

Lewd Print

By

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FADE IN:

INT. CLAYTON'S HOUSE- NIGHT

The room is virtually empty there is a couch, a coffee table, and a television on a stand. There is some trash scattered here and there. CLAYTON is sitting on his couch in front of his television which has a screen of white fuzz. He is devouring a pop tart when JOHN enters the door. CLAYTON immediately throws the pop tart at JOHN in fear of an attack, but misses and only hits outside the door frame.

JOHN

What the hell man. I'm not going to kill you.

CLAYTON

I'm taking precautions.

JOHN

No you're not. If you were taking precautions you would've used the katana that you bought from eBay.

CLAYTON

That is the second precaution! I was going to blind him with a pop tart first, and then attack!

JOHN

Well, I'd work on your aim if I were you.

CLAYTON

Whatever man.

They pause. JOHN walks over and slumps down on the couch next to CLAYTON.

CLAYTON

How was the band?

JOHN

Pretty good, all of the opening bands sucked though.

CLAYTON

How many were there?

JOHN

Like four.

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON
Jesus man, that sucks.

They pause. JOHN gets up. He walks to the middle of the room.

JOHN
Do you want to walk with me to get some food? I'm starving.

CLAYTON
Where would we go? It's like...

He looks for a clock. The camera goes to a shot of the clock to show that CLAYTON sees the time. It's 12:30.

CLAYTON
12:30.

JOHN
I know. But we can go to McDonald's. They got like that twenty four hours a day thing going.

CLAYTON
Yeah.

JOHN
Just walk with me, Clay. It's just a couple blocks away.

CLAYTON
I don't know.

JOHN
Come on dude. What if I get molested by a big burly dude? You don't want that on your conscience.

CLAYTON
Come on man, don't put that stuff on my conscience.

JOHN
Clayton, dude. Come on. It's like two blocks away. We can walk there. You were just going to watch TV and jerk off anyway.

CLAYTON
Exactly!

JOHN

I won't be the same bro you once
knew once I'm molested.

CLAYTON gets up and gets ready to go out the door.

CLAYTON

God damn it, okay. I'll go.

JOHN

Sweet.

They exit the door.

EXT. CITY STREETS-DAY

CLAYTON and JOHN are walking in silence down dimly lit
streets until JOHN says:

JOHN

I really hate those people who say
"I am whatever years young" instead
of saying "I'm whatever years old."

CLAYTON

Who said that?

JOHN

Well, I thought I met this really
cool girl today.

CLAYTON

Ooh la la.

JOHN

Yeah she had the pixie cut and all.
You know how I like pixie cuts.

CLAYTON

Of course. Pixie cuts are hot. I
know how you enjoy them.

JOHN

Yeah. And I was really considering
asking her out sometime. Not then
of course, I had only met her, but
I asked her how old she was to see
if I was getting into shit I
couldn't handle. And then, she said
she was twenty two years young.
That's my age! But do you
understand, I can't date a girl who
says they are whatever years young.

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON

That's really shallow dude.

JOHN

I'm allowed to have preferences. I know I'm in no position to turn down a girl, but dude, it's high school. I don't have to worry about girls.

CLAYTON

I know. But she only did one thing wrong. You have to embrace a person for their flaws if you want their advantages.

They approach the door of the McDonald's. JOHN tries to open the door. The door is locked.

CLAYTON

Can we go through the drive through?

JOHN

I suppose.

CLAYTON

Sweet.

They enter the drive through. There are five cars in front of them. Three beside the building, one receiving their order, two waiting, one paying for their order, and one ordering. They wait behind the car ordering.

JOHN

Do you want anything?

CLAYTON

Nah, I ate pizza tonight.

JOHN

Okay.

A car drives up behind them.

JOHN

You know, I'm not shallow. I can embrace a girl's flaws, but there are some I just can't fucking handle. Like girls who say they're whatever years young.

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON

But that's a real dumb ass thing to get worked up about.

JOHN

We all have our quirks.

They move forward and line. They're up to order. They stand in front of the machine for ordering but it doesn't say anything.

JOHN

Hello?

He starts moving around as to trigger the sensor.

CLAYTON

Hello?

They move around together.

JOHN

Can you hear me?

CLAYTON

Hello?

JOHN

I guess the sensor only works for cars. Maybe that's why when people walk through here they bring carts or something.

CLAYTON

Oh yeah.

JOHN

Let's go up to the window and order there.

They move up, the car behind them goes up to order. You can hear the muffled noise of the ordering machine.

JOHN

See it's something with the machine.

CLAYTON

Yeah, we can just order at the window though.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Yeah.

Another car pulls up behind the one ordering. CLAYTON and JOHN wait in silence. CLAYTON breaks it.

CLAYTON

John, I'm not trying to call you shallow-

JOHN

Yes you are.

CLAYTON

Just listen boy, let me explain.

JOHN

Don't call me boy, you ain't my father.

CLAYTON

That's not the point. I'm just trying to say I'm not calling you shallow. What I meant by that is I just think you should be more open minded about things.

JOHN

Open minded? Open minded. I'm fucking open minded. I was the fucking guy who threw a water balloon full of ball sweat at Andy Kleen at Christine's party.

CLAYTON

That shit's not open minded, it's just gross dude. I told you. I have no respect for that shit. It's just gross. And I wouldn't go around bragging about that if I were you. Nobody really finds that cool.

JOHN

Bullshit. I have all the guys' from our school respect for pulling that shit.

They move up to the ordering window. JOHN knocks on the window and the EMPLOYEE opens it.

JOHN

Your door was closed. Can we order here.

(CONTINUED)

EMPLOYEE
Sure, what do you want?

JOHN
I'll take a large fry.

EMPLOYEE
Mhm.

JOHN
A large coke.

EMPLOYEE
Mhm.

JOHN
And a six piece of nuggets with
barbecue sauce.

EMPLOYEE
That will be all?

JOHN
Yup.

EMPLOYEE
That will be six ninety three.

JOHN pulls ten dollars from his pocket and pays the man.

EMPLOYEE
Three dollars and seven cents is
your change.

