

PUMP IT UP

By

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FADE IN:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (SEPTEMBER, 1979)

Students mill about as MR. BRUNO (50's), small in stature but big in attitude, is deeply into what he is reading.

MIKE (17), the star athlete who is used to attention and likes it, sits next to his smarter, copy cat friend ROBBY (17). They both have on their school FOOTBALL JERSEYS.

MIKE

I don't care!

ROBBY

You should care. Caring denotes responsibility. As a Captain...

MIKE

I. Don't. Care.

ROBBY

Indeed!

The bell rings, the students fall into their seats.

MR. BRUNO

Settle down. AP Sociology. Tell me, who in here, will pass the state test and earn themselves college credit...

The door pops open and MEG (17) bounds in like a gymnast.

MR. BRUNO (CONT'D)

Miss Kelly.

Crunchy granola but pretty, she flashes an innocent smile and darts past him to an open desk, the one in front of Mike.

The boys turn toward her and stare.

MIKE

Hey.

Meg looks at him, then Robby, then at their football jerseys.

MEG

Humph.

She turns away and sits.

Mike is shocked. Annoyed, he turns to Robby.

ROBBY
(mouths)
What's her problem?

Mike shrugs, they turn back to the Mr. Bruno.

MR. BRUNO
You each have a syllabus, know it
like you know your phone number.
Who can tell me what sociology is?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mike and Robby walk down the hall, students separate like the red sea parting as they go by. Girls whisper, other boys shout "Murph!!" "Touchdown Murphy!!" Mike soaks it all in, smiles confidently and high fives a couple people.

Meg is off to the side talking with her socially awkward friend FERN (17) and watches as Mike passes. He smiles towards her but doesn't see her. Meg fumes.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The bell rings, the kids take their seats.

MR. BRUNO
Tell me about last night's
homework...

The door opens and Mike cruises in wearing his football jersey with a long sleeve shirt under it.

MIKE
(shrugs)
You know coach.

MR. BRUNO
Fail my class and you won't have a
coach, Murphy.

Mike rolls his eyes, stops at Meg's desk.

MIKE
Hey.

Meg stares, nothing.

MR. BRUNO
Murphy?! We've been at this for
two months. Sit!

MIKE
Sorry.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Bruno is talking but it's background noise to Mike. In a basketball jersey and long sleeve shirt, he stares at Meg's empty desk. Robby, also in a basketball jersey, pokes him.

MIKE
What?

MR. BRUNO
Murphy! Customs.

Floundering, Mike opens his book, leafs through the pages.

MIKE
Umm... umm... hmm... customs are...

MR. BRUNO
Yep, cold outside. Looks like
Murphy's brain could use some snow
tires. Anyone?
(sighs)
Robby, regale us.

ROBBY
Customs, once established, become a
role or norm of action. They often
involve binding reciprocal
obligations.

MR. BRUNO
(surprised)
Very nice. Yes, custom supports
law, without which it becomes
meaningless. Thank you Robby!

Mike glances at Robby. Robby shrugs.

ROBBY
My pleasure!

MR. BRUNO
 (to Mike)
 Much like the reciprocal agreement
 in this classroom is I ask the
 questions, you provide the answers.

Robby smirks at Mike, who slyly flips him the bird.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Test day, all heads are down and concentrating. We see Mike's test is blank, he's looking around for inspiration.

Meg stands up, gathers her things and glances at Mike. She looks down, notices his blank sheet and gives him a look that's half pity/half shame.

Meg pivots for the Mr. Bruno, hands in her test and prances out the door. Mike's eyes follow her.

MIKE
 (to himself)
 This really sucks...

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike looks at a tiny sheet of paper, dials the number and puts the phone to his ear.

He abruptly hangs up.

He breathes deep, nervously re-dials the number and puts the phone to his ear.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. MEG'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Meg sits on the couch reading as the phone rings. Her very opposite, younger sister BRIDGET (14) with too much makeup and very big hair races to answer it.

BRIDGET
 Hello.

MIKE
 Uh, hi. Is Meg home?

Annie looks at her sister.

BRIDGET
Who's calling please?

MIKE
Mike. Uh, Mike Murphy.

Bridget lights up.

BRIDGET
(loudly)
Mike Murphy.

Meg is surprised but waves for her to say no. Now it's Bridget's turn to be surprised and holds the phone out for her. The sister's go back and forth.

MIKE
Hello... anyone there?

BRIDGET
Sorry, Meg's not home right now.

MIKE
Okay. Well, can I leave a...

