. Hitler has more twitter followers than I do. Facebook might as well be no-Face book. I'm fucked.

He climbs up on a chair, still on the camera, still on the computer screen.

RANDY (CONT'D)

This is all I have left--a show for you lousy bastards who never gave a shit for me. Fuck you. Watch because you won't be able to turn away. You'll watch some asshole twist in the wind because you're all sick fucks. You love watching the train crash. Fuck you.

He pulls a remote control from a pocket and pauses the camera. The computer screen freezes.

RANDY (CONT'D)

You ready?

At the back of the space stands Seth, still all Goth.

SETH

Yeah.

RANDY

Remember, thirty seconds. Stop the camera and feed before you get me down. If you don't stop it, they'll know it's all bogus.

SETH

I know how to do it.

Randy turns on the camera and the internet feed. He pulls a noose from the rafter and slips it around his neck.

RANDY

Listen up, fuckers. Open your eyes. This isn't my fault, it's yours. It's this fucking world that crapped on everything I ever tired to do. So, fuck you!

Randy tightens the noose, and kicks out the chair. He hangs there, the noose choking him. He stares at the camera, not trying to get loose at all.

At the back, Seth watches with utter disinterest.

The clock ticks. Randy looks at Seth. Randy waves his arm, calling in Seth who does nothing.

Randy waves faster and starts to kick. He's dying even as Seth watches. Randy tries to yell, but it's all garbled.

Seth moves forward to the camera, and Randy settles down. Then, Seth goes to the back and opens the door to step out, leaving Randy yelling and kicking.

EXT. STORAGE SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Seth gathers his black coat around him and walks away.

FADE OUT.