JOHN
Thanks.

The EMPLOYEE closes the window and JOHN and CLAYTON move up.

JOHN
You know, majority of the guys at
school have respect for me for
doing that. Even Andy.

CLAYTON
Majority of the guys at our school
are dumb asses.

JOHN
Oh, don't get pessimistic on me.

CLAYTON

You know I didn't mean it like that man.

JOHN

They're not assholes.

CLAYTON

I'm just saying don't be proud of that shit. Also, don't be so god damn picky. I will gladly take a fine girl from you any day.

They move up in line. They stand in silence until a KID yells out at them from his car.

KID

Hey guys, what car you driving?

JOHN

A Chevy.

KID

I can't see it.

JOHN

It's invisible. It was on discount.

KID

Oh yeah? Well your car's a piece of shit!

JOHN turns around to look at the kid and yells:

JOHN

Some of can't afford cars okay!

Another EMPLOYEE hands JOHN his order and asks:

EMPLOYEE

Are you okay?

JOHN

Yeah, I'm fine.

They walk down the road.

CLAYTON

A mothafuckin' Chevy? Where the hell did you get that.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Pssh, I don't know man. I was just put on the spot. I'm sorry.

CLAYTON

It's fine. I just found it funny.

JOHN

Whatever.

INT. CLAYTON'S HOUSE-DAY

CLAYTON is sleeping on his bed and JOHN is sleeping on the couch. CLAYTON's cell phone starts vibrating on the table.

JOHN

Who is it?

CLAYTON

I don't know.

JOHN

Answer it then.

CLAYTON

Okay.

CLAYTON grabs the phone, answers it, and puts it up to his ear.

CLAYTON

Hello?

A muffled voice can be heard from the other side of the phone. CLAYTON listens.

CLAYTON

Okay.

CLAYTON hangs up the phone. He tries placing it on the table, but drops it on the floor. He goes back to sleep. JOHN sits up and looks at CLAYTON.

JOHN

Who was it?

CLAYTON

Huh?

JOHN

Who was that on the phone?

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON
That was Spider.

JOHN
What did he want?

CLAYTON
He was just reminding me that we
have to be at Fanny's house by 10.
She finishes her jog and then goes
for her shower.

JOHN
Okay.

They lie in silence.

JOHN
What time is it?

CLAYTON picks up his phone and looks at it.

CLAYTON
Like 7.

JOHN
Then why the hell is he calling us
already? We can be there and ready
if we leave at 9:30.

CLAYTON
Yeah, I don't know. Let's just go
back to sleep.

JOHN
Yeah.

They remain silent as if to sleep.

JOHN
Hey Clayton?

CLAYTON
Yeah John?

JOHN
What's the furthest you've ever
gotten with a girl?

CLAYTON
Like third base.

JOHN
Same.

CLAYTON
Bullshit.

JOHN
What?

CLAYTON sits up in bed.

CLAYTON
Bullshit. When?

JOHN gets up from the couch.

JOHN
Remember that party at Gene's?

CLAYTON
Yeah.

JOHN
Molly sucked my dick in his
bedroom.

CLAYTON
Oh yeah, I heard about that! You
peed on her didn't you?

JOHN
No! That's a rumor!

CLAYTON holds his hands up as if to prove he's innocent.

CLAYTON
I wasn't making any accusations
man. I was just askin' a question.

JOHN
Okay. No, that's false.

CLAYTON
I figured. Excuse the pun, but that
seems really hard. Like that takes
effort to pee on someone when
you're getting blown.

JOHN
Yeah, I can imagine.

CLAYTON
How did that rumor start?

JOHN
Of me peeing on her?

CLAYTON
Yeah.

JOHN
Well, I really had to cum, but I didn't know what to say. I just let it go when she blew me and I guess that's where it starts.

CLAYTON
It sucks how rumors circulate.
Excuse the pun.

JOHN
Yeah, I can agree. It blows, excuse the pun as well.

CLAYTON gets up and goes out of the bedroom door. JOHN yells to him:

JOHN
Where are you going?

CLAYTON
Making breakfast. You want some?

JOHN
Sure.

JOHN gets up and walks out the door which fades to:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS-DAY

CLAYTON and JOHN are walking down the streets. It's bright and dew is on the ground, you can tell it's a spring morning. CLAYTON has a camera in hand and he's fiddling with it. JOHN is carrying a backpack and they are talking.

JOHN
What was your first time
masturbating like?

CLAYTON
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Like how did you figure it out?

CLAYTON

I don't know I guess I've been tuggin' ever since I came out of the womb.

JOHN

Really? My brother taught me.

CLAYTON

Your brother jerked you off?

JOHN

No! He just told me to grab a box of tissues and get rubbin'.

CLAYTON

Oh.

JOHN and CLAYTON go up to FANNY's house and hide in the bushes. JOHN takes off his backpack and grabs a pair of gloves. He puts them on. He then hands a pair to CLAYTON who puts his on. JOHN then reaches in the bag and pulls out two masks. JOHN puts his on, and then CLAYTON. There is a shot of FANNY entering her bathroom, she begins undressing. CLAYTON is ready with his camera.

JOHN

Is she naked yet?

CLAYTON

No. She's in her underwear now. But she's taking her bra off.

He pauses, looking through his camera.

CLAYTON

Money shot.

The camera clicks, he takes a few pictures. CLAYTON then looks through his camera to see if he got some good shots.

CLAYTON

Okay we're good.

They walk away from FANNY's house and they take off the gloves and masks and put them into the bag. CLAYTON then puts his camera into his bag.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
Dude, I'm going to crank so hard
when we get home.

CLAYTON
Same, but we have to drop these off
to Spider at first.

JOHN
Okay.

They then continue walking which fades to:

INT. SPIDER'S HOUSE- DAY

There is a shot of Spider's door. CLAYTON is knocking on it. SPIDER, a nerdy white boy with rectangular glasses and acne opens the door. He leads them into house to his computer. He sits in front of the screen. He puts his hand out.

SPIDER
Camera.