BRIDGET
(smiling at Meg)
Wait, I think I hear here coming through the door right now. Yep, here she comes.

Meg's looks says Bridget is a dead girl, Bridget smiles back at Meg with her hand covering the phone.

MEG
(quietly but fuming)
Give me that!

BRIDGET
You do not leave Mike Murphy hanging!

MEG
Hello.

MIKE
Hey. It's Mike.

MEG
Yes.

MIKE
That was some test today.

MEG
Yes, it was.

MIKE
(struggling)
I was wondering... if you might
help me out.

MEG
No.

MIKE
What? No?

MEG
If you're asking what I think
you're asking...

MIKE
To tutor me?

Meg is shocked.

MEG
Oh. (a beat) No.

MIKE
No?

MEG
Why should I care?

MIKE
(quietly)
I need help.

Silence on both ends of the call.

MEG
Did you do this week's reading?

MIKE
No...

MEG
See...

MIKE
But I will! Will you help?

MEG

Do the reading. While you're thinking about it, compare it to what goes on with your teammates. In the locker room. Got it?

MIKE

But...

MEG

Don't talk to me at school. Don't call me again unless you've done it.

MIKE

But...

MEG

Good bye.

Meg hangs up the phone and smiles.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike hangs up the phone confused.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mike and Robby walk the hallway and the red sea parts again. We hear "Great Game last night!" "Swish!" Mike soaks it in, Robby soaks in walking with Mike.

Meg and Fern are off to the side. Mike sees Meg, stops and smiles directly at her.

Meg and Fern walk away.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike dials the phone and listens.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. MEG'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bridget races to answer the phone.

BRIDGET

Hello.

MIKE
Is Meg there?

BRIDGET
Is this Mike Murphy? This is
Bridget, Meg's younger and far more
attractive sister...

Meg grabs the phone from Bridget's ear.

MEG
Sorry about that...

MIKE
(goofy grin)
Hey. Thanks.

MEG
You did the reading?

MIKE
And I think I get it. It's about
social status, right? Mores are
rules for a group. Like how the
freshmen have their part of the
locker room.

MEG
Okay.

MIKE
And they don't talk unless asked to
talk.

Meg softens towards Mike.

MEG
The class is about how we interact
with one another as a society. How
we group ourselves, the roles we
play in those groups and the status
those groups bring.

MIKE
Yep. Do we get to talk now?

MEG
Really?

MIKE
I mean, did I do something to you?

MEG
Yes. Well no, not you directly.

MIKE

Huh?

MEG

Have you ever come to our school plays?

MIKE

Uh, no?

MEG

Do you even have interest in something if it doesn't involve cleats or a ball?

MIKE

Maybe...

MEG

Maybe... try it some time.

MIKE

(irritated)

Maybe I will.

MEG

Great!

MIKE

Great!

MEG

Good bye!!

MIKE

Good bye!!

Neither one hangs up for a long time.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Everyone is relaxed, students sitting on desks, casual. Mike and Robby are dressed in Hawaiian shirts.

MR. BRUNO

You've saved your folks a few bucks next year. Officially, everyone passed.

The class cheers, the bell rings, students flee the classroom.

Mike lets out a huge sigh of relief and heads for Mr. Bruno.

MIKE
(extending his hand)
Hey, thanks Mr. B!

MR. BRUNO
Good job, you pulled through.
Barely. Go get 'em next year!
It's my alma mater you know.

MIKE
Will do.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

House party, kids mingling everywhere.

Mike, still in his Hawaiian shirt stands near the keg, his tragically beautiful girlfriend KITTY (16) is pretty much on top of him with her hand in his back pocket. Robby, dressed the same, stands with them.

MIKE
What are we doing here?

KITTY
Yeah, what?

Kitty kisses Mike on the cheek, he flinches.

ROBBY
I've known Dowd forever.

MIKE
Freaks...

KITTY
Drama geeks...

Kitty waits for validation.

MIKE
(to Kitty)
Hey. Isn't that Misty?

KITTY
So?

MIKE
Go say hello. Go.

Kitty reluctantly heads to Misty, Mike and Robby sneak to --

INT. SCREENED IN FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Mike and Robby sit down on the front porch, away from the party.

ROBBY
You're really going to break up
(beat) with that?

They look at Kitty chatting with Misty. She looks back at them over her shoulder.

MIKE
(sighs)
She's killing me.

ROBBY
If it were me...

MIKE
Can't breath...

ROBBY
I'd consider the statistical
probabilities of finding another
girlfriend hot enough to melt ice
cream just by walking near it...