CLAYTON hands him the camera. SPIDER plugs it into his computer. SPIDER studies the pictures.

SPIDER
Good shots, good shots.

SPIDER spins around in his chair.

SPIDER
Good job guys. I'll put these in
this months issue. When they sell
you'll both get thirty percent
each.

JOHN
Cool.

CLAYTON
Cool.

They pause.

SPIDER
By the way, do you guys want to go
rollerskating this weekend?

CLAYTON
No Spider, we never want to go
rollerskating. Don't you
understand?

(CONTINUED)

SPIDER stands up.

SPIDER
Fine. See you losers later.

SPIDER rolls away on his roller skates. CLAYTON and JOHN stand flummoxing.

INT. COLLEGE MESS HALL-DAY

CLAYTON and JOHN are sitting next to each other at a cafeteria table reading comics. FANNY comes up with an issue of Showing Skins. She plops it on the table in front of JOHN and CLAYTON.

FANNY
What the hell is this?

CLAYTON and JOHN observe it.

JOHN
Looks like a crude magazine made by a coupla punks looking to make a quick buck. Disgusting.

FANNY
Shut up. I know you print this magazine, everyone does and we're sick of it.

CLAYTON
Who's the we? You only starting caring because you happened to suffer.

FANNY waves her hands in the air.

FANNY
Shut up! Don't be such a dick!

JOHN
We're just trying to help miss, not just you, but the vast majority of girls who go to this school that this magazine has taken advantage of. Don't be so selfish.

FANNY
Gah! It's pointless. I'm done.

FANNY leaves.

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON

Next time I would suggest not putting yourself out there!

INT. MR. STUMP'S OFFICE-DAY

A copy of Showing Skins is plopped on a wooden desk. CLAYTON and JOHN are seated on one side and MR. STUMP is standing on the other.

MR. STUMP

This is the third time that you've been in my office this week. You know you could get arrested for this on account of invasion of personal -

JOHN

We can't be arrested though. There's no proof that we wrote that.

MR. STUMP

Listen, I'm not stupid. I just hate to see kids get in trouble for dumb shit. You know what happened to my son the other day? He sent a dick pic to his girlfriend.

CLAYTON

Really?

MR. STUMP

Yeah. On his mother's phone. He fucking forgot to delete the picture.

CLAYTON

No offense dude, but your son's a fucking idiot.

MR. STUMP

(Sadly) I know. (Sternly) I'm just trying to help you before this catches up to you. You may get in trouble with the law, you may get in trouble with future career choices, or what matters to you now, relationships.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
We're fine.

MR. STUMP
Don't say I didn't warn you.

CLAYTON and JOHN get up out of their chairs and start walking towards the door.

JOHN
No, thanks again Mr. Stump, it's better you than someone else.

MR. STUMP
Yeah, and remember that! Stop while you're ahead!

CLAYTON and JOHN exit out the door.

INT. CAMPUS HALLS-DAY

JOHN and CLAYTON walk to the bathroom.

CLAYTON
Maybe he's right.

JOHN
What do you mean?

CLAYTON
We should probably lay off a bit.

JOHN
Why would we do that?

CLAYTON
Well, there's only so many pictures we can take of girls at our school.

JOHN
But this is our last year of college, and it's spring. And even if we run out of pictures of girls at our school, can't we try other schools?

CLAYTON
Nah, the guys here are rather picky with their porn, they want something personal, a girl they know.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I don't get it, I can whack it to pretty much anything.

CLAYTON

When you're paying, you tend to be picky.

JOHN

Yeah yeah yeah, whatever. I just don't get why these kids pay their parent's money when porn is for free on the internet.

CLAYTON

I don't know, but I wouldn't argue man, the customer is always right.

They walk into the bathroom. ANTHONY, OTHER JOHN, and GREG are waiting in the bathroom.

ANTHONY

Sup.

CLAYTON and JOHN high five ANTHONY.

CLAYTON and JOHN Sup Anthony.

JOHN

Hey other John.

OTHER JOHN

Hey.

CLAYTON

Sup Greg.

GREG

Hey. CLAYTON puts his backpack on the floor. He pulls out three copies of Showing Skins.

JOHN

You guys got thirty dollars between all of you?

OTHER JOHN

Yup.

They all dig ten bucks each out of their pockets. GREG hands his ten to JOHN. Then ANTHONY hands his to JOHN, and finally OTHER JOHN hands his ten to JOHN.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Hey, spend that wisely, that's my week's lunch money.

JOHN

Yeah, it's going to our college funds.

ANTHONY, JOHN, and GREG laugh.

GREG

Oh, don't be an ass. Hey, are you guys going to the party in Fenring's Field?

JOHN

Hell yeah.

CLAYTON

Yeah.

ANTHONY

Cool, see you guys there.

JOHN

Yeah, cool. Oh wait, I almost forgot!

JOHN digs into his back pocket and pulls out a bag of firecrackers. He holds them out.

JOHN

This is for being loyal customers.

ANTHONY takes them.

ANTHONY

Thanks man!

JOHN

No problem dude.

JOHN and CLAYTON walk out the bathroom. Almost immediately after they exit, you can hear a muffled bang.

CLAYTON

Will I see you at lunch dude?

JOHN

Yeah, I'm not going anywhere today.

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON

Cool.

JOHN

I'll see you then.

CLAYTON

Yup.

JOHN goes into his English class, and CLAYTON walks on.

INT. JOHN'S ENGLISH CLASS- DAY

JOHN is sitting next to a very attractive girl, one by the name of HANNAH. They're typing on computers in a room bustling with noise. JOHN looks at HANNAH.

JOHN

How was your weekend, Hannah?

HANNAH

Good, and yours?

JOHN

Chill. What did you do?

HANNAH

I went out on a date with my boyfriend on Saturday.

JOHN

How was that?

HANNAH

Pretty romantic. He bought me cigarettes. Then we watched a Disney movie. After that I did cocaine off of his chest, and I kind of forget what happened after that.

JOHN has a moderate look of disgust.

JOHN

That's nice, what's your boyfriend's name?

HANNAH

His name is Blade.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
Is that his actual name?

HANNAH
No, but he calls himself that
because he thinks it's cool.

JOHN
What is he? Seven?

HANNAH
No, but he can act like it
sometimes.

HANNAH lets out a ditzy laugh.

JOHN
What's his actual name?

HANNAH
Clyde.

JOHN
Why couldn't he just stick with
Clyde? That's a cool name.

HANNAH shrugs. An M&M flies down the front of her shirt.
HANNAH looks down her shirt.

HANNAH
Jen you bitch! Why'd you throw an
M&M down my shirt?!

You can hear muffled shouting between HANNAH and JEN, but
none of it is legible. JOHN looks forward. He mutters to
himself.

JOHN
I'm in a school with a bunch of
fucking idiots.

INT. CAMPUS HALLWAYS-DAY

CLAYTON is walking down the school hallways with nothing but
a backpack on his back. A school cop approaches him.

OFFICER LANDIS
Excuse me son, why are you walking
alone in the halls?

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON
Officer Landis, do we have to go
through this every time...

LANDIS
Answer the question.

CLAYTON holds up his passbook.

CLAYTON
I have my passbook. I'm headed
towards the library.

LANDIS
To do what? Deal marijuana? I'll
let you know that I will have none
of that in my school.

CLAYTON
No! To read books! Jesus...

LANDIS
Do not take the Lord's name in
vain.

CLAYTON
This is a public school!

LANDIS
I'm afraid I have to search your
backpack!

CLAYTON
You only do this because I'm the
only black kid at this school!

LANDIS
Let me search your backpack!

CLAYTON
I looked it up! You don't have the
right!

LANDIS
Let me search it.

CLAYTON takes his backpack off and throws it on the floor.

CLAYTON
Fine. Snoop around. I have nothing
to hide.

LANDIS picks up the backpack, unzips it, and searches through it. He finds nothing. LANDIS then zips up the backpack and hands it to CLAYTON.

LANDIS
I didn't find anything, you're free
to go.

CLAYTON
(Bitterly) Thanks.

LANDIS
Have a nice day.

CLAYTON
Thanks, you too.

CLAYTON continues walking along, ANDREW emerges out of the bathroom with headphones in. ANDREW spots CLAYTON and runs up to him.

ANDREW
Hey Clayton, dude, what's up?

CLAYTON
Hey Andrew, well I'm going to the
library, I'm going to check out
some books, and I hope to read but
I was interrupted-

ANDREW
That's cool! Dude you, you got to
check out this tune I've been
listening to it's wicked.

ANDREW then takes the headphones out of his ears and puts them into CLAYTON's.

CLAYTON
Oh, Okay. You can put those into my
ears if you like.

ANDREW
Shhh. Dude, just listen.

CLAYTON stands and listens, the audience can tell it's just one tone from listening in as well. The bell rings. CLAYTON takes out the headphones and hands them to ANDREW. They start walking.

CLAYTON
What the fuck? It's just one tone.

ANDREW

Hell yeah man. Wicked shit.

CLAYTON

Well, I guess I don't get to go the fucking library. Thanks dude.

ANDREW

Hey, no problem, anytime.

CLAYTON

Yup, anytime.

EXT. FENRING'S FIELD-NIGHT

CLAYTON and JOHN pull up in Fenring's field parking lot. They get out of the car and walk out to a brightly lit field. There is a crowd standing and making noise around in the field.

CLAYTON

Why are they all standing around in a circle?

JOHN

I don't know, I think they're watching something.

They continue walking until they reach the ring. They push the crowd and try to get a look. There is a shot of NATE getting beaten by ANTHONY while he's being held back by OTHER JOHN. CLAYTON taps a KID on the shoulder.

CLAYTON

What's going on?

KID

Don't you know what this party's about?

CLAYTON

No, I was just invited.

KID

We're beating up all of the school's faggots!

CLAYTON looks to NATE. NATE gets a punch delivered to his stomach, he coughs up blood. CLAYTON runs into the circle and pulls ANTHONY off of NATE.

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON

What the fuck do you think you're doing?!

ANTHONY

I saw this faggot looking at my dick today in the gym locker room!

CLAYTON

Why the hell do you care?

ANTHONY struggles to find the right words.

CLAYTON

Who cares if he's gay, dude? Just let him go.

ANTHONY

What are you, a fag lover?

CLAYTON

I didn't fucking say that man. Just let him go.

ANTHONY

I'll let you know I'm not afraid to beat no nigger either.

CLAYTON

What the hell did you call me?

ANTHONY

You heard me nigger.

A tense pause lies between them.

CLAYTON

What did you say-

ANTHONY

Grab him!

A ton of boys rush in to grab CLAYTON and hold him back. CLAYTON starts punching, yelling, and thrashing.

CLAYTON

John! John! Where the hell are you!?

At last a big jock grabs a hold of him and holds CLAYTON back. ANTHONY approaches CLAYTON. CLAYTON spits in his face.

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON

Fuck you.

ANTHONY wipes the spit off, grins, and delivers a punch right into CLAYTON's face.

INT. CLAYTON'S HOUSE-NIGHT

CLAYTON is sitting on the couch, he has bloody tissues up his nose. He also has dried blood near his mouth. CLAYTON is holding an ice pack to his head. JOHN is sitting across from him.

JOHN

I'm sorry.

CLAYTON

I bet.

JOHN

I mean it dude, I'm sorry.

CLAYTON

I bet you do.

JOHN gets up.

JOHN

What's your problem dude? I said I was sorry.

CLAYTON gets up and throws his icepack on the table. He then walks over to face JOHN.

CLAYTON

What's my problem?! What's my fucking problem?!

JOHN

Yeah!

CLAYTON

My fucking problem is that I thought racism was dead in this damn country. I thought fucking homophobia was too! But I was wrong, and damn naive too. I was beaten for what I thought was right. And I wasn't the first either, one of many. And one of many more too come.

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON kicks his table over. JOHN stares in fear, but keeps his position.

CLAYTON

What is it with people and their fucking prejudices?! Why must we think we're so superior just because we were born a certain. (Flexing fingers) "God hates everyone but me." AH!