They are interrupted as BECCA, (17) always the life of the party, CHRISTY (17) of the perpetual scowl, and SUZI (17) sexual innuendo all the time, enter.

BECCA
I call shotgun...

MIKE
Finally!

BECCA
'Cause this party is lame!

SUZI
What're you boys doing?

MIKE
Hiding.

Velcro couple DOUGIE (17) and MICHELLE (16) follow close after. Kitty slides in behind them and snuggles into the same chair as Mike, he cringes. The girls notice, Christie scowls.

KITTY
Hello everyone!

DOUGIE
We'll hide with you.

BECCA
Kitty, room for me on that chair?

Kitty smiles politely and squeezes Mike.

SUZI
Someone's getting laid tonight!

DOUGIE
I hope it's me.
(a little louder)
I hope it's me.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Meg, in tiny jean shorts and a Dago Tee, and Fern, looking like a dirty hippy, look out at the porch.

FERN
Why did they even come?

INT. SCREENED IN FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

MICHELLE
(to Dougie)
Why is everything sex with you?

SUZI
I don't think Dougie getting any
toni...

All conversations stop as Meg vaults onto the porch, eyes forward and marches to the stereo. She fingers the albums, finds what she wants and places it on the turntable.

The friends alternate quizzical looks at Meg and each other.

Elvis Costello's "Pump It Up" starts, she cranks the volume and begins to dance.

The looks change as the music plays.

Meg dances faster, arms flail, hips shake, hair whips. She never looks at anyone, her moves more seductive as she goes, she whips herself into a frenzy.

Mike, Robby and Dougie exchange dirty grins. Mike gets a poke in the ribs from Kitty.

The girls stare and whisper.

KITTY
(to Mike)
What are you smiling at?

Mike wipes the grin from his face.

The song ends, Meg tries to catch her breath while staring at the stereo. All eyes still on her, until --

FERN
Yeah! Let's dance!!

Meg and Fern dance to the next song but the magic is gone.

MIKE
Let's...

ROBBY
Yeah.

The gang quickly exits the porch, Meg and Fern are alone.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The friends make their way through the crowd as they leave.

CHRISTY
Can you believe her?

MICHELLE
What was that?

KITTY
(to Mike)
You didn't like that, did you?

MIKE
That. That was...

ROBBY
Inappropriate.

MIKE
Yes. Thank you. Inappropriate.

SUZI
(to herself)
She's got me hot and bothered!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BONES BAR - NIGHT

Dressed in winter coats, Mike and Robby enter the bar. They grab a beer, exchange high fives with friends and make their way to the back. Mike hears his name called.

MEG

Merry Christmas! Michael Murphy.

The crowd separates and Mike sees Meg, a little tipsy.

MIKE

(to Robby)

Give a minute.

MEG

You never remember me.

MIKE

Hey.

MEG

Well?

MIKE

Sure I do.

MEG

Sure.

MIKE

Graduation. Dowd's party?

MEG

Hmm. I hear you didn't like my dancing.

MIKE

My girlfriend, at the time, didn't like it. I had to agree.

MEG

Sure.

Mike leans in close.

MIKE

Actually, it turned me on.

Meg smiles a bit, blushes. A long silence follows.

Meg leaps at Mike and begins kissing him. Surprised, Mike reciprocates. Passion builds.

EXT. DODGE DART - NIGHT

Robby's Dodge Dart, parked in the lot outside the bar, is rocking. The windows are fogged.

INT. DODGE DART - LATER

Meg and Mike are in the backseat, sweaty and breathing heavy. Meg zips up her jeans and runs her fingers through her hair. Mike watches as she starts to leave.

MIKE

Hey.

Meg sits back down.

MEG

Yes?

MIKE

This? Us?

MEG

Us?

MIKE

I mean, where did this come from?

Meg shrugs.

MEG

Doesn't mean there's an us.

MIKE

(sighs)

Will I see you again?

MEG

Sure.

Smiling, Meg gets out of the car, Mike remains seated.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. STAGE - DAY

CLOSE ON Mike in his university football jersey. His eyes are closed as he takes a few deep, anxious breaths.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Theater 101. Places everyone.
Places!

Mike paces nervously and gives a quick smile to those around him. He's on a different kind of stage and doesn't want to look foolish.

Light creeps into the theatre as a door opens and closes. Dark haired, crunchy granola and cute ANNIE (18) hurries into place opposite Mike.

MIKE

Hey.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

The show will go on without you,
Miss Brennan.

Annie gathers herself, glances at Mike then at his football jersey.

ANNIE

Humph.

FADE OUT.