CLAYTON kicks the table again.

CLAYTON

Do you know what I think of these damn prejudices? I think it's all bullshit. Meaningless. One day we'll all be dead and historians will just look back and grimace at how we treat each other, even though they may be the same! It never ends. And the sooner we learn that, the less severe it becomes.

JOHN nods.

JOHN

I'm sorry.

CLAYTON

Thanks. You meant it that time.

JOHN

Yeah.

CLAYTON

Yeah. Are you going to the party at Erica's tomorrow?

JOHN

I wasn't planning on it. Were you?

CLAYTON

We might as well go. It might lighten the mood. I know everyone there probably hates me, but I will face my (Finger flexing) "oppressors." Not like I won't have to ever again.

JOHN

Yeah.

CLAYTON
So you're going?

JOHN
Are you?

CLAYTON
Yeah.

JOHN
Then why not?

CLAYTON
Good.

INT. ERICA'S HOUSE- DAY

They house is packed, it's a nice place, but it doesn't look like it's from Beverly Hills. JOHN and CLAYTON are walking aimlessly through a crowd of people. They both have red solo cups in their hands full of unknown beverages. JOHN sips meagerly at his as they walk. They finally stop in the less dense kitchen and stand around. CLAYTON paces around.

JOHN
Do you know any of these people?

CLAYTON
I didn't even realize that they went to our school.

JOHN
Maybe we're just estranged.

CLAYTON
Ooh, big word.

JOHN
Shut up.

CLAYTON
I'm just fucking with you.

CLAYTON picks up a newspaper laying on the table and starts reading.

JOHN
Why are you reading the newspaper?

CLAYTON
There's usually weird shit in here.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Like what?

CLAYTON

Well, one time I was looking through here and it said that this man was arrested for trying to hire random women as prostitutes. He offered them money to do weird sexual acts for him, y'know?

JOHN

Uh-huh.

CLAYTON

Well the article didn't fucking stop there. It went on to say that this man wanted to hire these women so that he could watch them put Swiss cheese on their privates.

JOHN

Ew. Why Swiss cheese?

CLAYTON

I don't know. But I find it funny how specific that was. I don't know what was weirder, the fact that that man was so specific or that the newspaper thought to report that aspect of it. Like is it even necessary?

JOHN

Yeah, were there any other articles in it like that?

CLAYTON

Hm. Not that I remember, but that's the one thing that shines brightly in my mind.

CLAYTON picks up a piece of pizza and takes a bite. With his mouth full he says:

CLAYTON

I love free shit. It's like stealing, but you don't get arrested.

JOHN

Yeah, you would know a lot about stealing....

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON

What's that's supposed to mean? Are you saying I steal shit cause I'm black?

JOHN

No man, from what I know you've never committed a crime.

CLAYTON

What about Showing Skins?

JOHN

Well except that.

CLAYTON

It was implied?

JOHN

It was implied.

CLAYTON eats more of his pizza. A girl walks up to him and whispers in his ear. CLAYTON nods, hands her a stick of gum and she walks away.

JOHN

What did she want?

CLAYTON

She asked if I had to go to the bathroom and I said "Why?" And then she said "don't worry, I wasn't going to ask to have sex, I was just wondering if you had to go." To which I replied "No, why would you ask that?" And then she said "I don't know, you just seem like a poopin' type of guy."

JOHN

Did she really say that?

CLAYTON

No! Why would she? That was Alison, she just asked for some gum.

JOHN

I don't know, there's some pretty weird girls that go to this school.

CLAYTON

Like who? Who would say such a weird thing like that?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Yeah, really? Who would say such a weird thing like that? Where the hell did you come up with that? Why would you lie about such a weird thing?

CLAYTON eats more of his pizza. And talks with his mouth full.

CLAYTON

I don't know. I'm a weird guy. I won't deny that.

JOHN

Yeah. I have to go piss. Do you know where the bathroom is?

CLAYTON

Nah, but can I come with? I have to pee after you.

JOHN

Sure.

They start walking around in search of a bathroom. JOHN randomly laughs.

CLAYTON

What is it?

JOHN

Nothing. I just thought you were going to stop when you said "Can I come with?" And then I would have said "No! I'm not gay!"

CLAYTON

You think I would have come out to you by now, wouldn't you?

JOHN

I suppose.

CLAYTON

Oh by the way, John. I'm gay.

JOHN

Really?

CLAYTON

No! Why do you keep believing me?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I don't know. Why are you lying about such weird things?

CLAYTON

I don't know.

CLAYTON takes another bite of his pizza. JOHN comes up to a door.

JOHN

Here. This might be a bathroom.

CLAYTON

Try it.

JOHN opens the door. He looks in and sees CYNTHIA's naked body lying on a bed, passed out. The camera can only see her bare legs.

JOHN

Clayton, check this out.

CLAYTON

What is it?

CLAYTON peers in. He sees CYNTHIA's body too. And finishes eating his pizza. Again, with his mouth full he says:

CLAYTON

Cool.

Some of CLAYTON's food gets on JOHN's face.

JOHN

Do you literally put food in your mouth just so you can talk?

CLAYTON says with his mouth still full:

CLAYTON

Yes.

JOHN

Whatever.

He pauses.

JOHN

Do you realize who this is?

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON

No.

JOHN

You should. It's Cynthia! She's the hottest girl at our school!

CLAYTON

Debatable.

JOHN

No, hands down, she is the hottest girl.

JOHN motions for CLAYTON to come inside the room. The both step inside. JOHN locks the door.

JOHN

We don't want anyone to see us here.

JOHN looks around.

JOHN

Get out your camera!

CLAYTON

Why?

JOHN

To take a picture!

CLAYTON

Of what?

JOHN

What do you mean!? Of Cynthia!

CLAYTON

Why?

JOHN

Because she's the hottest girl in school!

CLAYTON

Debatable.

JOHN

Shut up! She's lying here naked. It doesn't even take effort! This would be great for our magazine!

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON
I don't feel like working now.

JOHN
Don't be so lazy! You just have to
whip it out-

CLAYTON
Ew dude.

JOHN looks exasperatingly at CLAYTON.

JOHN
Your phone. Whip out your phone and
take a picture.

CLAYTON reaches into his pocket and gets out his phone.

CLAYTON
Whatever.

The light on his phone flashes, the picture is taken.
CLAYTON puts his phone in his pocket.

JOHN
Send it to Spider.

CLAYTON
But I just put my phone in my
pocket.

JOHN
How lazy are you?

CLAYTON
Like really lazy.

JOHN
Stop bitchin'. Just do it.

CLAYTON lets out a sigh.

CLAYTON
Fine.

CLAYTON gets out his phone and fiddles with it. The phone
makes a sound as if it's sending something.

CLAYTON
Sent.

JOHN

Good. I still have to go to the bathroom.

JOHN walks to the door, unlocks it, and says:

JOHN

Man it's going to be hard to piss with a boner.

He pauses.

JOHN

Excuse the pun.

JOHN walks out the door.

EXT. CITY STREETS- NIGHT

CLAYTON

Hey John, excuse me for bitchin', but can I vent to you?

JOHN

Shoot.

CLAYTON

You know what pisses me off?

JOHN

No, what?

CLAYTON

It's these damn college kids. They're the same idiots from high school, but their parents are paying for their education now. They finally get an education, and above what they thought was the reason as to why they thought they're better than you, they think this pseudo education is another reason as to why they're greater. I'm not saying college is bad, but man, if you're learning in vain, you're not learning at all. You can't just learn by sitting in a classroom.

JOHN

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON

I don't mean to be preachy.

JOHN

No man, it's fine.

CLAYTON

Okay, well, that's the same thing with adults too. They think since they have lived longer than you, they've experienced more than you, know more than you, but that's a lie. Just because you live longer, just doesn't mean you know more.

JOHN

Yeah. I feel you dude.

CLAYTON

Who's this guy in front of us?

JOHN

Who?

CLAYTON

Look.

The camera flashes forward to see the silhouette of a man walking. The camera flashes back to JOHN and CLAYTON.

CLAYTON

Holy shit. Is that John?

JOHN

No, I'm right here.

CLAYTON

Don't be a fucking idiot. Other John.

JOHN

Yeah, so?

CLAYTON

He was holding back Nate back at the gay bash.

JOHN

Yeah, so?

CLAYTON looks around. He spots a chain in the dark. He walks over and picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
Clayton, what are you doing?

CLAYTON
Getting my revenge.

CLAYTON walks toward OTHER JOHN.

JOHN
No! Clayton! Don't do it!

CLAYTON turns around and looks at JOHN.

CLAYTON
Oh? Now you're standing up for what
is right?

JOHN stays silent. CLAYTON turns around and starts again towards OTHER JOHN. When CLAYTON is close behind OTHER JOHN, CLAYTON whips OTHER JOHN with the chain. OTHER JOHN falls to the ground with a yell. OTHER JOHN turns around on his back to face CLAYTON.

OTHER JOHN
What are you doing?!

CLAYTON
Beating some motherfucker.

CLAYTON strikes OTHER JOHN three times with the chain. OTHER JOHN bleeds and lets out some more yells.

OTHER JOHN
Oh god! HELP! SOMEONE! HELP!

CLAYTON walks over to OTHER JOHN and CLAYTON puts his shoe on the side of OTHER JOHN'S head. OTHER JOHN is breathing heavily and crying.

CLAYTON
Do you know what it's like getting
whipped?

OTHER JOHN is crying and breathing heavily.

CLAYTON
I said... Do you know what it's
like to be whipped?

OTHER JOHN shouts this crying hysterically:

OTHER JOHN

N-n-no!

CLAYTON drops his chain.

CLAYTON

You know, I don't either.

He pauses.

CLAYTON

My ancestors were, but I wasn't.
And you know what? I should just
drop it.

CLAYTON starts walking away.

CLAYTON

Come on John, let's go.

JOHN starts after CLAYTON.

CLAYTON

Oh, by the way, Other John? I would
wash your face. I had shit on my
shoe.

JOHN and CLAYTON are walking away together, OTHER JOHN is
still lying on the ground crying hysterically.

CLAYTON

Allons-y my friend!

INT. SPIDER'S HOUSE- DAY

JOHN

She was dead?!

SPIDER

I'm afraid so, yes.

CLAYTON

Aw shit man.

SPIDER

Mhm.

CLAYTON

I told you that we shouldn't have
taken that picture!

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

No you didn't! You just didn't feel like taking out your camera, but you know what? You did!

CLAYTON

Fuck off!

JOHN

Could we get arrested for this?

SPIDER

I don't think they could track it back to us.

JOHN

Everyone knows that it's us though.

SPIDER

The law can't arrest us for a suspicion.

CLAYTON

But they'll trace it back to us somehow!

SPIDER

Calm down!

SPIDER slaps CLAYTON lightly.

CLAYTON

What the hell was that for?

SPIDER

Get a hold of yourself!

CLAYTON

I have a hold of myself!

SPIDER

Okay.

CLAYTON

How'd she die?

SPIDER

It's unknown, but the rumor going around is that it was an overdose.

CLAYTON

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

SPIDER

Yup.

JOHN

Could we be suspected of murder?

SPIDER

I don't know. Depends on what she
O.D.'d on.

JOHN

Fuck man.

SPIDER

Tell me about it.

CLAYTON lets out a sigh. He slumps down onto the couch..

CLAYTON

Man, I just did this to help pay
for college. There's better things
to do, yes, but it's better pay and
better hours. These loans got me in
the shit.

JOHN slumps down next to him too.

JOHN

Yup.

SPIDER rolls up next to them, and sits down.

SPIDER

But hey, guys! Our sales are
through the roof!

CLAYTON gets up. He looks to SPIDER.

CLAYTON

Fuck dude. Who cares?

SPIDER

You should! You can make more money
doing more of this!

CLAYTON

Hell no! The last issue was my LAST
ISSUE. Do you understand?

SPIDER

Fine. I'll count you out.

(CONTINUED)

SPIDER gets off the couch and walks over to CLAYTON. He hands a fat wad of money to CLAYTON. CLAYTON then looks SPIDER in the eyes, takes the money, and nods. CLAYTON walks out the door. SPIDER looks over to JOHN.

SPIDER
I guess it's just us now.

JOHN
Yeah, I guess it is.

INT. KAUFFMAN'S MORGUE- NIGHT

SPIDER and JOHN enter the morgue. It's dark, so you may not be able to see many characteristics of the scene, just eerie silhouettes. They are both wearing pantyhose and carrying flashlights. SPIDER is holding a camera. They walk around in search of something.

JOHN
I feel kind of sick dude.

SPIDER
What do you mean?

JOHN
Not literally, but this feels wrong.

SPIDER
You agreed to it.

JOHN
I know, but I agree to a lot of things.

SPIDER
You never agree to go rollerskating with me...

JOHN
Oh my God, shut the fuck up about rollerskating for just one minute.

SPIDER
It hurts dude.

JOHN
How? I just don't want to do something gay like rollerskating.

(CONTINUED)

SPIDER
It's not gay!

JOHN
Fine, it's not gay, but I don't
have an interest in doing it.

SPIDER
Don't knock it 'til you try it.

JOHN
I did try it! I did it for a long
time! I just stopped doing when I
became seven! It wasn't fun
anymore!

SPIDER
Was it because it wasn't fun
anymore or because it wasn't cool
anymore?

JOHN
I just don't like rollerskating!
Hop off my dick!

SPIDER
I shall stay firmly planted thank
you very much.

JOHN
Ew dude, just shut up. Where is
she?

SPIDER flashes his flashlight over to a coffin.

SPIDER
She's over here.

SPIDER and JOHN walk over to the coffin. JOHN opens it. When
he opens it, the camera is shooting as if it's looking out
of the coffin.

JOHN
This feels wrong.

SPIDER
It probably is wrong.

JOHN
It is wrong.

SPIDER

That doesn't matter, undress her.

JOHN

Why do I have to do it?

SPIDER

You're hired to do the dirty work.

JOHN

I think you should do it. It will do you good to finally get to second base.

SPIDER

Shut up. Asshole.

JOHN

Ooh, feisty.

SPIDER

Whatever. Just do it.

JOHN

Fine. Whatever.

JOHN reaches in the coffin and is undressing her, it is a slow process, but not lengthy. SPIDER gets his camera ready. After awhile he says:

SPIDER

Is she ready yet?

JOHN

Have you ever undressed a dead person before? It's hard. They don't cooperate.

SPIDER

Okay, okay. Whatever. I got you.

JOHN finally takes off the last article of clothing.

JOHN

She's ready.

SPIDER

Good.

SPIDER then looms over the anonymous corpse and takes a picture.

(CONTINUED)

SPIDER
Got it, let's go.

JOHN
Okay.

They head for the door, and get to opening it. They walk outside, but they hear an authoritative voice:

ADULT
Hey! What are you kids doing!? What were you doing in there?!

SPIDER and JOHN look over their shoulder and see an adult armed with a shotgun. They stop stunned with their hands in the air.

JOHN
Sir, we meant no harm...

ADULT
Like hell.

JOHN
Umm.

ADULT
Git.

JOHN
What?

ADULT
Git!

JOHN
Uhm.

The adult raises his shotgun and points it at SPIDER. The ADULT fires the shotgun at SPIDER. SPIDER falls, dead. A fragment of the bullet grazes JOHN. JOHN grips his right leg in pain.

ADULT
Git!

JOHN starts running away. He starts sobbing hysterically and runs like hell through the loud, dark streets.

INT. CLAYTON'S HOUSE-NIGHT

AMANDA and CLAYTON are sitting across from each other, playing video games, and talking.

AMANDA

Man you're screwed. Other John will totally bitch on you.

CLAYTON

No he won't. His comrades will beat the shit out of him for bitchin'. He won't bitch.

AMANDA

Are you sure? John's a bitch.

CLAYTON

Even if he does, I'll narc right back. They could get arrested for a hate crime.

AMANDA

Maybe. But maybe the tables will turn.

CLAYTON

Maybe. Who knows?

AMANDA

I don't know. Other John scares me.

CLAYTON

Why?

AMANDA

Have you seen him?

CLAYTON

Yeah? What about him?

AMANDA

His nipples are hard like twenty-four seven.

CLAYTON

What the fuck?

AMANDA

Yeah, no shit. Every time I see him, cold or not, his nipples are stiff as hell.

(CONTINUED)

CLAYTON
Jesus that's weird.

AMANDA
Tell me about it-

There's a knock at the door.

AMANDA
Who is it?

A pause.

AMANDA
Who is it?

VOICE
Help! We need help!

CLAYTON walks to the door and opens it. ANTHONY's at the door.

CLAYTON
Yes?

ANTHONY punches CLAYTON in the face. The camera fades to:

INT. DARK WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

CLAYTON and JOHN wake up tied to chairs with socks in their mouths. They have duct tape covering their noses and mouths to keep the socks in. They start letting out screams muffled by socks. They look at each other and scream some more. ANTHONY, GREG, OTHER JOHN, and other jocks emerge from the dark. CLAYTON and JOHN are screaming and crying. ANTHONY emerges from the front of the group with a baseball bat. He grins.

ANTHONY
I hope you boys like the taste of
dirty gym socks. They're Greg's,
and we know how much he loves
showering.

He then cracks JOHN on the knees with his bat. JOHN lets out a scream. JOHN then just starts breathing heavy.

ANTHONY
I hope you don't mind riding around
in a wheelchair like all the other
retards.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Being in a wheelchair doesn't mean
you're retarded.

ANTHONY turns around to face GREG. He holds the baseball bat
in one hand.

ANTHONY

What the fuck did you just say?

GREG

Being in a wheelchair doesn't
always mean that you're retarded,
it just might mean you're an
invalid.

ANTHONY

Oh. Well, whatever. You know, shut
the fuck up! This is serious!

ANTHONY turns back around to face CLAYTON and JOHN.

ANTHONY

Back to these fuckers.

ANTHONY grips two hands on the bat, slowly grasping it
harder. He looks to JOHN.

ANTHONY

I think you've gotten enough
punishment for the day.

ANTHONY then looks to JOHN.

ANTHONY

Now to your nigger friend.

ANTHONY picks up his bat and swings it into CLAYTON's
stomach. CLAYTON vomits, blowing some of it through the
sock, letting it drip on his shirt. He starts struggling in
his chair so that he can catch a breath. He starts jumping
around his chair.

ANTHONY

Ooh, right in the gut! Right guys?!

The crowd of jocks start laughing.

ANTHONY

Yeah, that's right.

He turns around and starts walking.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

Come on guys.

They crowd leaves, all laughing and talking. JOHN waits around a bit breathing heavy. He looks over to CLAYTON, who seems as if he's passed out. He then looks around the warehouse for something to cut him loose from the chair. The camera swoops over to a nail on a wall where a picture was once hung. He gets up, but immediately falls due to his injured legs. He lets out a cry. He looks over to the wall where the nail is. The camera moves to the nail and then back to JOHN, who is breathing heavy and sweating. He gets up. He walks over to the nail and rips his duct tape off with it. He lets out a soft yell. He then pulls the sock out of his mouth and gasps for air. He spits on the ground. He then looks back to the nail. He jumps up with chair and frees his arms. He cuts himself on the arms in the process. JOHN grasps his arms and looks at the cuts and rope marks.

JOHN

Ouch.

JOHN then looks over to CLAYTON and runs over to him. JOHN pulls the duct tape off of CLAYTON's face. JOHN then pulls the soaked sock out of CLAYTON's mouth with his thumb and forefinger and also with an expression of disgust on his face. Vomits drips out of CLAYTON's mouth. JOHN wipes the vomit off of his fingers on his jeans.

JOHN

Euh.

JOHN looks to CLAYTON and asks him:

JOHN

Clayton? Are you okay?

CLAYTON gives no response. JOHN lightly slaps CLAYTON on the cheeks.

JOHN

Clayton?

JOHN goes around to give CLAYTON the Heimlich maneuver. He thrusts about three times. He gives up, sits on the ground, runs his fingers through his hair and starts crying. After awhile he starts laughing lightly, getting progressively harder with his laughing. The camera then sweeps up from JOHN's laughing tear soaked face to the ceiling. You can hear JOHN's haunting laugh in the background.

EXT. CITY STREETS-NIGHT

It's extremely dark out except for the street lamps, it's early in the morning, everyone is asleep. The camera is following JOHN who is walking with a cheap katana in his hand. He walks down a block, he turns right, walks down that and to the:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD-NIGHT

ANTHONY, OTHER JOHN, and GREG are all sitting on some bleachers talking.

ANTHONY

I just don't like the idea of people having pictures of Cynthia in the nude. They could be doing things, like you know...

He looks to GREG.

GREG

I know.

ANTHONY

Thanks.

GREG

You loved her, didn't you?

ANTHONY

Yeah.

OTHER JOHN

Well, you showed them.

ANTHONY

Yeah, well I did it partially because Cynthia, and partially because CLAYTON got you hard.

OTHER JOHN

Yeah.

JOHN walks into view. GREG, OTHER JOHN, and ANTHONY all look to him. JOHN stops and holds up his katana for the three boys to see. He shouts across to them:

JOHN

You know where I got this?

The three boys are silent.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

This was Clayton's. He got it just for kicks. You know, for slicing fruit up and shit. But it's mine now.

JOHN starts approaching the boys, looking at and feeling the katana as he walks.

JOHN

Clayton wasn't a violent person. Now, I'm not saying he's a damn pacifist, but he's not afraid to defend himself.

He stands still.

JOHN

All the years I've known him, I've never seen him beat someone out of revenge. That's some sick shit.

JOHN starts walking again.

JOHN

Clayton's dead guys, he's dead in a warehouse. He choked on his vomit.

The camera flashes to the three boys who all look nervous. They exchange shy glances.

JOHN

How embarrassing.

JOHN walks up to ANTHONY, leans down to his eye level, and puts the blade of the katana against his face. He slides the blade along his face, cutting him. ANTHONY is shaking and nervous. JOHN gets up and puts the blade up to ANTHONY's neck, both hands on the blade, ready to swing.

ANTHONY

You wouldn't.

JOHN

I will.

JOHN looks to GREG and OTHER JOHN.

JOHN

I'd get if I were you guys.

They sit still quietly.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I warned you.

JOHN raises the katana, the blade swoops down. Blood spatters on JOHN's face. You can hear screaming and GREG and OTHER JOHN running. JOHN pulls the blade out, but you can hear a snap. The blade broke in ANTHONY's neck. JOHN pulls out a broken sword.

JOHN

Shit.

JOHN walks away and carries the hilt with him anyway. The camera flashes to:

EXT. CITY STREETS-NIGHT

Where JOHN is still walking with his broken katana. The camera is following JOHN from behind as he walks. A police car lantern flashes and a the police siren wails. JOHN turns around, it's obvious he's been crying.

OFFICER

Drop the weapon! Hands above your head!

JOHN drops the hilt and raises his hands above his head. He smiles and starts laughing.

INT. TELEVISION CHANNEL-DAY

A television reporter is telling last night's story with a graphic behind him that has JOHN's mug shot. In the mug shot, JOHN looks absolutely happy. The caption says: WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR YOUTH?

REPORTER

Last night, three college students had died and one is being held in custody. John Evanson, twenty-two, of Fenring's University is being held in custody for the murder of Anthony Kell. Spider Harrison, a friend of John Evanson, was shot last night as well by local funeral director Buddy Kauffman. Police have yet to say more on the matter, and we will report on it as soon as the information comes. When we return, we will report on the news of the war in Iraq and police

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

52.

REPORTER (cont'd)
brutality at the Grenning's Trial
protest. Thanks for tuning in.

FADE OUT.